TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews

A frozen-food locker is undoubtedly a wonderful thing—one of the greatest additions to the comfort of countless families ever made.

But, like lots of other novelties, these lockers can be abused, as well as used. Recently the Editors of The Farm Journal (Philadelphia) had a survey made—a survey which produced some interesting results.

So, instead of recipes this week, here is some food for thought for all present—or intending — users of frozen-food lockers.

* * *

Every once in a while we hear a woman say: "I'll never waste locker space on green beans again." Or "That chicken we froze has a peculiar taste." And you wonder why — for frozen foods usually are pretty wonderful.

We asked a couple of locker plant operators: "How come—why do locker users get unsatisfactory results in their frozen foods?" Each man came up with a list of reasons—four of them exactly the same, although the operators are 1,000 miles apart. All told, there were seven "sins" of locker users—things that may help you get better frozen foods from your locker or freezer.

* * *

Improper packaging heads the trouble lists of Simon Olson, who was 11 years in the locker business, and Bob Madeira. (Mr. Madeira is executive secretary of the National Frozen Food Locker Institute.)

"Too many old, leaky cartons are pressed into service long after the wax has worn off. Some customers used wax paper, old bread wrappers, cereal boxes, paper bags—and yes, even newspapers—to wrap foods. None of these will keep the package airtight to protect the food from drying out during storage; so the result is off-flavor and poor quality."

* * *

Improper processing of foods for freezing was next on both lists. Olson says: "Vegetables must be blanched, or they'll have poor color and a strawlike taste. When people aren't happy about frozen green beans, those beans probably weren't blanched and adequately chilled before packaging. Or, maybe the beans were over-blanched."

* * *

Madeira observes: "Too many people have vegetables standing around a day or two before they are put in the freezer. Vegetables should be processed as soon as possible after picking, for the best results."

* * *

Overloading the locker, which keeps foods from freezing fast, was sin number four. Mr. Olson explains the importance of fast freezing this way: "When ice crystals form quickly, there's less breaking up of the food tissues, so less color, flavor, and food value are drawn out of the food and into the crystals. Fast freezing gives better textured, better flavored food."

* * *

And don't overload your freezer when you freeze foods at home to be transferred to the locker. Put in only one-tenth of the freezer's total capacity. For instance, a freezer that holds 350 pounds will fast-freeze 35 pounds of food in a 24-hour period.

* * *

Remember, too, that the ice-cube section of a refrigerator is **not** a fast-freeze section. It's designed for storing foods. Only a few of the new, two temperature refrigerators maintain the zero temperature necessary for freezing.

* * *

Tossing packages helter skelter into the locker is poor housekeeping, says Madeira. Put the unfrozen foods against sides of the locker — the coldest spot. Throwing them in among the already frozen foods warms up these stored foods, keeps the new packages from freezing quickly —impairs quality.

Madeira continues: "We realize that it's cold in locker rooms, so people want to get out fast. But they don't save any time by throwing things in. When they want a certain food later, they have to root through to find it."

* * *

Poor handling of meat by the customer was on Mr. Olson's list. When a locker user complains of poor-quality meat, the reason is likely to be unsanitary butchering, such as a punctured intestine which taints the meat; or freezing before the animal has been chilled long enough, which leaves an "animal" taste in the meat; or wrapping chickens too soon after killing, so that they sour.

* * *

Expecting too much from the meat they ask the locker man to cut up, is Madeira's patron-problem. "They don't understand that 50 pounds of beef won't give 50 pounds of edible meat. For instance, one fourth of a hind-quarter of beef is bone and fat." (The old locker-plant joke about the woman who asked to have a quarter of beef cut into T-bone steaks isn't funny to locker men!)

* * *

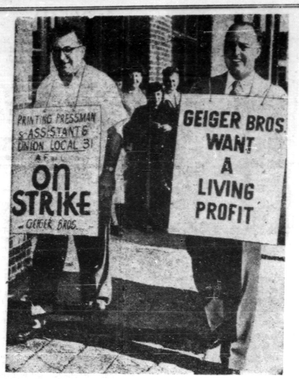
It might pay you to check your own freezing practices against these "seven sins": improper packaging; improper processing; choosing wrong varieties for freezing; overloading the locker; poor housekeeping in the locker; poor handling of meat; and failure to understand meat shrinkage.

* * *

Everyone is very friendly in the "no-bars" gaol at Fairmont, West Virginia. One prisoner amused himself by applying for everything in the magazines that was advertised on "money back if not satisfied" terms. But the governor finally had to draw the line. He sent up for ten day's free trial of a gun.

"Lock, Nick, at the screen! Just imagine she's in your arms!"

Blazing With Paint—Blazing trees with paint instead of an axe is simplifying controlled tree cutting operations in Canadian forests. The paint is a highly visible brilliant yellow developed specifically for tree marking. It may be applied with an Alemite gun or a package-type pressure sprayer. Trees for felling are marked at about eye level and at the base of the trunk.



Strikers Struck—Raymond A. Geiger, right, is going to get in on any picketing that's going on around his place of business. The owner of a printing and advertising firm, Geiger pickets the pickets during the first shut-down due to a strike in the history of the 75-year-old Newark firm.

..Plain Horse Sense..

by BOB ELLIS

At one time Winston Churchill was attacked in the House of Commons as unreliable, because he had switched from one party to another and back again. His answer was: "To change is to improve; to change often is to become perfect."

Human nature being what it is none of us will ever "become perfect," but it is with rising hopes that we read the daily morning revelations in our good old friend, the Globe and Mail.

We remember that not so long ago the tears were running down its editorial page, because the British did not have the dollars to buy our farm products. At that time, of course we could not dream of accepting payment in any other form. We had to have dollars to be able to buy in the United States. At least, so thought the Globe.

Change of Hearts or Spots?

Whenever Mr. Coldwell or Peter Wright tried to draw the attention of the House of the dangers inherent in the light hearted manner in which the British markets for our farm surpluses were being abandoned, they were derided, ridiculed, and the hue and cry was: Dollars, Dollars, Dollars!

Lately the attitude of the Globe seems to have changed and there is talk of regaining the British markets and even of accepting sterling payments. Time only will tell whether the leopard is changing his heart or only his spots.

Probably Spots

Whatever the change, it does not go so far as to accept the idea of stabilizing farm prices by government measures. In a recent editorial "The Way Back is the-Way Out" the Globe discusses the "farm price support program" in the United States and draws certain analogies for Canada.

Speaking of "alleged surpluses" and "stable farm prices" the editor comes to the conclusion that "the only remedy is to abandon the system that created them, thereby letting legitimate production find legitimate markets at economic prices."

Double Nelson

Farmers who are in the Double Nelson of high prices for what they buy and low prices for what they sell, realize by now that the "depression" which the Globe fears "with vicious consequences to world trade in manufactured goods," will be caused by their reduced purchasing power, if it comes.

The reduced purchasing power of the farmer in turn is a consequence of the price and profit policy of the manufacturers and processors.

"The only remedy" is all-out production, planned distribution in co-operation with all countries willing to co-operate, based on stabilized prices.

To achieve this stability it will be necessary to call a halt to the exploitation to which the farmer is subjected at present. This could be done by controlling the profits of the corporations with whom he has to deal, buying and selling.

We offer this suggestion to farmers for discussion with their candidates in the coming federal election.

If we cannot hope to become perfect, we can at least try to improve.

This column welcomes suggestions, wise or foolish, and all criticism, whether constructive or destructive and will try to answer any question. Address your letters to Bob Ellis, Box 1, 123 - 18th Street, New Toronto, Ont.

Once A 'Ghost Town' Now Waking Up

For more than 100 years the little north Cornish cove of Port Quin, close by the fishing harbour of Port Isaac, has been deserted. Every man, woman and child, it is said, disappeared within twenty-four hours, because:

Official reasons: A terrible storm broke off the coast at a moment when the entire male population of the village were out fishing. One after the other, every ship of the small but proud fleet was battered to pieces. Not a man was saved.

Upon hearing the news, the story runs, the women folk believed there was a curse on the place, and took to their beds.

True reason: In fact, there was no story at all. But trouble was brewing. Every man in that fleet was a smuggler on a large scale. All had gone well for a time, with many kegs landed and stored away in secret hide-outs.

Then one day news was received that the Preventive Men were on their trail. Whereupon the Port Quin folk decided to leave without more ado, scattering in little family groups all over Cornwall.

So Port Quin became a ghost. With every house and cottage empty, roofs fell in and walls collapsed, and weeds grew through the floors.

Now, 100 years later, the cottages which were not beyond repair have been restored. With its homes freshly painted and gardens created out of the wilderness of weeds, the "ghost" of Port Quin is gradually coming to life again.

These Homes Are for the Birds . . .

Most birds nest in ordinary places. At least they are ordinary for birds. But in every group we are liable to find a few individualists with the urge to try something different. However, when seen from a bird's-eye view, perhaps these peculiar places are not so different after all.

These robins nest in secure safety as long as no one kicks the bucket.

A blue jay proudly displays a union label. Poppa is a working man.

This lady robin picked a coil of wire.

The Man Who Guarded Church

"Constable, if I have done wrong, you have your remedy, but you have absolutely no right to talk to me like that. Please take his number, Thompson."

Those words were spoken by Sir Winston Churchill in the days when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

He was driving his own car from London to his house in Kent in company with ex-Detective-Inspector W. H. Thompson, who was detailed to guard Sir Winston from 1921 until 1929 during his visit to the U.S.A. in 1931-32, and from August, 1939, until the end of the war in Europe.

Apparently a policeman on duty that day, when Sir Winston was driving his car, signalled him to stop, but instead of pulling up Sir Winston pulled over to his near side and partly mounted the kerb in order to let a bus pass him.

But he had reckoned without the constable, who darted behind the bus and stopped us, as he was perfectly entitled to do."

And then the fireworks began. The policeman gave Sir Winston a piece of his mind. More than that, according to Mr. Thompson, for he tells us that "as a police officer myself I was more than startled by the violence of the expressions of this policeman.

"He abused Mr. Churchill roundly and employed some very objectionable language."

But the Prime Minister listened until the policeman ran out of breath, and then "he stuck out his jaw and replied savagely" — I have quoted:

One can't help feeling sorry for that arm of th elaw. Of course, he'd been rude, and had probably lost his temper, but when he realised who he'd been "ticking off" he appeared horror-struck.

When they reached the outskirts of Westerham, Mr. Thompson heard his distinguished driver muttering to himself. "He was right. Yes, he was right. I should have been more careful."

And Sir Winston went on to say: "I deserved all he said, you know, although there was no need for him to be so violent about it."

And the policeman was not reported for saying the things to Sir Winston Churchill.

Mr. Thompson tells us that sometimes during a blitz on London, Sir Winston would watch the bombing and take reckless chances. Once he remarked: "When my time is due, it will come." And he once refused to get into an armoured car. "I must take my chances with the rest," he remarked firmly.

* * *

On another occasion he was standing with Sir John Anderson watching the searchlights when his C.I.D. guard heard a whistling noise and on action. He must be the only alive who can say that thrown his arms round Minister and "flung all my strength behind

The PM was fu do that?" he roared. He said more than that Thompson is very dis we are left guessing!

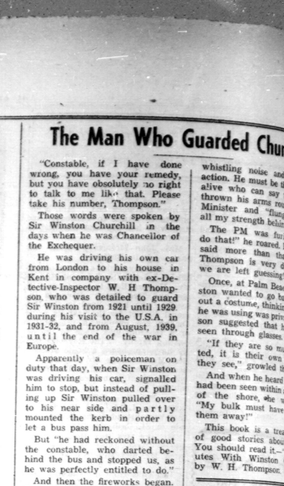
Once, at Palm Beach ston wanted to go bathe out a costume, thinking t he was using was private son suggested that he seen through glasses.

"If they are so much ted, it is their own fau they see," growled the P

And when he heard that had been seen within a fe of the shore, he wind "My bulk must have fro them away!"

This book is a treasu of good stories about Churchill. You should read it.—Sa utes With Winston Ch by W. H. Thompson.

Pants to Match—A full-length summer play suit with matching pants are modelled by Florence Cruze. The outfit has a following petticoat and a strapless bodice. Miss Cruze is the title of "Miss Sante Barbara" of 1953.



Strikers Struck—Raymond A. Geiger, right, is going to get in on any picketing that's going on around his place of business. The owner of a printing and advertising firm, Geiger pickets the pickets during the first shut-down due to a strike in the history of the 75-year-old Newark firm.

Sure Hard to Swallow—It's not often that Dad and son both experience the misery of a tonsillectomy on the same day, as did Cecil Riggs and his son, Dennis, 5. The "team," feeling miserable, shared the same bed after the ordeal. Double ice-cream and aspirin was the order of the day.

FARM FRONT

John Russell

n an emergency looms up, sometimes has to act and not according to the

the temperature hit a 95°, with high humidity air moving, Sanford Alstad to act quick or lose his

ought large blocks of ice, them in the pens in electric fans. It did the he didn't lose a chicken.

ow happen to be troubled nites in the litter of your house, here's a tip. You them right where they without throwing out the

way is to sprinkle the litth a combination dust con- 2% DDT or methoxyplus 20% sulfur, says Dannon of Washington State Put on about 3 pounds of each 100 square feet of and mix it in thoroughly.

ou don't own a mechalitter stirrer, and want to easier method, you can ray the litter with insect- and let it dry for a day For this method, says mix up 4 pounds of ettable DDT powder or ychlor with 6 pounds of sulfur per 100 gallons

nd 3 gallons of the mixeach 100 square feet of should do the trick.

often should you treat ter? Since both DDT and xychlor last well, once a should be enough.

ter growers don't agree ow much lighting their need. Some say: "All the Others say: "Just in the

B. Lafitte of Shelby County, omisses, and has some good s for it, too. Starting in with one small house, he markets 90,000 to 100,000 per year, and is recognized e of the best broiler men a fast-growing broiler reof East Texas.

tte has a time switch that on the lights at 10:30 p.m. ff at 6:00 a.m. You need especially in the summer, ays, because the broilers at more in the cool of night e ready for market sooner.

why not burn them all night? "We used to do this," said Lafitte, "but when the power would go off, the birds sometimes got excited and piled up. But by letting them get used to the darkness for a few hours each night, we never have trouble."

* * *

(Some growers who use lights have stand-by battery-operated sets.)

* * *

"Another advantage," Lafitte reasons, "is that it gives the birds a chance to rest awhile. When natural darkness comes on, the birds stuff their crops—enough to last the two or three hours before the lights come on."

FAR FROM HOME COOKING

There is a well-known American general, at present in Korea, who is noted for his keen interest in all that goes into the Army's stomach.

Approaching the nervous young cook of an advance field kitchen, the big man boomed: "Here, let me taste that." The cook opened his mouth to protest, but the general snapped "Don't give me any buts—give me a spoon!"

The general dipped his spoon into the huge soup cauldron, and tasted the liquid.

"You don't call that stuff soup, do you?" he roared.

"No, sir!" stammered the soldier. "That's what I was trying to tell you—it's dish-water, sir!"

Crackers and Cheese — And, what better refreshment for a picnic than crackers and cheese. Serving up his special brand for the day, our photographer combined (fire) crackers and cheese (cake) to produce the eye-appealing picture of Norma Randall, Hollywood actress, seen above.

Bitten By Snakes Over 400 Times

George Cann, reptile-keeper at Sydney's Taronga Zoo Park, has caught 17,000 wild live snakes (he claims this is an Australian record) and has been bitten over 420 times. George has been in the game since boyhood.

For thirty-four years he gave snake show all over Australia. With him in the pit he would have 200 venomous snakes, copperheads, rattlesnakes.

He thinks he's fairly venom-proof but thirty-one years ago a tiger snake near Nowra (N.S.W.) nearly finished him. He was out in the bush, catching snakes. He collapsed in his shack several hours later and was unconscious for four days.

Fortunately, a friend chanced along on the fourth day, found him lying on the floor, and revived him after half an hour's vigorous shaking. Cann could move neither arms nor legs for a fortnight.

A month later another tiger snake bit him at Maitland (N.S.W.) when he was putting on his act. Cann was blind for three days.

George's two sons, twenty-four and fourteen, share his enthusiasm for snakes. During the war the elder boy, a soldier in New Guinea, caught two tree boas and shipped them to his father for the zoo.

Cann tells a good story about the younger lad. When he was five, his mother found him in a tin pit with twenty blue-tongued lizards. One protesting lizard was clamped between his teeth. Said Cann Junior, "Mummy, this nasty lizard bit me, so I'm biting him back."

* * *

What is new is opposed, because most are unwilling to be taught.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON

Corn Chips Add Zest and Novelty to Meals

BY DOROTHY MADDOX

In warm weather when appetites may be jaded, try serving slightly novel dishes. Recently in Dallas, Tex., Nell Morris, one of the south's outstanding home economists, showed me how to use corn chips in baked dishes. Her recipes will certainly make your summertime cooking a little more interesting.

CORN CHIPS ZIPPY CHEESE
(Serves 6 to 8)

One and one-half cups milk, 2 eggs, slightly beaten; ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, 1½ teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon cayenne, 1 cup onions, chopped; 2 cups grated American cheese, 1 cup crushed corn chips (measure after crushing).

Add heated milk to slightly beaten eggs and seasonings. Mix onions, cheese and corn chips together and place in a greased baking dish. Pour milk and eggs over this and bake in moderate oven (325 degrees F.) for 20 minutes.

For an economical and out-of-the-ordinary family dish, use this recipe:

CORN CHIP-RONI CASSEROLE
(Serves 6 to 8)

Four ounces macaroni, 4 slices bacon (fried crisp), 3 tablespoons bacon drippings, 4 tablespoons chopped green pepper, ½ cup chopped onions, 2 cloves garlic (minced), ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate, ½ teaspoon white pepper, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 can condensed tomato soup, 2 cups lightly crushed corn chips (measured after crushing), 1 cup grated American cheese.

Boil macaroni in salted water until tender. Saute onion, green pepper and garlic in bacon fat, then add seasonings, tomato soup, minced bacon and cooked macaroni. Place half of corn chips in a casserole. Add the macaroni mixture. Top with remaining corn chips and grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 20 minutes.

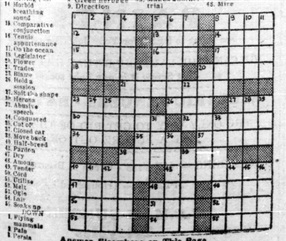
CORN CHIPS BAKED NOODLE LOAF
(Serves 8)

One package (5 ounces) noodles, 3 eggs, 2 cups milk, ¾ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ⅛ teaspoon white pepper, 1 cup grated American cheese, ½ cup finely crushed corn chips (measured after crushing).

Cook noodles in boiling salted water. Drain and rinse. Combine beaten eggs, milk, seasonings, cheese, corn chips and noodles. Pour into a greased casserole. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 45 minutes.

Corn chips and zippy cheese served with chili sauce are a zestful hot weather luncheon dish. Try it to relieve the mealtime monotony of summer.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS
1. Lure
4. Honor
7. Appeal
10. Of sesame oils
11. Serving tool
14. Morbid breathing sound
15. Comparative ending
16. Tennis appurtenance
17. On the ocean
18. Legislator
20. Flower
21. Trades
23. Rhyme
24. Build a structure
25. Soft drink shops
26. Heroine
27. Absolve
28. Confirmed
30. Cut off
31. Crowd out
32. Move back
34. Hatchweed
37. Fasten
40. Dry
42. Among
43. Tender
45. Cord
46. Diffuse
47. Natty
48. Ogle
49. Dupe
50. Such an age
1. Kipling's mongoose
2. Falls
3. Perish
4. Capable of being held
5. Rubber tree
6. Puts forth effort
7. Pursuit
8. Green herbage
9. Direction
10. In shelter
11. Elaine
12. Toilet tales
13. Workman
22. Dine
24. Not many
25. Done by
27. Yam
29. Mountain in Crete
30. Twice five
31. Tower
33. Makes another trial
35. Horseman
36. Prussian seaport
38. Walk
41. Lake in New York State
42. Prong
44. District in London
45. Snare
46. Evergreen trees
47. Rent

Answer Elsewhere on This Page

World-Famous Diamond Hidden In Potato Field

What has happened to the Koh-i-Nur, the famous and fascinating diamond that has glittered for so long as one of the shining highlights of the British Crown Jewels? The startling answer is that nobody knows.

It played no part in the Coronation ceremonies. It had not been built, as so many people expected, into the Queen's newly reconstructed Imperial Crown of State. Apart from the Queen herself, and three close confidential advisers, no one knows the identity of the stone's present owner.

Was it mentioned in Queen Mary's will? The great diamond was set into Queen Mary's personal crown over forty years ago and was long regarded, like the crown, as her late Majesty's personal property. The contents of royal wills, however, are never disclosed, and the value of the gem is not considered to have been included in Queen Mary's reputed £3,000,000 fortune.

Legal Puzzler

With watchful regard for the legend of a curse that ordains it unlucky to men, Queen Victoria is known to have willed the Koh-i-Nur to Queen Alexandra. From her it passed to Queen Mary, who merely loaned it for the queen consort's crown at George VI's coronation in 1937.

But Queen Victoria also made a provision that the diamond should always be worn by the queen consorts of England and never by the kings. To-day, of course, there is no queen consort. Our young queen is sovereign in her own right; the Queen Mother is, in reality, a dowager queen; the Duke of Edinburgh, although a consort, is not in line as a man, and thus an interesting legal situation has arisen.

Yet this is by no means the only strange twist in the Koh-i-Nur's recent story. During the war it was kept in an old hat-box in the vaults of Windsor Castle. At one time, when German invasion seemed imminent, it was placed in an air-tight preserving jar and buried in a potato field. And to heighten the controversy, it is being urged that the Koh-i-Nur belongs to the government of India and should be returned.

Some of It Yours

But perhaps you, yourself, have a fragment of the Koh-i-Nur and are giving it house room unaware of the curse? After the East India Company presented it to Queen Victoria, the 186-carat stone was cut down to 106 carats. The smaller part was again split and many of the smaller chippings found their way into private jewellery.

In size, the Koh-i-Nur—Mountain of Light—cannot compare with the modern 3,025-carat Cullinan in the State Crown or the 770-carat stone found in a Sierra Leone river-bed seven years ago, which has now passed to a private buyer. Yet it is one of the world's oldest known diamonds. Legend traces it back 2,000 years —when it was allegedly found in the Golconda mines in India —and it has a documented history from the year 1304.

It formed part of the loot of Malwa, seized from the old Pathan empire. It passed into the fabulous treasury of Delhi and was found there when great Tamerlane's grandson conquered Hindustan and founded the famed Mogul empire.

Wars have been fought around the Koh-i-Nur. In trying to find it, men have fallen down stairways and broken their necks. A harem slave once hid it away and appeased her conquerors by revealing it hidden in the emperor's turban.

Emperor's Plight

But how to get it? The conqueror suggested exchanging turbans as a gesture of friendship and the unfortunate emperor, Mohammed Shah, had no choice but to comply.

Half a century later, another emperor in the same plight tried to deceive a conqueror by foisting him off with a perfect replica. In return, his capital was ransacked and his palace razed to the ground until the diamond was at last found in a heap of ashes.

Following the overthrow of the Sikh empire, it was handed over to John Lawrence, the British Resident. Absent-mindedly he put it into a cotton coat pocket, forgot about it, and then learned the coat had gone to the cleaners.

Panic-stricken, he turned the laundry upside down. "If you are looking for that piece of glass," said a servant, "I have put it in a drawer."

Brilliance Fades

And when Queen Victoria was at last presented with the Koh-i-Nur, it must be recorded that she did not think much of it. The gem did not seem to shine with sufficient brightness, hence the old queen ordered it to be recut. But the harsh truth is that diamonds as old as the Koh-i-Nur gradually lose their power and brilliance.

This "gem of gems" is no exception. Some years ago it was valued at £140,000, but it was priced at £2,000,000 when shown at the Great Exhibition in 1851!

So who now owns the Koh-i-Nur? It is nearly two years since it was last seen twinkling in Queen Mary's crown at the Tower of London. Since then the crown itself has been dismantled, and the Queen was seen to be wearing gems from it when she last rode to the State Opening of Parliament. If the Koh-i-Nur has to await the next queen consort, its icy fires may lie in cold storage for sixty years or more.

On The Naming Of Cats

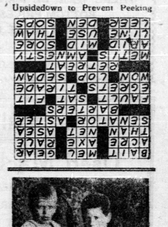
It occurs to me as I write this that the naming of cats is an almost infallible guide to the degree of affection bestowed on a cat. Perhaps not affection so much as true appreciation of feline character. You may be reasonably sure when you meet a cat called Ginger or merely Puss that his or her owner has insufficient respect for his cat. Such plebeian and unimaginative names are not given to cats by true cat-lovers. There is a world of difference between the commonplace "Tabby" and the dignified and sonorous "Tabitha Longclaws Tiddleywinks" which the poet Hood christened his cat. And her three kittens called Peppercorn, Scratchaway and Sootkins reveal an affectionate interest which is never displayed by such ordinary names as Sandy or Mickey.

We cannot all rise, of course, to Southey's heights. He, you may remember, called his cat "the most noble the Archduke Rumpelstiltchen, Marcus Manlius, Earl Tomlehemque, Baron Raticide, Waowhler and Scratch."

Not that grandiloquent or fancy titles are necessary to a true appreciation of cats. What could be more dignified or appropriate than the name of Doctor Johnson's cat Hodge? And the handsome Bedfordshire cat who is mentioned later in this story is admirably suited by his name of Albert.

Without doubt the names given to individual cats shed interesting light on their human owners. No one but a true cat-lover could call his cat Gilderoy, Absalom, Potifar, Wren, Feathers or Shah de Perse.—From "Charles, The Story of a Friendship," by Michael Joseph. Copyright, 1952, by Michael Joseph, Prentice-Hall, Inc.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking



Toothsome Prize — The spirit of adventure paid off in lots of thrills and a real prize for Larry Cokenower, left, and Walter Myers. Using a snare-pole with a wire loop, they caught a four-and-one-half-foot alligator in the Des Plaines River.

Squirrel Friend—Douglas Holmes, shows off his pet squirrel "Skip" to his seventh grade classmates at Union High School. The boy found "Skip" several weeks ago and the two have become inseparable friends.