



Quips and Quotes

Meditation from a Sofa

I envy not the channel swimmer,
Mountain climbers leave me cold,
And tennis players, though they're slimmer,
Make me glad that I'm too old.

Oh, I suppose such sports could be
Accomplished if I really trained,
But the wisest course, it seems to me,
Is nothing ventured, nothing sprained.

—Francis O. Walsh

Deft-initions

Flock watcher: pastor of the local congregation.
Monday's workers: people who usually arrive in
a week-end condition.

Bridal path: a place where you seldom find
bachelors horsing around.

—Ken Shively

It was New Year's morning. Bleary-eyed but resolute, a young husband pulled himself out of bed and padded quietly down to the kitchen. He carefully prepared eggs—once over lightly—toasted the bread a delicate brown, brewed a strong cup of coffee. He put the savory food on a tray along with the morning newspaper and carried it upstairs.

His wife was awake by this time. Her eyes widened in delight at seeing the tray. "Oh, everything looks so delicious," she exclaimed as he set it beside her. "Happy New Year, sweetheart!"

"Then you notice just what I've done?"

"Every detail, dear."

"Fine. This is my New Year's resolution—I want my breakfast served like this every morning from now on!"

In America when something becomes "popularly priced," it simply means that millions who can't afford it are buying it.

—O. A. Battista

Mother discovered that her small daughter was more agreeable to a bath if a little game were made of it. One of the diversions she introduced was letting the tyke select the color of soap to be used. One day, though, the girl couldn't make up her mind, and the mother became impatient.

"Jean," she said, "the pink soap or the green soap? Why should it take you so long to decide?"

The little girl looked at her reprovingly. "I hafta think about it," she said. "The pink one's prettier—but the green one tastes better!"

—Ken Kraft

Good-bye, Holidays!

Junior broke the toys received
As Christmas contributions
Almost as fast as Father broke
His New Year's resolutions.

—Ruth Chadwick

Bumbling Along

SOME FOLKS just never get with it. They go through life pulling doors marked "PUSH," confusing Tab with Rock and Rock with Rory, and even to this day planting their feet firmly where an automobile running board used to be. Cartoonist Ben Thompson has captured a few of these lost souls in their natural state, not only to provide laughs but to assure us that we're not alone in bumbling through life.



"What do you expect
for a nickel tip?"



"I'm late for work . . .
fill'er up while I dress!"



"Suppose we just make three even piles
of dishes and let you each do a pile?"

SEAWOLF

(Continued)



Captain Laning

Dr. Ebersole came aboard the *Seawolf*, after working with the *Nautilus* project from scratch and serving as her medical officer for a year, still under the impression that he had two jobs of about equal importance: 1) radiation, and 2) atmosphere control. The 60-day submerged run in the *Seawolf* has just about convinced him that he really has only one job: getting rid of noxious gases and revitalizing the oxygen aboard.

His and the Navy's success in that role has

upped submarine underwater endurance potential from 12 hours to the present record of a no-strain, uninterrupted 60 days. Diesel-driven subs must surface in about 12 hours to renew their air, but the A-sub's reactor needs no air. So the only problem is removing gases like the refrigerant freon, carbon dioxide from breathing, carbon monoxide from cigarettes, and solvent vapors from wall paint and deck wax. Studies continue in all these areas, but success (by rigidly classified methods) permits smoking aboard the *Seawolf* and other A-subs any time except when taking on or discharging auxiliary Diesel fuel, or loading ammunition.

At Electric Boat, the General Dynamics Division in Groton, Conn., where nuclear subs are born, two special departments concentrate on "human engineering"—the science of making an A-sub as nearly habitable as home and reactivating its air. Of the many experiments in progress, one holds high promise of solving the latter problem. Elec-

tric Boat has succeeded in growing algae (pond scum) in sealed bottles. The algae absorb carbon dioxide, generate oxygen, and provide edible food!

By electronic miracles which permit such feats as celestial navigation while submerged, our atomic subs will soon roam the world's oceans free of any surface needs. Hidden beneath the polar icecap, they will be what the man chiefly responsible for them termed "ideal mobile missile platforms" defending us night and day. And as that man, Adm. Hyman Rickover, points out with satisfaction, the A-subs will be harder to find than a black cat on a moonless night.

It's also exciting to realize that what we learned from A-subs is 100 percent translatable to the needs of space ships. Scientists tell us that voyages like the *Seawolf's* are—except for direction—as important to man's coming journey to the stars as endurance chambers and stratospheric balloon ascents.