### When a Texas River Ran Red

Kidnappings, hold-ups, gangs ter shootings . . . not a day passed without a crop of vicious crimes in Texas that year. Murders were so frequent they scarcely rated more than a few paragaphs in the newspapers.

Even a \$100,000 hold-up on the railway, when the United States mail was stopped at Fort Worth, hardly caused much lifting of evebrows. Then came the disc

three naked bodies in fish bas-kets at the bottom of the Trinity River. This triple slaying really It was a boy at play beside the river who brought the killings to light. He noticed that the water

was running a strange colour. "Hev. Dad," he called, "come and see-the river's turning red!" His father, a waterman, looked but could see nothing unusual so he went back to his job. The boy went on playing.

Presently he got out among the reeds. The water wasn't red there any more but clear, so that he could see right down to the And, peering at the fish,

saw the thing that looked like a huge lobster pot, down on the bottom of the river. "Hey Dad," he cried, "look

His father took one look and then shouted to the other watermen who were working nearby. They decided to go fishing for what they had seen. It took them some time to bring the contraption to the surface, it was It was a cage formed out of

steel wire and it had been weighted with bags of concrete. There was nothing of value in the cage - just shabby men's When they had been sorted out there were three sets of clothes. But there was no clue

to the owners.

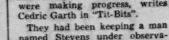
Their suspicions now fully aroused, the watermen got out

aroused, the watermen got out their equipment and began to drag the river, Soon there was a fudden pull on the rope. Something bigger had been eaught. After much manoeuvr-ing, the drags slowly brought it up to the surface. Wires showed first; it was a second and bigger cage. Then to the horror of the watchers, pink flesh came into view—human bodies without a stitch to cover them. Here were the owners of those sets of This cage was also weighted

with bags of concrete. But fo the boy's keen eyes the bodies would probably never have been found. They had been in the water for only twenty-four hours. Although there was nothing on the bodies to identify them, the dead men's photographs were taken in the mortuary and the police set to work to trace them. Soon it was revealed that two of them were brothers named Rutherford and the third a man called Strudevant. But there was to lead to the killers because the victims were not known to have

belonged to any gang. Weeks dragged by. There were further killings, kidnappings, holdups for Texas was in the grip of an unparallel crime wave that winter of 1933. But despite all their efforts the police failed o get a line on the mystery of the bodies in the cage. Then one day came a whisper

on the grapevine—the killings were linked with the \$100,000 mail train hold-up. However, there was still no clue to enable the mail-robbers to be traced. But while the police were ISSUE 49 - 1961



His house was surrounded. When detectives crashed in they nearly lost themselves in secret passages and underground tun-

But Stevens was grabbed before he could use an escape exit and the police had time to explore at leisure. Taps on the woodwork reveal-

backyard were some lengths of wire. The manufacturers had provided it in rolls for fence cona purpose.

bery and the river killings was established but much patient investigation had to follow before the secret of the triple tragedy was exposed. When it came it was as sinister as any gangster records could show even in Texas.

Stevens was the master-mind behind the robbery. He and his lieutenant, gunman Bill May, others to carry it through.

"Chance for you boys to prove your worth," said Stevens. There was nothing wrong in

its way to Stevens' hide-out.

at a different hour-and each man in turn was shot in the back. A truck engine was kept running with a defective exhaust

who did the dirty work.
When the second cage had been sunk beneath the surface Stevens and May could fancy themselves safe. And so they would have been but for the observant

Stevens was a man of iron nerve. He had liquidated his assistants with the same nonchalance that he faced the jury. He showed no regret for the killings but complained that he had been put on trial in a Federal court: in a State court

seven years' imprisonment; Bill May got twenty-five years.



feller and his wife have decided to get a divorce.

were making progress, writes Cedric Garth in "Tit-Bits".

named Stevens under observa-tion. He was a suspect with a record; rum-running and drug-peddling were his known activ-ities and he had been in jail.

ed secret recesses with sliding panels—and behind them white packets, containing drugs. More interesting still, in the

truction but these rolls had never been used for so innocent The jagged ends matched up

with the cuts on the wire from the cages fished from the Trinity River. Bags of concrete were also found in the yard. The link between the mail rob-

planned the hold-up, employing Some young recruits were taken on for the occasion — the Rutherford brothers and Strude

the planning; the hold-up went off without a hitch. The young men made their getaway with the mail and all of \$100,000 made

The recruits waited for the call to receive their cut. But Stevens sat tight. They grew insistent; he named a date. All three were told to report one night at the lonely wharf which Stevens used for his rum-run-Each man was told to report

to drown the sound of the shots. "Dead men tell no tales" was Stevens' motto — and it was cheaper that way. He and May shared the dollars between them with no cuts to pay to the men

Even by gangster standards

would have had less reason to fear the outcome.

His money talked in Texas, and his political pull, he was convinced, would have gained him a pardon. But faced with the G-men and a Federal court he was powerless.

He was sentenced to twenty-

If fluoridated water is used to wash the city streets will it help to reduce the cavities in the

RECEIVES A GIFT - Smiling Queen Elizabeth stoops to receive a gift from a little girl during a visit to the Queen Elizabeth Day Nursery in Accra, Ghana.

# TABLE TALKS Jane Andrews. On the big day when the | tities proportionately for a small-

Acorn squashes are available

now and very delicious they are, too. But unless you steam them first, the baking takes so long

First, wash and cut them in

the size and remove seeds and

stringy pulp. Put them in a steamer with the insides down

so as to get the steam. Remove

utes. Perfectly delicious!

turkey is to be cooked, wash it and rub the inside with 1 table-spoon of salt. Stuff the neck and body cavity lightly with stuffing. Truss and place, breast side up, on a rack with a thermometer in place between thigh and body. Cover the turkey with an oil-

that many housewives pass them up altogether. drenched cheesecloth or use aluminum foil over the top to prevent over-browning of the breast. Roast without cover or water in a 325° F. oven accordor to an internal temperature of 190° F. ing to schedule on the wrapper Allow bird to stand in roasting pan 15-30 minutes after it is done so that juices may be absorbed. Remove all trussing equipment, such a skewers and cord. Place

bird on a warm large platter. Use a simple garnish so as not to impede carving. Use a lace paper doily, folded once across, to wrap bone end of drumstick. You'll need a very sharp, thin-bladed knife and a fork with a guard for carving. Carve enough mea at one time to serve all guests. . . .

turkey at a time.)

12-15 pound turkey.

. . .

STUFFING

1/2 pound bulk sausage 2 tablespoons butter

½ cup chopped onion

2 cups diced celery

2 teaspoons salt

14 teaspoon pepper

Fry sausage meat

stand 5 minutes.

2% cups water

2% cups packaged precooked

1/2 cup chopped celery leaves

1/8 teaspoon each, sage and

4 pounds diced, peeled, fresh

skillet until browned. Add but

ter and onions and sauté about

minutes, or until onions are

golden brown. Add remaining

ingredients, except apples. Mix Just to moisten all rice. Bring quickly to boil over high heat.

Cover, remove from heat and le

Next, add diced apples and mix lightly with a fork. Put stuffing into turkey. Do not pack tightly. Roast at once.

This recipe makes about 11 cups of stuffing. Reduce quan-

There's one very handsome "This will be my husband's and festive dessert called Heavfirst time for carving a turkeyenly Pie, a named derived no can you give him some tips that doubt from ejaculations when it will give him confidence in his job at the table with all of us looking on?" a young woman is first tasted. It's lemon in flavor, and truly worth the time it takes. Sift together 1 cup sugar and asked.

1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar. Beat 4 egg whites until stiff but not When you place the turkey on the table, the tail should be at the carver's right. Cut the leg and thigh in one piece from the turkey. Have an extra dinner Add the sugar gradually dry. Add the sugar gradually and beat thoroughly. Grease a plate beside the bird, and place the leg and thigh on it. Cut drumstick from thigh, then slice the meringue in it carefully, trying not to spread it too close to the rim. Hollow out the center pieces of dark meat. Cut into the white meat parallel to wing.

Make a cut deep into breast to to form a shell. Bake at 275° F. for one hour, and then cool thorthe body frame parallel to and Beat the 4 egg yolks slightly and beat in ½ cup sugar. Add

3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1
tablespoon lemon rind, and ½ as close to wing as possible. Beginning at front, starting halfway up the breast, cut thin slices of white meat down to the cut

teaspoon salt. Cook this mixture made parallel to the wing. The in a double boiler until it is very clices will fall away from turkey thick. Stir it constantly and cook as they are cut to this line. (Carve only one side of the approximately 8 to 10 minutes. Let the custard cool, then stir in ½ pint heavy cream, whipped. Fill the meringue shell with this Here is a special stuffing that custard-cream mixture then covcalls for sausage, apples, and rice. The amount here is for a er with another 1/2 pint of cream, whipped. Chill 24 hours in the refrigerator. SAUSAGE AND APPLE

## Sandpapering Eggs Requires Know-how!

sorted the eggs by small, medium and large. Double-yolkers were kept for home use. So were pee-wees, which are the small eggs laid by new pullets, or sometimes the last egg a hen lays in her current clutch Suddenly appears a letter from Roger Thompson of Marietta, Georgia, who wants to know why a man named McCausland was the last egg a nen lays in her current clutch.

I would explain to Mr. Thompson that this is not only a tedious job, but it is a ticklish one. An egg, as you grasp it in your left hand and leave the top exposed sandpapering eggs in a recent dispatch. Since I supposed every-body knows that eggs get sandpapered, it hadn't occurred to me to elucidate this portion of that treatise. Come to think of it, if for sandpapering, has nothing that resembles a handle it is not firmly secured. Then, as you reach over with a piece of sandyou didn't know it got done, it would sound strange, wouldn't it? Frankly, I lost touch with the Frankly, I lost touch with the poultry business long ago. So much about farming, today, is on the assembly-line scale, and they've made the hen as automated as anything. People who don't know about sandpapering eggs probably don't know, either, eggs probably don't know, either, paper and scrub it, the coeffi-cient of friction poses a hazard. It is easier than you think to

have egg-scales then, but we

a cupboard. Experience helps prevent this, but even with an

oldtimer it happens now and

then.

We had a cat who would come

galloping up at the crunch of an egg and eat it, and this is a good

arrangement because gathering up a fractured egg otherwise is

messy. Some sandpapers were agile, and could reach out and

catch a flying egg before it hit anything, although when they missed and simply hastened its

course they became desponden

Eggs are not made for slapping

fectly all right, and a am sorry I neglected to explain it the first time around.—By John Gould in the Christian Science Monitor.

Experts in varied branches of

archaeology, folk customs and race relations intend to consider

all types of beads worn by men

present day.

Many researchers are risking

their lives among strange tribes

During a recent bead safari in

the Kigoma district of Central

Tanganyika, a researcher at-

tended the crowning of a young

chieftain. The ceremony, con-ducted in the open-air and watched keenly by the whole

tribe, conformed to ancient rites. The new chief, wearing a

leopardskin cloak, mounted a stool covered with sheepskin. Erect and proud, he held a cere-monial bow-and-arrows in one hand and, in the other, bran-

As a climax to this strang

ritual, the presiding witch-doc-

tor killed a chicken, and from

its gizzard extracted white beads.

the symbols of purity and power.

He threaded these on to

string, tied pieces of

young man's neck.

perly invested.

hung the necklace about

The new chief was now i

Helena issue. St. Helena i

famous as Napoleon's place of

exile and place of his death.

to study their beads and other

ornaments.

and women, civilized and sa vage, from ancient times to the

Risk Their Lives

To Study Beads!

that hens, today, have tabulated by electronic machines. Fact. Just this summer a national prize of \$1,000 was awarded to one of our Maine poultry specialists, and his over-all contributions to the general farm picture, the basis of the award, depended heavily on his bookkeeping program. He has the computations for Maine chickens done, as an after-hour manipulation, by the Bath iron Works, which builds ships. They have these machines to figure out engineering prob-lems, and there's room left over to count eggs. This is the truth I'm not making it up.

So I imagine that if eggs are andpapered today, they are thus processed by machines, and everything has changed. But in my poultry-fancying days, we sand-papered them. A very fine sandpaper, and it was possible to buy around the fingers, like a part of a glove. We didn't bother, we just used sandpaper from the woodworking shop, and tore it in strips as needed. It worked just

The sandpapering was to clean The sandpapering was to clean the eggs. Not every egg was dirty, but now and then an unkempt old biddy who had been lolling in the wet spot by the sinkspout would suddenly set up a clamor and race for the nest. If seven or eight tidy and fastidious hens had preceded her, there would be seven or eight nice clean eggs which she could walk around on and leave in a halves or quarters according to walk around on and leave in a sullied condition.
You can, of course, wash an

when you can insert a fork through the inside. Sprinkle with egg. But the natural emulsion which coats the shell on the outsalt and pepper and stir lightly. side is related to the length of time an egg stays decent. An egg that is washed, and then thrust Add butter and brown sugar and stir again being careful not to break the shells. Place in a pan into a crate, and kept around for with a little water and bake in a week, and then displayed for the oven at 350° F. for 15 mina few days in a store, and then sits around a kitchen waiting for an omelet, is likely to peer out Acorn squashes lend themselves to many variations. To make them the main part of a at you from within and make you speak ill of the farmer.
That same egg, if any barn luncheon, fill generously with corned beef hash, or scrambled

hamburg, or maybe mashed po-tato and deviled ham. off instead, would still be bright and alert and full of kindness. The term "fresh eggs" is a rela tive thing-some eggs two weeks old can be better company than a new one that hasn't been properly brought up. Indeed, consumers might fret now and then if they knew the time element of certain perfectly good eggs. But washing an egg was bad practice. You could sandpaper them,

A duck egg, of course, can be washed. In the spring, before the ducks settle onto a nest, they will often drop eggs around the farm in odd places, and many of them will be muddy. Nature defends her own, and the egg is made so a sopping wet old mother duck can clamber aboard her clutch and not damage them. A wet hen bestriding her eggs, if she overdoes it, can adversely affect the As to Mr. McCausland, he was

going about what we all did. We'd get a basket or two of eggs every night, and after so many nights it would be time to pack a crate. Sometimes the man who bought eggs came once a week, and we spent the evening before getting the eggs ready. Each was inspected for cracks, and sometimes we candled them for interior imperfections. We didn't

ARCHES TRIUMPHANT—The prize winning design for the Priory School chapel, a Roman

Catholic college preparatory school, takes concrete form on the St. Louis campus.

## We Used To Work for Our Skating Fun

the town to provide skating rinks for the children seems to add no for the children seems to add no great compliment to our children, and suggests a social decadence worth contemplation. November was the beginning of our skating season, and a wide program was sarried out without any burden the taxpayers. Recreation was on the taxpayers. Recreation was not deemed a political responsibility then, and the socially correct youngster didn't require high-laced skating models and a special tog shop costume.

All you can do is wonder how

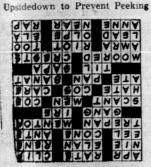
much skating would go on if the children today were offered what we were offered, and a snowstorm covered it two feet deep. In the first place, the pond and ponds on which we skated were not conveniently located in the precinct, and the distance to them was not covered by trans-portation. We walked, and all of them were at least a mile or so away. The particular pond on which I did most of my boyhood skating was not a pond at all, but a basin inside the trotting track at the fair grounds. Each fall when the pre-winter rains came water, and because even the shortest of us could stand on ground if we chanced to break rough the surface, there were no parental misgivings about our

When the first crisp fall night threw a crust on the water, we would know about it without going to look. There came a short afternoon when school let out and we ran for the "trotti park" to do our first skating.

The ice had not formed too under us. It was fun to start by the banking and get skating real fast and then go across the mid-die and feel it sag under you and make little noises. But after another cold night this fun was removed, and except for January Thaw we were all set for skating until spring runoff and time to Shoe skates were unknown to

Shoe skates were unknown to us. We wore leather boots and brogans, and our skate was just a blade with clamps that clutched the soles and stayed on if we were lucky. The older kind of skates that screwed into the heels had disappeared, except for an occasional old-timer who came down full of exuberance and relived his lost youth with us. The lived his lost youth with us. The clamp skates had a lever just above the blade that snapped tight, but the more modern skates had a keywind, and every pocket along with his jacknife, lucky penny, bicycle key, and assorted prosperity. This trotting park was arrived

at by going to the end of a lane, walking under great pines on a hillside, and following a path through scrub growth. On moonlit nights there was no problem When the moon was under-ground we often carried a lan-tern although the flashlight was coming into use, too. And almos everybody who walked along toward the pond picked up some-



STAMP DEBUT-Baby Prince Andrew, held by his mothe Queen Elizabeth II of Britain makes his first appearance a stamp --- a one pound St



We way to heat highways to keep them free of snow.

#### One farmer had new sills under his barn, and the old ones were called to our at tention. The farmer would have worked hard with a borse to haul those old timbers away, but fif-

teen or twenty of us youngsters would pick one up and carry it to the ice. Each night we brought another, and that winter we had the best bonfires I recall. The bonfire wasn't built out in the center of the ice, as a have seen them drawn in pictures, but was right on the edge of the ice

by the bank, so we could sit by its warmth and fit our skates. The thin laying of ice spread within a plank retainer by firemen with a hose, under community stipend, can never offer our children the effect of our old trotting-park rink. From the far end of the ice where we stopped to start back again the fire was a bright spot in the night, with dark forms passing back and forth in front of it, and the cold air magnifying the flick of the skates on the ice and the laughter and shouts. There was no fancy skating is

those days. I remember Don Coffin achieved fame by learning to skate backward at great speed, which he did in a circle that took up most of the pond, and if everybody would stand back away from the fire he would glide in close to the bank and leap backward through the skate by, except the music of the in the high winter sky, and we didn't waltz and prepare for the Olympics. Sometimes in day light, or if the moon were real bright, we would snap the whip and sometimes we would cross hands with a young lady and do pretext that this was by way o

When the first big snowstorn struck, the pond had to be clear ed. So everybody brought up, a crowd of youngsters can quickly clear a skating rink. What we did was shovel a place big enough to skate on, and ther attach our skates, after which we time. News that skating on our town rinks is delayed, after a storm, until the town crew can clear the ice disturbs me more than you know. And when there is skating, and mother drives in

the warm station wagon to pick up the youngsters, I inwardly recoil. I have a strong me how teeteringly we walked, after we took our skates off, up that long path through the bushes, down the road, and to the lamplit warmth of a kitchen where we got warm again, and over a cookies we finished our lessons so we could go to bed-and in our uniformed way felt a good time had been had by all, public appropriation or not.-By John Gould in the Christian Science Monitor.

#### MONTY TRIES TO COP A PLEA Piloting a chic black Daimler

Marshal Viscount Montgomery turned into a one-way street the wrong way-and rammed a sert hero paid \$42.70 in fines and costs and had the conviction entered on his license in spite of a written leniercy plea which observed: "I have been driving for 50 years; I have driven from Alamein to Berlin and I have given no trouble to anyone except the Germans." Following the court action, Monty prudently motored to an engagement in his other car, a chauffeur-driven



ark, for an "under actual conditions" test of an effec-

# THE FARM FRONT John Russell.

with its poultry display at the Anuga Fair in Cologne, West Germany-the biggest food fair of its kind in the world. F. E. Payne, Canada Department of Agriculture, reports that exhibits were submitted by countries from the four corners of the world and that the Canadian one compared very favorably with all While considerable poultry of

a mediocre quality has been im-ported and sold in West Germany at low prices, there is a growing demand for a top quality product.

And, adds Mr. Payne, there is

a willingness to pay a modest premium for it. Currently popular in West Germany are chicken broilersmostly sold through large rotisseries operating throughout entertainment districts of large cities. Europeans patronize these chicken-eating establishments in large numbers and at the same time, often pick up cooked chicken to take home. Many German buyers interviewed by Mr. Payne indicated an interest in a premium product for consumers

West Germans

production now fills domestic requirements. While Great Britain still is a country of many small producer flocks, the large ing uncooked poultry but Mr.

Canada's new policy of paying amb premiums has paved th way for the country's first accurate appraisal of lamb quality.

And, reports the Canada Department of Agriculture, the re sults have been encouraging. Livestock Division officials say that 65 per cent of the lambs graded this fall were eligible for remiums. . . . introduced August 14, the pe

licy calls for premiums of \$2 per lamb for Choice No. 1 and \$1 for Good No. 1-provided warm cargass weight is between 36 and 1 pounds. In previous years, when only

a limited number of carcasses



HORIZONTAL SILO-Old-time method of storing ensilage still is used on the Orville Fisher farm. It's known as a "trench silo," storing winter livestock feed in an open pit. Here. Felix Thummel packs ensilage into "silo," directly in front of tractor Only a thin top layer is affected by winter weather; the rest below keeps well.



vinces 35 to 37 per cent. Of 486,000 sheep and lambs slaughtered this year to the end of October, 240,000 were carcass

their the graders.

with discriminating tastes.

Considerable interest was shown in Canadian turkeys, par-ticularly lighter weight birds. Mr. Payne also foresees the pos-sibility of promoting turkey rolls and other packs of solid turkey

catering trades. Powdered egg and egg melange is in good demand, but Canada's present prices are not competitive.

on building up their own poultry industry. They propose buying wheat on the world market, sell-ing it on their own market at an advanced price, and granting a refund to poultry producers. But, he adds, it may be some years before any large inroad is made into demands for poultry imports.

In Great Britain, the poultry industry is forging ahead. Egg

supplier is coming more into the picture. Newcastle disease laws exclude the possibility of import-Payne foresees an opportunity of promoting Canadian cooked, can-ned chicken in Britain.

were graded, about 30 per cent were reported Choice No. 1 and 17 per cent Good No. 1. Yet during the past three months, with practically all lambs being graded, there were about 42 per cent in the top category and 23 per cent in the





For the last week in October British Columbia and Alberta had just over 50 per cent in the Choice No. 1 class; Saskatche-wan, Manitoba and Ontario between 43 and 46 per cent; and Quebec and the Atlantic pro-

A premium is paid by a warrant attached to the grade certi-ficate on the same basis as for hogs. Lambs must be ear-tagged and farmers' names reported to the grader at the market or pack-

ing plant.

Only hitch reported so far is that some producers have failed to get their premiums because their names were not given to Federal officials say this i likely to happen when lambs change hands one or more times buyer. Result is that some per-

credited with the lambs on the manifest given to the grader. Officials emphasize that the pre-mium is intended only for the producer who finished the lambs iambs for only a day or so does ishes them is entitled to the prenium. . . .

Farmers are urged to make sure their market lambs are properly ear-tagged and their correct name and address is list-ed on a manifest which will go tination, regardless of the mar-

Fines amounting to \$1,000 were imposed by Judge Leon Girard on a dairy operator who pleaded guilty at Three Rivers, Quebec, o 10 charges of selling adulterated butter. Emile Clermont of Cremerie

St. Boniface, admitted the of fences, which took place in the latter end of June, 1961. A Canada Department of Agriculture inspector gave evidence of finding the butter, containing fat other than milk fat, in stores a Shawinigan, Grand'mere and St. Georges. . . . The seized butter was ordered

confiscated and Clermont was also ordered to pay court costs. He was given one month to pay the fines, the alternative being three months' imprisonment

**FESUNDAY SCHOOL** LESSON

Growth Through Adoration

poetry, that of our lesson has no equal in all literature. It was

uttered concerning one event, by

an angel, two women and a man. As one reads it, he shares in the

adoration for God, possessed by the speakers. A miracle was in

the offing: the miracle of God coming in the likesness of man and establishing a kingdom of which there would be no end.

Mary's song was in some ways similar to the song of Hannah in

Samuel 2:1-10, though Mary gives to the borrowed words and

phrases a higher application.
Giving praise and adoration to

God stimulates spiritual growth. Handel's Messiah is an example of this in music and song. The

rendition of it continues to at-

tract great audiences. When the

Hallelujah Chorus begins, the people invariable stand, follow-

ing the example of the British King when he first hear it. Han-del, when after days of exhaus-tive labour, completed the work, said, "Methinks 1 did see heaven

open and the great God Him-self."

Our gaze tends to be too much

manward. We gasp at the achievements of man as he soars into space and as he builds great-

er and more destructive bombs.
We need to lift our eyes and give
our wonder and praise to God
who created heaven and earth.

In doing so we shall gain a pro-per perspective of men and the affairs of men. We shall see life

In our singing, our mediation

and our prayers, let us exalt our God and His Son Jesus Christ. In

doing so, we shall please God, lift our own spirits and influence others to behold the beauty and majesty of our God. It will be

true of them as expressed by the Psalmist, (34:5). "They looked

unto him, and were lightened:

and their faces were no

The descent into the next can-

yon was neither as rough nor a

deep as the climb out of the

opened up into a flat of two or three acres in which there were

great clumps of chuparosa aflame with red trumpetlike blossoms.

canyon we had just vacated

Hummingbirds By The Hundreds!

WHOLE.

ashamed."

blossoms. Sipping nectar from the deep cups of the flowers, they were swarming there like bees. Before coming to the desert I had always considered it a red-letter day when I saw one hum-mingbird. I had been thrilled since the sandstorms with the since the sandstorms with the sight of a half dozen Costa hummingbirds together coasting down transparent slopes of warm des-ert air. Here was a humming-Memory Selection: My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savi-

We both stopped to stare. Hundreds of hummingbirds were dancing in the air over those

bird convention!
There were big hummingbirds almost as large as warblers, tiny hummingbirds, so tiny I could hardly believe they were birds, green hummingbirds, green and purple hummingbirds, humming-birds with flaming red gorgets, hummingbirds with blue gorgets, hummingbirds of every kind, every size, their iridescent plum-

age glinting in the morning sun.
Entranced, we sank down on
the first convenient boulder and
continued to stare. The tiny birds were not afraid. Some flew within arm's length of us or perched on twigs four or five feet away, inspecting us pertly with bright jet-bead eyes. Then away they would spin to their nectar feast

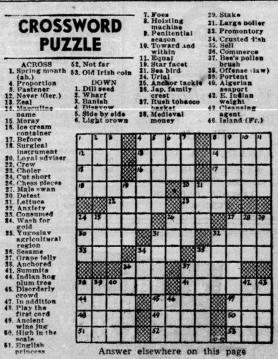
hummingbirds here. I aimed to give you a treat. But I had no idea we'd see a sight liwe this."— From "Gold on the Desert," by Olga Wright Smith.

Now that they have a method the housewife that wants to know why the idea can't be car-ried out a step further and be



THREE FOR THE SHOW -Rick Silvagni has plenty to be excited about: the egg on his plate contains three yolks.

ISSUE 49 - 1961





DESIGN FOR LIVING-Rice is spread out to dry by the No. 5 production team of the No. 5 People's Commune in Hsinfan County of Shechwan, Communist China.

TO GET DIVORCE - New York Governor Nelson A. Rocke-