

Witch Doctor From Jungles Performs Miracles?

Voodoo, superstition, black magic, witchcraft or just plain jungle mumbo-jumbo—call it what you will but whatever it is, it is bringing fame to a twentieth-century witch doctor who is practicing his secret art in the depths of the steaming Ecuadorian jungles.

It is claimed that he is performing medical miracles; that he is curing diseases which have so far defied modern medical science.

The name of this jungle medicine man is Abraham Calasag. He is a forty-five-year-old Indian.

For the past twenty years he has combined the mysteries of ritual with an almost scientific knowledge of jungle vegetation in the treatment of a multitude in human illnesses. And, apparently, with success.

His patients are not only primitive natives. They include an ever-increasing flow of white people who are beating a path through this wilderness of trees and tangled undergrowth to reach his crude jungle hospital.

There they hope to find cures for the many afflictions which have baffled all the medical science of modern civilization.

For centuries, long before the Conquistadors invaded the Incas empire, the male members of Abraham's family have been the witch doctors of the Colorado Indian tribe. Through passing generations they have experimented with, and learned the value of, jungle plants, herbs and poisons.

Before leaving for Santo Domingo de los Colorados to meet Abraham, I talked about him to a doctor in Quito, capital of Ecuador, to find out how the medical profession feels about his methods and results.

This young doctor, a graduate of one of Germany's finest schools, astounded me by his answer.

"We doctors in Ecuador know all about Abraham. As a matter of fact, many physicians from Europe and South America are watching him carefully."

It is not improbable that the medical profession can learn a great deal from him, especially about the application of primitive jungle medicines as curative agents.

Today, a well-known American scientist, Dr. Wilbur Ferguson, is experimenting in the jungles of Ecuador with certain leaves and herbs which the Jivaro headhunters use. From these he hopes he may be able to develop an effective treatment for one of our worst malignant diseases.

With this information I drove the sixty-five miles over winding mountain roads to the little town of Santo Domingo.

From there I continued my journey on foot, marching for three hours down a deep jungle trail. Finally, I arrived at a small river which could only be crossed by boarding a crudely built cable car, writes Jane Dolinger in "Fit-Bits."

I arrived at Abraham's hospital just in time to see him attending to his many patients. His treatments all followed the same general procedure.

Under a palm-fringed shed, a short distance from his hospital, several circular holes had been about eight feet deep. At the bottoms of the holes were pools of water.

Each of his patients sat on a small piece of wood directly over one of the holes. Their clothing was then removed and they donned heavy woolen capes. Under the direction of the witch doctor, and according to the type of ailment from which the patient suffered, certain specific jungle plants and herbs were dropped into the hole.

Meanwhile, Abraham's two assistants heated small rocks, which, when white-hot, were dropped into the holes over which the patients sat.

The patients were enveloped in heavy white sheets which trapped the great clouds of steam that rose from the holes. This vapour was not only absorbed by the body of the patient but flowed into his lungs as well.

The treatment lasted for not more than half-an-hour, after which the sheets were removed and the patient carried to the hospital. Here he was allowed to rest for the next few hours on a simple palm frond bed.

At exactly three o'clock each morning, the patients, one by one, walk, or are carried, to a room on the second floor of the hospital where they receive doses of medicines made from leaves and herbs—some poisonous—which have been cooked in kettles over open fires.

It is during this nocturnal performance, a highly-secret procedure, that the witch doctor, in addition to administering his medicines, exercises the power of centuries-old superstition and witchcraft, all the time calling upon the gods to restore health to the sick.

According to Abraham, there is no disease known to mankind that cannot be cured through his three-fold system of "Turkish bath," jungle medicine, and the secret ritual of witchcraft.

In addition to the steam bath in which Abraham uses a jungle leaf called chingushuk, he brews a special tea from wild red berries. This is said to be a potent aphrodisiac of lasting power.

In other instances, people with bowed legs have had them straightened after having had the limbs submerged in tubs of hot mud mixed with jungle herbs. And, according to Abraham, often the bones sufficiently to enable them to be made perfectly straight after just a few treatments.

Abraham's patients sleep on primitive cots in one small room, regardless of sex or illness. To make things even more difficult, the witch doctor serves no meals. All patients must bring their own food.

Naturally, there is no running water or any other modern convenience in this witch doctor's hospital, but in spite of the fact that white patients must live as primitively as the native sufferers, there are no complaints.

It is a far cry from modern medical science to Abraham, jungle "miracle maker" of the Colorados.

It is possible, just the same, that if orthodox doctors can, by some means or other, jar Abraham loose from the secrets of his primitive prescriptions, they might well be able to solve some of the major medical problems of this scientific age.

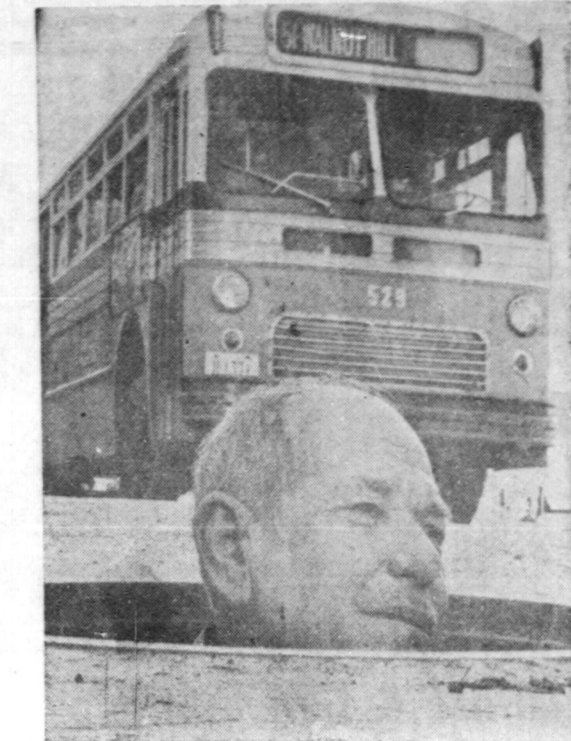
Whether you are pro or con on this subject, you will want your party just right, and two other readers have offered ways of making it so. May W. Thompson writes: "My party recipe is so revolutionary that I feel as if I should 'sell it' to readers with a money-back guarantee. Because it is a raised crust, it remains crisp under refrigeration after baking, and because of the large amount of lard it does not taste like biscuit pastry. I feel sure that if a reader is not satisfied with her present recipe, she will like this one. My recipe makes a two-crust pie and one extra pie shell."

NEVER-FAIL PASTRY
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
Lard

Combine flour, baking powder, and salt. Measure milk in a cup.

Beat egg yolks until fluffy; add 1/2 cup sugar, molasses, milk, butter, flour, soda, and vanilla. Pour into cooked shell. Beat egg whites for meringue; add the sugar gradually, beating. Spread over filling in shell (sprinkle up with nutmeg, if desired). Bake until meringue is a delicate brown.

CLIPPER—Morty French clipped that big hydrangea blossom from his grandmother's garden in Soquel, Calif. It's 42 inches around.



FROM DOWN UNDER—B. G. Boone has a job that he could easily lose his head over if the proper precautions were not taken. Boone, an employee of Western Union, is just emerging from a manhole in downtown Dallas, after completing a day's work on a cable line below the street.

TABLE TALKS Jane Andrews

Do you eat pie with a spoon or a fork?

This subject has been brought into the open by a reader of the Christian Science Monitor—and a man reader, at that—Chester V. McCloud of Oklahoma City. He classifies himself as a "spoon pie eater." He does not entirely approve of the fork school of pie eaters, because they have to have thickening in their fruit pies. But, let us hear about this subject in Mr. McCloud's own words:

"No one—but no one—gets this job done, so I must do it," he says, in launching his crusade. "The subject is directly berry pies. No berry pie is worth eating when it is half full of thickening. The practice of adding thickening is based upon the long-held viewpoint—entirely correct, there are no complaints—that berry pies must be held together in pretty wedges when sliced and served. The fact is that berry pies, and most other fruit pies, should have no thickening to dim in any degree the delicious flavor."

"Such pies, obviously, must be eaten with a spoon! So any other readers have offered ways of making it so. May W. Thompson writes: 'My party recipe is so revolutionary that I feel as if I should 'sell it' to readers with a money-back guarantee. Because it is a raised crust, it remains crisp under refrigeration after baking, and because of the large amount of lard it does not taste like biscuit pastry. I feel sure that if a reader is not satisfied with her present recipe, she will like this one. My recipe makes a two-crust pie and one extra pie shell.'"

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Pancake Houses Spread Across U.S.

African banana pancakes, date nut pancakes, chocolate-chip pancakes, Viennese potato pancakes. Palestine pancakes, New Orleans kasha hot cakes. Enough to make anyone's mouth water, this list nevertheless looks good to a brigade of restaurateurs who are opening pancake houses as fast as butter, griddle, and exotic menus can be swirled together.

The smile on their faces is as wide as Aunt Jemima's—and just as understandable. In the U.S. hot cakes are selling like hotcakes.

Southern California now has 75 pancake houses and more a-building. In Phoenix, Ariz., Uncle John's Pancake Houses, Inc., last week dedicated its 47th branch eatery, while the citizens of Palm Beach, Fla., were gobbling cakes at the Pancake Palace—opened last month—on if Metreux had never been heard of. The Palace is aptly named. It has beige and gold carpets, rococo iron chandeliers, and four original Bernard Buffet paintings, loaned by an art dealer. "You might say, just emerging from a manhole in downtown Dallas, after completing a day's work on a cable line below the street."

We had a little snow which changed to a kind of corn-meal sleet, and then a brisk rain, after which a wave of cold weather set in. I got up the next morning and started for the barn, and went end-over-end with a pile of water, thus discovering the crust. It was so slippery our dog Prince chased a cat, and they were both walking.

A crust was not at all unusual in former times, and to those who think the weather is changing this fact lends support. Sliding on the crust was a usual thing. If the snow was deep enough before the crust formed, the stone walls that separate our fields would be covered and sleds could go, truly, for miles. Long down hill slopes would give you momentum to go up others, and you could keep going as possible to start on our ridge and end up away down in the valley below, with the whole community, old and young, all sliding along together on every kind of a sled you can imagine.

You could take a pump and the shafts up and a whole family could sit up in it and ride, but since somebody had to get the pump home again this wasn't too good. It was something you did about once, because as you tumbled back uphill with a pump, you saw that a mistake had been made.

The factory-made sleds lately available for the children were scarcer in the old days, and the manner in which you can twist the runners and steer them means nothing on a crust. A round-runner, homemade sled was best, and you rode it belly-bump and dragged a foot to make it turn. And, such is a crust, you didn't need it unless it was suffering from an incurable or painful disease.

"Thousands of dogs are destroyed every year because there is no crust for them to go," says Mr. Green. Although he now has two more spaniels, Rusty is still remembered.

In a corner of Mr. Green's garden, in Elgin Road, Bourne-mouth, a gravestone marks the spot where Rusty is buried.

"The grave will decay in time," says Mr. Green, "but I hope the stones found in his memory will last for ever."

Another dog-owner who spares no expense for his pets is an Australian, George Jefferson, of Sydney.

While staying in London recently, he went into a telephone booth at "Titchford" tube station and told the operator he wanted to talk to Sydney.

When asked whom he wanted to speak to, he replied: "My dogs." He talked to them for an hour at a cost of about \$200. Afterwards he revealed that his pets were being pined for him ever since he had left Australia by air the previous week.

When I was in Dallas a few months ago getting her recipe for black pepper cake from Mrs. Ernest Williams, she also gave me a recipe for molasses pie which she considers one of her best. It's been in her family more than 100 years. You'll need a baked pie shell for this is a meringue pie.

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5 eggs, separated
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup sorghum molasses
1 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon soda
1 tablespoon butter
5 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon vanilla
6 tablespoons sugar for meringue

Beat egg yolks until fluffy; add 1/2 cup sugar, molasses, milk, butter, flour, soda, and vanilla. Pour into cooked shell. Beat egg whites for meringue; add the sugar gradually, beating. Spread over filling in shell (sprinkle up with nutmeg, if desired). Bake until meringue is a delicate brown.

Spring is almost here and soon you'll be thinking of shortcake.

A Crust On The Snow Means Rare Fun

This winter has brought to our section of Maine the most wonderful asset—a crust. It has been a long time since we have had a crust like this, and truth be told, the people today don't know what to do with it. The whole countryside is covered with about a foot of snow, atop which is a thick, hard ice cover on which we can actually skate. Our college freshman, Kathie, can't remember such a crust, so it has been a time.

I think it's significant that so many people, seeing the crust, said, "pure-or-less." "Hope they didn't get this on the ski slopes!" Such ice would spoil ski sports, and the people today don't know what to do with it. The whole countryside is covered with about a foot of snow, atop which is a thick, hard ice cover on which we can actually skate. Our college freshman, Kathie, can't remember such a crust, so it has been a time.

There is no way, probably, that manufactured sports can create a crust. We can lop off the woods on a mountain, build stronger and have tramways, and we can make ice and bobsled runs. And we can advertise and allow family rates, and create a popularity. But a crust comes by itself, and is a great gift. It turns the whole region into a rink, and I think it is lamentable that we have had this fine crust upon us all this time and so few people have enjoyed it to the full. A few, yes—but not as it used to be.

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Million Dollar Memorial To Dog

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THE FARM FRONT John Russell

"Adequate farms"—those which provide a good living income or even more for the farm family—are increasing in the United States faster than any other kind.

And the surest way to speed this up is for more farmers to invest more money and time in the building of stronger co-operatives. In fact, they're going to have to, says Dr. P. H. Stephens, director of research for the Farm Credit Banks of Wichita, Kans., speaking to the Colorado Co-operative Council.

He said the continuing growth of a healthy agriculture needs double or triple the present investment in farm co-operatives. But most farmers see more in immediate appeal and returns in buying a new tractor, or an adjoining acreage.

"Two-thirds of all farm assets are in real estate, while only \$4,300,000, or 2.1 per cent are in co-operatives. This doesn't fit the needs of New Frontier agriculture. It needs \$100,000,000 invested in co-operative rather than \$4,300,000,000."

Investment in a needed co-operative pays a higher return than other farm investments. We need to sell this idea and work for more and bigger co-operatives, and more co-operative services."

Most Americans, he said, do not realize how great the shake-out of American farmers already has been—invariably those with the spot money Rusty is buried.

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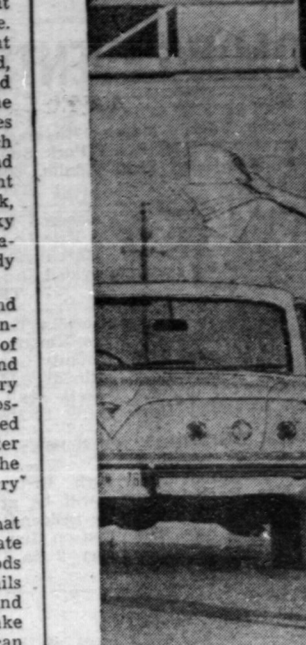
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Helpful Hints For Boat Buyers

Suppose you've never owned an outboard boat before. If you're going to buy, you'll find that many dealers will offer you a demonstration.

This is a sound idea, for you, being new to it, can tell very little by looking at the boat. But can you tell good performance from bad, once the boat is being demonstrated?