Princess With A Mind Of Her Own

One of the most popular and determined members of our Royal Family—that is Princess Marina, formerly Duchess of Kent.

Through the years the Princess has endeared herself to the British public by her personality and charm. But even as a child in her native Greece she had the same endearing qualities, as well as being one of the loveliest of children with her gold-brown eyes and hair.

In those far-off, far-away days she learned her beautiful English from her Governess, a Miss Fox, and even insisted on saying her goodnight prayers in English.

When her grandmother, Queen Olga, asked why she wouldn't pray in Greek she replied:

"I've arranged it with God. I told him I liked to talk to Him in English best, and He said: 'Please yourself, Marina. All languages are the same to me.'"

One evening she was told to go to bed at six o'clock and say her prayers like any other good little girl.

"Lots of other little girls are going to bed now," she argued. "God must be terribly busy listening to all their prayers.

"If I go to bed later on, the rush will be over and God will have more time to listen to me."

Her father, Prince Nicholas, once lectured her for some misdeed, telling her she ought to tell God she was sorry for being naughty.

Looking him straight in the eye, she answered: "What would be the use? If God knows everything He must know I'm sorry without being told. I don't want to waste His time."

She didn't like music lessons, so her father sat down at the piano and began picking out nursery rhymes with one finger while she solemnly watched.

"Come along," he said, "you see Papa trying, don't you?"

"Yes," she replied with a quick, mischievous smile, "that's why I don't." Papa retired, defeated.

Her French governess, Mlle. Perrin, said of her at the age of six: "I remember how delighted she was when I had a headache.

"She would come into my room pretending to be the doctor and put cold compresses on my forehead. In doing so she saturated my bedclothes!" These stories are recounted in an admirable biography **H.R.H. Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent** by J. Wentworth Day.

As a young girl Marina was resolved to marry only for love. Once she overheard the family solemnly discussing the upheaval caused when her elder sister Olga suddenly broke off her engagement to the Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark.

"Why on earth," she broke in, "should Olga marry him if she doesn't love him? I wouldn't. . ."

Smiling, her mother commented: "Out of the mouths of babes. . ."

A game she loved to play with her two sisters and friends was "keeping house" up in a fig tree on an island where the Princesses spent their summer. Baroness Helena von der Hoven, a family friend recorded:

"Each member of the party had her own branch which represented her 'room' and all the figs on this branch were entirely her property.

"One could visit the other and exchange fruit which was carefully passed over on fresh green leaves.

"It needed a lot of agility not to drop any and if such a misfortune happened it was greeted with a lot of merry laughter and jokes.

"Though one of the youngest, Princess Marina was always the ringleader and kept the company in fits of laughter by mimicking her governess."

More than once during her girlhood war and revolution drove the family into exile.

When Greece became a republic under Venizelos in 1922 and King Constantine, her uncle, left his country for ever. Prince Nicholas accompanied him to Palermo, Sicily.

He then cabled his wife and two elder daughters in Paris, and Marina, who had been sent to England, to join him. And there the family reunited.

Once more, says Wentworth Day, their roots had been torn up. Their old home had gone. Their fortune was confiscated. For the second time they were wanderers on the face of the earth.

Marina, then a tall, slender sixteen, looked at her parents and said, with that touch of mischief which sometimes lit her face: "We really needn't have unpacked our trunks."

Later, in Paris, Prince Nicholas took a studio at Auteuil, painted all day, and sold his pictures at good prices to augment the meagre family funds. He and Marina often went out sketching.

One day a little girl with her mother stopped and stared at the couple, busy with their paint boxes.

"Are those musicians, Mummy?" she asked. "Do we have to give them a sou?"

After Constantine's abdication her uncle, Prince Christopher, rescued her father's money and securities and her mother's jewellery in a daring eascape from Athens at a time when five ministers and a general were shot by Venizelos's orders and her other uncle, Prince Andrew — Prince Philip's father—narrowly escaped the same fate.

Helped by his lawyer and old tutor Prince "Christo" stowed the jewellery in an old wooden box with its bottom almost falling out, put on his oldest clothes, and drove down to the quay.

There the three boarded a small rowing boat, fearing every minute that the harbour officials would recognize and detain them.

They'd brought with them a large white Persian cat in a basket. Marina's mother's dearest pet. It drew attention to them by yowling.

Next a suitcase burst open. Stocks, share certificates, money spilled out and were hastily stuffed back.

When they reached their objective, an Italian steamer, an armed Greek sentry with orders to examine every passport barred the gangway.

Venizelos was making sure that no member of the royal family would get away on that ship.

"Christo" ran up the gangway, gave the sentry a tremendous blow in the stomach which doubled him up, and rushed to his cabin, where the sentry had no power to arrest him.

The tutor got past, too, with all the luggage, jewels, money, and securities.

Despite all her family's misfortunes Marina eventually found happiness in her marriage to Prince George, Duke of Kent, who said of her:

"She's the one woman with whom I could be happy to spend the rest of my life."

But tragedy dogged her again when he died in an air crash in Scotland during the Second World War.

Wentworth Day gives a revealing account of her life and personality, and the dramatic events that beset her family, in this first authentic biography.

Today the Princess is an elegant and much respected public figure who shows little of the many, and sometimes harrowing, vicissitudes she has had to endure. This timely biography can only further enhance the wide esteem in which she is held.

Obey the traffic signs — they are placed there for YOUR SAFETY.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Gwendoline P. Clarke

For more than a decade readers of this, and many other Canadian weeklies, have followed with interest the happenings described in the column entitled "Chronicles of Ginger Farm".

There was little of the sensational or headline-making in those happenings. Week after week, season after season and year after year the column chronicled the life of the Clarke family living — and working — on a Southern Ontario farm. Yet the charm, and above all the sincerity of the writing were such that countless readers came to look upon the family as personal friends.

So it was with real regret that readers of the "Chronicles" learned a week or so ago that Mrs. Clarke has decided to bring the column to an end; and on their behalf we extend to her congratulations for a job well done and best wishes for the future.

The Editor

Kidnapped On Her Honeymoon!

The beautiful young bride had always dreamed of a luxurious honeymoon on the French Riviera. But she and her sailor-husband had had such a whirlwind courtship they only had enough money for their hotel expenses.

That was why Joachim Proschnow and his twenty-one-year-old bride, Helga, were hitch-hiking down to the coast.

"We'll have a honeymoon you'll never forget!" vowed Joachim, after the wedding at Cuxhaven, Germany. He didn't know how right he was—but it was not in the way he imagined. . .

An attractive girl doesn't have to wait long on the highway if she wants a lift—even though she is not alone.

The first car that stopped took them to Hamburg. Next day they had reached Basle, in Switzerland. It was already dark as they tried to thumb a lift on the third stage of their trek.

A big, fast car stopped. "Where do you want to go to, friends?" asked the swarthy young man at the wheel. "Anywhere to the South? Yes, that's the only sensible thing to do in this terrible wet summer. You're lucky, I'm going through to Marseilles."

As the radio played soft music, the driver asked questions. When he discovered they were just married and were on their honeymoon, he exclaimed: "What a pity! I am always too late."

A few hours later the Algerian stopped outside a roadside inn. "I've run out of cigarettes," he said, turning to Joachim. "Will you get me three packets?"

Joachim felt slightly uneasy, but he went into the inn to buy the cigarettes. Two minutes later, as he came out, he saw the tail-lights of the car disappearing along the road!

In the car Helga screamed in terror. "Stop," she shouted, "or I'll jump out;" The Algerian laughed. "To jump out of a car at 90 m.p.h. is suicide!"

Meanwhile Joachim was in a frenzy. He knew that unless the Algerian was stopped something terrible would happen to Helga.

The innkeeper was helpful. He phoned the police and found a motorbike which Joachim could hire.

Leaping on the machine, Joachim roared away in pursuit. In half an hour he was only a few yards behind the Algerian. Thundering along beside the Rhone-Rhine canal they reached a dangerous bend. Neither slackened speed.

"Look out!" screamed Helga. But it was too late—the car crashed through the barrier and plunged below the surface of the canal.

Tearing off his jacket, Joachim dived in. But he could see nothing in the murky water. Then suddenly two heads bobbed to the surface. Joachim swam over to Helga and tried to calm her as she struggled in the water. Then he gasped with relief as the police cars roared up to the edge of the canal and played their searchlights on the water.

The three were soon fished out. Amazingly, none of them was hurt. The Algerian is now in Mulhouse jail, awaiting his trial.

Helga and Joachim continued their honeymoon. But they won't do any more hitch-hiking.

When the average husband looks around and sees the kind of men most women marry, he can't help thinking that his wife has done mighty well.

TAKING A BIG BITE — Actor James Mason appears to be biting his lip as his attorney, Jake Erlich (right), argues with Pamela Mason's lawyer, Paul Caruso, over the presence of Portland Mason (left), 13, at a separate maintenance suit conference at Santa Monica, Calif. The judge awarded Mrs. Mason (center) $7,000 monthly, pending hearing of her suit for divorce.

Two Masterpieces For Price Of One

It looked at first like a routine job. The painting just needed cleaning — nineteenth-century varnish had turned the lady's cheeks a trifle yellow—and the canvas backing, which was disintegrating from old age, needed replacing. In Kansas City, some weeks ago, James Roth, an expert art conservator, quietly began restoring Cézanne's "The Artist's Sister."

The painting, owned by the St. Louis City Art Museum, was one of eight Cézannes that had been stolen a year ago while on loan to an exhibit in Aix-en-Provence, France, the artist's birthplace. The stolen paintings were all found in an abandoned automobile in Marseille last April; fortunately the thieves had treated "The Artist's Sister" gently, and it had suffered almost no damage. The thieves had only removed its frame. Once it was returned, the St. Louis Museum decided to have it cleaned and relined.

In his lab, Roth started on the backing after he finished the cleaning job. First he carefully cut the old liner away in strips with a razor blade. Then he attacked the unusually thick layer of glue underneath. With wet packs of warm water-soaked gauze, he reduced it to a jelly-like consistency and began delicately picking the particles away with miniature spatulas. What emerged to Roth's surprise, was not the blank brown canvas he had expected to find but a heavy application of dark green paint. During three days of digging out glue, Roth watched as another Cézanne—a portrait of a peasant —gradually appeared.

Last month, the St. Louis Museum put its double Cézanne on view, suitably mounted so that the faces on both sides were visible. Since the newly found one is upside down in relation to "The Artist's Sister," a guard obligingly swivels it vertically in its special frame for the benefit of visitors. Museum director Charles Nagel has estimated that the find raises the value of the work to $225,000, $75,000 more than the current value of the original painting, which the museum bought for only $7,500 in 1934.

Delighted with his double painting, Nagel commented last month in St. Louis: "It's a nice little dividend. A fantastic turn of events — to have a painting stolen, get it back, and then find out you have two instead of one."

"It's a fully realized sketch with the full authority of Cézanne's talent," Nagel said. "It was probably done when he was in his early 20s, a few years before he did his sister in 1868 or '69. It's an obvious choice, if you had to cover one face or the other, which one you would choose, but it is still a sketch of museum quality."

Great Catastrophe Almost Forgotten

The most generally forgotten grand catastrophe in recent history, except by those who were close to it, is probably the Japanese earthquake of 1923. Yet among all the natural disasters of which convincing records are available, this was the greatest in all history. In Tokyo alone, it resulted in a fire covering nearly twice the area of the famous London, Chicago, and San Francisco fires combined. Some 60 per cent of the city, including 300,000 private houses, was destroyed. In Yokohama things were worse—80 per cent of the city reduced to rubble and ashes. The total loss of life was around 140,000 (none of the atom-bomb or incendiary fires in Japan during World War II was more destructive than the 1923 Tokyo blaze or approached it in area).

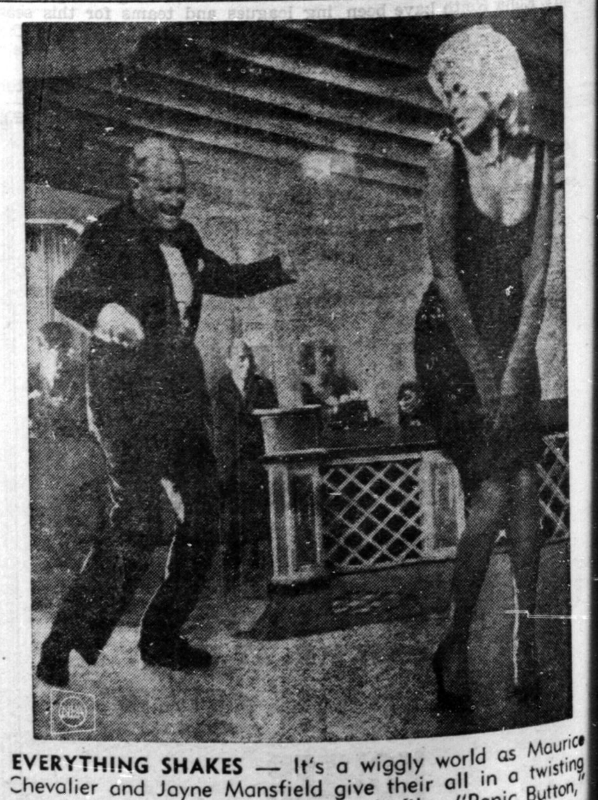
One reason why the horror has been so widely forgotten is the Japanese stoic genius for suffering colossal damage and then getting on quietly with the repairs. Lifting this curtain of silence, Noel F. Busch has written a vivid, terrible, and in many ways inspiring book entitled "Two Minutes To Noon." The effect is all the stronger because Busch, an experienced journalist and writer on Oriental subjects, now with Reader's Digest, has a formal clarity of exposition which would certainly appeal to the classic Japanese taste.

The start of all the vast devastation was the seismographic shocks which began just before noon on Sept. 1, centering in Sagano Bay some 57 miles southwest of Tokyo. Rapidly, the quakes shattered the wood and paper Japanese houses (stone buildings were mostly left standing); a myriad of fires broke out; they were often fed by oil from the bursting tanks of the petroleum industry; tidal waves loomed over the shores, and as the appalling heat inland produced vast updrafts, air rushed in and formed whirlwinds and tornadoes which left fantastic carnage. One great twister, for example, roared through the open space near Tokyo's Army Clothing Depot, where 40,000 people had massed to escape the fire and heat, and when it had passed only a few hundred were left alive. By nightfall, the fiery city served as a reading lamp for people 10 miles away.

Among the many survivors he interviewed, Busch is specially attentive to Dr. Eikichi Ikeguchi, who lost his wife and three children in the raging furnace and was violently scorched himself. He spent the following horrendous hours convinced that his own death was near, but passionately determined to have the bodies of his near and dear recovered and properly buried. Upon his parting with Dr. Ikeguchi, Busch makes the comment: "The Japanese, as is well known, have a custom of bowing when they say good-by. I was glad to conform with this on taking leave of Dr. Ikeguchi."

Anyone who isn't in debt these days is probably underprivileged.

JUST KIDS — Gay Bishop's two little buddies are just babies, yet they enjoy a friendly get-together, especially when it's dinner. Peter the bunny, nibbles a hickory nut, while Willy, the squirrel, sips milk from a doll's bottle.



EVERYTHING SHAKES — It's a wiggly world as Maurice Chevalier and Jayne Mansfield give their all in a twisting session during a scene for the comedy film, "Panic Button," being filmed in Rome. Costarring with them are Eleanor Parker and Mike Connors.

High Prices For Old Wash-Benches

The antique business baffles me, because a piece of old furniture is a lovely thing, and adorns the domestic nook, but why do the summer people from New Jersey look so pleased when they get an old wash bench to strap on the top of their automobile? I always watch them drive by, wondering how much they paid for it, and if a brand-new one at the same price wouldn't be a better buy. Somehow, I feel the processes of thought aren't balancing off the simple facts: That the bric-a-brac and orts accumulated to edify the tourists are the same that some family, somewhere, just cast aside as expendable. The wash benches now moving out are not going to be used as wash benches, of course.

I happen to possess the lumber, facilities and talent for making wash benches. I could do it. They would be clean, sturdy and improved in design, although I could make them like old wash benches if I wanted to. If anybody wanted just one, and I had to tool up for it, the price would probably be comparable to the going tab today on an old one, but if I could get an order for 500, I could make them very cheap indeed. And it's a little disturbing to think that after I made them, and 150 years went by, they'd be antiques, too.

I have made antiques. I made a cobbler's bench, for instance. We were visiting somebody who had an old one, punched full of sparables, and as we talked I idly took off the measurements and jotted them down. I did a close job, so every detail of the thing was on paper. Then I came home and made one just like it. It was fun. The old bench had three drawers, and they were fitted with what we call flush-handles. They are brass, recessed into the wood, and you can buy this kind of fitting at any marine hardware store, or chandlery, today just as well as you could in olden times. They are standard for cuddies and hatches, so I went and bought six of these, identical with the "antique" ones, and put them on my three drawers. When I got the bench to my liking I gave it a rinse with lignophol, and buttered it up good with a hard wax. It is handsome, and all who see it pause to admire it.

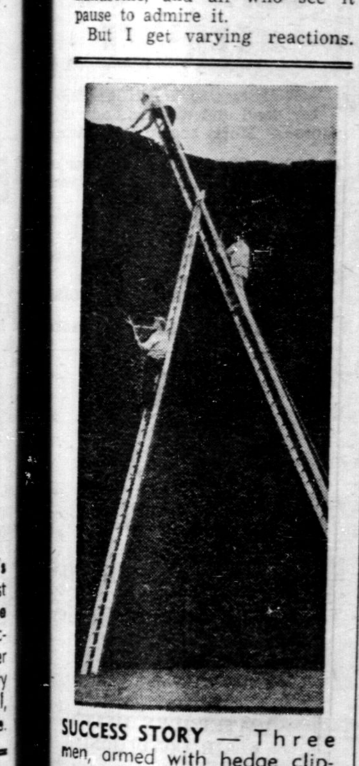
But I get varying reactions. Many say, "And Oh! See those beautiful old drawer pulls!" Most of them compliment me on my wonderful job of "restoration." One "expert" who wasn't fooled a bit said I had truly done a careful job of copying, but it was a shame I put those flush-handles on, since the really old benches naturally had wooden pulls. "Naturally," I said.

Anyway, if there's merit in having a cobbler's bench in the living room, to hold up bouquets and magazines, we've got one. It does not mean that we peg shoes in the parlour. And I think, apart from the adoration of age, it is better to have a clean, neat one with fresh finish on it than to have an old one that is scarred and bent.

The ancient wash bench was hardly designed for a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It was not so long ago I can't remember it. Plumbing on the old farm is still of recent date. We had three wash benches — two in the "laundry" and one by the back steps. The one by the back steps was for casual ablutions of the sweaty, dirty anatomy of the agronomist, who came up from the fields after labour to cleanse himself sufficiently to sit at table. The function of the bench was, you might say, aesthetic, but in a special country way that doesn't seem to me to point obviously at present-day delight in owning one. Just before meal time somebody would dip a pail of warm water from the tank on the back of the kitchen stove, and with a pail of cold water beside it, would set it on the bench. There was a clay flower pot there with ends of soap in it — the hole in the pot offering a drain so the soap wouldn't go mushy, and also it let you run a finger up through to help get a good "holt" on a piece. A good rough towel would be provided, and a basin and dipper.

I will not say there was nothing artistic about the bench. It was a tender experience to stand and watch a hired man lave imself. The water splashed about a good deal, and he slapped it over his neck, and he'd puff and glow, and you could see that it felt good. Dusty from threshing or grimy from pulling weeds, he rejoiced in the cooling. Soil in rivulets ran off him, and he came forth sweet and pure, shining like a bottle, and his hair brushed as for a wedding. Grandfather judged hired men by the wood they could chop; Grandmother by their work at the wash bench.

The other wash benches, in the laundry, were for clothes tubs. I can't remember anything, in particular, which surrounded these which would make them prized in retrospect. If Grandmother had been told that some day her old benches would fetch a fancy figure, I'm sure she'd have hooted at such nonsense. Hers was an era that looked forward to set tubs and a length of hose, and the happy time when the wash bench could be hove on the dump. If she could have, by second sight or powers of imagination, contrived to foresee automatic laundries and driers, I think she would lament the low intelligence of a woman who, having these miracles, would go on a vacation up in Maine and pay good money for a wash bench to carry all the way back to your province or state. — By John Gould in the Christian Science Monitor.



SUCCESS STORY — Three men, armed with hedge clippers and equipped with a specially-made ladder, give the Cirencester, England, great green wall a trim which takes about 10 days.

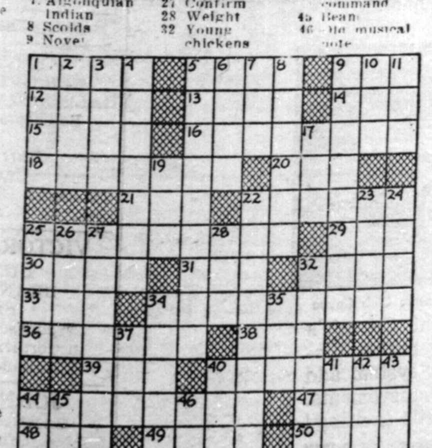
Q. How can I remove shine from dark suits?

A. Often you can remove the mirror-like appearance by rubbing the fabric lightly with very fine sandpaper. Dampen a navy skirt or pair of trousers with bluing water, and press while still damp. Shiny suits may also be sponged with vinegar before pressing.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Banner
5. Promontory
9. Enclose (poet.)
12. Hoarfrost
13. Russian lake
14. Outfit
15. Kiln
16. Resigning
18. Beginning
20. Label
21. Foe (Old Eng.)
22. Obtain
25. Digresses
29. Recently made
30. Spoken
31. Crest
32. Colorless
33. Hindu cymbals
34. Having one eye
36. Sharp-shooter
38. Salt
39. Israelite tribe
40. Without purpose
44. Rate of ascent
47. Perverse
48. Devour
49. Singing voice
50. Pulled apart
51. Watch closely
52. Den
53. Ovule

DOWN
1. Leaping animal
2. Wide awake
3. So be it
4. Ecumenical
5. Sailor
6. Ages
7. Algonquian Indian
8. Scolds
9. Novel
10. Secure
11. Urge (slang)
17. Viscous liquid
19. Droop
22. Bank customer
23. Part of constellation Argo
24. Pitcher
25. Dowries
26. Persia
27. Confirm
28. Weight
32. Young chickens
34. Low
35. Eccentric piece
37. Floating leaf
40. One opposed
41. Bacchanalian cry
42. Father
43. Coasting vehicle
44. Teamster's command
45. Bean
46. Old musical note



Answer elsewhere on this page

EDITORIAL COMMENT — The Olsons of Blanchardville, report that the junk mail receptacle is a failure. Their 5-year-old son doesn't know the real stuff from the junk and brings it all home. Nevertheless, they tried.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

A tax issue is boiling up in California that is bubbling in other states, too, to say nothing of sections of Ontario. The issue is whether to let "farmers" on the urban fringes get out of paying their full share of property taxes by assessing their land on the basis of its agricultural use rather than its fair market value.

* * *

The question known as Proposition 4 on the November ballot is being hotly debated. It will be interesting to see whether Gov. Edmund G. Brown and Richard Nixon will take a clearcut stand on this proposed tax favor to "farmers," or whether these two rival candidates for Governor will sidestep it. Perhaps if they are wise they will.

Any time a proposition gets on the state ballot for direct voter action, it more than likely is because the Legislature was willing to "pass the buck" to the voters. A good deal of grass-roots "legislating" is done in just this way. It is nothing to see 15 or 20 complex issues come up before the voters in the form of ballot propositions that would floor a convention of Philadelphia barristers.

* * *

Proposition 4 would authorize local government to enact ordinances permitting holders of close-in land to receive assessments based on its agricultural use instead of a housing subdivision, industrial site or whatever else. Back payment of the difference in tax levels plus 6 per cent interest for the preceding seven years would be required when the land is converted from agricultural to other use.

* * *

Right here, no matter how simply you try to explain this bloc action for preferential tax treatment, by the time the average voter has studied this and some 20 other complicated propositions on his ballot, he is apt to be a little vague if not downright befuddled. The voter in the city the size of San Francisco or Los Angeles doesn't get out of it this easily, either. He may have a raft of municipal propositions to vote on, too. By the time you string the two lists, end to end, they stream off into the electoral cosmos like a frigate's homeward-bound pennant.

Our home-grown political scientists could see all this coming and some of them spoke out pretty clearly about the need to simplify our electoral methods around the time we were redrafting the California Constitution in the 1870's. To call upon the average citizen to vote at each election for a string of candidates about whom he can know nothing unless he makes a business of politics, it is even now argued, is to relegate choice to rigged nominating conventions, and political rings. The same applies to the ballot propositions which often are espoused by special interests and put over with well-heeled propaganda drives, writes Harlan Trott in the Christian Science Monitor.

* * *

The Council of California Growers is making a very appealing case for the close-in landholders. This spokesman for the corporate farmers points out that farm lands adjacent to cities are taxed "not on the basis of returns from crops" but rather on their "potential value for subdivisions, factories or shopping centers."

* * *

The council asserts a farmer has no alternative but to sell his land when his taxes become greater than his income will bear. Some 65,000 acres of farm land are gobbled up around cities each year in California, as a result, says the council, of "such taxing practices." It cites two major reasons why city residents would profit by voting Yes on Proposition 4:

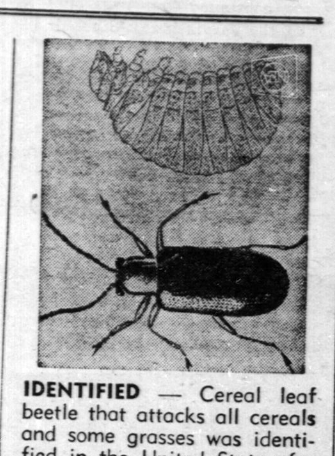
(1) It will add to the enjoyment of city living by tending to preserve open spaces and visually aesthetic "green belts" around suburban areas.

(2) It will assure city dwellers a continued abundance of low-cost, high-quality foods produced on lands near metropolitan areas.

* * *

The California Labor Federation is just as certain that it is in the public interest to vote No on Proposition 4. "No special tax relief should be given to persons who have enjoyed a great increase in land value," says organized labor's spokesman. "Local government can scarcely afford to provide services in new growth areas as it is. Special low assessments on large blocks of farm land which are held off the market would make the situation worse. . . . Rather than aggravate urban sprawl and contributing to a hodge-podge of local assessment practices, the voters should turn down this unjustifiable tax exemption."

By the time the voters start x-ing their ballots on November 6, they will have done their homework on Proposition 4. It is such a hot issue in metropolitan California it will have been pretty well debated. The losers can hardly say that this question slipped by.



IDENTIFIED — Cereal leaf beetle that attacks all cereals and some grasses was identified in the United States for the first time this year by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. The insect, which has done damage in Europe for many years, has been found in parts of Michigan and Indiana. Its favorite crops are oats, barley and wheat. One-quarter inch adult is shown above;

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Why Do Beliefs Matter?
Matthew 15: 1-20; John 3: 17,18; 2 Thessalonians 2: 13-17.

Memory Scripture: Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you. 1 Peter 3: 15.

I'm weary of hearing people say, "It doesn't make any difference what you believe as long as you are sincere." Religion is the only area of life of which such a silly statement is made. What disasters would follow if we followed such advice in medicine, business or aeronautics.

What are we to believe? The Word of God, of course. Nor are we to meddle by adding to or taking from, what God has given to us through writers inspired by the Holy Spirit. The Pharisees of our Lord's day made the commandment of God of no effect by their tradition. They taught for doctrines the commandments of men.

We break God's commandments because we are by nature, sinful. "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies." We need to be awakened to the sinfulness of our own heart. If we do not believe that adultery and stealing are sins against God, we can continue these sins without much compunction of conscience. We must accept God's Word for it. Then we ought to repent of our sins and ask in the Name of Jesus Christ for forgiveness. As we believe in Him, we shall be partakers of eternal life.

The third portion of our lesson reminds us of the fruit that follows from a life that has been transformed by Jesus Christ. God hath chosen us to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth. If we follow in this high and holy calling, God will establish us in every good word and work. We will be ready to give a reason for the hope within us; a reason from God's Word. And our lives will be patterned after the Divine Word. We will delight in serving our fellowmen in pointing them to our Lord Jesus Christ. As pilgrims travelling through this world, desirous of reaching heaven, let us study the Bible, our road map

Just How Fast Do Birds Fly?

Man for centuries has been trying to find out the secrets of birds, and the birds have been pretty good about not "telling" too much.

But now along comes radar to give the answer on how fast they fly.

This question puzzled ornithologists for years until they tracked a ring-necked duck at 66 miles per hour recently—and you can't argue with radar.

Dr. Wesley E. Lanyon, assistant curator in the department of ornithology of the American Museum of Natural History has, said this unique way of checking flight speed was attained in a cross wind of 8 m.p.h. Next speediest among the birds tested were a black duck, with 55 m.p.h., and a quail, with 44.5 m.p.h.

A museum spokesman said the system consists of a Doppler radar unit similar to that used by the police to measure motorist's speed on highways.

Actually radar echoes from moving targets are shifted in frequency in a manner that is determined by the target's speed. By detecting this shift a direct measure of the target's speed may be obtained.

The radar equipment operates on batteries and can be carried about with ease in fields and woods. One succesful way used to time the birds has been to release them near a radar unit and then track them.

The museum experts said that the radar frequencies, recorded on the spot on tape, must later be translated into miles per hour.

Speeds achieved by other birds were: coot, 37 m.p.h.; blue jay, 26 m.p.h.; black-capped chickadee, 17 m.p.h; house finch, 21.5 m.p.h.; white-throated sparrow, 17.5 m.p.h.; wild turkey, 31.7 m.p.h.; pheasant, 38.2 m.p.h.; and herring gull, 29.4 m.p.h.

The birds now are in migration and here too they have been holding their secrets well. For instance: How do birds know when to leave? How do they navigate? And why do many of them return year after year to the same general location and often to the same spot?

Museum experts say it is probable that birds start migrating due to physiological reasons or changes in the body. Another major factor is environment changes in which the birds have been living. For instance, it seems that the length of day has a lot to do with migration, writes Harry C. Kenney in the Christian Science Monitor.

It is also widely believed by many that birds navigate by the sun and stars: That they do see enough light to fly this way. They are suspected too, of having a timing mechanism which is very helpful in migration schedules and navigation.

The birds use mountain ranges, valleys, and the sea-coast in their migration flights—this is a long-established pattern. But they are pretty cute about why they so often return to the same spot or area. The experts are still puzzled by this.

The experts are turning, too, to the tracking of fish. Actually, ultrasonic signals have been successfully used for the first time in tracking the movement of large marine fish.

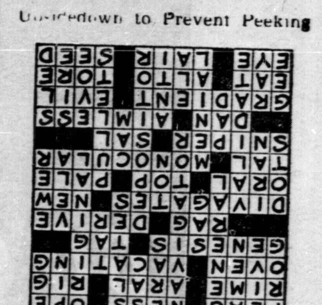
Dr. C. M. Breder, chairman of the department of ichthyology of the American Museum, said that an initial test of the method in the sea near Palm Beach, Fla., resulted in tracking movements of a 300-pound sand shark at distances up to 1¼ miles. The new system is the first to operate with relatively high resolution in the open sea.

The shark, taken by rod and reel, was tagged with an aluminum capsule containing a miniaturized transmitter which automatically sends a supersonic signal.

It is expected that the device, when perfected, can give data that no amount of simple tagging could provide, covering such matters as detailed trajectories of the fishes, their depth movements, and the speed and directness of their transit.

"Married men make the best soldiers because they are used to fighting," says a humour columnist. Yes, but on the other hand, they are conditioned to surrendering.

Upside-down to Prevent Peeking



HORSEPLAY — Bob Taul, 11, foreground, just couldn't resist temptation to "accidentally" spray his brother Tom, 14, while they were washing their Hereford steer at the Future Farmers of America Fair.