They Give Thanks For Many Blessings

Now the cornstalks arch their gray-brown tassels, sagging with the harvest of ripening ears. The barley on the hill, silkily green in July but running to gold before the month was out, whispers in its beard that summer is fleeting fast. Heat lightning flickers in the velvet twilight. The time for threshing is here.

This morning brought the little engine snorting over the hill, spouting fiery cinders, its firebox glowing redly in the early light. The steamer shoved its blunt nose across the field and drew the little separator into Amos and Eli's setting of grain, the all-important water wagon bringing up the rear.

Excitement gripped us all as neighbor men, their broadbrims showing drifts of chaff from other threshings, clattered up behind their teams to lend a hand. It is a once-a-year thrill, the event to which summer work all over the valley is pointed.

Houswives have made ample preparation for the harvest meals they must provide, and more than once Emmaline has set aside samples from a near-perfect batch of jelly or a jar of tempting green and red pepper relish with the observation, "Good for the threshers this will be."

Exciting as it is to watch, the work of threshing is grueling for the men. Fierce heat and billowing chaff combine to make it almost unbearable in the middle of the day. So the big noon meal is a welcome respite as well as a richly deserved feast.

But even the busy women must watch the work get under way that first morning. There is drama in threshing not found anywhere else. Eli and the other strong young pitchers dig their fork tines deep into the bundles of ricked-up grain. A mighty toss and the stacks quiver as they ride the belt up the side. A moment and then the engine begins to puff clouds of dark smoke that blow high over the stubble; the separator howls, and bundles, half-turning in the air, fall into the feeder and head toward the whirling knives. Straw arches in a yellow blur over the site of the stack, the blower roars, and the elevator begins hiccoughing grain, half a bushel at a time.

We linger a moment to listen to the chuck-a-chuck of the exhaust and smell the unusual odor of burnt straw and steam, then turn kitchenward to start our own labors, knowing we are at last deep in threshing again.

Bayard Taylor has written of one group of the Plain People:

. . . "Orderly, moral are they . . Given to preaching of rules, inflexible outlines of duty, Seeing the sternness of life, but alas! Overlooking its graces."

The last line could never be truthfully applied to Eli's Trina. She overlooks none of the graces of living, and her presence is always a joy.

While I mind the playful twins, she helps Emmaline and the girls, Anna and Hilda, in the kitchen. And when the babes go to their morning nap in "Grandmomma's big bed," she draws me into the charmed circle where good woman-talk is going on.

"Cold slaw it is not," she tells us gaily, adding bits of bell pepper and red-skinned apples to the chopped cabbage. "Pure Dutch words, 'kool' for cabbage and 'sla' for salad, make it cabbage salad."

"Nu, now," Emmaline says admiringly, "never did we know that."

As Anna sets the yeast rolls, Trina tells us another item from her store of housewifely lore. If it's trouble you have getting whole-wheat bread to rise light, like the white does, try adding the juice of half a lemon to the recipe for two loaves of bread and surprised you'll be. "And a tablespoon of lemon juice added to angel food cake takes the place of cream of tartar, if you're out," she adds.

She is a pleasing blend of the Old and the New. Last week she and Eli brought home a beef roast out of the frozen food locker they rent in town. Yet she makes the same end-of-garden sauce from ripe tomatoes, cabbage, sweet peppers, carrots, parsley, and anything the garden yields in the fall that her great-grandmother made, writes Mabel Slack Shelton in the Christian Science Monitor.

"Use the sauce in soups, for Swiss steak, smother chicken or pot roast in it, or make tiny meat balls and use the sauce to cover while they bake in the oven," she says.

Then noon brings the men in to a dinner fit for harvesttime appetites and colorful enough for a magazine spread. Yet Amos' blessing is grave and deliberate as he thanks the Giver of all good gifts, and there are heartfelt "Amens" before the hungry crew pitches in.

As with everything else, there is a ritual to threshing the Amish way. A "piece" is sent to the field at ten — lemonade and spice cake borne by the sunbonneted girls — the big noon meal, another piece at four, then the harvest supper.

The sweet tinkle of cowbells sounds in the lane as the last man rises from the supper table, but the women must talk alone tonight. The threshing must be finished so the rig can move on to another farm tomorrow.

Dishes are done at last, the milk strained away, cans set to cool in the springhouse, the cream separator cleansed; then again the thresher draws us like a magnet. It is a different scene from that of early morning. The men are shadowy figures as they spear the last bundles. And in the growing dusk, above the engine, curves of winking fire drift into the night and die like falling stars.

It is over at last. Teams are hitched up and the weary men go to their homes to sleep. But they are cheerful still, for the challenge of hard work is stimulating to these rugged sons of the soil, and they enjoy the generous warmth of brotherhood that such a day brings.

In the dark by the well, Amos and a neighbour take their leave of each other.

"Well, Amos, a fine yield," the friendly voice says.

"Yes," Amos rejoins gravely. Then he adds, "**God sei Dank.**"

"**God sei Dank**, indeed," the voice says warmly. And thus they offer again their thanks to God for all their many blessings.

Benno Gets A Real Violin

Benno Rabinof has been playing the violin since he was a tot on New York's Lower East Side, and many good things have come his way — like being one of the last pupils of the great teacher Leopold Auer. But none was so exciting as the unexpected windfall of his 49-year-old concert fiddler revealed the other day. A wealthy friend and admirer had given him the one violin he wanted most in the world, the "Lord Amherst," a Stradivarius Fritz Kreisler had once owned, and which has not been heard in public in more than a decade.

There was one condition, however. Like "The Millionaire" series on TV, the donor of this extremely generous gift (estimated value: $50,000-$100,000) refused to be identified. "The whole idea is noble," Rabinof said. "He just wanted the violin to be heard again. I made a promise and I'm going to keep it. I told him I didn't deserve it and he said 'That's for me to decide.'"

TRUNKFUL OF MEMORIES — "Jopa," a one-year-old Indian elephant, should never forget her grand reception by orphans at Munich, West Germany. She holds a bunch of carrots presented by Roman Pankofer. The pachyderm will be on exhibit of the Munich Zoo.

GETTING A HANDOUT — Joining the deer to beat the heat, Diana Duprey, 9, extends a goodie at the watering trough in Birch Hill Game Park.

TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews.

When you start cooking macaroni, spaghetti, or noodles, the three important steps: 1. Use plenty of water — several quarts for 8 ounces of the spaghetti, macaroni, or noodles. 2. Have the water boiling vigorously — and use about 1 tablespoon of salt for the above amount of pasta, and cook it from 8-10 minutes. Try a piece at the end of 8 minutes; then you will be able to have it done firm or soft, just as you like it. 3. Drain it the instant it is done. Don't rinse it, but put it back in the hot kettle and add butter. Mix and cover and you can keep it for a little while while you finish the sauce.

SPAGHETTI WITH CHICKEN SAUCE

- 1 garlic bud, sliced
- 3 tablespoons fat
- ½ chopped onion
- 3 tablespoons flour
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 1 cup tomato sauce (an 8-ounce can)
- 1½ cups diced cooked chicken
- 8 ounces long spaghetti

Brown garlic in fat in heavy skillet. Remove garlic and add onion, cooking until brown. Stir in flour, salt, and Worcestershire sauce. Add broth and tomato sauce and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add chicken, cover, reduce heat, and simmer for 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Serve over hot, cooked spaghetti.

Just as a change from the more usual sauces, try this one, featuring oxtails. You may want to prepare the oxtail part of this dish early in the day and heat it while you're cooking the spaghetti just before serving time.

BRAISED OXTAILS WITH SPAGHETTI

- ½ cup butter
- 1½ cups chopped onions
- 4 oxtails, cut in 2-inch pieces
- 1 quart hot water
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 1 clove garlic, finely chopped
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 6-ounce can tomato paste
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 3 quarts boiling water
- 8 ounces spaghetti

Melt butter over medium heat. Add onions and saute until tender. Add oxtails and brown well. Add 1 quart water, vinegar, garlic, and 2 teaspoons salt. Cover and cook over low heat about 2½ hours, or until meat is tender and liquid has cooked down. Add tomato paste and mix well. Cook 5 minutes longer.

To cook spaghetti, add 1 tablespoon salt to 3 quarts rapidly boiling water. Gradually add spaghetti so that water continues to boil. Cook, uncovered, stirring occasionally, until tender. Drain in colander. Serve oxtails over the cooked spaghetti.

SHRIMP WITH SPAGHETTI

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup diced celery
- ½ cup diced green pepper
- ½ cup sliced onion
- ½ cup sliced mushrooms
- ¼ cup flour
- 3½ cups cooked tomatoes (No. 2½ can)
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 4 ounces spaghetti
- 1 cup cooked shrimp (a 7-ounce can)

Heat butter in skillet. Add celery, green pepper, onion and mushrooms. Cook 10 minutes. Sprinkle flour over vegetables, mixing lightly. Add tomatoes, salt, and pepper. Cover and simmer 1 hour. While sauce simmers, cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender —about 10-12 minutes. Drain. Fold shrimp into sauce. Heat thoroughly and pour over spaghetti. Serves 4.

If you want a spaghetti dish that is unusual, here is a Korean adaptation. A little shredded pork is added to ground beef and simmered with vegetables in a soy sauce. At the last minutes canned bean sprouts are added along with shreds of fresh pear to give a pleasing crispness to the dish.

WEST COAST SPAGHETTI

- 3 tablespoons butter
- ½ cup mushroom pieces
- ¼ pound ground beef
- ¼ cup shredded cooked pork
- ½ cup chopped onion
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- ½ cup shredded celery
- Dash Worcestershire sauce
- 2 tablespoons soy sauce
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- ½ pound spaghetti (in 3-inch pieces)
- 1 cup canned bean sprouts
- 1 firm pear shredded

Melt butter in saucepan over low heat. Add mushrooms and brown lightly. Add ground beef, shredded pork, onion, garlic, celery, sauces, salt, pepper, and sugar. Cook until beef is well done, stirring occasionally. Cook spaghetti in rapidly boiling water until just tender. Drain. Place spaghetti in large platter. Add bean sprouts and shredded pear to hot mixture. Arrange sauce over spaghetti. Serves 4 to 6.

She Says Capital Punishment Wrong

For close to 50 years, Gladys Carpenter Duffy has lived within the shadow of California's San Quentin Prison. She grew up in Prison Town as the daughter and granddaughter of San Quentin guards. Later she married the son of another guard, and while she and her husband have from time to time lived and worked elsewhere, their interests have remained intimately bound up with the thousands of men and women who entered its gates.

During this era, Mrs. Duffy has witnessed the slow march of penology toward today's modern rehabilitative methods — as the older and long-used systems of physical and mental torture gave way. It is often, by its nature, not a pleasant story. But Mrs. Duffy's book, "Warden's Wife," shows her deep-felt zest for prison work and her devotion to change in penal methods.

The culmination of this change came just before World War II when her husband became warden of San Quentin — to serve in that role through turbulent war years and an even more disturbing postwar period. But it was during these 11 years that innovations in San Quentin's penal system sharply altered the institution's handling of inmates. Ugly aspects of prison life were removed, rehabilitation of prisoners became the keynote of the system, and a variety of pioneering and daring ventures paid off in less prison trouble and better parole records.

The innovations ran the gamut from adequate food to establishment of a prison newspaper. They included careful efforts to parole offenders when ready for release — the pioneering steps in the indeterminate sentence. Greater freedom for inmates within prison walls, Warden Duffy said, would invoke a sense of responsibility on the part of these inmates. It worked at San Quentin, and the idea is slowly being accepted across the United States.

All of this is a part of Mrs. Duffy's simply told story. In a real sense, "Warden's Wife" is more than a personal account of the long-held dream she and her husband shared — a dream of doing something to reform prison methods at San Quentin. The book serves as an informal history of San Quentin during the 50 years about which Mrs. Duffy writes with intimate knowledge.

Across her pages march a cross section of San Quentin's population. In illustrating various aspects of her life at San Quentin, Mrs. Duffy tells much about the inmates with whom she and her husband came in contact. Many of these episodes are pathetic; others are shocking; and a few leave the reader with virtual disbelief.

But woven throughout these accounts is a continuous certainty on the part of Mrs. Duffy that no case is hopeless. "So many wrecks are worth salvaging," she writes. She and her husband have apparently practiced this philosophy with improving results over the years. Recidivism dropped sharply while Clinton Duffy was warden at San Quentin.

Mrs. Duffy is firm in her belief that capital punishment is wrong. She is convinced that the main reason for its retention is "a punitive desire for revenge." To the Duffys, the capital penalty is imposed by emotional drives to punish. It does not solve the problems facing society. The Duffys have continued to struggle against capital punishment and today are in the forefront of the abolition movement.

Mrs. Duffy was known as "Mother" Duffy to thousands of men at San Quentin. Reading her book, it is easy to see why. She has a love and a firmness which, coupled, won her almost instant respect. One suspects that a not inconsiderable part of Warden Duffy's success as a penologist and prison administrator has been due to the woman at his side.

NEWLYWEDS — Noted British conductor Sir Thomas Beecham, 80, and his recent bride, nee Shirley Hudson, 27, eye camera in London. He married his former secretary in Switzerland.

PERSONALIZED SERVICE — Proudly claiming that his town of Arcola, Ill., consumes more coffee per capita than any other, Bob Arrol checks the stock of personalized mugs in his drugstore. He started the practice 10 years ago, now has 162 name mugs. Although many others want to join, they can't until someone dies or moves from the town of 2,000.

Styles In Picnics 'Way Down East

Our old "Merchants' Picnics" came to mind again the other day as I reflected on the growing popularity of our Maine summertime gustatory fiestas. It is quite a crowded calendar. The poultrymen were the first to hit the big time, with their annual "Broiler Day" — at which the industry hands out an oversize feed at bargain prices, and entices people by the thousands. They have a chicken queen and numerous other attractions, and have even gone into the tub-thumper extent of lining up a professional astronomer. Truly, it is a big time.

No doubt the success of this gave the lobstermen an idea, for a dozen years ago they started their "Seafood Festival," which is dedicated to the gastronomic extermination of the Maine lobster. A crane lifts tons of these delightful picnic companions into vast cookers, and in a three-day frolic they feed some 20,000 people deployed within sight and sound of the lobster's native heath. Neptune comes forth from the briny, a Sea Queen cavorts amongst the crowd, and nobody needs to go away hungry. (Incidentally, these monstrous picnics are all over for this year, and tourists who missed them will have to wait until 1960.)

This year, after a preliminary tryout last year, a new one burst upon the olfactory scene — a Baked Bean Festival up in the old C. A. Stephens country at South Paris. Deep bean-holes were inserted into the ground, lined with stones, and huge iron cauldrons of prime Maine dry beans were cooked slowly. Just as in the old logging camps. The event re-created all the old baked-bean lore of Maine; everybody broke out the legends and recipes. It was hailed as a huge success, and is now established as one of Maine's gala summertime affairs.

So, you can see why I reflected on our old Merchants' Picnic. I think somehow ours was a far more wonderful outing, one reason being that there was no cashier at the head of the line. It was free. The town's storekeepers, grateful for the patronage of the group, he really doesn't have to prove anything. He "knows" he can drink.

Alcoholics, Dr. Ullman added, usually remember every detail of the occasion they first had a drink — because drinking had such importance in the eyes of their families or themselves. To avoid just this, Dr. Ullman's own five children, aged 4 to 16, now are getting "immunizing shots" of alcohol. "We're social drinkers in our family," he said. "I want my children to taste a tiny amount of wine on special occasions we let them."

How Children Grow Up Sober

In Italy, where even children drink wine at the dinner table in place of water, there are few alcoholics. In America, Jewish children are given wine as part of religious observances — but again the nation's 5 million alcoholics, few come from Jewish families.

Why? Because these children get a sort of "psychological vaccine" which immunizes them against alcoholism, Dr. Albert Ullman, a Tufts University sociologist, told the American Psychological Association meeting in Cincinnati. "A child should have contact with alcohol in the home, in a perfectly ordinary way," he said. "Then later in life, when he drinks with the peers and is under pressure to be one of the group, he really doesn't have to prove anything. He 'knows' he can drink."

every customer who came in during the weeks before the picnic, "See you at the picnic, now — bring your appetite."

How big was the town? We were told it was "about 2,500." And we weren't a lobster-eatin' people, so only the babes in arms would go to the picnic and not join in. Lobsters, then, were retailed at not over 20¢ a pound, and you could often get "shorts" and "pistols" for the taking. I have no idea why a one-clawed lobster was known as a pistol. They'd get fighting, and clamp one another's claws off, and the maimed were home-table fare.

Besides the 3,000 to 4,000 lobsters piled up (you didn't think we just ate one, did you?) there would be ample clams. I used to dig clams now and then, and got as much as a dollar a barrel for them. A dollar was high. Today you can drop $3.50 or $4.00 a peck for clams, and it's a good thing the steelworkers haven't heard what a clam digger makes.

But pollution was scarcer then; the grass hadn't invaded the flats; and easy shipping hadn't created the demand. The town was jealous of its own flats, and was careful about non-residents, too. They'd cart in barrels of clams, dripping and shaded from the sun with rockweed, and steam them as long as anybody wanted to eat. Oh, yes — these were the great-necked clams, not the tough, chewy quahogs known as clams by those who don't know clams.

Probably an event of this kind, if staged today, would draw far fewer people. I think the 20,000 people who go to the lobster do, relatively speaking, is a poorer percentage than we had. There was some influx of old-homers, and even then we had a few summer residents who "spent the season." But it was for the town, and the town only, and scarcely anybody missed it.

They'd have a ball game, and some sports for the children. You could go swimming if the tide served, and if the tide was coming they'd have a "cunner-catching contest for town champ. One year, I remember, they had a "cunner skinning" contest — a prize to the person who dressed a dozen cunners neatest and fastest. They are a spiny crittur, some kind of a sea perch, and while the meat is sweet and makes a magnificent chowder, the difficulty of preparing them deters wider use.

The demise of the Merchants' Picnic coincided precisely with the appearance of the absentee-owned chain store. Two or three of them were set up, distressing the home-town owners, and when it came time to pass the hat for the annual picnic a new note was heard. Managers, not empowered to make such decisions for their distant corporations, said they would take it up with the home office.

Home offices, of course, didn't know what the managers were talking about. There was something distasteful in feeding free lobsters to people who traded at the Cash & Carry. The town, as it had been known for over a century, had a divided front street. "I had an awful good time at the picnic!" was the way we greeted storekeepers, but we had no reason to say it again.

Perhaps these mammoth summertime gorges in festival style serve their own generation full as well. Perhaps. — by John Gould in The Christian Science Monitor.

In Hay, Australia, when two cars collided head on in the middle of the road, the mayor stepped out of one, the chief of police out of the other.

SNAIL STUFFING — In the time-honored manner, Pat Suzuki, of the Broadway show 'Flower Drum Song," stuffs snails back into their shells before baking and eating. She sampled the delicacies at a food show.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Blast of wind
5. City in Iowa
9. Bovine
12. Assert
13. Masculine
14. Reverence
15. Endures
17. Felt a stinging pain
19. Bartered for money
21. Spirited horses
22. Quiet secluded place
25. Title
26. Paid public announcement
27. Gentleman (Sp.)
29. Bird's home
32. Body joint
34. Article of belief
36. Female antelope
37. A brace

DOWN

1. Prate
2. Hail
3. Minimum
4. Mistakes
5. Exist
6. College degrees (ab.)
7. Trees
8. Locations
9. Served at a banquet
10. Was under obligation
11. Marries
16. Frozen rain
18. Driving line
20. Natives of Denmark
22. College cheers
23. Redact
24. Color qualities
28. Harvests
30. Unspecified number
31. Salty drop
33. A show off
35. Vestige
38. Grounds around a house
40. Glared
43. Screams
45. Occupation
46. Move in water
47. Sweet baked goods
48. Business transaction
51. Gaming cube
53. Witness
54. Remnant
57. Cadmium symbol

Answer elsewhere on this page

KHRUSHCHEV WANTS TO SEE HIM — Roswell Garst, 61, above, examining a stand of hybrid corn, is one man Soviet Premier Khrushchev says he wants to see while in the United States. Garst, who has twice visited Russia, met Khrushchev previously.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

A reduction in the acreage planted to potatoes this year has been accompanied by higher prices for most Canadian producers.

Potato plantings have been estimated by the fruit and vegetable division of the Canada Department of Agriculture at 295,400 acres — five per cent smaller than last year's acreage and 11 per cent less than the 10-year average of 331,000 acres.

Although there were some slackening off as supplies increased in volume, prices in eastern Canada to the middle of August were running about double those of 1958.

All provinces outside the prairies reported acreage decreases from last year. Prince Edward Island acreage was reduced by 10 per cent; New Brunswick by three per cent; Nova Scotia by eight per cent; Quebec by nine per cent; and both Ontario and British Columbia by six per cent.

Increases in the prairies ranged from 13 per cent in Saskatchewan and eight per cent in Manitoba to one per cent in Alberta.

How much milk must a cow produce to show a reasonable profit for its owner?

Officials of the Canada Department of Agriculture have found the break-even point for 20-cow herd, where the operators receive five per cent interest on his investment and $220 a month for labor, requires a production of 10,500 pounds per cow.

This was determined in a study involving herds at the Experimental Project Farms at Duncan, Nanaimo and Courtenay, B.C. The production figure arrived at was almost identical with the District Herd Improvement Association average for the province.

* * *

The interest, depreciation, and cash operating costs for a 20-cow would be about $8,500 a year and for a 35-cow herd about $15,000. Income would have to be large enough to cover these costs and allow for family living.

* * *

Prospects for adequate supplies of registered and certified seed of wheat, oats, barley, rye and flax and corn of recognized and recommended varieties are good this year.

Production of pedigreed cereal seed in the Atlantic provinces is down from last year.

In Ontario, spring oats and barley and winter wheat and barley production is lower. Prospects for good crops of soybeans, white beans and corn are good in Ontario.

* * *

Manitoba seed crop prospects are variable. However, prospects for expanded registered and certified cereal seed crops are good. Pedigreed wheat acreage in Manitoba is expected to be increased over last year. In Saskatchewan and Alberta an average or lower seed production of pedigreed cereal seed is expected.

* * *

An average or below average alfalfa seed crop is expected. Last year's alfalfa crop was only slightly more than half the 1949-58 production average.

* * *

The prospect for a seed crop of single cut red clover is about average. Last year's crop of over seven million pounds was double the 10-year average production.

It is expected the alsike seed crop will be considerably smaller than last year.

* * *

Western Ontario timothy seed production is expected to be increased over last year, but eastern Ontario and Quebec timothy will likely be lower than last year. In the Maritimes, production is expected to be lower than last year.

Preliminary estimates indicate that Climax timothy acreage will be increased over last year.

A Smart Bird— The Kingfisher

Bard started through the tops of the trees. He watched a catbird sail over the tops of the trees. He followed the bird with his eyes until it lighted in the top of a birch, fluffed its feathers and then glided out of sight. He had watched the birds along the river for a long time. He had even learned to mock the catcall of the gray catbird. He had learned the call so well that he could often persuade the bird to answer his call. And yet the catbird was strange to him. It spoke in a strange language. It was true the catbird had answered his call. But what had the catbird said? Or what had he said in mocking the birds that had persuaded it to answer him? He knew that he did not belong completely to the world of Dan Tuckett. He had not been with the river long enough.

Bard started upriver again. And then suddenly he stopped. A chunk of clay tumbled down a spot where the bank was steep and bare. He squatted and turned to face the steep bank. His eyes rested on a small hole that had been dug in the side of the bank. A smile came to his face. A kingfisher slowly stuck its head from the hole and looked all around as if it were trying to find him squatted beneath the willows. The bird stared, turning its head from side to side. And then it glided quickly through the trees and was lost from sight. The gird would be back, Bard thought, as he straightened up. The kingfisher, he thought, had gone to the sand bar to search for a minnow. Inside the bank Bard knew would be dried leaves and grass that the kingfisher had carried there in her bill. And this time of year there were apt to be eggs in the nest.

The kingfisher knew the river. It was one of the smartest of all birds, according to Dan Tuckett. It did not build its nest in a tree where wild animals, humans, or even a heavy wind might destroy it. Not even a snake could hold to the side of the steep bank. From high up the bank the kingfisher could spot an enemy a long distance away, and peek from the hole above until the danger was gone.

Bard wondered if the kingfisher was smart enough to know how lucky she was being able to live so close to the river all the time. To sit at the mouth of the hole at night and watch the moon sparkle on the water and listen to the hum of the river. And then to be sung to sleep at night by the lazy sounds of the winds through the leaves of the willows. — From "Riverboy," by Billy C. Clark.

Joe Palooka's Future Uncertain

Will Joe Palooka's wife Ann have a boy or a girl? Last month hundreds of thousands of comic-strip readers were speculating on the birth of the aging heavyweight hero's second child after ten years of married life, but because of matters legal, not medical it was not even certain that the baby would ever be born. Reason: Moe Leff, longtime collaborator on the strip and its producer since the death in 1955 of Joe's creator, Ham Fisher, had sued to end his 20-year conract with Fisher's estate, quit drawing the daily strips distributed by the McNaught Syndicate to some 650 U.S. and foreign newspapers.

In the midst of a legal snarl over royalties, Leff posed some big questions about Joe's future. He had planned the birth of a baby boy. Buddy Palooka, for the end of October. Soon afterward, Leff meant to have Joe retire from the ring as undefeated champion, plunge into youth work and life as a family man. Only when boxing-world conditions "took a turn for the better" did Leff intend to bring Joe's younger brother Steve along as the next heavyweight champion.

With a new McNaught Syndicate writer-artist team set to pump fresh ink into Joe, his prosects for an early retirement have faded. Best guess is that Joe's son will indeed be born. But poor Joe may never see the life as the worker for good causes that Leff had planned. Instead, to earn his living — and contribute to the McNaught Syndicate's income — Joe is more than likely to be tossed back into the ring with the rest of the palookas.

In New Castle, Pa., police, looking for a parking meter that someone had uprooted, found it at the bottom of the Shenango River.

ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND — A relic of the colorful past, this odd vehicle is a railway locomotive once used to haul logs in the wilderness of Canada. The engine, which runs on the ground instead of on rails, pulled the log train during the 1909-1925 era.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Ye Shall Be My Witnesses
Acts 1:1-14

Memory Selection: Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth. Act. 1:8.

At last the Committee that sets up the Sunday School lessons has made a move for which Bible students have been agitating for some time. Instead of jumping from one book to another, Sunday by Sunday, we are to study the Book of Acts for the next six months. We shall take approximately one chapter a week. This should prove a great incentive to Bible Study.

The Book of Acts tells the story of the early years of the Christian Church. Luke, the author, addresses this book to Theophilus even as he does his record of Jesus' life and ministry. Theophilus means 'beloved of God'. He may have been a Roman officer.

Luke describes the ascension of Jesus. He also gives the important prediction given by the men in white apparel, that, "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." In this space age we do not understand the 'how' of it all, but we know that Jesus is going to return and we shall see him.

The memory selection is the last command which Jesus gave to His disciples. They obeyed. About 120 of them with one purpose tarried for the gift of the Holy Spirit. Among them were Mary, the mother of Jesus and other women. Next week we shall see the fulfillment of the promise and the beginning of the witnessing. It continues throughout the book.

During these days Peter emerged as the leader. He urged the choosing of someone to take the place of Judas Iscariot who died by his own hand after his betrayal of Jesus. Matthew 27:5. Of the two men nominated, the lot fell on Matthias. Some have thought that this was a mistake since Matthias is never mentioned again. But neither are any other of the apostles except Peter, James and John. And in the case of James, only his martyrdom is recorded.

One of the reasons for the success of the early Christians was their practice of prayer. References to this are seen in practically every lesson. They continued in prayer in the upper room (Verse 14) and they prayed before they chose another apostle (24). If we fail to pray, we fail.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking