



HORSESHOEING—Fairette Marilyn Sanders, 19, of Covina, Calif., gets a "go ahead" with the horseshoeing bit from Palomino Sac's Morrgrid in Pomona Sunday. During second week end of the Los Angeles County Fair, the Palomino Exhibitors association will show some of the world's finest palomino horses. (UPI)



Small Worlds Around Us

By LYNN M. WATKINS
(Register and Tribune Syndicate, 1962)

Ants Refused A Drink And Set About To Foul Poisoner

There they were, the dumb jerks — greedily drinking the poison brew. They were too stupid to know this was to be their last meal.

I watched them gleefully. At last I was getting even with the little pests. Why hadn't someone told me before about this method? It was fun to watch them, knowing they were killing themselves right before my eyes. I glided in their numbers, for ants were coming from every direction to drink the poison. I hadn't realized until now how many there were . . . it must have been hundreds.

This story was told by a gentleman who had been having ant trouble. At the question, "Did you get rid of them?" he shook his head and answered, "Well, no. I think there was something fishy there, for I have just as many as before, and I don't know exactly why."

"I'll tell you what happened," he continued. "I was told to put this poison — a sweet-smelling, syrupy liquid — in empty bottle caps. I got the bottle caps, punched several holes in my thumb removing the corks, but I didn't mind because getting even with the ants would be worth some pain.

"I put the bottle caps along the edge of my driveway about two yards apart, and filled each cap with the poison. When I finished, I went back to the first cap I had filled and there they were — a dozen of the little pests drinking the liquid.

Who Is Smartest?

"I walked along the row of bottle caps; there were ants drinking at every one of them. I glided in their stupidity; I would show them who was the smartest.

"Finally I got tired of watching and I went into the house and took a nap.

"A couple of hours later I thought maybe I had better fill the bottle caps again. The dumb ants must have emptied all of them by this time. By replenishing the poison I

could complete the killing. "But that's when I noticed something fishy: Every one of those bottle caps was full of sand, small sticks and bits of leaf.

Lively As Ever

The wind wasn't blowing and there wasn't a child in sight. So, I asked myself, how did the caps get full? I found the answer in one of the last caps I had filled. There seemed to be as many ants as ever running around, and they were supposed to be dead.

"Then I saw the little monsters carrying grains of sand, small sticks and bits of leaves, and dumping them into the caps. They filled them full, right up to the top rim, and then scurried away just as lively as ever.

"They had completely filled to overflowing every single one of those caps. Other ants were coming along all the time, but they didn't stop to sip at the wet sand. They merely ran over the top. Not a one acted the least bit sick or indisposed.

No Answers

"Now," the man said, "what I would like to know is, how did the little pests know it was poison, and did they cover it up so that some young, inexperienced ant wouldn't be tempted to drink from that poison cap?"

"Was this some sort of ant-insight, or an appreciation of what poison could do to them?"

"Was there a 'head ant' back in the hive somewhere who gave an order?"

"You know, I've come to the conclusion there is more going on in ant-society than we humans would want to admit."

Servicemen

STUDENT

Air Controlman Third Class Robert E. Grabowski, son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl D. Purinton, 781 Ellen ave., is a student in Air Controlman school at the Naval Air Technical Training center, Naval Air station, Glynco, Ga.

Rolling on the Floor

New Adult Physical Fitness Book Allays West's Fear of Exercise

Washington (UPI) — When I was but a toddler, my parents were so poor they had to take in boarders to make ends meet. This made the impression on me — it wasn't being poor that made the impression, however. It was one of the boarders, Miss Hippie to be exact.

Miss Hippie was a school teacher and a woman of considerable girth. Every night after supper she would go into the living room and roll around on the floor. Some nights I would go in and roll around, too.

Miss Hippie rolled around because she was trying to reduce. I rolled round because I just happened to like rolling around.

Girls Rolled Over

Our living room floor was sort of canted and when Miss Hippie started rolling she sometimes had trouble stopping. One night, quite accidentally, she rolled over me. Childhood affects people in different ways. Some people who come from poor homes are obsessed with making money. I grew up with a morbid fear of exercise.

Being rolled over by Miss Hippie gave my psyche a permanent scar. Not to mention what it did to my silhouette.

After that night, whenever I saw anyone taking exercises it was all I could do to suppress a scream. Only recently have I been able to conquer the phobia.

For this I give credit to a new booklet published by President Kennedy's Council on Physical Fitness.

Program Of Exercises

Titled "Adult Physical Fitness," the booklet presents a program of exercises in such a way "that even the elderly, the inactive and the overweight can perform them." A funny thing, though, in the photographic illustrations, the models who are demonstrating the exercises are young, ebullient and svelte.

Anyway, I took the booklet home and turned to the page of warm-up exercises. They consisted of 10 bend and stretches, 20 knee lifts, 20 wing stretches, 10 half knee bends, 30 arm circles and 20 body benders. That left me completely out of breath.

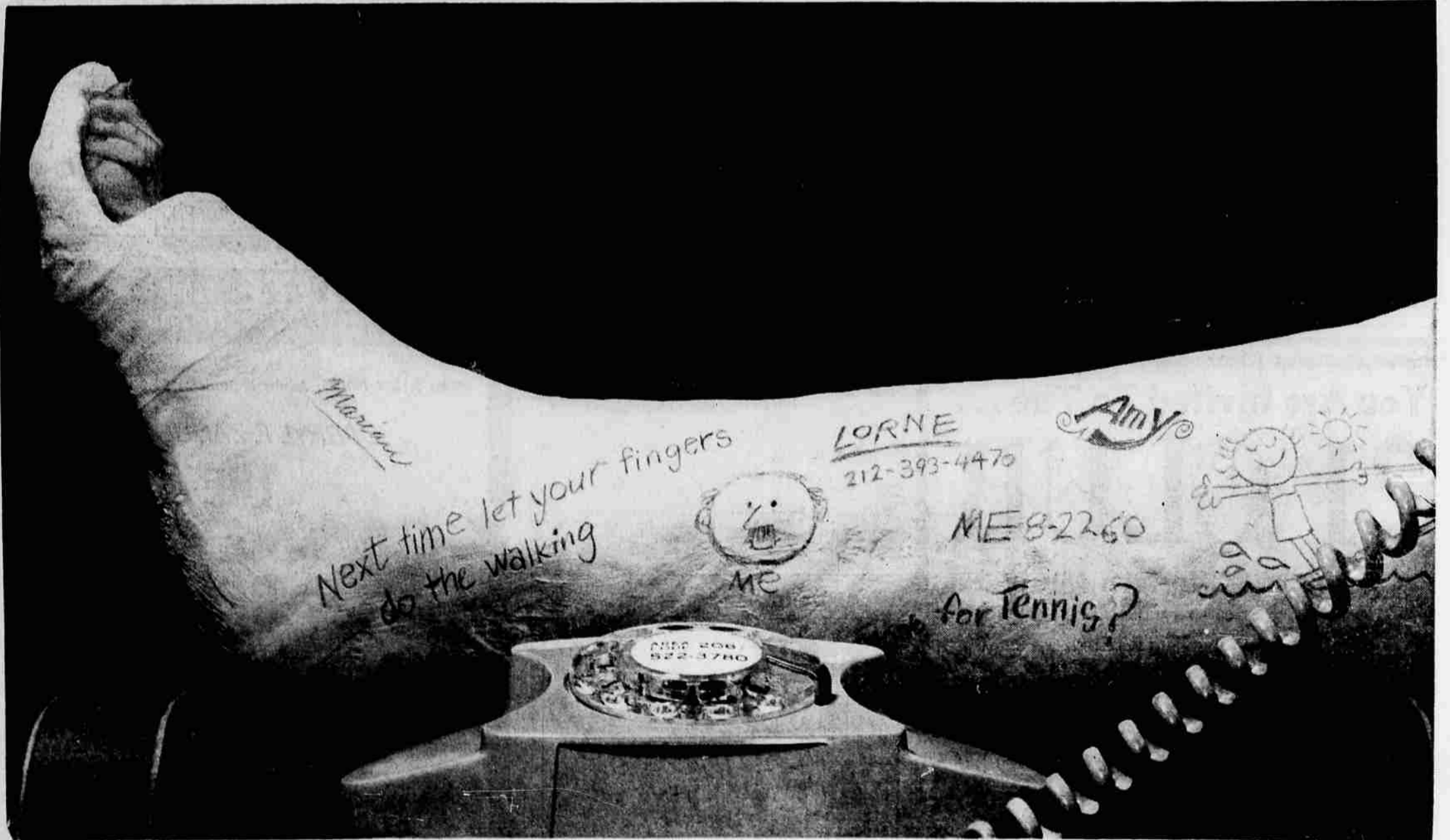
I figured that if I got out of breath just reading about the exercises, there wasn't much point in doing them. So I got down on the floor and rolled around for awhile.

It was like old times. Rolling was fun again. The booklet had stripped away all of my inhibitions.

This shows what exercise as flabby as ever, but I'm can do for a person. I may be not afraid any more.

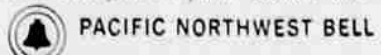


West was one of the boarders. Miss Hippie to be exact.



Down, but not out (of touch)

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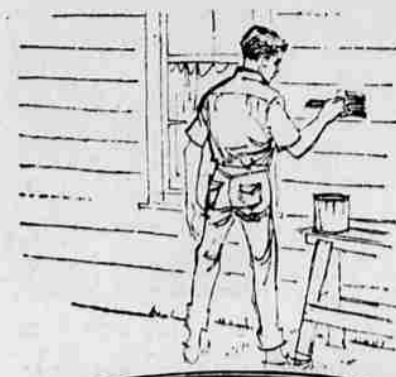
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