## Unarmed — She **Braved Wild Boar!**

pain-enraged boar, blood dripping from its mouth, its eyes dy and red, charged from the plum bush.

It tossed the beater in front of er to one side, then looked at her. But only for an instant. Perhaps, in her dark leather coat, she resembled a tree trunk. The mad beast thudded past to the beater behind. It smashed him to the ground ripped off his loincloth and grunting heavily, sunk its teeth into the Indian's body.

Babbot, an Englishwoman, was in the Indian jungle with her husband, his brother, a hunter, and beaters. A few seconds before that murderous charge her the huge boar. It had raced for cover, leaving a trail of blood which was followed by the men

After it charged and was gouging its victim, the other beaters raced for the only tall tree near by and leapt into the branches There they hung, like vultures Babbot was alone, except for the boar and its just-conscious hu man prey.

"Come down," she screamed "and help me beat the pig off your brother. We might still save

They looked at her with wild eyes, and noe made a movement. But the boar heard her voice, and paused in its ghoulish work. Eyes ablaze with madness and pain it started towards her.

Her life at stake, she raced for the tree, jumped, and caught a branch. It bent nearly to the ground with her weight.

"Na, na," the beaters screamed swinging precariously, "you will have us all down if you try to One began clawing at her fin-

gers, forcing her to loosen her grip. Terrified, she dropped to the ground and hugged the trunk, screaming with all her might: 'Come quickly, for Heaven's sake! Come quickly!" She heard the report of a gun, then another, and at last felt arms around her and heard her

what an escape you've had. Thank God you're safe!" One beater lay unconsciou The other, by the bush, had a leg ripped from thigh to ankle

husband say: "Oh, my sweet

carried back to camp. Jungle terrors galore beset this plucky Englishwoman who went out to Garachi to marry in 1932. She shared her husband's life in Central and Northern India till 1950. "Babbot" is the only na she gives in a gripping account of her experiences, "Indian Inter-

On another "beat" they waited in long grass facing a dry stream. A herd of shrieking monkeys ran past. Suddenly, she was conscious of a slight movement of her left side . . . slowly turned her head . . . and froze. All she could see was fawn skin with dark dosettes - a panther quietly sitting at her side!

She wondered how she could attract her husband's attention. Her right hand started groping for his knee. She darer not move her body. Then she heard a faint click as he released the safety catch. He had seen it too, she

thought. She waited tensely for the shot, knowing he would have to fire across her. Then came the

Simultaneously a small spo ted deer leaped from the grass by her side . . . and in front, by he stream bed, a huge fawn and black animal turned a complete sommersault and landed on all our paws, its eyes gleaming, lips curled back in a snarl, ears flat.

The man fired again and it lay still. Her heart was beating so fast, she couldn't speak. Not unil later did she tell him of the fright she'd had from that little spotted deer by her side. It must have hidden there, scared by the panther.

On their Par estate, near Jhansi, they had a ploughman named Punnera, reputed to be able to drive out devils, cure snakebite and even raise the dead. He was also a herbalist, clever with sick cattle. One day every year he went

to a small stone temple to give thanks to the goddess for his recovery from smallpox, and most of the villages gathered around to witness the ceremony. A plank of wood studded with

nails lay on the path nearby Three villagers squatted by it, sharpening spears. Punnera emerged from the temple dragging a long iron chain and began swinging it back and forth over

"He has gone mad - stop him!" Babbot begged her husband, but he held her arm and whispered: "No, just watch you will see something you may never see again. He is now sup posed to be possessed of the god-. . Look, now they are bringing him a lime, stuck through with thorns."

She saw Punnera place the thorn-packed lime in him mouth and chew it up. He then jumped on to the plank and stood on the nail heads, gazing up into the

The three men with spears went towards him. The first pinched his cheek with thumb and finger and pierced the flesh with his spear. The second pinched the flesh of his throat and ran the spear through. The third waited till he put out his tongue then thrust his spear through it Punnera stool taut on his plank of nails with the long spears through cheek, throat and tongue. A hush fell on the crowd. Babbot had to turn away through the throng — she felt sick.

When she returned Punnera began trembling violently. The men pulled out their spears, he jumped from the bed of nails, shook himself like a dog, then picked up the chain and walke off quite normally to the fields. Babbot ran after him, stopped him, saw no blood, no scratch

on his cheek or throat, and asked him to put out his tongue, which had no mark or disfigurement. Her husband could give her no explanation. She was sure it was no conjurer's trick. It was queer, unhealthy. Black magic? Never again was she happy or comfortable in Punnera's presence, she says in this fascinating ac-

"A fool and his money are soon parted," we are told. But how do they join up originally ISSUE 33 - 1960

wlidest India.





LAYAWAY PLAN - Chickens in this novel Brooklyn factory need no egging on to do their duty. The man with the baskets is Murray Weiss, owner of the place where 3,500 chickens produce 2,300 eggs a day.

RED CURRANT JELLY 3 quarts fully ripe red currants 1 cup water 7 cups granulated sugar

1/2 bottle fruit pectin

Crush fruit and add one cup of water. Bring to a boil and simmer, covered for about 10 minutes. Place in jelly bag and squeeze out juice. Measure five cups into a large saucepan. Place over high heat and add sugar and butter. The latter will prevent scumming. Stirring constantly bringing to boil. Add pectin at once. Bring to a rolling boil, stirring constantly for one minute. Remove from heat, skin off foam with metal spoon and pour quickly into glasses. Cover at once with hot paraffin.

\* \* \* SPICED PLUMS 12 to 16 firm sweet plums fresh prunes

24 to 32 whole cloves 3 cups sugar 2 cups brown sugar 1 cup water 2 cup cider vinegar 1/8 tsp. salt 2 2-inch sticks whole

1 tsp. whole allspice Wash plums. Quickly plunge in boiling water and then in cold water. Slip off skins and insert two whole cloves in each plum (Set aside for later use) Combine sugars, water, cider vinegar and salt in a saucepan Mix well. Add cinnamon. Tie all spice in a bag and add to syrup. Boil 5 minutes. While syrup is boiling, drop in plums. Boil 1/2 minute. (Do not overcook). Pack sterilized jars. Cover with boiling syrup. Seal at once. Yield, five pints.

> GRAPE CONSERVE 6 c. prepared fruit (about 31/2 lbs. ripe, loose-skinned grapes)

2 tsps. grated lemon rind 2 tbsps. lemon juice 1/2 c. seedless raisins 1 c. chopped nuts 7½ c. (3¼ lbs.) sugar 1 box (134 ounces) powdered

fruit pectin Prepare the fruit. Slip skins from grapes. Add 2 cups water to pulp; bring to a boil and simmer, covered, 5 minutes. Sieve to remove seeds. Chop or grind skins and add to pulp. Measure 6 cups into a very large saucepan. Add lemon rind. juice, raisins, and nuts to fruit n saucepan.

Make the conserve. Measure sugar and set aside. Add powdered fruit pectin to fruit in saucepan and mix well. Place over high heat and stir until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once stir in sugar. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard one minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and skim off foam with metal spoon Then stir and skim by turns for 5 minutes to cool slightly to prevent floating fruit. Ladle quickly into glasses. Cover at once with 1/8 inch hot paraffin

PICKLED PEACHES 3 c. sugar, white 4 c. vinegar, cider

1 c. water 1 oz. einnamon sticks 1/2 oz. whole cloves 4 qts. small peaches (8 lbs.) Boil sugar, water, vinegar and stick cinnamon together for 10 minutes. Into each peach place

two whole cloves. Add these to

syrup and cook slowly for 10

minutes. Pack in jars, sterilized.

Makes about 4 pints.

ankles, was a small grey-haired lady. She rose to greet me with old-world courtesy. CUCUMBER RELISH The house was like a museur 10 large cucumbers (remove inside, but a lovely lived-in

museum. One room was blue, seeds) one rose, one gold and white 1 small medium cabbage while one had its walls painted 6 onions 6 green or red sweet peppers a vivid red. "That we call Put all ingredients through Dannebrog room," exclaimed ood chopper. Sprinkle gener Cathrine Lorenzen. "It is from ously but not heavily with salt. 1864. Because we could not fly Let stand overnight. Drain and the Danish flag in Slesvig then, many farms made such a room

1/2 gal. vinegar 5 c. flour 6 c. dry mustard 1/2 oz. turmeric Makes a paste of above ingredients. Add to hot mixture and simmer for two minutes. Pour into serilized jars and seal.

1/4 lb. mustard seed

♣0 large ripe tomatoe

1 c. celery chopped

2½ c. brown sugar

1 small hot or

8 dried peppers

PEACH JAM

Scald peaches. Slice in small

thin pieces into large kettle. Add

sugar to fruit. Cook until fruit

is clear, just a few minutes.

Bring to full boil and add pectin

and lemon juice. Boil hard about

five minutes. Stir and skim con-

stantly. Remove from heat. Stir.

and cool for a few minutes be-

Cover with paraffin wax at once.

School In Denmark

Tonder was all cobbles and

curves, painted doors and roses.

In the alleys antique shops were

full of amber, lace and old tiles.

Lorenzen," exclaimed Niels

Jensen. "She has a little lace-

making school at Ballum. I could

ring her up and tell her you

were coming. But it is about

forty kilometres from here, and

in the opposite direction - right

back up the coast." But I was as

willing to go backwards as for-

wards if it meant seeing a lace

When I reached the little vil-

lage of Ballum the baker direct- he carried to safety.

and other microminiature instruments.

"You should meet Cathrine

Yield is about 10 jars.

A Lace-Making

fore pouring into heated jars.

4 c. prepared fruit

4 c. lemon uice

bottle fruit pectin

½ c. sugar

11/2 c. vinegar

little leaf design is for a child's dress. Here is the Rose - in Copenhagen it costs three hundred kroner for a yard - and TOMATO TAMALE for brides we make this one with 11/2 c. onions chopped a crown." On each piece hung 11/2 c. peaches peeled and a tiny blue label with the letchopped coarse ters DTK and a lyre. "When you 11/2 c. pears peeled and see such a label you know it is chopped coarse first quality Danish Tonder 2 c. apples Knipling," she explained.

"Now I will show you my little lace school," she went on. "Mother taught the old people, but I begin with younger ones. want that they shall teach others, and so the art shall not 2 tbsps. mixed pickling spice be lost. I take seven pupils at a time during the summer, they stay four weeks and sleep and Mix and cook for one hour eat here." Seal in hot sterilized jars.

and have it still."

She opened a drawer full of

lace, spread a blue cloth on

the table, and laid the frag-

nents on it lovingly. "This i

the Great Oak pattern, and this

ed me up an elm-lined drive

alongside a barley field. At the

end stood a white house; sitting

on the porch, in a blue velvet

dress which flowed around her

The school was up in the attic; the door was painted bright blue, the floor scrubbed to whiteness; windows looked out on a leafy garden. Seven lacemaking stands stood one behind the other; each had a brassstudded cushion from which a pair of scissors hung down on string of glace h slim wooden bobbins with their beaded ends made a central cluster of colour.

The two pupils had been learning for a fortnight and were absolutely absorbed in their work. There was no sound but the light rattle of their bobbins; at intervals they would quering hero comes. stop to examine a scrap of parchment pattern through a agnifying glass.

I had my first lesson in lacemaking on Cathrine Lorenzen's own cushion, starting off on the Little Oak Leaf pattern. - From "Candles in Denmark," by Beryl Miles.

McDade discovered a two-yearold child secured to a bed by plastic harness. Unable to tear the plastic, and having lost his knife and axe, the resourceful fireman chewed

bearings which go into the production of cameras, tape-recorders, missile guidance systemand other microminiature instruments.

Rifle Meet Bean

How The Bisley

from all five con

forward to the se

is a triumph tanta

ranges. The top 350

the first 100 of these

Queen's Hundred as it is to

last 16. As a matter of fart

Wimbledon parallel is a

Wimbledon, not much n

a high lob from the cen

that the present Bisley meet

larly happy choice

inaugurated.

geant of Canada's Seaf landers, last month vers of America meet at Bisley, England e turns. He does Of that I am sure, of this historic event. ins hear him. do. And until No fewer than 1,350 p ady to accept a th - Robins crusade, much point in being at the start of this shoot over six 200

and capable ight his blushing bride le outside my window they selected the limb he sill. They financed ien came the eggs and of incubation, and little beaks sticklooking like a and after that tiable search for worms. 't mind telling you it ite a bit to subdue one They are rugged, specially to inhabit clay terrain. Come couldn't stick a in our lawn - it would

and worm fanciers may both

nustn't go by birds and worms

OU have known - these are

Y birds and MY worms. What

see from my window is mine.

with his little ones squawking

n his off-ear, and the other

oises of a rural summer are

oing on as usual. The drone of hain saws in yonder copse, he yammer of tree frogs drum-

the yammer of tree frogs drum-ning up a shower, the yak of ducks from the pond, the exu-berant cries of children who have found a dog that barks, the rich hubbub of roses a-scent, and the heavy din of lumber rucks grinding up the highway

- all mingled and jingled. In

the midst of this some incautious worm in my lawn will make whatever noise it is that worms

n my lawn make. I can't hear

t, but my robin does. He launches himself off the

limb, flies directly about seventy feet to a precise spot, makes a

unge with his beak, and brings up one end of a worm. There is

o chance about it; it happens

all the time. At first, I thought

the robin was lucky, like a boy finding a cent in the grass, but

was foreknowledged, and

he was well aware of what he

The possibility that it was

to me, but I have evidence t

discredit that. Sometimes the

pussy cat will stroll across the lawn. If a robin had eyesight

to see a worm, he'd have eye

sight to see a pussy cat. But he

doesn't always see- her. When

he does, he'll set up the touse

when they see a cat. But some

obins with nests always set up

times the cat will get halfway

cross before the robin sees her.

So, I conclude it is sound. The

worm makes some kind of noise

CROSSWORD

PUZZLE

instead of sound occurred

ould find.

vards I knew that the robin

nded on purpose because

Anyway, he'll sit there a-cock

this, but it is so. You

A century ago was raiding Harpers F now. In America Joh here in England they were hoving a toothpick inparing to repel a possil - but the worm toots hrough it like nothing. were made by the establish intrude; I leave them of a Volunteer Force, a son rm their clandestine af-Home Guard that figure if I leave them World War II. The poet law hey'll leave me alone, ate. Lord Ten the last thing I want is riotic piece to the Lordon reciprocating. entitled "Riflemen Form." But this old room is equal to The first of four vers sit here sawing and "There is a sound of thunder

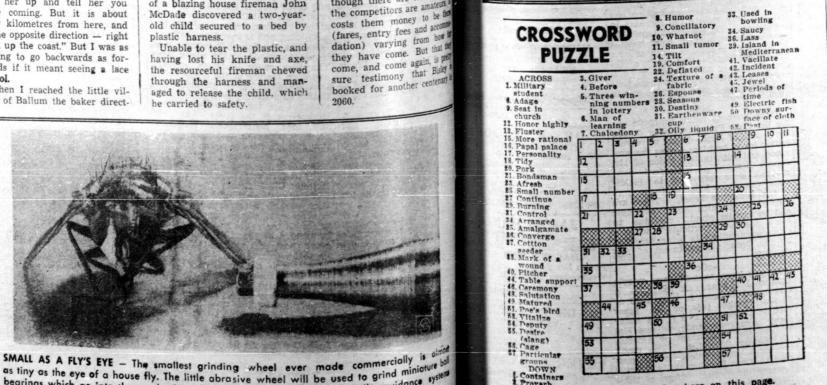
the vocabulary, and is Bull Robin is right at my Storm in the South that ulder. I have a good chance darkens the day! darkens the day! Storm of battle and thunder watch him, and I suppose he n watch me, too. Sometimes I ould use a little help. But he Well if it do not roll our way. rocks his head in the other di-Storm, Storm, Riflemen fert ction (that's why they call him Ready, be ready against the cock robin) and now I know e is listening for worms. Bird

Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form! Distinguished retired soldien statesmen and city gentleme joined the volunteer movement responded by providing target practice and on July 2, 198 called a grand rally on Wimbledon Common. Queen Victoria and her entourage went along and her entourage went along
She pulled a silken cord affind
to a trigger which fired the ins
shot. One Edward C. R has
won that first prize offered by
the Queen and so successful and congenial was the occasion t the N.R.A. decided to make ! an annual event. .

Thus it was until 1889 by which time the new residents d a growing Wimbledon won the case that the suburbs was mi suitable place for a rifle shot So the N.R.A. moved out bi Guards Camp at Pirbright at at the north-west Surrey villa of Bisley. Records relate to "A distinguished company # sembled to open the new N range at Bisley. The Princes Wales, to her delight, scot

royal bull's-eye." Proud customs and tradities have continued through the year and none more so the ing of the Queen's Prize wine After seating himself cerem ously in a wooden cha specially for this eve ner is carried s his rivals round the car band strains of "See

Throughout the me nowadays extends o night, there are de sidiary comp silver prize of £200,000. The than a million shot but all th wonderful Entering the smoke-filled room of a blazing house fireman John | though there are costs them (fares, entry fees and account come, and come again through the harness and mansure tes aged to release the child, which



which is either above or below the Worm Turns the normal range of the human ear. It is perceptible to robins. Hear Him believe it is a low, ominous, infrared noice, myself, rather than a piercing shriek. This is

just suspicion. But the robin nears it and attends. This robin doesn't have any easy time of it. Just because you can hear a worm it doesn't mean you own it. These worms of mine fight back. They are hard subdue. When the robin fetches up one end of them, the other end is about a foot inside the State of Maine, and they hang on. The robin will stretch one of them some, and gain, but they frequently re trench. When they do, they snap the robin ahead so his forehead plunks the ground with a thwock, and often the robin gets punchy and lets go. Then,

seem to hear a subterranear

it. The robin will stagger around

ha-ha, but probably I imagine

some, and seem to have lost his bearings, and will twitter. But I've noticed if my robin manages to last through the sixth round, he'll usually take the fight. He'll have his feet braced like a heifer in the first halter, leaning far back with his head held high, yanking away, when the worm will lose his tail-hold, and everything lets go with a twang. The robin pitches over backward in a heap, and the worm lashes like a bullwhip. Then the robin jumps up and down on the worm and refers to him in terms I cannot publish here. Then he winds him up for transport.

I've been watching this so closely I'm late in my commitments, but I'me sure of my conclusions. I never heard anybody advance the theory that earthworms make a noise, and if it is important I should like to be the first. - By John Gould in the Christian Science Monitor.

## Abraham Lincoln **Loved Gadgets**

Despite the lack of success of his own venture into the field of mechanical innovation (a device for buoying vessels over shoals), a fair case might be made out for Lincoln as a frustrated inventor. . . . Patent litigation invariably excited his lively interest. . . .

Lincoln's bent for gargets was understandable. His father was a competent carpenter and cabinetmaker, and as a boy Lincoln helped him in this work. There are letters and accounts experimentation has proved of lawyers who rode the judicial even more advantageous than circuit with him that tell of he foresaw. his habit of pausing to inspect and draw his own shrewd judgment on any new piece of farm machiniery he happened to come across. He was known to have delivered a lecture in 1859, at the Congregational Church in Jacksonville, on the subject

"Discoveries and Inventions." His consuming interest in the subject was later to prove of great service to the nation. Countless communications were received at the White House from inventors, promoters and cranks with sure-fire for destroying the Confederate armies. Lincoln studied many of them carefully, and in a number of instances personally supervised the testing of weap-ons in back of the White House. But for Lincoln's insistence, John Ericeson's Monitor, the ironclad which defeated the Merrimac, would never have been built, On the whole, his judgment regarding the technology of warfare was sound, even though there were occasions when his support was enlisted on behalf of contrivances backed by crooked politicians .-From "A. Lincoln, Prairie Lawyer," by John J. Duff.

Answer elsewhere on this pag

DOESN'T ANYBODY SIT? - If you look closely, you'll see why this crowd of people is lined up in fairly precise ranks. They're racing fans standing on the benches at Belmont Park to watch the finish of a race. Nobody stays sitting down when the race is on.

> run the tractor or move machin ery or use the disc."

of Agriculture's Southwest Poultry Experiment Station. . . . "He keeps real busy," Mrs. On the contrary, it is logical Wehrman says. "But usually he that the hen should sit in a Vshaped nest where she can't displace any litter except that right on top, and her egg always falls on soft straw. Since the "trough-nest" idea first occurred to Mr. Lowe,

There is an initial saving of about a third in lumber. Litter, instead of having to be replaced every few days, lasts at least two months before it is "worn to

After all, is there any reason

why a laying hen should sit in

tom, where she can kick or push

the litter aside and then deposit

No reason at all, even though

tional since the jungle fowl of

India was domesticated to evolve

into the chicken of today, says

Richard Lowe, assistant to Su-

perintendant Burt Heywang a

the United States Departmen

the square nest has been tradi-

her egg on a bare board?

a square nest with a flat bot-

virtual elimination of cracked and soiled eggs, a heavy loss in all commercial poultry esta blishments.

ble for two hens fighting for room. . . . To make a battery of nests, Mr. Lowe takes two pine boards one inch thick and 12 inches wide,

This size is for heavy hybrid hens weighing seven or eight pounds. When Mr. Lowe begins to make nests for light White

in the afternoon five or more days a week to work the swing shift at Ford Motor Company's plant in a near-by town in Il-

Mr. Wehrman is one of a

unique, but it is still novel.

as materials handler for Ford at Chicago Heights, about 12 miles distant. He does his farm work in the morning, continuing until about three in the afternoon. Mrs. Wehrman, a neat, dainty woman, often helps. "I'm the hired man," she says, smiling. "I

At three in the afternoon Mr. Wehrman comes in from the field, eats his dinner and is of in his car in time to punch a clock at four. He works until

has weekends. Sometimes, though, it's a seven-day week. "But you've got to do it if you want a little bit for yourself. We don't get as much as we used to get for our corn, but everything we buy costs more. Even groceries. If you sell your eggs for 25 cents a dozen it would cost you 45 cents

tatters." The big saving, though, i

Another gain is that it is alto crowd into one trough nest. Hens are sociable creatures and three or four often squeeze into one square nest, where they start

and nails them together to form what would be half of a footsquare tube if it had two more sides. For ends and separators he nails in 12x12 squares, a foot apart. The "trough," of course, is set on edge. Any simple framework will support one section above another, clear to the roof of the laying house.

Leghorns, he will use eight-inch lumber. Chatting over the farm gate, Mrs. Lawrence Wehrman, explained wyh her husband leaves his 200-acre farm at three-thirty

He does it so he can buy the labour-saving machinery necessary to make farming pay in this day of mechanization. An industrial pay envelope is a big help when it comes to raising the \$3,500 a man needs for a new tractor plus all the additional costs of farming today.

number of farmers in that area who have found jobs in industry an answer to the problem of an answer to the production farming. The story Mrs. Wehrman told me was by no means Her husband, for the last four years or so, has been working time farmer and a boy. Mr. Suprenant's hours in the plant are from three to eleven o'clock. He has been on this job for the last four years. He owns 160 acres and until this year he rented 280 acres. But to get the best return from his machinery, he found it advisable to rent more land. This year he rented another 160 acres. His machinery is all designed large-scale farming. It includes big diesel tractor and a combine,

pany in Chicago Heights. If you look at his neatly cultivated

corn fields as you drive along

the Dixie Highway, you find i

hard to believe that all this is

handled by a so-called part-

both costly pieces of equipment.

Most farmer - industrial work-

ers do not attempt to farm so

many acres as this. More com-

mon is the man who finds his

farm too small a unit for to-

day's agricultural practices and

supplement the family income by taking an outside job. Martin

Witte, retired farmer living here,

told me that his son finds his

80-acre farm too small. He has

taken a job in town, continu-

ing to manage the farm but

leaving most of the work to his

young son, Mr. Witte's grand-

child who carries on with mo-

It is not only in Beecher but

in other Midwest farming sec-

tions within easy reach of in-

dustrial plants that you find farmers going to factory jobs. Census figures will doubtless in-

dicate a growing trend toward

this practice. Everywhere in thi

area farmers and their small-

town suppliers are saying that

you can't make grain farming

pay unles you have enough land

tain minimum of machinery.

have from 250 to 320 acres

to carry the overhead of a cer-

It is said that a man must

be on a sound economic basis.

The outlay to equip such a farm is substantial. The equipment list

may include two tractors (one

Diesel and a smaller one), a

five-bottom plow and a three-

bottom plow, a wheel disc, a six-row cultivator and a six-

row planter, a drag, and a self-propelled combine. List price of the combined list, \$19,000 ac-

cording to an estimate by In-

ternational Harvester. Of course,

a farmer gets trade-in allow-

dern machinery the

able to buy.

who therefore feels a need to

to buy them back."

Mrs. Wehrman's beautiful white leghorns were clucking in the barnyard. She says she doesn't really make money on her small-scale poultry bu if she figures cost of feed, labour, and all, but she enjoys She sells direct to customers and likes her contacts, but most farmers she knows are getting out of poultry because it doesn't

pay unless it's done on a big The story of the Irving Schmeckpepers is similar. The Schmeckpepers, like the Wehrmans, rent their land. Their farm measures 160 acres, a small farm in this day of mechanization, but one which requires almost as much costly machinery as a larger unit, writes Doro-thea Kahn Jaffe in the Christian

Science Monitor. In the mornings you don't catch this farmer at home. He's out as a driver on a milk route from seven until noon, earning the cash needed for his farm, Afternoons and evenings he's working in his fields. Usually he's on the land until dark, but in periods of emergency he stays on the tractor until midnight. LaRue, his wife, helps. She runs the tractor. . . .

"It's not hard work, it's pleasure," she told me. She grew up on a farm. "I used to help my dad like a boy," she said. "My husband and I both grew up on farms. We wouldn't want to do anything else. But it's hard to make money now. When we bought that tractor it cost \$2,400 and corn was bringing \$2.34 a bushel. Now a tractor like that costs around \$3,500 but corn is selling for only about \$1.16 a bushel. The price varies a little according to quality. Sometimes, if there's too much moisture in the corn, we get less. You can see how much harder it is to make a profit than it used to be."

The biggest farm - industry operation we have heard of in that neighbourhood is that of Bernard Surprenant. Mr. Surprenant raises corn, oats, and wheat on 600 acres with only the help of his 13-year-old son, James, and he works the swing shift at Victor Chemical Com-



Isaiah 6: 1-10

In this, the first of five lessons from the prophecy of Isaiah, we have an account of his call to be a prophet.

It was in the year that King Uzziah died. For fifty-two years Uzziah had reigned over Judah. In his last years he was a leper. In pride he had entered the holy place reserved for the priests.

In vision, Isaiah saw the Lord, a greater king, upon his throne. The angels exclaimed in the words of our memory selection "Holy, holy, holy, is the ford of hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory." (6:3). In this awe-inspiring hour when Isaiah saw God's holiness, he also saw the uncleanness of his own nature. He confessed it. One of the angels laid a live coal on his lips, saying, "Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged."

In that hour of conscious in ner purity, Isaiah heard the Lord say, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" He responded, "Here am I; send me." One of the fruits of inner cleansing is the desire to serve. We are no longer self-centered but Christ-centered. When the disciples were purified in heart on the day of Pentecost, (Acts 15:8,9), they also received power to witness. Paul exemplified that spirit when he wrote, "For me to live is Christ." The superintendent of a large hospital for mentally ill people, said that after senility the next main cause of mental illness was selfishness. If more people were meeting God in a soul-changing experience as Isaiah did, there would be more witnesses for Jesus Christ and fewer people would have bad nerves. We wouldn't be so foolish as to suggest that everyone with bad nerves was selfish. But we have passed on the thought of a

skilled physician. Isaiah did not receive an easy assignment. The result of his preaching is described as though t were the cause of it. In stubornness they would go in their sin until they would be carried into captivity. However, some would heed the truth. God never leaves Himself without a wit-

Oh! that more people would see God, see themselves and re-ceive forgiveness and cleansing, and then go out to tell what great things the Lord has done or them.

A person with charm is one vho can make another feel that both of them are pretty wonlerful people.

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Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking



BARREL OF FUN? - It's no fun being a fall guy as this policeman learns in Nuernberg, Germany, rie is competing in a barrel race at the International Police Sport Show.



RARE PHOTO OF EICHMANN - Former Nazi Col. Adolph Eichmann, now awaiting trial in Israel for mass murder of Jews during World War II, posed for this photo in 1955, while in hiding in South America. Taken at Porto Alegre, in southern Brazil, it is one of the few photos of Eichmann known to exist that were taken while he was in hiding. (Photo copyright LOOK