

### Dust And Delight In South Africa

South Africa is a land of endless scenic wonders. One of the best driving roads in the world, the great desertlike waste which confronts the African traveler for hundreds of miles if he sets eastward from the Cape of Good Hope.

It is strange that so desolate a piece of country should exercise such fascination. Parked and sun-baked, there are parts of it where the year's rainfall drops in a shower of a few minutes. And a familiar South African story says that if you fall into a river in the Karoo, you just get it up and dust yourself off in five minutes.

Yet many a lone Karoo farmer would live nowhere else on earth. And there is something catching flashes of beauty to its harshness, as sunsets when a sky, little blue by day, explodes into the flaming orb of the setting sun leaves great streaks of magenta, red, yellow, and purple against the first stars in the west.

But if dawn and dusk soften the hard lines of the Karoo, there seems little romantic about it, if you see it for the first time in the glaring heat of full day. Mile after dusty mile, the stretches away, monotonous and arid as Arizona always sounds to one who has never been there. But that is perhaps a dangerous comparison, for Arizona we have met have been doggedly, and probably justifiably, proud of their state. One of them, an American consular official in Africa, used to dispatch maps to his friends, depicting Arizona as a huge centerpiece, with the other states of the Union attached minutely around its edges.

Be that as it may, there is a dash of the jaunty, early American West about the Karoo. There are a pair of stately, dust-laden and baking, corrugated iron roofs glistening in the sun. In some of them there is a railway station, with never a train in sight — and the inevitable, slowly twirling aluminum wind-pump sucking water from a hidden well, and perhaps in the background the put-put of an electricity generator.

Sometimes, if you half close your eyes, you can almost imagine Roy Rogers or some other cowboy her swaggering though and trotting grandly away on his horse.

But when you open your eyes, what you see is a late-model American car flouting its chromium in front of you; for though the Karoo may look stark, behind this starkness there is wealth enough for some. These are the wool farmers, breeding huge flocks of rugged sheep originating from Holland, Australia, Spain, and Britain, which somehow thrive in the Karoo.

During the years after World War II, a wool boom sent the value of the South African wool clip soaring from about \$39,000,000 a year to nearly \$200,000,000 a year. At least one farmer collected a check for more than \$500,000 for one year's product, writes John Hughes in *The Christian Science Monitor*.

And so, beside the old wagon trails which still leave their tracks in places, there now runs a tarred national highway. Though the motorist still needs to work out his gasoline points, and take along a can of water in case his radiator should boil, much of the drama of a trek across the Karoo has vanished.

However, there is still opportunity for individual initiative, as was once spectacularly

proved by an English newspaperman with whom I traveled across the Karoo. Out of gas, but with an emergency supply procured from some distance away, he found he could not pour from the can into the gasoline tank of his American automobile without the aid of a funnel. Undisturbed he unloaded all his luggage and from the bottom of the car trunk produced an old dusty cow's horn. This, he announced, had been saving for some months for just such an occasion. Proudly he sheared off its end with a pocket-knife, and poured the gasoline through the horn in triumph.

Such adventures build up something of a camaraderie among motorists along the Karoo road, and a passing driver will very likely give you a friendly foot-toot for company, but will certainly stop to help if you appear in trouble.

Some motorists prefer to travel at night to avoid the heat of the day and this is not altogether a lonely trip. For if little light there in the daytime, a variety of shapes peer into the car's headlights at night.

A pair of bright eyes — now here, now gone — could belong to a rabbit, a spring-bok perhaps, or a donkey or baboon, maybe even a prowling leopard. Like much of the African continent, the Karoo is a land of contrast and though some of it gets but a trace of rain in a year, other parts know savage floods. Some farmers recall storms which piled half-tones three feet deep upon the veld.

Few know where the Karoo proper ends, for after the coastal or Little Karoo, it becomes the Great or Central Karoo, of perhaps 30,000 square miles. It merges gradually into South Africa's main watershed, the Northern Karoo or big veld, encircled by a great escarpment mountain ranges running from Namakaland in the west to the Drakensberg Mountains of Natal in the east. This total area is probably about 100,000 square miles.

Although at first sight the Karoo is dry and uninviting, there are little oases of loveliness where a farmer has tapped a hidden spring or well to transform a few acres about his house into a lush garden of greenery with sunken seats, as well as using the water for his stock.

There is also contrast between the little Karoo hamlets and an expanding town such as Beaufort West, unofficial capital of the Karoo.

In the former, visiting motorists are still an item of interest to the little colored boys who gather about your car, hitching their thumbs through their suspenders and regarding you gravely until you descend and greet them. Then they become coy, rubbing one bare foot upon another, drawing patterns in the dirt with their toes, tucking their heads almost under their arms, and going through all manner of shy and embarrassed gyrations, until with a little giggle or two they at last break into one of those trusting, wide-mouthed smiles like sudden dawn after night.

Here in Beaufort West, the motorist is no longer an oddity and the town is growing fast. There are big bright gas stations, and signs for "snacks," and an American-style motel with wonder of wonders after a day in the Karoo — a swimming pool for its guests.

But however fast the town grows beyond its limits it is making only the slightest dent on the vastness of the Karoo. And though men have learned to live off the Karoo, some of them profitably, it is doubtful whether they will ever change its unique and lonely grandeur.



**GATEWAY FROM DARKNESS**—Floodlights add to the cold loneliness of this scene, a time exposure of the Brandenburg Gate in East Berlin, as seen from Red-dominated territory. The famed structure is located just across the border from West Berlin, and lights in background stretch into the Western-controlled portion of the beleaguered city.

## TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews

Here is one of the favorite specialties of a famous restaurateur who specializes on "home-made" foods.

**APPLE CAKE**  
 1 cup shortening  
 1 cup sugar  
 1 egg, beaten  
 4 medium apples, peeled and sliced  
 1 cup flour  
 1 teaspoon soda  
 1/2 teaspoon salt  
 1 teaspoon cinnamon  
 3/4 teaspoon cloves  
 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg  
 Cream shortening and sugar together; add egg and apple and mix well. In another bowl mix dry ingredients; add this to first mixture. Mix well. Bake in a greased 9x9x3 pan at 325° F. for 25 minutes. Leave in the pan to cool.

This will keep a long time, like a fruit cake. You should put it in a tight-topped box as you would a fruit cake.

A frosting may like on the apple cake.

**NUTTY-CHEESE ICING**  
 Blend together one 3-ounce package cream cheese (room temperature) with 2 ounces butter. Add 1 cup powdered sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, and 1/2 cup nuts. Blend together well. Spread on cake.

"This is a very, very old recipe," wrote Nancy Cabell Sawyer to the Christian Science Monitor. "I use canned fruits and miniature shortening for convenience and freeze in round, tall ice cream cartons."

**FROZEN FRUIT SALAD**  
 2 cups peaches  
 2 cups pears  
 2 cups pineapple  
 2 cups maraschino cherries  
 1/2 cup nuts  
 1/2 cup marshmallows  
 1 cup mayonnaise  
 1 cup heavy cream, whipped  
 Sugar—a little  
 Chop fruit; add sugar; drain. Stir in mayonnaise and whipped cream. Freeze.

Shrimp salad moussé—another party dish—was sent by this same reader. "This can be prepared ahead of serving time—its perfect for Sunday night supper," she said.

**SHRIMP SALAD MOUSSE**  
 2 cans shrimp or 1 1/2 pounds fresh cooked shrimp  
 1 can tomato soup  
 2 small packages cream cheese  
 3 tablespoons gelatin  
 1/2 cup peas  
 1 cup mayonnaise  
 1/2 cup each finely chopped onion, celery and green pepper

Bring tomato soup to a boil, stirring and watching carefully. Add cheese and beat until creamy. Add gelatin which had been dissolved in the cold water; cool. Stir in shrimp, mayonnaise and vegetables. Pour into molds and put in refrigerator to harden. When serving, top with a dressing made by combining equal portions of mayonnaise and cream.

**BREAKFAST WAFFLES (OR PANCAKES)**  
 1 cup buttermilk  
 1 large egg, or 2 small ones  
 1 cup unsifted flour  
 1 teaspoon each, baking powder and salt  
 2 teaspoons soda  
 3 tablespoons bacon grease or other melted shortening  
 Put all ingredients except the shortening in a bowl or waffle pitcher and beat with a rotary beater until well mixed. Then add shortening. Bake as waffles or pancakes. Serves 2.

Two seafood dishes which would be a welcome addition to a party buffet table are a handsome, easy-to-serve, salmon loaf and a colorful tuna-cranberry jellied salad, moulded in the shape of a star.

**SALMON LOAF**  
 3 cans (1 1/2 ounces each) sockeye salmon  
 3 eggs, slightly beaten  
 1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs

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### Southern Tragedy

Late one afternoon recently at the almshouse (Life Department Store) in Bogota, Colombia, Christmas shoppers packed the aisles. In the long, narrow store, children clutched at toys, their mothers fingered the clothing displays. Many customers stole a moment to admire the brightly lighted creche in the center of the main floor.

Suddenly a short circuit flared in the colored lights of the Nativity scene. Flames fed by the paper and straw in the manger of the Christ Child, leaped to counters piled high with flammable plastic toys. Salesgirls' skirts burst into flames. "The fire went up to the ceiling in a cloud of smoke," manager Alberto Mazaera said later.

"Puego!" someone shrieked—and the crowd panicked. Those in the front of the store broke out easily through the doors, smashed their way through shop windows. People in the rear stormed the back stairs, though they led only to a blind mezzanine, which quickly turned into a funeral pyre for masses of men, women and children.

Many were trampled or suffocated in the trap between the flames and the rear wall. A critically injured 16-year-old girl was found alive beneath a mass of bodies on the stairway. The manager and two employees battered the ceiling with chairs, finally knocked a hole in it and dragged out ten women. "Then we couldn't stand the heat any more and were forced to jump into the street," he said.

About ten of the dead were children. A boy of 8 was found dead in a pool of water, his face burned away; he was still shielding a toy truck in his arms. "A woman knelt as though in prayer beside the boy's body," said a fireman. "She was still alive but she died as I took her in my arms." Fireman Pedro Rodriguez worked his way with a hose to the corpse-littered stairway, then to two rear store rooms. He found four charred bodies in one. In the other, "I found nine or ten young women kneeling with their arms outstretched — they were burned to a crisp."

Eighty-four Colombians died, 50 were injured, scores overcome by smoke. The loss of life was the largest on record for a department-store fire. President Alberto Lleras declared national mourning.

"Jack comes to see me every night, now. Do you think that means something?" "Either he's in love with you or he hasn't got a television set."

**SNACK**—Four-year-old Timothy Shark makes ready to feed Nautilus, the seal, at a private zoo in Eppingham, England. Tim's grandfather owns the zoo which houses animals and birds from the British Isles.

### Are You Much Just How Much

If you calculated a man's value merely on the total amount which the chemical and other constituents in his body would fetch on the world market today, what do you think he'd be worth? Less than \$30.

Scientists have been telling us that, among other things, the average human body contains: Enough fat for seven bars of soap. Enough carbon for 9,000 lead pencils. That great phosphorus to make 2,200 match heads. Enough lime to whitewash a chicken coop.

Enough iron to make two medium-sized nails. But here's some more cheering news. To-day, a good human skeleton of the kind needed by medical authorities for research purposes is worth between \$120 and \$185.

Talking of bones, how is it that we are born with 270 but die with only 206? What happens to the missing sixty-four? They join with other bones during our infancy, say physiologists. That great expert, Sir Arthur Keith, said that only if scientific investigation of the human body is continued for another 2,000 years shall we gain real knowledge of it.

Take the heart, for instance, which weighs only eight or nine ounces, but pumps 2,500 gallons of blood in twenty-four hours and 25 million gallons in an average lifetime.

"If one man's heart-beats in a single day could be concentrated into one huge throbb of vital power, it would be sufficient to hurl a ton of iron over 100 feet into the air," a heart specialist calculates.

There was a change in the feel of the ground. The frozen doorway was muffled, and your feet didn't clunk down so hard. This was much better.

I guess the thing was that we didn't fight snow so much. We used to clean off the doorsteps and fix a place so the barn door would swing, and trim around the mailbox, but we didn't shovel paths so much. We were told the front would work into the ground if we cleaned the driveway, and frost all winter meant deep mud all spring. We hated mud more than snow.

Understand me, I have no joyous illusions about sleighing. It was a cold, cruel means of locomotion, dreary and numbing. There is much to be said for the heated automobile, snow tires in place and a clear roadway. Of all the winter thrills that sentimentalists fight, sleighing is the one I'll fight them about.

It's a good thing, however, that was worse. That was the

last trip to town before snow, when the road was a welter of frozen logging ruts, and your boots would bounce around until your teeth all came loose in your head and your ears flopped up and down. Part of the punishment came because the horse kept ranging around to find some place he could step without jarring his shoulders loose, and he couldn't.

After a trip like that, snow would fall and the ruts would all get filled in smooth, and the runners would pack things down. You could glide all the way to town without a twitch. There may have been something delightful in the clink of bells, and the cold brisk air, and such, but I never liked sleighing except that the road was always smoother. So we were glad to see the sleds.

Sledding has pretty much gone out, so nobody nowadays is glad to see snow for that reason. We're not the mobile-runners, sometimes called bobblers in this region, and the long hills were ours to coast on. People put their ears "up" for the winter, and there were teams and sleighs on the roads, but they didn't stomp up on us, and they had some respect for sliding youngsters. There was no sand or salt — the teamsters would have loved anybody who put sand on a road — and there were times the dragging feet of a whole sled load couldn't slow us down for the turn. We'd pile up and lug the pieces home.

Sledding has changed, too. We have skis, some of which we made from staves, and some of which we bought. We had no harnesses on them, no ski boots, no poles, no ropes, and the winter was no lifts, huts, and clubs. There was no fee. It wasn't a high society sport, but the winter was no sledding. We didn't make up a party and "go" somewhere to ski. I think we liked the toboggan better. Snow out best of all was the wide-runned hand shark and the long slides on the geography's crest. Crutched sledging was best, anyway you looked at it.

I guess all the reasons we like to see snow are gone, really. Snow brought the family closer, and the house was cozier. Where snow was a vehicle, it was a hindrance. Snow was preferred when it fell, and the sun came up in the morning, but now if it isn't pushed away in the morning, it's a nuisance. I'm glad to see snow, but I don't think I'll ever be a skier.

Now, more and more, comes the one who says, "Oh, I hate to see snow." I don't, I like it. If it doesn't contribute anything to my newer experiences, I'm grateful to it for past favors. — By John Russell in *The Christian Science Monitor*.

**The Demon Snake**  
 Throughout Britain next month, newspapers will begin carrying classified ads addressed to the thousands of Englishmen who need the help of the family doctor to give up tobacco for one reason or another. Those who need the help will find that they are invited to attend weekly meetings in rented halls, where an organization with the unattractive name "Smokers Anonymous" will offer them faith and fellowship in their daily battle against the demon. Found recently by fifteen London doctors and social workers, the group, according to Dr. Wilfred Lester, has the following aim: "Smoking is a most serious sort of drug addiction, and with a real psychological basis. We all regress to the need for the breast, and cigarettes provide a substitute. . . . If someone says he has to smoke, we tell him that 25 per cent of the world doesn't smoke! If they can do it, why can't he?"

Doing business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark. You know what you're doing, but no one else does.

### A Country View Of The Snow

"Oh, I hate to see the snow coming," said an otherwise nice lady the other day, but it came. The punishment came because the horse kept ranging around to find some place he could step without jarring his shoulders loose, and he couldn't.

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**BOMB'S A LIFESAVER**—Forestry Service plane drops a water "bomb" in efforts to save a farm building near Malibu, during war on a brush fire. Aerial bombardment with water and chemical mixtures is an experimental method of fighting the destructive blazes.

## THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

"Can the Family Farm Survive?" is the challenging title of an article by Jared Van Wageningen. It is a recent issue of *The Christian Science Monitor*. I think you'll be interested in it, and with that fine paper's permission, I'm passing it along.

Somewhere in the writings of James Russell Lowell there is a bit of autobiography in which he tells how in his boyhood he knew a very old man, one who in his sun-off youth had talked with a certain ancient man who told tales of how he with his own eyes had seen the witches hung on Salem Hill. Then Lowell proceeds to moralize concerning how just one long lifetime bridged the gulf between the smaller and the larger world: "I am less dramatic, fashion I must say that in my boyhood years I was casually familiar with elderly men who had grown up here and whose youthful memories ran back and linked with our earliest pioneers—men who had fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill and marched with Sullivan's army. Then after the war was done they joined themselves to that New England wave of emigration which (most commonly in ox carts or covered wagons) swarmed westward across the Hudson to live in the tangled wilderness of central and western New York the foundation of an enduring civilization.

One of these Argonauts was my great-grandfather, and he is the present head of a farm family which has tilled the same acres since 1800, it seems proper for me to inquire if the same type of life on the land will have always known can continue in this assembly-line era of the machine. If we judge by analogy and the remains of a forgotten rural industrial life which lies all about us, the answer is a definite "No." New York State alone has literally thousands—far in excess of ten thousands—of abandoned millsites and their accompanying milldams, testimony to the very diversified industrial life of the countryside which reached its full flowering in the years before the Civil War.

Most of our strictly rural communities attained their maximum population at or about the census of 1860. In much of rural New England the high-water mark was reached earlier. Indeed there are no small number of New England townships which had more inhabitants at the first census in 1790 than have ever been reported since. Of course the popular explanation for this is "farm abandonment." It is true that this has been a major factor in the decline, although on the whole the impact of the disappearance of the rural handicrafts and the industrial life of the community.

Shrinking rural populations in the older regions of the country may be considered an almost inevitable phenomenon, but the extent to which this movement has progressed varies greatly with the locality.

Perhaps there is no better field in which to study the problem than New York State. As every-one knows, measured by wealth or population or commercial criteria by which we usually

compare one state with another—New York is undoubtedly the Empire State. Perhaps it is not so generally recognized that it is also agriculturally very important. Among the states of the Union it stands only 17th in acreage, but it rates (varying somewhat with the particular year) sixth or seventh in the value of the agricultural production. (In 1927, it slipped badly, falling to 12th place.)

According to the definition established by the Federal Bureau of Census for 1950, it requires astonishingly little in the way of either area or agricultural activity to be classed as a farm. Officially any place of three or more acres is a farm if the value of agricultural production, exclusive of the home garden, is as much as \$150.00. An even smaller acreage is so classified if its production reaches \$250.00.

Fortunately we have for New York State fairly dependable data concerning the size of farms and number of farm families for more than a full century. A contemplation of these figures lends small support to the popular thesis that the "family farm" is on the way out and that the future belongs to the consolidated, corporation-managed "big business" type of farming. These are the figures for all farms reporting for the 100 years between 1850 and 1950.

In 1850 the typical New York farm was made up of 122.1 acres. When another 25 years which included the Civil War had passed, the size was 106.1. Twenty-five years later at the turn of the present century, it was 99.9 acres. As late as 1925 it stood at 102.1 acres. In a word, there were 75 years when the medium size of New York farms did not show change enough to even indicate a definite trend.

Down, but he seems high—Grounded, this gull seems to be high as a kite as it stoggers through the snow. May have imbibed some potent antifreeze.

### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. K. Barclay Warren, B.A., B.D.  
 Jesus Emphasizes the Cost of Greatness  
 Mark 10:35-45

Memory Selection: Whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all. Mark 10:44.

When James and John asked for the chief places in the kingdom they were giving expression to the type of selfish ambition that the other ten disciples probably possessed. Hence they were displeased with James and John. Were these two trying to get ahead of them? Self-seeking with hidden carnal motives is often the result of false self-evaluation. Carnal displeasure always results from a discovery of maneuvering for place, because others are desirous of the same recognition.

Jesus showed the disciples that the way of greatness is the way of service. It is the way of happiness, too. Olga Deterding, the twenty-eight-year-old daughter of a multi-millionaire oil king, stopped at Dr. Albert Schweitzer's mission station in Lambarene in French Equatorial Africa, where on a world tour, the plight of the lepers and the opportunity for service there caused her to give up sixty thousand dollars a year income, a villa with eleven servants, and a suite at the Ritz, to become a nurse at the colony.

Dr. Maestri, a visiting doctor from Beverly Hills, California, remarked, "She has that satisfied look which comes from an inner happiness and no regret."

Noel Phillips, a 23-year-old masonry contractor of Lawton, Oklahoma, ran the following ad in the newspaper: "Man or boy 18 to 23 years old. Must have court record. Prefer man who is on parole. Bring paper and apply in person. . . ." Mr. Phillips said when he was at the Englewood, Colorado, federal reformatory, he prayed on bedded knees: "If I get out of here, I promise to help others like myself." The following day he was paroled. He has employed over 400 parolees or former convicts and has helped many more by finding them jobs elsewhere. He is finding happiness in serving others.

The greatness of the Master is best observed in His taking the towel at the Last Supper. The carnal Peter objects to greatness stooping. Dr. C. H. Zahnsier, writing in *Arnold's Commentary* speaking of the incident writes, "Someone has said, 'We are all fighting for the top in the church, but there are so few fighting for the towel.'" How true!

Betty Elliott, who is working among the very people who killed her husband with four other missionaries, writes, "I have a stronger conviction than ever before that the things of this world are pretty paltry comparison with doing the will of God."

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking

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 18. State of  
 19. printing  
 20. Lacerated  
 21. throughfare  
 22. Th  
 23. Instead  
 24. Small mass  
 25. Down  
 26. Pen  
 27. Incarceration

1. Expect  
 2. Poems  
 3. Inmate  
 4. Early Amer.  
 5. Swage  
 6. Commence  
 7. Variety of  
 8. Female rabbit  
 9. Bitter vetch  
 10. Metal  
 11. Star service  
 12. Force  
 13. Civetlike cat  
 14. Dig in earth  
 15. Progress