TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews

When you're buying eggs do you choose those with white shells rather than brown ones? Do you, like lots of women I know, refuse to have anything to do with the brown-shelled kind, and even pay a higher price for the white ones?

Well, if you do, it might be well to ponder over this statement from the United States Poultry and Egg National Board:

"Shell colour may vary from white to deep brown. Colour is a breed characteristic. Shell colour does not affect flavour, the nutritive value, or the cooking performance. Neither is it a guide to yolk colour. There is no advantage to the consumer in paying more for brown or white eggs of the same quality and size."

* * *

Now, with that straightened out, seeing that eggs are fairly reasonable in price just now, a few recipes making use of the invaluable "hen-fruit" might not be amiss.

MOLDED EGG SALAD

2 envelopes unflavoured gelatin
1 cup cold water
1½ cups mayonnaise or salad dressing
Juice of 1 lemon
½ teaspoon salt
2 drops Tabasco sauce
1 teaspoon grated onion
12 hard-cooked eggs
¼ cup chopped parsley
½ cup finely chopped green pepper or celery

Soften gelatin in the water. Dissolve over boiling water. Cool slightly. Add mayonnaise, lemon juice, salt, Tabasco sauce, and grated onion. Slice eggs; place center slices around the inside of an oiled ring mold (1-1½-quart size). Separate remaining yolks; chop whites. Combine yolks with half the gelatin mixture; place as a layer in ring mold. Then add parsley and green pepper as a layer. Cover with the egg whites mixed with remaining half of gelatin mixture. Chill until set. Unmold on large platter. Fill center with vegetable or chicken salad. Garnish with salad greens. Serve with French dressing.

* * *

DEVILED EGGS

6 hard-cooked eggs
1 tablespoon softened butter
2 teaspoons lemon juice or vinegar
¾ teaspoon salad mustard
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon salad dressing

Cut eggs in half. Remove yolks. Press yolks through sieve, and combine with remaining ingredients. Beat until smooth. If desired, add more seasoning and salad dressing. Refill whites. Garnish with parsley. Twelve stuffed eggs.

* * *

EGG and CHEESE CAKES

4 eggs, beaten
1 tablespoon grated onion
½ cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ pound sharp cheese, cut in ½-inch cubes
Salt and pepper
½ cup fat for frying

Combine eggs with onion, flour, salt, pepper, and baking powder. Add cheese. Heat fat in frying pan until a drop of water sizzles. Drop large spoonful of mixture into hot fat. Brown well on both sides, turning once. Serve piping hot with jelly. Makes 12 cakes.

* * *

When you're unshelling hard-cooked eggs do you sometimes get annoyed because the shells are hard to remove, and also because dark spots appear on the yolks? Perhaps you may be using the wrong method — letting them boil, rather than simmer just below the boiling point.

HARD-COOKED EGGS

Cover eggs with cold water in pan so that water comes at least 1 inch above eggs. Bring rapidly to boiling. Turn off heat. Cover and let stand 15 minutes. Cool eggs promptly in cold water. Or —

Bring water in pan to rapid boiling, using enough to cover eggs as above; meantime warm very cold eggs slightly in warm water to avoid cracked shells. Transfer eggs to boiling water with spoon; reduce heat to below simmering, cover and hold for 20 minutes. Cool as above.

To remove shells from hard-cooked eggs, crackle shell and roll egg between hands to loosen. Start peeling at large end of shell. Dipping in a bowl of water helps ease shell off.

Old-Timer — William "Uncle Adams, a former slave who fled from the south in 1863, smokes a cigaret as he celebrates his 109th birthday in a hospital. Born 20 years before slavery's abolition, "Uncle Bill" lived to see another historic decision affecting the Negro—the Supreme Court's ruling that racial segregation in public schools was unconstitutional. He now keeps hospital workers fascinated with his extensive knowledge of the Holy Bible.

Two-Wheel Tuner — Bike riders can now enjoy their favorite radio program as they pedal along. The man's right hand locates the receiver, and the lamp-like piece on the left side of the handlebar is the loudspeaker. Batteries which operate the set are under the seat. The antenna is attached to front wheel. Manufacturers claim the radio can be installed in five minutes.

Helped, Anyway — Jixson—"What gave the English language its fluency, variety, and force?"

Jackson—"Off-hand, I'd say it was the alarm clock."

Mary's Lamb Never Had It So Good — Sally the lamb is merry when feeding time comes at the home of her mistress, Mrs. Florence Byers. She cradles on her mistress' lap and drinks milk from a bottle. Sally is three months old and has been with the Byers' since she was 14 days old. Recently the family was tempted to sell the lamb, but backed down under the tearful protests from their two daughters.

Queer Things That People Have Eaten

Privation once forced the late Dr. Archibald Fleming, Bishop of the Arctic, to eat his own boots. He survived. But recently in an Austrian village a farm-worker named Alois Kratzhuber undertook to gorge his own heavy "leathers" if someone would give him three bottles of schnapps to wash them down.

A cattle-dealer obliged, and Alois accepted bets as to the time needed to consume his unsavoury feast. Sooner than expected he tore his boots to pieces and, resorting generously to his bottles—his thirst was, in fact, tremendous — chewed and swallowed their soles, heels and uppers until only the nails were left. He then collapsed, having reeled badly before reaching the last heel, and next day died in hospital from alcoholic poisoning.

In the Port of London's bonded warehouses you find such edible, enticingly named products as "grains of Paradise," St. Ignatius seed, dividivi (an Eastern root, not a Co-operative fruit!) and dragon's blood, all of which, when brewed up into drugs, may disappear into perfectly normal insides.

But, however eager to experiment, one should hesitate. I think, before taking a draught, chief ingredient of which is powdered rhino horn. This makes a favourite and much prized pick-me-up, which endows grizzled and hardy tribal warriors, both in Africa and Asia, with powers of fanatical strength, indestructible valour and invincibility in battle.

No stratagems are spared in some West African districts by native poachers. Surreptitiously they shoot or spear the rhinos roaming in big game preserves to strip them of their "ivories."

More astonishingly, Chinese merchants buy large quantities of this uplifting horn from London's ivory traders and sell it in China either for medicinal purposes or as "family raising seed." Rhino horn fetches up to eighty shillings a pound — proof enough of its current magical properties. City exporters wish rhinos grew more than a modest thirteen pounds of horn apiece. They can't get enough of it.

Many Chinese "reds" in Korea used it as a fighting stimulant, just as the Abyssinians drank rhino horn potions before hurtling spears upraised in a mad, shrieking charge against Mussolini's armoured columns.

At present Dr. Harry L. Shapiro, head of New York Metropolitan Museum's anthropological section, is charging the Chinese, not with having faked their oldest man, Sinanthropus Pekinensis — to give him his scientific name — but with having eaten him and his sister.

Shortly before Pearl Harbour, the Director of Peking's Medical College put these priceless thousand-thousand-year-old relics into special boxes, labelling them "officers' clothing" and dispatched them, under special escort,

Keep 'Em Short — Toby Gerard wears a newspaper swimsuit, a symbol of being chosen 1954 "Queen of Stringers" by journalism students. Already a part-time reporter for a newspaper, Toby is also the current "National College Queen."

by train to Tientsin for safe storage.

But Japanese soldiers waylaid the train. Imagine their anger when, bursting open these cases, they found not serviceable uniforms but sealed jars, packed with ugly brown bone fragments. Instead of throwing away such rubbish, however, they were cunning enough to sell it to Chinese traders.

Now comes the story's strangest twist—and Peking Man's unhappy ending. The traders, Dr. Shapiro thinks, supposed the skull remains of Peking Man and his "mate" to be dragons' teeth. Were it otherwise, no one, they probably reasoned, would have taken such care over their packing and transport. So they crushed the teeth and sold them as long life pills.

Under stress of war, or faced with starvation, human beings may eat anything. The Dutch, just before their liberation in 1945, ate thousands of pounds of their precious tulip bulbs. Seventy-five years earlier, at the siege of Paris, the Germans forced the French to live on cats, dogs, rats, mice, and other vermin. Some old ladies made an edible hash out of spiders.

Not all the unconventional eating is done abroad. Women, even in England, when approaching childbirth, sometimes show peculiar cravings. Several, a Harley Street specialist tells me, find it extremely comforting if they can champ a clay pipe. Apparently, the pipe's raw material supplies a blood deficiency, and helps them to bring a robust child into the world. A schoolmaster's wife, for the same reason, enjoys blackboard chalk.

Many British home-made remedies and prescriptions had startling qualities. For instance, according to a treasured book long used by the Harbord family at Gunton Hall, Norfolk, treatment for a fishbone lodged in the throat was a dose of gunpowder. The patient had to "swallow a thimbleful of gunpowder in a spoonful of beer."

How To Really Take Weight Off

Do you want to get your weight down? Nothing easier. Weigh yourself on a weighing machine downstairs. Then pop upstairs and do it there — your poundage will be slightly less.

Not enough? Then go to the equator. There will be a definite lessening of your avoirdupois of about two ounces.

But for a really substantial decrease in weight you must take a trip to Mars. Here, reduction would certainly be something to write home about. An earth-man's weight would be only fifty-six. With a "walking on air" feeling you would be able to do twice as much lifting and pushing with less effort than on our own planet.

And for real "load shedding" there are even better places. Mars has a couple of tiny moons, and on one of them, Deimos, a man of 168 pounds would weigh only a quarter of a pound! Not only that but he would be able to jump over housetops . . . tennis courts would have to be at least a mile long or "faults" would always follow. A player would take "steps" of 100 yards or more to return the ball.

An extra hard kick at a football would send the ball off the planet altogether, to be lost for good among the stars in space. (A real time-saving tactic if your side was one or two goals up.) On Deimos it would be as easy to rise as to fall. Our visitor would find it a simple matter to jump 100 feet in height, stay up there for an hour or more, then fall as gently as a feather.

"Icebox Element" In Pictures

David Selznick once queried me concerning "the icebox element" in one of my pictures. By this he meant the thought and discussion that a good film ought to provoke when the family returns home from the theatre for a midnight snack. His metaphor was a good one and the graphic image it conjured up remains in my memory. I am very much aware that the admission prices at many of our better theatres are rather steep, but they are bargain prices if the film is good enough to provide a take-home dividend worth pondering over and enjoying along with the crackers and milk and cold chicken from the icebox.

I've struggled through some months-long chores of reading stories, working on scripts, finding locations, casting, costuming, rehearsing, directing, editing, scoring . . . only to say to myself, when the finished product was viewed in its entirety, "What did I make that for?"

The artist makes his own world, his own heaven or hell, as the case may be. That is his lot. And the pictures he produces unfortunately can make a heaven or hell for those who view them. The movie director has a voice, a powerful and articulate voice, and he should use it well—From "A Tree is a Tree" by King Vidor.

Plumb Perfect — They're pretty, but it's their posture that won these prettier posture honors during a "best posture" contest. Barbara Lohman, 21, is at left, and charmer Jacqueline Johnson, 18, completes the charming duo.

Peace Now—Muggins—"Do you ever quarrel with your wife?"

Buggins — "We used to, until we both realized I was wrong."

Vanishing Americana — Bill Schilling, 81, of Northfield, examines some of his 101-piece collection of a once-necessary item of pottery, outmoded in large part in recent years by the welcome and widespread availability of indoor plumbing. The "china department" forms only one section of the former newspaperman's $150,000 museum of household items of yesteryear, as well as other curios.

Student — Hiroshi Yasuma, 5, of Nirasaki, Japan, believed to be the youngest "exchange student" to enter the U. S., leafs through some books after his arrival in San Francisco.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Speed contest
5. Leading amphibian
9. Domain
10. Ceremonies
12. Ancient Israel
13. Three-toed sloth
14. Salt of oleic acid
16. Symbol for gold
17. Ten times nine
19. Old card game
20. Boats
22. Intoxicated
23. Fine sailing with chafing
24. Separates
26. Insect
27. Lettuce
29. Smart
30. Town in Michigan
48. Kick a football
49. Neighbor
50. Neither
57. "Little Jack Horner"
58. Thus
59. Reason
61. Son of Milad
62. Immerse
63. Burns
64. Piled of red wood
66. Moving wagon
67. Biblical country

DOWN

1. Stove
2. Cooled Hawaiian lava
3. Demanding
4. Disinvestment
5. Jogs
6. Greasy
7. Devoured
8. Merchant
9. Course of travel
11. Genius
12. Go by
15. Electrifies
17. Floating in water
18. Called week days
21. Babylonian deity
22. Control
24. Thought
25. Part of a roof
27. Gutter
28. Melodies
29. Trait
30. Perfect golf
31. Among
32. Norse gods
33. Harvest
35. Like a horse
37. Wife of Zeus
38. Non-surfacing material
45. Hold back
46. Accomplish

Answer elsewhere on this page.

.. PLAIN HORSE SENSE ..

By F. (BOB) VON PILIS

Last year the delegates to the Annual Meeting of the Ontario Beef Producers Association instructed their Executive to prepare the outlines for a marketing scheme which would give the producers more control over the marketing of their product.

When the delegates returned this year they were presented with a draft constitution and by-laws for a proposed Canadian Meat Council with the following objects: a) to disseminate correct information concerning the value of meat in the diet and its relationship to health; b) to encourage and foster educational research activities pertaining to meat and meat products; c) to create and maintain a spirit of cooperation among the members for the purpose of having all work together for the livestock and meat industry; d) to do all things necessary to promote the livestock and meat industry.

Producer and Packer

The membership of the Council will consist of the members of a number of producer associations, some of whose names we have never heard before, and certain packers and processors associations.

Each of the member associations of the Council will nominate from one to six directors. One section says that the board of directors will elect an executive committe consisting of a president, a vice-president and three directors; another section provides that a president and a vice-president shall be elected by the members of the Council.

The work of the Council is to be financed by a levy of 5 cents on every head of cattle sold by a producer while it is left to the discretion of the packers to determine the size of any donation they may want to make.

Grey County in Opposition

Delegates from Grey County offered strong opposition and critized the proposal as "a weak substitute for a marketing scheme".

James Boynton, fieldman of Grey County Federation of Agriculture, complained "that Grey County delegates and their representatives were not listened to by the officers and Executive." "Resolution forwarded from the County mysteriously disappeared, he said, and never came before an open meeting," continues the report in the Farmer's Advocate.

Grey County's grievance is understandable, particularly in view of the growing tendency in our farm organizations of ruling from the top down without giving the rank and file an opportunity to consider and discuss new schemes and ideas in local meetings at the grassroots level.

Grey County lost in a vote of 48 to 5.

Farmer Gets Balance

Without doubt a sales promotion scheme could be beneficial to both producers and distributors, but in Justice both should contribute financially. Sales promotion, however, cannot replace producer controlled orderly marketing.

As to the "spirit of co-operation among the members" we reserve the right to be sceptical. We have not forgotten the testimony of the President of Canada Packers before the House of Commons Prices Committee on May 6, 1948 when he said: "We buy as cheaply as we can and we sell our meat for as much as we can get for it," and again "the total livestock is sold for the total sum, whatever it is; from that sum is deducted the packer's expense and the packer's profit, and the farmer gets the balance."

Perhaps the producer associations of other provinces will look twice before they tie up with Big Busines.

This column welcomes criticism, constructive or destructive, and suggestions, wise or otherwise; it will endeavour to answer all questions. Address letters to: Bob Von Pilis, Whitby, Ontario.

When Jockeys Wore Long Hair & Skirts

There is no sight on earth more stirring than the glossy coats and shining silks of an Epsom Derby field. And it must have been even more so 150 years back, judging by a contemporary account of the costumes worn by riders.

Each had a black velvet cap with a long French peak and a bow of black ribbon behind; long hair falling to the shoulders; a white cambric neck-cloth of ample folds tied at the back; a long body-coat with flaps; wide skirt, three buttons at the side, where it opened in front and behind; breeches strapped just below the knee; white cotton stockings; black leather Oxford shoes with long tongues and silver buckles.

One of the worst features of early racing was the bad starting, when horses got off — or more often didn't—to a shout of "Go!" One official suffered from an impediment in his speech, and jockeys complained they never knew whether he had shouted "go" or "no" by the time he had stuttered his command!

False starts were numerous—ten in a particular St. Leger—and at one Croydon meeting (long since defunct) it took the starter an hour and a half to get a race under way. Hardly surprising that racing sometimes finished in semi-darkness — with a lamp to light the winning post.

The man who did most to put such matters right was that great reformer Lord George Bentinck, who contributed so much to racing between 1836 and 1846. He introduced the flag method of starting, and was once so incensed by a holdup that he went down himself to get the riders away.

He had one of his own horses in the race, and was later accused o giving it an advantage of some yards at the start!

Chemical Farm Flourishes in Puerto Rico — Puerto Rico, with a population of 2,000,000 and with only 10 per cent of its area classified as first-class farmland, may someday grow much of its now-imported food on chemical farms. Workers, above left, line concrete troughs with emulsified asphalt as first step in constructing an experimental soilless farm near San Juan. Troughs will be filled with gravel, and saturated with a water solution of 26 chemicals necessary to plant growth. At right, gardeners spray seedlings, which will be transplanted to larger beds for growth and harvesting. One commercially successful farm is already in operation.

New Pine Furniture Flaunts Its Knots With Old-Time Grace

Pine has its own long-established place as a cabinet wood. It is mellow, homey, and steeped in a charm all its own. It is a wood indigenous to America, was used by the earliest colonists, and has been used continuously by cabinetmakers ever since. Today we see it in new ranch styles as well as in the traditional colonial styles with which we are familiar.

Critics of pine like to call it a "soft" wood, cheap one, and a difficult one to manufacture and finish. Yet those companies who have chosen to make their furniture of pine rush to its support. They manage to take the very arguments used against it, and show that they can become advantages after all.

Pine Versus Hardwood

There is, first, the old theme of the soft pine versus native hardwood such as maple and birch. The pro-pine people reply that, according to reliable sources, from the year 1700 to the present time pine has probably been used more extensively than any other kind of wood. They say that a list of articles which were and are made of pine, wholly or in part, would include almost every household wooden article with which we are acquainted.

Probably more pine antiques have survived the centuries of daily use than any other type, and are still giving pleasure and gaining value. And, claims President I. Lisle of Vermont's Townsend Company, "this in spite of the fact that its softness was not in pine's favor!"

Mr. Lisle, whose company makes both adaptations and exact copies of old pieces, claims staunchly that, "in design, construction, and finish, the best pine furniture is more than equivalent to the best maple, and at far less cost." He feels these factors account for the growing popularity of pine today.

Details Done by Hand

Also in defense, Mr. Lisle points out that because pine is softer and structurally weaker than hardwoods, designs have to adhere to the old tenets of good cabinetmaking. Good pieces cannot be produced strictly by mass-production methods, he says. Much of the detail work, which is done by machine when hardwoods are used, must in the case of soft pine be done by hand.

Pine's softness is turned to advantage, also, where finish is concerned. Most pine is given a lustrous, warm, mellow, waxy brown finish by hand. At both the Pine Shops, in Big Rapids, Mich., and the Townsend factory, all pine furniture is "distressed" during the finishing process. Townshend calls this "deliberate antiquing" which improves the appearance of the finish with further mars and scars.

"Hence," points out Mr. Lisle, "when further mars and scratches occur from every day use, darkening these with stain or wax makes them indistinguishable from others.

Thus, he claims, the very softness of pine almost becomes an attribute in keeping pieces looking well, for you can touch out the scratches which in other types of wood would require complete refinishing. One company even claims an additional scratch or two will enhance the finish.

A spokesman for the Pine Shops emphasize the fact that pine is a smooth-grained wood which wears away at projecting corners and edges, giving it a "texture duplicated in no other wood." This company likes the gentle, worn look which comes from years of usage so well that, with careful sanding, it reproduces these "graceful" wear marks and grooves and smoothed-off edges.

Loved by Generations

The company also makes a point of the lack of uniformity in pine, claiming that the texture, grain, knots, checks, hairline cracks, and other characteristics which make every pine board different from the one before it, all add to the "charm, beauty, and individuality of every piece of pine furniture."

Though there is a difference of opinion about making exact copies of colonial pieces, the Townshend Company does so when it "finds a piece of furniture has been desired by several generations, so continuously popular that it has been handed down from generation to generation." When the company identifies such a piece in a museum, a restoration, or a private collection, it feels that there is no need to change size or dimensions just for the sake of change. Any slight variations which it makes in such pieces are to accommodate manufacturing procedures.

In the 18th and 19th centuries, itinerant craftsmen travelled through the countryside from village to village and from farm to farm. They traded their services for room, board, and produce. They carried their tools with them and their designs in their heads, improvising as they went along to fit need and inclination. Thus evolved the practical furniture for everyday use — the trestle tables, candle stands, spice chests, lazy susan, tables, cupboards, hutch tops, silver trays, sailmaker's and cobbler's benches — to name a few.

Townshend calls its reproductions of such informal yet dignified furniture, "New England Farmhouse." It is the type of furniture which we generally associate with pine, and it lets pine be itself.

Lancashire Lass Is Island Queen

The islands are so beautiful that a hard-headed man like Charles Darwin was forced to exclaim, "This is a human paradise!"

A hot sun blazes in a bright blue sky and vividly coloured tropical flowers mingle with English roses in glorious profusion. Cool sea breezes keep the temperature at an even eighty degrees.

These are the romantic Cocos Islands of the Indian Ocean, which the Queen visited during April. They tell the story there of a pretty young girl, passing on Sydney-bound boat, who was so struck by their beauty that she wrote an affectionate message for whoever in the Islands might find it, and threw it overboard in a bottle.

It chanced that very morning that a young man from the cable station on Direction Island strolled along the beach thinking wistfully of home. The sea rolled a bottle almost to his feet. He kicked it aimlessly, and something in it caught the sun as it rolled on the sand.

The young man bent, picked up the bottle and read its message. No tale of despair or danger, it contained a Sydney address and an invitation to call and claim a bride if he cared.

Two years later a tall stranger called at the Sydney girl's home and introduced himself saying, "I am the man who found that bottle at the Cocos." The girl blushed and dimpled prettily. "And if you meant it," he added, "I'm here to claim the bride."

They married soon afterwards.

The present owner of the Islands, tall, dark and handsome John Clunies Ross, is a keen photographer and amateur sailor. His family own by royal charter ". . . the lands situate and being above the high water mark within the Cocos Islands . . . to have and to hold forever."

Ross studied colonial administration at Oxford, and there met his future wife. A slim, blonde Lancashire girl, Daphne Parkinson was studying occupational therapy when she met student John Ross. Now she is the only European woman on the Islands but she is fond of the solitary life.

John Ross's father, Sydney Ross, died from a heart attack during Japanese air raids. He regarded himself as virtually "King of the Islands." On one of his frequent visits to London, he was told by a cockney tailor, who gazed at his big and imperious figure while measuring him for a suit, "Blimey, guv, you look like a king."

The reply was quick and to the point. "My man," thundered Ross, "I am a king!"

The first the Queen would see of the Cocos Islands would be a faint fringe of waving palm tops. The Cocos are so low-lying that by a slight error of navagation they could be missed at night altogether.

By day, though, sailers have the Cocos pilot to guide them. This is a beautiful snow-white tern which never flies far from the islands, and is a sure sign they are near.

During the first world war, the Cocos Islands were right in the front line. Almost immediately after the outbreak the German Cruiser Emden was reported on the loose in the Indian Ocean trade routes. The hunt was on.

As the search for the Emden increased in intensity the cable station in the Cocos, as a link by which the reports of the Emden's latest activities were checked, became vital. To survive, the Emden had to destroy it.

On November 9th, 1914, the lookout at the cable station observed a strange ship coming towards them. The vessel was a four-funnelled cruiser and flew no flag. Under the glass of a telescope the fourth funnel was seen to be obviously false and the ship was recognized as the daring Emden.

Over the air went the appeal, "SOS Emden here. The SOS faded into a harsh crackle and screech. The Emden was jamming the signals. A few moments later two armed launches grounded on the beach. The unarmed Islanders could do nothing while the German landing party began destroying the wireless and cable station.

But H.M.S. Sydney, a heavy cruiser of the Royal Australian Navy which was escorting a convoy in the vicinity had picked up the wireless call and was racing to the rescue.

At 9.30 a.m. above the din of destruction, was heard the Emden's siren recalling the shore party. Her captain had sighted the Sydney's smoke. When the detachment reached the beach the Emden had put to sea to find a more favourable fighting position.

The two ships soon clashed. The Emden fought bitterly and gamely until in the early evening the white flag was run up and she surrendered. She had lost 150 men killed and fifty wounded.

To this day the empty shell of the Emden lies on North Keeling, slowly rusting away, the home of crabs that infest the Island and a grim reminder of a sea raider's last fight.

It was not after the second world war, in January, 1948, that owing to bad weather R.M.S. Orion of the Orient line made a stop at the Cocos. On the ship's arrival in England the captain was swamped with inquiries of relative and sweethearts of men on the island. One girl asking after her sweetheart was told he was looking fine and had a magnificent red beard. "Good Heavens," she exclaimed, "it wasn't that colour when he left!"

All who have seen these paradise Islands have been deeply impressed. Joshua Slocum, the first man to sail round the world single handed, paid the islands a call in 1897.

He came for a quick refit of his boat, but stayed two months and noted regretfully in his log when he left "I left the Islands out of sight. Out of sight, I say, except in my strongest affections."

TO SUIT EVERYBODY

A maharajah was showing a visitor round his palace. "Why three swimming pools?" the visitor asked.

"Well, you see," replied the maharajah, "one is a hot water pool and the second a cold water one."

"But the third one is empty!" exclaimed the visitor.

"Yes," returned the maharajah. "That's for friends who can't swim!"

The Line—Bingbush—"What is the Mason and Dixon Line?"

Whanglock — "It's the boundary between you-all and youse."

(Upside down to prevent peeking)

Good Hunting — Harbinger of a good mushroom-hunting season is this 5½-pound beauty. The big beefsteak mushroom was found by L. B. Wallace, right, and a neighbor, W. E. Gulley, on the Wallace farm. Almost sensational finds of two to 18 gallons per hunting trip have been reported. At sides of scale are two half-pound mushrooms. Shape of these fungi shows why atomic-bomb cloud is called "mushroom-shaped."