

Meow? Meow!

Old Tom is a tomcat through and through—a scared veteran of uncertain years, unchronicled amours and unnumbered fights. One ear is split, one foot has a jagged scar, and underneath the thick black hair are healed wounds turned white.

In his sunset days, Old Tom lazed about a small ranch near Tucupia, a hamlet off the highway between Los Angeles and Palm Springs. He'd either bask in the sun or mosey out now and then to flush a field mouse. But he was a cantankerous sort, slung in affection toward the ranch owners, the Coleman Feldmans. He would glare with snubious aloofness at Mrs. Feldman and he would refuse to enter the house until Mr. Feldman spoke him in the evening.

When the Feldmans, with their 2-year-old daughter, Patricia, and their dog, Candy, moved to Los Angeles last April 14, they decided the kindest thing to do for an old cat set in his ways was to leave him on the ranch with his field mice and his sun. The new ranch owners, the George Ambach family, promised to care for him and see him to his grave.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Old Tom brooded. Then one day last summer he disappeared. The Ambachs told the Feldmans. Everyone shrugged and forgot about Old Tom.

Last month the Feldmans returned from shopping to their house in midtown Los Angeles and noticed a black cat pacing on the roof of the house next door. "It looked like Old Tom," says Mrs. Feldman, "and when I talked to him, he crooned back. At the ranch I used to talk to him and he'd mow in return. I examined him carefully, and it was him, all right. The coloring was the same, the scars—the ear nicked in the fight..."

The Feldmans discount the idea that anyone brought Old Tom to their city home. The evidence seems to prove this somehow. Old Tom, in months of wandering, crossed better than 90 miles of wilderness, farms, suburbs, and freeways and through hundreds of square miles of houses to the new Feldman home in Los Angeles.

"It's utterly fantastic," says Mrs. Feldman. "But it is Old Tom. Candy won't allow another cat in the yard, but he just ignores Old Tom as he used to back at the ranch."

And Old Tom is back to his old aloof ways. He won't go into the house until Mr. Feldman comes home.

Flower As Cure For Leukemia

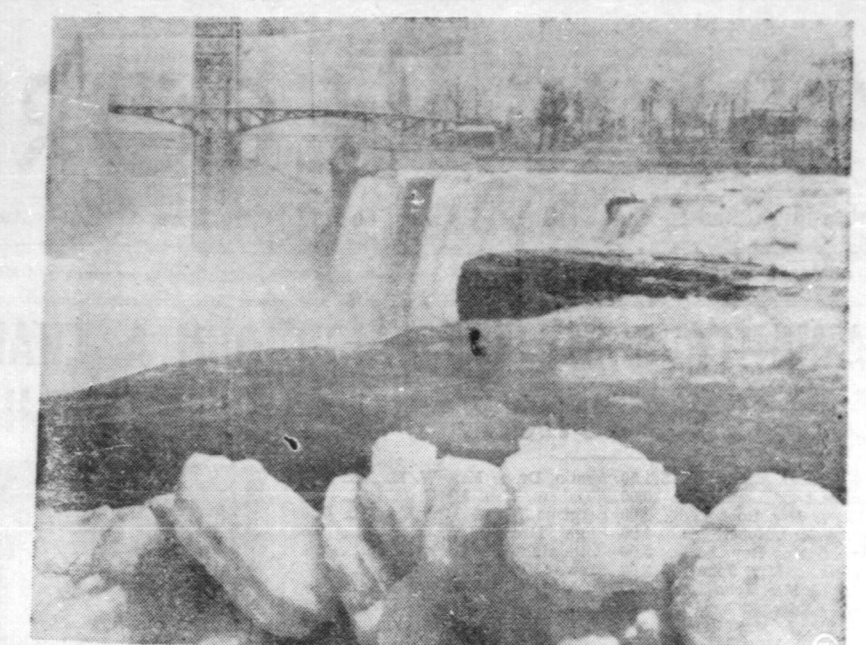
A drug obtained from the spring-flowering, blue-colored periwinkle is now being used by some physicians in the United States in the war against leukemia, a disease in which there is an excess of white corpuscles. When the drug, known as leucorine, was tested recently, scientists and doctors reported that it showed "great promise."

The tests took place in Indianapolis, where natives are believed to have once used this attractive little plant in their folk remedies.

It is too early yet to say how effective the new drug will prove. One snag is that great quantities of periwinkle plants are needed to make even one gramme (about 0.035 oz.) of leucorine.

Other drugs have been perkinized and these are now undergoing tests to see if they are effective in the treatment of various complaints.

Old-time herbalists believed that the way periwinkles cling to the soil was a sign that the blue flowers and glossy evergreen leaves could bind husbands and



ICE JAM ABOVE THE FALLS — At Niagara Falls, N.Y., large ice flows from the spring break-up in Lake Erie jam Niagara River channel above the falls, cutting off the flow of water and, for a short time, making an ice island at the brink of Horseshoe Falls.

wives who ate them "with indissoluble bonds of affection." Herbs from the periwinkle were prescribed as a cure for English marriages.

The flower that the English poet Chaucer — with his quaint spelling — called "fresh Periwinkle rich of hew" was also used as an amulet against witchcraft under the name of Scrover's Violet.

In Britain, periwinkles usually flower in April and May, and in southern Europe by mid-February. One naturalist visiting the Canary Islands early in the year found them blooming in such profusion, he reported, that "hedges and grass plots were dyed blue with them for many hundreds of yards."

American View of Jobless Retraining

No one can fault the objective of the manpower training act just signed by President Kennedy. It is to provide new jobs—and new jobs—for the unemployed who have been displaced by automation and other economic change.

Retraining of the displaced is a must if our country is to continue to prosper and to hold its place of leadership in the free world. Automation and changing trade patterns will create opportunity which can be met only by a better educated, higher skilled, more productive working force.

But there is more to the problem than simply sending the unemployed back to school at government expense. That could turn out to be a costly boondoggle—and if improperly handled—just another, and potentially scandalous, version of a federal dole.

The program now being launched is expected to spend \$800 million (including state matching) to train 570,000 unemployed workers in three years. It figures out to more than \$1,000 per trainee—well worth it if most of them get jobs, but money down a rat hole if they don't.

Past experience has shown there is no point in training people unless you know there will be a demand for their new skills once they're trained. And there equally is no point in training jobless workers—however deserving otherwise—who lack the education and ability to profit by what they learn.

It will take a real effort by private industry, local and state agencies and the federal government to make this program a success. We wish them well. — Memphis (Tenn.) Press-Scimitar

Church Sunday Among The Amish

Church Sunday in Amishland comes every other week. In strict observance with tradition, and it makes for a busy day indeed. Services, held in the homes of members, begin at eight-thirty and this means that families must rise at four to get chores out of the way if they are to be there on time.

On any chosen Sunday morning the yellow glow of lamplight may be observed in all the Amish homes in our valley at this early hour. And inside the homes the progress with tradition, and it makes for a busy day indeed. Services, held in the homes of members, begin at eight-thirty and this means that families must rise at four to get chores out of the way if they are to be there on time.

The milk must be strained and put to cool, all pails and strainers are washed and scalded and put to air out at the milk house, where a laundry stove is fired up to provide boiling water each morning, summer and winter. And a warm mash for the hens and cows simmers there on bitter mornings so well.

The milk must be strained and put to cool, all pails and strainers are washed and scalded and put to air out at the milk house, where a laundry stove is fired up to provide boiling water each morning, summer and winter. And a warm mash for the hens and cows simmers there on bitter mornings so well.

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Beans And Biscuits Three Times A Day!

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THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

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In windy weather, in the old days, they used to have a way to winch the booms. They'd tow them ahead, anchor it, and then winch the boom with a long cable off a capstan. It took time to gain any distance, but far less time than it would take to haul up 20,000 cords if they got dispersed in the lake. After towing across the lake, the logs would be sluiced into the stream below and continue on their way.

There was another kind of boat, in addition to the bateau and the towboat, which should be in the museum. It was the boom-jumper. They still use them. Heavily built, it had an odd after-structure — a shaft the keel, to protect the propeller and shaft from logs. The boom-jumper was usually built on a log, to ride over a boom and chug-a-lug down a lake amidst 23,000 cords of spruce. It is a sea-faring experience best left to the culture of the old river-people. To each his own, but if life owes you a new and different experience, I suggest you top things off with a good ride in a boom-jumper.

Down at the mills, where the flume-boards on the dams were awash, the arrival of the first logs was an occasion. Crews had the area boomed off, so the logs could be held up. At sluiceways the ownership was determined, and logs that belonged to a mill downstream were passed through. Those belonging there were headed toward the tramway and lifted onto the bank, to be used as needed. Long logs, unpeeled, had to be boomed in the river, or bugs would get at them.

Sometimes the cook and his wagon moved by bateau, sometimes by wagon. Here and there bunkhouses were stationed along the river, but often the men would eat and sleep in the boats. Cooks sometimes carried stoves with them, but they knew how to build a fire and cook around it in a circle. Beanoil beans would be started two and three days ahead of the drive, just before the logs for towing across the ponds. Year after year more and more booms were

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Upside Down to Prevent Peeking

they are packed whole, sliced, diced or cubed.

The full story, however, cannot be told on the label. This involves a wide range of government regulations ranging from weight standards for canned fruits and vegetables to the requisite that the product must be sound, clean and wholesome.

Anyway the Rabbits Haven't Any Vote

Learning forward in his leather-upholstered chair, Associate Justice Carlisle Higgins of the North Carolina Supreme Court wanted to know: "How can you kill without using brute force?" What difference does it make whether you use a stick or a shotgun?

Attorney Richard T. Meek said: "Use of a shotgun is sporting."

This colloquy occurred in the Supreme Court at Raleigh, N.C., last month during a hearing on a suit to prohibit the notorious "bunny hops" sponsored each year by the Harmony American Legion Post 113. In these gala pre-Christmas affairs, up to 100 men and boys stream into the open fields near Harmony and, with sticks and clubs, beat to death hundreds of rabbits for the Legion's annual barbecue. The point that Meek-attorney for the Mecklenburg County Humane Society—was trying to make was that at least a hunter out shooting is using some amount of skill and reflex, which is far more than is required of a bunny bopper. Public indignation last year forced the Legion post to substitute shotguns for clubs at the annual hunt.

Last month, however, the North Carolina Supreme Court ruled that there is no law against beating rabbits to death. In its decision, the court observed that the future health, safety, and welfare of the public cannot be endangered by what occurred on previous hunts.

There was no mention of the health, safety, and welfare of the rabbits.

Hunter — Is all your party back? Guide — Yes, you're the last. Hunter — Then I've shot a deer.

Upside down to Prevent Peeking

Labels also show the amounts in the containers. With canned fruits and vegetables it is the volume by measure in fluid ounces and with frozen products it is the net weight in ounces or pounds.

There are a number of other label markings that discerning shoppers will note. One is the one showing the percentage of sugar used in a syrup-packed fruit or the fact that none was added, and in the case of many fruits and vegetables, whether

Here's a timely tip for beekeepers:

Fumigating combs with acetic acid and feeding the drug Funagillin is best as effective measures in curbing nose disease.

This advice is offered by Dr.