

They Let Elephants Do The Baby-Sitting

Circus audiences never fail to marvel at the amazing tricks the elephants perform in the ring, and no doubt they will be admiring the huge beasts' antics for years to come.

But apparently those circus tricks are just child's play compared with some of the tasks Indian elephants perform in the jungles.

The famous "Elephant Bill"—Jim Williams—of the Burma teak forests believed the elephant was the world's most intelligent animal. His widow, Susan, who shared his jungle life, thinks so, too.

She once saw one actually baby-sitting for its mahout (elephant-driver) at a jungle rest camp. He put his baby girl to play on the ground in a large circle in the sand around her and then ordered the elephant to stop her crawling outside it.

Every time she tried to do so the elephant gently but firmly lifted her back again. The family went about their business with perfect confidence in their nursemaid!

Give an elephant some task to do, and he'll continue almost without supervision until it's completed.

Two men were saving a log. One wanted to go off for a nap, so he handed his end of the saw to the elephant and told him to carry on. After a time his partner got sleepy, too, and left the elephant sawing alone.

Mrs. Susan Williams writes in "The Footprints of 'Elephant Bill'" that their most intelligent working elephant, named in captivity from a calf, was Bandoola.

To show off his prowess to "Doubting Thomases," his mahout, Po Toke laid down his ten hands in front of him, including an axe, hammer and three different sizes of chains.

"Give me the saw," he said in Burmese. Bandoola looked along the row of implements and immediately passed it up with his trunk.

"Now pass me the hammer," said Po Toke. This, too, was instantly picked out—and the rest in turn without a mistake.

This was the elephant that was said to have nearly 200 lives when the Japanese invaded Burma. Jim had to take forty-five elephants and sixty-four Gurkha women and children out of Imphal, to get them to Aungmye through more than 100 miles of mountainous jungle country.

After struggling for two miles up a foot track through dense undergrowth they came to a 300-foot perpendicular cliff. There was nothing to do but to cut steps in the sandstone face.

About 250 feet up was a narrow ledge. If the elephants could reach this they might be able to climb the rest safely.

But Jim had practically no hope, and couldn't imagine any of the party being able to balance themselves up this "balancing stone ladder."

All available hands worked two days hacking a way up the ledge on all fours while the women and children squatted below, silently. Then Po Toke rode Bandoola up to the cliff face and said firmly: "Climb."

The elephant lifted his feet on to the first step, which was just wide enough. Then he drew up his hindquarters, squeezing the toenails of his back feet behind his forehead, balancing there for nearly nine minutes.

Everyone thought he would topple backwards, but with immense effort he raised his front feet to the next step, and so on until he'd climbed them all, taking two-and-a-half tense hours to reach the top. So great was the strain that his leg muscles quivered for an hour after.

Po Toke knew that if Bandoola could show the way the rest would follow. One by one all forty-five did so. The mahout then pulled and carried the women and children up the precipice, too.

All reached Aungmye—Bandoola with a lot of very sick Gurkha children on his back.

Mrs. Williams writes of her jungle life with "Elephant Bill" as a great adventure. She met him in Burma when she went out there with an uncle, and now lives with her children in Bill's native Cornwall, where he died.

Too Much Glass In Modern Homes?

Living in a glass house isn't always all it's cracked up to be. It's the cracking up that concerns the U.S. government, so much so that revised standards for glass doors and picture windows have just been announced by the Federal Housing Administration.

Sliding glass doors to the patio have a way of being so inviting that many people, it is reported, don't bother to open them before going out.

This has occurred so such an extent across the country that government authorities and officials of the glass industry have agreed that something should be done to eliminate these glass hazards.

For those with homes which now have these breakable glass doors, which both children and adults have been charging through, it is recommended that they have markings painted on the lines, or other insignia to catch the eye and distinguish the inside from the outside of the house.

Sliding glass doors are not the only problem. Extensive use of glass in new high-rise apartments has given concern.

Many have extra-large picture windows and even entire walls of glass. Some of these have been breaking under high wind pressure.

This not only represents a financial loss to the owner but a hazard to people on the streets below, writes Josephine Ripley in the Christian Science Monitor.

The National Safety Council, along with the government and the industry, has been active in the drive to make the modern glass house a safe one to live in.

New FHA standards call for some form of safety glass—tempered, laminated, or wire glass of specified minimum thickness—in all exterior doors where glass areas are large, as well as for glass doors and walls in shower stalls or tub enclosures.

This is similar to the type of glass used in automobile windows. Tempered glass is about four times stronger than ordinary glass.

It can be broken, but when broken it shatters into small, blunt pieces that should not harm the individual involved.

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The effort to learn is what specialists call the science of oceanography. The exploitation, on a small scale today and a big scale tomorrow, is the promise of a number of technical fields. Its prospects shine with the promise of a virtually inexhaustible supply of minerals and metals, of a significant increase in the world's food supply. But since first things must come first, more basic knowledge about the oceans has to be gained in many cases before exploitation can begin. The immediate task is to get to know our oceans better.

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"My buddy told me his wife had been all cut up and was dead and he couldn't find his boy no place," Anderson said.

"Did you kill Nancy and Danny?" "I did not."

Why had he confessed? "I was so tired and confused from the continued prolonged questioning and badgering that I felt that anything was better than the continued questioning and harassment I had gone through," he replied.

White-haired Judge Clark said that in his opinion the Air Force had yielded jurisdiction in the case when it turned Anderson over to civilian authorities last April. Anderson, the Air Force went deliberately about finding a face-saving way out. "An impartial officer" flew into Mountain Home to investigate the charges against Anderson and decide whether he should be tried. The Air Force, meanwhile, was being investigated by FBI agents who are interested in whether Anderson's civil rights have been infringed.

And Airman Anderson was still in the guardhouse.

PERSONALIZED POSTAL PLEA

Post office window at West Middleton, Ind., delivers greetings from "Mr. & Mrs. I. Mailerly" to "Mr. & Mrs. Not Disappointed," in an ingenious plea that many failed to heed before this late date.

All that television cameraman Rick Rashed was looking for in the Ada County Jail at Boise, Idaho, was a simple documentary film for station KBOI-TV—a documentary on how prisoners live. Suddenly Idaho's biggest news story in years broke in the form of a letter from one of a handful of prisoners, that afternoon last month, stepped out of the outside of the house.

Thomas Dickie, 21, to blunt out a startling confession.

It was he, Dickie said, who had slashed Mrs. Nancy Johnson's car, a 1955 Ford, with a knife. He was 2-year-old son Danny to death the previous April at the Mountain Home. Dickie's confession shocked the Elmore County authorities for one reason: Dickie was a high school senior, a high quality high school senior, a high quality high school senior.

They were holding Airman I/C Gerald Martin Anderson, 25, who had also confessed to the crime.

Anderson, an Air Force mechanic for six years, lived next door to Mrs. Johnson, the pretty daughter of a local businessman. He was 22-year-old wife of his buddy at Mountain Home Air Force Base, Airman I/C Alice E. Johnson. Anderson had made his confession of the murders to Air Force investigators.

Elmore County quickly set about the business of correcting what now seemed to be a mistake. Sheriff Earl Winter testified that Dickie's confession included details only the killer could know. Dickie also had an unsavory record beginning when he was 7 years old. He had been in the juvenile hall on charges of raping and killing 10-year-old Carolyn Reiter in Boise.

Anderson, on the other hand, was a veteran of service in Saudi Arabia and was a member of the Good Conduct Ribbon.

The court ordered Anderson freed and restored to his wife, Jane, and three children. But the court reckoned without the Air Force. "The Air Force has a signed confession from Anderson that he is guilty," said Col. Charles Allard, base at Mountain Home, and with that, the Air Force took Anderson into custody again.

That's where Federal District Judge Chas. Addison Clark entered the case. At the request of the Air Force, Clark ordered the Air Force to release Anderson into custody again. Clark said that the Air Force's own account it went on for 40 hours and 35 minutes over a period of eight days. "Every time I said I didn't do it," Anderson recalled, "one of the investigators would say, 'I don't want to hear that. We've already heard that bridge.'"

While the court hearing was awaited, the Air Force tapes of Anderson's questioning were leaked—apparently by the villain officials. The contents were explosive: "Look, you're a twisted, violent, sick man," a questioner told Anderson. "I think you're a psychopathic liar."

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He Wasn't There, But His Fingerprints Were

Are fingerprints infallible evidence in pointing to an accused man's guilt or innocence? The Yard has a file of 100,000 fingerprints, many of which have helped to put criminals behind bars. But a recent case spotlighted the danger of convicting a person on fingerprint evidence alone.

The man—whose name is withheld to spare him further distress—went through the ordeal of a searching police examination, all because of a fingerprint. His wife described it as "a week of hell."

The print of the first finger of the man's left hand was found on a glass table-top when police were investigating a burglary near Epsom, Surrey, when the check print offered for scrutiny were his own.

They proved to be an identical match in every detail, though he had been nowhere near the scene of the crime.

As far as he knew, he had never entered the house where the print was found. When repeatedly asked to explain away the damning evidence of his own hand, he could only say: "I can't."

He had spent most of the day of the crime visiting a hospital, but a time-check indicated that there were unexplained minutes when he could have slipped away.

When an entry was found in his young son's diary: "Dad came home."

The three words jogged his memory and enabled him to build a circumstantial chain of eleven witnesses to prove his innocence. The Yard was charged with housebreaking. The fingerprint pointed to guilt.

Fortunately, the police were still not satisfied. They began to believe the man's protestations of innocence despite the evidence.

Then they discovered the vital truth. He had formerly worked as a furniture remover. And he had handled the glass table-top, leaving his fingerprint, three years before. The charge against him was dismissed.

Another case of false identification through fingerprints concerned a man whose prints were found on a bottle at the scene of a theft in Croydon, Surrey.

He was arrested. He demonstrated in court that his prints could be planted on plastic rubber and then transferred to the glass. The judge considered that the man, a young bricklayer, could have been "framed," and acquitted him.

To the untold agony, and to the untold joy, the fingerprint is an indistinguishable mark. It is a mark that is behind the scenes, a mark that is behind the scenes, a mark that is behind the scenes.

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Perils Of A Trip To Venus

It was the first hour in the "Venus" exploration of space. After a perilous journey of 109 days through 182 million miles of space, the Venus probe, Mariner II, its indigo-hued solar panels extended like a bird's wings, soared close to the earth's mysterious sister planet Venus for 45 minutes. Mariner turned its rotating radio-meters to the cloud-concealed planet from a distance of 21,700 miles. Then it warbled its findings back to earth. Mariner was hit by a micrometeorite, jolted badly, but its automatic gyros righted it. After that, one of its solar panels cracked out. On Nov. 25, it surpassed Pioneer V's communications record from space to earth, sent in 1960, by hurling beyond the 22.5 million-mile mark. Later its batteries began overheating—rising to 129 degrees Fahrenheit, 9 degrees more than its designed limit. Even as it neared Venus, Mariner was in trouble. When its on-board clock refused to turn on its Venus scanners, a signal beamed from JPL's tracking station did the trick.

Later its orbit slightly deflected by the gravity of Venus, Mariner was in a new elliptical path around the sun. But it might continue beeping and humming its interplanetary information for another 72 million miles—until its closest approach to the sun on Dec. 27. From that point it would loop far out into space, becoming a tiny earth relic forever in solar orbit—with its mission magnificently fulfilled.

—from NEWSWEEK

Poet Dislikes New English Bible

By most standards, the New English Bible is a success. A completely new translation, it was the work of 30 anonymous Protestant and Catholic scholars for thirteen years. In the year since it was published, the NEB has supplanted the Bible King James Version in many Church of England services and its sales have exceeded 400,000 copies.

All this would indicate that the authors had succeeded in their task. This, as one of them put it, was to translate the Bible as far as possible, as if it were the work of an English writer for an English audience.

But, by the standards of an English writer—the greatest poet of his generation in England—John Donne, writing in London's Sunday Telegraph, Thomas Stearns Eliot, a high Anglican says: "The new Bible is a failure."

He is richer in writers of genius than any other country. It might be a masterpiece of our literature, but it is not a masterpiece of our language. It is not a masterpiece of our language, but it is not a masterpiece of our language.

One of the things that has happened to the English language is that "Americanisms" are creeping in. The new English Bible version, of Matthew, this evangelist, Eliot writes, "seems to have been especially unlucky in his translation. The other gospels, however, he adds, 'conform to the same style of stilted, unimaginative, and monotonous inferiority of phrasing.'"

In conclusion, the poet writes: "It is good that those who aspire to write good English prose or verse should be prepared by study on Greek and Latin. It would also be good if those who have authority to translate a dead language could show understanding and appreciation of their own."

Yet throughout the long 100-day journey to Venus, Mariner was in dire danger. As one pro-

ject official said, Mariner's voyage "would make 'The Perils of Pauline' read like a nursery story." The countdown was halted three times to allow technicians to correct malfunctions. On Sept. 4, JPL technicians commanded its small rocket motor to change Mariner's trajectory because it seemed headed 233,000 miles away from Mars. Then, on Sept. 8, Mariner was hit by a micrometeorite, jolted badly, but its automatic gyros righted it. After that, one of its solar panels cracked out. On Nov. 25, it surpassed Pioneer V's communications record from space to earth, sent in 1960, by hurling beyond the 22.5 million-mile mark. Later its batteries began overheating—rising to 129 degrees Fahrenheit, 9 degrees more than its designed limit. Even as it neared Venus, Mariner was in trouble. When its on-board clock refused to turn on its Venus scanners, a signal beamed from JPL's tracking station did the trick.

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THE FARM FRONT

Out here in the productive heartland of America, where we've almost shamed to realize that elsewhere in the world there were boys and girls and women who never, from one week's end to another, get enough to eat.

For days we had watched hundreds of well-fed boys and girls, assembled for their annual 4-H Club Congress, report on their progress in raising livestock, raising crops, raising money for the needy.

We had also seen paraded before us, at the International Live Stock Show, some of the most noteworthy champion steers and prize-winning meat-type hogs and sheep ever to be shown at this annual event.

In this atmosphere of plenty, at a banquet including much more food than anyone needed or could enjoy, members of the Newspaper Farm Editors Association were reminded that grim problems of hunger remain to be solved by many less fortunate parts of the world—and that Americans have a vital responsibility to help banish hunger from the world.

This responsibility cannot stop at giveaway programs, but rather calls for intelligent and effectively directed technical assistance to enable nations lacking proper food resources to develop both agriculturally and industrially. Such development moves nations now in need toward greater self-sufficiency.

This is a job in which many nations are cooperating, the editors were told by R. Lytle Webster, who outlined plans for a World Food Congress to be held in Washington June 4-18. Mr. Webster, director of information for the United States Department of Agriculture, is currently on leave from that post to serve as executive secretary for the World Food Congress.

The congress will not be a meeting of government: it is not a "people to people" level. Representatives will come from nongovernmental organizations, learned societies and universities, special technical fields, and international agencies. So a will be individuals distinguished for their own service in related fields, writes Helen Henier in the Christian Science Monitor.

The World Food Congress is part of the five-year Freedom From Hunger campaign launched in 1960 by the Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) of the United Nations. The United States is one of 48 member countries of FAO which now have functioning Freedom-From-Hunger campaign committees or groups are participating in some way.

Their programs are aimed at specific problems, teaching the value and techniques of such things as fertilizer use to increase agricultural productivity, improved fishing equipment, nutrition, etc.

"Along with the need for better nutrition is the need for more education, for better living standards, and for an improved agriculture which can form the basis for savings for economic development," Mr. Webster said.

"A world picture of people and their problems in getting enough food will emerge in the program of the World Food Congress and

NEARLY INCREDIBLE

Real-life story of Ilo Windisch, Vienna-born, seven-hour beauty, rivals anything movie script could dream up—including acting under Nazi and American occupations.

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