Queerest Mine In The World

John Clayton Gillibrand, bespectacled, middle-aged citizen of Chatsworth, California, has become wealthy "dishing up" oysters 10,000,000 years old! He's not a restaurant owner but a miner with the most unusual diggings in the world—an oyster mine situated on a mountain up half a mile above sea level.

This southern California rancher accidentally stumbled on the huge bed of oyster fossils while strolling over his property one day about twenty years ago. It has made him rich.

Gilbrand's ranch is not the type that most farmers yearn to own-or rather it wasn't until the discovery was made. Situated in a hot, arid section 2,400 feet above sea level, little vegetation can grow in the rocky soil. Gillibrand's small herd of cattle failed to thrive on their sparse diet, and he was hard put to grow enough garden produce for his own table.

One day, in debt and discouraged, Gillibrand made a tour of his property, wondering whether to sell it. Kicking disconsolately into the loose earth on top of Tapo mountain, an ugly hill right in the centre of his ranch, he noticed a handful of prehistoric sea shells. He put a few in his pocket as curios.

Some time later he showed the fossils to a geologist and took him to the spot where they had come to the surface. Gillibrand's friend tried to conceal his excitement, and a few days later he reported that Tapo mountain was, in reality, a huge mound of prehistoric oyster shells and other fossils containing 97 per cent. calcium, a product in big demand as poultry feed and fertilizer.

Scientists explain that the unusual deposit—the largest of its kind in that part of the world—is the result of a tremendous earthquake which occurred millions of years ago. The convulsion lifted the ocean bed a half-mile into a mountain. The marine life died and was converted into nearly pure calcium during the thousands of centuries that followed.

The Tapo bed was found to contain oysters of all sizes, some of them as much as three feet in diameter. These form the top layer of an estimated 50,000-foot-deep accumulation of marine sediment. Test holes have proved that Gillibrand's oyster mountain is at least 2,300 feet deep and probably deeper.

The rancher, however, isn't worrying about the full extent of the deposit. Even at the rate of his present mining operations, digging and the processing 100 tons a day, he says he has enough unmined shells to keep his crew of fourteen men busy for 500 years.

Gillibrand did not rush out to sell mining shares in order to finance his new business. He bought an old lorry and a second-had rock-crusher and for several years mined, crushed and packaged the product with his own hands. Gradually, the business was expanded from the profits. Today, Gillibrand has more than $150,000 invested in equipment, and profits are estimated to be over $500 a day.

Won The Bet

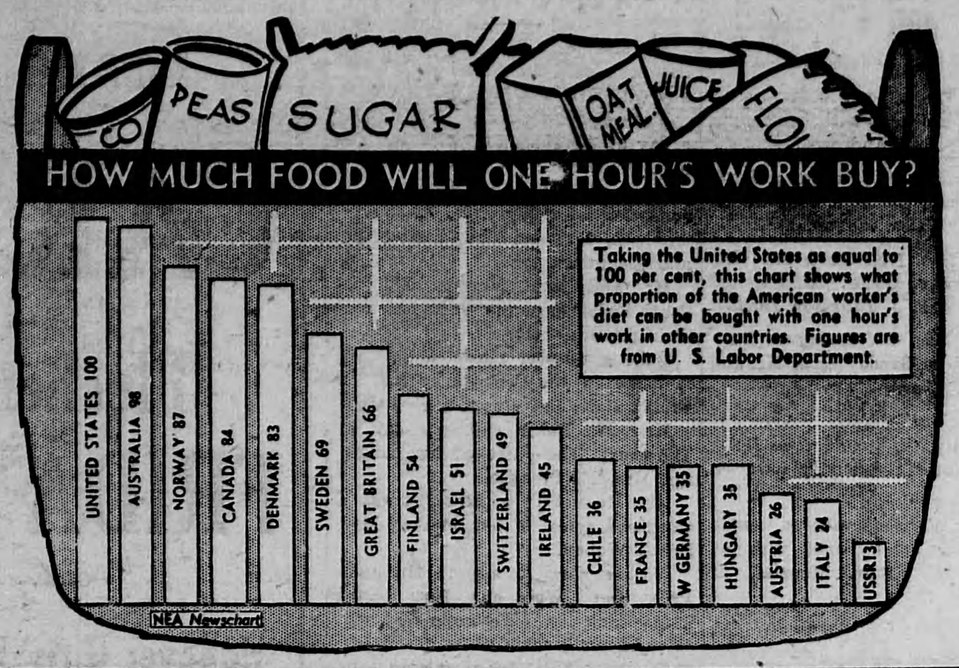
The song writer was a guest at a party. He loaded himself with food and drink, and then began annoying the piano keys. When he finished, the host walked up to him.

"While you were playing," smiled the host, "I made a bet with a friend. What was the name of the song you played?"

The song writer smiled proudly. "You've never heard it before," he boasted. It's one of my new compositions."

The host nodded. "Then I win my bet," he said happily. "My friend insisted the piano was out of tune!"

WE'RE RUNNING FOURTH! IT MIGHT BE WORSE—



Landing A Good Shoal of Snoek

A post-war addition to Britain's larder, about which there has been a good deal of controversy, is a fish called "Snoek."

John Seymour, in London Calling, tells of catching some off the coast of South Africa.

For a typical day's fishing in Walvis Bay waters, each vessel carried a crew of from eight to 13 men, with Swedish or Portuguese skippers and colored or half-caste crews from the Cape. We would sleep the night hove-to, right out on the ocean, and at dawn we would muster and get the ship moving, either by setting the sails to draw or by starting up the engine. Then we would take our places round the stern, standing between the gunwale and a fence of planks, which was to keep the fish from getting under our feet.

Each man had a short, hand-line fastened to the rail. On the end of the hand-line was a fire trace, then a heavy, conical lead, then a steel hook, the size of the outline of a man's hand, with no barb on it.

Tied to the eye of the hook was a frayed piece of shark skin, which flashed through the water, and looked like a pilchard—at least, the snoek thought it did.

As the ship sailed slowly along, we jerked our lines in the water to attract the snoek. We might keep this up for an hour or two without getting a bite, and then, suddenly, every man's line was whipping and cutting through the water with a fish on it.

We had to pull in our lines with all our strength. It was like hanging on to a bucking bronco; and if you did not pull in right smartly, your fish would weave about and tangle up other people's lines, and then you would hear some very choice Cape Dutch.

All around was frenzied activity —every man pulling fish in and swinging them out as fast as he could, the fish leaping and jumping about on the deck behind, people swearing and shouting, and people bowling for the cook to leave his pots and pans in the fo'castle and come and fish, too. I have done many things, but I have never done anything more exciting than getting in a good shoal of snoek.

The battle might last an hour, by which time the stern was heaped high with fish, which were falling over the fence of planks and getting mixed up with our feet. Then was the time for the skipper to give the order to "head," but it was always a job for him to get us to coil our lines, for every snoek that we caught meant more money for us.

"Clo's for de missus an' shoes for de babby!" Old Petrus, who stood next to me, used to shout.

"You mean dop for Petrus!" some cynic would reply — "dop" being the South African for brandy.

But, at last, we would consent to coil our lines, and each man would take up a great carving knife and begin to slice off the heads of the snoek as fast as he could, and throw them overboard. The snoek's gills are filled with little thorns, and as you have to put your fingers into the gill to hold the fish, it is rather painful. However, we gaffed the headed fish forward out of the way, swilled down the deck, and returned to our lines. Maybe, we could start catching again immediately, or perhaps we would wait an hour or two before striking them again.

Meanwhile, two wizened old Cape Malays were busy at the flecking tables. One would pick up a snoek by the tail, lay it on the table, and, with four quick strokes with a little knife, lay it open along the back so that it was flat like a kipper.

Within a third of a minute from being picked up, the fish would be flying through the air into a washing tank. From there, it was pitchforked out again and taken to a salting table. It would be rubbed in the salt, then flung into one of a half-a-dozen huge, wooden tanks, which took up most of the space on the deck.

It would lie there pickling in its own juice for, perhaps, 24 hours, and then, after dark, when the fish would not bite, it would be my privilege, as mate, to pitch it into the hold with, perhaps, 1,000 others, and stow it into a neat stack.

Save the Surface!

Consider the automobile. Though it is a rugged piece of machinery, its owner, aided by the designers and the accessory trade, pampers it with protection.

Once the radiator was the front of the automobile. Now it is covered by the hood and protected by a grille. Then the grille must be defended by a bumper and a bumper guard.

The metal of the body is covered with the finest, hardest, and shiniest of enamels. Yet the careful car owner covers the enamel with wax or a plastic finish—he must protect the paint that protects the metal.

Even underneath, the modern car now usually wears a rubber undercoating to guard it from mud, sand and rust.

Inside, the manufacturer selects his upholstery for style and durability; and a salesman persuades the buyer to put on seat covers to protect the upholstery from being soiled—or seen.

Remember the cars that stood in a few salesrooms before the holidays, wrapped in cellophane like Christmas packages? We fully expect some day to see one of those being driven down the street.—The Christian Science Monitor.

One-Timer

Maybe you've heard the one about a passenger flying over Canada. "Say," the man next to him suddenly inquired, "did that Dionne fellow ever have any more quintuplets?" "Certainly not." "I knew it," maintained the other triumphantly. "I always said that guy was a flash in the pan."

More To An Egg Than You'd Think

The story of the egg is an interesting one. Most of us take for granted that an egg has a shell inside of which there is a yolk, a white, and an air cell. Close examination will, however, reveal several more parts. Just inside the shell are the outer and inner shell membranes. Next to these membranes can be found the white. Close observation will show not one but three layers of white. Next to the shell membranes is a layer known as the outer thin white. And then comes the dense or thick white. Inside the thick white is the inner thin white. And, believe it or not, there's still another layer, not easily seen by the eye, which surrounds the yolk and goes by the fancy term of chalaziferous layer of white. This layer is prolonged toward the ends of the egg in which two whitish cords are twisted in opposite directions and tend to hold the yolk in the center of the egg.

Within the chalaziferous layer of white and around the yolk is the vitelline membrane. This serves to keep the yolk in nearly round shape. The yolk is made up of several layers and closely associated with the yolk is the germ spot.

Postage Stamps That Caused Trouble

Sometimes the design of a stamp achieves far-reaching affects. Two strikng examples of stamps which caused much mischief are, first, the original issue of Sudanese stamps under the Anglo-Egyptian condominium; and, second, an early issue of George V stamps intended for use in India.

With the coming of peace in the Sudan, British local commanders were concerned with converting erstwhile enemies into co-operative friends. (No easy task, as it turned out!)

Imagine, then, the horror of the local proconsuls when it was discovered that the stamps sent out from England had all been watermarked with what, to a true son of the Prophet, was the symbol of the Cross!

Yet the watermark was not a cross at all, but a quatrefoil—cruciform ornament beloved of Gothic artists. But how were the Mohammedans—fearful that they were to be tricked into becoming Christians by being made to kiss (or lick) the Cross—to know that?

Not content with having foolishly, even if unwittingly, offended the Moslems of the Sudan, those responsible for the issue of the Empire's stamps committed another blunder calculated to offend the sensitive prejudices of Moslems: this time of the Indian variety.

The stamps, designed by Mr. McKennal, showed King George V wearing the Imperial crown, robed in ermine and collared with the chain of the Order of the Indian Empire, from which chain depended the miniature model of an elephant which is the badge of the Order.

Now, on none of the stamps is it very clear that it is an elephant which is intended to be represented, but on the two annas and three annas values it seemed to be clear to the outraged Moslem Indians that the artist had drawn not the noble elephant, but the lowly hog—an animal regarded by every Mohammedan as unclean. Once again, uproar. The whole issue was withdrawn.

The strength of the Spanish monarchy lay, it is well known, in the loyalty of the Spanish land-worker to the Crown. The peasantry, indeed, was the stumbling block to the plans the countryside was for the King of the revolutionaries, and while the men of the cities feared to act. Yet it was a stamp which turned the support of the peasantry away from the King.

In 1929 a stamp was issued showing the heads of Pope and King on the same oblong. In that same year a stamp in the series issued in commemoration of Goya, the great Spanish painter, bore a reduced facsimile of his famous painting of the Duchess of Maya. This lady was painted once clothed, once unclothed.

Those responsible for the Spanish postal issues chose the unclothed version.

Peasants Scandalized

In the "Maya" issue the enemies of the Crown saw their great opportunity. All over the land they buttonholed the peasantry and said, in effect: "Look! you remember how devout your King used to be? You remember seeing that stamp showing him and the Pope together? Well . . . now look at this! He has forsaken the Pope and taken a loose woman to live with him. And, look! he's had the effrontry to put her picture on a stamp!"

It there is a moral in all this, it is that stamps should all be of designs as "safe" as those, say, of Mexico, of 1884, which merely bore the value-numeral, the value in words, and "Mexican Postal Service."

Even the non-committal designs of our own stamps have given offence. There was a stamp of King Edward VII in which either faulty printing or the wear of the block had caused the shadowy shape of a dancing-girl to be seen outlined against the shadow of the King's cheek!

Faces Death 770 Times

A human guinea pig in the cause of science—a young British civil servant, Charles Howard—has voluntarily faced death 770 times.

Experiments were conducted with mosquitos specially fed for fourteen days with blood already infected with pernicious malaria. For half an hour every morning and every afternoon for three days, Mr. Howard plunged his arms into a cage swarming with the disease-bearing insects and carried three jars filled with them on his legs.

With arms and legs swollen from hundreds of bites, he developed pernicious malaria and was ready for the clinic. The physicians removed a portion of his infected liver and followed closely the exact behavior of the disease. What before had been conjecture now became scientific fact, a basis for future experiments and, one day, it is hoped a lead to a final cure.

Big Argument In States Regarding Smaller Cars

Experts are beginning to think that Americans are at last ready to start buying small cars.

They're dead sure millions of Americans want a car priced a lot lower than the cheapest 1950 models now being shown.

Since mass production of automobiles began in the U.S., car makers have kept a vigilant eye on the market to see if Americans, like Europeans, would demand any great numbers of tiny cars. From time to time companies have tried to sell midget autos in the U.S. Most of them failed. Only two or three managed to keep going any length of time, on a small scale.

Now, however, several factors exist which might change the situation. In the auto industry it's a burning question. The present prosperity has given thousands of families enough income for two cars. A small car might be the answer for the second one.

On the other hand, the greatly increased costs of new cars has put them beyond the incomes of thousands of other families. This might create a big untapped market for a snappy small car selliing for less than $1,000. There's also the chance of a small car becoming a lad. American tastes are unpredictable. There is much evidence that the fondness for great big cars has waned. Owners have complained that they are too hard to handle in city traffic and too hard to park. Women drivers are the biggest kickers on this score.

Straw in the Wind: Experimental Nash, which could sell for $1000 or less, is touring the U.S. to test public reaction.

Import: Sales of British cars, like this Austin, have doubled in the U.S. in past month.

The Nash company has led the field in reviving the small car question. It made one sample model of a car which will sell for $1,000 or less, if the company decides to start making them. It is taking the auto around the country to sample opinion. If enough potential customers are discovered, the company will start to make the cars in quantity.

It has a foreign-made motor, gives up to 50-miles-per-gallon, and has a maximum speed of 65 m.p.h. Its size is halfway between the smallest European cars and ordinary U.S. cars. It seats two persons and has no fancy chrome trim or accessories, but most people who have seen it agree its the best designed "little" car yet made.

At the same time the market for imported small cars is having a sudden revival. For the past year sales of small British cars in the U.S. averaged about 500 a month. Last month sales more than doubled. Only part of this increase is accounted for by the devaluation.

Sensing this new attitude toward small cars, U.S. salesmen for the small French Renault, which sells for slightly more than $1,000, have increased their sales rcently and report greater interest in the auto.

Convinced that this trend is more a demand for a cheaper car, the Kaiser-Frazer company is planning to start manufacture of a new standard-sized, low-price model, which may be offered to undersell Ford and Chevrolet. It will be powered with a new "supersonic" engine, to be produced by the Willys-Overland company. Low original cost plus cheap operation will be the car's features. Other details of it are secret.

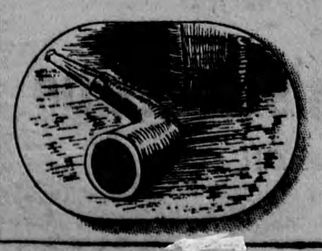
Despite this evidence, the bigger auto makers still don't see a $1,000 car hitting the market any time soon. Charles E. Wilson, president of General Motors, said flatly that the people won't go for one that could be sold for that price, at this time. However, a spokesman for the company, qualiflying Wilson's statement, says GM is watching the market very closely, and if a big enough small car demand is detected, the company will start making them.

HOW TO DO IT — By Harold Arnett

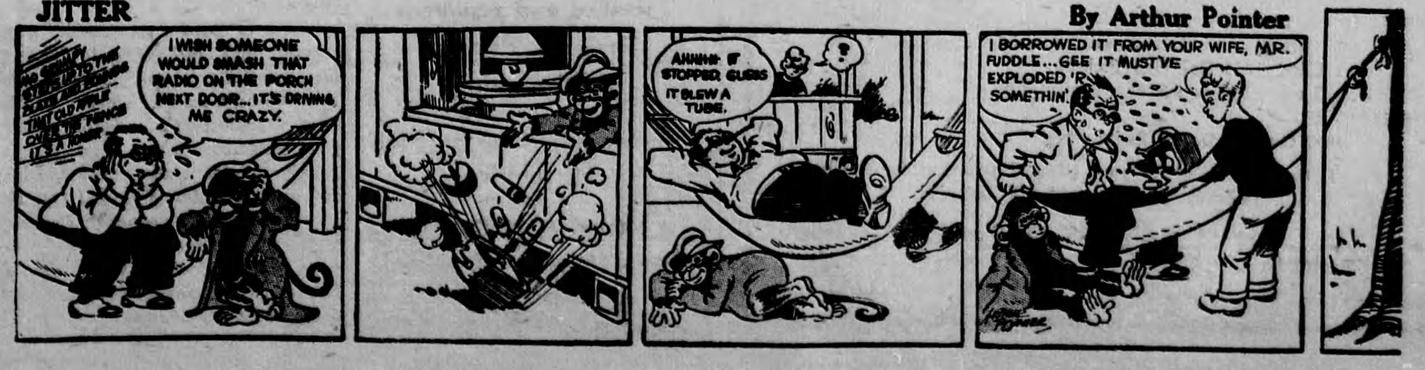
CEMENT SPREADER

A LOT OF TIME CAN BE SAVED IN LAYING ROLL ROOFING BY USING THIS SPREADER TO APPLY CEMENT. IT CONSISTS OF A FUNNEL PROVIDED WITH A HANDLE AND A LEATHER FLAP FOR CONTROLLING THE CEMENT FLOW. FASTEN THE FLAP TO THE SPOUT WITH A PIECE OF WIRE.

PIPE CURE



MOISTEN THE INSIDE OF A NEW PIPE BOWL AND COAT IT WITH POWDERED SUGAR. THE SUGAR WILL BURN AND COAT THE BOWL WITH THE FIRST SMOKE. THIS WILL BREAK IN A NEW PIPE.

Thanks, J.C.H., Jenkins, Ky.

JITTER — By Arthur Pointer