Making Punishment Fit The Crime

The eternal quest to make the punishment fit the crime has led to a deal of surprises in the past — but none so fascinating as an experiment currently being tested in Orange, Texas, U.S.A.

There a judge has sentenced four young villains convicted of shop - lifting and milk - bottle whipping to the days of wearing girls' clothing. Says the Judge, who got the idea from his mother and his own childhood days: "It sure worked on me and my brother. I believe it's going to work here."

The parents of the delinquents have themselves been threatened with jail for Contempt if they don't keep the boys in dresses for the necessary period — and a Juvenile Officer will visit the homes concerned every three or four days to check.

The scheme is imaginative, but has one or two clear faults if widely applied.

For example, the delinquent of initiative has only to acquire a kilt jacket and a sporran to protect himself as a foreigner of rather welcome novelty value. What is more, even simulated Highland Dress will offer the young thug a delightfully traditional excuse for carrying a flick-knife down his hose: no Scotsman's Set ever being entirely complete without its Dirk.

Purely only to conjure up the vision of these young whelps as loosely robed and Crew haircut as a job-lot of Gertrude Sterns, one might examine the possibilities of those braver spirits prepared to cut their losses and settle for venture out into the public eye during the period of their sentence. Away from home the necessity to wash one's hands could involve a very novel dilemma.

Dressed as a girl, the use of the Men's washroom might introduce a mild panic among its more circumspect occupants — whilst the use of the Powder Room by a male doubtless involves some kind of social and legal transgression in its own right. In such circumstances the young Probationer might be forced into a willy-nilly crime through a scheme produced by those authorities intent only upon that early correction which would have him from future incarceration. And once the Probationer has broken his given bond, the Beak can have no recourse but to send him to Reform School.

I would beg you to consider this contingency, Ladies and Gentlemen.

As a matter of fact, the idea will only hold water for a few more years, anyway. The differences between the clothes worn by men and the clothes worn by women diminish steadily. Apart from those extraordinary lacy creations which are the result of physical differences between the sexes, trousers and a sweater have become a kind of generalised uniform for both sides of the house. In possibly another decade or so, it will be as unusual to see a woman in a skirt as nowadays it is to see a boy in one. Dresses, then, will not have the absurdity quotient we equate them with nowadays — but will be as clearly demonstrative of the criminal as are broad stripes or broad arrows.

Paradoxically enough, though modern criminal psychology aims mainly at healing the sick mind which induces delinquency, the wearing of a skirt is more likely to do the bad boys good in bodily terms.

Several years ago a Swedish scientific team reported that the warmth and constriction occasioned by the wearing of trousers was more likely to creat mutative harm than the small amounts of radioactive materials induced into the atmosphere by atomic explosion.

In forcing the young baddies into a healthier type garment, therefore, you are ensuring a neurotic bitterness in their minds towards the society which has made them look ridiculous at the same time as you are strengthening their physical condition. Thus you may only be encouraging a kind of delinquent power which is all the better to beat you with.

JUST ONE COAT!

A couple of years ago, we noted that a textile labeling law was about to become effective, requiring that wearing apparel and other textiles bear labels stating what fibers were used.

What reminded us of this was an ad the other day proclaiming:

"The Duo-Clime: a Dacron polyester and cotton shell with zip-in Orlon acrylic pile lining on a Polypropylene olefin and acrylic backing. In beige or charcoal, $39.95."

It turned out to be a coat Whether it is a warm coat we cannot say.—Chicago Daily News

DRIVE CAREFULLY — The life you save may be your own.

What it isn't is what makes this picture remorkable. It's not a football ticket line, a line-up for an SRO movie, or a queue on borgain day at the department store. The patient people waiting amiably in line in nose-nipping weather are looking forward to the opportunity to view briefly the Mona Lisa, the famous painting of the lody with the enigmatic smile, on loan briefly from France and shown in Washington's National Gallery of Art.

Eastern Look For Women's Fashions

In the mysterious East [illegible] ban is a male garment [illegible] to the female. Not so in fashionable West. Having snapped it up taken over and adapted for his own use slacks, shorts, navy pea coats, T-shirts, boots, and poetically every other known male garment, American women are now moving in on the once arcrosanct Islamic man. The New York Couture Fashion Show provided dramatic evidence. Among the spring designer hats shown were turbans of felt, organza braid straw, and satin. The most striking, by Emme, was of striped silk and featured a burnoose of white chiffon.

Turbans, of course, have been intermittently worn in the U.S. for years, but couturiers say the new spring vogue received its main impetus from the hit movie "Lawrence of Arabia." Now the higher-priced designers, including Mr. John, Miss Alice, Sally Victor, and Adolfo, make their customers look like female Peter O'Tooles. Yet along with this exclusiveness, turbans offer real practicality. They are usually collapsible, easy to travel with, and in the words of Miss La Goh of Hattie Carnegie: "You put it on and you look divine, whether your hair is done or not."

FAMILY HABIT

Lee Taylor, 30-year-old Texan, who was born on the back seat of his father's car, has delivered his own son on the back seat of his car. The baby was born one month prematurely and weighed 6 lb. "I wrapped him in my trenchcoat and drove off with one hand," he said. "I was doing fine, she just relaxed and asked about the baby," Taylor said.

Skye Spring Winds Bring Sands Back

Cleadale stretches between two bays. Laig Bay is a splendid stretch of sand that can look quite white, but is actually a dull grey only enhanced by a thin covering of shell-sand, except when gales blow the lighter shell-sand right away. Cliffs intervene between Laig and the singing sand bay. There are very pleasing rock-divided coves here, with some rock pools that get kindly warm in the sunshine. The sand is a cream colour, rather coarse and crystalline, and the noise, I suppose, is caused by the abrasion of the crystals upon one another. A second curious characteristic of this sand is that it is seasonal. In winter the seas commonly suck it away, leaving a denuded bed of rock; but, as though mindful of those few persons who visit the bay in the summer, in the spring they bring the sand back again . . .

Wildflowers light the island in summer; primroses and flags, orchises, bluebells, wild hyacinths in dense masses, bedstraw, tormentil, corn marigolds, kingcups, meadowsweet, sweet briars and Burnet roses, honeysuckle, stonecrops, and all the little bright flowers whose names one never knows. Autumn empurples the moorland and the scent of heather hangs across the road on still days. Domesticated flowers flourish if they are given shelter from the winds. Hydrangeas do extremely well, and clematis and other flowering shrubs, besides roses and chrysanthemums and daffodils. On the east side there are plantations and well-grown trees, with dragon's-blood palms in the policies of the mansion. Frost hardly ever gives trouble. If it comes it is in dead of winter, when the shoots are sapless. I little expected it, but I never had such skating as I had in Eigg early in 1947. For seven weeks the lochs were bearing, wonderful marled, glass-like ice. I skated up the length of Loch Beinn Tighe towards the west, where a narrow rim of land holds the waters back from falling into the sea hundreds of feet below, and across the sea Rum rides at perpetual anchor.

I skated on the little loch on top of the cliffs when a common supper set made the ice like frozen blood and the sea at my feet below flowed in blood around the Cuillins of Skye. Then there is a lovely deep black loch where the ice was most beautiful and the whipping cracks it gave echoed from enfolding hills. I do not suppose I shall ever again have such skating. Other occasions I remember. A night of full-moonlight, summer - lightning and merry dancers all scintillating together. An eighty-mile-an-hour gale keeping all the island confined uproariously in the school celebrating wedding with song and dancing. Hot August days surf-riding on the beach at Laig. —From "The Scottish Islands," by George Scott-Moncrieff.

COALS TO NEWCASTLE

The beach at Cannes is so polluted with holidaymakers that the authorities decided to extend it by 45 ft. Thousands of tons of sand have therefore been specially transferred from St. Tropez and St. Raphel.

Getting Acquainted With A Chainsaw

After long resistance, I bought a ch[illegible]. I haven't paid for it yet, [illegible] lucky, but things have gone about as I expected. Well, I don't cut much wood any more, and the noise of a chainsaw in my woods seems like an intrusion on a sturdy past. However, sentimentality fades before the inroads of the era of comfort and ease, and a chainsaw will do quite a chore. Perhaps some of my resistance was born of an observation that men with chainsaws spend a great deal of time fixing them.

This is a common fault in the whole agricultural arena. Machinery, implements and devices turned out for farmers have a margin of error you could drive a team and wagon through with ladder on crosswise. A nation smart enough to make the Minuteman operational ought to be able to make a chainsaw that would work, or a cutterbar that will mow grass. Alas. The ruggedness whine of the chainsaw on the morning air, assaulting the peace of the lovely bucolic morning, suddenly stops, and you know the man is adjusting his tension again.

So the other day I had a chance, and I dickered for a chainsaw. I explained to the man that I was not a lumberman and didn't own a paper mill, and that my needs were thus moderate. Something that would help me limb up the downed hard pine by four-five cords for the fireplace and the shop, and some for the old kitchen range if we took a notion to light it, and that was the extent.

This wouldn't be enough to warrant the long price of a new one — they cost more than they should, anyway), but it was enough so I wanted one that would start when I pulled the string and would run long enough to tucker me. Least of all, I said, didn't want any transaction to lead to the constant going and coming to the repair shop that seemed to be standard in the trade. "There are more chainsaws in the dealers' back rooms than there are in the Maine woods," I said, looking behind him at the broken chainsaws he had piled up. He said no, that this was a beauty, that it would cut like an ax going through soft butter, and that the pull on the string was just like unlacing a shoe. He said it was just the checker, and he was glad to see me have it because he was grateful to it and wanted it to have a good home that did not keep late hours.

The next morning I made ready for a day in the lot. I laid in the ax and wedges, the big maul and my peavey, and took a lunch. The tractor crunched on the rime-frost across the field and I drove to a beech I had in mind, carefully parking the rig so it would not be under the thing when it came down. And the man was quite right — a gentle, even pull on the "struggle string" and the engine roared after its kind. Clean - cut explosions from the spark indicated perfect carburetion and correct adjustment in all its parts. It was a joyful sound, and I could see this was a fine saw. it ran in this highly excellent fashion for three seconds, going on four, and then it leaped into the air about a foot, fell to the ground to lie silent in the woodland dell. A beautiful peace fell over the countryside, and the beech leaves rustled in the bright northish wind that was flapping my ears.

This bright northish wind is not the best company while you are dissecting a chainsaw on a frozen stump and trying to find out what happened. It seemed to me the recoil mechanism had got mixed with the rudder, somehow, and when you have mittens on a three-sixteenths isn't too different from a seven - thirty - secondth. I found myself dwelling on the chainsaw man, who had a warm shop and a congenial bench, with his tools all handy, and who had said "Eyah, sure!" when I spoke of the saws he had in for repairs. I turned the tractor around and gave my chainsaw a nice ride home, and then I took it to the man's shop and gave it back to him. "That's funny," he said. "Not ha-ha, but tch-tch." "Eyah, sure," I said.

I said it was funny a nation that can make an astronaut circle the globe three times can't make a chainsaw. He said she'd quit, or he'd know the reason why. He spent the next several hours knowing the reason why.

I think I know why. There's a left-hand nut. I've always been suspicious of left - hand nuts. When the wife starts buying degages and the flywheel takes over, this nut comes loose. It isn't supposed to, and the thing is that it won't. But billions have been spent on solid fuels for intercontinental missiles, and nobody has ever spent fifteen cents worth of thought on left - hand nuts.

To date, my chainsaw has not spewed one scrid of sawdust, and has yet to bite into the lumber. He "fixed" it, and I brought it home. It sits in the shop waiting for me to try again, but I'll have to talk myself into it. In short, all the time I might have spent sawing a few sticks for hearth-side warmth has been spent lugging a chainsaw around and waiting while it gets put together again. This, I think, is about par for the course.

I keep congratulating myself that I haven't paid for it yet — by John Gould in the Christian Science Monitor.

Moonlight Is A Nuisance To Some

From time immemorial, the moonlight has excited peculiar fascination on the human mind. In prehistoric times, the waxing and waning of the lunar phases and the light changes accompanying them provided the first basis for the reckoning of the time — whenever we go sufficiently far back in the history of any primitive civilization, we find them dependent on the lunar calendar. No wonder that the Moon on its regular and periodic journey among the stars was endowed by many such civilizations with the attributes of a benign deity . . .

In more recent days, with the gradual retreat of the mythical element, the influence of moonlight on such esoteric activities of the human mind as poetry and art has continued unabated. Many of you may recall from childhood days the graceful tale of Princess Moondew and the Chinese Emperor; and some, in more mature years, may have fallen under the spell of the sublime music of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. Other examples of inspiration which the pale silvery disk of ancient Selene exerted on human art could be multiplied indefinitely.

In contrast to the impressionable artists, astronomers are — I am afraid — not always to appreciative of moonlight, or enamoured of its poetic qualities. And by this I do not mean only the stellar astronomers, whose professional interests lie far beyond the confines of the lunar orb, and to whom moonlight scattered in the terrestrial atmosphere constitutes an unmitigated nuisance. Even the astronomers concerned directly with lunar studies treat moonlight in a rather cavalier manner which, to a layman, may connote a shocking lack of respect.

Whenever we wish to study the Moon — or any other celestial body inaccessible to direct approach — all information we hope to get can reach us across the intervening gap of space through two different channels: their gravitational attraction, and their light. And, we may add, the messages reaching us through these channels are analyzed and interpreted by astronomers whose interest and training are very different. — From "The Moon: Our Nearest Celestial Neighbour," by Zdenek Kopal.

DRIVE CAREFULLY — The life you save may be your own.

Europe Has New Outlook And New Ideas But Is Ruled By Men With One Foot In Grave!

by TOM A. CULLEN
Newspaper Enterprise Assn.

LONDON—While never before younger in its outlook and ideas, Europe today is ruled by men who have one foot in the grave.

This is the great paradox of politics on this side of the Atlantic and it is a major factor in the mounting troubles over membership of the Common market and the role of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

Gerontocracy, it is called in some circles, the "rule of ancient men." In order of their seniority they are:

Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, 87; Portugal's Premier Antonio Salazar, 73; France's President Charles de Gaulle, 72; Spain's Generalissimo Francisco Franco, 71, and Britain's Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, 69.

All are past the age when they might be expected to lay down the burdens of office. Their durability is perhaps explained when one considers their possible successors. The gerontocrats appear like giants alongside the pygmies who may replace them.

"Nothing grows in the shade of a tall tree," is a French proverb whose validity is proven by a comparison between De Gaulle and the two premiers who have served him, Michel Debre and George Pompidou.

In 1963, De Gaulle casts a longer shadow over Europe than ever before. Domestically, he has dealt his enemies, the old-line politicians, a mortal blow by securing the first absolute parliamentary majority in the history of the French Republic.

Internationally, he is successfully blocking Britain from becoming a member of the European Economic Community, which younger Europeans regard as the forerunner of a European political community. De Gaulle has turned France away from her ally in two world wars, Britain, to close ties with her enemy in those conflicts, Germany.

Ironically, the seed for trouble in this Franco-German rapprochement is the German feeling that Britain must be permitted to join EEC. That feeling is strong among the Bonn politicians who are likely to succeed Adenauer.

Economics minister Ludwig Erhard is the front runner. Der Alte, "the old one," has announced he will retire in 1963, but he is the willest politician of them all, capable of many last minute surprises. Europe will believe that he has really gone when his successor is sworn into office.

In Britain, Macmillan is fighting for his political life. His fate and that of the Conservative Party which he has led for six years hang upon the successful outcome of the Common Market negotiations.

All public opinion polls show that if a general election were held tomorrow the British Labor Party would romp home.

As for the Iberian dictators, Salazar and Franco, neither has designated his successor. Franco has flirted furiously with the monarchists, leading many to believe that he favors Prince Carlos, the grandson of Spain's last Bourbon king. But when Franco goes the political chaos may be so great as to sweep all — Falangists, monarchists, Catholic traditionalists—with it.

In 1962 representative democracy took a bad beating in Europe, in the eyes of many observers. It remains to be seen whether this trend continues.

Can France, for example, evolve a two-party system similar to the ones which work successfully in the United States and Britain?

A return to the multi-party system is out of the question, but by wiping out the old parties of the extreme right and many of those near the center, De Gaulle also created the classic conditions for the formation of a "popular front" between Socialists and Communists to oppose the Gaullists.

In Germany the arrest of the publisher and four top executives of the news magazine "Der Spiegel" was widely regarded as a black eye for democracy. It caused some observers to draw comparisons with Hitler's regime.

In Italy, Amintore Fanfani's Christian Democrats have been living cheek by jowl in uneasy coalition with the left-wing Socialists. This strange deal has now come apart at the seams. Forthcoming elections may clarify the political situation. Meanwhile, the Italian Communist Party is the largest this side of the Iron Curtain.

Only in Britain does representative democracy appear firmly in command. But here, the democratic process may well lead to a victory in the next election for the Labor Party. And the Laborites have taken a party stand against entry into EEC.

This may give the electorate a clear party division on the question, but most realistic observers feel Britain really has no choice as to entry.

Either this nation of 55 million people is allowed to play a new power role inside a united Europe or she will stagnate in economic backwaters outside Europe. In the latter case, her voice in international affairs might carry no more weight than that of Switzerland or Sweden.

For the rest of Europe the decision is just as important. Rejection of Britain would mark the emergence of a closed, restrictive Europe with an anti-British, protectionist outlook.

What of Western Europe's ability to defend herself? Here again the 1963 picture is one of disarray.

Neither France nor Britain has fulfilled its NATO commitments. The British Army of the Rhine is under-strength. De Gaulle has refused to return to NATO the two divisions that he withdrew for use in the Algerian war. He will not allow the U.S. to store nuclear weapons on French soil.

More ominous still, there is no agreement between the United States and its European allies as to relevant political policies and military strategy for the defense of Europe.

European leaders appear to have drawn the wrong lessons from the Cuban crisis. Above all, they have failed to realize that operational control of nuclear weapons cannot be shared. A British defense expert explained it thus to me:

"There are now only two nuclear heavyweights in the ring, the United States and Soviet Russia. But the politicians act as though it were one of those phony three-a-side fights that you see on television."

The Nassau decision to substitute Polaris subs for the Skybolt missile was greeted by catcalls here in Britain. America was immediately accused of selling her Atlantic partner down the river.

De Gaulle is going ahead with his plans to give France an independent nuclear deterrent, although the cost will be astronomical.

This year marks the decisive stage in De Gaulle's program to revolutionize France's defenses. At some time during the next 12 months, the French Air Force will begin to take delivery of the 50 Mirage IV supersonic bombers, each equipped with two atom bombs. The bombs may be of relatively low yield, but the yield is sufficient to boost French egos.

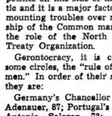
With America's European allies pulling each in a different direction, President Kennedy's decision to exert strong leadership even at the cost of America being less well loved is welcomed in responsible quarters here.

Answering charges of "arrogance" that have been levied against President Kennedy, The Times of London pictured him as a leader who is "looking ahead to a genuine partnership with a united Europe sharing burdens and responsibilities.

"It looks, and is, an unequal partnership at present because the distribution of power is unequal," the Times editorial continues. "The United States is only just beginning to shed its role as sole banker and defender of the western world.

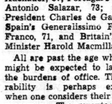
"The West has also just reached an awkward phase in which national policies and national defense system are becoming out of date while common policies are still out of reach."

It may take a new—and younger — generation of leaders to bring those common policies into reach and reality.



MACMILLAN

FRANCO



SALAZAR

ADENAUER AND DE GAULLE

ALL WET—Getting into the swim of things are some members of a Halle, West Germany, swim club. After they "break the ice," so to speak, they'll be ready to get all wet.

THE FARM FRONT
by John Russell

When the first sled dog became ill, refused to eat and died within a few days, a feeling of deep anxiety ran through the Eskimo and Indian camps at Great Whale River.

Was this not the same sickness that had taken the lives of many Huskies a year earlier? Had not this mysterious disease wiped out most of the dogs on Belcher Island in Hudson Bay, just 60 miles from Great Whale River?

* * *

The fears of the 400 Eskimos and 250 Cree Indians seemed confirmed as 38 young dogs, between three and six months of age, met sudden death.

Winter had arrived. Dogs were essential to the very survival of the northern inhabitants. Men depended on them for trapping and fishing. Women harnessed dog teams each morning to fetch the day's supply of firewood

* * *

At this critical point, the dilemma facing the small community more than 850 air miles north of Montreal was flashed back to Ottawa by David C. Neve, area administrator for the Department of Northern Affairs.

Three federal departments joined forces to come to the aid of the citizens of Great Whale River.

Within days, Dr. Roger Toupin, 33-year-old veterinarian with the Canada Department of Agriculture, stepped off a plane to be met by a howling snow-storm, sub-zero temperatures, and worried Eskimos.

* * *

Dr. Toupin, bilingual head of the CDA's Health of Animals Division subdistrict at Lachute, Quebec, had been assigned a seat on an RCAF plane carrying Northern Affairs Minister Walter Dinsdale to a special Christmas celebration at the northern post.

Working through interpreter Charlie Tookalook, the young federal veterinarian visited all camps in the immediate vicinity and inspected about 250 of the surviving 300 sled dogs.

* * *

He quickly diagnosed the sickness as distemper.

While unable to positively confirm his diagnosis before having specimens checked out at a laboratory, he set up a clinic and vaccinated more than 150 dogs for both distemper and rabies

Dr. Toupin also briefed local officials on how to administer the vaccine, and left additional supplies for later use. This work will go forward now that the disease has been definitely identified.

* * *

Following on the heels of the Great Whale River distemper outbreak, a case of rabies has come to light at Povungnituk, a small settlement further north on the shore of Hudson Bay.

The Northern Affairs area administrator shipped a specimen to Ottawa and Health of Animals Division laboratory staff diagnosed the illness.

As in the case of Great Whale, vaccine will be rushed in to head off spread of the disease among the sled dogs.

* * *

Farmers should use extreme caution to prevent treated seed from becoming mixed with grain intended for human or livestock consumption.

The organic mercury fungicides and insecticides usually used to treat seed are very poisonous even in small amounts and accumulate in the body, warns W. P. Campbell, fungicide officer with the Canada Department of Agriculture.

* * *

Main source of possible contamination is from mixing unused treated seed with grain that is to be marketed. It is unlawful to offer this poisonous grain for sale except for seed, and any person who does so may be heavily fined. The Board of Grain Commissioners is intent on prosecuting offenders and dealing severely with them.

Grain contaminated with seed treated with mercurials can be detected by the Board's grain inspectors, but there is a risk that small pockets of contaminated grain in a load might be missed in sampling. Substantial losses have been incurred by grain companies and farmers through grain shipped from country elevators having been condemned on account of mercurial-treated kernels.

* * *

It requires the full co-operation of farmers to maintain Canada's grain supplies free from insecticides and fungicides.

Another source of contamination is from the grain auger. When used for handling treated grain, the auger becomes coated on the inside with the chemical used for treatment. Since the chemicals are almost insoluble in water they are difficult to wash off. When the same auger is used for untreated grain, the kernels in the first few bushels rub off the chemical. This gives them a dressing almost the same as a regular treatment.

* * *

To avoid the risk of contaminating grain with the auger, it is necessary to have a second one for use with treated grain only. This applies to those who have their seed treated at commercial plants as well as those who have seed-treating equipment. The use of a separate auger for this purpose will avoid the risks to human health and also the possibility of having a load of grain condemned for contamination by this means.

A third source of contamination is from small amounts of treated grain being left on granary floors and in grain boxes. A thorough clean-up job is necessary after seeding time, and unused treated grain must be stored safely for next year.

Moonlight Is A Nuisance To Some

From time immemorial, the moonlight has excited peculiar fascination on the human mind. In prehistoric times, the waxing and waning of the lunar phases and the light changes accompanying them provided the first basis for the reckoning of the time — whenever we go sufficiently far back in the history of any primitive civilization, we find them dependent on the lunar calendar. No wonder that the Moon on its regular and periodic journey among the stars was endowed by many such civilizations with the attributes of a benign deity . . .

In more recent days, with the gradual retreat of the mythical element, the influence of moonlight on such esoteric activities of the human mind as poetry and art has continued unabated. Many of you may recall from childhood days the graceful tale of Princess Moondew and the Chinese Emperor; and some, in more mature years, may have fallen under the spell of the sublime music of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. Other examples of inspiration which the pale silvery disk of ancient Selene exerted on human art could be multiplied indefinitely.

In contrast to the impressionable artists, astronomers are — I am afraid — not always to appreciative of moonlight, or enamoured of its poetic qualities. And by this I do not mean only the stellar astronomers, whose professional interests lie far beyond the confines of the lunar orb, and to whom moonlight scattered in the terrestrial atmosphere constitutes an unmitigated nuisance. Even the astronomers concerned directly with lunar studies treat moonlight in a rather cavalier manner which, to a layman, may connote a shocking lack of respect.

Whenever we wish to study the Moon — or any other celestial body inaccessible to direct approach — all information we hope to get can reach us across the intervening gap of space through two different channels: their gravitational attraction, and their light. And, we may add, the messages reaching us through these channels are analyzed and interpreted by astronomers whose interest and training are very different. — From "The Moon: Our Nearest Celestial Neighbour," by Zdenek Kopal.

DRIVE CAREFULLY — The life you save may be your own.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE MID-EAST?

Movie Stars Take To "Literature"

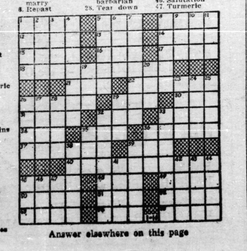
How could Hollywood's Debbie Reynolds write a book about herself without once mentioning ex-husband Eddie Fisher or other woman Elizabeth Taylor? Determinedly, Debbie managed. She and a collaborator, AP newsman Bob Thomas, filled 192 pages of "I'll Knew Her" with folksy recollections, saucy pictures of Debbie, and tips to teen-age girls. Before publication, Debbie edited galley proofs, scrubbing out even indirect references to Fisher. She did permit herself a pointer on how to forget a former spouse: "You must decide he is no longer a part of your life." With less reticence, actor Cary Grant launched his memoirs in the Ladies' Home Journal, telling of his mama's-boy childhood in Bristol, England. Sample: "It seemed to me that I was kept in long baby clothes much longer than any other child and perhaps, for a while, wasn't sure whether I was a boy or a girl." That set Cary to musing: "I wonder why little boys are ashamed to be mistaken for little girls. Why do they take such pride in being little boys?" Just as candidly, Frank Sinatra gave Playboy readers his views on religion: "I'm not unmindful of man's seeming need for 'faith: I'm for anything that gets you through the night, be it prayer, tranquillizers, or a bottle of Jack Daniel's."

BAD WEATHER
Reduce Speed!

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Pentagram
5. German city
9. Read uncritically
12. Part of a church
13. Allow
14. Star facet
15. Disgusting look
16. Dregs
17. Up a point
18. Within
19. Polish abbreviation
20. Obelisk
22. Went up
24. Conclude
29. Corded fabric
30. Practice
31. Burden
33. Admits charges
34. Bell ringing
36. Siamese coins
38. Take food
39. Measured
40. Interest
42. Chance
43. Chief city
45. Rhaeto
46. Electrified particles
47. Bitter herb
48. Egypt: goddess
50. Peruse
51. Pigeon
56. Sire of the Dioscuri
57. Marked with stars
58. Scarce: poetic
59. Is able
60. Summer
61. New formula
62. Wrath
63. Pile
64. Make fat
65. Harbor: slang
66. Convey property
67. Aliens
68. Teutonic barbarian
69. Year: down

DOWN
1. Food fish
2. Can
3. City in Iowa
4. Saved
5. Runaway to marry
6. Elevate
7. Marked with bars
8. Scarce: poetic
9. Is able
10. Summer
11. New formula
12. Wrath
13. Pile
14. Make fat
21. Harbor: slang
23. Convey property
25. Aliens
26. Teutonic barbarian
27. Year: down
28. Wheel track
32. Subdues
33. Sediment
35. Rather than
36. Chart
38. Improve
39. Stir
41. Put to right
42. Be defeated
44. Part of the eye
46. Story frame bar
47. By means of
48. Salutation
49. Turnverein



Answer elsewhere on this page

Skin-Diver Finds Sunken Treasure

Skin-diver Robert Marx, 25, of Los Angeles, found a sunken treasure of gold coins and bullion worth $1,000,000 in the Gulf of California. Marx, who has been diving for treasure for 10 years, found the loot in the wreck of the Spanish galleon Nuestra Senora de la Concepcion, which sank in 1741. Marx found the treasure in 30 feet of water, 100 miles off the coast of Mexico.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

The Mighty Power of Christ
Mark 4: 35-5:43

Memory Scripture: He went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him. Acts 10:38.

Our lesson gives a thrilling account of some of the mighty deeds of Jesus. In no other fifty verses in the Gospels is there such a concentration of miraculous events. Jesus was master of the human body, a sovereign in the realm of medical science. He was perfect in pathology (1:29-31), in dermatology (1:40-45), in neurology (2:3-12), in orthopedics (3:1-6), in auditory diseases (7:32-35), in oralogy 1:31-37), in gynaecology (5:25-34), in psychiatry (9:14-29). The body responded to His will without question. He was sovereign in every medical crisis with a perfect record of success.

He was sovereign over nature. He controlled the weather with its wind, its water balance, and its cloud formations (4:35-39). He controlled plant life (11:12-14).

He was sovereign in the realm of physics. The law of gravity responded to His command (6:49). The law of visibility bent to His will (16:12 and 16:14). He alone was sovereign over the eternal force of death (5:22-43). He was sovereign over evil. He was conqueror over Satan's worst temptation (1:13). He caused the evil spirits to tremble in fear (3:11 and 5:12). He was victorious over death, (16:6). I am glad to entrust the sins of my past to Him for forgiveness. I am happy to leave my life for the present and future completely in His almighty hands.

The saying that, "The only thing to fear is fear itself," is just another summons to whistle in the dark. This was not Jesus' counsel. He speaks peace to the lonely and afraid. His deeds of power convinces us that in His presence faith is the substitute for fear, trust for terror. He may seem to be asleep to our fears, but if we call upon Him with all our heart He will come to our help.

Many have wondered at Jesus' destruction of helpless swine. In doing so they, too, testify to their belief that material possessions are of greater value than the restoration of a man. What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? White slavers and others are ready to sell souls to make money. Shame on them.

MAKING SURE

The Federal Army of Rhodesia's Special Air Services Regiment has complete confidence in its parachute packers.

Nine of the latter were taken up in aircraft and dropped — using for the descent parachutes they had recently packed themselves.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking

S	A	D	A
T	I	E	N
E	H	O	T
S	T	G	E
	D	W	S
	N	A	
	E	M	
	S	E	
	A	D	
	T	O	
	I	G	
	H	E	
	W	S	
	A	T	
	S	I	
	E	H	
	D	T	
	O	N	
	G	A	
	E	D	
	S	A	

WINTER PATTERNS —Long icicles frame picturesque scene of a snow covered valley near the Bavarian town of Obertsdorf, West Germany.