

TABLE TALKS

June Andrews

Turnip vegetables, such as beets, turnips, carrots and parsnips, deserve a much more prominent place in our winter-time meals than they get in many homes. They're cheap, even if you don't raise your own, and they're good body-building food.

If you want to get away from the usual boiled-and-buttered method of serving root vegetables, why not try them French fried, in a vegetables chowder, or raw as relish sticks, or in a salad? Or try combining them with meat, cheese, or eggs for a main dish. The recipes here are real family favorites.

PARSNIP CASSEROLE

3 c. mashed cooked parsnips
1 c. cubed cooked ham
1 c. canned mushrooms
1 c. grated process cheese
1/2 c. crushed ready-to-eat cereal crumbs
Season mashed parsnip with salt and pepper to taste.
Combine ham, mushrooms, and cheese.
Alternate layers of parsnips and ham mixture in greased 2-qt. casserole.
Sprinkle top with cereal crumbs.
Bake in moderate (350°) oven 25 minutes.

Variation: Use 3 cups sliced cooked parsnips, 1/2 cup pasteurized process cheese. Alternate layers of parsnips and cheese; bake in moderate (350°) oven 30 minutes. Top with sliced bacon that has been baked 15 minutes in the oven on a rack in shallow pan. Makes 6 servings.

CARROT LOAF

3/4 c. finely chopped celery
1/2 c. chopped onion
2 tbsp. butter
1 qt. mashed or rice cooked carrots
3/4 c. cracker crumbs
3 eggs, beaten
1 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. pepper
1/2 tsp. crushed savory
Pan fry celery and onion in butter.
Combine carrots with crumbs, eggs, and seasonings. Add celery and onion.

Line bottom of greased loaf pan with foil. Spread mixture in pan. Bake in moderate (350°) oven until knife inserted comes out clean, about 35 minutes. Makes 8 servings.

TURNIPS IN CHEESE SAUCE

3 c. crisp, fresh turnips
1/4 c. butter
1/4 c. flour
1 1/2 c. cream or top milk
1 c. grated process cheese
1/2 tsp. chives
Slice turnips and cook in boiling salted water 8 to 10 minutes. Drain; cover to keep hot.
Melt butter, stir in flour, add cream and cook, stirring, until thickened. Add cheese and stir until melted.
Add turnips to sauce. Sprinkle with chives. Makes 6 servings.

RED FLANNEL HASH

4 c. chopped potato
1 1/2 c. chopped cooked beets
1/2 c. chopped onion
1 clove minced garlic
1 (12 oz.) can diced cooked corn beef
1/2 c. cream
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. pepper
4 eggs
Chopped parsley
Mix all ingredients but eggs, parsley.
Spoon mixture into greased 2-qt. casserole. Bake, covered, in moderate (350°) oven 25 minutes.

Remove cover; shape top in hollow in hash with back of spoon, drop an egg in each. Season. Bake 20 minutes. Add parsley. Makes 6 servings.

ILLOGICAL

Two flies were strolling along the ceiling. Suddenly one of them paused. "You know," it said, "human beings are very silly."
The other fly shrugged. "People are silly? How do you make that out?"
The first fly tapped the ceiling with its foot. "Well, take a look," it chirped. "They spend good money building a nice ceiling, then they walk on the floor."

PLAIN HORSE SENSE

By F. (BOB) VON PILIS

Approval of the 1/4 cent deduction from all payments by the Ontario Whole Milk Producers' Association practically assures the establishment of the proposed equalization fund.

Cream producers and cheese milk producers already have adopted the plan and undoubtedly concentrated milk producers will do the same at their annual meeting in February. It is these three groups that stand to gain most by co-ordinating the sale of milk and milk products.

Milk Pool

The funds collected by this levy will include the set-aside used in recent years for national advertising. The main purpose, however, will be the marketing of milk and milk products if and when they are in surplus.

With several million dollars at their disposal, the dairy farmers of Ontario will have considerable influence on market trends. After this first start of co-ordinating their activities, they will soon find that the natural next step is the pooling of their milk and the expansion

of the scheme to the other provinces. It has always been the opinion of this writer even at the time when he was a whole milk shipper himself, that a milk pool is the only solution of the marketing problems largely created by the present division of cow milking farmers in four groups. Pooling will eliminate the dumping of any surplus of one group into the market of another. Eventually it will also lead to an equalization fund returns farmers receive for their milk whether it goes into butter, cheese, a tin or a bottle.

Little Difference

There is very little difference in the cost of producing milk in a bottle while at the same time except those cases where regulations and geographical location.

As far as health goes, we could never understand why such stringent regulations were prescribed for milk being sold in a bottle while at the same time consumers are permitted to swallow uncontrolled numbers of bacteria and the occasional dab of manure in their butter or cheese. We do hope to see the day when every milk producing farmer will be compelled to keep his barn and cows clean, not to speak of the milking utensils.

Geographical location, of course, has quite a bearing on costs and it stands to reason that a farmer in Temiskaming will run into more expense feeding his cows than his colleagues in Western Ontario.

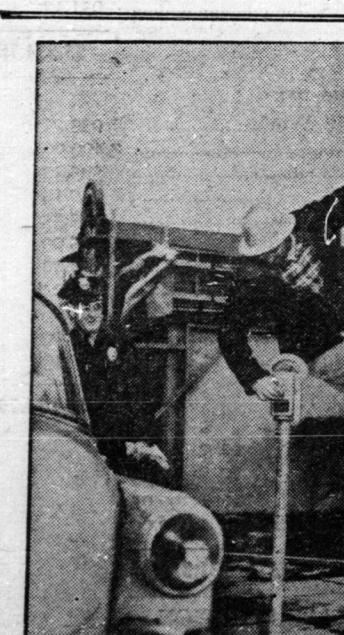
Zoning and Grading

If milk for the bottle has to come from barns with concrete floors, milk for butters and cheese should too. The same principle applies to cooling of milk or cream. As bacillus is still a bacillus and has the same effect whether it comes on the table in a bottle or on a dish. No farmer, presently shipping to a creamery, a cheese factory or a concentrated milk plant, will object to putting concrete floors in his barn or installing a milk cooler provided he gets paid accordingly.

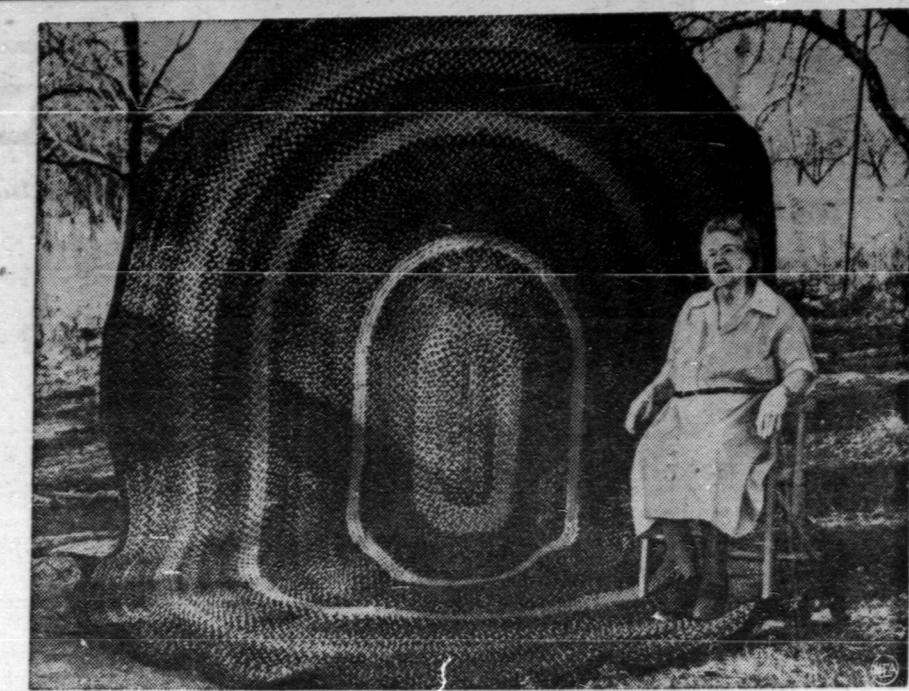
We suggest that zoning of the province according to costs of production areas and payment to producers based on grades should be studied by farm organizations with a view to an early implementation of the plan.



CURBSIDE KING—Andre Pierre, "King of the Boulevard Vendors," uses a jester's scepter to smooth on some of the cream he sells successfully as a Parisian street merchant. His "smooth" salesmanship won him the coveted title, which is awarded annually.



CONCRETE SOLUTION TO PARKING PROBLEM—Construction worker Leo Haynes has the derrick man lower the boom on Officer Ted Harter, left, just as Haynes parking-meter time runs out. Haynes "cemented" relations with the police by riding this concrete bucket from atop new City Hall building.



RUGGED WORKER—

Mrs. Joseph M. Clark is 74 years old, but when it comes to hard work, she can outdo many a younger woman. For the past 15 years or so, she has made a living for herself and her invalid husband by making braided rugs. She makes the braids by hand, too. Here she poses beside her latest and largest creation, a 10 x 12-foot, all-wool hand-braided job. It is believed to be the largest of its kind ever made, on three or four hours a day for six months.

Scared By Hunter's Roar

Dr. Lutz Heck, for many years director of the Berlin Zoo, was trapping monkeys and baboons in the wilds of Abyssinia when twenty to thirty warlike Arussi natives swooped on him with spears raised and surrounded him.

He had been told that attacks on solitary Abyssinians in this region were no rarity, and a French hunter had been murdered. With rifle ready, he waited, his native boys would speak round him. He could not escape a word of their language.

Then he thought of a simple means of showing that he had no evil intention; he burst into a hearty laugh. That they understood. The tension went out of their faces — and his. Negotiating

and escape. With others they had better luck, on their best day they caught three.

Heck once saw two bull gaff fighting. They did not face each other, but stood close together striking each other sideways violently with the protuberances of their heads. The noise could be heard a long way off, and soon one of them moved away exhausted.

An amusing young animal was a tame ostrich given them by a settler in the production of sentiments and traditions that constitute the art of rural living. Our churches should hold an important key, but their influence in the rural field appears to have declined. Our universities, farmers not excepted, it becomes a rat-race, a chain reaction of creating material wants and then trying to satisfy them. There is no true happiness traveling this dead-end road, as we can see from looking around us.

Why have we done so well in production of food and so poorly in the production of sentiments and traditions that constitute the art of rural living? Our churches should hold an important key, but their influence in the rural field appears to have declined. Our universities, farmers not excepted, it becomes a rat-race, a chain reaction of creating material wants and then trying to satisfy them. There is no true happiness traveling this dead-end road, as we can see from looking around us.

What he had done so well in production of food and so poorly in the production of sentiments and traditions that constitute the art of rural living? Our churches should hold an important key, but their influence in the rural field appears to have declined. Our universities, farmers not excepted, it becomes a rat-race, a chain reaction of creating material wants and then trying to satisfy them. There is no true happiness traveling this dead-end road, as we can see from looking around us.

What he had done so well in production of food and so poorly in the production of sentiments and traditions that constitute the art of rural living? Our churches should hold an important key, but their influence in the rural field appears to have declined. Our universities, farmers not excepted, it becomes a rat-race, a chain reaction of creating material wants and then trying to satisfy them. There is no true happiness traveling this dead-end road, as we can see from looking around us.

What he had done so well in production of food and so poorly in the production of sentiments and traditions that constitute the art of rural living? Our churches should hold an important key, but their influence in the rural field appears to have declined. Our universities, farmers not excepted, it becomes a rat-race, a chain reaction of creating material wants and then trying to satisfy them. There is no true happiness traveling this dead-end road, as we can see from looking around us.

Lucky Steeplejack

There can't be many luckier men than Vincent McNeil, of Philipstone Lane, Bo'ness, in Scotland.

He is an ace among steeplejacks. All over the world he has done steeplejack jobs — Pakistan, Australia, Africa. And he has had three remarkable escapes from what seemed certain death.

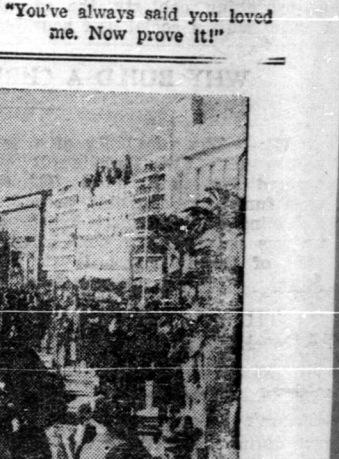
The first escape was when he was working on a 100-foot chimney in London. For once he was at the bottom. A heavy tool was dropped from the top. It fractured his skull in two places. He recovered!

The second time was at the top of a power station chimney in Poole, Dorset. He stepped on the hoist and prepared to be lowered gently down. The cables tangled, slipped, and the hoist plummeted straight down 230 feet. Yet under the heap of wreckage Vincent was found alive. He had landed on his feet. His left leg bone was in 15 pieces. His right foot was smashed.

His third escape was in Australia, where he fell off the top of a chimney. Once again he was taken to hospital. The fall cost him a broken pelvis and a cracked spine. But he climbed the same chimney again in three months although he was still encased in plaster.

Vincent is a man with pluck. Now he has left Bo'ness again and has flown to Pakistan. "This time it's only a wee chimney we're building—130 feet," he says.

And escape. With others they had better luck, on their best day they caught three.



Free to love is a great freedom. What is it anyway? Freedom is a need of the soul, not of the body. Freedom is the opportunity to say and do what one's wisdom and conscience dictate. Freedom is from God, not from government. Therefore it sometimes becomes necessary to defend it against government. The farmers of the American Constitution recognized the sovereignty of God, and they established the government of the United States "under God."

In the political world we are tempted to spend a great deal of time and effort censoring out the bad, when we should be multiplying the good with such vigor and enthusiasm it will crowd out the bad as a healthy vigorous plant crowds out a weed.

Without wishing the people perishing. Without courage, without an adventurous spirit, there can be no progress. No one has any real fun.

The everyday work of developing the 4-H's is useful and satisfying. But I hope fervently that 4-H workers will take time to explore also the Great Adventure into that phase of education that has been neglected by our public schools. I speak of high purposes and moral values that are living material of good citizenship.

THE FARM FRONT

John Russell

Even if it does have a decidedly "below-the-border" slant, I think you will find this account of a speech made at a 4-H Club convention both interesting and thought-provoking. At least I hope so. It is taken from the "California Farmer."

Rural America is as badly in need of a spiritual rebirth as it is in need of greater knowledge of the science of soil cultivation. A leading farm editor told the National Association of County 4-H Club Agents meeting in Chicago in November.

"We must learn to love the land as well as use it," Paul C. Johnson, editor of Prairie Farmer and president of American Country Life Association, declared. He believes farmers must set aside materialism as their basic purpose and begin to see their responsibility as fitting into a larger purpose.

The great weakness of our free enterprise system is that most of its goals are materialistic in nature. An ever improving standard of living based on higher income will yield certain nonmaterial by-products, such as better education, better health, maybe more leisure time. But for a great many people, farmers not excepted, it becomes a rat-race, a chain reaction of creating material wants and then trying to satisfy them. There is no true happiness traveling this dead-end road, as we can see from looking around us.

Why have we done so well in production of food and so poorly in the production of sentiments and traditions that constitute the art of rural living? Our churches should hold an important key, but their influence in the rural field appears to have declined. Our universities, farmers not excepted, it becomes a rat-race, a chain reaction of creating material wants and then trying to satisfy them. There is no true happiness traveling this dead-end road, as we can see from looking around us.

Why have we done so well in production of food and so poorly in the production of sentiments and traditions that constitute the art of rural living? Our churches should hold an important key, but their influence in the rural field appears to have declined. Our universities, farmers not excepted, it becomes a rat-race, a chain reaction of creating material wants and then trying to satisfy them. There is no true happiness traveling this dead-end road, as we can see from looking around us.

Why have we done so well in production of food and so poorly in the production of sentiments and traditions that constitute the art of rural living? Our churches should hold an important key, but their influence in the rural field appears to have declined. Our universities, farmers not excepted, it becomes a rat-race, a chain reaction of creating material wants and then trying to satisfy them. There is no true happiness traveling this dead-end road, as we can see from looking around us.

Why have we done so well in production of food and so poorly in the production of sentiments and traditions that constitute the art of rural living? Our churches should hold an important key, but their influence in the rural field appears to have declined. Our universities, farmers not excepted, it becomes a rat-race, a chain reaction of creating material wants and then trying to satisfy them. There is no true happiness traveling this dead-end road, as we can see from looking around us.

Why have we done so well in production of food and so poorly in the production of sentiments and traditions that constitute the art of rural living? Our churches should hold an important key, but their influence in the rural field appears to have declined. Our universities, farmers not excepted, it becomes a rat-race, a chain reaction of creating material wants and then trying to satisfy them. There is no true happiness traveling this dead-end road, as we can see from looking around us.

Why have we done so well in production of food and so poorly in the production of sentiments and traditions that constitute the art of rural living? Our churches should hold an important key, but their influence in the rural field appears to have declined. Our universities, farmers not excepted, it becomes a rat-race, a chain reaction of creating material wants and then trying to satisfy them. There is no true happiness traveling this dead-end road, as we can see from looking around us.

Why have we done so well in production of food and so poorly in the production of sentiments and traditions that constitute the art of rural living? Our churches should hold an important key, but their influence in the rural field appears to have declined. Our universities, farmers not excepted, it becomes a rat-race, a chain reaction of creating material wants and then trying to satisfy them. There is no true happiness traveling this dead-end road, as we can see from looking around us.

Why have we done so well in production of food and so poorly in the production of sentiments and traditions that constitute the art of rural living? Our churches should hold an important key, but their influence in the rural field appears to have declined. Our universities, farmers not excepted, it becomes a rat-race, a chain reaction of creating material wants and then trying to satisfy them. There is no true happiness traveling this dead-end road, as we can see from looking around us.

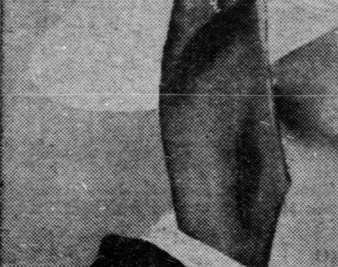
Why have we done so well in production of food and so poorly in the production of sentiments and traditions that constitute the art of rural living? Our churches should hold an important key, but their influence in the rural field appears to have declined. Our universities, farmers not excepted, it becomes a rat-race, a chain reaction of creating material wants and then trying to satisfy them. There is no true happiness traveling this dead-end road, as we can see from looking around us.

Gals! Men's Clothes Go To Your Head

Women took men's slacks and shirts and made high fashion out of them and now Paris designers are going to Papa's wardrobe for millinery inspiration.

These latest designs from some of the new hat collections show the masculine influence. A man's evening shirt makes one hat with a cuff, with button, makes another. Even the swallow-tail lines of evening clothes provide ideas.

From Achille, Paris designer, comes this brown baku beret (left) in the form of a man's cuff with egg and diamond cuff links. Matching diamond earrings are from Van Cleef and Arpels. Black, blue and white chignon toque draped on swallow-tail lines (right) is from the new Jacques Fath collection. A black loop in front threads through diamond leaves from Van Cleef and Arpels.



Conversation piece is this hat fashioned by Claude St. Cyr from a man's evening shirt front. Collar encircles the head along with dark red silk tie and three-carat diamond stickpin from Mellerio.



Picture hat with precious jewels is this handmade lace and white tulle confection from Albouy of Paris. Poised on rose is diamond butterfly with jeweled wings from Van Cleef and Arpels.

Titled Beauty Turned Arab For Love

Lovely Jane Digby, daughter of buccannering sea-dog Admiral Digby, was one of the most beautiful and aristocratic beauties who ever lived.

Brought up at Holkham Hall, Norfolk, she was married off at sixteen to the bland, cynical Lord Ellenborough, who quickly left her to her own devices. In rakish, Regency London she lived in love with a dashing Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, followed him halfheartedly, and was lived with him there for two years.

By the time Ellenborough divorced her this affair had run its course. She had others, with the novelist Balzac and with King Ludwig I of Bavaria, then married a Bavarian nobleman, Baron von Venningen, met the Bregenz Greek Count Theotoky and fell headlong in love with him.

When the Venningens left for Baden, the count stayed nearby at Heidelberg, and the lovers went on secret rides through the forests. One night the suspicious husband galloped after them, challenged the Count to a duel on the spot and seriously wounded him with the first shot.

Dramatically, Jane held him in her arms to die. But miraculously he recovered, and when the Baron had freed her, married her and whisked her off to Athens.

In Briangra's Camp Here there was a rumored affair with King Otto, a fanatic one with a fierce Albanian general, Hadji-Petros. Lesley Blanch says in her irresistibly fascinating book, "The Wilder Shores of Love," that she fled with him to the mountains, sleeping in camp surrounded by his brigands, sharing their reckless adventures and hardships until the Greek Queen, who was jealous of Jane, interposed and relieved Hadji-Petros of his command.

It was the end when the dashing brigand turned sycophant and wrote the Queen saying: "I am the woman's lover who is not for love's sake, but purely for self-interest. She is wealthy, I am not." With her maid, Jane packed up and made for Syria.

She planned to visit Baalbek, Jerusalem, Palmyra, and track down the ancient Queen Zenobia's legendary kingdom, but within a month was involved with a handsome young Arab, Salihi, who swept her off her feet and into the black Bedouin tents of his desert. Again she had found the perfect love. They would marry and live in perpetual bliss.

But first she had to see ruined Palmyra, and it was while negotiating for a camel caravan to take her across the

Underground River 2,000 Feet Down

Then I understood; though the cave came to an end, a tunnel opened at its farthest and lowest extremity. It was a black, gaping orifice, toward which the shining strips drew me on.

I entered the tunnel. Its proportions were on the same scale as those of the cave — 10 yards high, and 20 to 40 breadth. I took the time and the altimeter reading, scribbled for a moment in my damp notebook and set off briskly on Mair's tracks. The huge tunnel ran on to the northwest, in a perfectly straight line. Half a dozen trains could have been driven through it without a stop.

Two hundred yards down the tunnel, he was waiting for me. "Can you hear it?" he asked. I had to listen very carefully in order to work out where the noise came from, for the rumbling seemed to issue from the whole rocky wall. In fact, it was coming from underneath us.

"It's the river," Andre said. "Parallel to it, the tunnel ran on, and we set off down it again. A little farther on, amid scattered rocks, the water suddenly appeared."

In a few steps, we had passed from a dry gallery to the banks of a big subterranean stream. After half an hour's straight-forward progress down this extraordinary tunnel, we stopped at 12:45 p.m. on the edge of a wide, calm, greenish pool. Probing beyond this small lake, our lamps picked out the dark circle of the tunnel which seemed to stretch on ahead forever. I lit my last flare, and turning the handle, shot a few feet of film. Andre took advantage of the light to survey the tunnel as far as he could see; he reported that it went on exactly as before.

It was a very great sacrifice for us to turn back on our tracks. We reconciled ourselves to it only because of the waiting man on the surface, who would be getting anxious about our long silence. But it was tough! According to our calculations, based on altimeter readings, we were about 2,000 feet underground, and more than a mile, as the crow flies, from the end of the cave.

We had brought off a tremendous success. For we had really reached the base of the great limestone mountain mass, and were now at the point where, on a gently inclined plane, it rested on the underlying carboniferous schist. Almost for certain, from now onward, there would be no more shafts; only a succession of galleries leading, very likely, to the Kakouetta gorge, 2 1/2 miles away, and another 2,000 feet lower down. What a pot-holer's dream it was to enter the heart of a mountain at the top, and come out again 4,000 feet lower down, having traversed the whole mountain mass within! The realization of this dream probably lay in front of us. And yet we had to turn back. Not only were we leaving off an intoxicating task of exploration; we were still confronted with the exhausting climb back to camp, and all the hazards of ascent, the perpendicular shaft. — From "Caves of Adventure," by Haroun Tazieff. Translated from the French by Alan Hodges.

When the caravan was attacked by robber horsemen brandishing spears, he called his men and routed them at the point of his lance. And Jane, who loved drama and was here and there a heroine, found the incident exciting. Was not Medjedue brave as a lion, a hero, her saviour? There was a tenderess in her that led him to hope.

Meantime, she went back to Athens to wind up her affairs, and on her return journey she met a man who was not a stranger. He was the same man who had been her companion on the carriage and took to his heels like a madman. As the service was ending he galloped back to the open grave on her favourite black mare, to pay a last tribute to the woman he had loved.

Miss Blanch writes as vividly of other famous women who lived for adventure and love.

I was disqualified from a jitterbug contest because one of my feet accidentally touched the floor. — Dennis Duch

I was disqualified from a jitterbug contest because one of my feet accidentally touched the floor. — Dennis Duch

I was disqualified from a jitterbug contest because one of my feet accidentally touched the floor. — Dennis Duch

I was disqualified from a jitterbug contest because one of my feet accidentally touched the floor. — Dennis Duch

I was disqualified from a jitterbug contest because one of my feet accidentally touched the floor. — Dennis Duch