Memories Of

Eleanor Roosevelt When and if I ever write that yearn to write - but never have time for — one chapter will be on my memories of Mrs. Franklin

Here are a few: A week after the Roosevelt family moved into the White House in early 1933, I dropped a letter into the mail box near my Akron home. I had conceived the wild idea

after the inauguration to interthe country's new First "I'm only a reporter from way

out in the sticks, but I'd like to come to Washington to talk with you," I told her. "I've heard you want to take flying lessons and I'm interested in aviation, too.' To my amazement an answer "Mrs. Roosevelt will grant you an interview for your pape Monday morning at 9 a.m., wrote Mrs. Malvina Scheider, the

beloved personal secretary she

always called "Tommy."

I received the letter after all Akron stores had closed on a Saturday. A kindly department manger at our biggest store, in answer to my pleadings, opened the shop Sunday so I could buy a fresh blouse for my Monday visit. I flew to Washington late Sunday night with a palpitating heart. Bright and early, Monday, I reported at the White House front door. "I'm here," I told the sur-

He read my letter and conferred with someone within who directed me where to go to get my press pass.

was then escorted to a second floor bedroom where Mrs. Roosevelt sat in her dressing gown. She was gracious, gave me a wonvery much at home and laughed at the story about her flying les-

She even invited me back to her first tea for Cabinet wives she was giving that afternoon. It turned out to be quite a famous tea as Governor Al Smith was calling on President Roosevel that day and "crashed the party." Later Mrs. Roosevelt let me stay for her first press conference with the women reporters Washington in which we all sat

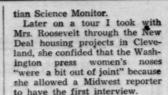
on the floor at her feet. In between my interview and the tea I dashed to the Akron Beacon Journal's office in the Press Building. Radford Mobley then the bureau chief, was amazed when he heard I'd had an interview with the new First Lady. "No Washington papers have yet carried one. Get out and offer your story to one of them," he

I went immediately to one of Washington newspaper of fices. The editor promptly bough my interview — "but we must have it exclusively in Washington," he said.

Back at the press office I found a bunch of telegrams from other papers Mr. Mobley had contacted for me All wanted the exclusive rights in their territories. ent them out I think I made more money on that story than on any other I ever wrote! But the "payoff" came later

Mrs. Scheider came over to me and said pleasantly, "Well, did you get your interview all right?"
"Oh yes," I replied. "It's already in one Washington paper."
"Oh, my goodness," the secretary fairly screamed. "I clear forgot to tell you that the story had to be read and passed on by several people first." It was too late then, writes Helen Waterhouse in the Chris-

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She also presented me at tha time with the very first orchid I ever had. I still have it, brown and faded, pasted in a scrapbook. I spent nearly two hours in May, 1935, touring the interior of the Willow Grove Coal Mine in side with the First Lady in one of miner's cap as she did.

> overalls Mrs. Roosevelt decided it would be more fitting for a President's wife to wear an old black dress and a faded sweater When we emerged from the mine she was a dust-covered and disheveled as we all were. And her in the one big house of the town immediately afterwards. I'll never forget how when we red the house, women were already gathered around the sil ver teapots. Running up the stairs Mrs. Roosevelt called back to me. "I'm going to take a quick plunge in the tub, you can be

While the rest of us all wore

In all the adventurous trips she took on this tour of the Midwest, she kept reporters hopping. She hated bodyguards, and would frequently slip out of the hotel on a sight-seeing tour of her own And I'll never forget how had to race to keep up to her long-legged stride.

Weather Changes Do Cause Aches!

Old people who say they can feel impending weather changes by the aches in their bunions, are not false prophets. Scientific investigation in the United States, conducted by Dr. Joseph He'lander, Professor of Medicine at Pennsylvania University, has traced a relationship be tween aches and pains and weather switches.

The doctor and his colleagues designed a controlled climate chamber, called a climatron. Equipped for continuous living, it cost \$150,000. Sufferers from arthritis and

rheumatism acted as guinea pigs. the control chamber for nthly term. The experimenters exposed them to periodic artificial clima-

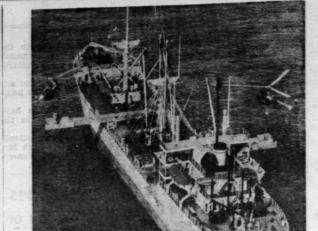
tic changes, and took note of When the barometer pressure inside the chamber dropped and humidity increased, every patient complained of more severe

Similar conditions, occurring the outside world, tell of approaching storms.

Official Secrets By The Billion!

How many secrets the United States guard in its storehouses of secrets is itself a secret, but the current estimate is that the government holds around 3 billion classified documents. That works out to at least one secret for every person in the world, There is something for every-body.

If there is a problem here (and there must be, because just stor-ing all this hush-hush stuff costs around half a million dollars a year) the government might try solving it with some kind of Surplus Secrets Disposal Act. On the other hand, maybe the government ought not to try to share the burden. Most of us common folks have trouble keeping only one secret. - The Sun (Balti-



FLYING CRANES - The U.S. Army's ability to transfer cargo from a moving ship is demonstrated in the James River near Fort Eustis, Va., by two helicopters using new experimental "ship's wings" mounted on the Army ship Hickory Knoll. The portable wings each have a 9,000-pound payload capacity and are being modified to allow direct land ing of helicopters for transfer of troops or evacuation of wounded. Helicopters can pick up two tons of cargo every two minutes from the vessel by using both of the wings.

Around The World In A Two-Cylinder Car

hands.

flung himself at the nearest Bur

wrest the carbine from his

stomach. For a few seconds the

wild struggle. But it was hope-

Outnumbered, tired and in

More than ten months earlier,

on October 9, 1958, the two

Baudot and Jacques Sequella,

both in their twenties, had set

They chose a tiny, two-cylin-

power air-cooled engine. With

their unusual suspension and

distinctive body-work these cars

look like speeding, corrugated

iron beetles. But they are mir-

acles of engineering design and

whatever they may lack in ele-

eliability and endurance of a

gance they make up for with the

For two years the young m

prepared for the adventure. Be-

fore they could start they wrote

585 letters and presented 100

photographs, fifty copies of their

mal certificates and eight certi-

obtain forty-four visas.

the Mediterranean coast...

ficates of residence in order to

Finally, with every formality

completed but with the mini-

mum of equipment and very

little money, Jacques and Jean-

Claude headed south from the

capital towards Port Vendres on

The two Frenchmen had little

awaited them or of the hazards

have to face in the months to

were guests of honour at an

Arab feast which lasted six days.

They also witnessed a bitter

moonlit death duel between two

Tuaregs, the clash of the broad-

camped on the outskirts of the

city and bedded down for the

night. In the morning they

awoke to find that the canvas

hood of the Citroen had been

night air.

oladed swords ringing in the

oirth certificates, twenty baptis-

der Citroen with a five-horse-

out from Paris to drive around

oung Frenchmen, Jean-Claude

senseless to the ground.

the world.

The small French car slithered to a halt before the fallen | mese in a desperate attempt to tree which blocked the narrow track through the dense Siamese

With sighs of resignation the driver and his companion wear-ily got out and walked forward see if it was possible to lift the obstacle aside, or find some way round it.

The night was dark, the air hot and damp and choked with the foul stench of decaying vegetation. Clouds of insects danced in the beams of light from the headlamps and on every side the jungle trembled with strange sounds. Intent on their inspection, the

two men were suddenly con-scious of movements behind them. They spun round, but it was too late. They were surrounded by eight bearded thugs, armed with a variety of deadly weapons four rifles, two carbines and two

vicious, razor sharp kukris.

The travellers had fallen into the hands of Burmese outlaws who had crossed the border into Thailand to rob, murder and pillage. The bandits indicated that

while one of their captives should get back into the driving seat, covered all the time by an unwavering rifle, the other should take off his shoes to make it impossible for him to

Then, with the bare-footed prisoner pushed roughly ahead of the car, they set off down a barely recognizable path. Progress was slow and diffi-cult. With his feet torn and bleeding, the man on foot col-

lapsed twice, but was forced up again at knife-point.

When he pitched forward on to the ground for the third time, however, he refused to go any For a moment it looked as though the bandits would kill

him on the spot, but after some discussion they made his friend change places and then the painful, harrowing march was re-Five hours after the ambush, the bandits called a halt in a small clearing. As the driver of

the car was hauled from his seat, his companion was left momentarily unguarded, Summoning all his strength he

> ripped open with a razor and their money and clothes had been stolen. The reaction of the chief of police, when they reported to him, was one of surprise. "And you are not dead? How lucky!" He explained that it is rare indeed for a thief in that city not to murder his victim! Life is cheap in Johannesburg. A murder can be arranged for a

little as a shilling. In Brazil it took Baudot and Sequella twenty days of persistent badgering, form-filling and bribery to clear their car through customs. This was a re cord they were told, some of the large and expensive American cars standing on the quay had been waiting two years for

From the Mexican border they drove to New York in five days. stopping only to refuel and to eat at roadside cafes. In San Francisco they found themselves penniless again and Jean-Claude took a job as a shoeshine boy. On the boat from San Francisco to Yokohama, travelling economy class, they invested all the money they had in the world—\$10—in a game of poker which went on, in shifts, without

nights and at their destination they tottered down the gangway,

richer by \$390. Mile after mile, co country the little Citroen ate up the world. In Japan, to earn money, the adventurers posed a models in a shop window; Hong Kong they camped in the foyer of a luxury cinema . and in Thailand there were the

When the two men regained their senses, they found themselves tied to a tree. Their captors had disappeared. Bitten by ants, stung by mosquitos and with heads blazing with pain from the blows which had felled them, they soon relapsed back into semi-consciousness. It was morning when they

woke again to find that a downpour of rain had slackened their onds and that they could struggle free.
Barely 100 yards away stood their deserted car and scattered

around it were a few of their belongings. Taking stock, they found they had been robbed of more than \$750 worth of equipment. Undaunted, they trave On arrival in India the customs dismantled the Citroen bit by bit, including the tyres, searching for smuggled gold and

then, finding nothing, charged the infuriated Frenchmen for both the dismantling and the re-On November 9, 1959, Baudot and Sequella drove into Sofia. Three days later they were in Paris. The long journey was over. For the first time in his-

The thug doubled up, gasping tory a French car had circled the for breath, winded by the knee Gallantly the now-battered that dug deep into the pit of his two-cylinder Citroen had surclearing was the setting for a vived tropic heat and sub-zero cold; roads that were rivers of mud and desert tracks so rutted that after each bucketing mile it was necessary to stop and tightgreat pain from their injured feet, the two men were no match en nuts and bolts. The car's gearbox had, in an for their captors and soon swing-ing rifle-butts sent them reeling

gency, been stuffed with a lozen bananas as an improvise ubricant and had functione uccessfully in this way for 18

The full story of this ing global trip is told in the ella. It is an account of enter told with great humour and exllently translated by George

Corpse "Identified" **Twenty-six Times!**

When a girl in her early twer ties was found shot dead on a road near Kansas City, identifihair, freckles and unusual birth-Sure enough, more than 150

people "positively identified" the corpse. The police added up this evidence-and found she had been recognized as no fewer t twenty-six different girls. Each of seven different mothers thought the murdered girl was her daughter. Husbands,

all claimed the dead girl. After seven months' investiga tion, all the twenty-six girl ound to be alive. The police still had an unknown corpse on their hands.

They checked the case histories

others and even a "twin sister

of 13,000 missing girls and sent out more than 5,000 photos of the girl, retouched to show her as she had been when alive. They compared the clues in 585 other cases of shooting. After a year's fruitless investigation, they buried the murder victim as

"Nameless." The other day the case was officially considered closed, after twenty-five years. The identity of the girl whom 150 sorrowing relatives identified remains mystery.

He Blew His Top For Millions To See

These are excerpts from Rich- | can say is this: For sixteen years, ard Nixon's farewell press con- ever since the Hiss case, you've ference at the Beverly Hilton had a lot of fun-a lot of fun -Hotel the morning after defeat that you've had an opport by Gov. Edmund G. Brown:
Good morning, gentlemen given as good as I've taken. It Good morning, gentlemen . . . given as good as I've taken. It Now that all the members of was carried right up to the last the press are so delighted that I day . . .

have lost, I'd like to make a statement of my own . . . It's time that our great newspapers have at least the same objectivity, the same fulla heart, even though he believes ness of coverage, that television I do not.
I believe he is a good American, even though he feels I am

| And I can only say thank God for television and radio for keeping the newspapers a little

defended my opponent's patrio-tism. tlemen, now and you will now write it. You will interpret it.

I am proud of the fact that I The last play, I leave you, gen-

You gentlemen didn't report it, That's your right. But as I leave but I am proud that I did that. | you I want you to know -



A GOOD SORE LOSER - At his news conference in Los Angeles, Richard Nixon concedes his defeat in California's gubernaturial race to Gov. Edmund (Pat) Brown.

wish they could have gotten out a few more votes in the key precincts, but because they didn't Mr. Brown has won and I have lost

This cannot be said for any you. But unlike some people, other American political figure live never canceled a subscriptoday, I guess. Never in my sixtion to a paper and also I never teen years of campaigning have I will.

complained to a publisher, to an I hope that what I have said

I hope that what I have said editor, about the coverage of a reporter. . I believe if a reporter believes that one man ought they have a right and a responter with rether that one man ought they have a right and a responto win rather than the other, sibility, if they're against a can whether it's on television or didate, give him the shaft, but radio or the like, he ought to say so... I wish you'd give my opponent the same going over that you give me.

And as I leaves the provential to the shaft put one lonely reporter on the campaign who will report what the candidate says now and

And our 100,000 volunteer how much you're going to be workers I was proud of. I think they did a magnificent job. I only You won't have Nixon to kick

you. I have always respe And as I leave the press, all I then. from NEWSWEEK

ok Around farm in Fall

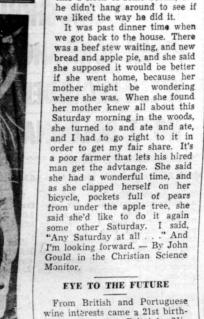
golden days of houghts into the the new season I had some tender years who into our neighbor and has not been slow to e opportunities. the came careening into the rd on her bicycle to bor-

ars under an apple and wanted to know where going. The pears really der an apple tree, and the ole world is full of wonderful like that, and I was going ods to look around. would be more than company of an imble young female eves I might look at some of the things I two used to clamber

the tractor when I struck at and I always had the notion was a family quirk, but this lid it the same way. have ridden in the e drawbar, hooked a something, and brought her close so we could talk as we rode along, here began the what's-this's hat's that brought ain into the morning of The child is father of the

irst, we found a down maple blow, and we had to toss it into the trailer, for It was a swamp le not the kind we tap for , so I had to show her how eves are different, and so bark, and the limbs have gle of their own. This led on of trees, and why have so many kinds, and kes one good for one and another another, and you know what that

is time of year the hackmaare yellow, and in a few ney will drop their spills, is always surprises every-"So it's decidu-"she said. I said, "Yes, and remember how Hiawatha his canoe?" She said, Oh,



ma seems to hug and friend "Eastor seal in San Calif. Seba's friendlifrom being brought family who consider

CROSSWORD

PUZZLE

10 Land held in fee simple 33. Agree 11. Dig from the 34. Hard question

11. Dig from the earth
13 Yawned
19. Writing implement
20 "Lights out"
21. Disturb the peace
22 Star in Taurus 39. Exquisite
23. Aged
25 Babyl. god
26. Always
27. Arrow
40. Footbail
29. Gain the victor v. 10. Soak flax 18 19 15 | [6 | 17 19 21 22 23 25 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 40

42 43 44 45 46 48 50 51 Answer elsewhere on this page

yes, the teacher had read th the whole story. "Well," I said, "The hackmatack and the tame rack are the same tree-that's the one he got fibers from."

I did reflect a mite about school teachers who face the task of inculcating poetic canon building in pupils who have no opportunity to go out and loo t trees, and in particular I reflected on Longfellow, who might ust as well have made his canoe from a hornbeam, as far as some people would care. The young lady said, "It's a pretty tree - feathery."

We pulled up at the sugar house and gave everything look: the open spring before it was filled with leaves, and we had to clean it and then wait for the water to clear before we could get a drink, and we found some stalwart hunter had succeeded in blowing the door on the sugar house into splinters with two wonderful shots. He must have stood all of ten feet away, and the little pellets peppered the outside before the broke through and shredded the inside all over everything.

This kind of marksmanship is about like slapping a squash pie with a canoe paddle, and we stood there and admired the mental level of whoever hunter was. He must be a fine addition to his family, and admired by all. We discussed the great joy that must have welled up in him as he stealthily came down the woodroad and found a house to shoot at. We swept out the slivers, and made sure nothing in the camp had any water in it for freezing, replaced the latch-peg in the battered door and continued on.

was pointing at or not, but she

We spotted a couple of stately firs, should occasion later require holiday ornaments, and we found against mosquitoes. a mushroom as big as a basketball on a stump. We saw a hen pheasant run along and jump up on a low limb, and while she sat to control the pest. This can be there and looked at us, we sat there and looked at her. Later we saw something even better. We saw a cock grouse. We had the wriggler stage. shut the tractor down and had walked through the pines out to the lower line, and I perceived a twitch, somehow, in the puckerbrush, and pointed. She wasn't sure if she really saw what I

In rough areas where there is thought she did, and I told her no danger to humans or wildlife, to be ready for a big surprise granular DDT can be spread on but to walk slowly toward the the snow, permitting treatment spot. When he took off it was like a flock of sonic booms, and of breeding places months in advance of the hatching period. Pools and swamps, mapped out during the previous season, can

she supposed it would be better if she went home, because her Curtis points out. mother might be wondering The plan offers other advanwhere she was. When she found her mother knew all about this -Granules, because they do Saturday morning in the woods, she turned to and ate and ate, and I had to go right to it in order to get my fair share. It's a poor farmer that lets his hired man get the advtange. She said she had a wonderful time, and enter. as she clapped herself on her bicycle, pockets full of pears when it is confined to the few days when wrigglers are most from under the apple tree, she said she'd like to do it again some other Saturday. I said, "Any Saturday at all . ." And

EYE TO THE FUTURE

From British and Portuguese wine interests came a 21st birthday present for Britain's 2½-year-old Prince Andrew: A pipe (two hogsheads) of port, vintage 1960, gratefully accepted Prince Philip on behalf of his youngest offspring. Next step: Decanting the wine into 694 dark-green bottles which will be stored in the royal cellar at Buckingham Palace. Next step after that: Breaking out the wine in 1981, when the Prince reaches his majority and the port its maturity.

more saleable product. cent or more moisture when stored, depending on weather at harvest and on the maturity o the crop.

temperature does not go down in four to six weeks, the grain can be augered onto the ground and cooled for 24 hours or so before return to storage. A means of



STRICTLY FROM CORNSVILLE — So preposterous are the situations and characters in the "Beverley Hillbillies" that television has a solid laugh hit on its grateful hands. Costarring in the story of an oil-rich hillbilly family in the big city are, left to right, Max Buer Jr., Irene Ryan, Donna Douglas and Buddy Ebsen, who plays the part of grandpa.

THE FARM FRONT John Russell

Winter-with the snow deep on the ground—is the time to launch the offensive in the annual war An increasing number of communities are demanding action

most easily done by treating pools and stagnant water with chemicals to kill mosquitoes in But it doesn't necessarily mean waiting for the spring hatching

period, says L. C. Curtis of Canada Department of Agriculture's research station at Kamloops,

ground is frozen. Treatment of dry ground the previous fall also is effective,

not lodge on leaves or twigs like sprays and dusts, are safer to use n areas browsing animals might -Over large areas, the treatment is more thorough than

At Kamloops, application five per cent granular DDT at a rate of 20 pounds per acre proved satisfactory in controlling the

Granular DDT consists of a special clay that has been passed arough a wire mesh and then impregnated with the insecticide. The DDT is released when the snow melts and the granules sink into the water. Use of a hand seeder is recommended for applications in small, scattered areas; for large areas, granules should be spread from

an aircraft or by means of an air gun mounted on a jeep. Granules containing 30 to 50 per cent DDT and used at a correspondingly lower rate than the five per cent DDT are recommended for most efficient application from a plane. Some provinces have legislation governing the use of chemicals in water-including larvicides—and anyone planning mosquito control measures should make sure they will not violate regulations, Curtis warns.

One of the pests of Western Canada granaries, the rusty grain beetle, multiplies rapidly in heating grain that has a moisture content between 15 and 18 per cent, warns Dr. L. B. Smith of the Canada Department of Agri culture research station at Win-

The best safeguard against the invader is to store only dry grain which, besides being less suitable for the beetle's development, is a However, in the Prairie Provinces, grain may have 15 per

If the grain heats and the



drawing cool air through the bulk in the granary is being investigated as an alternative t unloading the granary, reports Dr. Smith.

Temperature has a great influence on the life of the rusty grain bettle. Between 90° and 100°F. it develops from egg to adult in 24 days; at 68°F. this growth takes 90 days and, below 68°F. the pest dies before reach-

After a few months in storage

the moisture content of grain usually drops to 14 per cent or lower and at such temperatures the grain is fairly safe from mold and insect damage. Keeping it dry reduces beetle damage and helps to maintain market value. Damp, green, weed seeds in the

ing adulthood.

bulk in spots unless they can be evenly distributed, by spreading the grain as it is augered into

We're Living In The Age Of Beetles You may think you are living

in the Space Age. Not so. This. says Edwin Way Teale in his latest book "The Strange Lives of Familiar Insects," is the Age of Beetles. Of the 900,000 forms of animal life in the world today at least 685,000 are insects and almost one out of every three species of insects catalogued by natural science is a beetle - some a history going back 200 million years or more into the past. What is more, each insect appears in several forms during its ca-reer. Of all living creatures on the face of the earth fully nine-

tenths are insects.

Yet we know very little about them, according to this popular naturalist. His latest volume, illustrated with his remarkable Swain, introduces us to this strange form of life around us, and the facts are fantactic. Old and the facts are fantastic. Oldest living insect is the silverfish. Discovered in Kansas in 1935 was the fossil of a dragonfly with a wing-span of two-and-a-half feet. It lived 20 million years before the age of dinosaurs. Many insects have come down the ages almost unchanged. The Egyptian scarab is the same today, ants in Baltic amber, crickets that chirped for ancient Chinese emperors. Many insects keep outgrowing

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at intervals. To get food there are hunters, trappers, farmers fishermen, scavengers, and min-ers. The water beetle wears bifocals. The lacewing fly is the skunk of the insect world. The caterpillar of the spicebush swallowtail butterfly has two staring black and yellow spots that make it look like a snake to scare birds. Some insects look like leaves or sticks. Others "play dead." history of 14 of the more familiar nsects — some harmful, some

Mr. Teale also gives us the life beneficial to man. Included are the May fly whose swarms fill the air like a cloud, the cricket that sings with his legs sawing on each other as if playing a vio-lin, the tireless dragonfly, the quaint, silent praying mantis, the helpful little ladybird beetle. His once a New World insect but now found in Europe, Hawaii, Java, the Philippines, wherever milkweed grows, reads like poetry, for Mr. Teale gives all his nature writing a poetic touch. This amazing little creature migrates each year over land and sea from the Hudson Bay region to the Florida Everglades, but nobody has discovered how it gets back.

When The Snowline **Advances South**

Surely I am not alone in my eeling of delight, mingled with awe, at the sight of the season's first snowflakes, for they recall to my mind, with their soft, white rush to the earth, all that I know and wonder about their origin and their effect on the world we live in. Perhaps no element of the weather provokes such contrasting emotions as snow . . . But regardless of our feeling about it, it follows from year to year a fairly regular pattern of distribution in time and place.

Late in August the blanket of snow begins to creep out from its summer hiding place in Greenland onto the ice floes of the Polar Sea and onto the Canadian Arctic islands, bringing to an end the brief summer of those lonely stations - Eureka, Isachsen, Re solute, and others. Quickly i sweeps across Ellesmere, Banks Victoria, and Baffin Islands, and onto the Canadian mainland With no slackening of pace it crosses the Arctic Circle and speeds southward down over the Northwest Territories and Hudson Bay to the northern limit of trees. From here on its rate of advance lessens, but by the first of December it will have cover-

ed practically the whole of Can-While the edge of this huge snow cover is streaking across Canada, smaller, isolated snow blankets begin to appear on the highlands far to the south — the mountains of central Quebec, the Adirondacks, the White Mountains, and many others. In some of the ranges of the Rockies these outposts appear on the summits and begin to move downward about the time the edge of the main snow blanket crosses the Arctic Circle, sometimes even earlier. Perhaps they have to make several starts before they

It is a curious fact that man has raised some of his structures to such heights that upon occasion they, too, bear a temporary flakes that otherwise would be converted to drops of rain before they reach the streets far below. On Nov. 3, 1958, while rain fell on the rest of New York City two to three inches of snow fell on the Empire State Building Were you, perhaps, among those hurrying through the rain in the streets, unaware that snow was falling anywhere within miles of the city, while the guards on the observation platform, 1,000 feet above, were making snowballs' - From "The World of Ice," by

JESUNDAY SCHOOL

Love in Today's World 1 John 3: 11-18; 4: 7-21 Memory Scripture: Beloved, if

God so loved us, we ought a so to love one another, 1 John 4: 11. This Epistle was written by "that disciple whom Jesus loved" to the churches throughout Asia Minor. It is really in the nature of a postscript to the Gospel under his name, applying the ies-sons of the life of Christ to the needs of the church toward the close of the first century. The term love is mentioned more oft-

en than any other in this Epistle. The first Christians got their clear idea of divine love by a ted the love which God is. He laid down his life for others A rough translation for the end of verse 16 would be, "And we our selves are morally obligated to lay down our lives for our bro

In thinking of the exacting moral command that we should love one another, we may confuse love and affection. The seat tions but in the will. God loves sinners though their sins are ut-terly objectionable to His holiness. When divine love functions in our lives, it recognizes in all men their true worth as creatures self-giving love motivates us, persons are important because they are persons, not because ours. Therefore, we may love someone whose ways we do not individual with the dignity he deserves as the creature of God even if our own personal affec-Love is always kind and mercithe government of the will and grows, it sees greater worth in all men and thus even personal eelings become increasingly

molded by this great force. But love is more than a respect for the selfhood of another. Love is a self-giving and identifies itself with the needs of man kind. It rises to compassion when the need is apparent. Wherever Christianity goes we find hospi-tals, homes for the aged, institutions for the care of the down-trodden, and schools. The love of Christ must find expression in service to others. We must share the light and strength we have received from Jesus Christ.

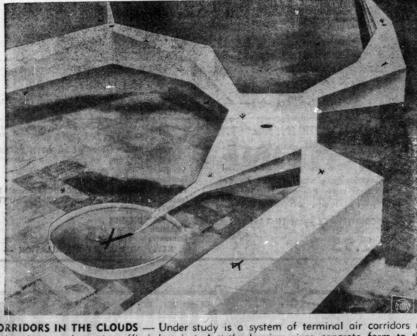
during artists skipped lightly past octogenarian milestones. Brit-ish trouper Dame Sybil Thornland, where she was performing in a London-bound musical ("Vanity Fair"). There was no too hard and the boys and girls are tired." In the south of France painter Pablo Picasso only matters when one is ageing. Now that I have arrived at a great age, I might just as well be 20."

UNDERTAKE CONDENSER



James L. Dyson.

TRYING TO STEM THE RED TIDE IN INDIA—A Tibetan refugee, her baby lashed to her back, smiles as she helps dig a road n Se La Pass in the North East Frontier Agency of India. Some 5 000 Tibetan refugees re working in the building and improvement the only road leading to the "front" from the Indian Plains.



CORRIDORS IN THE CLOUDS — Under study is a system of terminal air corridors near major airports, where air traffic is heaviest. Artist's drawing gives concrete form to these invisible highways. Aircraft entering a terminal area would be segregated by their speeds and other performance capabilities and be guided down sloping "ramps" to the runways under positive control from the ground.

