

Wingless Wonder Hunts By "Radar"

One of the latest attractions at the London Zoo is a kiwi, a gift from New Zealand, and no doubt for some visitors it will call to mind its curious counterpart of a few years ago.

That kiwi gave great pleasure to visitors, with its great white feathers. Huge crowds gathered to watch it and it was a particular favorite with children.

But for the zoo keepers it was nothing but a headache. The bird had a huge appetite — for worms. Every day an army of keepers would be seen in the grounds frantically digging for them. Their relief knew no bounds when, after weeks of worm hunting, arrangements were made for a regular supply of worms to be sent from a worm farm on the Isle of Arran.

The kiwi is surely one of nature's most curious creatures—a bird that cannot fly and can hardly see. Although it is the national emblem of its native New Zealand, most New Zealanders have never seen it, for it is a completely nocturnal bird, living in dense forests well away from human habitation.

During the daytime it hides away in small caves or under fallen trees, coming out only after darkness to feed.

To make up for its lack of sight, it has a very strong bill which is extremely sensitive both to touch and smell, the two senses on which the bird relies for nearly all its activities. When it comes out to feed it walks along continually tapping the tip of its bill, much as a blind man taps the pavement with his stick. From time to time it sniffs and blows loudly.

It is searching for earthworms, which are almost the only things that it eats. As soon as it has detected one, its bill—so sensitive as a radar aerial—is plunged into the ground and the worm is dragged out. So accurate is the bird's method of detection that it seldom has to make a second attempt.

Its nostrils, unlike those of any other bird, are placed at the very tip of the bill where they are of most use. Sometimes, during the digging operations, soil and sand particles get into them and have to be forcibly blown out when the bill is withdrawn. Hence the frequent sniffing.

The efficiency of a kiwi's sense of smell has been demonstrated by putting an earthworm on the ground in front of it and letting it crawl away for several yards. On being released the kiwi begins its tapping and sniffing, following the path taken by the worm with the certainty of a bloodhound until it has caught up with it.

In earlier times kiwis were plentiful, but through a variety of causes they have become rather scarce to-day. They used to be caught in large numbers for food, their inability to see or fly made them easy victims.

The Maoris used kiwi skins as an important part of their ceremonial dress. Even so, the birds would probably have remained quite plentiful but for the white settlers. They brought with them cats, dogs and ferrets, all of which found the kiwi easy prey.

The kiwi was faced with possible extinction. But the New Zealand Government realized the danger and declared it illegal to kill or capture kiwis without special permit. Only rarely is

permission given to export them, so they are seldom seen in zoos. Like the African ostrich and the Australian emu, the kiwi is a flightless bird. Its wings are quite useless for any purpose. Its legs are very strong, however, and it can give quite a powerful kick.

The kiwi's breeding habits are no less unorthodox than its other activities. Nesting sites are similar to those chosen for sleeping. To begin with only a few twigs are collected, and perhaps a certain amount of excavating may be undertaken. In these preliminary preparations both parents co-operate.

The female then lays one egg, which is very large, weighing usually a little under one pound—a fifth of her own weight. Having made this mighty effort she loses interest and wanders off, leaving the male to incubate the egg, a long process which takes about seventy-five days. During this time he rarely leaves the nest, and consequently gets very little to eat. By the time the egg hatches he has lost about a third of his original weight.

His duties are by no means over when the young chick at last appears. Although it is fully feathered when hatched, it is not strong enough to leave the nest for a week or so. To keep it in the male barricades the entrance with sticks and leaves. When he does finally take the chick out he cannot, of course, see it if it strays far away from him, but he can always keep in touch with it by his sense of smell.

Until it is old enough to look after itself the male guards the chick jealously, attacking any other bird that comes within reach. It is frightened if it always runs to the father for protection, but will have nothing to do with its mother, threatening her with its beak if she approaches.

Big Deal

The richest financial deal in TV history was brought off recently when Perry Como, Kraft Foods, and NBC put their signatures to a \$25 million two-year contract. For this amount, Como's production firm, Romcom, will finance 104 weekly one-hour shows (with Como on 66 of them) plus a half-hour summer replacement (not Como) for Kraft's present star, Milton Berle.

Como personally gets "what-ever he wants to pay himself, plus capital gains, plus fringe benefits," an associate said. A separate ten-year contract guaranteed Como a six-figure income plus insurance.

Como, relaxed as usual, commented: "When I read these figures, I don't know what they're talking about. But we'll all be eating cheese."

WHOSE MOVE?

The oddest-ever game of chess was between a Spaniard in Madrid and an Italian in Rome and took place about 112 years ago. They employed a courier to travel across Europe with information of each move, each of his journeys taking several weeks. Years passed and the Spaniard died. Whose move was it then? His place was taken by an executor whom he had appointed to carry on.

A confirmed bachelor is one who thinks that the only thoroughly justified marriage is the one that produced him.



GAY YOUNG DOG — It's spring and in spring, a young Weimaraner's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of beer. Pop, the dog in question, can't wait till the brew hits the glass but lets it run soothingly over his parched tongue.

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews

At this time of year the right sort of salad can do wonders for a meal. And though your family may have become just a bit tired of ordinary Cole Slaw, I think they'll be delighted with this "glorified" variety.

PINEAPPLE SLAW
Yield — 4 to 6 servings
1/2 cup seedless raisins
5 cups shredded green cabbage
1/2 cup finely-diced fresh or well-drained canned pineapple
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
Mayonnaise or other thick dressing

Cover raisins with boiling water and let stand 3 minutes; drain thoroughly. Prepare cabbage; add raisins and pineapple. Toss together lightly. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and toss again. Moisten with a little mayonnaise or other thick dressing.

The carry is the modern descendant of the wild root which probably originated in the region of Afghanistan. From there it travelled east to China and Japan; west to Europe and the Americas. Meanwhile, people all over the world have learned to cook carrots so they can be served in almost any course, from soup to dessert.

CARROT MEAT LOAF
2 tablespoons bacon fat or shortening
1 1/2 cups chopped onion
1 1/2 cups (4 medium) finely shredded raw carrots
1 1/2 cups (6 small) finely shredded raw potatoes
1 1/2 lbs. ground lean beef
1 lb. beef liver, seared and ground
1 cup fine dry bread crumbs
3 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon ground black pepper
1 1/2 teaspoons poultry seasoning
2 eggs, beaten
2 strips bacon

Heat bacon fat or shortening in a saucepan. Add onions and saute until limp. Mix with carrots, potatoes, ground beef, liver, bread crumbs, seasoning and eggs. Turn into a greased 9x5x3-inch loaf pan. Arrange bacon strips over the top. Bake in a pre-heated moderate oven (350 degrees F) 1 hour or until done.

Yield: 8 servings.

CARROT TURNOVERS
18 medium size fresh carrots
1-inch boiling water in saucepan
1 teaspoon salt
1 to 2 tablespoons butter, melted
1/4 teaspoon ground black pepper
1 1/2 cups biscuit mix
1/2 cup milk
1/4 teaspoon powdered dry mustard
1/16 teaspoon cayenne pepper
Cheese Sauce
Paprika for garnish

Wash carrots, leave whole and place in a saucepan with boiling water and the 1 teaspoon salt. Cover and cook until carrots are partially tender, about 12 minutes. Drain. Season with melted butter mixed with the

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Can Plants Grow On Dew Alone?

Dew, one of the most mysterious and beautiful of all the earth's phenomena, has been successfully used by a Californian scientist to grow crops.

Plants can grow on dew alone, he says. His tests show that plants watered only by dew actually spring up faster and are healthier than those watered by irrigation.

Science is learning something fresh about dew every year. We know that this strange moisture of the night forms only when the sky is clear and that in Britain they get most of their dew after a hot summer's day and a westerly wind.

Ever seen a rainbow in a dew-drop? To do so, get up early and go to a grass-covered hilltop where the level rays of the rising sun strike the dewdrops hanging on the grass blades.

Like the raindrops, dewdrops have the power of breaking up the light into prismatic colours, so forming an iris or dew-bow. If you fix your eye on one large dewdrop while moving along, it will show you in succession each of the colours of the rainbow. Dew is so heavy in some tropical countries that it can be collected in the gutters. Even in 1959 meteorologists have still done little to measure dew supplies.

One dew mystery still unsolved is why it never forms on blades of grass that are broken. Each dew-drop is perfectly round. How it forms so symmetrically on grass leaves and spider webs is constantly being studied by experts.

Controversy has raged for centuries as to whether the dewdrops on the highest parts of the Sussex, Hampshire and Wiltshire downs are really replenished by dew alone.

Some scientists say that dews and mists are the chief source of the ponds' water supply. Others pooh-pooh this idea, describing it as no more than a pretty myth. They say rain is solely responsible for keeping dewponds from drying up.

A Hampshire man claimed that he was the only one who held the secret of how to make a dew-pond and so "produce water out of the air." He said it had been a closely guarded secret in his family for more than 250 years.

"Long before the Romans came to Britain, our ancestors made dew-ponds," he said. "You can see their handiwork to-day on the downs. And when I get an order to make a dew-pond I ply my trade as those early Britons did thousands of years ago. With clay, lime and straw I produce clearer and better water than all your pumps and artesian wells — water softer

than a rose's petal, water kissed by the warmth of the sun."

Some country people believe that walking barefoot on the dew gives the skin a chance to breathe and is highly beneficial to health.

Dew collected from plants at St. Basil's Day, February 14, is said to "rejuvenate and improve the features" when applied to the face, says an old Worcestershire document.

Women in some of the Slav countries still use dew for their complexion. Centuries ago it was sprinkled in kitchens to save the milk from the charms of witches.

Witches in India indulged a taste for magnificence which he had previously controlled. He told Lady Sushilpuri as early as Christmas Day, 1902, that he had dressed all his servants in white liveries with red bibs and belts, and a good deal of gold embroidery.

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Grandma Loved It Mom Throw It Out!

How times do change — or do they?

The first telephones were hailed as a great invention and having one on the living room wall 50 years ago was as much a mark of distinction as having one on your long, low, shiny car today.

Then telephones became common. Nearly everybody had one. In fact, when the party line rang, it might be any one of a dozen neighbors talking.

By this time, the phone ceased to be a novel ornament and was deposited to the back hall or the coat closet or some other inconspicuous place.

People also found it more comfortable to sit down than to stand up when they talked. They could talk longer. Maybe the teen-agers were responsible.

Anyway engineers, designed telephones that stood on desks while the users sat on chairs. But there was the ungainly box for the bell. So somebody designed the modern telephone and dressed it up to match the kitchen, the boudoir, or milady's favorite hair rinse.

But while these improvements were coming off the assembly line, what do you suppose happened to the old-fashioned telephone? It became an antique! Indeed it did. And then, having exhausted new ideas for radio cabinets, the designers looked around in museums and antique shops and there was their inspiration.

So now, my dear, you can get the most fascinating old-fashioned telephone for your living room wall. Only you don't talk into it. It talks to you. Your radio's inside.

It's too sweet. It fits right in with turn-of-the-20th-century decor. If no one stops to figure how, you could use it with late 19th century, or even 18th century furnishings, because, of course, it is an antique and who minds mixing periods?

But, there's something else. You don't have to use the telephone-type radio cabinet. There's the early American tea-kettle with a trivet to stand on. No one would ever guess you had strayed so far as to let a new-fangled

radio inject its alien influence into your early American room if you hid it in an antique teakettle. It's portable, too. What teakettle isn't?

When great-grandmother had the old fireplace sealed up and replaced with a shiny new stove such as Benjamin Franklin had invented, her tabby cat purled with pride and satisfaction, as she sat before it. This was comfortable modern living!

But then came furnaces, and stoves went to the basement or the junk yard. However, their day was not done, writes Jessie Ash Arndt in the Christian Science Monitor.

In another generation or so, the old houses that still stood where grandparents had left them, when they moved to their "new" houses, had undergone a change. They were now "DEAR OLD" houses. They could be "restored."

Fireplaces were opened, layers of paint peeled off to get down to the original color which was carefully matched.

And if every room hadn't a fireplace, why not a Franklin stove? For heat? Oh, not necessarily. How about television? Why not sit before the cozy comfort of a pretty little stove to let the original color which was carefully matched.

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