Father, Daughter And Backstage Secrets

Talking shop, actor Sir Michael Redgrave and his daughter Vanessa let their guests into some backstage secrets when they gave a "saucepan session" at the Criterion Theater here recently. The young members of the audience were guests of the British Drama League.

Vanessa came onto the stage with a shopping basket and a saucepan. Sir Michael threw a sheaf of questions into the saucepan, and they were drawn and answered one by one.

A question on improvision drew from Sir Michael a story about Robert Holt's "The Tiger and the Horse," the production in which father and daughter both appeared.

He recalled that one day his dresser had forgotten to put a flower into his buttonhole — an important item in the plot. Catherine Lacey, his stage wife, made him aware of the fact when she suddenly said: "So, I see you are not wearing it," instead of exclaiming that he was wearing it. Sir Michael found himself making up some sentences explaining how he had lost the flower, and she improvised: "I'll go to the garden and pick you another."

When a questioner suggested that playing Shakespeare was "playing safe," Sir Michael disagreed entirely. Nothing was further from "playing safe" than appearing in Shakespeare, he said.

The actor is being compared with all the best actors whom the audience has seen play the Shakespeare role before. He is also up against the audience's own image of how the part should be played. New plays were less dangerous to the reputation, but so far Sir Michael had not come across many with suitable parts for him.

Vanessa told of early recollections of seeing her father in rehearsal of a Christmas play when she was five. He was supposed to be killed and thrown over a parapet. She was taken backstage to see the mattresses and other objects to minimize the fall. When she saw the performance, she had a feeling of being "in the secret, in on the game." She has been "in on the game" practically ever since.

Asked about his views of a national theater, Sir Michael said he felt such a theater should not be confined to London but should have branches up and down the country. As for the building, he would suggest two auditoriums, one for the smaller intimate production, and the other for larger productions such as Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." Vanessa would like three—an extra one for a theater in the round.

Sir Michael's "ideal engagement," he said, would be one where he worked with the same company for a long period.

"Even a year is not enough," he said, "because at the end of the year the company breaks up."

At another holiday session, Judi Dench and John Stride, the Old Vic's lovers in "Romeo and Juliet," conveyed to the young audience their enthusiasm at working under the Italian producer Franco Zeffirelli. This was the first straight play in Britain produced by the famous opera producer.

At first this fiery Latin found the English actors "too mournful, too miserable," Miss Dench recalled. "He denounced us for having no fire," she said.

The two speakers acted the first meeting of Romeo and Juliet as they had originally played it to Zeffirelli in traditional English style.

This made Zeffirelli cry out in agony: "No, no, what is it . . . the end of the world?"

Mr. Stride and Miss Dench then played it taking note of Zeffirelli's coaching. By Melita Knowles in the Christian Science Monitor.

"My Fair Lady" Breaks All Records

On March 14 the Alan Jay Lerner-Frederick Loewe version of Shaw's "Pygmalion" entered its sixth year at the Mark Hellinger Theater in New York. According to Variety, the show business weekly, it is "the top musical comedy hit of all time, the most profitable, and the most widely circulated."

Since opening night (March 15, 1956) "My Fair Lady" has been seen in New York alone by 3,000,000 patrons, who have paid $17,000,000 into the box office of the Hellinger, the entertainment's first and only Broadway home.

On its fifth New York anniversary "My Fair Lady" was also playing in London, Stockholm, Sydney, Amsterdam, and Auckland. It has been acted—in suitable translation—in Copenhagen, Oslo, Helsinki, Mexico City, and Melbourne (where it stayed for 90 weeks). The National Company recessed for 10 weeks last spring to play engagements in Moscow, Leningrad, and Kiev. Lars R. Schmidt, who owns foreign language rights, is planning a Berlin production.

The total worldwide audience now exceeds 10,000,000; the total box office gross, $46,000,000. The original cast album has sold 3,200,000 copies, and there have been 30 other recordings by various bands, singers, and orchestras.

The New York run of "My Fair Lady" is exceeded only by that of "Oklahoma!" which lasted five years and nine weeks. On June 13 the musical comedy about a phonetics professor and a London flower girl will overtake the legendary Rogers-Hammerstein western. There seems no doubt that "My Fair Lady" will set a new Broadway record. Optimists feel that it may even run for another season.

PROBLEMS — Ingemar Johansson isn't worrying about his ring fights. He is discussing his box problems with newsmen in Palm Beach, Fla. The U.S. government claims he owes about $1 million.

CAPSULE PREVIEW — A model of the Mercury capsule, complete with dummy astronaut, gets the once-over by John Delia, 12. Designed by National Aeronautics and Space Administration to take the first American into space, the model is displayed at the city Museum of Science and Industry.

SPACE FOR SPACE — Every time a missile nose cone races hundreds of miles into space and thousands of miles above the test range in a few minutes, it leaves behind miles of magnetic recording tape that takes months to decipher. The taped information is valuable since it records every detail of a flight. Photo shows a small part of the 2,000 pounds (four million feet) of tape that has been amassed from 135 flights by GE-made nose cones. They represent 32.1 hours of flight over 230,960 nautical miles by 162,000 pounds of equipment. They include such firsts as the first ICMB flight of a nose cone and first object ever recovered from orbit.

TABLE TALKS
by Jane Andrews

CREAMED HAM
2 cups chopped cooked ham
3 cups chopped cold, boiled potatoes
1 green pepper, chopped
2 cups milk
Salt and pepper
1 tablespoon butter.

Combine chopped ham, potatoes and green pepper. Place in skillet and add milk.

Cook uncovered over very low heat, stirring occasionally, until quite thick, about 25 minutes.

Add salt and pepper to taste. Stir in butter and serve.

* * *

HAM-BONE SOUP
1 ham bone
8 cups water
2 onions, sliced
1 clove garlic, chopped
1 bay leaf
¼ cup pot barley
2 carrots, sliced thin
2 potatoes, pared and diced
1 green pepper, chopped
½ cup diced celery
1 28-ounce can tomatoes
Salt and pepper.

Place ham bone in large kettle. Add water, onions, garlic, bay leaf and pot barley. Cover, bring to boil, reduce heat and simmer 1½ hours. Or, cook in pressure cooker for 30 minutes.

Remove bone, pick off any meat, chop the meat and return to stock. Discard bone. Skim off excess fat.

Add carrots, potatoes, green pepper, celery and canned tomatoes. Reheat to boiling. Reduce heat and simmer for 1 hour longer, or until vegetables are tender. Add salt and pepper to taste and serve.

* * *

SPICED PRUNES

These may be served either hot with a roast or cold, as a relish.

1 pound prunes, cooked
1 cup vinegar
1 cup sugar
1 cup water
1 teaspoon each, cinnamon and ground cloves

Combine all ingredients except prunes and boil 1 minute, add prunes; bring to boil. Cool and leave in refrigerator for 24 hours.

* * *

OATMEAL QUICK BREAD

This is a slightly sweet bread, and it stays moist. It's very simple to make and can be served warm or cool, toasted, or in sandwiches.

Combine 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, 1½ cups rolled oats (quick or regular), 1 cup whole bran cereal, ½ cup raisins. In a separate bowl combine 2 beaten eggs, 1¾ cups buttermilk or sour milk, ½ cup molasses. Add liquids to dry ingredients and stir just until dry particles are moistened. Pour into a greased loaf pan (9x5x3) and bake at 350°F. about 1 hour, or until well done and browned. I used a glass bread pan, and found I had to cook the loaf about 10 minutes over the hour.

* * *

GLAZED CARROTS
1 pound new carrots
Boiling salted water
½ cup corn syrup
3 tablespoons butter

Cut off tops and scrub carrots with a brush. Scrape, if desired. Place in rapidly boiling salted water. Cover and cook 15-20 minutes, until carrots are tender. Drain well.

Heat corn syrup and butter in a skillet. Add drained carrots, simmer until well glazed, turning frequently. Serve immediately.

* * *

ASPARAGUS WITH LEMON BUTTER
1 pound fresh or frozen asparagus
Boiling salted water
4 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Cook asparagus in boiling salted water for 10-15 minutes until just tender.

Heat butter, lemon juice, lemon rind until piping hot. Pour over asparagus and serve.

* * *

CREAM JUBILEE
1 envelope gelatin
3 tablespoons cold water
1¼ cups milk
¼ cup sugar
Pinch salt
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 egg whites, beaten stiff
¼ cup sugar
1 cup whipping cream

CHERRY SAUCE
1 20-ounce can sweet black cherries
2-inch strip lemon peel
1½ tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons cornstarch
2 tablespoons cold water

Soften gelatin in cold water. Mix milk, sugar and salt together and heat in double boiler.

Beat egg yolks slightly and stir hot milk-sugar mixture into egg yolks. Cook over hot water until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Add softened gelatin and stir until dissolved.

Remove from heat and add vanilla. Cool until slightly thickened.

Beat egg whites until stiff. Gradually beat in ¼ cup sugar. Whip cream until stiff.

Fold beaten egg whites into cooled mixture, then fold in whipped cream. Turn into 1½-quart ring mold. Chill until firm.

Turn out on serving platter. Place small bowl in centre, fill with cherry sauce.

To make sauce: Drain cherries, reserve fruit and juice. Combine juice, lemon peel, lemon juice, and bring to boil.

Mix cornstarch with water, stir into cherry syrup. Cook and stir until clear and thickened. Remove lemon rind. Add cherries. Chill thoroughly.

Lizard For Dinner Australian Treat

An Australian inland patrol officer, Bill Harney, has just produced the first ever "Bush Cook Book"—a collection of more-than-original recipes used by Australian aborigines. Bill knows as much about aborigines as any man alive. For years, he has watched their ceremonies, trekked with them, eaten their foods and shared their hazards.

Now in his fascinating book he parades a rare feast of aboriginal delicacies — including such tasty items as baked crocodile eggs and kangaroo steak. The latter, Bill informs readers, is extra nutritious if served with bacon.

Aussie ovens are sizzling these days with many of Bill's fantastic recipes.

"It's not possible," he says, "to describe the flavour of the meat of the native lizards—which the aborigines have eaten for thousands of years and which I and many others find delicious. They have their own special flavour like beef, mutton or chicken."

Wife Stuttered — He Sought Divorce

When film actress Anita Ransone asked for a divorce from her second husband on the ground that he refused to laugh at her jokes or witty repartee, the Californian judge, Wilbur Powell, remarked:

"It is preposterous that you should seek to thus discard a man merely because he sees nothing funny in your remarks. I find them extremely unfunny myself.

"We live in strange times, indeed. If such suits should succeed, judges will be asked, shortly, to grant divorce just because a partner snores, lisps, stutters — or parts his hair on the unfavoured side."

Probably the judge was unaware that a divorce suit was brought on the ground that a wife stuttered. It happened in Chicago.

A Pole, Vladislaw Wraczinski, sought freedom from his pretty, young American wife because she stuttered when trying to pronounce his name. The husband complained that it made his name sound ridiculously long when she stammered and stumbled through its combination of consonants.

Equally optimistic was the Miami businessman who sued for divorce because his wife had an affliction of the left eye. The ailment caused her a wink — to her own embarrassment and her husband's jealous rage.

The demented man claimed that he was involved in a brawl at least once a week — because of men mistaking the woman's wink for an invitation to flirt.

In England, a Portsmouth chandler told a divorce judge that his wife insisted upon taking their pet budgerigar to bed with them. Not only did the bird soil the bed linen, but the husband awoke each morning with bird seed in his hair, ears and mouth.

The judge ruled that there were not sufficient grounds for granting a divorce, but advised the husband to seek revenge by taking the family Airedale into bed with him.

In a recently-published report, a London marriage counsellor stated that some wives ask for advice on how to get a divorce for such trivial things as hubby dropping his clothes around the bedroom floor instead of placing them neatly on a chair, or slopping sauce on a clean tablecloth — even because he leaves the soap to get sticky and soft in a wet soap dish.

With husbands, however, the counsellor reports, divorce is usually contemplated only where infidelity is suspected.

"Men are, perhaps, more prepared to forgive their partners' little fads and fancies, as long as they remain faithful," he states.

This does not seem to apply abroad, though. Recently a report from Calais announced that a man had sought divorce from his actress-wife because she insisted upon wearing gowns with plunging necklines.

One Tree They Cannot Kill

When an international party of nature lovers touring Europe to study the trees that flourish in capital cities reached London recently they were amazed at what they called "the majesty and hardiness" of the fine old plane trees which grow well despite London's fog, dust and soot.

One reason why these trees, known as the Londoners' own trees, are much more successful in London than any other varieties, they learned, is that they are constantly shedding their bark. And with the bark goes the film of soot and dirt left by the city air.

A London plane may reach a height of more than 100 feet in a long-lived and a hybrid produced by two trees brought to London from the East more than 300 years ago.

Among the oldest planes in London are some in Berkeley Square which were planted in 1789 — the year the French stormed the Bastille.

But the most famous of the London plane trees is a landmark in Cheapside and stands in what is said to be one of the most valuable patches of land in the City — a disused burial ground.

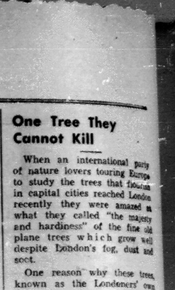
This centuries-old tree, in the heartof a business area, has long been legally protected from destruction by special clauses in the leases of shops in the vicinity. It is in the tiny churchyard of the St. Peter le Cheap, built down in the Great Fire and never rebuilt.

Wordsworth wrote about this tree and a thrush he heard singing in it.

"All love the old tree because it is a solitary thing surviving strangely out of place," wrote an authority on London. "Lonely stands the old tree through the years on land that is worth, maybe, a little fortune."

Bombing in two world wars failed to wipe out the London plane trees. One famous newspaper described them as "dauntless."

The branches of one of the trees were killed during a 1942 raid when incendiary bombs rained on it, but soon afterwards vigorous shoots appeared from dormant buds up and down its old trunk. That tree continues to flourish today.



BITES DUST — Veteran film star John Payne is recovering in a New York hospital from a broken leg received when he was struck by a car. He is the hero of TV western, "The Restless Gun."

DIOGENES CAN QUIT LOOKING — Candidate for "Most Honest Man" title, Douglas Johnson, right, receives a handshake from Brink's guard P. R. Young. Johnson found a sack of money — $240,000 — on a Los Angeles street, and turned it over to the F.B.I. The G-men gave it back to Brink's men, who dropped it from an armored car. City F.B.I. head William Simon looks on.

Wheelwrights Are A Vanishing Race

The small singing river Meon runs through some of the most beautiful country in Hampshire to join the sea in a quiet creek between Spithead, where England's fleets have assembled for centuries, and the deep channel which takes the ocean liners out of Southampton. Old cottages and barns all up the lovely Meon valley have ancient ships timbers in their construction.

Oak, which centuries ago grew as stripling trees in the New Forest close by, and in its prime went into the making of the high-pooped vessels of Tudor times, the little ships that carried the early settlers to America, and the old wooden men o' war that sailed under Nelson. After anything up to 50 years at sea, they would limp back to a breaker's yard at Fareham or Portsmouth, then the best pieces would be loaded on a wagon to be driven off the road and start life again, as part of a new-built inn, a manor house, or a snug cottage.

At the head of the valley, the hytch gate of the church has been made of them, and beyond it, the thatched home of the Ayling brothers has for all its stout uprights, wood which has sailed the seven seas. Wood—oak and box, hazel and ash—has also been the life-long occupation of William and Alfred, now in their seventies. They are still carrying on the job that has been in their family for six generations, working on the same spot for over 200 years, for they are two of the very few wheelwrights still left in this part of England.

When I came down the lane, past the long timbers stacked against an ancient tree beside the cottage, and scattering the gameocck hens pecking in the yard, I stepped into another world. A world which, almost everywhere else, disappeared quite a century ago. Logs burned in the big open hearth in the cottage kitchen, a black chain hung to suspend the cooking pot, an old iron pump delivered the water to the sink, and oil lamps gave the lighting.

The two brothers were busy making a ladder. Alfred was smoothing the treads in swift, sure strokes, with the box-wood plane he had made when he was a young man. Beyond the workshop door were two other ladders they had just completed, painted bright blue by William.

"Not much call for cartwheels these days," they told me sadly. "We mostly do wheels now when we're making wheelbarrows.

"Small wheel like that is the trickiest to make," said William, "harder than a big chap to get to run true. I started helping my father to make wheels when I was eight, but I was 20 before I made a cartwheel on my own — you've got to have had experience, so you can judge things to a fraction.

"We had to help with other things, of course," remembered Alfred. "There were carts themselves — the whole thing used to take about a fortnight and cost around ten pounds. And sheep cages, and chicken coops, and hay rakes. There was always a job waiting when you came home from school — and if by chance there wasn't — well, we'd have to go and pull the weeds out of a widow's garden. No playing — or birds-nesting."

In the lofty barns, where the great rafters reared up to be lost in dusty dimness, they showed me the oldest wheel on the premises, one that for a century and a half had been worked manually by a handle fixed in the centre, to revolve the lathe for wood-turning. There too, with shafts pointing pathetically to the roof, stood the different types of carts they had made in earlier years. The brothers surveyed them nostalgically. The demand today was for smaller things — cold frames, pick and shovel handles, rakes, and the ladders, writes Marjorie Nisbett in The Christian Science Monitor.

In the corner stood the draw shaves they had used for lightening spokes and wagon timbers, the axes for cutting the wood they bought standing, the iron beetles they used as wedges for splitting trunks, the great five-foot-long saws with their wicked teeth that they used to cut out planks in the saw-pit. There, under the shade of great oak, Alfred was always "bottom-sawyer" among the rain of falling saw-dust; William working above at the exacting job of "top-sawyer", as his father and grandfather before him.

"You always work together—do you never disagree as to how a job is to be done?" I asked them.

William shook his head.

"No, we never have once—"

"We worked together now for 60 years" nodded Alfred. "We just consult each other before we start — and we always come to terms.

"And we've still got almost more jobs on hand than we can tackle."

In the long, light evenings too, there was the garden. It was cultivated to the last inch. Honey from the white bee skips that edged the flower border, eggs from the scratching hens, butter and milk from the four grazing cows, apples from the gnarled trees almost touching the lower edge of the long sweeping roof of their centuries-old cottage — there was scarcely a necessity for which they needed to step outside the small-holding. Even the roof they re-thatched themselves, at intervals.

"The straw's hard to get, though, today. Costs £40 a ton — and it takes two tons to do that over properly!" said William.

They may live in another world. Quiet, serene and almost self-supporting. But the world which rushes down the main road bordering the village sees them by no means as back numbers, for far beyond it the Ayling brothers are known as craftsmen. That is why, not long ago, they had to catch the train to Reading, where they replaced with seasoned oak, treads in a valuable and ancient staircase. Why, recently, they harnessed their grey pony each morning, to jog down in the trap to West Meon, to do a woodwork job in the church. And, from half across the country a pair of trap shafts had just arrived for mending.

"I'll like doing them," said William wistfully, "I'd always rather be working on something that has to do with a horse."

Disc Jockey Helped Catch Himself

Death came suddenly to a twelve-year-old boy in Medway, Massachusetts, recently. He had just started to cross the road when a large car sped round the corner.

The youngster had no time to jump clear. The vehicle smashed into him, and he was killed instantly. Without slackening speed, the driver raced on.

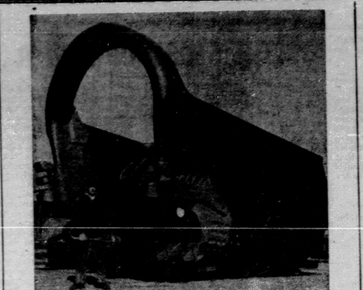
Police immediately alerted the local radio station, who arranged to broadcast messages appealing for the driver or anyone who saw the accident to come forward.

A little later, Ronald Greene, one of the station's disc jockeys, went on the air as usual with his record programme. At frequent intervals he asked listeners to contact the police if they knew anything at all about the hit-and-run driver.

Then, his programme over, Greene prepared to leave the studio—to find the police waiting for him. They had identified him as the wanted motorist by an ornament missing from his car—found at the scene of the accident.

Upside-down to Prevent Pecking

ANNIVERSARY — This is the first of five stamps marking the Civil War centennial which the U.S. Post Office will issue. This one, recalling the shelling of Fort Sumter, the opening of hostilities, will be released in April in Charleston, S.C., site of the fort.



WHALE OF A BUCKET — A worker in Danville looks as though he is about to be gobbled down by a huge drag bucket — the world's largest. It is destined for service in an open pit coal mine in Brazil, where it will take 50-ton gulps.

THE FARM FRONT
by John Russell

Entomologists know her as Hippodamia Convergens. Her admirers know her affectionately as the "Little Cow of God." And everybody else knows her simply as a ladybug. By whatever name, she stands today in high and rising favour with farmers.

A ladybug, it seems, can do no wrong and a great deal of good. She is the angel of the insect world. She eats such harmful bugs as mites, scale, mealybugs, bollworms, leaf-worms, and the eggs of all such insects known to be harmful to man's crops. Her delicacy is the despised aphis.

* * *

She is exclusively carnivorous and won't touch vegetation. She has almost no enemies. But she will attack any insect pest that is not too hard-shelled, too fast-moving, or too large. And with admirable discrimination, she refrains from attacking other "good" insects.

* * *

As if this were not enough, she is also inexpensive, easy to care for, and quite undemanding: just hose her down once in a while when she's travelling or pop her into the refrigerator when she isn't working.

More and more she is being "harvested" and made available for duty in gardens, orchards, and fields as a substitute for sprays and poisons. One of the leading harvesters of ladybugs in the world, the Lady Bug Sales Company, of Gridley, Calif., hails her as the "farmers' private army on duty 24 hours a day."

* * *

There exist about 600 known varieties of ladybugs, plained size to thumbnail size. But only Hippodamnia Convergens, the species with bright orange body and black spots, is found in large enough numbers to be harvested commercially.

An estimated 90 per cent of all ladybugs supplied in the United States are harvested on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountain range overlooking the great Sacramento Valley in California.

* * *

At Lady Bug Sales Company in Gridley, in the heart of the valley, Mrs. M. E. Nelson oversides over the packing, shipping, and closely guarded processing of swarms of Hippodamia Convergens.

Her company ships out at least 10,000 gallons of ladybugs (135,000 bugs per gallon) a year to all the 50 states, mostly to the wheat, corn, cotton, and alfalfa belts.

* * *

Ladybugs from there have watched over peanut plants in Peru, cotton fields in Blythe, Calif., birch trees in Anchorage, Alaska, and maple trees in Toledo, Ohio. They have even been shipped as far as Egypt.

Lady Bug Sales Company ships its ladybugs through regular United States mail in small packages of 5,000 (for small garden), medium packages of 30,000 (for lot-sized gardens); and in large packages of 100,000 (for 10-acre fields and orchards). The bugs cost about 7½ cents per thousand.

* * *

After they have had their fill of aphis and such, Hippodamia Convergens swarm into nests in the mountains and hibernate like bears. That is where they are "harvested." And it takes a canny sense of ladybug ways to locate their nests.

Margaret Waugh, who laughingly bills herself as "the only lady ladybug packer in the world," says that "a layman wouldn't know how to find ladybug nests or even what to look for."

Professional pickers go up into the mountains to their harvest season — usually around Christmas and again in June — and raid the nests.

* * *

Armed with plastic dish pans, they creep up on the hibernating ladybugs, pounce on their nests, scoop up ladybugs, leaves, pine cones, dirt, and all, and cram them into the pans and finally into special bags.

"They are so wiggly-squiggly," explains Mrs. Waugh, "that while you are picking a gallon of them, a quart is taking off in another direction and up your pant legs and everywhere."

* * *

Good pickers generally know there whereabouts of from 2,000 to 3,000 beds along the western slopes of the mountains. The ladybugs nest at altitudes ranging from 2,000 to 6,000 feet. They like it cool.

At Lady Bug Sales Company, Mrs. Waugh, the lady ladybug packer, and her husband, Maurice, package the Hippodamia Convergens and prepare them for shipment.

* * *

Nobody has yet devised a substitute food that ladybugs will eat. And nobody has ever successfully raised them in captivity. They have got to be harvested out in the mountains in their beds, writes John C. Waugh in the Christian Science Monitor.

* * *

A generation of ladybugs only lasts for one season. They lay their eggs, perish, and their offspring swarm to the mountains to make up the next season's harvest.

As Mrs. Nelson puts it, "Ladybugs sometimes traipse away." So each year, to keep the insect pests cleared out, several applications are made. But 75 cents worth of ladybugs have repeatedly done the work on an acre of field or orchard that $5 worth of spray couldn't.

And in some areas, particularly where crops are easily damaged by spray, there has been a decided flocking to Hippodamia Convergens. At any rate, Mrs. Nelson says her business grows busier every year.

* * *

A laboratory covering 20 square miles under the crisp Wyoming sky will be operated by the University of Wyoming.

It will be a typical family-sized ranch of Great Plains proportions—a "spread"—on which teams of university research specialists from various departments will put together all their knowledge to show how a ranch should be run to achieve the utmost in profit.

* * *

The university, a Land Grant college, has heretofore conducted many investigations into better farming and ranch practices, as well as fundamental research into problems and possibilities of soil water, and vegetation.

These have been available singly to farmers and ranchers. Now all such advanced knowledge will be put to work in this good-sized, commercial live stock operation to see how the combination may pay out.

* * *

The ranch, near Douglas, in eastern Wyoming, will also be used as a gigantic classroom to which university students and extension service classes will be taken. And the lessons learned will be made available to all Wyoming ranchers, and elsewhere on request.

Both sheep and cattle will be raised on this ranch, a herd of about 100 and a flock of about 1,000, thus discounting the tradition that sheep and cattle do not get along together any better than sheepmen and cattlemen.

* * *

Movable fences will eliminate sheep-herding, and will also divide up the range for carefully controlled rotation of grazing on pasture which is as lush as possible by fertilization and reseeding, sagebush elimination, and new types of grasses and herbage.

* * *

Everything will be carefully recorded for future study and use—from the response of the range to various types of treatment, through that of the animals to rates of stocking and grazing, dual use of range by sheep and cattle, livestock gains under various conditions, etc.

* * *

The "Northern Plains Pilot Ranch" is on land made available by Jack Morton, veteran Wyoming rancher. The information gained will be generally useful throughout the northern Great Plains.

It will take up to two years to prepare, and the first experimental period will be of 10 years. The academicians are assuming that they not only can make a profit on a commercialized ranch operation, but that they can show the way to private operators.

Use Radio To Locate Lost Sheep

Farmers in Australia no longer worry about lost sheep. Little Bo Bleeps are helping the farmers to find them.

The farmers are using the bleeps of radio transmitters to locate quickly those among Australia's 100,000,000 sheep that tend to wander.

Several of the sturdiest animals in each flock — those that tend to lead the rest — have a radio transmitter strapped to their backs.

An aerial protrudes from the top of each transmitter and every now and then a bleep is sent out. The farmer has a receiver that acts as a direction finder.

Keeping the flocks together in Australia was a colossal task before someone thought up this radio idea.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

The Source of True Wisdom
Proverbs 1:2-7; Job 28; 28-28

Memory Selection: If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given unto him. James 1:15.

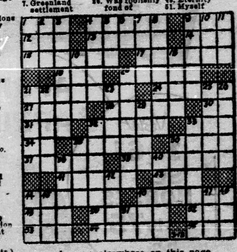
If ever wisdom was needed in the world, it is today. As I write the Congo crisis deepens and the withdrawal of South Africa from the British Commonwealth emphasizes the tensions that exist in Africa. A letter from missionary friends in the Congo area tell of the missionary refugees who have come to their home and of two who were slain. The turmoil and unrest as reported in the newspapers are not exaggerated. John Kennedy's flashing smile, so attractive during the presidential campaign, has given way to a sombre serious contenance as he has the responsibility of making important decisions regarding Cuba, other Latin American countries, and economic and other problems. We should pray for our leaders.

Where can we find wisdom? In the eloquent passage in Job 28:12-28 the speaker points out that it cannot be gotten for gold, but "God understandeth the way thereof, and He knoweth the place thereof," and says to man, "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding." It isn't some new philosophy we need. We must act on the principles of righteousness that we understand right now. We must turn away from sin, confess to God and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ for our salvation. If multitudes of people around the world would do that, it would be reflected in the lessening of world tensions everywhere. We who have the light of the Gospel should lead the way. I'm tired of hearing people say, "Oh, I'm not really living as I should, but I'm really not so bad. I think I'm as good as the average." This is not enough. "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." James 4:17. We must walk in all the light that shines upon our path from God's Word. Jesus said of lukewarm Christians, "I will spue thee out of my mouth." Revelation 3:16. We must awaken from the lethargy that has befallen upon us before judgment comes.

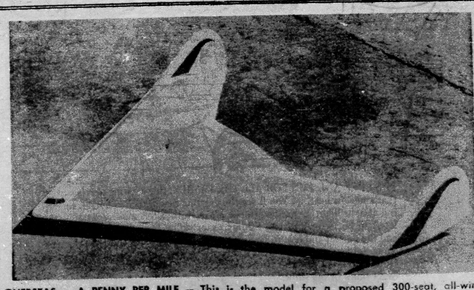
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Dude
4. Lazy
9. Brood of pheasants
12. One of David's rulers
13. Incensed
14. Acknowledgment of a debt
15. Fortifications
17. Put side by side
19. Excavated
20. Bush
21. Theatrical hit
24. Mountain nymph
27. Arctic genus
28. A thing found
30. Show Me State (ab.)
31. Cover
32. Lead
33. Fragment
34. Business matter
35. ----- Blasco, actress
36. Confront
37. Allude
39. Lubricated
41. Eared seal
43. Humor
44. Decanter
46. Cat
48. Disclosed
50. Thighbone
53. Contradiction
58. Firmament
54. Happy phase
55. Even (contr.)

DOWN
1. Gone-bearing tree
2. Native metal
3. Pungent
4. Tardier (humorous)
5. Bitter vetch
6. Father
7. Organized settlement
8. Censure
9. Daughter of Tantalus
10. Peacock butterflies
11. Payable
14. Hall (Gr.)
16. Chaste
18. Wiry
22. Of the sun
23. Omit in pronouncing
25. Babyl. sun god
26. Priest's vestment
28. Way foolishly fond of
29. Gorman river
32. Large cud-chewing animal
33. Small fortress
35. Bristle
38. Default
39. Age of man
40. Pitchers
42. Coarse grass stem
44. Lettuce
45. Diving bird
46. Sport
47. By birth
48. Sinewy
51. Myself



Answer elsewhere on this page



OVERSEAS — A PENNY PER MILE — This is the model for a proposed 300-seat, all-wing supersonic air liner. Its British designers say it could cut transatlantic fares to $31.