Trying To Recall Those Old Rhymes

that I couldn't just re the counting-out rhyme for the number of kernels in a hill of corn brought a complaint from a niece. She wanted to know why I could remember intyminty, and not remember

for the crows . . I can, indeed, remember intyminty, but it is not my own voice that I hear when I say it. Instead, I hear the eager, high squeal of a certain bug-eyed young lady who was said to have haunting complexion about the eyes because she jumped rope all the time. She did-up and down, up and down, her around, and the excessive exercise was supposed to keep her lean and pop-eyed. She was pretty, and inty-minty was her counting-out rhyme, probably

coming down to her from generations before. There is, in certain of the various Mother Gooses, a counting out rhyme that starts, "Intery mintery, cutery corn. . one this young lady would recite to commence our playtime per haps had a phonetic relationship and it went about like this:

Inty-minty, dibbety fig, Delia, nom-a-nom a-nig, Eye-cha, kigh-cha, Dow-a-nigh-cha

TUSK Galliga-balliga-boo Out goes Y, O, U. My niece knew I could repeat for I taught it to her once. But in all my misguided youth never actually counted out with it. I merely heard, many times this rope-skipping nymph of the startled eyes say it. I heard it enough so I have it for all time

give it, thus to the antiquarians who may want to jot it This girl had many rhymes, and as I run through some of her rope-skipping jingles, it suddenoccurs to me that times have changed. Antidiscrimination and reciprocal toleration have come into our focus, and some of those hildhood rhymes won't pass to day's requirements! Although they were innocent, and full of I can't. nevertheless. set them down here! Isn't that interesting! One of her best skipope rhymes ended with:

Salt, Vinegar, Mustard, Cay-ANN PEPPER! Then the two rope-hol really started to whirl, and tried o make the rope go so fast the young lady couldn't out-skip it They would count-one. two, And the girl would still be going at one-hundred and-twenty-two, one-hundredand-twenty-three . . . It took a lot of pepper to out-twirl

The counting-out rhymes, we'd better tell our moderns, were t determine sides, or who would go first-or last-and there was juvenile faith that whoever did the counting-out would play the game fair. You could if you took advantage, waggle the finger once too few, or once too nobody did that, much. And with 18 or 20 youngsters gathered by

ed. Sometimes it could be quite late before we did anything. One of our best games called "Hoist The Green Sail," which we all thought was "Oyster Green Sale," whatever that might mean. We would count out and divide up, and one side would run off into the surroundings and hide. When that side was well hid-

twilight of bygone times, using

the drawn-out enjoyment intend-

den their captain would come back to the "gool" and with a draw an elaborate map purporting to show just where his colleagues were hiding. The rules about this were definite. He was

us a fair picture of the route taken to the hideaway. Signifidmarks had to be shown. Deceit came, mostly, on the dis look like 20 feet, or like 10 miles. He might indicate a "tree," but it could be two feet high or an

Once, to show how it son

Green Sale!"

survive. I suppose it didn't, anylaunched any space ships with

## Crook Betrayed

two-acre waste rubber dump in Tottenham, London, was given recently by a former police dog who jumped on a wall and start ed barking. The watchman, 78year-old Fred Pullen, raced to his wooden office in the centre of the dump and just managed to telephone the fire brigade before the flames reached him. Many folk have cause to be thankful that they keep a dog when the house blazes or burglars pay a visit. But over in Milan Italy, one man is not so

Police arrived the other day to charge him in connection with an alleged fraud of \$18,000. They found only his wife at home and she assured them that her hus-

board and barked again. Open-

ing the cupboard door, the police

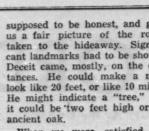
found their man crouching inside.

band was away. Hearing his master's name spoken, the faithful little hound barked excitedly and wagged his tail. Then he went to a cup-





limbs from a street after a freak, nine-inch snow fell on Denver, Colo.



When we were satisfied we knew the devious route to pursue to find the hidden team, we'd all start out. Sometimes, i the search didn't go well, we'd have to come back ad look at the map again. Eventually, we'd find them, and then there'd be a a fight over the mapmaker's race for the "gool," and usually basic honesty and upright na-ture. Not a real fight—we didn't

times went, one team decided to hide in Mr. Ramsay's oat bin. Mr. Ramsay kept trotters, and had a big bin lined with zine. It smelled lovely in there, but Mr Ramsay frowned upon our enjoying it. You got in by dropping through a lid, and you dn't get out unless somebod handed you up, or reached down

On this day about a dozen Oyster Green Sailors dropped through the hole, and joined a tramp who had gone in there to take a nap. Nobody knew he was in there. It wasn't hard for the opposition team to locate the hiding place, for the to-do was considerable. Mr. Ramsay had arrived, too, and as the tramp emerged Mr. Ramsay chased him across the field with a buggy whip, and we all stood in the barn doors and called "Oyster

None of this, I suppose, was very much fun, for it didn't way. Haven't heard that they've inty?minty, have you?-By John Gould in The Christian Science

By Best Pal Warning of a great fire at a

pleased with his too-friendly

The police seemed satisfied and were on the point of leaving, but then his dog appeared.

> APPLE JELLY 5 cups juice (see recipe above) 1/2 bottle of liquid fruit pectin

Mix juice and sugar in a very large saucepan. Bring to boil over high heat, stirring constantly. At once stir in liquid pectin. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and skim off foam with metal spoon. Pour quickly into glasses. Cover at once with 1/8 inch of hot paraffin. Makes 6 ounds of jelly, or enough for 12 medium glasses. If you'd like to have your own applesauce this winter, make it this way:

FAIRY TALE-COME-TRUE - His name's really Jack, and the

monster plant was grown from a bean. Jack Skinner Jr., 8,

can't begin to reach the top of this giant castor bean plant.

Like Jack's bean stalk in the fairy tale, someone threw a bean

TABLE TALKS

Remember the apple butter of your childhood? Cooking gently on the kitchen stove, it smelled until soft. (May need a little water to prevent sticking.) Press apples through sieve or food mill

cooking.

to remove skin and seeds. Sweeten sauce to taste. Reheat

to boiling. Pour boiling hot,

into hot glass jars. Stir to re-

move air bubbles. Process 20

Note: Duchess and other apples

which "sauce" without straining

should be pared and cored before

. . .

If you like a combination of

fruits in your conserve. try

putting blueberries with your

APPLE-BLUEBERRY

4 cups chopped apples 4 cups blueberries

6 cups sugar

cup raisins

seal at once.

11 cups sugar

once.

CONSERVE

4 tablespoons lemon juice Wash fruit. Core, pare, chor

and measure apples. Mix all in-

boiling hot, into hot glass jars

\* \* \*

APPLE-CHERRY-

PINEAPPLE CONSERVE

Wash fruit. Core, pare and

chop apples. Pit Cherries. Pare

and chop fresh pineapple (can-

ned pineapple may be used).

Measure fruit and mix with

sugar. Let stand 4-5 hours. Boil

about 5 minutes before remov-

ing from heat. Pour, boiling hot

Fragments of birch bark, roll-

ed for ease of storage, provide

one of the very oldest examples

of the use of trees by mankind

in Britain. They were intended,

it is believed, for making con-

tainers, and they had lain buried

before they were unearthed,

about 1950, at Starr Carr near

Scarborough. The pollen grains

preserved with them show that

at that early date birchwoods

northern England; they had in-

vaded the slowly-warming tun-

dras after the ice had retreat-So began the story of a lovely

tree that has ever since remain-

woodland scene.

a leading element in the

Birch is above all a pioneer,

one of those trees that can readily invade fresh territory. As trees grow, it is short-lived, seldom standing for as long as 100 years. . . . Its fragile grace con-

ceals an innate toughness of character that enables it to colonize bare ground, even on the fringe of polar regions where

the soil is frozen for most of the year, and never thaws for more than a few fect below the sur-

The British forester knows birch best as an invader of felled

woodlands that are left to lie

unplanted. . . . Birch makes an

airborne invasion, spreading

solely by means of tiny winged

seeds, released each autumn

from its long lambs-tail catkins

as those break up. Half a mil-

lion of these seeds are needed

to make up one pound, and they

already overspread much of

n the peat for some 7.000 years

until thick. Add salt and nuts

3 cups chopped apples

2 cups chopped pineapple

8 cups pitted cherries

½ teaspoon salt 1 cup shelled nuts

The Story Of

A Lovely Tree

gredients. Boil until thick. Pour

minutes in boiling-water bath.

away, and the plant just grew.

spicy and cidery and appetizing,

Then, when it was done, the first

taste of it served on home-made

memory. Here is a recipe for

this butter which you may want

APPLE BUTTER

5 cups prepared fruit (4

pounds ripe apples) 7½ cups (3¼ pounds) sugar

1/2 bottle liquid fruit pectin

First, prepare the fruit.

move blossoms and stem ends

from about 4 pounds of ripe ap-

ples. Cut into small pieces (do

not peel or core). Add 61/2 cups

water. Bring to boil. Cover and

simmer 10 minutes. Crush com-

pletely. Cover and simmer 5

minutes longer. Place in a large

sieve lined with a double thick-

ness of cheesecloth. Drain off

5 cups juice to use in making

apple jelly (recipe follows). Set

inice aside. Use fruit pulp for

pulp through sieve. Measure 5

cups into a very large saucepan.

Add sugar and spices. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard

or 1 minute, stirring constantly.

Remove from heat and at once

stir in liquid pectin. Skim off

foam with metal spoon. Ladle

quickly into glasses. Cover at

once with 1/8 inch of hot paraf-

fin. Makes 6 pounds of butter,

or enough for 12 medium

To make the butter, press

making apple butter.

½ teaspoon allspice 1 teaspoon cinnamon

to use right now.

bread was a special autumn

APPLESAUCE Wash and drain fresh, apples. Remove stem and blossom ends. Slice apples. Cook



ter Harold Macmillan tries on a tam during his visit to Stewarton, Scotland, electioneering for the Conservative

are produced in prodigious tities, year after year, to be swept everywhere by the winds; in autumn you can see the birchwoods sprinkled with them, like confetti. . . .

Birch is above all a light-demanding tree. It can only thrive in the unobstructed light of the sun, and dwindles and dies if set below the shade of other trees. The forester today regards the birch with mixed feelings. Although he hardly ever plants it, is is likely to infiltrate into every plantation he makes, every wood he tends. He is loth to accept it as a main crop, since it can only yield a low volume of timber which will bring but a poor price as turneay wood or small sawmi'l tim-Despits its beauty, birch is not very satisfactory as a street tree,

since it is short-lived, does not take kindly to pruning, and lacks vigour when its roots are set amid hard pavements. Nor does it feature well along the hedgerows, where again its short life, span is a disadvantage. But in a garden, where it can be allowed to expand, unpruned, its graceful crown of foliage, weeping birch makes a lovely the shade it casts is so light that flowering bulbs can be grown beneath it, to produce spring a delectable combination of their blossom with the white bark and emerald green unfolding leaves of the silver birch. - From "The Living For-

## Fall Is Time To

Tuck In The Garden Those of us who live in colder climates are beginning to do "last things" before heavy frost closes the blooming season. October is a fine time to do nany garden tasks. It is a planting time, a clean-up time, and a storing time. Planting springflowering bulbs is spaced along, from the tucking in of daffodils,

hyacinths, snowdrops and other little bulbs, to the stowing underground of tulips. Evergreens and spring-flower ing trees and shrubs are usually planted in autumn. This gives lished. Be sure, however, to

them a chance to become estabkeep them watered up to freezing weather, and to mulch them well the first winter. The perennial border wel comes a going over at this season. Phlox should be dug up and divided every three or four years. It is not too late to separate and replant iris clumps.

ennials that have finished blooming also can be moved. Plant food that works slowly, like bone meal, should be incorporated into the soil, and a mulch should protect the roots. Later the whole perennial bed will need winter protection, but this should wait until after freezing. Gladiolus corms and other

Oriental poppies and other per-

summer-flowering bulbs are lifted, dried, and stored for replanting next year. Moth flakes or DDT dust in paper bags with the gladiolus corms control thrip. Begonia tubers and dahlia roots will winter in a cool part of the cellar if covered with dry peat moss or sand. Remove any infected portions before storing, and inspect them at intervals

While you are working in the flower borders, you might like to pot up healthy specimens of zinnias, marigolds, calendulas and similar annuals before frost and bring them into the house for flowering plants. Mix into the soil, before potting them, a generous portion of plant food about a teaspoonful to a quart of soil, writes the Garden Editor of The Christian Science of watering outdoor plants on

during the winter, lest they get

You probably know the trick cold nights to keep them from being frostbitten. Dahlias will often come through this way, and marigolds and zinnias in bloom. Hardy chrysanthemums can be covered for the night with large sheets of polythene, burlap, or building paper when heavy frost threatens, but take it off again first thing in the morning. Many Skeletons

### In These Cupboards

Skeletons ranging from that of an Irish giant 8 ft. 4 in. tall to those of pygmies barely half his size are housed in one of the world's little-known museums at the Royal College of Surgeons, Iincoln's Inn Fields, London. Founded by a man who has been called the father of modern surgery, John Hunter, the museum contains countless skulls and skeletons - a queer collection of old bones from all over the world. It was once claimed

that all the races of the earth were represented in this "skulery" as some medical students Bombs damaged and charred some of the specimens during the

war but the Irish giant's skeleton was unscathed. How it originally got into the museum makes a bizarre story.

The Irishman's name was Charles O'Brian (sometimes spelt Byrne) and while he was alive his great height and bulk made him an object of curiosity wherever he went. He probably suffered a good deal from peo-

ple's stares and had a suspicion that when he died his body might not be safe in an ordinary So before his death at twentytwo, in June, 1783, through excessive drinking, he bequeathed to two fishermen £100 each on condition that they would take his body out to sea and drop it overboard. He had an inkling that Hunter was anxious to get possession of his

skeleton and felt sure that his burial-at-sea plan would defeat the surgeon's object. He was wrong. Hunter told the fishermen that he did not wish to prevent them earning their £200 by disposing of the giant's body at sea, but he suggested that if they would first tie a rope to it, he could afterwards haul it up again and then pay them another £200.

body, and the Irish giant's bones finished up in the museum. In Stockton, Calif., Teodoro Lopez Herrera held up a bank, was asked by the cashier to sign nis name for the money he too dutifully obeyed, was soon track-

They agreed. Hunter got the

ed down and arrested.



DOES MORE THAN BUZZ - Louis Richards, graduate design student at Illinois Tech., has harnessed the gnatty buzz of a 1.32 h.p. model aircraft engine to ground transportation. His "Skeeter," an 18-inch-long aluminum platform on wheels, carries its passager in two-footed somfort at about 12 miles an hour, three times the speed normally made by a pedestrian. Highly maneuverable, the 12-pound device folds into a canvas carrying case.

#### **Comantic Heiress** forfeited Millions

Naughty, beautiful, impetuous Lady Jane Ellenborough found herself lighting the candles of her own birthday cake, politely applauded by only her servants. Her husband had forgotten her eighteenth birthday, but Lady
Jane had no intention of becom-

ing a neglected wife. Heiress to one of the richest estates in Norfolk, her grandather was squire of stately Holkham Hall, and Jane was becoming aware that handsome Lord Ellenborough had married er only for her money. But when she found he had still not disengaged himself from the affections of other women, she a man to surrender a prize withefused to play second fiddle. out a struggle. As soon as he Jane celebrated her nineteenth

irthday in a secret hide-out she had daringly established for her-self in London. But as she blew out the candles on her birthday cake, a lover's arms romanticalclasped her in the dusk and he shared her cake with dashing Prince Felix Schwarzenberg. He was the first secretary of he Austrian Embassy in London, and Jane wistfully reflectly innocent. ed that it served her husband right. She had been prepared to

love Ellenborough, but now ner heart was altogether conquered by the handsome Austrian. There were idyllic week-ends in a hotel at Brighton, and a Peeping Tom waiter rapidly spied out sufficient evidence for divorce. In those days - at the outset of Queen Victoria's reign - a marriage could be dissolved only by Act of Parliament and it cost Lord Allenborough thousands of pounds to win his divorce. Paris with Theotoky. But Jane Ellenborough proud-

ly arranged through lawyers to pay over £25,000 as her share

expenses. The money was scarcely jingling in Ellenborough's pocket before she arrived in Paris on Prince Felix's arm. She had borne him a child and was passionately convinced that he offered her lifelong happiness. Unluckily, Felix had his scruples about marrying a divorcee and there were admittedly certain diplomatic social engagements from which Jane be over £1,000,000. ad to be barred. Once more Jane imperiously decided that she could not consent to play

in her forties: it was time to think of settling down. But as a last fling she decided to visit Damascus.

all the rage, with another part-"The give him Bavarian waltzes!" Jane apparently summed up the situation. And before the Prince could make amends, she had stowed her chief possessions aboard her satinpadded travelling coach and de-

second fiddle to a man.

parted - for Bayaria

One evening, at a ball, Felix

chanced to ignore his lady and

anced a Bavarian waltz, then

A famed connoisseur of beauty, King Ludwig of Bavaria devoted an entire art gallery to his collection of portraits of lovely women. Jane realized that her presence in the collection would ensure her publicity and perhaps enough, a young Bayarian, Baron Herbert Vennigen, was soon layher life! ing his heart at her feet. And once again Jane fell in

ove, with all the helpless ardour him in the desert. of her adventurous soul. The Baron was untroubled by the scruples against marriage that the Prince had so annoyingly nown. Indeed, he begged the King to intercede for his at the atican to ensure that marriage to Jane would be in order. Under the blue skies of Italy, e couple duly honeymooned and Jane wrote home in rapture

to her worried relatives in Eng-

Yet even this union was desined to end dramatically. Perhaps the Baron was too domesticated for Jane's wild and restless tastes. He believed in settling his wife down with a baby a year while Jane's imagination dwelt on distant horizons far from the nursery.

The wish brought fulfilment. At a court ball she met a swaggering, good - looking young Greek, Count Spyridon Theotoky. While her husband immersed himself in business affairs, Jane found the Count a flattering riding companion . . . and one day, in a forest glade, she found herself surrendering in his arms. But the Baron was Jane's lawful husband and he was not

discovered the truth, he challenged Theotoky to a duel. Pistols were chosen and two postillions acted as seconds. At the exchange of shots Theotoky fell his breast streaming red. A horrified watcher, Jane ran forward and supported him ir her arms - only to hear Theo toky swearing, as if with his dy ing breath, that he was complete

Overcome with contrition Baron Vennigen took the Greek home and allowed his wife to nurse him back to health Many were the secret embraces that nurse and patient exchanged. The time came, however, when Jane had to choose between he stolid husband and her conspiring lover. Again the illicit won. Jane was to remain in affectionate correspondence with her hus band for the rest of her life. Yet she left him and returned to They lived together as man

and wife and raised children whom Jane adored. Then, as passions cooled, they separated and

To Jane's family in England this was the last straw. So far in her career family fortunes had supported her through every whim. But now she was told bluntly that any further excursions into romance would see her disinherited. The future price of romance to Jane, in fact, would Jane seems to have taken the warning seriously. She was now

She went to Syria and found it necessary to arrange a camel caravan across the desert. In control of this traffic was an Arab camel-driver who had enriched himself and was dubbed the Sheikh Abdul El Mezrab. The arrangements were made. The dark-eyed Arab and the beautiful Englishwoman set off into the desert. They had not travelled many miles when both realized they were in love.

In a black Bedouin tent, under the rich stars, Jane told herself that at last she had reached her journey's end. It was to cost her her inheritance, but a man who had begun life as a shepherd 23,800,000 cows which in 1939 boy, who could ride fast as the wind yet could not use a knife and fork, this was the man in She became Abdul's wife accerding to Mohammedan law and was to spend fifteen years with.

Visiting her some years later, a British explorer found her washing her husband's feet, and glorying in it, the proud, defiant woman who had thought to be second fiddle to no man.

# Drive With Care

29. Insane

- 5. Boy CROSSWORD PUZZLE

4. Moves quickly 20. Stone

Stone

4. Moves quickly 20. Small rock

1. Breed of dog 55. Stain

21. Begin

22. General

4. Millpond

23. Successful

4. Struck with

50 roce (slang)

5. June, July

4. Run away

26. Small rock

27. Small rock

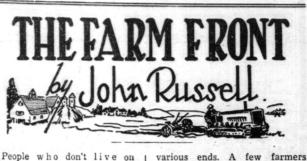
4. Run away

28. Small rock

4. Run away 48. Fr. summe 51. Thus 3. Belonging to him 4. English river 7. Spread 8. Fruit of the

Answer elsewhere on this page

SUBSTITUTE HAND - Although he has only one hand, Gene Henderson Jr., is an ardent handball enthusiast. A.A.U. officials granted him permission to play in tournaments with a piece of steel covered with foam rubber and mitt as a left



arms - and some who do only occasionally become aware of how diverse and fascinating the world of agriculture is, and how important. Sometimes re-elected." globe-shaking events have to happen to jar us awake about Farmers, of course, do not what is going on around us.

It was the September visit of Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev to the Agriculture Department research farm at Beltsville, Md., for instance, which triggered a report from the department summarizing the achievements of American farmers. . . .

Using fewer acres and a third fewer farm workers, reported the Department of Agriculture to Mr. Khrushchev, over-all American farm production has increased by about half in the last 20 years. Farmers have almost doubled

the production of wheat on about the same acreage. They have harvested 47 per cent more corn on 15 million fewer acres. They have doubled production of cattle and calves. They have grown nearly 98 per cent more wheat on about the same acreage as 20 years ago. They have fattened about 9 per cent more hogs. Their 20,500,000 dairy cows each average 6,300 pounds of milk a year, compared with each averaged only 4,589 pounds. Although the national population has increased about a third during this period, Americans haven't yet managed to eat their

. . . The farmers who have raised their productive achievements to these new heights are different from the farmers of 20 years ago. The modern farmer has become the man "in gray flannels rather than the shining blue serge of yesterday," Dr. William 3. Mather, head of the Department of Sociology and Anthro-

pology, Pennsylvania State University, has said. This farmer, who "used to be afraid of government," said Dr. Mather, "uses government now as a tool, as a means to his

may protest at government dities, but the farm-belt legislators that vote for them are

claim all the credit for their record - breaking production. They recognize that, as the Department of Agriculture informed Mr. Khrushchev, much o the credit must go to "combined results of research by industry and state and federal governments, the production by induso put research to work, the educational system, and" - here the farmer modestly takes his bow-"greater labor efficieency

agriculture."

. . . The astounding directions which research is taking can only be hinted at. We've hardly heard anything yet of things in store for coming generations.

Here's one example pulled out of the research hat: A possible new source of food for hungering millions may open as the result of a recent experiment at the California Institute of Technology. Technology scientists have found a way of growing winter grains in tropics which have

no winter. Their announcement disclosed that winter rye plants have been made to produce grain without the benefit of winter and in a third of the normal time, by using a spray of gibberellin, described as a hormone that plants secrete to induce stem growth. They beway through all this abundance, lieve that barley, wheat, and to sell it, or even to give it other winter grains would reaway. But they are working at spond the same way as rye has, writes Helen Henley in the Christian Science Monitor.

> Yet despite glowing reports of progress in most aspects of agriculture, one problem steadily continues unsolved: Farmers' income has not kept pace with their expenses. During the first three-quarters of 1959, estimated net farm

income was 12 per cent lower than in the same period in 1958 - although it was 41/2 per cent higher than in 1957, according to the Agricultural Marketing Service. At the same time, farm-

operating costs were reported as substantially above those of a If Americans are smart enough to develop a way to grow win-

ter grains without winter, why can't they find a way for farm ers to earn a profit withou all-out government support?
Some farmers, of course, have no qualms about seeking govconsider similar to subsigiven other groups. But, victimized by a prolonged cost-price-squeeze situation, many farmers who prefer to be independen have been forced by econ pressures to accept government

aid to survive. Unless a way is found soon to change the trend, farmers may all — the enterprising and the inefficient together - become less and less their own bosses and more and more wards of Do Americans really want it that way?

Car Drivers!

As Americans, we have national pride in our efforts and accomplishments. We are proud, not arrogant, we enjoy competition and like to do things well. These comments of self-esteem are not intended to be ostentatious, but only to emphasize a conspicuous exception to the rule. It is difficult to account for our poor driving with its shameful sonsequences. Occasionally there are signs of minor improvement, but the records emain shocking and disturbing to the public. The problem warrants rigorous, inflexible warrective measures, and the end of our prolonged tolerance of this national humiliation.

With constant effort, qualified personnel boundless laws and regulations, good roads and good cars, the problem of poor driving remains an enigma. It warrants a serious examination of our procedure. We need to fundamentally

change the attitude of the driving public, but not with erratic, so-called "crackdowns."

Obviously, the three agencies now principally concerned in the issuance of driving licenses and assurance of their proper use or revocation are the state licensing commissioner, the police and the courts. They are the constituted authorities and must necessarily work in unison, with a mutual and sympathetic understanding of their cohesive There are few attainments in

this country that are more eager-ly desired or sought after than car ownership and an operator's license, but, on the contrary, once they are acquired, there is nothing more readily abused.

It is in these areas that we might well strengthen our efforts to improve our driving and gain a much-needed public support. There should be no necessity for a ridiculous or domineering degree of enforcement. It would not meet with public acceptance. Driving can be made safe and

imposition only when we remove the bandits from the high-If we seriously consider the full consequences of bad drivstricting poor driving bear little comparison to the determination and perseverance characteristic of other law enforcement

efficient without unnecessary

An unwavering attitude to revoke the privilege of driving as readily as we grant it will create an upsurge of better driving and essential public support.

—Col. Robert C. F. Goetz in Traffic Quarterly "Man wanted to retail par-

rots," said a sign in pet shop window. "Are you looking for a job?" the manager asked a man who was standing looking at it. "Oh no," said the man. "I was wondering how the parrots came to lose their tails in the first

TESUNDAY SCHOOL

Rev. R Barclay Warren,

Christian Fellowship in Action Acts 4:32-37; 5:12-16. Memory Selection: The multi tude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed were his own; but they had all things common. Acts. 4:32. The sharing among the early

disciples was not an experi-

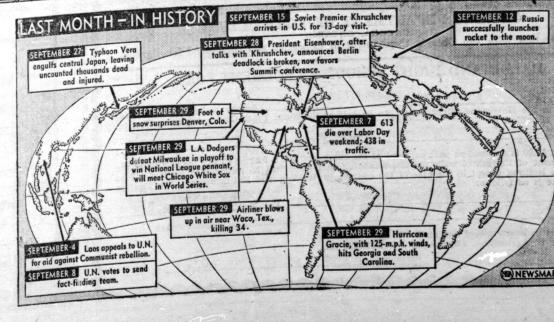
ment in Communism as some denies the existence of God. Moreover, while only a very small percentages of the people in any Communistic country belong to the party, their will is imposed upon all the peo-ple for materialistic ends. My friend. Dr. Mary Tenney, writing in Arnold's Commentary, says, "The immediate cause of the disciples' sharing was their complete agreement concerning the paramount value of spiritual interests. They attended to physical needs because they were spiritually minded. pecially those who were temporarily in Jerusalem. So men like Barnabas hastened to serve that need. His generosity is a striking example of what should happen in any Christian fellowship. The wealthy man discovers how relatively unimportant his possessions are and how deeply he loves everyon in the fellowship. Of course, he cannot stand to see another in want. He responds not to a theory of communism, but to his personal feeling of compassior, and his personal faith in the Eternal." The sin of Ananias and Sapphira was like that of many

profesging Christians: dishones pretense to adopting a pattern be popular. They had neither personal conviction nor love for others. Apparently they merewanted to go along with the crowd. They wanted social acceptance. Why anyone would want to join an all-out-for-Christ movement hypocritically is a conundrum, but one sees i happening occasionally. sudden death shows how God

The apostles had the gift of healing. "There came also multitude out of the cities round about Jerusalem, bring-ing sick folks, and them which were vexed with unclear spirits: and they were healed every one." The healing of the body is not as important as the healing of the soul. The body is going back to the dust it spite of medicine and prayer. The soul will go back to God who gave it. Nevertheless miracles of healing are an im

car when something went wrong changed from green to red and back to green, but still she d not get the car to policeman strolled up "What's the matter, miss?" he inquired, gentiy. "Haven't you seen any colours you like yet?'

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking





FREAK STORM - Men and machines work to clean tree