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"SALADA" TEA

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: Do you think I'm being unduly suspicious of my husband?

"What do you think of a man who stays out till 4 a.m. (sometimes all night) two or three times a week?—And says he's playing cards? I've found out from his friends that sometimes he is.

"But is he always?

"His first wife divorced him because he left her alone too much. Now he's doing the same thing to me!

"He tells me that he was unfaithful to her several times, and describes different women he knows who seek thrills with married men. But he claims that he knows now when he's well off, that he loves me and our child, and wouldn't do anything to hurt our marriage.

"I try to keep such doubts out of my mind. I love him very much. But I can't help showing my resentment, and wondering if he is having an affair. It is terrible to live like this day after day!

"Will you, and your readers, tell me how you would feel in these circumstances? I'd hate to be thought a suspicious, nagging wife.

BEWILDERED WIFE"

More than once I've been criticised for saying that a married man is entitled to an evening now and then with other men and talking man-talk, uninhibited by the presence of their wives.

But what reasonable wife can miss her husband as often as you do, and not wonder? —Particularly since he treated his first wife the same way?

He claims he would never do anything to spoil your marriage. Yet what is he doing now? Keeping you in a continuous state of anxiety, a prey to fearful doubts.

Words are worthless unless supported by actions.

Whether he is being unfaithful, you and I cannot know. But even if he is not, his habitual absences from home are inconsiderate and distinctly selfish. A man is supposed to marry a girl because he wants to spend the rest of his life with her, to provide the companionship and attention she expects. When he robs her of these, he cannot blame her if she resents it.

If cards are his obsession, why doesn't he bring his friends home and play there? You wouldn't mind. You'd have refreshments in the icebox, and let them alone, spending the evening with a woman friend or going to a movie. That would be the simplest solution.

Tell him how you feel, as you told me. Remind him how much you love him, and that you want to continue to. But don't hesitate to say that you cannot go on living this way, particularly when you remember the cause of his divorce.

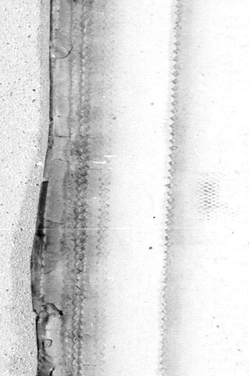
If he honestly "knows when he's well off," he will prove it. If he thinks all women are gullible and that he can get away with anything he wants to, you had better know it now.

Have my readers any suggestions?

If your husband's conduct arouses your suspicions, tell him so. It is better to know the worst, than to continue fearing it . . . Anne Hirst's sympathy and wisdom will help. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ontario.

Two gentlemen at a party were discussing a female acquaintance. "She's a nicely reared girl," said one. To which the other enthusiastically added: "And she's not bad in front either."

DOLL CLOTHES EACH FROM ONE PIECE



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by Anne Adams

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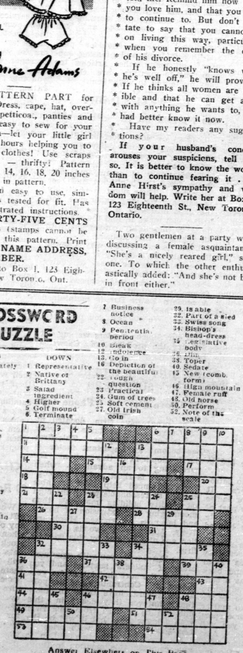
11 Grumbles (slang)
12 Make precious
14 Plan
15 African antelope
17 Poor Cinde's mother
18 Part of the Bible (abr.)
19 Worries, leaving
20 Symbol for tantalum
21 Bothering toy
23 Absolute
25 By
26 Direction
28 Happen again
30 Long-tailed monkey
31 Occupied a chair
32 Answer
34 Confections
35 Soft hair
37 Hard dye
39 Astringative
41 Artful
42 Tower
44 Negative
46 Tavern
48 Change
49 Grab
50 Sewing implement
51 Tell
52 Company
53 Anxious

DOWN
1 Representative
2 Native of Brittany
3 Salad ingredient
4 Higher
5 Golf mound
6 Terminate
7 Business notice
8 Ocean
9 Pentateuch period
10 Gleek
13 Indolence
16 Do in
17 Deduction of a beautiful
22 Judge's question
23 Practical
24 Gum of trees
27 Soft cement
29 Odd trish coin
33 In able
36 Part of a bird
38 Stalactite
39 Bishop's head-dress
40 Astringative body
43 Lion
44 Tripe
45 Sedate
47 New (comb. form)
48 High mountain
49 Feminine puff
50 Old horse
51 Perform
52 Not of the white



Answer Elsewhere on This Page

A-Hunting We Will Go—While Britain buzzed with rumors of an impending engagement, Princess Margaret Rose and the Earl of Dalkeith enjoyed a brisk stroll with the hounds during the Berwickshire Hunt at Hume Castle, Berwickshire, Eng. The young Earl, heir to a fortune, is considered the likeliest contender for the hand of the pretty princess.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
Gwendoline D Clarke

If it were the purpose of this column to review the week's news I certainly wouldn't know where to start, there is so much going on all the time. Last week for instance . . . Churchill's address from Ottawa and from the U.S. Congress — and the repercussions that are still coming in from all directions. Captain Kurt Carlsen and that dramatic saga of the sea. The terrible ordeal of passengers caught in the snowbound train in California. The T.T.C. strike. More trouble in Egypt—and last but not least the suggestion that Canada be sold to the United States of America! Of course there was plenty of other outstanding news, much of which touches our lives directly, or indirectly, whether we want it to or not.

And yet, such is human nature, while we know world shaking events are shaping up yet we show our greatest concern for what takes place on our doorstep, as it were. We are shocked at the sudden death of someone we have been used to seeing around town any time we went there; and we are deeply concerned over the illness of a near neighbour. Even our own livestock seems to be of major importance. For instance, a few minutes ago Partner came in with the news that he has a sick cow—so the sick cow takes precedence over what goes on in Europe, Asia, or even Toronto. Is that being selfish and narrow-minded? I hardly think so. Certainly we need to take an interest in world affairs but we each have our own work to do and if we worry too much about wars and rumors of wars we inevitably cripple our own efficiency for the job that is close at hand.

Take the T.T.C. Strike. There you have major transportation difficulties. But in the country we have our traffic problems too—as I knew only too well last Saturday—especially in regard to parking. From what I have seen in small towns here the available parking space falls far short of the number of cars that want to park. To a "native" it is annoying: to a stranger it is confusing. As you drive slowly down the street the only open space you find is either a driveway or space reserved for a fire hydrant. Recently an additional fire hydrant was installed on our main street. I always forget it is there and gleefully head for the empty space. I drive in—and there's the hydrant. The other day our local police officer was there. He had his back to me but turned round just as I was backing out. Late yesterday afternoon when I went down town, heavy, wet snow was falling. The only parking space I could find at all was between two cars at different angles. I looked at the space . . . well, my car is small, I guessed I could make it. And I did. By flattening myself pretty well I was even able to get out of the car. Before I left I went round to see how much space was left on the other side. Only a few inches separated my car from the one that was parked on such an awkward angle. Oh well, maybe the owner of that car will be gone by the time I get back—and getting out will be his worry, I thought. But it wasn't gone, nor was the one on my left. Cars and trucks were coming along the street in quick succession; the snow was so wet the wipers couldn't clear the windshield properly; the rear window was blanketted with snow, all of which added to my troubles in trying to back without scraping any fenders. Getting out of a tight spot like that is not my idea of fun especially if some superior male takes a delight in standing on the sidewalk to watch my manoeuvres—and that has happened more than once. One time I challenged a man to come and back the car out for me if he thought he could do a better job—that time being crowded in wasn't my fault. He didn't accept the challenge—he didn't know how to handle an English car! However on Saturday everybody was too busy minding their own business to worry about me—the storm was getting worse all the time. So, without any onlookers to make me nervous, and with much experimental twisting and turning, I finally managed, inch by inch, to get myself out, more convinced than ever that something needs to be done to relieve congested parking. What, I hardly know. A parking lot? But where? Country towns were not laid out to provide for central parking lots. The only place is underground or overhead. Of course, in some towns there are a few antiquated stores that might be better out of the way and the space given over to parking. That's quite a thought . . . or is it?

Winter Skies

The wide blue sky of winter, when nature is less visibly busy, invites mental excursions. It is a very different sky from that of May, July or August when every tree is in full leaf and every ridge is fringed with trees. Boundaries are all here on the ground and the sky itself is boundless.

There is a fiction that living with the land somehow fixes one, mentally and emotionally, in a conservative orbit. The fact is that knowing both the summer and the winter sky, and the summer and the winter earth, gears one to change. How can one ignore change, or deny its inevitability, when faced with change day by day and season by season? No two days are the same, when you face them whole; how yourself change. Trees grow, Valleys deepen. And there is the horizon, the wide, blue sky that has no boundaries.

There have always been two major problems, man and man, and man and earth, his environment. Neither stands alone. And the false solutions always turn out to be the ones which ignore that eternal kinship. So, too, with the false philosophies. But for those who would understand there are the times of clarity and simplicity, when the winter hills are naked and the winter sky is wide, inviting exploration. The time when boundaries we set up for ourselves are less constricting. Man and man and earth, stand forth more clearly.

There is a clarity in the winter sky that holds its own challenge, the mind to match that change. It promises change, and it invites.

—From the New York Times.

LOGY, LISTLESS, OUT OF LOVE WITH LIFE?

Wouldn't you like to jump out of bed feeling fine?

Not up to par? . . . you may suffer from an upset system. If you are constipated your food may not digest freely—gas may bloat you out of shape . . . all the fun and zest gone! Try Carter's Little Liver Pills. These vegetable pills bring you quick relief from constipation and so help promote the fine feeling they are here again thanks to Carter's Little Liver Pills. Always insist on Carter's Little Liver Pills. Always have them on hand. Only 25c from any druggist.

Railway Tracks In Your Own Backyard

From a child's standpoint, having railroad tracks in your own back yard, so to speak, was a distinct advantage . . .

Then, too, when the circus came to town—which was about once in two years—they shunted the box cars onto our tracks for the duration of your stay. And it was the thrill of your young life when, awakened in the gray dawn by the unaccustomed clamor of roaring lions and howling coyotes, you stuck your head out of your window and came face to face with an elephant sticking his head out of his! Of course, you couldn't go back to bed, but dressed feverishly and went out to watch the exotic negro hands unloading the Big Top or coaxing a nervous family of leopards into a barred wagon for transportation to the Fair Grounds, way up on Jacob's Hill . . .

The main traffic of our train was devoted to milk and mail-orders, with occasional passengers—except on market days, when it was jammed. We youngsters soon became friendly with the two engineers and firemen, who were an accommodating crew and, like the conductors, always ready to drop everything and step down to help a farmer's wife with a baby or a basket of eggs. They often took us on a run in the cab with them, and showed Bud and Jamie how to stoke the engine. Sometimes they even let us ride on the cowcatcher . . .

There was really little danger, though, that the train could be flagged between stations anywhere along the line and it had to go slowly so as not to miss the signals.

No matter what stories you have ever heard about provincial trains, ours could go you one better. It was a regular little Baron Munchausen of a train. It ambled nonchalantly through the country, trailing a film of its exploits from one country store to another, and thumbing its smoke-stack at precisionists who claimed that trains ought to start on time. When a botanically minded passenger spied through the window a rare fern or wild orchid, he had only to pull the alarm signal, and the nature nuggetmant would obligingly stop while all on board got off and fell to picking wild flowers. I remember once we got home two hours late from a two-hour run because we had stopped to gather the tiger lilies that spread like wildfire along the embankment . . . Our arrival was a perfect scene for a comic opera, each traveler descending with a flaming bouquet and exchanging it with his seatmate's. The Irish conductor was naively surprised at such ado about nothing. What did a bit of lost time matter anyway? "Sure, had news travels too fast," he said, "and good news is the better for anticipation."—From "Jam Yesterday," by Kathleen Cannell.

Big Helicopter

Manchester, England, is planning a helicopter skyport to cost $4,200,000. It will be a circular structure ten stories high, topped by a rectangular turntable landing deck 300 feet long and 250 feet wide. The building itself will contain a large hotel, restaurant, movie theatre and offices.

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Diamonds Retain Sky-High Prestige . . .

in 1866—just seventeen years after one of the children of Jacobs picked up a pretty pebble on the banks of the Orange—at Hope Town and started the South African industry—Doris Karl Hurlburt, the French novelist, predicted of the diamond as a stone. They were, he said, a "notoriously common."

Seven year later, diamonds became commoner and commoner, the demand is rising, and so do prices. In 1950 the world's De Beers Consolidated Mines Ltd., the great South African combine, amounted to nearly $100-mil. all-time record. United States alone imported $3,000 in rough and cut gem stones. Last year De Beers sales to American importers were running ahead of last. When the De Beers figures are in, all previous records will be topped. Just as personal note, December—not June is the big month for engagement rings. In the meantime, business is known as knocking off occasionally with one stone.

Yet this, in a world of instant fashion and changing values, the diamond continues to be most sought-after of precious stones and maintains its value unscathed? How is it that after more than 250,000,000 carats in the twenty years, the diamond industry today is still flourishing like a green bay tree?—inquires E. W. Worthy in The New York Sunday Times.

Speculating on these questions the other day, a venerable New York diamond merchant, a man of dignity, Old World manners and a turn of phrase, with over 50 years' experience in the trade at home and abroad, said:

"I think you can set it down to two things. First, the unstated fashion. Second, the manifold uses of diamonds. And finally, the sweetest, strongest, tightest monopoly the world has ever seen. In a nutshell, government and industry demand the stability, and the diamond monopoly does it's demand—up to a point—that controlled prices."

"I take up these matters in order—the fashions of love and diamonds can be dispatched quickly. The connection is a mystery, but it's there, nevertheless," said Barney Cohen, one-time head of the great London firm of Barnato Brothers. "Every day, and men will buy diamonds for women."

The soundness of this observation is lyrically subscribed to by Lorelei Lee, the philosopher in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." "A gentleman prefers—and less prosaically it is confirmed by the United States Census Bureau, which only announced the other day that diamond imports bear a direct relationship to marriage statistics. Marriage may be a "Devonshire lane" or "noose"—that is a matter of judgement. What is not in question is the stimulation of the female to go after one or stick her head in the noose, if possessed of a diamond.

In addition to being the penultimate symbol of victory in the affairs of the sexes, the diamond is an essential of industry. Since the diamond cut diamond, it follows that it cuts everything else, and will drilling, diamond-edged bits chew their way through as far as 20,500 feet of earth and rock. Set in steel saws, diamonds cut through granite or marble day and night for three and a half years, and still are fresh for reseaving. A diamond die draws 8,000 miles of copper wire without variation in gauge. Diamonds are used in bearings for the most delicate of all chronometers. And the finest precision tools are trued on wheels impregnated with diamond dust.

The diamonds used in industry are "uncutables"—stones of imperfect crystal structure which will not let the fire through when polished, and stones of brown, gray, or sickly yellow color—and which is the name for low-"industrials" which are often pulverized and used principally for grinding.

Industrials are really a by-product of diamond mining. Although they make up two-thirds of production by weight, they account for only one-fourth of the value. It is the gem stone—the frozen love philter—that carries the industry. And gems support the industry because the demand is always kept panting behind the supply.

This is where the monopoly comes in.

Ninety-five per cent of the world's diamonds come from Africa—the Union of South Africa (including the former mandate of Southwest Africa), the Belgian Congo, Portuguese Angola, French West and Equatorial Africa, the British Gold Coast, Sierra Leone and Tanganyika. The other 5 per cent comes from South America—Brazil, Venezuela, British Guiana.

In terms of quality, the Belgian Congo is the world's largest producer. In 1949 over 9,650,000 carats were taken from the alluvial sands of the Kasai River, a tributary of the Congo. But this production was 95 per cent crushing bort and worth only $11,800,000.

In terms of value, South Africa—after nearly a century—still holds undisputed leadership. In 1949 it produced 1,254,000 carats, but these were worth—in the rough—almost $38,000,000.

Most of the high-quality gems from South Africa come out of the famous old "pipe" mines—Wesselton, Dutoitspan, Bultfontein, Jagersfontein and Premier. The shafts of these mines are driven down beside the blue clay cores of extinct volcanoes.

All of the big South African pipe mines are either owned outright, controlled, or leased by the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., and six affiliated companies. De Beers also holds the rights to diamond production along 200 miles of Atlantic coastline in South-west Africa. The only mines in South Africa of any consequence which are not controlled by De Beers are the state mines on the Namaqualand coast, owned by the Union of South Africa, and the small alluvial diggings of prospectors on state lands in Namaqualand and along the rivers in the Transvaal and Cape Province. The total non-De Beers production amounts to about 300,000 carats a year.

Betrothal Rumored—Buckingham Palace today kept mum when asked by reporters whether Princess Margaret would marry the Earl of Dalkeith, 28. The London press was convinced a royal betrothal was in the offing despite official silence. The princess is shown attending a recent ball above with the Earl and his mother, left, the Duchess of Buccleugh.

TABLE TALKS
Jane Andrews

A whole dinner on one platter is possible when you make a noodle-carrot ring and fill it with ham, chicken, or any mild leftover meat or fish. To make this in a hurry, you just combine about a cup of chicken or fish with 1 can cream of mushroom soup, 2 tablespoons cream, and ¼ can sliced, stuffed olives. Heat thoroughly in top of double boiler and fill the ring with it.

Carrot-Noodle Ring
4 ounces medium noodles
2 eggs
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
¾ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
1 cup cooked carrots, riced
1 small onion, chopped

Cook, drain, and rinse noodles. Beat eggs, stir in milk and butter, and add seasonings. Fold in noodles, carrots, and onion and mix thoroughly. Pour into well greased 8-inch ring mold. Set in shallow pan of hot water ½ inch deep and bake at 350 degrees F. about 45 minutes. Remove from oven and let stand a few minutes. Loosen edges and invert on hot plate.

A casserole of spaghetti noodles, or macaroni is given new interest by the addition of olives, and here is a recipe—it's pretty served in individual casseroles — where the sauce is made as the dish bakes, because then the cheese melts and blends with other ingredients.

Olive Noodle Casserole
8 ounces egg noodles
1½ cups evaporated milk
3 tablespoons grated onion
½ teaspoon prepared mustard
¼ cup chopped ripe olives
½ teaspoon salt
½ pound grated Canadian cheese

Cook and drain noodles. Combine milk, onion, mustard, olives, salt and cheese and mix well. Add to noodles and mix well but lightly. Pour into 4 individual casseroles, decorate with additional olives, and bake at 350 degrees F. for 20 minutes, or until lightly browned.

A spaghetti dish that includes cottage cheese and sour cream offers a variation:

Spaghetti Mornay
1 cup elbow spaghetti
1 cup cottage cheese
1 cup sour cream
¼ cup minced onion
1 clover garlic, minced
¼ teaspoon Tobasco sauce
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup nippy cheese

Cook, rinse, and drain spaghetti. Combine with all other ingredients except the nippy cheese. Pour into greased, 2-quart casserole and sprinkle with the cheese. Bake at 350 degrees F. about 40 minutes.

An unusual soffe is made with noodles and chipped beef. When served with mustard sauce, this becomes a dish for a special luncheon or Sunday evening supper. A fruit salad, French-style green beans, and hot, buttered crusts bread make it festive.

Chipped Beef Souffle
4 ounces noodles
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 cup grated cheese
3 eggs, separated
1 cup chipped beef, rinsed
Dash pepper

Cook, drain, and rinse noodles, Melt butter, add flour and pepper, and mix well. Gradually add milk, stirring until thickened and add parsley and cheese. Heat just enough to melt cheese. Pour slowly over egg yolks. Mix well. Add beef and noodles and mix. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into greased casserole; bake at 325 degrees F. for 60 minutes.

Sauce is made by combining 1 egg, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, ¼ cup vinegar, ½ cup water and pinch of salt in top of double boiler and stirring until thickened

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Nun Slain—Sister Anthony, 52-year-old American nun, was shot through the heart as she stood on the steps of a convent in Ismailia, Egypt. She was born Bridget Ann Timbers at Groton-on-Hudson. The slaying was blamed on Egyptian terrorists.

MERRY MENAGERIE

"He's really quite precocious . . . asked for a sandbox on his second birthday!"

Gas-Turbine Car

The Rover Company of Birmingham, England, first to produce a gas turbine automobile, has built an improved model which reduces fuel consumption to about what it would be in a piston engine of comparable power. The car runs equally well on gasoline, kerosene and heavy oil. Fuel consumption is reduced by utilizing exhaust gases to heat the air and fuel fed to the engine.

loose-fitting rung when you attempt to reset an old joint. Wood shrinkage accounts for this in many instances and glue alone can't be expected to hold joint solidly. To remedy, coat rung with glue, wind on a layer of silk thread, then apply more glue. Tap rung into place. If this still doesn't supply a tight enough fit, apply another layer of silk thread and glue.

Application of enamel itself requires more patience and care than skill for a durable, washable finish.

Before you tackle any finish, look for splits, all holes or open joints and use noneshrinking wood putty to butter holes slightly more than full. After filler has dried, sand smooth. Unless you repair all such cracks, you'll find finish will emphasize rather than conceal these imperfections.

Surfaces are sanded with No. 0 sandpaper and sharp corners are rounded slightly so not to chip. Sanding, of course, is done with wood's grain; cross-grain sanding scratches. Turpentine-soaked cloth will remove all dust particles.

Enamel undercoat is high in hiding power so brush out thoroughly, avoid a heavy, gummy coat. Don't overload brush and brush out runs and sags before they harden.

Start painting at the top, with the exception of chairs which are turned upside down and painted rungs and legs first. Undercoat should be thoroughly dried, then sanded, very lightly with 000 sandpaper, but care should be taken as it's easy to cut through soft undercoat.

Apply enamel in small squares and smooth with light cross brushing, working rapidly all the time, but don't overbrush.

Brush marks will show if enamel starts to set before you're finished brushing. Dip only half of brush and apply with light touch using only tip of bristles.

Getting Ready For That Painting Job

If you happen to be planning or re-decorating your home, here are a few "do's" and "don'ts" that will help give the job a professional look.

Do be sure the walls are clean and smooth. Soap and water will banish grease. Sandpaper will smooth down bumps. And if there are cracks in the plaster, by all means fill them in and cover the patch job with a primer coat in the finish color before applying the final coat.

And don't forget to prepare windows for painting. Cover the panes with masking tape or a masking liquid which will peel right off when you're finished. In this way, you'll avoid the boring job of scraping paint off the window panes, weeks after the painting's done.

Good brushes are important, too. Buy cheap ones and bristles will fall out

Be sure you have the right size brush for the job. A large brush is ideal for open surfaces, while smaller sizes do well for woodwork and the like.

As for painting technique, don't dip a brush more than halfway into the paint can. And don't drag a brush against the side of the can to remove excess paint. This will spoil the brush. Instead, tap the brush against the can rim.

And don't be in too much of a hurry. Never paint on any surface which isn't dry.

Painting the kitchen chairs? Have cracks and wobbling repaired before you attack the finish.

Loose parts can be pinned in place with screws. If trouble is in brace of chair leg, have husband drill a hole for screw shank and use a countersink bit to set the screwhead below the surface. Cover screwhead with wood putty. If joints or chair have just undergone a re-gluing, remember they should set for about six hours before screws of any type are inserted.

Don't be surprised to find a

Elephants, Ostriches, Stags, Giraffes Matched In Mortal Combat

Still another big Festival is in the making, or Rome now plans to highlight 1900 years of the Colosseum, dating from the architect's plan.

Not that the birthday show is likely to equal the inaugural spectacle of A.D. 80 which lasted 100 days and cost the lives of 5,000 wild beasts in front of a constant audience of 100,000. Yet even now the crumbling Colosseum has something to celebrate. It's half as large again as the Dome of Discovery in London and twice as high!

Twelve thousand slaves lashed into forced labor, worked for over twelve years on the building tasks. When the work was completed, instead of a bonus, some of them were flung to the lions.

When the spectacle threatened to become monotonous, the arena was flooded to introduce novelty. Elephants, stags, even giraffes and ostriches were matched in combat. Yet time brought revenge. After 500 years the holes which disfigure the arcades to this day were made by a minor Hitler in attempting to extract the valuable bronze of the awning supports. The gold leaf and silver were chipped away and in A.D. 1000 the Colosseum was being used as a fortress by bandits.

People had even forgotten its original name, the Amphitheatre Flavian. An Englishman, the Venerable Bede, impressed by its colossal size first christened the Colosseum. The Colosseum became a hospital, a silversmith factory, and then a quarry.

Guardians of Roman Treasure?

Thousands of workmen carted away its stones to help build the palaces of Rome and Venice. St. Peter's in Rome incorporated some of the material. In all, two-thirds of the once mighty structure was carted away. That's why some views of the Colosseum present less than half a building.

At one time 400 varieties of wild flowers thrived amid the stone benches, while the grassy arena became a weaving mill. Later, a tribe of wild cats infested the ruins and kept visitors away. Then rumor spread that the cats were guardians of a Roman treasure and eager fortune-hunters began to pull up the very foundations. Fire, earthquakes and hurricanes increased the havoc.

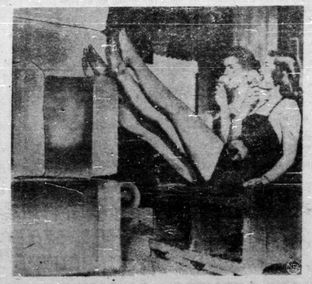
Don't Be Reckless With New Drugs

At the first sign of what may be a cold, influenza, grippe or a boil on the neck the average citizen is likely to buy some antibiotic at the corner drug store and swallow it in haphazard doses. Sometimes unexpected complications follow this reckless practice and cause no end of trouble. This is especially true of aureomycin, terramycein and chloromycetin. Dr. Sylvan D. Manheim discusses these three in the New York State Journal of Medicine. According to him, self-doctoring with the three has brought about "anorectal complications" which in some instances were severe enough to require surgical intervention." His findings confirm those published last year by other physicians.

Dr. Manheim reports that the rectal and anal troubles which in his experience follow the swallowing of aureomycin, terramycin or chloromycetin constitute a distinct disease entity. There are pains, itching, burning sensations, bleeding.

Dr. Manheim's cases included children 6 years old and men over 70. Males were more frequent sufferers than females in the hundred cases that he has collected and analyzed. In four cases operations had to be performed. Out of the 100 cases, sixty-nine had been treated with aureomycin, twenty-one with terramycin, four with chloromycetin, four with a combination of aureomycin and terramycin, one with aureomycin and chloromycetin and one with terramycin and chloromycetin. Of the 100 cases fifty-nine had no history of anorectal troubles before the antibiotics were taken.

Why the three antibiotics in question should do the harm described is not clear. It may be that the normal microscopic organisms (flora) of the intestines are killed. Accepting this as a working hypothesis, Dr. Manheim concluded that if any infections resist the antibiotics they were sure to find fertile ground in the anorectal region. Accordingly he told his patients to drink fermented milk and buttermilk—Metchnikoff's method of correcting bacterial departures from the normal in the intestinal tract. Real cures were effected. The usual ointments and powders were not so satisfactory.

Ice-Melting 'Derby': LA Gets Cold, Cold Start

It was a cold (42-degrees), rainy day in Los Angeles, but that city plunged bravely into the ice-melting contest set up by the challenge of Carlsbad, N.M., citizens. St. Petersburg, Fla., ("the Sunshine City") and at least six other places also started entries in the race to see which could melt a one-ton block of ice in the shortest, natural time. At left, Hollywood beauty Corinne Calvet and weatherman A. K. Showalter officially "start" Los Angeles entry to melting. Below, Dorothy and Jean MacAlpine lounge beside St. Petersburg's frigid entry.