Fisherman Moves A Boat Overland

land Islands, I waited for an hour to watch young Roald Hansen, a fisherman, moving his Ocean to the North Sea. He carried out the operation in a few minutes, with the help of nis friends, and some greased boards, and by doing so saved himself a voyage of forty miles through exposed and dangerous waters. It was the most remarkable marine short cut I have ever come across, a microcost of Suez, without the canal.

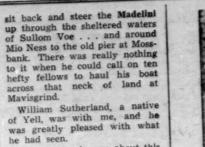
Mavisgrind is a low--lying neck of land between the parish es of Delting and Northmavine, on the stormy western side of the Shetlands near the island of Muckie Roe. It isn't much wide than the road which passes over it, but it separates the Atlantic Ocean from the North Sea. And here I record the curious fact that the level of the sea on the Atlantic side of the road is three feet higher than the sea on the opposite side of the road. The difference has been noticed for centuries, but I have never read an explanation of the phenom-

Roald Hansen lived at Mossbank, near the bottom of Yell Sound, and if he had not manhandled his boat, the Madelini, across the road, he would have faced the long and highly dangerous voyage out around Esha Ness, then up and around the Point of Fethaland, with the grim Ramna Stacks spuming thfully over his left shoulder, and then down through the criss-crossing rip-tides of Yell

He had been fishing around Muckle Roe. His boat was beached on the Atlantic side of the road, at the bottom of an incline. I got my camera out and waited. A small van came down the road at last, and out of it leaped ten men. Without wasting any time they laid greased boards on the ground ahead of the Madelini, then took their places along a rope and put their backs into a big pull. The boat slid over the greased boards. Another pull, and another. The boat moved up to the road, completely blocking it for a minute or two. Another pull, then it was eased downhill into the North Sea. The fisherman was just around

the corner from home. All he had to do was start the engine,

AVID AVA In Rome, the Mirisch Film Co., reported a casting problem with "The Pink Panther," which takes its title from the nickname of a stupendous diamond stolen by rnational jewel thieves. Set to play the female lead was 39--old Ava Gardner-until she allegedly made "excessive denands." Among them: A villa on the Appia Antica, a chauffeured limousine around the clock, and a personal secretary fluent in Italian and English. Producer Martin Jurow sought French actress Capucine for the role after telling Ava: "It's been



"I've always known about this crossing, but I've never seen it until today," he said. "I'm glad you had the patience to wait for So was I, for it was the sort

of scene that makes our north-ern islands unique.—From "The Charm of Scotland," by John Herries McCulloch.

A Remembrance Of Marconi's Mother

What she told me seemed infinitely remote. I found it im-possible to believe that she was talking about herself and my father. Rather, these were characters out of a dream. Sitting in the gray light of a London after-noon, she carried me back on the soft cadences of her speech more than thirty years to a summer

night in Italy.

The air was sweet with the scent of drying hay, she told me, alive with the chirruping of crickets, wrapping the Marconi house in a cocoon of sound. The long twilight had given way to heavy darkness and the large rooms and wide hallways, their stone floors bare, were cool and silent. It was close to midnight and my grandmother was asleep. She was waked, she remembered, by a hand on her shoulder, shaking her gently but urgently and the light from a candle her younger son held in his other hand.

"Mother?" he said and, sensing the urgency in his tone, she got up quickly, pulled on a warm dressing gown and followed him.

The top floor of the big, foursquare white house had been Guglielmo's to use as he pleased for three months. In his hands, it had become a laboratory. The family, his dictatorial Italian father and his poetic Irish mother (the old woman in the high-backed chair who sat facing me), his adoring older brother Alfonso and his half brother, Luigi, the gay cousins, Italian and Irish, all knew about it and responded to Guglielmo's scientific mysteries in their own fashions. I see now, there can never have been the slightest doubt in his mind which of them he wanted with

him that night in 1894. Guglielmo led his mother up three flights of shallow, stone steps into his inner world, full of jars and instruments. As she watched, he bowed his blonde head over a telegraph key set on a workbench under a window and tapped it delicately with one

From the far end of the long double room came a gentle, insistent sound. A bell was ringing, little louder than the crickets but with concise, wakeful clarity. Between the transmitter under his hand and the tiny tinkling lay nothing but air. — From "My Father, Marconi," by Degna.

WEST-EAST POW	ER IN '63	3
ICBMs (over 2,000-mile range)	WEST 450-500	U.S.S.R. 75-plus
MRBMs (1,700-2,000-mile range)	250	700
	1	
Long-range bombers (over 5,000 miles)	630	200
Medium-range bombers (over 2,000 miles)	1630	1400
Battleships and carriers	40	26
Nuclear submarines	12	12
Conventional submarines	212 (48)	445 (50)
Cruisers	29 (31)	20 (10)
Escort vessels (Figures in parenthesis, in reserve)	842 (256)	124 (365)
4	*	
Tanks (Figures include many obsolete types)	16,000	38,000
Mobilized manpower	& million	7,7 million



COMEBACK TRAIL - Gene Tierney stars in "Toys in the Attic," the second film she has undertaken since resuming her career. Gene is pictured with Dean Martin, who plays her son-in-law, despite the fact he's four years her senior.

Japanese Writer Recalls Early Days

October, month of cloudles october, month of cloudess blue and golden ricestalks, is called "kannazuki" — month-without-gods—in most parts of Japan. According to ancient folklore, the patron deities of the island empire's 60-odd provinces are all absent from their homes during this month. All, that is, except one—Okuninushi, ruler of Idzumo. It is to Okuninushi's home, the Great Shrine of the control of Idzums, that the other deities come, to hold their annual tenthmoon conference. A tourist in bustling Tokyo,

riding escalators in Ginza department stores or gaping at subways disgorging crowds of smartly dressed office girls, may wonder how persistent such superstitions may be. Yet it is still true that in all Japanese provinces except Idzumo, October is considered an unlucky time for marriages, while at the Great Shrine of Idzumo, it is the month of months for young couples to plight their troth.

I do not defend mythology, but Idzumo is my mother's native province, and I must confess that the story of an eastern Olympus stirs a kind of local pride. Besides, Okuninushi is supposed to have been a benevolent and laughter-loving ruler, who surrendered his lands without dispute to warlike Jimmu, the legendary first emperor of Japan. Despite the improvements in

communications that modern times have brought, it still takes a day and a night to go by train from Tokyo to Matsue, capital of Idzumo. This represents, of course, a fabulous speed-up since the railless days of the 1860's, when my Grandmother Watanabe spent a whole month traveling by rapid sedan chair from her home in Matsue to the Shogun's moated palace in Tokyo, then called Yedo.

As a child, I never tired of hearing Grandmother Watanabe tell of those faraway feudal days when topknotted, two-sworded row streets of Matsue below Lord Matsudaira's many-tiered keep. The castle, which still stands guard over the city, is now a public park, with paths where camellias perfume the air as winter yields to spring. No angry wars were fought underneath its walls, for it was built in a period when cannon imported from Portugal were already making stone

battlements obsolete. Grandmother was already a married woman when the Meiji Restoration of 1868 toppled the Shogun and the feudal system and catapulted Japan into the era of the steam engine and the gas light. But though she lived on almost into the threshold of the atomic age, she always folded her feet decorously together underneath her knees, even when traveling on Western-style trains, and she taught my mother that the tastiest way to boil rice was neither by gas nor electricity but in a heavy-lidded pot with a

slow-burning wood fire. Her speech was always gentle and well-mannered, but I do not like to contemplate what she would have said of the automatic electric rice-cookers that came into vogue some years ago and that even farm wives now de-

Grandmother Watanabe loved the tea ceremony and the sweetsour plum cakes peculiar to Idzumo that went with it. At the same time she was a marvelously efficient housewife who could lay her hands on a spool of thread or a ball of string at the very moment husband, chil-dren, or grandchildren needed a button sewed or a package wrap-

And, of course, she was a wonderful story-teller, ranging from Idzumo folklore (how the impe-tuous prince, Okuninushi's fath-er, slew a dragon and found therein a miraculous sword) to reminiscences about her own

childhood days under the shadow of Matsue Castle, writes Takashi Oka in the Caristian Science

Many of Grandmother Watanabe's stories had to do with Granofather, whom I remember only in photographs. He began his career as a samurai and Confucian scholar in the service of Lord Matsudaira of Matsue. Then came the Meiji Restoration, and changes from top to bottom and changes from top to be common in the nation's political, economic and social structure. The brightest young men from all the empire's feudal clans hastened to Tokyo and even to Europe and America, there to acquire the new skills needed to lift their country from medieval feudalism into an industrialized Western-

But Idzumo, that ancient land dreaming under the benevolent protection of Okuninushi's great shrine, was not in the forefront of this modernization movement. The Matsudairas of Matsue were one of the lesser of the feudal lords under the Tokugawa Shogunate, and their samurai sat on the fence during the upheaval that led to the Shogunate's demise. Thus they could claim no great rewards, nor did they incur any severe punishment, when the feudal system ended and a new military-civilian hier

archy took over. Grandfather Watanabe was an eager student of the new West ern learning, and would gladly have gone to Tokyo or abroad had he been given the opportun-ity. Whereas Grandmother Watanabe stuck to her sober kimoonos, Grandfather did not scorn to wear the Western frock coat, particularly on formal occasions The end of the feudal system meant the end of the samurais as a knightly class and the first steps toward the inauguration of a universal educational system

Grandfather founded a modest private school in his home, where the young men of Matsue could learn English and mathematics as well as Confucian classics. Lafcadio Hearn, the Englishman who became so enamored of Idzumo that he adopted one variant, Yakumo or Eight Clouds, as his nom de plume, was a friend of Grandfather's, and Grandmother sometimes mimicked, for my benefit, the accented Japanese in which he used to bid her good morning. But whereas Hearn had wandered over the face of the world, from Europe

to America to the Far East, my

grandfather never managed to cross a single ocean. His life, however, exemplified the changes that Japan unde went as a nation from the placid days of the Shogunate to the stresses and strains of modern nationhood. Grandfather even had a brief fling at politics, when friends and former students persuaded him to stand for the prefectural assembly under the Meiji Constitution promulgated in 1889. He made nary a political speech and spent not a single sen-a feat that probably could not be repeated in today's television age. Yet he was elected, and served out his four-year

Neither of my grandparents lived to see the greater changes that came over Japan in the wake of World War II. In Grandfather's day, the Meiji Constitution, granted by the Emperor himself and defining the ruler's position as "sacred and inviolable" was accounted a breathtaking step forward from absoarchy. In the 1920's, when Grandfather's erstwhile pupil Baron Wakatsuki was active in politics, universal man-hood suffrage was the campaign slogan of forward-minded parlia-

But after 1945, when Japan underwent defeat in war and a benevolent American occupation land reform, labor legislation and female suffrage were achieved with a stroke of Supreme Allied Commander Douglas Mac-Arthur's pen. Most of these reforms have been permanent.

Birdmen Fly OVER Their Worries

On a meadow near Cologne, Germany, a battered Volkswagen accelerated, pulling a tow cable taut, and a slender scarlet form darted over the grass and then was airborne, soaring steeply and silently. It rose to 1,200 feet, and there, as high as the cable could reach, the pilot performed two almost simultaneous actions. He pushed the control column forward to level the craft, and he pulled the bar at his left to detach the cable. tach the cable. This was gliding. Ahead were the hills of Sieben Gebrige; be-

low, highways clogged by week-end motorists. Motorless himself, the glider pilot had only air cur-rents, momentum, his craft's architecture, and his own steer-ing skills to hold him aloft. He might stay up for hours, cover-ing hundreds of miles, or if the air was light and the gliding dull he might come down in fifteen minutes, banking wide over the countryside like some huge chicken hawk, decelerating to 40 miles an hour, gliding downward over treetops and power lines, finally skimming the grass of the airfield, and coming to a halt with a correst of small human. with a series of small bumps. On weekends, good gliding

weather brings out hordes of West Germany's 25,000 licensed glider pilots. They are a varied company: Young mothers like In-geborg Tress leave their infants on the ground, where other members of their gliding clubs baby-sit for them, and philoso-phical plumbers like Klaus Tesch follow the sport because "it's ab-solutely the best way of forgetting all the world's problems. Gliding has soared back into popularity in the last ten years,

recouping the good name it had in the '20s—when it was the only kind of flying permit mans by the Versailles Treatyand lost in the '30s when the Nazis took over the glider clubs and surreptitiously changed them into the nucleus of the Luftwaffe. Today, a typical glider club is the Hoffnungsthal, near Cologne, which has a \$25 initiation fee, monthly dues of about \$1.25, and a policy of making members earn their flights by long stretches of work on the ground. Thus the chief expense of the clubs is the purchasing of the aircraft; these cost anywhere from about

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\$1,500 for "cubs" to more tha \$4,000 for heavier, better-instru feathered Visitors Arrive By Storm

With the perfection of the Twas five falls ago, I think, I first found a pair of green-winged teal in my farm pond. I may have skipped a spring or fall since, but mostly I've been around, and I was on hand this craft, nearly all risk has disappeared from gliding. Perhaps beupswing in other countries, in-cluding the U.S., where in the past five years membership in the Soaring Society of America has risen from 1,200 to 4.000 But morning when, again in a driving November rain, I found them most of the international competitions are still won by Germans, visit. (Please give me leeway as though one formerly popular event—the endurance contest to to time; "this morning" means as write. I recently wrote of pick see who could stay aloft longest —has been abandoned. In the ing luscious grapes in early September, and when the Dispatch words of Heinz Huth, the most appeared in late October I had mail asking if I'd sell some. In famous of the German glider pilots: "It was too damn cold September, I gave them away!) squatting up there." Well, the green-winged teal is

a lovely, bouncy little bird, said in the big Audubon book to be

"the sportiest of our ducks," and

must be kept distinguished from

the blue-winged teal, which is

I are not a duck hunter, as so

many of my neighbors are - we

live close to Merrymeeting Bay

waterfowl on our whole coast.

But I've explained before that my farm flock of ducks keeps us

supplied without guns, license

and duck stamp, should we eat

often "tollers" ir wild birds, which are lawfully game in sea-

son, but which find the pond a

haven. Mostly these wild birds are black ducks, but occasionally

there will be a mallard, and

sometimes a sheldrake. These varous wild birds, sliding in for a

Let me walk out by the pond

while they are in, and they will

raise the hue-and-cry and take

But these green-wings didn't. They paid no heed to me, al-

though I couldn't get too close to them, and while they were here

they seemed to be as friendly and

The green-winged teal doesn't nest near here. They winter rather far down the coast, even to Konduras, and they pass this

way in going to their summer nesting grounds, sometimes as far

as Alaska, but at least west'ard

ing, you see, the green-wing seems to go afield a mite in order

to touch down for a short week

path in the high sky was set fo

and go this way?

him in the dawn of wildlife, that he must always come this way,

My green-wings have always come in a storm. Great slanting

sheets of rain, driven by a harsh, cold no'theast wind off the Atlan-

tic rip away, and this is when I find them here. I like a storm,

and always have. I don't tackle them bareheaded; I pull on my

weather gear, and I'm warm as

for my hands and face, and I wander around to see how things

of Quebec somewhere. In migrat

me as my own pets in the same

off and be gone.

t, have no business with us

Q. I had occasion recently to introduce a woman of about 25 to an elderly man, and I men-tioned her name first instead of his. Was this proper?

mented models.

A. The woman's name should be mentioned first always, unless the man is a very important



WATT'S THIS? - This dim bulb shines with glitter and originality. It's a burned-out, Industrial-size bulb, one of several on exhibition in London by artist Isa Miranda.

Fashion Hint



NESTLED AMONG GALILEE HILLS



UNCHANGING NAZARETH - Relatively unchanged since the days when Jesus walked its street in his youth, city of Nazareth nestles in hills of Galilee, in Isreal. The city is a focal point for tourists especially at Christmas time.

gray light of what would be the fourth day, after the storm has

spent itself. Of course, I have no way of knowing if these two green-winged teal today are the same ones ed teal today are the same ones who came down five years ago. I assume they are, because I don't think this great surge of migration that goes on with the birds is than chancy, but don't they raise some young? Don't they have a flock on these trips? My own farm mallards come and go, but not by flying. One

year I sent away and bought a new drake; I have also bought new hens. The mallard is essentially a wild bird, willing to do-mesticate himself, but he, too, knew those flyways once and could probably return to them. Do these free and limber buccaneers give our lazy old mal-lards a pitch? O' come with me and be my love sort of thing? Do they tell of happy mornings in the slough holes of Manitoba, or the slough holes of Manitoba, or of warm nights when a Honduras moon sleepily caresses the swamps? Do they tell of tall ships and a star to steer her by? And do my mallards shrug indifferently and talk of security and welfare and fringe benefits?

It's a pretty wild scene up in the thick woods, to see the great limbs on the hardwoods lashing back. And down in the black growth, where the footing is soft and quiet and the wind is held back I have walked up on a bedded-down deer who, on a dry one off like a freight train. Most of the animals take cover in this kind of a storm and become sub-So as I wandered out past green - winged teal bobbing around. At first sight I just ac-

knowledged them as ducks, and then I decided they were teal, and after that I discovered them me, and since then they have done the same each spring and fall. I wonder what schedule contrives to bring them exactly here each time just as the storm breaks? How do they know. in Honduras or in Alaska, when to strike out so they can be right here for the no'theaster? I think they drop in during the evening, about the time the storm makes up, for they are there of a morn-

3. Small fish 5. Take into

CROSSWORD

PUZZLE

2. To 3. Signify 4. Cabin 5. Small island

33 34 35 36

45 46 47 48 49

51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58

60 (27)

Answer elsewhere on this page

wasted. Federal researcher Dr. C. B

He found that whole grains introduced into the animal's paunch had not been broken down appreciably by the fluids even after 24 hours. The opposite was true of ground grain. The experiment was conduc opening in the paunch, using small nylons bags through which the paunch fluids could pene-

Whichever, if either, these and corn not at all. green-wings do not use my pond as other migrant ducks do. They do not fly when affrighted, and while they are here they are as much at home as the mallards. They are foul weather friends, coming from a mystericus yon-der in a pattern of life quite be-yond our understanding, and re-turning to it again to leave us wondering — By John Gould in the Christian Science Monitor.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

Sixty-four years ago a grind-stone was ordered from a Britsh firm by a storeman in Bur ing it out was wrecked off the coast of Western Australia. Recently, members of a skin-diving club found the stone while exploring the wreck.

The address of the store which ordered the grindstone was dis-covered from the shipping company's records. And the store sent it to the son of the man who had wanted it in the first place.

Dr. Bailey said more whole grain would be broken down in normal consumption than in the nylon bags but the figures were significant enough to show the wisdom of grinding grain feed. It would take a mighty big basket to hold all the eggs mar keted through federally registered egg grading stations last year _2.5 billion of them. And a somewhat oversize oven would be needed to cope with the 430.7 million pounds of poultry handled by processing plants in the same period. Under federal regulations, all eggs and poultry shipped from one province to another, or exported, must be graded, and this s done by trained workers at To the division's Grading and Inspection section and its field corps of 135 inspectors goes the

job of making sure that the produce measures up to the grade Grade checks are carried out at registered egg grading and packing stations and regist poultry processing plants. Exensive checking for correctn of grading is made also at wholesale and retail levels.

Inspection and certification is compulsory for the export of all sizeable quantities of eggs, poultry and frozen egg product. "Canada Grade A" on poultry or eggs is the housewife's assur-ance of quality. This grade mark on poultry indicates that it meets specific requirements for flesh and fat. On eggs, it indicates a shell that is clean, sound and normal in shape, and yolk and

Bailey says such losses can be avoided by grinding the grain

ed through a fistula, or artificial

After 10 hours in the rumen. whole oats had broken down one per cent only, and wheat, barley

The ground grain showed a percentage breakdown of 90 for wheat, 81 for barley, 64 for oats, and 51 for corn. After 24 hours in the paunch the percentage for ground grain had increased to 94 for wheat, 89 for barley, 64 for oats and 84 for corn. Corresponding percentages for the whole grains after 24 hours were 1, 5, 2 and 4. Thus after 24 hours both

ground and whole oats had brokn down the least. After 1 hours corn was broken down the least among the ground grains.

albumen qualities that will be appealing to consumers.

Despite some mastication, many kernels of whole grains fed to cattle pass through the entire digestive tract intact and are

Yolk color, governed by the hen's diet, has no effect on the food value of the egg but is a factor in grading. The yolk color may also spark a mild disagreement in a house-hold. A survey some time ago showed that women preferred lighter colored yolks than did men. And city dwellers of both sexes favored lighter yolks than did their country counterparts.

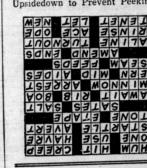
The high quality of Canada's poultry products did not "just happen". It is the result of production

programs and policies carefully mapped out to improve poultry and the production and sale of chicks. Responsibility here is with the division's Production section.

Canada is a pioneer in this field and its National Poultry

Breeding Program, inaugurated in 1919, is the oldest of its kind in the world. Under it, breeders are assisted in developing lines of poultry for greater efficiency in meat and egg production. Thirty-five breeders are now participating in the program which is carried out in three phases—the pedigreed selection program on the breeders' plants,

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking



by the breeders, and the central testing program at Ottawa. Also in the domain of the Production section is the admin-istration of the Hatchery Registration Policy which this year involves 456 chicken and turkey hatcheries with a total capacity of 35,023,115 eggs.

This policy aims at the dissemination of breeding stock

through the poultry industry; control of the spread of disease through hatcheries and into com-mercial chicks, and the supply of statistics concerning the number and types of chicks being sold.

Registered hatcheries are subject to federal regulations that demand a high standard of cleanliness and adequate fumigation of eggs and incubators. They also set out measures for inspec-tion of hatchery premises and methods of distribution of chicks

and turkey poults.

Supporting the federal regulations is the Provincial Hatchery Supply Flock Policy which is primarily concerned with the eradication of Salmonella pullorum disease. Under this meas blood tests for pullorum are re

Eagle Tries To

Has an eagle ever carried of a baby?
In New Mexico recently farmer said that an eagle pounced on to his two-year-old son in his pram, buried its talons in his thick woollen coat and

vouched for by another man wh

He used his stick to defend himself and the bird flew away

always even unto the end of the world." It pays to serve Jesus. Are you proving it so? ISSUE 51 - 1962

PETUNDAY SCHOOL

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

When We Are Disciples

Matthew 28: 18-20; Romans 1:13-16; Luke 14:24-35

Memory Scripture: Go ye there-fore, and teach all nations, bap-tizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever

I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Matthew

Our memory scripture sets forth our task. No disciple is

we go forth daily in the home,

factory, shop, school or church, we are to help our fellowmen to

become disciples. For some, obedience to these words, means

going to people in other coun-tries and of other tongues. But we are all in this together. The

great multitude of the blood-washed which John saw were of

all nations and tongues. (Rev. 7)
The church is likewise commissioned to baptize and to teach.
But the fact is that we are so dilatory about our task that we

are not even keeping up with the growth of population. We need a great spiritual awakening. In the passage in Romans we get an insight into the spirit of

a man who took seriously the

all the world preaching the gos-

pel, not for money, but because he was in debt. He owed it to

all men to share with them the

Good News. How much better to have this debt than the seri-

ous debt incurred by the easy path of credit buying. It was this

sense of obligation that made him willing to stand even in the

shadows of imperial Rome and carry out his mission.

The passage from Luke speaks of the cost of discipleship. To-

day's trend is to make disciple-ship appear easy. But Jesus pre-sents to his follower, a cross. No

affection for our nearest relatives

must interfere with our obedi

ence to Jesus Christ. The great

comforting word is that of Jesus

himself to us, "Lo, I am with you

ission. He went into

exempt from this command

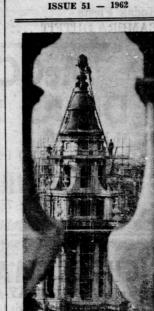
LESSON

Carry Off Baby

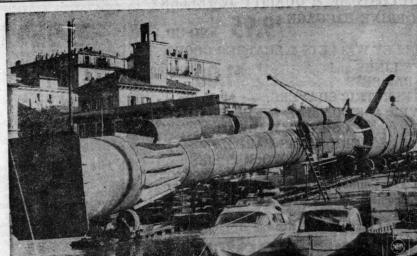
began lifting him.

was present, at once seized a spade and made the eagle drop its burden before it flew away. The child was badly bruised A Swiss newspaper told of a tourist who was passing through a mountain gorge when an eagle suddenly attacked him.

but next minute another eagle appeared and dropped a live pig a few weeks old at the man's feet before flying off. The tourist's fellow guests could hardly believe their eyes when he returned to his hotel with the pig



CLEAN SWEEP - Perched like tiny birds on the scaftowers of St. Paul's cathedral in London, workmen begin the job of landmark cleaning



DOWN TO THE SEA WITH AN ISLAND - Most men go down to the sea in ships, but Cmdr. Ives Cousteau plans a rendezvous with King Neptune on his man-made island. Huge pillars, above shown at Nice, France, are tubes which will support the island, which will house Cousteau and two assistants as "crew" members, plus several scientists. Purpose: to conduct marine studies for the Monaco Oceanography Museum.