Neighbors Call Them "Salt Of The Earth"

Now we are in the season of long hot days and long hot nights. "Over a hundert yesterday," the farmers tell each other. Not complaining but with deep satisfaction, for this is ideal corn-growing weather.

This is the time of year when early rising is a joy. The world is fresh; the air is sweet with the smell of dew on growing things; and coolness is laid like a balm over the fields which will be roasting hot by noon.

Early as we may be, the Zaugg's breakfast-fire is already going, sending a thin, pale column of smoke up into the dawn-tinted air. "Another fine day in prospect," we say, for according to Amos, that reliable weather prophet, smoke always goes straight up on a clear day.

Dew sparkles on the hayfield, empty now of bundles, the hillside marked with spaces of lighter straw to indicate where they lay, and on the field of soybeans. To our eyes, nothing is quite so beautiful on the farm as a good stand of "beans," as they are casually referred to hereabout. Their bushy tops, vibrantly green, march in straight rows and stand straight as arrows. Corn at this season seems more like a decoration than provender, but soybeans from the start look as if they have their mission in life and meant to fulfill it.

In the vegetable gardens the hot still days ripen the rosy globes of tomatoes and make the corn sugar-sweet. Field beans are ready for eating now, giving more substance, it seems, than the early bunch beans. In the South, field beans are usually cooked three hours with chunks of bacon for seasoning, and have ears of sweet corn or the cut off whole kernels laid over them for the last thirty minutes. Here, corn and beans go into separate pots, but the result is equally delicious.

The rich coloring of the countryside is predominately yellow now. Yellow flowers are everywhere reflecting the glow of the sun: yellow clover, wild mustard, and lemon lilies line the highways, while out in the fields the sunny centres of oxeye daisies point the way to where the gian mullen thrusts its yellow candles toward the burning blue sky.

The fragile blooms of spring are gone, and the bloom of summer has given us a sturdier, richer beauty. The insects have come into their own. Butterflies are winging everywhere, their marvelous colors denying their grublike beginnings, and out in the mown hayfield the crickets seem to be holding a convention.

Ancient Orientals kept crickets in captivity for their music, and the many ornate cricket cages" which repose in museums throughout the country are proof of the fact. Yet one wonders how very starved for music they must have been to find a cricket's dry rasp pleasant.

If they had only captured bobolinks, we say. Out across the meadow comes the deliriously happy, sparkling song of this small bird. Perhaps he is sitting in the patch of sweet-scented crimson clover, or even flying. For this is one of the few birds that has the gift of singing as he flies. And his song is the most exciting of all bird music. It bursts forth as an explosion of melody.

This, too, is the tourist season, and our highways are filled with cars driven by people who wish to see the country known as Pennsylvania Dutch, with its lush green fields and rolling hills, its beautiful big barns decorated with hex signs. Tourists want to see the covered bridges, the farmers' markets, the old mills, the stone farmhouses, the shaded streams. But most of all they wish to see the Plain People, writes Mabel Slack Shelton in the Christian Science Monitor.

They have read such items as: "The Amishman is conspicuous by his broad-brimmed hat, square haircut, drab suit, and Brother Jonathan chin-patch. He lives plainly and prefers to barter rather than pay cash. He refuses to own any vehicle or piece of machinery that 'rides on rubber.' His chief mode of travel is horse and buggy, thought he will ride buses or make use of cars 'for hire.'" They are storehouses of information on Amish ways — yet so poorly informed about the people themselves.

We find ourselves wishing they could all hear what the rural postman has to say about the Amish along his route.

Along about eleven in the morning, the postman stops his car at the mailboxes in our vicinity. And what an important event in our lives that is! With one of the longest routes in the state to serve, he drives 86 miles six days a week over ridges, down valleys, on gravel or packed-dirt roads much of the way. Yet he is always friendly, courteous, and cheerful when we meet him at the box to buy stamps or a money order. And always he has some amusing tale to tell of happenings along his route.

Just now helped Mrs. Kornhaus drive a bunch of pigs off the road. They'd escaped from the barn lot; the men were away, and she couldn't round them up by herself," he may say. Or it is perhaps some other incident that has enlivened his day — and ours.

Non-Amish himself, "the carrier," as he is called, is lavish in his praise of the Amish patrons he serves.

With these folk, the favors all go one way," he says. "Some other people leave notes asking for a hundred stamps, and add that I should put them on the hundred Christmas cards in the box. Or they telephone my home before I leave in the morning and ask me to shop the supermarket for them — in spite of the fact that my wife and I have a small grocery store of our own. But not the Amish. They are more apt to leave a thermos of hot cocoa in the box in winter, or cold lemonade in summer, with cake or hot bread wrapped in foil. One box has something good in it every Friday, baking day. That is the day my wife does not pack a lunch for me; we've come to count on it, and they never fail me."

It is impossible not be become involved with people whom you serve so intimately, and the job is a combination of many things, the postman says. "You get hard luck stories, and often hard words from customers who dislike having third-class mail left in their boxes, or unavoidable late delveries, like the time I stopped the car to check on something and looked up to find I had settled into a hood-high snow drift.

"This makes the kindness extended by the Amish more appreciated than ever. You think everyone just takes the mail for granted; then these good people make you feel you are important to them. Take this family here (and he indicated the Zaugg farmhouse); they always sweep a path for my car so I don't have to guess where the road is in a drift. The Bible speaks of the salt of the earth, and to my way of thinking, that is what these people are."

How can one explain to tourists that straw-hatted, barefooted Amish boys are just as much fun to play with as other boys? Or that drab suits and old-fashioned dresses do not mean drab souls? We might borrow a few phrases from the rural postman and say, also, that the Zaugys and others like them have shown us paths we might not otherwise have found. They are indeed the salt of the earth, and the salt has not lost its savor.

DIRTY PLAYER

The Auckland soccer team beat a French team in New Zealand is mud so thick that one player lost his pants. He stayed in the game 10 minutes before the referee noticed it.

OLD BIKE — David Waser helps Ada Mae Fenton keep her balance on an old-fashioned bicycle that is 56 inches high. The century-old bicycle belongs to David's dad, Frank J. Waser. Front wheel is 46 inches.

TABLE TALKS
Jane Andrews.

Everyone should have an Uncle Ralph. Mine was a tall, curly-haired man whose added years never dimmed his boyish zest and sense of fun His geniality and kindness sprang not from theory but from a genuine and spontaneous affection for his fellow man, and everyone — relatives, streetcar conductors, store clerks—responded.

Uncle Ralph, like many men of his generation, was thoroughly at home in the kitchen. His wife was an excellent cook, but he could fend for himself when the need arose. He had a way with children, too: as a tot, I was disinclined to eat tomatoes, but Uncle Ralph corrected that, He sat me on his knee, piled an abundance of sugar on tomato slices, and coaxed me into trying them. Before I knew what was happening, I had discovered that tomatoes were much nicer than I had thought.

* * *

In later years I realized that Uncle Ralph had simply applied culinary knowledge: a bit of sugar adds immeasurably to the flavor of certain vegetables, not only tomatoes but peas, corn on the cob, turnip, and some others. It can be added to the cooking water, or used when you season the vegetables for the table. A little experimenting will tell you how much you like to use. Try starting with a teaspoon.

* * *

One of Unle Ralph's best contributions to cooks is his method of making corn bread. Every housewife knows that there are times when a hot bread will make an otherwise ordinary meal seem rather special. But, if the making of the hot bread is a long process, it often does not get made, writes Gertrude P. Lancaster in The Christian Science Monitor.

The special virtue of Uncle Ralph's method, I feel, is that there is no creaming process, and few dishes are needed. The first thing to do is to put together in a bowl a cup of sifted pastry flour, ½ cup of corn meal, ½ cup sugar, 3 teaspoons baking powder, and ½ teaspoon of salt. I find it very simple to sift flour onto a large piece of waxed paper; then when I have measured what I need into a cup, the balance can just be poured back into the flour container from the paper, and there is no messy residue to wash up from the shelf.

To the flour mixture add a beaten egg to which you have added a cup of milk. Stir in also 4 tablespoons of melted butter, pour into a greased pan and bake about 15-20 minutes at 400-425° F.

* * *

I use an 8-inch square pan This gives corn bread about 1½ inches high, and will serve about six people — depending on how hungry they are! If the members of your family prefer thinner corn bread, use a 9-inch square pan or its equivalent.

This corn bread is not dry or crumbly. I always use yellow corn meal, and the bread is a golden yellow. If your sweet tooth is not active, you can use somewhat less sugar, but I'd recommend making it as described the first time, and see if you don't agree that this makes a superb product.

OATMEAL COOKIES

½ cup butter
½ cup milk
1 cup sugar
1 cup brown sugar
1 6-oz. package either chocolate or caramel bits
Dash of salt
3 cups uncooked, quick oatmeal
½ cup nuts or coconut
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine first 6 ingredients in a heavy aluminum pan. Bring to boil and boil 5 minutes, stirring. Remove from heat and cool for 10 minutes. Add remaining 3 ingredients; mix well. Either drop by spoonfuls or spread mixture and cut into bars.

* * *

GINGERBREAD

½ cup sugar
1 cup molasses
½ cup butter
1 teaspoon each, ginger, cloves and cinnamon
2½ cups flour
2 teaspoons soda
1 cup hot water
2 eggs

Dissolve soda in the hot water. Add butter. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add to first mixture. Beat eggs well and add to mixture just before pouring into buttered shallow pan for baking at 350° F. Cut in squares, remove from pan. Serve with whipped cream, if desired.

* * *

GERMAN PRETZELS

4 cups flour
1 yeast cake
¼ cup luke warm water
½ teaspoon sugar
1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon butter or other fat
1 cup milk

Dissolve yeast in the warm water to which the sugar has been added. Add ½ cup warm milk. Add butter. Mix this mixture with flour to make a stiff dough. Let rise 1 hour. Add remaining milk; knead well; let rise again. Separate dough into small portions; roll into round strips, and form into pretzels. Put on floured board and let rise again. Put pretzels in refrigerator for 20 minutes before dipping into lye solution.

Lye Dip:

Combine 2 quarts water with ¼ pound baking soda; mix well. Wearing rubber gloves, dip pretzels into this solution and place on ungreased baking sheet. With a knife, cut a slit in thick side of pretzel; sprinkle with salt. Brown at 400° F. Brush pretzel with a brush dipped in cold water (this gives the shine).

* * *

PEANUT-CHOCOLATE FUDGE

⅔ cup undiluted condensed milk
1½ cups sugar
1½ dozen marshmallows
1½ cups semi-sweet chocolate bits
1 cup salted peanuts
1 teaspoon vanilla.

Combine sugar and milk and boil for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add marshmallows and chocolate bits; stir until melted and mixture is creamy. Add vanilla and peanuts. Pour into buttered pan and mark in squares.

THE WEIGHING SPOON — Measuring spoon in London, England, has tiny scale built into its long handle so housewife gets just the right amount of various cooking ingredients. It will accurately measure up to 8 ounces.

Chemical Warfare More Humane ?

The chemical plopped into the eye of the plump, white rabbit. Within seconds, the animal's legs buckled. He fell on his side, seized by uncontrollable convulsions. In two minutes, the rabbit was dead, a victim of nerve gas. Then Sparky, a friendly mongrel with long black hair, stepped into the glass cage. A colorless gas was blown into the enclosure. Instantly, Sparky was paralyzed and numb, a victim of an "incapacitating agent." It should have taken him three or four hours to recover, but a doctor injected an antidote and in two minutes he was up and running around.

These grim little scenes were put on last month as the U.S. Army offered newsmen their first look at the Dugway Proving Ground in Utah, where chemical and biological warfare agents (CW and BW for short) are tested.

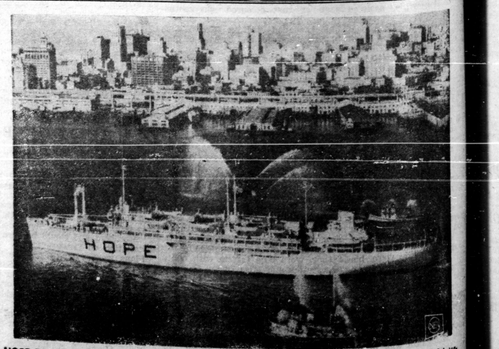
CW and BW, banned from warfare by the 1925 Geneva Convention, have been the subject of a moral bombardment for years. One reason the Army is bringing its hush-hush program into the open, said Army Research Director Richard Morse, is so that "we can talk this over in an orderly, reasonable way."

As Col. Joseph Prentice explained: "This may be a more humane type of warfare. I've seen men die by a flame thrower — it's horrible. With some of these agents you go relatively easy . . ."

THE LAST STRAW

A jail inmate in San Jose, Calif., took offense when fans booed his decisions as umpire during a basketball game between prisoners and deputy sheriffs. He stomped off the field — and disappeared.

NUTTY SITUATION — It must be that animal magnetism has brought these three strange bedfellows together. Koko the cat adopted the 10-week-old squirrels after they were found abandoned.



HOPE FOR THOUSANDS — The SS Hope, a wartime veteran rechristened in the name of international aid, arrives in San Francisco amid welcoming sprays from fireboats. The hospital ship will head for the Far East.

Drives His Car On Railway Tracks

Canadians do 85 per cent their travelling by automobile these days. In consequence, railway passenger services are suffering.

But a few wily railroaders are making the best of both modes of transportation. A. R. Wise, the Canadian National Railways superintendent of the Parkhead Division, in Southern Ontario, is a typical example.

He gets around his territory in "The Sputnik," a battery-of-cylinder station wagon that operates on both tracks and highways. Many a motorist stalled in a traffic jam has envied Mr. Wilson's ability to move along on uncrowded rails.

He gave up his private railroad business car three years ago. It could, to be sure, be coupled to any passing train and hauled to the next station where he had to transact railway business. But there were too many unproductive waits between trains to suit him.

So he got the station wagon and had his machinists put on it flange wheels on it, fore and aft. These flange wheels are rigid hydraulic mounts. For operation they are jacked down in close proximity to the rails and hold the tires to the rail surfaces. Customary crising speed on the tracks — subject to railways regulations of course — is 60 miles per hour.

On the tracks, it's a train and can only be operated as such by a person who has written a conductor's examination. Proposed no problem for Mr. Wilson. He set up many of the questions on this paper, has been a CNR inspector.

But the Sputnick must have the same running lights at night, as a locomotive.

And it has a locomotive and number painted on the transparent, illuminated dome on the roof. This leads to a bit of embarrassment, now and then. Citizens shout "Train!" when they see the Sputnik rolling by. They become irate if Mr. Wilson ignores their hail.

The machine spends about 60 per cent of its working life on the rails. Before it begins a railroad trip, though, Mr. Wilson has to check in with his dispatcher and obtain a train order. But he doesn't make like the Super-Continental at crossings.

"Not me!" he insists. "The Sputnik is harder to spot from the highways than a train." (It is painted a bright yellow).

"I slow down for crossings whether I'm on the rails or the road. I'd rather keep my hide than argue about the right of way!" — by Lex Schrag in "Imperial Oilways."

They Cut Down On Forest Fires

Southern California's population has zoomed like a rocket in the past ten years, but the number of forest fires hasn't. This is a startling thing, once you stop to think of it. Sim Jarvi, supervisor of the great Angeles National Forest, suggests it very well may indicate that people are friends of the forests, and that the more people there are, the safer the forests are bound to be.

This isn't to minimize the carelessness of fire losses in California and other parts of the West this summer. Nobody can view these losses complacently. Trees are too precious. They have too great economic value. They mean too much to recreation, to flood control, to safety. But conscientious people—"The Bad conscientious people—"The public is wonderfully co-operative," Mr. Jarvi says — establish firebreaks of responsible behavior which cut down danger.

People less conscientious or less responsible can cause fires, and it only takes one stroke of heedlessness to lay waste thousands of timbered acres during the dry seasons of the western year. People cannot be called responsible for fires started by lightning, a bigger factor than usual in these parts this summer and always a major factor upstate. But deliberate incendiarism is a tough problem. Letting children play with matches is another. Tossing a lighted cigarette into the grass is still another.

Incidentally, in two recent cases, California judges have meted out justice by requiring men who were careless with their matches to help rebuild cabins destroyed in the forest as a consequence of carelessness.

Visitors are sometimes amused, then puzzled, to enter an area in this southern part of California marked national or state forest without a tree in sight. What they discover is that brush covering the mountains is as vital to the watershed as trees. And brush can burn like paper. Then the hillsides are denuded, and the winter rains come along to unravel the soil at a great rate. The upshot is a big price to taxpayers for measures to restore the surface, stop erosion, and prevent the floods that could prove extremely costly to nearby urban areas.

Recent fires in the Tahoe and Eldorado National Forests of California have looked, of course, like the classic concept of the forest fire. Thousands of acres covered by magnificent, mature trees have been lost in flames.

But the big story is what people who are specialists are doing to minimize this kind of tragic destruction of a marvelous natural resource. The Fifth World Forestry Congress has just convened in Seattle bringing together experts from around the world to whom fire prevention is one of many vital concerns. Recently two groups of men en route to Seattle stopped in California to confer with experts here. In Australia, Venezuela, and various other nations, the challenge is like California's. Weather and climate in forest protection are worldwide concerns.

One way to protect forests, Mr. Jarvi points out, is to develop green strips along main highways. Kept clear of deadwood, these strips have nothing that will kindle, or at least nothing that will kindle too swiftly to control Another protection is planting that is fire-resistant. Experiments with cistus, or rock rose, such as are now being carried out by the Los Angeles Arboretum, indicate it is almost like asbestos.

Fires in this area have provided an opportunity for next spring. Foresters can spray selected ridge tops, now clear of growth, to keep new growth from coming. In this way they can make fuel breaks, stretches perhaps 400 feet wide, which can be kept sterile or on which can be allowed to grow what foresters call low-volume fuel—plants that will not burn big Programs like this, of course, cost money, but losses caused by the lack of prevention may cost vastly more, writes Kimmis Hendrick in the Christian Science Monitor.

Many techniques for fighting fires have been developed, the most dramatic being the use of airplanes. Mr. Jarvi stresses that planes are a tool, not an answer. They can't be used at night and they can't be used when there is air turbulence. Recently the effective use of aircraft was illustrated near here, though, when Angeles National Forest's team of 13 planes went in and "clobbered the fire in San Antonio Canyon," as Mr. Jarvi puts it. They dropped borate and bentonite and doused the fire.

When you talk about forests, in any part of the United States or any part of the world, you open the question of land use for the sake of people. Drive through one of the great national forests of France, for instance, and you see how centuries of human experience with natural resources produce a thrifty attitude toward timber that is almost as impressive as the awesome beauty of the tree-arched roadway.

Did medieval men get the inspiration for their Gothic cathedrals from these graceful boughs. Maybe, for beauty is utilitarian and — at the very least where trees are concerned — it means safety to the soil, protection to cities, and industry. Of course it also means the treasury of the out of doors.

Q. How can I make good adhesive for sticking cutout goldenpaper letters or similar items to glass?

A. You can make a good one very easily by dissolving a few medical capsules in a small amount of warm water. Just enough water should be used to make a thick solution.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Indefinite period of time
4. Loud deep sound
9. U. S. editor and author
11. Vague
14. Sun god
15. Carry off war
16. River in Nigeria
17. Norse county
19. Pottery
21. Jacket
23. Hitch-priced
24. Not brief
26. Avail oneself of
27. Arm joint
29. Hebrew patriarch
31. High railroad (sh.)
32. Rowan tree
34. Small nail
36. Mother
38. Authoritative
39. Tacres
40. Imbodent
43. Dutch commune
45. Fatigue
47. Tube
48. Period of history
50. Entles (dial.)
53. Title
55. Large body of water
56. Minute orifice
57. Leave
58. Taking part
61. English cathedral city
62. E. Indian coin
63. Toward the stern

DOWN
1. Glossy paint
2. Hypothetical force
3. Recently acquired
4. Stately
5. Beaver State
6. Morning (sh.)
7. Umbrella part
8. African tribe
9. Lazy
10. Dog house
11. Turkish decree
12. Dress leather
13. By birth
18. Flaps
20. Overbearing person
22. Top of a building
25. Clothing
28. Legal document
30. Musical instrument
33. Love
35. Platform
36. Part of a Doric frieze
37. At the apex
39. From a warm climate
41. Faucet
42. Wading bird
44. Corundum
46. Run off to marry
49. Corrode
51. Gouch
54. Pinch
56. (fr. It)
59. One hundred one
60. In case

Answer elsewhere on this page.

THE MUSCLES OF YOUTH — Young calf fights efforts of young girl to lead it through the Missouri State Fair grounds. Vicki Lea Fitchett, 7, won the battle. She was helping with Future Farmers of America exhibit.

THE FARM FRONT
by John Russell

One developing innovation in the poultry industry may tend to divorce it entirely from the farm, producing eggs in circular factories right next to cities, and eliminating entirely the long haul from the country.

The circular shape has been chosen to allow these super-modern production plants to ride thousands of hens in individual cages on a "merry-go-round" installation that will bring hens to their food, and the eggs to the hand of the collector. Machinery will do all the work rather than people; the few people needed will all be technicians rather than laborers.

* * *

Cyclo Manufacturing Company of Denver, manufacturers of polishing equipment, has operated such an experimental egg factory for six months now, housing 6,000 hens.

This is small compared to some present egg-production plants, particularly in California, but Cyclo claims its revolutionary design, when applied to units to house 100,000 hens or more, can:

Increase egg production to about 80 per cent, or 800 eggs per thousand hens per day, as against a present national average of 55 per cent.

Provide practically all Grade AA eggs, never more than 24 hours from the grocer's shelf.

And do all this at a production and wholesale cost from 10 to 14 cents lower a dozen than the present costs.

* * *

The company president, Lewis Hayden, started looking for diversification some years ago, and hired James Helbig, Colorado State University graduate, to survey the agricultural field.

Mr. Helbig in turn decided that egg production offered the most promising field for automation. "It's still in the Middle Ages, technologically speaking." He has devoted three years to the present project.

* * *

Essentially the experimental plant consists of cages for 6,000 individual birds, mounted in high tiers that revolve around the central handling place.

Each hen gets two minutes an hour to eat and drink, as her cage passes the troughs in front. She spends 15 minutes an hour in the lighted zone in which the troughs are located, then her cage passes into a "twilight zone" for the next 45 minutes. At night the whole installation stops for 10 hours.

* * *

A girl technician now collects the eggs by means of an elevator that moves up and down the face of the tiers and keeps a punch-card record of the performance of each hen. Hens that don't produce are sold.

Health is extraordinarily good, and precautions are taken to keep it so.

Most of the cost of conventional henhouses is in air conditioning. Mr. Helbig says he studied this problem afresh, coming to the decision that the only practicable shape is circular. His design offers adequate air conditioning at a basic cost only about 20 per cent of that of conventional houses.

Basically the problem is to remove body heat. No outside heat is necessary even in winter, and most of it must be thrown away to keep the birds healthy Both temperature and humidity are completely controlled, writes Roscoe Fleming in the Christian Science Monitor.

* * *

Mr. Helbig says the birds are happy and unafraid. They talk briskly with each other, yet the separate cages prevent the usual problems of rivalry and combat. And how they lay! The 80 per cent production ratio is maintained.

One valuable byproduct is in the fertilizer which is automatically collected, dried, packaged, and sold.

In the final units everything will be done by machinery save for record keeping, and this can be done from the central station around which the tiers of cages move.

Practically all the eggs from Cyclo's 6,000-bird unit are taken by Denver's newest and largest hotel.

We Can't Keep Them All On The Farm

Suppose none of the boys ever left the farms! Have you ever visited one of Europe's countries where the land has been divided, generation after generation? In Extreme cases you would see a "farm" with little strips, an acre here, a half acre there, maybe widely separated. Under governments which discouraged new opportunities, where a peasant's sons were expected to become peasants, to slice up the property was the only solution.

From the time I was knee high to a chipmunk, I have heard complaints about young people leaving the land, and still hear the same words. One regrets to see an outstanding youth leave. Yet, what if he couldn't? Shouldn't we be glad to live in a nation where a youngster is free to choose his future, and to make the most of his abilities? Not every bright boy will make a good farmer. He may do for better for himself, and for the country, as a good professional or business man.

True, some who do have the talent and desire to be farmers decide to do something else because they lack capital. However, we seldom hear of good farms that fail to find good farmers.

The land produces more new boys than new farms. With efficiency demanding larger acreages, some of the boys will inevitably go out to become the engineers, scientists and educators that the nation needs.

The boy who is not going to stay on the land can capitalize on his farm background. Industry is looking for him, especially if he does well in college. For instance, the demand for trained agricultural engineers rises every year. Even now the supply is short. Only about 250 agricultural engineers will get degrees in 1962, as compared with 420 in 1949. The demand is active for farm boys who graduate in industrial and commercial fields. — Farm Journal Magazine.

A Room of His Own For the First Time

There are many "firsts" in one's life when one is young and at the beginning of things: but there are certain "firsts" that remain forever memorable. I had never been outside New York City itself. I had never ridden in a Pullman train or eaten in a dining car, and I had never stayed overnight in a hotel. All of these things now took place in glittering succession.

When the train roared out of Grand Central station and emerged from the tunnel at 96th Street, I sat in my seat at the window and watched the squalid tenements rush past me, in one of which, though I could not see it, I had lived all my life. I have never emerged from the tunnel since then without thinking of that first ride. I sat there not quite daring to hope that the time would come when I would never have to return to the Bronx and the poverty that dulled and demeaned each day.

In the dining car I sat opposite Mrs. Harris and Mr. Pitou, and sensed what it was like to order the food that tickled one's palate at a particular moment without thinking of what it cost. And when I settled into my room at the hotel in Rochester, I sat for a long moment on the bed drinking in a joyous sense of privacy that I had never before experienced. I would sleep alone in a room that night for the first time in my life. I did not know until that moment how starved I had been for privacy, what a precious refreshment to the spirit it is; there is no such indulgence in the realms of poverty, and only those who have lived without it can know what a prime luxury privacy is. From that moment on I began to fight savagely for the blessed solace of a door closing behind me in a room of my own. It was a long time before I could rouse myself sufficiently to leave and go to the theatre where the dress rehearsal was about to begin. — From "Act One," An Autobiography by Moss Hart.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

False Leadership Brings Ruin
Micah 3:1-6, 9-12

Memory Selection: The ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them: but the transgressors shall fall therein. Hosea 14:9.

Micah has a twofold complaint. The one is against the leaders in government which included the administrators of justice, and the other is against the religious leaders, the prophets and priests.

The leaders are described as those, "who hate the good, and love the evil." When such men are in office, woe to the people. The leaders are greedy and oppressive. They are like cannibals, feeding on the people. They "abhor judgment, and pervert all equity." They "judge for reward."

Micah's description is applicable to the leaders of some countries today. But revolution has ousted some of them. Communist leaders are certainly oppressive. But what about Canada? Frequently corruption is uncovered at all levels of government. And how much more will be uncovered at the judgment? Of course those in office may be no worse than the general run of the people. But when those in public office misappropriate funds and it is discovered, it becomes widely known. People are too apt to judge all by the few and hence men of good character are often reticent about accepting leadership.

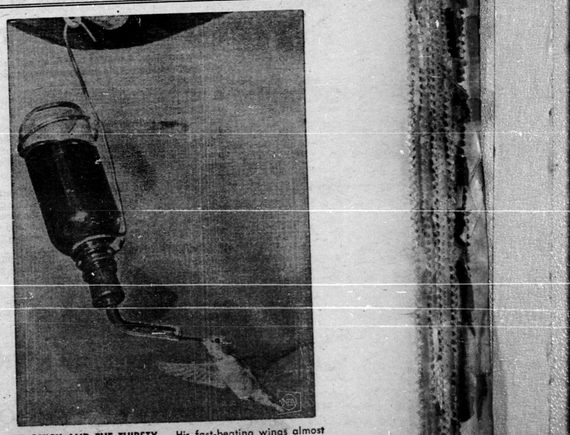
Micah's condemnation of prophets and priests was even more severe. The prophets made the people err. The tone of their prophecy depended on how much the person gave them. "The bigger the bite the fairer the prophecy." And the prophet was vicious in his denunciation of those who didn't put into his mouth.

Today there are religious leaders who depend on men rather than God for their support and who gear their message to ensure themselves of the reward. God have mercy when money determines the type of message to be given. No wonder such a prophet has no vision and turns to giving book reviews, etc. When religious leaders preach and pray with their eye on money, they can only lead people to err. We fear there is a lot of it today. We need to turn to the Bible and start obeying God.

LIKE PAROLE BOARDS

Inmates of Kilby Prison in Montgomery, Ala., have embarked on a 14-week course on "how to win friends and influence people."

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking



THE QUICK AND THE THIRSTY — His fast-beating wings almost invisible, a hovering hummingbird pokes his long, narrow beak into an outdoor bird bar. Charles Harris filled the bottle with sugar water.