

Bird Haven On England's Severn

All animals have interested me, and birds more than others, but wild geese have an almost mystical importance. Long ago I decided that my home must always be within sight and sound of the winter wild geese, which in itself, drastically limits the choice of locality. There is only a small number of places in Britain where, from one spot, one can be sure of seeing and hearing wild geese daily through the winter months. On such a spot, close to the estuary of the River Severn, stands the house in which I live with my family.

As I start to write this book on 29th March, 1957, I am sitting in the window of my studio. It is no ordinary window, for it is ten feet across and eight feet high, and it looks out upon water and birds, and the green fields of Gloucestershire. From my armchair the window frames a picture of endless beauty, activity and diversity — a picture which gives me a peculiarly intense pleasure, because its composition is my own creation. A pool with islands reflects the fish of the setting sun in the ripples made by the ducks and geese that are swimming on it. There is a great crowd of birds, 300 or more, of many different kinds from all over the world. They have not long been fed and the nearest are nibbling at the water's edge less than six feet away from where I sit. Many of the birds are tame ones, brought from distant countries to live together here in the Vale of Berkeley — Ringed Teal from Brazil, Barrow's Goldeneyes from Iceland, Ruddy Ducks from North Ameri-

ca, Ne-ne Geese from Hawaii, White-winged Wood Ducks from Siam. . . But many too are wild ones from far away breeding grounds which have elected to spend their winter at the Wildfowl Trust on the Severn Estuary, and to come in to feed in front of my window — Pintails, Wigeon, Shovelers, Pochards, Tufted Ducks, Coots.

here is a grey ruffle on the far water from the light wind, which is coming from just a touch north of west. The precise wind direction, the very eye of the wind, has always been important in my life for the things which have depended on it: the flight courses of birds, and the drift of their migration; the angle that a sailing boat will point, and the advantages to be gained over an opponent by tacking if the wind changes by the smallest amount; the wind that will enable me to hold altitude in a glider on the ridge of the Cotswolds, or the wind that will drift the glider as it gains height in a thermal up-current on a cross-country flight. The study of birds, sailing, soaring, all depend at one point or another upon the eye of the wind and an appreciation of its precise bearing. — From "The Eye of the Wind," by Peter Scott.

SAVE SOME

It's a very good idea after a reprinting job to save a small amount of paper and ink in a tightly closed container. This left-over paint comes in handy for any taking care of little touch-ups, a cotton swab makes an ideal applicator.

On the back of a truck: "Please don't hug me — I'm going steady."

Churches See Mission In Automation

By HAROLD SHEEHAN
Newspaper Enterprise Assn.

New York — The congregation adjusts to their new piped-in organ music plays the appropriate selection. Lights, programmed to dim at the precise moment, carry eyes in the direction of the empty pulpit.

No one in the church hears the soft hum of the tape recorder as the professional voice delivers the sermon. Discreet, numbered lights in each pew alert worshippers to the correct hymn.

Thus, the master tape moves the service at a dignified and deliberate pace toward its gentle, programmed conclusion.

Who in this increasingly automated world can predict that such an electronic church service will never be staged?

Officials at the United Church of Christ are not worried right

now about pastors being replaced by machines in any of its 6,400 churches. But they are concerned with the problem of automation, nevertheless.

Already some churches have arrived at the piped-in music stage. At the United Church's mission board, machines have displaced about 10 persons. In its research department, the job of 15 men is now being handled by an electronic card sorter.

This denomination, with about 2 million members, is alarmed enough about automation's impact to do something about it. Its council for Christian Social Action lays the problem on the agenda in a 27-minute film entitled simply "Tomorrow."

Producer of the movie is the Rev. Everett C. Parker, director of the church's Office of Communication.

"We don't try to offer any solutions to what President Kennedy has called 'the major domestic challenge of the 1960s. What we

are trying to do," said Dr. Parker, "is to alert people to the problem and get them thinking."

Some 300 copies of the film are being distributed to church film libraries around the country. In coming months, Dr. Parker hopes church, labor and management groups, and the general public will be stimulated to assess automation's impact in local communities.

What viewers will see, among other things:

• A big automated oil refinery. Work force: six men and a computer which can store 75,000 instructions in its "memory."

• A factory manager who admits to concern over employees losing their jobs, but who states, "It is the job of management to chop people out."

• A union shop steward in an automated factory who fears for the future of the labor movement in the electronic age.

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MODERN POCAHONTAS — Catherine Barnes, 23, raises the tomahawk of her ancestors on Miss Pocahontas at a Jamestown, Va., fete. The 350th anniversary celebration marks John Rolfe's first tobacco crop which saved the colony in 1612. Catherine is a direct descendant of the marriage between Rolfe and the Indian princess he made his bride.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
Quintessence of a Classic

'Twas the last week in April, so what did we get? Just two days of suffocating heat, that's what. Naturally we got busy taking off storm windows and putting on screens so we were all ready for summer. But now we have the furnace going again!

Even with it we are not any too warm as there is a cold wind blowing off the lake that seems to get into the house. We are hoping we don't get a frost as we would hate to see our shrubs killed that have just started to bloom. However, we can't change the weather and it would take too long to cover all the shrubs, so I guess we shall have to take a chance and hope for the best.

You know, I have been looking around at the bare trees and I don't remember a time when they have fascinated me so much. From my room I can see two trees at the edge of the road about a block away and a chance of symmetry of their branches is really beautiful. Unfortunately it won't be nearly so noticeable once the trees are in leaf. I think one is an oak and the other an elm and here's hoping the elm doesn't become a victim to the disease that is killing so many of our lovely trees.

What will the orchards do if they can't find elms from which to build their hanging nests? There are another elm at the back of our lot and every year the orchards come to nest and raise their young. We always know when they are here either by their sweet, trilling song or by seeing a flash of black and orange dart back and forth from tree to tree.

Just imagine, I was speaking to a friend yesterday who was born and raised on a farm and yet she didn't know one bird from another, unless it would be a crow and a robin. I could hardly believe it. And it bothers me to think of what she has missed as a child and what she is still missing. Bird study can be a most fascinating pastime. Certainly children should be taught how to know and recognize every kind of bird life common to the district in which they live, or in the parks and woods where they play or go on hikes. Mothers, do take a little time out from your busy life to help your children enjoy the birds. You couldn't choose a better time to start than early summer. Incidentally, if you want a book to help you identify the various birds an excellent one for that purpose is "Birds of Canada" by P. A. Taverner, Be-Canada by P. A. Taverner, Be-

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Fantastic Career Of Mussolini

The career of Mussolini contained, among other things the makings of a fantastical grand opera in the most grandiloquent Italian style, with status and mobs, lusts and warfare, a hundred ranting rages for the hero-villain, and the final hanging of his corpse, head downward, in a public square in Milan. The theatrical elements of such an opera, which would be much more relevant than most to modern times, are all present in "Il Duce" by Christopher Hibbert, an accomplished English historian. ("The Road to Tyburn," "Wolfe at Quebec") and twice-wounded veteran of British campaigns in Italy. "Il Duce" is a rich biography of Mussolini in English. It is an absorbing book in many ways, but its greatest merit lies in the fact that it looks especially and intimately into the dictator rather than his works. And there Hibbert discovers that the fascist is lucky to be alive at all, but a demagogue on the balcony, but a grand-scale neurotic. This bullying blacksmith's son, an early socialist, smothered personal opportunity and became a prime case history in the pathology of the power drive. It led him finally, through falling fortunes, into a brooding, stoic condition in which he displayed a detached courage while awaiting the execution which he was sure would be his lot. He was utterly careless of chances to flee for his life, and it is noteworthy that his mistress of many years, Clara Petacci, chose to remain with him and die the first to fall before the submachine gun of their Italian Communist executioner.

Mussolini for years exhibited a weird mixture of qualities. He was a physical culture and bare-skinned zealot who had ulcers, a revoltingly crude womanizer who was at the same time a sophisticated intellectual. He read socialist literature but was a superstitious believer in charms and amulets. He arranged all manner of Roman pomp but often dressed himself like a sloth. He cared nothing about money, but he knew himself well enough to exclaim: "I want to make my mark on my era with my will, like a lion with its claw."

It would appear that the first thing which broke his feverish spirit was his relationship with Adolf Hitler. At first Mussolini considered Hitler an unsavory weakling, but Il Duce was overwhelmed by the thunderous military displays of Germany. A nationalist and a Fascist, he tried to adopt the goose step and practice an anti-Semitic gesture while he pretended to be a friend.

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Tragic Finish For Great Bull-Fighter

He was short, scrawny, and carried. He stammered when he walked. But from 1914 to 1935, when Belmonte Garcia of Spain was the greatest bullfighter in the world. To millions of Spaniards, he was the greatest man in the world.

"To the people who converted me into a living legend," said Belmonte in 1936, the year after his second and final retirement, "I was what they wanted me to be—good or bad, courageous or cowardly, ugly or beautiful, lovable or detestable, anything that their imaginative fervor dictated."

As the legend faded through the years, Belmonte saddened. At a friend's funeral last month, Belmonte said: "This is an age in which we see old friends in the saddest of circumstances—at burials and funerals. I suppose it is lucky to be alive at the end of the world, but of course we all must die." Last month, six days short of his 70th birthday, Belmonte, reportedly depressed by an unhappy romance with a 20-year-old girl, retired to his room, took out a revolver, and shot himself in the head. (His family reported at first that he died of a heart attack.)

At the time of Belmonte's death, some aficionados could still recall his debut as a matador de toros at Madrid in 1913. "See Belmonte quick or you won't see him at all," master matador Guerrita told friends at the time. Guerrita thought that Belmonte, working closer to the bull than had any man before him, could not escape death for long. Instead, Belmonte thrived and revolutionized modern bullfighting. He killed 1,680 bulls, earned up to 70,000 pesetas (nearly \$10,000) a corrida, and retired a millionaire.

The price of his success was high. Hundreds of times, Belmonte was gored. Unlike his predecessors, who extended one leg and held the muleta at arm's length in making their last passes, Belmonte stood with feet together and body drew the bull's horn within inches of his thigh.

Bold, outwardly calm, Belmonte was haunted by fear before each corrida. "Fear is my constant companion," he once admitted. "You begin to think you're a fool to get into a gaudy suit and play like this with death. But after you've imposed your will on the bull and killed it cleanly and drunk in the applause of the crowd, you've got to go back again."

Indignant over this highway robbery, he filed an affidavit with the American Automobile Assn. which promptly looked to the matter.

Soon after the inquiry started, the Sheriff filed his overzealous deputy, explaining: "Even the bulls were beginning to complain about him."

The AAA investigation uncovered a Pandora's box of speed trap evils in Chiefland. Over a four-month period alone, 697 motorists were victimized. Only 17 were local drivers. Practically all the "violators" were snaged by a trick stop light on the edge of town. It changed faster than a striptease.

Chiefland's traffic fines and forfeitures amounted to \$11,043 a year — or approximately 20 per cent of the town's total revenue. The police chief's salary was \$1,200 a year. But nobody expected him to get along on that sum. Neither did he. He collected \$5 for each arrest, pocketing

the rest.

But this didn't faze the local constabulary. These zealous law enforcers promptly thought of another way to keep their pockets stuffed with "foreign" money.

They simply bought themselves a speed timer and lay in wait on the four-lane street at the south end of town. Houses are scarce there and motorists, thinking they had hit open country, stepped on the gas.

The cops had a field day until howls of protest reached the State Capital. The Georgia legislature banned the use of speed timers in local communities. By that time, traffic had dropped as much as 40 per cent.

Governor Vandiver urged the AAA to take the town of its "pass it by" list. The AAA refused, pointing out that Ludovick had been trouble spot long before the timers were put into use.

Timers or not, "business" was as good as over. The Chiefland Police. He reported blandly that he was arresting as many traffic "violators" as before. It was just a question of diligently attending to duty. If the suckers didn't walk into your trap, why, by golly, you had to hustle out after 'em!

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Modern Etiquette

By Anne Ashley

Q. If tea is being served and the guest does not care for it, will it be all right in this case for the guest to ask for a cup of coffee?

A. Not unless the hostess asks if he or she would prefer coffee. Otherwise, drink the tea or eat of it, and pretend you are enjoying it.

Q. When approaching a revolving door with a woman, does the man enter first so as to push the door for the woman, or shall he allow her to precede him?

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