

Tragedy In An Illinois Canyon

The Illinois River and its tributaries have swirled away at the sandstone until canyons 150 feet deep gash the thick forests, their cliffs rising sheer and cavernous. The park lodge that commands 1475 acres of Illinois' finest unspoiled scenery — only 92 miles southwest of Chicago — precisely suits the serenity of the wilderness. Sprawled atop a bluff overlooking the river, it is built of rough-hewn logs and shingles, and its raucous as rustic as its yawning stone hearths — no liquor served; meals eaten promptly or not at all; lights out in the public rooms at 11 p.m. Starved Rock State Park is the kind of quiet resort that many people as children savor, visit on honeymoons, and return to on anniversaries; and from the time its rugged site was discovered by Joliet and Marquette in 1673, it had known only one instance of violence. That was, in legend, when warring Ottawa and Indians gave it its Illinois by besieging a band of Illinois atop a cragging of sandstone until they starved to death.

Among those for whom the park long had been a favorite retreat were two matrons from Chicago. One pleasant well-to-do woman, Mrs. M. J. Oetting, and her husband, a young man, were on a picnic in the park on the morning of August 10, 1927. They were on a picnic in the park on the morning of August 10, 1927. They were on a picnic in the park on the morning of August 10, 1927.

The three were Mrs. Mildred Lindquist, 30, wife of Robert Lindquist, vice president of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago; Mrs. Frances Murphy, 47, wife of Robert W. Murphy, vice president and general counsel of the Borg-Warner Corp.; and Mrs. Lillian Oetting, 30, wife of George Oetting, general supervisor of internal audits for the Illinois Bell Telephone Co. Among them, they had nine children.

One pleasant day last month, the three friends drove to the park, arriving at the lodge just in time for lunch. After eating, they changed to warm hiking clothes, donned boots against a few inches of slow-thawing snow, and set out on the marked trail toward St. Louis Canyon, a blind chasm about a mile and a half away, where a frozen waterfall glittered multicolored in the bright sunlight. It was the last time anyone reported seeing them alive.

That night the women's husbands tried vainly to reach them by phone. The next morning, trying again, they learned that none of their beds had been slept in. All that day, they tried interminably without success. Early the next day they called the police.

Search parties were organized. Shortly after noon, a group of boys from a nearby correctional camp plowed through a foot of fresh snow in a lonely canyon and made a grim discovery: The bodies of the three women.

They lay on their backs in a cavern near the waterfall. The wrists of the two were bound with light cord. The heads of all three had been beaten almost beyond recognition. The clothing was disarranged and scattered, and there was evidence of rape.

At once, a horrified state mobilized all its detection forces, but the clues were scant. A blood-stained length of tree limb found at the scene was believed to be the fatal bloodstain, but there were also some traces of blood on a club-like icicle. A partially exposed film in Mrs. Oetting's camera showed only Mrs. Lindquist and Mrs. Murphy, smiling gaily during a waystop along the trail, not far from the waterfall.

Exactly what happened after that was still uncertain as this is written, as police questioned a whole parade of possible suspects. All that was certain was the tragic horror of the situation. One Illinois police official said: "This is one of the most hideous crimes on record."

Getting Water In The African Bush

In the cool of the evening they sat on the bank of the Nile, "Lips of Finest Fat," led us some miles away to the desert part of the old water-course between dunes yellow in the sun. There we found several shallow excavations dug for water in angrier seasons, but the supply which never failed them was hidden, deep beneath the sand.

Near the deepest excavation Baukhau knelt down and dug into the sand to arm's length. Toward the end some moist sand but no water appeared. Then he took a tube almost five feet long made out of the stem of a bush with soft cores, wound about four inches of dry grass lightly around one end presumably to act as a kind of filter against the fine drift sand, inserted it into the hole and packed the sand back into it, stamping it down with his feet. He then took some empty ostrich-egg shells from Xhooxham and wedged them upright into the sand beside the tube, produced a little slick, one end of which he inserted into the opening in the shell and the other into the corner of his mouth. Then he put his lips to the tube.

For about two minutes he sucked mightily without any result. His broad shoulders heaved with the immense effort and sweat began to run like water down his back. But at last the miracle happened and so suddenly that Jeremiah gasped and I had an impulse loudly to cheer. A bubble of pure bright water came from the corner of Baukhau's mouth, clung to the little stick and ran straight down its side into the shell without spilling one precious drop.

So it continued, faster and faster until shell after shell was filled, Baukhau's whole being and strength joined in the single function of drawing water out of the sand and pumping it up into the light of day.

We named that place, where we saw one of the oldest legends about the Bushman become a miraculous twentieth-century fact, "the Sip-wells." Were it not for the water we extracted we could not have stayed there in the central desert, but would have had continually to go laboriously back and forth between points. And of course without the sip-wells Nxou and his people could not have survived there at all between the rains. — From "The Lost World of the Kalahari," by Laurens van der Post.

A former salesman had joined the police force. Returning from his first beat, the sergeant asked him how he liked his new job. "Oh, it's great," the ex-salesman replied. "The hours are good, the pay is all right, and the customer is always wrong."



MADE FOR EACH OTHER — Tommy Smrekor, 10, gets an affectionate kiss from his new pal. He found the dog wandering the highway near his home. His parents wrote the owner, whose name was on the dog's collar, asking if Tommy could keep the animal. He could.

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews

Finish off the winter with a dish of braised cabbage — this recipe serves 6.

BRAISED CABBAGE
3 tablespoons butter
3 cups shredded fresh cabbage
1 cup shredded raw carrots
1/2 cup stock (beef or chicken)
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper

Melt butter in skillet with a tight-fitting cover. Add cabbage, carrots, stock, salt and pepper. Cover closely and simmer over low heat for 15 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Top with grated cheese when serving, if desired.

STUFFED SUMMER SQUASH
4 summer squash
1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1/2 teaspoon minced garlic or onion
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter
1/2 cup grated cheese
1/2 teaspoon curry powder or dry mustard

Wash squash and cut off stems. Steam or boil until tender. Drain and cool. Scoop out centres of squash, leaving a rim about 1/2-inch thick. Chop removed pulp and add other ingredients to it. Mix well. Refill shells with the mixture.

GLAZED TURNIPS
2 medium white turnips, diced (about 3 cups)
3 tablespoons butter
6 tablespoons maple syrup
Salt and pepper.

Place turnips in enough boiling salted water to cover. Cook 15-20 minutes, or until tender. Drain. Heat butter and maple syrup in a skillet until butter is melted. Add turnips and sauté until turnips are glazed, turning occasionally. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

Want a new way to serve canned beans? Try honey sauce with them:
BEETS IN HONEY SAUCE
2 cups diced or sliced beets (No. 2)
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon beet juice or water
2 tablespoons vinegar
1/2 cup honey
1 tablespoon butter

Mix cornstarch and salt and blend in the beet juice or water. Add vinegar, honey, and butter. Cook slowly, stirring constantly until thickened. Add sauce to beets.

beets; let stand at least 10 minutes to blend flavors. Reheat. Serves 4.

Use either fresh or frozen green beans and either fresh or canned mushrooms for this dish.

GREEN BEANS AND MUSHROOMS
1 package frozen green beans (10 oz.)
1/2 cup water
1 chicken bouillon cube
1/2 pound fresh mushrooms, sliced (or 1 1/2 oz. can sliced)

2 tablespoons butter
Salt and pepper

Cook green beans in water seasoned with bouillon cube 8-12 minutes (or use liquid from mushrooms for cooking beans). Drain. If you use fresh mushrooms, sauté in butter; stir into beans and season with salt and pepper.

Like any other dish, you can find as many methods as you find cooks. This is our family's way of baking beans. It produces moist, brown beans, delicately flavored, writes Gertrude P. Lancaster in the Christian Science Monitor.

Wash about two pounds of pea beans and discard imperfect ones. Cover with water, about 8 cups, and bring to boil. Boil two or three minutes, then remove from heat, and let soak an hour or more. In the same water, cook again for a few minutes until, when you take them out, they are just a few beans on a spoon and blow on them, the skins burst. Drain, reserving the cooking liquid.

Cut half a pound of salt pork into two hunks, and score with gashes every half inch without cutting through the rind. Put beans into a bean pot, putting one piece of pork midway and the other piece on top.

Mix the following in a dish: 2 teaspoons salt, 1 cup molasses, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 2 tablespoons white sugar, 1 cup of the reserved water. Pour over the beans and add enough more of water to cover the beans. Cover the bean pot and bake at 325° F. about 5-6 hours, turning heat down somewhat toward end of cooking.

cooking. You will have water just enough to steam the beans through the top layer of potatoes. There will be enough to serve 10-12.

Mother used to soak her potatoes overnight, but I have found the above method better. This process and potatoes same results.

Hungry Dogs

A shot rang out in a street recently, a policeman barked. "Get down, you dogs!" he yelled. "Get down, you dogs!" he yelled. "Get down, you dogs!" he yelled.

What I deplore is the necessity in our time, of going to all this trouble. The poly-pack doesn't do anything for the potato; it is a kind of progress without improvement, because the Green Mountain is still the best potato to find on your plate. It is a potato that has never withered, and will have to be thrown away.

Central heating, along with home improvements, and the development of the packaged grocery helped each other along. You can't keep vegetables in a cellar that has a furnace. Here at the farm, along with our modern home cellar with its cement and heater, we also have a separate vegetable and fruit cellar with a dirt floor and low temperature.

In the deep winter, with snow banked about the foundations, the cellar apartment of Agriculture, is similar to the development of resistance by some disease organisms to antibiotics such as penicillin and streptomycin, and by the house fly to DDT.

The European red mite is now highly resistant to parathion in most peach and plum orchards in Ontario, and the codling moth, which caused worry apples, has recently developed a strain that cannot be controlled with DDT in three or four orchards in the Niagara Peninsula. The red-banded leaf roller, another major pest of apples, is showing signs of resistance to the related insecticide DDD.

Research at the department's entomology laboratory of Vineland Station, N. J., shows that the resistant strains of these pests can be controlled by other pesticides, states G. G. Dastan.

For example, Sevin and Guthion each reduced codling moth injury to less than two per cent in an orchard where DDT allowed 86 per cent wormy fruit. Experiments also showed that resistance of the European red mite to parathion can still be controlled by Tedion, Guthion and some other miticides, although these may also lose their effectiveness in time.

A small farm? Federal authorities have said "no" to a request to establish a farm near Kitimat in British Columbia — not from a lack of appreciation of fine foods, but because snails are regarded as a potential menace to agriculture.

On a number of occasions snails of different species have been imported into Canada by restaurateurs for satisfying epicurean appetites, but this marked the first time that some one had wanted to go into the production business on a large scale.

The applicant planned to import the snails from West Germany.

Plant Protection Division, Canada Department of Agriculture, used the Destructive Insect and Pest Act regulation to reject the scheme after seeking the advice of Arthur H. Clarke, Jr., Assistant Curator of Invertebrates, National Museum of Canada.

Mr. Clarke said that the group of snails that are commonly regarded for food in western Europe have become an agricultural pest in areas in California and Michigan. They seriously damage tomatoes, lettuce, cabbage and strawberries.

"And", he notes, "radishes are eaten so avidly that it is now impossible to grow them at all in these areas."

Canada Department of Agriculture scientists have developed a low-cost, concentrate orchard sprayer which is now being built by several Canadian and British manufacturers.

With An Eye To The Potato

In the constant search for forward and progressive action, the Maine Potato Industry is currently engaged in a new project — the development of a new variety of ten pounds of washed, graded, and superlative quality potato which will not only catch the eye of the housewife as she wheels around the supermarkets and selects her commodities. This is good. Potatoes in the raw, untreated state have been a tough nut to crack in our modern groppings for beauty. Their eye appeal runs down to a dirty look and a heavy, waxy, and dressing them up hasn't been easy. If this poly-pack passes as prettiness, all to the good.

Most people took at least 10 bushels, some of them as many as 25. We'd back up to the cellar-way bulkhead, take the bags down and dump the potatoes in the bin. We always retrieved our bags. Thus the whole winter's supply of potatoes which we laid in at one time, and the bulkhead could be closed tightly to keep the long winter out.

A most important thing about potatoes, then, was the variety. Today, a woman doesn't know one kind from another. Mostly, our people liked the Green Mountain because it was mealy. We don't go for a "wet" potato. But we had other kinds, and the buyer would usually ask what kind you were growing that year. Today it's hard to find a Green Mountain, because the professors have invented newer potatoes that yield better, resist blights, handle better, and return a little more profit. It is a kind of progress without improvement, because the Green Mountain is still the best potato to find on your plate.

No body much planned to trot to the store for 10 pounds of potatoes at a time. The potato-bin way not only guaranteed against running out of potatoes but it saved money. It was considered respectable, then, to save money.

I can tell you honestly that the best potato is the one you eat. They're sized and artfully laundered. But they are still potatoes, and the bag they come in is not much to go by.

It wasn't too long ago every home, farm and town, had a potato cellar. We had standing orders from about a score of villagers who expected us to grow their potatoes for them. At harvest-time, we'd run our own potatoes down cellar, including seed for next year, and then we'd bag up the rest by bushels, Burlap bags, not wain and handsome transparents. People knew what a potato looked like.

You'd get out the wagon, and stack it in a truck, and deliver these potatoes house-to-house.

There was no heat in the cellar, other than a natural underground warmth, so everything was earthy. Once in a great while rime-frost would begin to work in at the underpinning, and sometimes there would be a rusty old cast-iron stove piped into the base of the cellar, which could be lighted to bring up the temperature.

You'd make your tour and fill your pan. A dozen potatoes, a turnip, apples for two pies, a jar of jelly, and perhaps some "preserved" pears. You could get beets and carrots down there, too, and mince-meat, and all sorts of things.

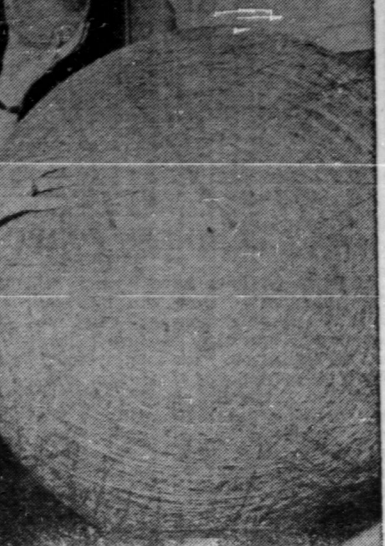
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THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell



DUTY-BOUND — Postmistress Sylvia Swanson stands beside what may be one of the largest balls of string in the world. She started the ball growing in 1927 when a federal directive to her Twelve Mile, Ind., post office urged employees to save string.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

At least three major pests of apples, peaches and plums can no longer be controlled in some Ontario orchards with post-war insecticides that originally were very effective.

The power to drive the pump and blower is supplied from the tractor power take-off, instead of from an auxiliary engine. The blower and pump are mounted on the three-point hitch of the tractor and the spray tank is mounted on a trailer.

The total weight of the sprayer is only 800 pounds.

A centrifugal fan of the squirrel-cage type provides the air stream that carries the spray particles through the trees.

In extensive trials during 1959, the experimental sprayer gave as good performance as the best concentrate sprayer on the market, it is claimed.

The polar bear should be complimented. Although he often takes a cold bath in the winter, he never bothers anybody bragging about it.

That is no greenhouse, above, which the Harry T. Thomson family lives in. The glass covers a solar heating plant on the side of the three-bedroom house. It enabled Thomson to heat his home this winter with energy from the sun and 15 gallons of fuel oil burned in a standard furnace. To demonstrate, Mrs. Thomson and the kids cavort in an outdoor pool filled with water also warmed in the solar unit. Daddy lives up the party with a little uncolored snow.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. E. Warren, B.A., B.D.
The Strength of Humility
Matthew 5: 3-5; Luke 14: 7-14

Memory Selection: Whoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted. Luke 14:11.

The greatest example of humility is Jesus Christ. He, as God, "was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Paul, the greatest of the apostles, regarded himself as less than the least of all saints. The day he met Jesus on the road to Damascus, he, the chief of sinners, obtained mercy. A vision of Jesus humbled us.

Jesus did more for the human family than any one. I would place Paul second. He took the Gospel to many areas of the world. Thirteen of his letters are included in the Bible. There is a relation between humility and service. We only find our true height of service as we humble ourselves.

The propriety of humility is well illustrated in the story of the man who wanted to be called higher than to take the higher end of the pole. In the first case the person is exalted and in the second he is humiliated. Many feel that one must assert himself and exalt himself to make a good impression. They say that that is the way to success in the world. True, it may be short-lived. "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall." In Proverbs 27:2 we read, "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips."

We must humble ourselves in order to enter the kingdom of God and we must grow in the grace of humility if we are to be any use in the kingdom. A man's true greatness is indicated by the depth of his humility. Let us be more like Jesus.

Where the growth gets ahead of the mowing, or there are high places, a light raking with a grass clipper adds to the compost pile.

Grass plants germinate and grow best in cool weather. The time to feed the lawn, therefore, is in early spring and late summer or early autumn. In northern parts the first gardening task of the season is giving one's lawn a generous "breakfast in bed."

If you have moved into a new home, your lawn may have been planted by the development company or be waiting for spring. In this case a permanent lawn is best planted toward autumn, and attention given this spring and summer to building up the lawn.

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Hints About That Lawn of Yours

For most of us a good lawn is an important part of the home grounds. While trees and shrubs come first, the house is most attractively set off by a carpet of grass.

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Gals And Gulls--

What would the ladies sustaining the exotic headgear have in common with a farmer plowing his field? They are both important chapters in Nature's annual publication entitled Spring. The geometric and overturned wastebasket-type hats from Italy would stand out in any Easter parade. While in Surrey, England, sea gulls feast on thousands of worms dispersed as a tractor churns the awakening earth.



FACING UP TO THINGS

Dwarfed by his creation, sculptor Assen Peikov, in Pistoia, Italy, works on a giant head of his nonisance genius Leonardo da Vinci. The clay head when finished will be cast in bronze for Rome's new airport.



CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Nurtured
2. Abort
3. Fringed
4. Drift
5. Wind on a good
6. Corrode
7. Saltwater
8. Extend over
9. Train on one's fiancée
10. Or. theologian
11. Hinged cover
12. Degrant
13. Toward
14. Ground
15. Repetition
16. Score in
17. Military
18. Faithful
19. Windward shade
20. Cup for putting
21. Electric
22. Ranting agreement

4. Young Ox
5. Shakerpoon
6. Emmet
7. Yacht drama
8. Whisk
9. Drying
10. Prospan
11. Turn far
12. Entrails
13. Decatur
14. Have being
15. Fre
16. Irregularly
17. Old card
18. Without
19. Out of
20. Anxious
21. Deduced
22. Broad smile
23. Beauty
24. Washed
25. Offer to buy
26. Flatfish
27. Type square

Answer elsewhere on this page.

LOSING FACE — Brood-brimmed straw hat doesn't protect this Great Falls snowman from the early spring sun. His sagging face suggests an end to the frigid weather.