

Fisherman Moves A Boat Overland

At Mavisgrind, in the Shetland Islands, I waited for an hour to watch young Rold Hansen, a fisherman, moving his boat overland from the Atlantic Ocean to the North Sea. He carried out the operation in a few minutes, with the help of his friends, and some of the most remarkable marine short cut I have ever seen without the canal.

Mavisgrind is a low-lying neck of land between the parishes of Delting and Northmavine, on the stormy western side of the Shetlands near the island of Muckie Roe. It isn't much wider 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. For centuries, but I have never read an explanation of the phenomenon.

Rold Hansen lived at Mossbank, near the bottom of Yell Sound, and he had not managed his boat, the Madeline, across the road, he would have faced the long and highly dangerous voyage out around Esha Ness, then up and around the Point of Fehaland, with the grim Ranna Stacks spuming wrathfully over his left shoulder, and then down through the criss-crossing rip-tides of Yell Sound.

He had been fishing around Muckie 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 man 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 Madeline, 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 other, 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 international jewel thieves. Set to play the female lead was 39-year-old Ava Gardner—until she allegedly made "excessive demands." Among them: A villa on the Appia Antica, a chauffeured limousine around the clock, and a personal secretary fluent in both Italian and English. Producer Martin Jurow sought French actress Catherine Deneuve for the role after telling Ava: "It's been nice knowing you."

WEST-EAST POWER IN '63

	WEST 450-500	U.S.S.R. 75-plus
ICRBs (over 2,000-mile range)		
MRBMs (1,700-2,000-mile range)	250	700
Long-range bombers (over 5,000 miles)	630	300
Medium-range bombers (over 2,000 miles)	1690	1400
Battleships and carriers	40	36
Nuclear submarines	32	12
Conventional submarines	212 (46)	445 (50)
Cruisers	29 (31)	20 (10)
Escort vessels (Figures in parenthesis, in reserve)	842 (256)	124 (365)
Tanks (Figures include many obsolete types)	16,000	38,000
Mobilized manpower	8 million	7.7 million

NUCLEAR FORECAST—Detailed, above is how the muscle of the West and East shapes up in this nuclear age, with figures projected for early 1963. Data is from an analysis of strategic strength by the Institute for Strategic Studies, of strategic strength by the Institute for Strategic Studies, a nonprofit organization with headquarters in London, England, and close associations with NATO and member governments. It is the fourth such study in recent years.



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 cloudless blue and golden rice stalks, is called "kannazuki"—month without gods—in most parts of Japan. According to ancient folklore, the patron deity of the island empire's 60-odd provinces are all absent from their homes during this month. All that is left is the nation's political, economic and social structure. The bright light of the Great Shrine of Izdama, that the other deities come to their annual temple conference.

A tourist in bustling Tokyo, riding escalators in Ginza department store or gazing at subway advertisements, would find a disorienting crowd of smartly dressed office girls, my wonder being that it is still true that in all Japanese provinces except the island of Hokkaido, the Japanese, October is considered an unlucky time for marriages, while at the Great Shrine of Izdama, that the other deities come to their annual temple conference.

I do not deny mythology, but Izdama is my mother's native province, and I must confess that I have been a devotee of the legendary first emperor of Japan, Jimmu, since I was a child.

Despite the improvements in communications that a modern day and a night to go by train from Tokyo to Matsue, capital of Izdama. This recalls, of course, the railroads days of the 1890's, when my grandmother, Watanabe, a famous month traveling by rapid train chair from her home in Matsue to the Shogun's palace in Tokyo, then called Yedo.

As a child, I never tired of hearing Grandmother Watanabe tell of those faraway feudal days, when the transmitter under his hand and the tiny tinkling lay nothing but air. "From 'My Father, Marconi,' by Deus."

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 when even farm wives now demand.

Grandmother Watanabe loved the tea ceremony and the sweet-sour plum cakes peculiar to Izdama 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, children, or grandchildren needed a button sewed or a package wrapped.

And, of course, she was a wonderful story-teller, ranging from Izdama folklore (how the emperor, Emperor Jimmu, slew a dragon and found therein a miraculous sword) to reminiscences about her own

Birdmen Fly OVER Their Worries

On a meadow near Cologne, Germany, a battered Volkswagen accelerated, pulling a tow cable taut over the grass and then darted over the grass and then 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.

This was gliding. Ahead were the hills of Sieben Gebirge; below, highways clogged by week-end motorists. Motionless himself, the glider pilot had only air currents, momentum, his craft's architecture, and his own steering skills to hold him aloft. He might stay up for hours, covering hundreds of miles or if the wind shifted and the gliding did he might come down in fifteen minutes, banking wildly over the countryside like some huge chicken hawk, decelerating to 40 miles an hour, gliding down steeply over treetops and power lines, over the airfield, and coming to a halt 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 Ingeborg Tress leave their infants with neighbors, while others, like members of the gliding club of the city of Bonn, are philosophical plumbers like Klaus Tsch. They follow the sport because it's 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 permitted by the Versailles Treaty—and lost in the '30s when the Nazis took over the glider clubs and used them for military training.

Today, a typical glider club is the Hoffmannshagen, near Cologne, which has a \$15 initiation fee, monthly dues of about \$125, and a policy of making members earn their flights by long stunts of work on the ground. Thus the chief expense of the clubs is the purchasing of the aircraft, which cost anywhere from about



WATT'S THIS?—This glider shines with glitter on originality. It's a burned-out, industrial-size bulb, one of several on exhibition in London by artist Jo Mirocni.

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Fashion Hint

Grandfather Watanabe was an eager student of the new Western learning, and would gladly have been sent to Tokyo or abroad. Whereas Grandmother Watanabe stuck to her sober kimono, Grandfather did not. He wore a Western frock coat, particularly on formal occasions. The end of the feudal system meant the end of the samurai 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.

Lafadio Hearn, the Englishman who became so enamored of Izdama that he adopted one of its names, Yakuomo or Eight Clouds, was a friend of Grandfather's, and Grandfather sometimes mimicked, for my benefit, the accented Japanese in which he used to tell 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 underwent 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 my mother 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 term.

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 breath-taking step forward from absolute monarchy. In the 1920's, when Grandfather's erstwhile pupil Baron Wakatsuki was active in politics, universal manhood suffrage was the campaign slogan of forward-minded parliamentarians.

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 MacArthur's pen. Most of these reforms have been permanent.

Man's Last Chance For Enough Water?

What future does the world have for us and, more important, for generations to come? We are reminded that the world's population increases alarmingly every minute and our lands are unable to produce enough food to feed these extra mouths. What then is the solution?

One answer could be water—more precise, the sea. It is possible that one day, when land resources are depleted, we might have to turn to the sea to close to us the last great supply.

For the sea holds just about everything we need to live comfortably: metals, cloth and food—and holds them in greater abundance than the land does.

Throughout time water has been one of the most plentiful, yet most difficult things to humanity. It is the most plentiful, yet most difficult thing to humanity. It is the most plentiful, yet most difficult thing to humanity.

Water, the most plentiful of substances on earth, will always be one of man's most pressing problems. It is the most plentiful, yet most difficult thing to humanity. It is the most plentiful, yet most difficult thing to humanity.

It is perhaps the first thing to become conscious of himself. It is the most plentiful, yet most difficult thing to humanity. It is the most plentiful, yet most difficult thing to humanity.

There is one source of water so accessible, so plentiful, and so endless that if man can ever tap it he will probably never have to worry about his water again. There is only one thing wrong with it: it isn't fit to drink.

The problem is simply: remove the salt and make it fit to drink. The solution is difficult. So far, the only way to make sea water drinkable is by distillation, a process which is too expensive to use on a large scale. Only two basic methods are considered practical at this time: (1) distillation and/or freezing and (2) osmosis, the method of passing sea water through a membrane which catches the salt and allows fresh water to pass through the minute openings.

There are experimental plants in North Africa and the Middle East. Success here would put an area almost the size of the U.S. under cultivation. Freeport, Texas, has a huge experimental desalination program of the distillation type going right now. One of the five planned by the U.S. Department of the Interior which is investing \$20,000,000.

We can and must learn more about the sea. A mass exodus into a new, water world sounds unbelievable and the possibility of it happening lies far beyond our lifetime.

In the meantime, of course, other sources could be developed which would make such an exodus unnecessary. But thoughts of men beginning a new life in the sea cannot be dismissed lightly. Scientists say this is possible and they have proved the "Doubting Thomases" so wrong in the past.

Some depict highly developed cities under the sea; homes and public buildings, shaped like hemispheres to withstand the pressure, made from materials extracted from the sea, or mined from the sea floor.

They say these cities will be a cluster of communities, or "seaburbs," surrounding a huge central hemispheric extractor-fabricator industry. They envisage communication by underwater subway; passages in cable cars; by submarines and sub-pots.

But, they admit, this will probably not come to pass until the land is burnt out. "Then as they claim all life originally came from the sea millions of years ago, so it may return to the sea—man's last refuge."

Frazzled baby-sitter to parents returning home later than arranged: "Don't apologize—I wouldn't be in a hurry to come home either."

Answer elsewhere on this page



EGGSECUTIVE SUITE—Mrs. Mingo Barker operates a 30-foot vacuum lift which speeds handling and reduces breakage at a modern poultry and egg processing plant. A pushbutton production program for 10,000 hens increases output and produces high quality eggs which often reach grocers' shelves in the area within 48 hours.

When ground or pelleted, the hay was harder to digest. This effect more than offset increased consumption which allowed the calves to gain a pound or more each day.

Dr. Beaman ran a second trial in which good quality hay of 17.5 per cent protein was fed. Calves all groups gained on this feed, ranging from 1.32 pounds per day on the long hay to 2 pounds per day on pelleted hay. Pounds of feed consumed per head day ranged from 10.4 to 12.7.

In both trials, steers fed the pelleted hay required a week to 10 days before they would accept the feed readily.

In summer an individual's unwanted mail may divide to a weekly wheelbarrow load, but come fall the mail box seems to only visible outlet for Federal garbage. The box, at home or at the post office, has enough to make anyone's hair curl.

It used to be fun to wait for the mailman or to open a box. Just about everybody gets a little excited at the prospect of interesting mail, but now everybody feels he is the personal foil for gimmick-artists and his box is a garbage can. As postal inspectors know how much mail is thrown away, they wonder how small towns can afford the money to have the junk carted off.

If this mountain of drivel had to be sent first-class, rather than in bulk-rate, the post office might be able to declare a whooping dividend. If not, personal business would have to improve. For hardly anyone dares to try to calculate how much money is lost opening and angrily disposing of the semi-frustrated and trash forced upon him.—(Raleigh, N.C.) News and Observer.

HOW CLOSE DO YOU FOLLOW? It's too close if it's less than one length for every 10 miles per hour.

A secret is something you tell to only one person at a time.

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Through the cooperation of plant breeders, botanists and agricultural institutions in many countries, the introductory nurseries provide the means of systematically introducing new varieties. Each strain, variety or species is grown in short rows as a preliminary test for hardiness, vigor, forage and seed yields and disease resistance. Those with desirable characteristics are increased and seed made available to plant breeders for use in developing new strains. A strain that passes all tests can be registered for sale as a variety in Canada.

Some unusual species growing in the nursery at Ottawa are some grass that has been developed as a cultivated species. Most other native grasses of the shade-loving type that grew in the forests or on the banks of streams. On the Prairies, more use has been made of the native grasses but introduced species such as crested wheat, intermediate wheat, brome and Russian wild eye have greatly increased forage yields in the dryer areas.

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Kochia, a bushy green plant that turns red in the fall, is grown as an ornamental (burnt bush) in Canada and is being tested as a possible forage crop in parts of South Dakota. Kochia has become a serious weed in some parts of Manitoba and it is now unlawful to plant it in that province.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. B. Warren, B.A., B.D.
John 17: 1-3; Romans 6: 4-8; 1 Corinthians 15: 3-8; 1 Peter 1: 3-8.

The last common conception about eternal life is that it means duration of existence or "foreverness." It does, of course, include this but so does the term immortality. If the term eternal life implies no more than unending existence, then it is merely a synonym for immortality, and all men have that. Jesus never implied that all men have eternal life. In the words of Jesus which form our Memory Scripture we have the only Scriptural definition, as follows: "And this is a life which shall never end." (John 17: 3.)

Between the two are important truths concerning eternal life. Whereas in the old life before conversion we were dead in sin, now we are to be deified in Christ. Paul makes clear that eternal life is a resurrection life in which the Christian's relationship to sin is altered.

In the extended metaphor that follows (6: 12-13) the picture intended belongs to the system of slavery so common in the first century world. As a slave could be transferred from the service of one master to another, so the Christian is to be changed from the service of sin to the service of God. He who lives the resurrection life is to be a servant of God. He must yield his body to God's service just as freely as he once yielded to the slavery of sin. This consecrated service will be a testimony of his possession of God's gift, which is eternal life.

In the lesson portion from I Corinthians we see that Christ's resurrection was only the first fruits (the earliest yield of the orchard giving evidence of a coming abundant harvest). Since Christians are to share in that resurrection, eternal life has also a future aspect.

Peter points out that Christians do not escape trial. But the trial is designed to season our faith that it may be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ. How important it is that we may know Jesus Christ and possess eternal life. Our life will be changed and we shall have a new destiny. Eternal life is God's free gift to us through Jesus.

Upside-down to Prevent Peeking

When washing socks or sweaters, try turning them inside out beforehand. Then, if any balls of lint or dirt are rubbed into them, they will be on the inside where they won't show.

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