Started Too Early—Channel Beat Him

So many people nowadays save the cost or air fare between England and France by crossing under their own power that Channel swimming is no longer regarded as an outstanding feat of endurance.

I suppose the reason is that the modern swimmer is better trained and therefore more efficient than the old-timers. Channel swimming is not exactly easy, but it has become quite a commonplace affair during the August and September "season."

Moreover, average times for the crossing have been brought down to roughly normal working hours. The swimmer who stays in the water for twenty-two hours or more is regarded as a slowcoach rather than the possessor of terrific stamina and willpower.

So, for a change, I suggest we salute one of the gallant failures of the Channel swim, T. W. Burgess. Strictly speaking, Burgess was anything but a Channel failure, for he did succeed in making the crossing, in September, 1911. It was his sixteenth attempt.

This story, however, is of one of his failures, or rather a week of failures. For this extraordinary powerful swimmer covered roughly 110 miles in two attempted crossings in the space of three days in August, 1908, when he was already forty-two years old.

Each time wheather conditions were against him, yet each time he got close to the shore. All told he was in the water nearly forty-three hours.

What is even more amazing for one who was so determined to swim the Channel, he scorned the France to England route, which was already recognized as being the easier way, and determined that if he was going to make the crossing, he would do it from the English side.

He had already made ten attempts before our story opens. Yet he was in such a hurry to get to grips with his "old enemy" that he declared afterwards he had started off half an hour too soon.

He left the Kent coast at 9.30 a.m. and climbed out of the water on to his accompanying tug at 5.30 the next morning, when only half a mile from the French shore. For the twenty hours that he was in the water he was contending with a strong north-westerly wind. He swam or drifted over fifty miles.

Also, he had been carried six miles off his course by a strong cross-current. He explained that had he started thirty minutes later he would have missed that cross-current and instead would have been carried along by a following tide. "Had that happened I would have hit the French coast at Cap Gris Nez about midnight," he declared.

That half-hour miscalculation was vital, for by the time Burgess had realized his mistake he was already in the grip of the current. Strong swimmer though he was he could not force his way through it, writes Jeffrey Wyndham in "Tit-Bits."

At this distance of time, it seems that the sensible thing would have been to turn and swim back towards England as soon as he found he was being carried off his course until he got clear of the current. Then he should have waited for the following tide.

But Burgess's dogged spirit was not the type to consider turning back, even as a tactical manoeuvre. He pressed on, using up his energy but making little or no progress.

He reckoned that at the time he gave up he had strength left to continue the fight for another two hours. But his advisers told him that it would be six hours before the adverse current abated sufficiently for him to be able to close the gap between himself and land. Even Tom Burgess's Yorkshire stubbornness saw no point in continuing a struggle that he now realized he could not win.

But he was not one to accept defeat lying down. Six hours later when, had he possessed superhuman powers, he would have been treading ashore on the French coast, he had returned to England and was out in Dover Bay teaching a young lad to swim! Then, to prove that he was not really tired, he walked up the steep hill to Dover Castle!

Three days later Burgess's mother and sister, who were staying nearby, took a boat out in the Channel. The sea was anything but calm, and they had not been out long when waves began breaking over the bows of their craft. Wisely, they returned to harbour, and were amazed to hear newsboys calling out: "Burgess off on new Channel swim."

It was true. Defying the weather Burgess's indomitable spirit had driven him into the water again. He was heading for France. Once more, as we now know, he was doomed to failure — but what a gallant failure it was.

This time he had made more careful calculations as to the hour at which to start, and for a long time it seemed that he had overcome the troubles that had beset him on his previous attempts.

He had also decided on a new plan for this attack on the Channel. As soon as he saw Calais lightship he was to swim straight for it, and then go in towards the shore. He saw the lightship all right, and made for it, according to the plan.

It was at this precise moment that the weather turned against him. The wind changed, the sea became even more choppy, and once again he was forced off his course.

Twenty hours had passed since he last touched solid ground. Still he struggled grimly on. Again, we now know that his stubbornness was a major cause of his failure this time. He had set a course, and he was determined to stick it out, but at what cost of strength and achievement we cannot know.

He had been going for nearly twenty-three hours when there came another dramatic development. So strong was the wind and tide that not even his accompanying tug could keep to its course. Though it had been sheltering him from the worst of the gale, the skipper now ran the terrible risk of being blown into him and running him down.

Even Burgess agreed that it would be madness to continue in these circumstances. Land was still two miles off, and there was no telling how much longer the gale would last. Reluctantly, he agreed to concede victory to the Channel once more. Despite his long ordeal, he was able to strike a defiant gesture by climbing aboard the tug unaided.

He reckoned he had covered sixty miles, and a total of 110 in the three days. In that time, he had made roughly seventy thousand arm and leg movements, and his only physical reaction was slight stiffness in the muscles of his left calf.

Eventually he did achieve his ambition. He swam from Dover to Gris Nez in September, 1911, when forty-five years of age.

The successful crossing took him over twenty-two hours.

ARS GRATIA ARTIS — This messy lassy is Leslie Crane, a model who mingled with live pigs, dead fish, a motorcycle, 200 pounds of popcorn and gallons of chocolate syrup in New York. Surrealist Salvador Dali mixed the mess up in a bin and pressed a canvas over it during a Videotaping. The results he called "Chaos and Creation."

World's Most Precious Button

The struggling Pacific mother-of-pearl industry received valuable aid recently—from a Paris fashion house.

In one of his collections, famous designer, Pierre Balmain introduced the South Seas shell into several of his creations, of which the critics wrote: "The colours, line, fabrics and accessories were inspired by the perle oceane."

One of his suits was reported to have been decorated by the "most precious button in all the world." It was of gold-lip shell, set with one of Australia's first cultured pearls.

"This was just the boost that we needed," said the spokesman for a leading Australian shell exporter. "Fashion houses all over the world are likely to follow M. Balmain's lead—and that will bring prosperity back to our divers."

SHE CARES — Care of pets is part of the Camp Fire Girls' program. This year's slogan is: "She Cares — Do You?"

TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews

DATE PUDDING

1 c. pitted dates cut
1 c. boiling water
½ c. sugar
½ c. brown sugar
1 egg
2 tbsps. butter
1½ c. flour sifted
½ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
1 c. chopped walnuts
1 recipe brown sugar sauce

Combine dates and water. Blend sugars, egg, butter. Sift dry ingredients and add to sugar mixture. Stir in nuts and cooled date mixture. Pour into oblong baking dish 11 by 7 by 1½ inches. Top with following sauce:

1½ c. brown sugar
1 tbsp. butter
1½ c. boling water

Combine brown sugar, butter and boiling water.

Bake pudding at 375 degrees for 40 minutes. Cut in squares, invert on plate. Serve warm with whipped cream. Serves nine.

* * *

FRUIT PUDDING

3 cups fruit, canned, fresh or frozen
3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
¾ tsp. salt
2 tbsps. baking powder
2 tbsps. sugar
½ cup butter
1 cup evaporated milk

Drain any juice from fruit and save for sauce. Sift dry ingredients. Cut in butter. Mix in milk. Knead on floured board ½ minute. Divide in half. Roll one piece ½ inch thick. Fit in bottom of buttered 9 by 5 inch pan. Spread with fruit. Roll remaining half to fit on top of fruit. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees F) 50 to 60 minutes. Serve with whipped cream or sauce made from juice.

* * *

PEACH SUPREME

1 pkg. strawberry-flavored gelatin
1 c. hot water
½ tsp. grated lemon rind
1½ tbsps. lemon juice
1 c. peach juice and water
1 c. sweetened sliced fresh peaches or 1 pkg. quick-frozen sliced peaches, thawed and drained, or 1 c. drained, canned sliced peaches

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add lemon rind, lemon juice, and peach juice and water. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in peaches. Pour into 1½ pint-mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with whipped cream and additional sliced peaches. Makes 4 or 5 servings.

CHERRY COBBLER

½ c. sugar
2 tbsps. cornstarch
2½ c. (No. 2 can) red pie cherries
¼ tsp. almond flavoring
1 c. pancake ready-mix
½ c. sugar
¼ c. shortening
1 egg beaten
2 tbsps. milk

Blend together the sugar and cornstarch. Mix with the cherries and almond flavoring. Put cherry mixture in six individual casseroles or custard cups.

For the topping mix together pancake ready-mix and sugar. Cut in shortening until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add beaten egg and milk, mixing lightly only until mixture is dampened. (Add another tablespoon of milk if mixture seems too dry.) Roll out on lightly floured board to about ⅝ inch thickness. Cut with tiny biscuit cutter (or centre of doughnut cutter) into thirty rounds. Arrange five of the rounds on cherries in each casserole. Bake in a hot oven (400 dgerees F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve warm or cold with plain or whipped cream.

* * *

COCONUT CREAM

1 pkg. orange-flavored gelatin
1 c. hot canned pineapple juice
1 c. milk
¾ c. whipping cream
¾ c. flaked coconut

Dissolve gelatin in hot pineapple juice. Chill until slightly thickened. Add milk and chill again until slightly thickened. Whip cream. Fold cream and coconut into gelatin mixture. Spoon into individual molds or large mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with canned pineapple halves and fluffs of coconut. Makes 8 servings.

* * *

BAKED BANANAS

4 firm bananas
1½ tbsps. melted butter
salt

Cut off tips of both ends of each banana. Remove a lengthwise section of the peel, about one inch wide, extending from end to end. Brush exposed portion of the pulp with butter and sprinkle lightly with salt. Place in baking dish and bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes at 375 degrees or until peels are dark and bananas are tender and easily pierced with a fork. Serve hot as a vegetable.

STATUE STAND-IN — Goldie, a golden retriever, seems to be saying: "Anything you can do, I can do better." Out for a stroll, Goldie came across this canine statue erected to solicit funds for animals on a London, England, sidewalk.

Pay Television In Toronto

Sugarplums danced through the heads of pay-TV advocates last week—danced to the cheerful clink-clink of silver. The coins were pouring into slots in more than 1,000 homes in a middle-class suburb of Toronto called Etobicoke (pronounced ee-TOH-bik-ee).

The coins summoned up such recently released movies as "The Mating Game" (Debbie Reynolds, Glenn Ford) and "The Al Capone Story" (Rod Steiger). There wasn't a commercial in sight. It was just like going to a local movie house, without having to park the car or unearth a baby-sitter. That was more, each film cost just $1, and, of course, the whole family could watch.

This was Telemeter, the fourth venture into fee-TV and the first that looked as though it might succeed. "The degree of reaction so far is beyond anything we anticipated," reported Telemeter president Lou [illegible].

Unpackaged only by half weeks ago in 1,000 pig homes, the system some 2,000 panting on its waiting list. the plan was to limit to 15,000 subscribers. there is talk of expan 40,000 living rooms. The was so great that originally trained as coin lectors were being drafted stall new units instead.

How did it all work? the operators of Tele Etobicoke-Famous Play dian Corp., a movie 376 houses—arranged into some 93 miles of by Canadian Bell. The are now being strung homes of subscribers in a $5 installation charge 25 cents to $1 for each they watch) and hook TV sets. A box about of a table radio, sits the TV set, contains (the box gives future viewers overpay) and gadget. The dinke local Channel 3—is used in the area—un channels. On two of the nels—A and B—subsc bring in movies which 7 p.m. The third chan a kind of combination entertainer: During th no cost, it announces tions for the evening, places this with music C also is being used for service programing—such as Canadian Red Cross fo the community and shows. To vary the channels A and B also re ing out weekend shows for 25 cents.

Telemeter is already plans to expand its pro with full-length opera length ballets, and pe current Broadway show triguing possibility: Pe way plays which might announced by viewers' coin their tryouts.

Sports projects also cooking. Right now, To is showing some aver home games of the Maple Leafs hockey team ball, football, and ba games may follow in One secret—until now: a chance the Ingemar son-Floyd Patterson heavy title fight in June shown on Etobicoke TV.

Why Etobicoke? It was ed, say the Telemeter because it is in an area the competition of com TV is strong. Viewers suburb can receive fi nels—three from Buffa and one each from Tor nearby Hamilton, Ont. TV works in Etobicok theory is, it can work a

It is too early to tell how much has been rak toward paying the bills $1.3 million installation even as with commerc the Etobicoke operation already faced occasional plaints. One came from scriber who squawked: ting my pay-TV picture thing." It seems he had scribed in order to co viewing of his kids. Be the movies coming on couldn't keep them awa the set. The magic box set was promptly fixed.

—From NEWS

ISSUE 14 — 1960

PAY-AS-YOU-SEE — All eyes are on Toronto these days as a new how a recently begun experiment in pay television works out. Sponsored by a movie firm, "Telemeter" provides three channels for its 2,000 subscribers. Two carry public service movies and news at no cost. The third shows movies currently playing at theatres — with no commercials or interruptions. Cost varies from 50 cents to $2, depending upon the event. The home viewer just deposits the money in the coin box attached to his set. The box then unscrambles the picture.

Human Alarm Clock Finally Retires

When a still active North of England eighty-four-year-old announced his retirement recently it was revealed that for sixty years—believed to be a record—he had earned fees as a "human alarm clock." He was a knocker-up.

Carrying a long stick, to the top of which thin wires were attached, this man tapped in the early morning on the bedroom windows of people who had asked him to wake them so that they could get to their factory jobs punctually.

The knocker-up himself was always punctual. With the aid of an alarm clock, he was usually up at 3.30 a.m. He began tapping at his "clients'" windows at about 4.30 a.m. And it's his proud boast that he never broke a window, however heavy a sleeper proved to be. Nor did he ever disturb neighbours who didn't want to rise early.

What will this knocker-up do during his retirement? "Lie in bed every morning until 6 a.m. at least," he says with a grin. "On Sundays I may get up as late as seven."

Pea-Shooter Brigade

Knocking-up is a dying occupation in Britain nowadays, but there are still several hundred men and women who follow it. A Lancashire woman of eighty acted as knocker-up for workpeople of the district for twenty-two years. Even on Sundays she woke as usual at 4 a.m. and, not having to go her rounds, went for a walk instead!

Besides her knocking-up, she did all her own work, keeping her little house spotless. She recalled many hard winters when rain and snow fell so heavily that she sometimes had to return home two or three times to change her clothes and get a hot drink. Yet she was always cheerful.

Years ago, a Limehouse, London, family went through the streets in the early morning with pea-shooters, firing peas which rattled on the window-panes to wake dock workers.

ISSUE 14 — 1960

About Horse Sense And Non-Sense

The cultural winning of the West seems to consist of half-hour spells during which nobody ever fed a horse. This is unlike any horses that ever came to my attention back here in the jaded East. In fact, the winning of the West as so thoroughly depicted on the air has turned out to be a rather effete proposition—not at all as I had thought. The nutritional desuetude of the horse, alone, astounds me.

Indeed, the whole role of the horse in the opening of the West is an amazing thing. You see, I know horses. I was brought up with some of the best. And when a man in the picture says, "Awl rahn, frank-ah reckon you better saddle mah hoss!" Hank comes back promptly with a horse all saddled. It wasn't like that. When anybody decided he'd like to go into the village, the hitching-in of a horse was a job of some duration, and I always got out of it if I could. There were times somebody suggested I hitch in old Gertie, and I'd disappear and be gone for days.

Gertie was a fairly well-mannered female who, while you were buckling the surcingle, knew how to levitate and kick with all four feet at once. Gertie was a good horse, but she had no desire to go to the village.

While western horses never get fed, our old beasts were always eating. The team would get fed before daybreak of a winter's morn, so they could chomp everything down and be ready to hitch in when we finished breakfast at the house. There was a peculiar noise about a horse going from his stall to the tub for a drink which was never been put on any sound track I've heard — the hollow ringing of his steel shoes on the hemlock planks of the barn floor, everything accentuated by the frost in the air, and then the sucking noise a horse makes when he drinks.

The western horse evidently spent all his time in the shafters, for anytime a buggy or buckboard appears, the horse is already hitched in. Getting a horse attached to a road-rig might, some day, make a half-hour show all by itself. You began by feeding the horse, giving him a drink, scouring him at least somewhat with a curry or brush, and swapping his halter for a bridle. When you got the bridle up around the eyes, ready for the bits, the horse would lay back his ears, close his teeth like the doors of a bank vault, and lift his head about 17 feet, backing up as he did.

Thus the whole enterprise moved rearward, and if the worst happened your head-free horse bolted and would be gone until Tuesday. If you were fortunate, you got him bridled, and he would either stand for the rest, or you could snap him to the harnessing rings in the barn floor. Most any horse with what is hilariously called horse sense knew enough to inflate himself against the harness. He'd stand there with his eyes bugged out, holding his breath so you couldn't tighten the straps.

Fitting a harnessed horse into the fills, shafters, would make the best part of a show. You backed the horse in, steering him by the bridle, and had to reach down with the other hand and bring up the fills, so they'd slide into the loops. Probably nobody, in the entire history of horsedom, ever did this completely and right the first time, because every horse had two sides, and you had to go around.

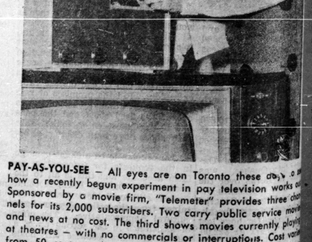
Next came the fastening of the tugs to the whiffletree. On a buggy harness you had an eye sewn into the leather tug: there was no hook or snap. The eye went over a knobbed ferrule on the end of the tree. So, you'd get one on, and by the time you'd gone around to get the other your horse would step ahead. This left you with about two feet between the whiffletree and the end of the tug, and no known method of making it up. You couldn't make the tug hear you; you couldn't pull him back. The leverage on the whiffletree fought you.

Water in the West is part of the story. One night we watched some unlucky wranglers suffer three days in a waterless desert, but their hosts made out very well. It has also surprised me to see them kindle a rousing fire in wasteland, and come with a pail of water. Here in the lush Eastern wilderness, where water is always at hand, we don't make camp that easily. You hunt a little for the right wood, and wait for the flames to settle to embers. Everything, thus, seems to indicate, to me, that settling the West was a simple little picnic hardly worth mentioning. It was a great deal more exciting staying at home here on our eastern farms where we had work to do.

One night I saw a prospector with two horses and three mules bring a pail of water as he made camp. The first thing he did was wash his face in the pail. An old uncle of ours who prospected out there repeatedly told me the scarcity of water spared them toting soap. So I wonder.

Anyway, the evening requirements of five animals who have been climbing all day will exceed one pail of water. I know, for I have stood at the pump handle many and many an evening and pumped water for just such critturs until my clavicles fretted each other and made a noise like a cricket. Nobody told me these eastern animals were a fake, and that all through the Great West they had thousands of horses that never ate, drank, required grooming, or acted mean. Settling the West must have been wonderful. — By John Gould in the Christian Science Monitor.

At Ventersdorp (W. Transvaal), Mr. Sewes Terblanche, former Cape Town University cricketer, hurled a stone at a charging-two-year-old Afrikander bull and killed it.



FOR THE BOYS — Employing a tricky underleg grip, Sun Shu-yao plays the sax for Nationalist Chinese troops on Kinmen Island. The 18-year-old, a general's daughter, sings and dances, too.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Afternoon party
4. Transports
9. That woman
12. Paddle
13. Foot lever
14. Writhing
15. Jail
16. Lawmaking assembly
17. Perches
18. Make hard and unfeeling
20. Radiate
21. Inward
22. Looks searchingly
24. Chinese dynasty
25. Soft drink
27. Let fall
28. Dry
29. Plant
30. Auto fuel
31. Keystone state
32. Ado
33. Edible fish
34. Vehicle on runners
35. Espouse
36. Drives sideways
37. While
38. Ignoble
39. Swift
40. Irony
41. Spiral
42. Birds of prey
43. Preceding night
44. Approaches
45. Spy
46. Laid baing
53. Matrons
59. Endeavor

DOWN
1. Highest
2. Ascended
3. Location
4. Fowl
5. Cyprinoid fish
7. Just preceding
8. Slumber
9. More commonplace
10. Torrid
11. Organ of vision
16. Sorrowful
18. In necessary
20. Turf
21. Mortify
22. Disliked intensely
23. Draws after
25. Heavy strikes
26. Garden tool
27. Thus
28. Seasons
32. Plunder
34. Paid public announcement
37. Corresponds
39. Youth
40. Billfold
42. Pay out
44. Sack
46. Concept
47. Refuse to bid
48. Seat in church
49. Uncle Tom's friend
50. Before
51. Blunder
52. Utter
55. Morning (ab.)

Answer elsewhere on this page.

HEADS UP — Looking like trophies, these rabbits are having their temperatures taken at Squibb laboratories. If readings are normal, the rabbits are injected with the product to be tested, such as antibiotics. In 1959, 5,000 rabbits got about 20,000 injections.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

The future of commercial apple growing lies with the dwarf tree, R. F. Carlson, horticulturist at Michigan State University, told Western horticulturists. He expects dwarfs rapidly to replace standard-size trees.

The former make better use of the ground, and they grow so much more rapidly that they begin to produce harvests and pay for themselves in the fifth year from planting. In contrast, an orchard of standard-size trees only begins to pay its way by the 11th year.

* * *

Mr. Carlson said that some types of dwarf are producing 700 to 800 bushels an acre by their eighth year, and by the 15th year one variety at Michigan State was producting 1,300 bushels per acre.

* * *

"Fifty years ago Dad set out an apple orchard for his grandchildren. Thirty years ago orchards were planted for the children. But today's dwarf varieties permit Dad to plant one for his own pleasure and profit," he added.

He said there are other advantages to dwarfs also — labor is easier to get because the trees are easier and less dangerous to pick from, and they are more adapted to machines, such as sprayers.

* * *

Operating a turkey farm is not a career many women undertake. However, it is one in which Mrs. Jean Ingersoll of Michigan Valley has been very successful. She started operating Ingersoll Turkey Farm after her husband, Phillip, passed on in 1952.

This year her flock of around 15,000 birds shows promise of being the most profitable of any during her six years of operation of the 250-acre turkey-production plant.

During the six years, Mrs. Ingersoll has paid off heavy indebtedness, built new ranges, and added much equipment. Two years ago she bought a half interest in a hatchery and produce company in a nearby town.

* * *

All this was in addition to improving the comfortable modern home and providing cultural advantages for her three children, Kay, Sue, and Kerry.

"I've decided the key factor to a successful operation in this kind of venture is quality," says Mrs. Ingersoll "First-quality birds show a higher feed-conversion rate, mature earlier, and finish off heavier than common strains."

Quality also helps solve the marketing problem, she says. She finds her first-class birds have greater consumer appeal and keep retail customer orders coming in year after year.

* * *

Mrs. Ingersoll's trophy case, holding an even dozen awards on birds from the farm, is evidence that she produces turkeys of this top quality.

"Phil always carried on an improvement program with the Ingersoll strain he developed," Mrs. Ingersoll recalls, "but with my dual role of homemaker and producer, and with increased production, I didn't have time to continue with it.

"I looked around for two years for a strain to meet my requirements. In securing the exclusive Kansas franchise for the Rose-A-Linda strain of broad breasted bronze from Rio Linda, Calif., I joined what I consider one of the best breding programs available."

Along with producing quality stock, it is necessary to use modern management and feeding practices, maintain strict sanitation, and work every "angle," according to Mrs. Ingersoll.

Newest practice on the farm is artificial insemination, using her own toms. Used in combination with natural matings, fertility and profits are increased. This is the coming thing in the turkey business, she says.

"Eventually, it will be unnecessary to keep toms at all, which will be a big saving in feed — they are big eaters."

Communal feed is bought in bulk in Kansas City. It is hauled to the farm by a livestock trucker on return trips from the Kansas City stockyards. Grain is raised on the farm on available land as time permits, but it is a small portion of the amount needed, writes Lois M. Smith in The Christian Science Monitor.

* * *

Because of labor and equipment costs, Mrs. Ingersoll finds it better to buy reserve supplies of corn, milo, and oats at harvest-time and store the grain in metal bins on the farm.

Feeding is done daily on balance formulas changed every two weeks according to age and weight. Mrs. Ingersoll estimates that feed conversion is running just above 4½ pounds of feed for each pound of turkey produced. She says that feed conversion offers a big challenge to growers interested in doing a better job.

"It's a struggle for producers who do everything from producing fertile eggs to marketing live and dressed birds," says the young businesswoman. "You really have to watch the corners."

One profit booster for the farm is production of its own poults. Each November Mrs. Ingersoll, a licensed state selection agent, personally selects about 1,500 hens and 250 toms as breeders. These produce her own flock plus some 30,000 poults a year which are sold to other producers.

* * *

Poults are produced in three age groups, the largest number in the earliest group. This makes the most economical use of brooder space. On June 16, 17,- 7,300 poults were taken from the brooders and put on range.

Having a large number of birds mature early permits more leeway in marketing. Sales are now spread out from September to December. Poults receive constant care, day and night, until they are grown and marketed.

Last year, because of a tight commercial market, most of the big birds went alive to Kansas City wholesalers. Several hundred, however, were dressed in her modern processing plant and sold direct to the retail trade in Topeka, the state capital, a few miles distant.

Mrs. Ingersoll handles supervision and financial management alone and, during hatching season, commutes daily to the hatchery in Burlington, 44 miles away.

She gives much credit for her success to her two assistant managers. During processing and selection periods, a crew of 10 or 12 local workers is employed.

An Early Robin

With the spring the robin, who is ordinarily a somewhat solitary fellow or to be seen in pairs, suddenly becomes gregarious. When I emerge suddenly from the house they burst out of the rhododendrons in clouds. The other day in the shank of the winter I counted fifteen who had chosen a temporary headquarters in a tall maple. It was in the late afternoon and the falling light threw them into sharp relief against the bare branches. With a good pair of field glasses I could make out their claws clasped around the twigs, and the effulgent colour of their breasts sharpened by the refraction of the glass. At such a time when the daylight is slowly fading, binoculars are truly rose-coloured glasses.

But wait! Caught in a perfect focus one of them leaps into flight. Without spreading his wings he launches his body and that graceful downcurve is for all the world like that of a diver in a swan dive. The glasses follow him down. With a burst of his wings he slips into the depths of a tall holly. For a moment he is lost, and in seeking him out, the glasses range over the holly — a depth of deep green leaves with the rich red of the berries gleaming in clear outline against them.

Or a sudden he stands in focus again, stalwart and upright, his chest aglow against the deep impenetrable greenery of the holly. With his beak agape he clasps a single red berry. Then with a sudden toss of the head it disappears down his throat. He ducks, plucks another, and then stands there with the berry a spot of gleaming red in his bill.

Here in the framed field of my binoculars is an Audubon print come suddenly alive. — From "Thousand Acre Marsh," by Dudley Cammett Lunt.

Obey the traffic signs — they are placed there for YOUR SAFETY

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Jesus, the Master Teacher

Matthew 5:1-2, 17-20; 9:14-17

Memory Selection: Jesus went about all Galilie, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom. Matthew 4:23.

For this quarter we study the teachings of Jesus. The official subject is, "Sermon on the Mount and Parables." The course presents a detailed study of the Sermon on the Mount with a related consideration of various parables as they throw light on the teachings in the sermon. The Sermon presents standards for citizens of the kingdom of God.

What would Jesus, this new Teacher, say about the law given by God through Moses? This was of great interest to the Jews, particularly the Scribes and Pharisees. Jesu said, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." In His death, the ceremonial law concerning sacrifices for sin, was fulfilled. No more lambs need be slain for our atonement. In Mark 7:15 He declared, "There is nothing from without a man, that entering into him can defile him." Thus He set aside the entire set of ceremonial regulations concerning clean and unclean foods. As Mark declares in his comment, "This he said, making all meats clean." (7:19, ASV). If these regulations could be set aside, there is no logical reason why others of a ceremonial nature might not. There were still other laws in the Pentateuch which pertain to civil matters and criminal modes of procedure which were of temporary validity. See for example Deut. 21:18-21.

The moral law as set forth in The Ten Commandments still stands. The Commandments appear singly or in groups, variously expressed in many places in the Scriptures. Jesus repeated five of them in his conversation with the rich young ruler. For the second time in my ministry, I am bringing a series of messages on these commandments and finding a gratifying response. Men may scoff at man's law but we had better heed God's law.

The parables in the lesson illustrate the point that the spiritual freedom of the Gospel could not be combined with the old Mosaic ceremonies. The new dispensation brought in by Jesus Christ calls for more spiritual worship.

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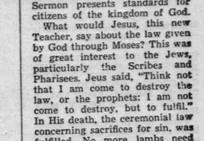
Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking



ASSIST FOR MISCHA — Lady, a polar bear at Woodland Park Zoo, assists Mischa, her 3½-month-old e/h, over a ledge. Mischa weighed a pound and a half at birth.