

The first flight, with Orville flying and Wilbur alongside

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75 Years of Flight... The Wright Brothers Charles Lindbergh Gerald Backenstoe

After three months of preparation and glider studies over the sand dunes of Kill Devil Hills, N.C., Orville and Wilbur Wright were ready to attempt their first powered plane flight. On Dec. 14, 1903, they tossed a coin to decide who would get first chance to pilot their contraption. Wilbur won. He was in the air only 3½ seconds before a strong gust of wind took the plane up and plunged it to earth, damaging a wing.

After three days of repairs and strong winds, they tried again. Since Wilbur had already had his chance, Orville climbed onto the machine, lying prone on the lower wing. His only controls were the elevator on the front, a rear rudder and a system for warping the wings. The plane left the wooden track which had been built over the sand dunes and continued in the air for 12 seconds and 120 feet.

Three more flights were made that bleak morning of December 17, with Wilbur piloting the last one. The distance of that flight was 852 feet and time in the air was 59 seconds.

After a leisurely lunch, the two brothers walked back to the sleepy town of Kitty Hawk to relay this message to their home in Dayton, Ohio:

"Success four flights Thursday morning all against twenty-one-mile wind started from level with engine power alone average speed through air thirty-one miles longest 59 seconds. Inform press. Home Christmas."

The year the Wright brothers took their now famous flight, Gerald Backenstoe was born. "While not apparent to any great degree, this common denominator has been one of the greatest forces and pleasures in my life to this very day," states Dr. Backenstoe.

Although his name is not nearly as popular as "Wright" or "Lindbergh," many residents of the Allentown-Emmaus vicinity know him as Dr. Backenstoe, that friendly, family physician who has, for many years, been interested in the world of aviation. Throughout his life he has managed to keep abreast of aviological developments and progress.

His first interest in flight was kindled in 1913, when he and a younger sister made a 15 minute flight in a Curtiss hydroplane (pusher engine) in Atlantic City.

On May 20, 1927, Charles A. Lindbergh flew his "Spirit of St. Louis" in the first solo challenge of the Atlantic Ocean. He departed from Long Island and landed safely in France, 33 hours later, to be hailed by hordes of spectators.

The year Lindbergh completed this feat, Dr. Backenstoe was a young college man (Columbia University, Class of 1927 M) flying in blimps and Keystone Bombers in ROTC training at Langley Field, Virginia.

"In that isolated world with no communication possible, I was frightened on every flight. The tail assembly shuttered, shivered unbelievably. I was sure it would break off. Actually one did break off one day: obviously, I missed that flight."

With this negative initiation to planes, he was sure he'd never cross the oceans as Lindbergh had. In 1928, he discovered that his older sister Dotty and her husband, John H. Leh, had been recognized as the first married couple to become commercial pilots. Mr. Leh, in fact, was later given credit for the founding of the presently bustling ABE Airport. Now determined to obtain a pilot's license, Dr. Backenstoe took his solo flight on July 9, 1928.



Gerald Backenstoe in the cockpit, 1928

"Next to the emotions aroused by my graduation from medical school, my wedding day, and the birth of my children, the first solo flight is the 'greatest.' I wish each of you could discover the meaning of the first solo. Perhaps John Gillespie Magee, Jr.'s poem, 'High Flight,' will express more effectively how the pilot feels:

'Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared
and swung
High in the sunlit silence, hovering there,
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air
Up, up the long delicious, burning blue
I've topped the windswept heights with easy
grace
Where never lark or even eagle flew.
And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space
Put out my hand, and touched the face of
God!"

That was merely the beginning of Dr. Backenstoe's love for the "wild blue yonder." His experiences have since given him his Private Pilot's license, taken him through the Army Air Force of World War II where he flew countless planes, and made him an FAA Senior Medical Examiner, responsible for certifying every type of pilot's license. His most famous applicant was probably George Earl, then Governor of Pennsylvania, who arrived for his flight physical amidst sirens, motorcycle escort and state police!

In the years that followed, Dr. Backenstoe and his wife, Harriet, have logged thousands of miles in the air, travelling to the farthest reaches of the world and enjoying every minute. Their excursions have put them on the smallest of airplanes and the largest of jets—their latest major flight being on the tremendous Concorde from London to Washington, D.C.

The airplane has come a long way since Orville and Wilbur Wright proved man could fly 75 years ago. No one can appreciate this progress more, for Dr. Gerald Backenstoe can proudly match a different commercial airline flight for each of those 75 years of the anniversary of aviation!

Scheduled Commercial Airlines 1929-1976

Aero Argentina	Hawaiian Airlines
Aeroflot	Iberian Airlines
Air Ceylon	Indian Airlines
Air Comores	Japanese Airlines
Air Congo	Jat Yugoslav Airlines
Air France	Korean Airlines
Air India	KLM
Air Madagascar	Lot-Polish Airlines
Air Mahe	Malaysian Airlines
Air Rhodesia	Malev-Hungarian
Alaska Airways	Mats
Alitalia	New Zealand Airlines
Allegheny Airlines	Northwest Orient
American Airlines	Ozark Airlines
Ansett Airlines	Pan American Airways
Austral Airlines	Qantas
Austrian Airlines	Royal Nepalese
Aviaca	Scandinavian Air
BOAC	Singapore Airlines
Braniff Airways	South African Airlines
British Airways - CONCORDE	Southern Airlines
Bulgarian Airlines	Swissair
Capital Airlines	TAME
Cathay Airlines	Tarom-Romanian
Cathay-Pacific Airlines	Tasman Empire
Colonial Airlines	Thai Airways
Continental Airlines	Thai International
Cubana Airlines	Tran Australia
Czechoslovakian Airlines	Tran Canada
Delta Airlines	Tran Texas Airlines
East African Airways	TWA
Eastern Airlines	Union of Burma
Ecuadoriana	United Airlines
Eire Lingus	Varig
Ethiopian Airlines	Wein Consolidated
Faucett Airlines	Western Airlines
Greek Airlines	

Although only 73 names are listed, Dr. Backenstoe explained that quite a few airlines have consolidated or changed names since 1929.

It's a Long Way From Kitty Hawk to Supersonic Jets

Along with the technical progress came significant changes in personal services and operations.

This article, describing the duties of flight attendants was found in the **Farmer's Almanac**: "On May 15, 1930, all Boeing Air Transport (now United Airlines) planes began carrying attendants. The first flight service manual included the following instructions:

- Before each flight clean the cabin, sweep the floor, dust off the seats, wipe the windowsills, etc.
- Make sure all seats are securely fastened to the floor.
- Warn passengers against throwing cigars and cigarettes out of windows.
- Keep the clock and altimeter wound.
- Carry a railroad timetable in case the plane is grounded.
- Keep an eye on passengers when they go to the lavatory, to be sure they don't mistakenly go out the emergency exit."

Business Update

Determined to make your million in 1979? If you have considered starting a business but have no idea just where to begin—here are some new ways that people are making a bundle as suggested in a new book *Hottest New Business Ideas of 1978*.

- A university has developed a Skinny Powder. Sprinkle it on your food like salt and it reduces calorie intake by 90%.
- A lady writes in Old English script and makes \$100,000 a year doing menus. She has 12 writers helping her.
- Start your car from your bedroom with new device. Market untouched.
- Lady in Illinois, man in New York, make \$100 per hour telling people off over the phone. They'll tell someone off for you, too . . . \$5.00 a spot!
- Company buys dust from vacuum cleaners at 50 cents per pound and can't get enough.
- Stuffed shark, like theme in *Jaws*, nets man \$500 to \$1,000 a day at fairs and malls. He's grossed close to \$1 million already.
- Gold plated jewelry made from parsley or any vegetable or flower. You can do it in your home. Parsley rings hot sellers in Hawaii.
- Machine paints wall size murals in minutes from any color photo—just developed by Japanese.
- A frisbee golf course, creator finds dynamic youth market.



Dallas Has New Breed of Cowboy

Unfortunately, their breed wasn't sturdy enough to "lock horns" with the Pittsburgh Steelers on Super Bowl Sunday (Steelers 35, Cowboys 31), and we didn't even get to see the Dallas Cheerleaders!

The Cola Race



The two cola superpowers, Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola now confront each other across one of the world's most explosive borders. Coke is moving into China in an agreement with Peking that no other cola drink be sold anywhere in the Middle Kingdom. Pepsi has established itself in the Soviet Union under a similar contract.

Conceivably, one border patrol may taunt, "Pepsi-Cola hits the spot!" The answer being, "It's the real thing!"

This could become nasty business with Russia declaring that they're the Pepsi generation and the Chinese retorting that only China enjoys the pause that refreshes.

Imagine the commands given should skirmishes break out . . . "Uncap! Shake! Aim and fire!"

Fear of Food?

"Cauliflower should be served only to a husband one wishes to go away." Thus spake a New York Times columnist last fall. Cauliflower, like most winter vegetables, has been badly maligned by those timid souls who fear their food and are confounded by fancy kitchen equipment.

WHO'S THE BOSS IN YOUR KITCHEN ANYWAY? Exert a little control over your grocery supplies and gadgets, and you'll find new joy in pampering your innards—that's true whether you have to cook on the fly between meetings and jobs and carpool details or have plenty of time available for culinary creativity.

According to Mark Twain, "Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education." But you don't need a degree to take command of your vegetables. The worst crime against good vegetables is overcooking. Some gentle, loving care is in order—we don't recommend that you beat them into submission. Save that kind of energy for your puff pastry, and do it on a day when you're mad at the world.

Now that the dust has settled from your holiday whirlwind, it's time to take stock of your latest culinary acquisitions. Gourmet cooking has become America's biggest indoor sport, and most people received at least one new pot, machine or gadget during the annual gift-giving spree. Are you going to cower in front of that pasta machine or hide it in a closet? So many people glance through the instruction booklets and decide it's over their head or takes too much time, instead of letting today's kitchen miracle workers save them time, money and energy.

Naturally, we hope that you'll let the Anna Rodale Gourmet Center help solve some of these problems. We're really proud that we offer the widest selection of courses and times of all cooking schools in the Mid-Atlantic Region, and our prices are much lower than most. Come on over—you'll enjoy our cooking classes, get in a lot of practice, and go home with a full tummy, ready to conquer your next cocktail party, cuisinart . . . or even cauliflower.

Grandmother Runs Pornography Empire

A 59-year-old grandmother whose name is more well-known in her native West Germany than that of the Chancellor, heads a rapidly expanding \$30 million-a-year pornography and sex paraphernalia empire in that country.

Adolf Hitler, to provide a growing population for his forces, had forbidden the use of contraceptives in World War II Germany. With his defeat came the need for birth control advice. Beate Uhse, in providing such advice, established herself in a controversial but highly successful business that is considered an important factor in the creation of the open, casual attitude that many West Germans display toward sex.

Ms. Uhse, a tanned, svelte woman who could easily be mistaken for an Olympic athlete, houses her headquarters in a cheery two-story structure. In keeping with her spic & span attitude, the front door bears the sign "Please wipe your feet."

Ms. Uhse's three sons each share the responsibility for some facet of the business which includes mail order operations, publishing of over 2,000 books, a chain of 21 sex shops, and making feature porno films.

"The sex business in Germany," she says, "is now no different than any other business. In the old days people wanted information. Now they are interested in pleasure . . . how to make sex more pleasurable. And that's desired by women as well as men."

Because of the more active role today's women are taking in their relationships, Ms. Uhse's wares are designed to appeal to both sexes. She estimates that about 30% of her customers are women—a terrific 400% increase in the past 20 years. While searching the hand luggage of German women, airport security officers have been astounded at just how popular some of Ms. Uhse's paraphernalia really is!

"Sex" material, not "porno" material can be mail-ordered through the company catalogue or by coupons in popular magazines. For the true "porno stuff", forbidden by German law to be mailed, customers must visit her shops. She declares her Munich store to be the busiest. "God! It's always packed."

The employees, many of whom are attractive young women, state that there are much less attempts at dating or dishonorable advances in these shops than in the local clothing or shoe outlets.

The reason, Beate Uhse explains, is that customers are so overwhelmed by the impact and variety of the wares offered that instead of becoming sexual tigers they turn into docile pussycats.

Edited from L.A. Times Article

Volunteers Needed

Sacred Heart Hospital at 4th and Chew Streets, Allentown, has a wide variety of volunteer opportunities for men and women who are interested in the health care field. Persons who have at least one half-day a week which they would like to invest in helping others should contact Roberta Longworth, Director of Volunteer Services, at 821-3259 to make an appointment for an interview. The Hospital provides a basic one-day orientation program plus in-service training to new volunteers.



Apprentice to Genius by Edgar Tafel

The first book written about Frank Lloyd Wright by an architect and former student.

Available in June at the Allentown Art Museum Ann Ar Book Shoppe

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Remembrances of J. I. Rodale

The celebration of J. I. Rodale's birthday turned out to be, not a traumatic experience, but a catharsis . . . a figurative cleansing of the emotions. Those present, from writers to key staff people at Rodale Press in Emmaus, shared fond memories of J. I., the publisher, the concerned citizen, the humane and human person we all knew and admired. I did not attend this very personal tribute to J. I., fearing an emotional upset at too many memories . . . nor did Jane Kinderlerer . . . but the following article captures the sentiments expressed by those present. It's a true picture of J. I. as I remember him . . .

Anna A. Rodale

It has been said that it takes 30 years from test tube to table.

The ideas which percolated in his mind 30 to 40 years ago are at last reaching the tables of America.

In those early days he was marching to a different drummer, and the only ones who heard the same tune were the proverbial little old ladies in tennis shoes.

Today, the superiority of that which is natural and the importance of nutrition are popularly accepted. Today his ideas are on target.

In fact, according to a recent poll, the subject of most interest to Americans today is no longer sex. It's nutrition.

In his wildest imaginings, I don't think that J. I. ever dreamed there would be a time when *Playboy* would take a back seat to *Prevention*.

From the beginning, J. I. had the audacity to be a majority of one.

He stood alone on many issues only now accepted as valid.

When x-ray was considered medicine's great gift to humanity, he warned against its overuse. Today as thousands of young people develop cancer of the thyroid, because of x-ray treatment when they were babies, we are seeing some of the consequences of x-ray damage.

When sugar was considered sweet and necessary, he had the audacity to point out that the white stuff was sweet and dangerous. He wrote *Sugar and the Criminal Mind*. Now medicine acknowledges that sugar causes hypoglycemia which deprives the brain of glucose and can in fact make a person crazy in the head. There are some judiciary officers who sentence wayward juveniles to several weeks of a good sugar-free diet before they judge their misdemeanors.

He warned against chemical additives and the food industry scoffed. Now doctors acknowledge that additives can send some children into a hyperactive tailspin and make little demons out of good kids.

Raise Money for Your Club or Organization

with a benefit performance of the Free Hall Theatre Co. at the J.I. Rodale Theatre, 837 Linden St., Allentown.

Call Connie Hansell at 434-6110 for details



He took on the medical and dental profession and the U.S. Public Health Service in his battle against fluoridation of the water supply. This community owes J. I. a vote of thanks for the fact that Allentown water is free of fluorides especially in view of the findings that the cancer death rate is much higher in areas that have been fluoridated the longest.

At a time when most middle-aged men got no more exercise than a walk to the refrigerator during commercials, he was the apostle of the joys of walking. He got some of his best ideas on his daily walks.

Today there is a new concept in medicine—holistic health—acknowledging that soma and psyche are interdependent.

J. I. went even farther than that when he opted for an organic world. Organic is holistic health from the ground up.

We know now how seriously depleted are our soils and the foods grown on them, how life threatening are our polluted streams and air.

J. I. opted for a different world—a sort of Garden of Eden—lush vegetation, healthy soil, pure waterways, air that you can breathe in good health. All these goals are related, all dependent on each other. This is the real domino theory and the key domino, is the soil. When the soil fails, the dominos topple.

There is an old Talmudic legend that there are in each generation 36 just souls for whose sake the world is allowed to continue.

They are prophets, unknown, unsung and sometimes unwilling, driven by some mysterious compelling force to bring to light a truth by which the world can be redeemed.

It must be that J. I. was one of the 36.

The Allentown Art Museum Auxiliary is sponsoring Craft classes in the Auditorium of the Museum. These are open to the public.

Date—March 13, Tuesday—9:30-12:00 noon

Project—silk flowers—3 different techniques—10 finished flowers

Cost—\$5.00 members—\$6.00 non-members

Date—March 20, Tuesday—9:30 A.M.—12:00 noon

Project—doorpiece and candle ring (incorporating the flowers made previous week plus additional materials)

Cost—\$5.00 members—\$6.00 non-members

All materials for these classes are included in cost of class. Reservations will be taken by Mrs. Alice Schultz—435-4990, Mrs. John Woroniak—395-2933 and Mrs. Edward Kascur—434-7375.

Gardening Books

Ruth Stout No Work Garden Book
How To Grow Fruits and Vegetables by The Organic Method
City Peoples Book of Raising Food
Planting A Plenty
Organic Vegetable Growing
Fruits And Berries For The Home Garden
Successful Berry Growing
Encyclopedia Of Organic Gardening
Small Scale Grain Raising
Organic Farming
Organic Plant Protection
The People's Land
Better Soil
Dictionary Of Useful Plants
The Herb Book
Herbal Handbook For Farm and Stable
Growing For Market

Additional Titles

Build It Better Yourself
Working Wood
Producing Your Own Power
Low-Cost Energy-Efficient Shelter
Energy We Can Live With
Wood Heat
30 Energy Efficient Houses
Appropriate Technology
Solar Energy Experiments
Pedal Power
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Practical Book Of Homesteading
Raising Small Livestock
Raising Rabbits
Chickens In Your Backyard
Complete Book Of Vitamins
Natural Healing
Encyclopedia Of Common Diseases
Vitamin A

Rites of Spring Second Annual Book Fair

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thru Sat., March 17

All Titles Listed
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\$2 each hardbacks

Bonus!

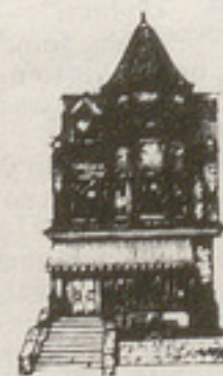
- With each \$10 purchase, your choice of free lettuce seeds, or herb seeds (basil, dill, or parsley), or an herb seedling.
- For each young gardener (age 4-12), a free packet of sunflower seeds. Details on our sunflower contest will be announced at a later date.

Cooking With Love And Wheat Germ
Stocking Up
Managing Your Personal Food Supply
Better Food For Public Places
A Clear View
Barnacle Parp's Chain Saw Guide
Knifemaking
American Bicycle Racing

Limited Number Available

The Good Goodies
Natural Breakfast Book
Green Thumb Cook Book
Naturally Great Foods
Rodale Cookbook
How To Feel Younger Longer
The Fiber Factor
From Katahdin To Springer Mountain
The Synonym Finder
The Word Finder
High Level Wellness
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Center City News

Second Front Page

The Artist from Bally

Harry Bertoia was born in San Lorenzo, Italy in 1915. At the young age of 15, he and his father migrated to America where he studied drafting and metalcraft.

Thus began the long and magnificent career of this talented artist and sculptor.

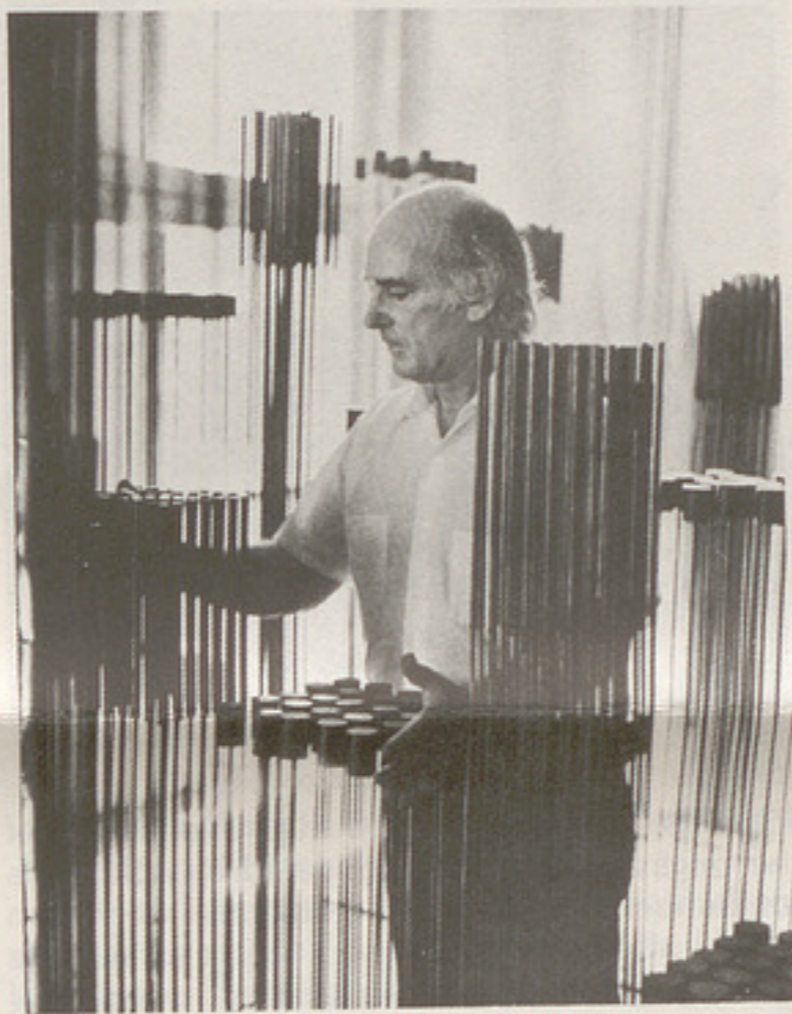
In 1943, he married Brigitta Valentiner, an artist and authoress, and together became long-time residents of this Eastern Pennsylvania region.

The following note was dictated to Dr. Franco Toso in November, 1978, a few days before Mr. Bertoia's death.

A few days before his death, Harry said, "My dear friends, I must tell you something important. Man has no choice as to when and where he is born, but he has some choice as to when and how he dies. Although I do appreciate the good intentions you all have for me, a man understands when his time has come and nothing in this world can change this fact of life. I wish I could stay, but I have no regrets. I had a beautiful life and I am not afraid. Man is not important. Humanity is what counts, to which I feel I have given my contribution. Humanity shall continue without me, but I am not going away—I am not leaving you. Every time you see some treetops moving in the wind, you will think of me, of if you see some beautiful flowers—you will think of me. I have never been a very religious man, not in the formal way, but each time I took a walk in the woods—I felt the presence of a superior force around me.

I thank you all for your good intentions."

(as noted down by Dr. Franco Toso and sent to Mrs. Bertoia) Nov. 1978



Sculptor Harry Bertoia with works

Meditation on My Balcony

We sometimes sat together in the eve'
To watch the golden sun beyond the hill,
When rays of red and yellow beams would weave
A pattern brilliant bright, but still
Without a sound, the sun would sink beyond a
cloud.
And in his chair my man would sometimes say:
"Just look at it: So great and proud
Is Nature in its glorious way."

But now he's gone—no, not the sun;
The sun returns each day.
It is my man who left me now
To float so far away:
To just disperse, as star dust does;
As atoms in the sky.
He's one with the great Spirit now;
Yet sometimes feels so nigh,
That in my mind I feel it how
He's whispering: "Don't ask why!"

Brigitta Valentiner Bertoia

Art Deserves Business Support

What is good for art is good for business. That is the opinion of Peter G. Scotese, president, vice-chairman and chief executive officer of Springs Mills. "... Certainly the corporation that invests in art, finances a sculpture show or supports photography-as-art exhibitions enhances its standing with the public. It is a public relations investment with demonstrated appeal. . . .

"This type of support can be justified as a business investment in much the same way contributions to education or the community can be justified. They are good things to do. They enhance the reputation of the corporation.

"But there is a deeper, subtler, more compelling and rewarding reason for business to become involved in art. Art hones our perception and our sensitivities so that we have keener awareness of our business environment. We become adept at spotting change, using a kind of cultural early-warning system. We become attuned to the tastes and feelings and unexpressed desires of the public. . . ."

Scotese's views are contained in an article, "Business and Art: A Creative, Practical Partnership," in *Management Review*. Of his own company he says: ". . . Art has helped us see our present and future environment more clearly and our company more objectively."

Scotese explains how art accomplishes this:

"First, the contemporary artist is a keen, insightful observer of what's happening in the world. He hits you with trial balloons of change that, at first, raise questions. Later, if the same ideas begin showing up in other places, you begin translating what you observe into conclusions. . . ."

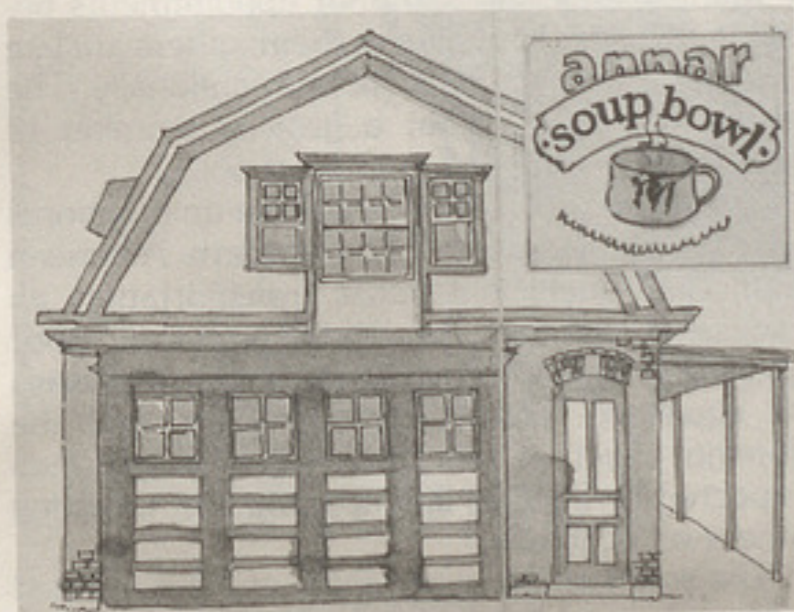
"At Springs this concern has been translated into uniform, low-key signage, attractive plant landscaping, and art on our plant and office walls and in the lobbies. These moves have had esthetic appeal for our employes and our community neighbors and thus bring us direct recruiting, turnover and community relations benefits.

"Second, because art is color, shape, texture, design, line and space, art interest can develop what amounts to the seventh sense in a person. You become a much more visually oriented person with the ability to refine the other senses. The physical eye and, more importantly, the mind's eye are vigorously exercised. You see things you once failed to see and become curious about them. Or you begin to see familiar, often ignored things in a different way. We need to look at our businesses, our operating environments and our opportunities with the same agility. Art can help us do this.

"Third, an appreciation of art spills over into everything else one does. You begin to spot signals of change everywhere because your sensitivity is heightened. . . ."

He concludes: "We in business must recognize it is vital to our society that our artistic, cultural, social and business goals have a high degree of compatibility. If all facets of society have the wisdom to understand this, we will survive and grow—as individuals, as business managers and as a society. The arts can help build that understanding."

Charles Gerras, ed.



Ninth and Turner Streets in Allentown

Grand Opening March 21st

For those of you who have been patiently awaiting the arrival of the Ann Ar Soup Bowl—barring any unforeseen circumstances, the Grand Opening will be March 21st. We have received numerous inquiries and lots of good wishes. See you there!

The Legend of Stone Soup

Because of a secret they learned from Stone Soup, the people of one village were delivered from a fear. That of sharing what they had.

The tale began with three hungry, tired, peddlers trudging along a road. As they neared a certain village, townsmen heard of their coming—these were strangers.

Suspecting the hunger of the peddlers and fearing a ravage of what stores they had been able to harvest, the villagers ran to hide their barley, milk, carrots, cabbages, potatoes, and meat.

All they had was hidden.

The peddlers knocked on the doors of the peasants', only to be answered with, "A poor harvest this year." "Our beds are full." "No extra grain." "Too many mouths to feed."

The peddlers talked together and announced their intentions; STONE SOUP! Stone Soup! Stone Soup? What was this?

Curiosity had been aroused. The peddlers set about to woo the villagers.

A large iron pot was brought, water was poured into it, and three stones were dropped to the bottom.

"But what is soup without vegetables?", exclaimed the villagers. "What about meat?" "A good idea," answered the peddlers. Reactions came rapidly. The villagers began to uncover hidden wealth; each gave of what he had. A warm, hardy brew soon bubbled above the fire.

When the tables were spread the entire village sat down to a feast—from stones!

That night no one went to bed hungry and the land was no longer strange.

A fire was tended beneath the stones.

Don't Throw That Cut Hair Away

Hair, the crowning glory of many women and of some men, the protector of the skull from nature's elements, has been put to a new use by scientists at the Carey Arboretum in Millbrook, N.Y.

A hair ball suspended from a tree or shrub will discourage deer from chewing its tender bark and foliage.

"We don't know what it is in the hair that repels the deer," wildlife biologist Jay McAninch said. "We think it may be the sebaceous gland at the base of the hair follicle that causes a scent that deer don't like, but we need to do more research."

He mentioned that organic gardeners, who do not use synthetic chemicals to protect their crops, were probably the first to discover the deer-repellent qualities of human hair a few years ago. "We are now trying to find the scientific basis for these qualities," Mr. McAninch said.

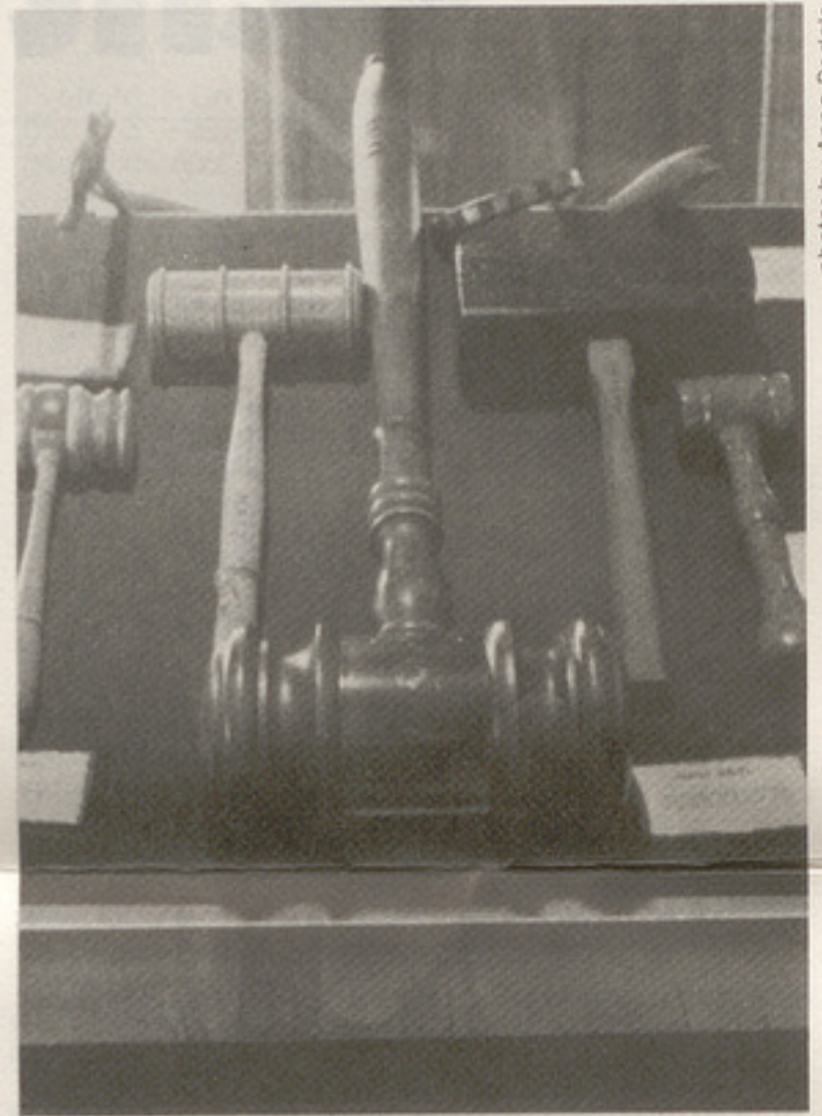
Edited from N.Y. Times Article



The Texas longhorn



The LBJ mosaic



Collection of LBJ's gavels

photos by Anna Roddole

Frontier Excursion

Visit the Lyndon B. Johnson National Historic Site in Johnson City, Texas, for an exciting journey into America's past. Texas Longhorns still

roam the two hundred acre site, which is part of the original settlement pioneered by Johnson's forefathers. The boyhood home and one room school attended by Johnson reflect an austere upbringing not unlike the unadorned customs of the Pennsylvania Dutch. Maintained as a National Park open to visitors, the LBJ Ranch recaptures the inspiring and colorful heritage of the Old West.

Life With 10 Presidents Coolidge Cigar to LBJ Scar, Cellar Has Seen Them All

Former Democratic Rep. Emanuel Celler of New York served in the House for 49 years and 10 months, four months short of the all-time record. He is 90 now, a widower living in Brooklyn and working at his law offices on Park Avenue.

Recently he was found behind his desk, poised to light a long cigar, impeccably attired, somewhat hard of hearing and as impish as ever.

Reading from notes prepared the night before on the 10 presidents he has known, Celler recalled one visit to Calvin Coolidge. "And he said, 'Do you smoke, congressman?' I said, 'Yes.' So he opened the drawer to his right, and there's a box of cigars.

"He carefully opens the box . . . takes out a cigar, closes the cigar box, slams the door, bites off the end of the cigar, lights the cigar. Then he says [to an aide], 'Jim, over there on the shelf is a box of White Owls. Give the congressman one.'"

As a New Dealer, Celler admired most of what Franklin D. Roosevelt did, particularly in fighting the Depression. But, he said, "FDR did not exert himself to rescue Jews fleeing Hitler's cruelty. He was fearful of the appellation 'Jew Deal' . . . afraid [that his enemies] would accuse him of being partial to Jews.

"Thousands of Jews perished because of the inactivity of [Undersecretary of State] Breckinridge Long, Secretary of State Cordell Hull and President Roosevelt. Yet I do not denigrate FDR. One must judge a character whole. He had his warts and pimples, but he also had his virtues as well as his failings."

Harry S. Truman: "He was unpretentious, wise and courageous . . . he played the piano, but badly . . ."

Dwight D. Eisenhower: "He was quiet and elite, a great commander of heroic armies, an idol who unfortunately allowed himself in the beginning to be controlled by [White House aide] Sherman Adams," and later by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles.

John F. Kennedy: He "was resourceful, had hubris, highest integrity, and he was wise. He had charm and charisma . . . He was compassionate. One day upon his invitation I brought my daughter Judith, who was a victim of cerebral palsy and in a wheelchair, to the White House. The President spoke for a full hour with her in the Rose Garden."

Lyndon B. Johnson: He and Celler were "very close," partly because both fought for civil rights. Once Celler went to LBJ to plead Israel's need for spare parts for fighter planes. The president ordered an aide to act at once. "He then leaned toward me," Celler recalled, "placed a hand on my knee, and said, 'I'm 100 percent for Israel.' And then he placed his other hand on my other knee and said, 'I'm 101 percent for Mannie.'"

Richard M. Nixon: "He could lie like an epitaph. . . . He's like the mean guy who tells his wife he's impotent when she tells him she's pregnant."

Gerald R. Ford: "Affable, kind, likable chap. A good golfer, not a good manager, not . . . great depth of intellect. A good congressman. His pardon of Nixon is unforgivable."

What about the House's current leadership, Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill and Majority Leader Jim Wright? "I think Tip O'Neill and Wright are doing a pretty good job, except that they are unable to control the situation themselves because of the fragmentation of these committees."

Will the President's power eventually reassert itself? "Yes, sir. . . . I think the President will prevail. . . . He's learning his lessons every day . . ."

"Carter is in sort of a funk. . . . It's not unusual for presidents . . . to incur the ire and irony of criticism during their first year or two years. . . . But after that, people get acquainted with the abilities of these incumbents, and conditions change. And I think the situation will be the same with Carter. . . ."

"The President has shown that he is master of the situation in a number of respects; in some respects, he's not the master. But he has won out on Panama. He won out on the question of the arms embargo to Turkey. He won on the question of refusal to invoke sanctions against Rhodesia. He won out on the question of arms to Saudi Arabia.

"Those are the victories for which the columnists fail to give him credit. They castigate him constantly, and I don't think it's fair. They exaggerate his faults, and they minimize his virtues. . . . They're very caustic, very intolerant, and very short-sighted. They remind me too often of bed-wetters."

By Morton Mintz
Washington Post



Those Tardy Americans

You arrive at an appointment early, only to find a full waiting room and a 2-hour wait, or you arrive fifteen minutes late to hear that you've missed your allotted time.

Sound familiar? Not honoring appointments appears to be a growing American trend. A New York Times article states:

"Lawyers, doctors, judges and other professionals are late. Restaurants are late honoring reservations at agreed-upon times, and patrons are late showing up. The story is much the same for barbers and beauticians."

This trend is particularly annoying because of the great increase in the use of appointments. One applicant for a job with ABC was kept waiting for 3 hours for an interview which had to be cut short so she could make her return plane home. "It is disrespectful and inconsiderate," she said. "Everybody is busy and that's why there are appointments, so you can set a time that is mutually agreeable. It was a typical case of hurry up and wait."

Many people fail to honor appointments because of forces acting upon them: others are late through their own fault but unintentionally. The distressing fact is that a growing number of people have made it a matter of policy.

The New York Times lists these unintentional reasons for lateness: "The modern American traffic jam, inefficient public transportation, an excessive demand for limited services, poor gauging of time, a belief that new tasks can always be squeezed into a tight schedule, and the domino effect of one task taking longer than expected or a single late appointment throwing others off schedule."

The solution? Here are some of the suggested approaches:

- Set up appointments only by "certain day," omitting the "certain time."
- Base appointment time on the individual's personal habits as you know them. Is he usually punctual, early or late?
- Penalties for being late.
- When time gets short, double up your appointments, as in interviewing two people at one time.
- Plea emotionally to your appointees to arrive on time.
- Seek compensation for your time lost while awaiting the other individual.
- Make "block appointments" as doctors and dentists do in rotating among two or three examining rooms at one time.

Or don't make appointments at all. Kemmons Wilson, the 66-year-old co-founder of the Holiday Inns states that he found the solution to the appointment problem 15 years ago. "I don't make them. I always told people that if they wanted to see me, to come by. It's worked pretty well."



Photos by Gilette

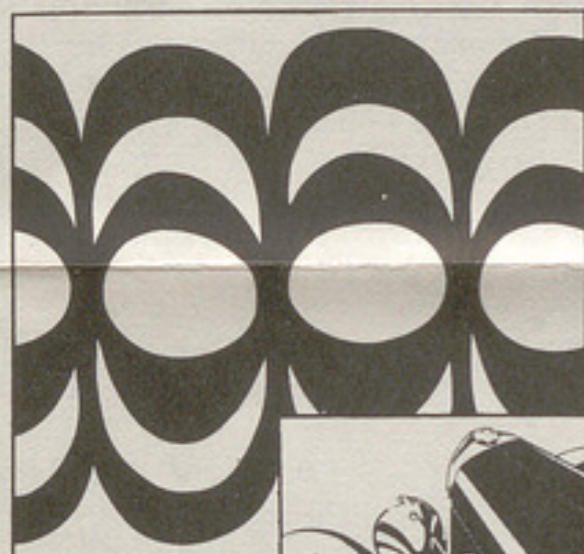
We're 90% Oriental!

These photographs feature some of the exquisite Oriental merchandise at the Ann Ar Design Center, 202 North Ninth Street, Allentown.

The Design Center carries an assortment of tables, chests, and cabinets from Mainland China, all solid rosewood or teak. All are hand-carved and some are delicately adorned with semi-precious stones.

For a decorator touch that enhances almost any decor, consider an Oriental appointment, coramandel screen, batik fabric, or rosewood table from the Ann Ar Design Center, at the corner of Ninth and Turner Streets, only a short walk from Hamilton Mall.

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Great Cliches of 1978

Every year has its cliches, but 1978 was a cliché.

What can you say about a year in which "Grease" was "the word"?

People spoke of "meaningful relationships" with "very special people." There was an insufferable excess of Perrier, or drinking of Perrier, and white wine, or drinking of white wine. We complained about property taxes, asked strangers to put out their cigarettes no matter how much they seemed to be enjoying them, and watched synthetic Elvises and artificial Beatles.

Every year deserves its own cliches, it's true, but mass media and their capability—their vengeance—for creating overnight sensations and quickie trends have also cursed us with the instant cliché.

"What it's all about" is what cliches are all about.

And so it seems you couldn't turn around in 1978 without running into: "Opium," valium, "disco," tax revolt, "oh, wow," "no smoking," Barry Manilow, "no more rock concerts," Debby Boone, or midnight screenings of "The Rocky Horror Picture Show."

1978 was life in the fast lane, getting your head straight. "If it feels good, do it," or better still, "go for it." It was a big year for "it" even if it meant being "bummed out," "zonked out," "mellowed out," or good old "freaked out."

To sue or not to sue—that was the question. The answer was usually, to sue. Doctors sued patients. Brando sued Warner Brothers. Women sued men they'd been living with. And everybody and his brother sued Alex Haley.

College kids became nostalgic for the boredom of the past, finding it preferable to the boredom of the present, and paid endless visits to the '50s and '60s at Toga Parties and cafeteria Food Fights inspired by "National Lampoon's Animal House."

People played racquetball till their sweat bands were drippy and they trampled hill and dale in mad orgies of mob jogging.

When did 1978 hit rock bottom? It was on April 3rd, when *Time*, a weekly "newsmagazine," featured as its cover story the mopey spectre of the year, John Travolta himself, in a story headlined "Travolta Fever," something for which even the government couldn't invent a vaccine.

Had enough? Here's the bottom line. There's only one more year of the '70s left. That means there's only one more chance for the decade to get worse.

And now you have come to the very bottom line itself.

*adapted from article
by Tom Shales
Washington Post*

Tough Only on the Outside

They're called the Cauliflower Alley Gang and they look the part—bent noses, heavy scar tissue, rugged.

They often play movie roles when a studio needs a heartless thug to bump off some little old lady.

Usually people don't antagonize these "tough guys" for obvious reasons.

So all were shocked when three "flyweights" strolled into the crowded lobby of the gang's headquarters in Burbank, California, and swiped their Christmas tree.

"Who would have the audacity to steal the Christmas tree from the heavyweights?" asked Marshall Wright, founder of the 10-year-old boxing club. "Some flyweights stole it from under our very noses."

"It was about six feet tall, beautifully decorated. A lot of beautiful ribbons. That's why they stole it, because it was so pretty."

The thieves simply unplugged the lights, hauled the tree out the front door, lifted it into a pickup truck and drove off.

"Somebody thought I had told those guys to move the tree into another room," Wright said, "I found a trail of crushed ornaments and bows leading about 50 feet to the parking lot . . . I've got two beautiful ribbons, that's all that's left . . ."

"It just took the heart right out of you."

Edited from L.A. Times Article



Pinocchio Still Hero at 38

Walt Disney's *Pinocchio*, a mere youngster of 38 compared to Mickey Mouse, has remained a hero in children's hearts through every one of those years. The movie, complete with a delightful musical score, was recently re-released by Disney Studios. Interestingly enough, the film, which cost an estimated \$2.6 million to produce, was considered a box office failure upon its first release in 1940.

Disney's *Pinocchio* was based on Carlo Collodi's Italian classic. The spirit and content of the original were greatly altered as Disney refashioned the story for his screen audience. Some critics have attacked Disney for frightening children with Monstro the Whale and other sequences in the story, but there are other passages in the book far more scary, which Disney excised.

The poem "Twas the Mice Before Christmas" by Jeff Cox, was such a tremendous hit with our readers that we've been distributing extra copies to people who wanted to share it with friends and relatives. If you'd like an extra copy (or two!) please stop by the Book Shoppe, 827 Linden Street, Allentown.

There's No Escape From Verbal Musak

In the vast Department of Housing and Urban Development is a clerk who sent out 235 congratulatory mailgrams to re-elected Democratic congressmen and addressed most of them to "The Honorable, Mr. or Mrs."—just as he had been told. He used no names and something like 220 of them went out just like that until the mistake was corrected and names put on the mailgrams. This clerk is my hero.

Let me explain. Years ago I worked in a skyscraper. Every morning I would crowd into an elevator and listen in fascination as people spent nine floors saying absolutely nothing to one another. They always asked about someone called "the wife" and people called "the children". They said "yah" a lot and they never seemed to care about what they asked or listened to what was said in response. No matter what was said, they said "yah". These were the first people I knew who spoke verbal muzak—using caring words to mean, in effect, that you don't care. Another example is the young smiling waitress who mugs you with warmth, usually telling you her name, sometimes even writing it on the tablecloth. I, for one, never know what to do. Do I give my name? Do I introduce the people in my party? I mean, how do I say that I've come for a meal—not to make a friend for life?

Maybe this is me. I come from a background where words were taken seriously. People said something and you responded. No more. Now the world is full of people like waitresses and stewardesses who never mean what they say. It's all something like Top 40 talk, disco talk, oral Muzak. I do not act caring to people I don't care about and I don't like it when other people do.

I protest, but it's no use. I fight back when secretaries say "may I ask who's calling?" I say, "yes," but they never listen. When I'm asked my name and account number, I reverse them, but it doesn't matter.

At the office, people ask me how I am and they don't wait for an answer. Jimmy Carter says he loves me when I'm quite sure we wouldn't get along at all, and everywhere you go, courtesy and care has been packaged.

So that clerk at HUD, that poor clerk they think got it all wrong—buddy, you got it right. You saw through them all. It wouldn't have mattered at all if the name were on the mailgram, the sentiment would have been the same. There wasn't any. Listen, buddy, let me be frank.

I love you.

*edited by Bill Gottlieb
from Washington Post
Article*

Ann Ar Bestseller List

The following lists of books are the current bestsellers at the Ann Ar Book Shoppe. "Must-reading" for everyone.

Bestsellers Hardcover Non-Fiction

A Distant Mirror: The Calamitous 14th Century
Barbara Tuchman (Knopf, 15.95)

Woman and Nature
Susan Griffin (Harper & Row, 9.95)

American Caesar: Douglas MacArthur 1880-1964
William Manchester (Little, Brown, 15.00)

Wanderings
Chaim Potok (Knopf, 17.95)

Tutankhamun: The Untold Story
Thomas Hoving (Simon & Schuster, 12.95)

Faeries
Brian Froud & Alan Lee (Abrams, 14.95)

If Life is a Bowl of Cherries What Am I Doing in the Pits?
Erma Bombeck (McGraw Hill, 7.95)

Bestsellers Hardcover Fiction

The Flounder
Guenter Grass (Harcourt, Brace & Jovanovich, 12.00)

Chesapeake
James Michener (Random House, 12.95)

Far Pavilions
M. M. Kaye (St. Martin's, 12.95)

War and Remembrance
Herman Wouk (Little, Brown, 15.00)

Evergreen
Belva Plain (Delacorte, 9.95)

Second Generation
Howard Fast (Houghton Mifflin, 9.95)

Bestsellers Mass Market Paperbacks Fiction Non-Fiction

My Mother My Self
Nancy Friday (Dell, 2.50)

The Women's Room
Marilyn French (Jove, 2.50)

The Immigrants
Howard Fast (Dell, 2.75)

The Winds of War
Herman Wouk (Pocket Books, 2.95)

Firefox
Craig Thomas (Bantam, 2.50)