TABLE TALKS

2 eggs, unbeater

2/3 cup sugar 1 teaspoon vanilla

½ teaspoon soda ½ teaspoon salt

4 teaspoon nutmeg

1/8 teaspoon cloves

1/3 cup shortening 1/3 cups sifted flour 1 teaspoon baking powder

Sift flour with baking powder

soda, salt and spices three times

Cream shortening and vanilla

adding sugar gradually until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at

a time, beating well after each

addition. Add flour mixture and

apple sauce. Beat until well

blended. Fill paper baking cups or greased muffin pans ½ full

Bake at 375° F. until cake

springs back when touched

(about 20 minutes). Cool before

frosting. Makes 14 large cup

. . .

Grated orange and lemon rind

give these banana cup cakes an

elusive taste, while chopped nuts

BANANA CUPCAKES

2 teaspoons baking powder

1 teaspoon each grated orange

add to their richness.

2 cups sifted flour

1/4 teaspoon soda 1/2 teaspoon salt

½ cup shortening

1 cup sugar

2 eggs, beaten

1 teaspoon vanilla

especially with the "junior set" and have the advantage of being easy to decorate for festive occasions. Here are a few recipes I'm sure you'll be glad . . .

come upon a bright red cherry They're doubly pretty frosted

In these cupcakes you'll often

CHERRY SURPRISE CAKES 2 cups sifted flour 3 teaspoons baking powder

1 teaspoon salt 1½ cups sugar 2 cup shortening 1 cup milk

l teaspoon vanilla 3 egg whites (about 1/2 cup) l cup drained sour pitted cherries (unsweetened)

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt, and sugar. Add shortening and milk. Beat 2 minutes. Add vanilla and egg whites. Beat 2 minutes more Fold in cherries. Fill 2-inch muffin pans, filling each cup 3/3 full. Bake at 350° F. 30-35 minutes Makes 3 dozen. Frost with the following:

CHERRY FROSTING 1½ cups sugar 6 tablespoons unsweetened cherry juice

tablespoon corn syrup 2 egg whites teaspoon vanilla Few drops red food coloring

and lemon rind
1 cup mashed ripe bananas Combine all ingredients except vanilla and food coloring top of double boiler. Mix 1/2 cup chopped nuts Sift together flour, baking well. Place over boiling water. Beat constantly with rotary powder, soda, and salt. Cream beater until mixture holds its shape. Remove from heat; add until light and fluffy. Blend in vanilla and food coloring. Beat beaten eggs. Stir in vanilla and until cool. Frost sides and top orange and lemon rinds. Stir of cup cakes. flour mixture into cream mixture alternately with bananas and milk. Fold in nuts. Fill greased muffin pans or fluted baking cups

Applesauce and spices make these cupcakes favorites with the younger crowd. Frost them with icing you've colored pink, green, yellow and chocolate (do this by separating white icing Into 4 parts and coloring each part with a drop or two of coloring in a different color.)

APPLESAUCE CUPCAKES 34 cup applesauce



CONTRAST - Here's the long and short of it at the Western Specialty dog show. Evangers Blitz, the Great Dane, and Fistel's Sassie, a Chihuahua, show their good breeding by remaining friendly while posing for this picture.

Shop for New Swimsuit in Blizzard Weather

BRAIN WAVE - Britain's min-

ister of labor, Sir Walter

Monckton, hasn't gone in for a

zany method of curling his

straight-as-a-poker hair. He's

submitting to test run of a

brain - wave recorder during

opening ceremonies at a mental

his address, or why he had come.

health exhibit in London.

By EDNA MILES

Buying next summer's swimsuit this December isn't really a wild idea. The resort collections offer the newest ideas, the prettiest fabrics. You can shop at leisure without that feeling of pressure that stems from the belief that you MUST get a suit his very day.

You may want a suit for a winter vacation. There's a brand-new group of swimsuits by Schiaparelli in French prints. These are authentic reproductions in color and design of originals by Chagall and Picasso. They're used in suits with matching skirts that are ideal for wear from poolside through the casual luncheon hour. Flared skirts take care of the hip prob-

lem; other designs minimize the bustline. There's a group of suits with necklines that can be changed at will to alter the look completely. One of these is black lastex with removable jeweled collar. There's a crossed halter that switches to a plunge or that can be used as a cuff for a strapless top. Each suit in this new collection is made

with a built-in boned bra that's adjustable to your contours. -



summer's swimsuit. Styled by Schiaparelli in print from Marc Chagall original, suit shown features halter neck, pleated skirt.

Spent Her Wedding **Night Alone**

swim—and disappeared. Sixtyfour days later he returned. Durremembered nothing from the he found himself in a Bristol

His case is unusual, but it is (you'll need 18) about 3 full. near his home. Bake at 350° F. about 25 min-

Here's a plain cake to frost and decorate with halves of QUICK NUT-TOPPED CAKES 2 cups sifted flour 3 teaspoons baking powder 1 teaspoon salt 11/4 cups sugar 2 cup shortening

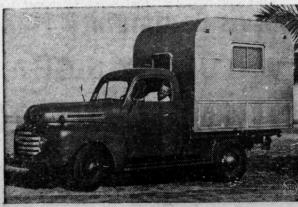
1 cup milk 1 teaspoon vanilla Butter cream frosting Pecan halves

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, and sugar. Add ortening. Add vanilla to milk; add 1/2 cup milk to flour mixture. Mix to blend. Beat 2 min utes at medium speed on electric mixer or 300 strokes by hand. Add eggs and remaining Mix to blend. Beat 2 minutes or 300 strokes more. Spoon into greased or paper-lined muffin cups. Bake at 350° F. 25 minutes. When cool, frost and decorate

will pecan halves. SALLY'S SALLIES

"Pardon me, but these are big words you're dictating. Pleas use ones that we both can spell."

Drive With Care



TRY A "TROUSE" FOR TRICKY TRAVEL - The automotive contraption above is both truck and house, so its owner, Joe Sinkowich, calls it "trouse". A University student, he's used it as living quarters and transportation for four years. The unit contains a bunk, two love seats, a table, a stove, an icebox, a sink and a closet. In it, Joe goes home every summer and has made one trip cross-country and back, all in complete comfort. The coach unit is designed so it slips handily on or off the bed of his 1948 half-ton Ford truck.

While on holiday with his wife and two little girls last June, a Yeovil bank official went for a ing that period his memory had been a complete blank. He ime he entered the sea until restaurant.

by no means a record. One morning in the eighteenth century Norfolk man left as usual for his work on the farm. Nobody saw him after that for nearly five years. Then he was discovered wandering in the fields Where had he been all that tim? He hadn't the haziest idea

But it was obvious that he had travelled extensively and had spent many months abroad in a hot climate. He was burned almost black by the sun, and his broad Norfolk speech was interspersed with numerous, foreign words and strange expressions. Snatches of Arabic and Hindustani mainly, plus queer phrases which nobody recognized. In addition, he had picked up a lot of nautical terms- and

the river.

in the river. But she dimly re-

called tramping the roads, sleep

ng beneath hedges and havricks,

begging crusts and drinking from

At last she found herself

among a crowd outside a village

church. A bride entered on the

arm of her father — and this touched some chord in the poor

girl's clouded brain. Memory came flooding back, and she

hastened home.

Not so serious is the case of

the young husband who had a tiff with his wife and stormed

out of the house. "I'm going for a holiday," he shouted over his shoulder. "Alone!" He went to

a seaside hotel on the East coast

and was about to sign the regi-ster when his mind misted over. He couldn't remember his name,

Rather than look a fool in front of the receptionist he filled in the register with the first particulars which came into his head. Followed a week of worry, the sailor's picturesque slang and full-blooded oaths. a week of frantic brain-flogging. Undoubtedly, he had somehow or other boarded a ship and voyaged to the East. But why All without result. Then he bumped into a woman who had just arrived at the hotel. By a he did so and now he came back remarkable coincidence it was was never discovered. his wife's sister. They hadn't Even more gramatic-and cermet for quite a long time, but they instantly recognized each the Essex girl wno vanished on other. Thanks to that the man's the eve of her wedding to a memory returned and he return-

young farmer. It seemed an ideal ed also-to his wife. match. The young couple were A Hampshire farmer engaged genuinely in love with each a man of forty or so who had other. The girl herself was begged him for a job. He was eagerly looking forward to the unshaven and his clothes were shabby and badly torn. But he Yet during the night she dislooked strong, and labour was appeared. With her went her too short for the farmer to ask ridal dress, and this was found

in a river near by. Of the bride, Despite the new man's dishowever, there was no trace, reputable appearance he was and after a long and heartobviously well educated. He breaking search her frantic pa-rents and intended husband spoke with a refined accent and his manners were very different gave her up for dead, believing from those of his fellow-workthat she had been claimed by ers. After he had received his first week's wages he went to And so the weeks passed. Then the nearest town and had a shave one evening the parents heard

and haircut. their dog barking joyfully. A The transformation was strikfeeble knock at the door foling-and it rang a bell with the farmer. He recalled seeing a photograph in the newspapers lowed, and the father threw it open. On the doorstep was the daughter they had never exof a schoolmaster who had gone pected to see again. She was on a walking tour some weeks weary, and pale with exhaustion, before and hadn't been seen

but otherwise unhurt. Above all, she was alive. To her parents it Undoubtedly the missing was a miracle. schoolmaster and his new work-Eventually they were able to er were the same. The farmer piece together the events of those lost weeks. There is no wife came to identify him, and doubt that the excitement of her almost at once he remembered coming wedding had temporarily who he was. But he had no idea of what had happened after he left home. affected the girl's brain. And so she had wandered off, clutching her wedding-dress, lost in world of her own. She had no recollection of throwing the dress

All these are serious incidents, but loss of memory-of the temporary kind-can have its amusing and embarrassing side. After seeing his bride settled in the hotel where they were to spend their honeymoon, the bride groom went off to park the car. Then he found he couldn't remember where he was staying, and after searching for hours gave up in despair and dozed fitfully in the car till dawn. Imagine the feelings—not to say anxiety — of the unfortunate bride—left alone in a strange place on her wedding night! A lot of men are said to join A lot of men are said to join the over-romanticized French Foreign Legion "to forget." A London youth found himself in this tough corps for the opposite reason. He had a mental black-out while on holiday in Paris Perhaps the drinks he had consumed were partly respon-

siblle. Anyway, when he woke up the next morning, he had not the slightest recollection of enlisting in the Legion for five years. But he had-and his signature on the appropriate doc ment was proof.

His protestations were of no avail. The luckless young fellow was shipped to Algiers, given relentless training in the desert, and eventually found himself on the way to Indo-China. At this stage he managed to desert and eventually reached Britain. It aught him a lesson. 'No more holidays in Paris for me!" he

You would think it impossible to forget your own children. Yet when a father took his small boy for a day at an Essex seaside place he arrived home without him. Fortunately the child was being looked after by the police -but the father received a sewere ticking off for his lapse of

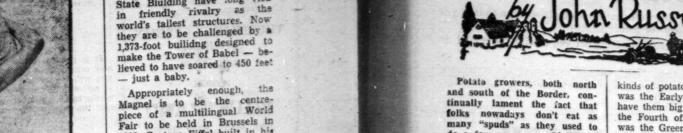
Another husband and father left his home in Woolwich one Saturday morning. "I'm just go-ing out for a drink," he told his wife. "Shan't be long." The day passed, darkness fell, and he hadn't returned. By now the wife was thoroughly alarmed and anxious, and when there was no sign of him on the Sunday she went to the police.

They were sympathetic, promised to make inquiries. Then at about ten o'clock on the Monday morning a telegram arrived at the woman's house. It was from her missing husband. He was at his mother's home in in Yorkshire. He had completely forgotten that he had been married for nearly two years, and was the father of a girl. Fortunately, the man's memory returned, and there was no further All of which invites the ques-

tion: what causes loss of memory? "A blow on the head, worry or overwork mainly," a doctor tells me. "But sometimes a person subconsciously wants to forget - and he does!" So if you feel the urge to run

away from your worries, to indulge in a spot of escapism, there is only one sensible thing to do. Forget it!

Fewer Rubbers Canadian manufacturers produced 3,407,248 pairs of light and heavy rubbers in 1953 as compared with 3,746,231 pairs in



Tair to be held in Brussels in 1958. Gustave Eiffel built in his tower for an outsize exhibition sixty-six years ago and the Belgians have instructed Gustava Magnel, an architect specializing in prefab concerte units, to ry for something bigger and On wasteland outside Brus-

Real Skyscraper

The 984-foot Eiffel Tower and New York's 1,472-foot Empire State Biulding have long vied

sels 2,000 concrete piles sunk deep into the ground will give foundation for a thirty-storey building made in pyramid style of great concrete blocks. On the top floor of this sky-

scraper yet another structure will contain ten floors topped by a panoramic terrace restaurant capable of seating 1,500 people at a time.

The project will cost \$12,000,-000 and the main building will contain radio and TV studios. concert halls and a TV school to give Belgium the finest radio centre in Europe. There are prospects that the 442-foot high TV mast will be used for commercials beaming ten hours day to this country.

In the highest tower an observatory and meteorologica station will keep watch on the

Yet this building is to be only the dominating big brother to a startling inverted tower which will also be an attraction at the exhibition. Beginning where our own skyline left off, a metal structure resting on a base fifty inches square will bevel outwards, supporting at a height of 500 feet a platform fifty yards

This inverted Eiffel Tower is to have four novel escalator lifts climbing outward, a carillon and a restaurant. Though it will look absurdly top-heavy, the full thrust will converge forty feet below ground on a point as fine as a tin-tack.



DOLEFUL DOVE - A mourning dove that has a right to mour is this one being held for the photographer. The bird was mysteriously wounded and grounded by a short twig, imbedded in its neck. The wound had healed around the twig sa the dove has to go through life with a chip on its shoulder.



THE SMILE'S GENUINE - Emmet Kelley, dean of circusdom's sad-faced clowns, breaks tradition to smile through his grease paint. He has reason—the picture shows his wife ar ' newborn daughter, Stacia. Kelley was playing a season's-end en gagement when the stork arrived at Ringling's winter quarters, where Mrs. Kelley met him at the hospital.

THE FARM FRONT John Russel

do a few years ago. Dieting to keep the weight and waist-line down is generally blamed for this sad condition, but there are a good many who believe that the real reason is that potatoes. although vastly improved in appearance, simply do not taste as well as their predecessors meaning will be made clearer by this dispatch by John Gould to The Christian Science Monitor, written from the State of Maine, one of the greatest octato-growing areas in the

The lady made quite a rash remark, for these parts. She said, "My goodness, if I could aly get a decent potato, even if it was Idaho, I'd cheer and cally on . . ." Such a remark analysis. With Maine full of potatoes, and the market de ressed, and the farmers like wise, the high treason of the remark mustn't be lightly con-. . .

United States.

Yet it's a reasonable remark. I am reading a report by the United States Department of Agriculture which tells about the government development of 40 new potato varieties in the past 20 years. It also says that by 1973 the average yield per acre will go from the present 250 to 300 or more bushels. This news is imparted with a note of ubilance over the obvious achievement. Yet last winter Sec retary Benson told the Maine potato growers they were crowding the market, that they should plant fewer acres, conentrate on selling, and work toward quality. They didn't pay nost of them know he was

With potatoes plentiful, why does said lady lament? When I was a lad we had two



QUEENLY LOOK - Picture of regal beauty is Queen Elizabeth II on a recent night out in London. She was attending a benefit performance at Vic-

kinds of potatoes we grew. One was the Early Rose, and we'd have them big enough to eat by the Fourth of July. The other was the Green Mountain which came along in the fall and went into the cellar and to market. Unless he's been there, nobody knows the unequaled excellence of the Early Rose potato-we liked to cook the little new ones right in with the green peas, with a small chunk of salt pork delight. The Early Rose, bursting its pink jacket with mealy mellow goodness, was tops. Bu commercially it is a lost cause.

My grandfather used to dig a ing, wheel it to the kitchen door, and Grandmother would pick ed for the day's supply. Then he'd wheel what was left over and dump them to the pigs Then in the fall the Green Mountains would get harvested and the only Early Rose we stored would be seed for the . . .

When the USDA began its research 20 years ago and turned out 40 new varieties, they com promised the standards. The potatoes they produced were "better"-but what did they mean by better? They resisted blight and bugs, they yielded more per acre, they ripened sooner, they kept better in storage, they looked smoother, they shipped better, and they did several other wonderful things. They also left milady wistfully longing for a good old potato. A friend of mine has a bro-

ther who farms a few hillsides in Aroostook County, the potato empire, and he was up there on a visit one fall just as the digging started. The hillsides were busy. Great lumbering machines were rolling the potatoes out of the ground. Swarms of pickers were gathering them into barrels. Flat trucks that hold 40 barrels, with derricks, were speeding the harvest to the bins. There were mountains of potatoes. My friend said to his brother, "Looks like a good chance for me to lay in my win-

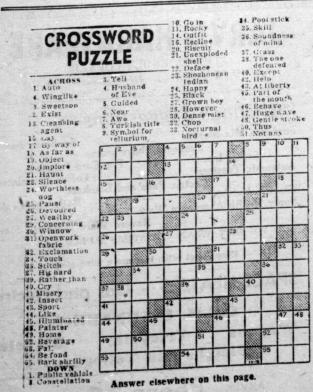
> "Eyuh. We ought to have one of them potato rakes, like a clam hoe, but we never bother ed to get one. We use a hoe." "But what do you use a hoe for when you've got all that ma-

don't eat those potatoes—those are for market and seed to go Island. We eat Green Mountains. The outside row, along the road, is Green Mountains. You got to dig them by hand."

potatoes for himself.

toria Palace.

Nowadays we hear of Katah-







1921

"GEORGE" WINNERS — These famous stars of the silent screen are among 20 winners of the first "George" award for "Distinguished contribution to the art of motion pictures, 1915-1925." The awards were made at the First Festival of Film Artists. The winners were selected by the persons they worked with during their film days. The festival is sponsored by the George Eastman House of Photography. The award, named for George Eastman, is a medal bearing his likeness, set in an eight-inch block of transparent plastic.

of like stripe, and the horizon and we have a little woman plaintively longing for a good bug and we've got a potato that we are up to 275 bushels to the acre, we keep making new va-rieties to plant—and we sit

ter potatoes!" "Sure thing." said the brother. "The hoe's in the

The brother laughed. "We to Idaho and Florida and Long

So my friend got the hoe, and he had to walk a long way, betoes to sell to the unwitting

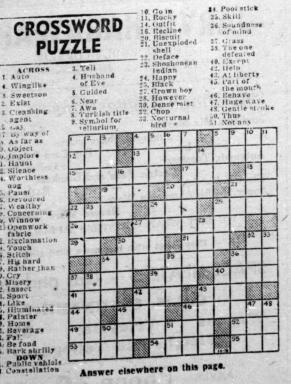




dins, Kennebecs, Chippewas, Ontarios, Sebagos, Houmas (pronounced Homers) and is obscured with an excess crop, ootato. You name a blight or a will lick it. You propose a trade difficulty, and we've got a po-tato that takes care of it. The Colorado Beetle has been licked,

sit around remembering how

cause the farm family had already eaten about three quarters of a mile of Green Mountains, and he dug three grain bags full and then went with his automobile to get them. Of course they were wonderful potatoes. So you've got to ponder on the curious industrial customs of the modern farmer, who grows hundreds of acres of potapublic, but plants some good







Cherokees; and other 33 others

real potatoes looked when you burst the jacket and laid on a cut of butter. By 1973, they tell us, it will be even more so.

It is an interesting development. Of course, a lot of modern people tell you they're satisfied with this or that potato. In fact I've tried new kinds myself and opined they were pretty good. The Kennebec is about as good friends. But most of that is by comparison with other modern kinds, and it still a long distance from what I'd call top-notch.

Skin-Diving Off The Coast of Kona

arrow on the sunlit bay. are in tropic waters which dance and dazzle on the sursurface, gleaming turquoise over sand, cobalt over coral, and gun-metal over lava outcroppings. Farther out, the pur-ple patches mean cloud sha-dows, and on the horizon a tum-ultuous pile of pearly clouds hide volcano Haleakala and its island Maui. Looking down over the side

of the narrow boat, there are thirty feet of pure salt sea water between us and the bot-tom. It is this lambent world of fantastic colors, shapes, and textures that we will penetrate. For we are after coral. Two of us dive from the outrigger; another surface-dives. Wearing rubber flippers and glass face masks, we each are on our own. Fifteen feet below the surface rises a lava shelf shaped like an anvil, startlingly black against the white sand bottom.

Around this dart and dance brightly-colored reef fish.

I plummet down. Then, grasping the lava anvil with both hands to steady myself against the strong coastwise current, lie still, outstretched, a few moments. The fish, which have darted into crevices, now come out again, as curious as their

Each is more startling in shape and color than the last. There are green fish with red stripes, red fish with green stripes, silver fish with black stripes, black fish with silver stripes, blue on silver, silver on blue, dots on stripes, stripes on dots. Fish that are long and thin, fike animated drinking straws. Fish that are fat and grumpy as goblins. Fish with faces that laugh and say, "Isn't this a delightful world?" and fish with big turned-down lips that mutter, "Ain't it an awful place to be!" There are fish that dart like

arrows. Fish that dance "their long sea dances"— either solo or in pairs. Fish that loll, secure in the doorway of their watery caves.

Here is a brilliant yellow sunfish. There goes a stately

Our outrigger lies like a dark | black and yellow banded Moorish idol. Now a trigger fish, which natives take the pains to call "humuhumunkunukuopua-a." There hesitates a butterfly fish with a long delicate nose and an even longer name "louwiliwilinukunukuoeoe" — a name which we doubt if he ever answers to. And now, before I have to leave, a fish I don't know the name for. He lies in a cave entrance like a melted lump of tallow, and surveys the world through disenchanted eyes, writes Chaffee Castleton

in The Christian Science Moni-I surface, gasping for air, gain my breath, then go down again. This time, grasping the lava, I stare into another puka, or hole. In it is a puffer. After a few flourishes of trepidation settles down to outstare me, and we remain nose to nose, both raptly fascinated.

What a comical creature! This marine Pagliacci has a long pointed delicate snout which slopes back to a dish-shaped face and a body the shape of an angular cucumber. The most intricate design of royal blue and black pattern his sidesit would thrill a couturier. His back is orange polka dots on velvet black, and his comical face is ringed in canary yellow. I surface again, and rest on the yaku, or arm, of the outrigger, looking across dappled water to the mid-Pacific isle that we set out from. Her white combers gnash on black lava but three years cooled. There a windmill rising out of a kiawe jungle marks a human habitation. Higher yet, the kiawe (mes-

quit known as algeroba) is broken by deeper bands of green that mark the coffee farms. Pockets of yet deeper green mark the dark lustrous magnolialike leaves of kanane. Broad bands of lava striate the mountainside, their black field of a'a; or broken pumice, soft-ened by straggling ohia trees— the first to grow on lava, and the yellow-green of kukui, or candlenut trees. Long gone are the camphor trees which sweetened the air far out to sea.

carf of white mist at the 1.500 Now I grasp a hammer in one hand, and screwdriver in the

other (for why dull a wood chisel on bone?), and dive for coral.

Down again in the water world of muted color, huge cor-al heads spring around me like gigantic tinted cauliflowers. Red, rust, blue, purple, mustard,

pink-they blossom at my fing-Prowling among this seemingly petrified, but yet a forest of living creatures, I spot a smaller head, the size of a basketball, with perfectly formed branches, and a brilliant blue in color. Surfacing for air, I resubmerge, place the screwdriver against the stem under the branchingi head and give one knock of the hammer. The head breaks neatly off. This I carefully bear to the surface

and place the brittle shape, yet slimy with living polyps, in the By the time I have surfaced with another, the first one has turned mauve. In the strong sunlight, it will be pink by the time we return to shore. In the meantime my two Filipino companions have not been idle, bringing up beautiful heads and branches to add to our collection. There is branch

coral, brain coral, finger coral, antler coral, fire coral (for this they must wear canvas gloves), and an assortment of shells. One of the boys proudly adds a hel-met shell, complete with heavy orange lip and living mollusk, which he spotted crawling along on the deepest place of all.

There are also blue-black spiny urchins, a native delicacy when broken open and the roe eaten raw, like marine caviar. To this wealth from the deep just to make the collection pretty. These brilliant red spikes, like pieces of chalk with blunt ends, will turn purple and then

brown, as sunlight dulls them. We spy a turtle's hind-legs sticking out from a cave, where he has repaired headfirst to sleep. We grasp him and pull sport trying to "ride" him to the surface, the poor creature all the time trying to swim down to those nether realms that he

calls home.
We finally let him go, and rest and catch our breath on the surface. You would think we would have had enough, but I can't keep my eyes off the bottom. Peering through my face glass, I suddenly see a small tiger shark meandering among the coralheads. He has a streamlined nose, a long oblique tail, and six feet of gray lithe steely strong body. Now he circles my lava anvil directbeneath me. His little eves roll up to me, but he keeps on

his circuitous course.

The picture is complete. The shark in the coral, sleek, beau-tiful in his effortless motion; the reef fish, darting in and out of their crevices or danci in pairs in the sheer joy of liv-ing; the sun shining down, warming the world; the waters lapping the boat; the trade winds, blowing fresh and free; me on the surface— peering down in wonderment and peace, the surf against the shore, the shore against the mountain, the

mountain against the sky.

I leisurely climb aboard the outrigger, where my two companions had quickly repaired at the first breath of "shark," and we paddled shoreward, our boat heavy with our trophies of the deep. We are in brilliant sun-light, made even more intense by contrast with the mountain we are paddling toward, dark with rain. As we move into the quieter waters of Keauhou bay, a dazzling rainbow arches the



R. Barclay Warren, B.A., B.A.

Memory Selection: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself. Luke 10t 27

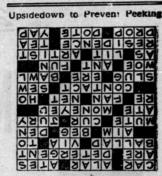
In our Christian life theory and practice must be properly coordinated. The lawyer was up on his theory but not so clean on its everyday application. one's being and to love one's neighbour as himself was the way to inherit eternal life. But lived up to this law of love and so he asked, "And who is my neighbour?" The point of the parable of the Good Samartia was unmistable. The essence of neighbourliness is to show of colour, race or creed. The priest looked at the unfortunate man and passed by on the other side. The Levite who performed more ordinary duties around the temple looked more closely but went on. But the Samaritan, despised by the Jews because he was a descendant of those Jews who had intermarried with the colonists brought in by the Assyrians, cared for the man. He proved himself a neighbour. He even left the wages for two days' work with the innkeeper to insure his continued care and promised more if it were re

Our well-organized welfare agencies leave us lots of room to be good neighbours. There are needs about us among our citizens and among immigrants. There are the little deeds which we may do that say so much Nationally we are considering our less fortunate neighbours The Colombo plan is an example of our effort here. Many of our rained young people are catching the vision of going to thos are most needed. I asked one of my former students what were his plans when he graduated with his M.D. "Oh, set up practise here and make a pile of money," he replied. I saw the twinkle in his eye. "No," he said. "I'm thinking of going to North Africa." That is the spirit of the Good Samaritan

MERRY MENAGERIE



He's subject to spells of wan derlust, but never gets to where he's going!





DENTAL DESPREATION - Josef Schneider is down in the mouth over his work most of the time—and he's not a dentist. The children's photographer has found this a sure way to coax a smile from almost any baby-but you must be quick. Schneider began a career as a child psychologist, but found that the camera, not the couch, was his true medium.

