TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews.

Sweet, deep red strawberries, while no longer confined to a short season as they once were, are at their peak of freshness and sun-ripened flavor at this time of year. These berries are favorites for desserts in many families, with the shortcake perhaps holding top place.

Shortcakes may be either of biscuit or cake type. Whichever you use, prepare berries and sweeten them early enough so that all the rare flavor that is in the strawberry may be brought out. Then use either whipped cream or vanilla ice cream for a topping — and you have a dessert that pleases even the most exacting taste.

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MACAROON NESTS WITH STRAWBERRIES

3 cups thin-flaked coconut
⅔ cup sweetened condensed milk
1 teaspoonful vanilla
2 cups applesauce
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup sliced strawberries
1 teaspoon almond extract

Combine coconut, condensed milk, and vanilla, mixing well. Drop by heaping tablespoons on brown paper which has been placed on a baking sheet. Shape into 2½-inch rings. Bake at 350° F. 17 minutes, or until golden brown. Remove from paper at once.

Mix applesauce, lemon juice, strawberries, and almond extract. Spoon about ¼ cup this filling into each serving dish. Top each with a macaroon ring. Garnish with large strawberries. Makes 10-12 servings.

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A hurry-up dessert that will serve 6 to 8 calls for slices of white cake on which to pile this strawberry fluff.

FLUFFY STRAWBERRIES AND CAKE

1 pint strawberries (very cold)
2 egg whites
¼ cup marshmallow crème
6-8 pieces white cake

Prepare berries and chill well. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Beat in marshmallow crème until smooth. Fold in cold strawberries. Serve, piled on the white cake.

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If you're looking for a conversation dessert, try this. A conversation piece dessert, try this strawberry meringue tort.

SUNNY MERINGUE TORT

⅔ cup butter
⅔ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 egg yolks
1½ cups sifted flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
⅓ teaspoon salt
½cup milk
Dash salt
¼ teaspoon white or cider vinegar
3 egg whites
1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon ground mace (optional)
½ pint whipping cream
Sweetened fresh or frozen strawberries

Grease 2 9-inch round layer pans. Line bottoms (only) with waxed paper. (Leave 3-inch tabs at opposit sides of liners to make removal from pan easy.) Cream butter, add sugar gradually and continue creaming until mixture is light and fluffy. Blend in vanilla. Add egg yolks one at a time; beat well after each addition. Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Add to egg mixture alternately with milk. Beat until smooth. Spread batter into prepared pans. Add dash of salt and vinegar to egg whites. Beat until stiff and glossy. Gradually add the cup sugar and continue beating until meringue holds a very stiff peak. Spread gently over batter in pans. Bake at 325° F. until meringue is lightly browned and crisp — about 40 minutes. Remove from pans to cooling rack. When cool, remove paper from bottom. Place one layer, meringue side up, on cake plate. Sprinkkle mace over cream and whip until stiff. Spread over layer on plate. Cover with second torte layer. Cut in wedges. Top with strawberries.

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STRAWBERRY ICE

1 quart strawberries
1 cup water
½ cup sugar
Juice 1 lemon

Cook water and sugar for 5 minutes, stirring only until sugar has dissolved. Wash and hull strawberries; mash and force through a coarse sieve. Combine sugar syrup, strawberries, and strained lemon juice. Cool. Freeze in refrigerator tray for 3 hours, stirring once after first hour of freezing.

* * *

As the days grow warmer, you may want to freeze strawberry desserts. Try this water ice for a cool, refreshing end to your meal.

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

1 pint fresh strawberries
⅔ cups sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup evaporated milk (thoroughly chilled)
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Wash, drain and hull strawberries. Put into a bowl and mash thoroughly, using bottom of a glass or bottle for mashing. Let stand. Whip chilled milk until fluffy. Add lemon juice. Continue whipping until stiff. Fold into mashed berries. Freeze without stirring in tray of refrigerator at coldest temperature.

PINEAPPLE, RHUBARB, AND STRAWBERRY JELLY

Yield: about 6 medium glasses (3 lbs. jelly)

2½ cups juice (1 small ripe pineapple about ½ lb. rhubarb, and 1 pint ripe strawberries)
3½ cups (1½ lbs.) sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin

First, prepare the juice. Pare 1 small, fully ripe pineapple. Chop very fine or grind. Cut in 1 inch pieces (do not peel) about ½ pound rhubarb. Put through food chopper. Crush thoroughly about 1 pint fully ripe strawberries. Place fruits in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. Measure 2½ cups into a large saucepan.

Then make the jelly. Measure sugar and set aside. Add powdered fruit pectin to juice in saucepan and mix well. Place over high heat and stir until mixture comes to hard boil. At once stir in sugar. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, skim off foam with metal spoon, and pour quickly into glasses. Cover at once with ⅛ inch hot paraffin.

* * *

CHERRY RELISH

(using sour cherries)

Yield: about 7 medium glasses (3½ lbs. relish)

3 cups prepared fruit (about 2½ lbs. ripe sour cherries)
4 cups (1¾ lbs.) sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin

First, prepare the fruit. Stem and pit about 2½ pounds fully ripe sour cherries. Chop very fine or grind. Add ¼ cup vinegar and 1 teaspoon each cinnamon, cloves, and allspice, or any desired combination of spices. Measure 3 cups into a large saucepan.

Then make the relish. Measure sugar and set aside. Add powdered fruit pectin to fruit in saucepan and mix well. Place over high heat and stir until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once stir in sugar. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and skim off foam with metal spoon. Then stir and skim by turns for 5 minutes to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Ladle quickly into glasses. Cover at once with ⅛ inch hot paraffin.

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN EGYPT — A Soviet-supplied Stalin tank goes on public display for the first time during a parade in Cairo on the occasion of the country's anniversary of Independence. Egyptian Premier Nasser watched the display of tanks, heavy guns and armored cars.

Silk Topper Traces Killer

First hint of foul play came when two bank clerks boarded the train at Hackney. The compartment was empty but, surprisingly, it contained a black beaver hat, a walking stick and a small black bag.

Then the clerk's surprise turned to shock. One of them lifted his hand from the seat cushions and found it was wet and sticky . . . and red.

Almost at the same moment the driver of another train had slammed on his brakes and jumped from his cabin to investigate a "dark object" lying near the rails between Hackney Wick and Bow. It was a man, badly battered about the head. He died without regaining consciousness.

It was the first time murder had been committed on a British train. In the words of "The Times" of July 11th, 1864: "One of the most atrocious crimes that ever disgraced this country was perpetrated late on Saturday evening in a first-class carriage of a passenger train on the North London Railway, when a gentleman, Mr. Thomas Briggs, was murderously assailed, plundered and thrown out of the train."

The body was identified by Mr. Briggs' son. Robbery appeared to be the motive: a pair of gold eyeglasses and a gold watch and chain were missing. Then came a startling, dramatic discovery.

The black beaver hat found by the bank clerks had not belonged to the dead man. The bag and stick were his, but he had been wearing a topper ("Paris nap of the best quality, with a white silk lining," said his son) of which there was no trace.

"The curious business of the two hats seemed to have only one possible explanation," writes Belton Cobb in his absorbing book on the development of our modern high-powered C.I.D., "Critical Years At The Yard." The thief must have hit harder than he intended, pushed his victim through the train window, jumped out himself at the next station, grabbing the wrong hat in his panic.

For a time matters were at a standstill. Then a jeweller in Cheapside gave the Yard a clue when he reported that a man had come into his shop and exchanged a gold chain for one attached to a ring. Was he the killer, who had cunningly obtained a piece of jewellery not listed as stolen property, a chain he could sell without arousing suspicion.

He was described by the jeweller as "probably a German, thin, sallow-faced and hungry-looking." But London was full of such types in those days. The trail seemed to be growing cold when Inspector Tanner, in charge of the case, decided to try a new track.

He issued a description to the Press of the box in which the jeweller had packed the ring and chain, and offered £300 for information leading to an arrest. The box had the jeweler's name printed on it. A curious name: DEATH.

Three days later a cabby named Matthews called at Paddington Green police station. He said that a German he had known for a couple of years, Franz Muller, had given his daughter a box as a parting gift before sailing to America. He had found the little girl playing with it, and he hadn't liked it . . . not with the word "death" on it.

At first the police thought he might be a hoaxer after the £300. But he was able to produce a photo of Muller which was identified by Mr. Death as that of the man who had exchanged the gold chain in his shop.

There was also the business of the beaver hat. Some time before, when he was more prosperous, Muller had admired the headgear of his friend the cabby. He had asked for one like it; and Matthews was able to identify the black beaver found in the train as the hat he had bought for Muller.

The hue and cry was on. It was found that Muller had pawned the chain and ring and left for America in the sailing ship Victoria. He was due in New York in five or six weeks; and if he was to be caught somewhere in the United States, he would have to beat him to it before he "disappeared."

At once the Home Secretary approached the Admiralty: and The City of Manchester—one of the "new-fangled" steamships—was soon ploughing across the Atlantic with smoke belching from her funnel and Inspector Tanner aboard.

It was a life-or-death race—steam against sail. And steam won. Before he could step ashore at New York, Muller was arrested. And among his belongings was a silk topper (Paris nap of the best quality) but of very curious shape.

Ingeniously, its crown had been cut down an inch and a half to remove the part bearing Mr. Briggs' name, and the edges had then been pasted and sewn together. It led to a new fashion in low-crowned silk hats, known as "Muller cut-downs," from which the ever-popular bowler is said to have originated.

Brought back to England, Muller was mobbed at Euston Station and Bow Street. An enthusiastic crowd of 20,000 sightseers watched his execution on November 14th, 1864.

Belton Cobb's lively book is full of interesting details about the early days of crime detection. One story concerns the first attempt to use dogs to track a killer—the notorious Jack the Ripper.

The idea appealed very much to the public imagination, writes the author. It also appealed to Sir Charles Warren (newly appointed Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police) who could be seen daily exercising the dogs in Hyde Park. Then the fateful day came. Inspector Abberline (in charge of the Whitechapel murders) sent an urgent request to the Commissioner for the bloodhounds to be sent to the scene of a fresh Ripper killing.

But no bloodhounds appeared. The explanation was simple enough. The dogs themselves were being tracked. They had bolted during exercise!

Jealous of Her Own Portrait

A French scientist has calculated that, as most women spend thirty minutes a day in making up, preening and admiring themselves, they waste 340,575 minutes — 242 days of their lives, mostly between the ages of twenty and thirty-five —in front of their mirrors. Yet half an hour a day would not have sufficed for the toilets of some well-known beauties.

Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, was so vain over her chestnut hair, which fell to below her knees, that she once had every hair counted, and used to spend hours in front of her mirror having her tresses arranged in exotic fashions.

Fonder still of gazing at her own reflection was Virginia, Countess of Castiglione. She was so vain that once, after inspecting a full-length nude portrait for which she posed, she took the artist's knife and rippel his painting to shreds in case art lovers should prefer that likeness to herself.

But the most amazing passion for mirrors was that which enslaved Kate Horvoth wine merchant. Being accustomed to spending hours admiring her own good looks, she entered a competition in which a prize of $5,000 was to be given to the entrant collecting the greatest number of mirrors. Kate bought specimans from castles and mansions all over the country, and then travelled abroad buying still more mirrors. Then when the time came for her collection to be examined the Turkish millionaire who had organized the contest committed suicide.

Now Kate possessed 2,700 mirors, stored in nine of the ten rooms in her home, and when her husband died in 1922, they represented her total assets. One by one she sold them to buy food, still spending hours gazing at her reflection in the others. One day, however, she tripped and fell against one massive mirror, smashed it and cut herself badly on the splinters. And when neighbours answered her screams they were too late to help. She died a victim of the strangest mirror mania on record.

Only one man seems to have sought mirrors with anything like Kate's enthusiasm. Sir John Sloane, founder of the Sloane Museum in London, could never resist them and had hundreds built into the house in which his treasures are now housed.

Strangely enough, a number of women have disliked mirrors. Lady Montague, the once famous English society beauty who died in 1762, never looked at herself in a glass during the last twenty-two years of her life. Smallpox had ruined the beauty that had once made her the toast of London.

However, let it be said that Charles Worth, of the United States, was one of the opposite sex who never knew what he looked like—but for a very good reason. He was a victim of premature senility, and at the age of seven was as grey-bearded and tottery as a man of seventy. When he should have been playing with boys his own age he was hobbling round on a stick, for all the world like a feeble old man.

His parents kept him away from mirrors and refused to let him see his own reflection in water. One day, however, he did look into a mirror in an unguarded moment, and the terrible shock of what he saw is said to have killed him.

SAFE BY A SHADE — This trio won't have to run for cover come rain or come shine. Their unique headgear combines the features of both hats and umbrellas, while protecting the hairdos.

LONG WALK — Blindfolded but staring death in the face, German aerialist Alex Schack walks along a high wire. In the background is the Municipal Auditorium, to which the wire was strung from a 15-storey hotel. Schack was making a benefit appearance for the local Junior Chamber of Commerce.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Jesus is the Saviour of Men
Hebrews 2:9-13; 4:14-16; 5:1-9
Memory Selection Being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him. Hebrews 5:9

The Hebrews were thoroughly acquainted with all the details of temple worship. The writer points out that Jesus Christ was the fulfillment of all that was prefigured by the temple and the sacrifices.

Jesus is the great high priest. Since he was man he knows our frailities. He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Other priests served a few years and died. But Jesus, the Son of God, has passed into the heavens and has a continuing priesthood.

Jesus Christ has the unique position of being both the high priest presenting the offering and being the offering itself. He is the sacrifice. It was the Father's will "that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man."

We cannot save ourselves from sin. That is like trying to lift ourselves by our bootstraps. Our works will not do it. We cannot buy our way to heaven with money or effort. The church cannot save us; hence church membership will not suffice. Of course the church plays an important part in preaching the gospel. But if we are trusting in the church for our salvation we greatly err.

Jesus Christ is the Saviour of Men. He is the great sacrifice. He is the great high priest. He is the Son of God and the Son of Man. He is the only one who can meet our need. "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." We must confess our sins and trust in him as our Lord and Savious. He is the author of eternal salvation unto all that obey him.

SUMMER TIE - UP — Cool, slim and collected — that's the summer rendition of this sheath in barley beige or pepper black cotton piqué. Collared in sugar white, the whole dress is tied up neatly with a checker-board four-in-hand.

REUNION IN ENGLAND — Former British Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill, and former U.S. President Harry S. Truman, right, shake hands as they meet for the first time since they left their posts of national leadership. They had a reunion at Chartwell, Sir Winston's country estate.

Outboard Motors Run Most Anything

They do say that recently a fun-loving U.S. citizen clamped an outboard motor to the stern of an old bathtub (with the stopper in) and navigated this cast-iron contraption down part of the Mississippi. And a couple of years ago, an equally enthusiastic but more practical sailor named De Bleiquy, piloted an outboard-powered scow about 1,200 miles from Orillia, Ont. to Florida.

Dubbed a "bungabout" because it was half boat and half bungalow, the De Bleiquy craft was a husky 22-footer. Powered by a 25-horsepower Johnson, the Betty K putted at a comfortable seven or eight miles an hour down the Trent Canal, across stormy Lake Ontario, navigated the various locks of the Erie Canal, slipped down the Hudson river to New York and finally arrived in Florida by a route known as the Inland Waterway. Troubles? Once in a while the family dog or one of the crew would fall overboard, or the big houseboat - scow would nuzzle a mud bank, but otherwise it was just a pleasant cruise, thank you.

These two little incidents will help to make a couple of points — one, that the great joy of the outboard is that you can clamp it to the edge of a washtub and lo, you've got a boat and two, that today's outboard is a highly reliable box of tricks, and a fine piece of engineering. These are also the reasons for the great popularity of this little power package throughout the world, and especially in North America, the home of the outboard. This year it's estimated that about half a million outboards will be sold in the United States, about 40,000 in Canada. By the end of 1955 there were 4,173,000 outboards in the U.S., some 700,000 in Canada. Each year, recently, has seen 10 percent more outboards sold than the previous year.

The outboard is used all over the world. Much of the barge traffic through the canals of the Netherlands is outboard-powered, as are some Hong Kong fishing junks. Eskimos of the Bering Sea have taken to attaching outboards to their skin umiaks, for faster pursuit of the walrus and seal.

In Canada, the outboard has helped the airplane open up the north country. Many a pilot, coming down unexpectedly on a northern lake, has clamped his trusty Evinrude to a pontoon and motorboated his ailing plane to shore, or hailed a passing trapper cruising by in his outboard. Inside the Arctic circle, many a missionary goes his rounds with the aid of his outboard. On Hudson Bay, Eskimos chase white whales from big freighter canoes driven by outboards. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police, working sea patrol out of Halifax, carry outboard-driven skiffs on the big patrol boats — for chasing poachers.

One of the longest outboard safaris in Canada occurred in the summer of 1954, when four government men traveled from Waterways, Alta. to Tuktoyaktuk on the Arctic ocean — 2,500 miles in a heavily-laden 18-foot boat. They made only one portage, to get past the Rapids of the Drowned on Slave river. The party was seldom near a garage, but their outboard got them there.

During the devastating Winnipeg flood of 1950, only outboard-powered small craft were able to work in the shallow waters that covered city streets, doing most of the jobs usually done by cars—freighting in food and medicines, forming police patrols. The same handy little engines pumped out basements using small pumps coupled in place of propellers, a method also used by those who fight forest fires.

All this no doubt would prove astonishing to the inventor of the outboard, but nobody can say for sure who was he. In 1876 a French man named de Sanderal invented a sort of raft, to be held up in the water by four horizontal propellers, with a fifth vertical propeller to push. The poor fellow had nothing but steam engines to work with and they were pretty heavy, so the raft didn't float too high. In fact, it didn't float at all. It sank.

Then there was Gottlieb Daimler, of auto fame. William Steinway, the piano man, exhibited one of Daimler's outboards at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. Steinway is said to have built 100 Daimler motors, under license, and sold them during the 1890s.

Near the turn of the century various individuals and firms were working on the outboard problem. In 1896 the American Motor Co. was producing an outboard with most of the major components found in today's "kickers" — such as steering by a tiller that rotated the propeller — but the company was not commercially long-lived. In 1907, however, Cameron Beach Waterman, of Detroit, secured patents on a water-cooled "outboard" —it was Waterman who coined the name — and sold 3,000 in his first year.

But perhaps the man who made the biggest commercial contribution was the Norwegian-American, Ole Evinrude — helped by his remarkable wife, tiny Bess Cary Evinrude. A Milwaukee, Wis. maker of patterns for engine castings, Evinrude built his first outboard in 1909. When Bess said, "Make it better. That thing looks like a coffee grinder," Ole, a shy, gentle man, obediently went back to his shop and produced Model II. One Sunday he lent it to a friend. The friend brought the outboard back on Monday, with orders for 10 more like it, and the Evinrudes were in business.

With Ole in charge of production, and Bess writing the advertising ("Don't Row! Throw the Oars Away! Use an Evinrude Motor!") the Evinrude Detachable Rowboat Motor Co. prospered. Then, in 1914, Bess' health failed and Ole sold out to his partner. By this time there were a dozen other U.S. outboard makers, none of which has survived.

In 1921, Ole Evinrude — tired of retirement — came back into the field with his Elto. The following year, the aircraft - building Johnson brothers joined the outboard industry with the Johnson Light Twin. Meanwhile the original Evinrude company had been acquired by Briggs and Stratton, well-known makers of small motors for lawn and garden implements and lighting plants. Finally, in 1929, Evinrude, Ole's Elto and another firm named Lockwood formed the Outboard Motors Corp. In 1936, this company acquired Johnson. Today it is known as Outboard Marine and Manufacturing, and its Canadian affiliate, is Peterborough, Ont., makes all three motors — Johnsons, Eltos and Evinrudes. Eltos are made only in Canada.

There are, of course, many other brands of outboard. In fact, a North American shopper has his choice of no less than 32 different brand names — of which 29 are American-Canadian and three are British: Anzani, Atco-Villiers and Seagull. A couple of them, Silver-Irol and Troll-King are battery-operated electric motors, so silent the fish are fooled completely. Two of the motors, the up-to-eight horsepower Lauson and the mighty 75-horsepower Riley (about $1,200 U.S.) are four-cycle motors, similar to some auto engines. The others are two- cycle motors, like the gadget that drives a power lawn mower.

Each type has its advanages. The four- cycle is more economical, with fuel consumption as low as half that of the two-cycle. The latter is lighter, with fewer moving parts, and is simpler, although modern outboards are not perciesly simple.

Ah, but they were simple in the old days. Or were they? To start you merely laid hold of a knob on the flywheel on top of the cast-iron contraption, and spun it and spun it and — spun it. If you were lucky, you got it started before you sprained your wrist. Then your only problem was to keep it going at its normal nerve-shattering rpm. Ignition was by coil-and-battery, but the timing device was crude and there was only one cylinder. If that was missing, the motor was missing. The carburetor, at first, was a sort of valve. It had to be adjusted just right, or the cylinder would either flood out, or starve to death. Still, Bess Evinrude pointed out, it was better than rowing.

Improvement came gradually at first, then faster. In 1915 came the swivelling mount, so that the motor could tilt up when the underwater portion hit a rock or a swimmer. In 1921 came twin cylinders — more power — and the first use of light aluminum alloys. In 1922 came the "float-feed" carburetor — like the one on your car, or that magical device that controls the rushing waters in the family toilet. This made fuel flow self-regulating; no more hungry motors, cylinders panting for fuel.

Then, in 1924 (on this continent at least), came racing. As always happens, this improved the breed magnificently. The best speed that year was about 10 miles an hour. Next year, motor makers brought out more powerful units, and the speed hit a dizzy 16 miles an hour. In 1926, outboard - propelled skiffs broke the 20 miles-an-hour mark. By 1935 they were hitting over 60 miles an hour. In 1953, an outboard-propelled hydro-plane did better than 100 miles an hour for the first time.

Of course, this is not the world's water speed record. Donald Campbell, son of England's famed speed king, Sir Malcolm Campbell, rocketed his jet-propelled Bluebird II last November to a fantastic 216.2 mph while the inboard hydroplane record of 178.49 mph in 1952 is still held by Slo-Mo-Shun IV owned by Stanley S. Sayers of Seattle, Wash.

The record for outboards (100.353 mph, to be exact) was set by the Italian driver Massimo Leto de Priolo at Milan, Italy, but his motor was not quite the unit to power the family cabin cruiser. It was a custom Italian unit, a Lesco — four-cycle, four cylinders and supercharged, like some racing car engines. The Lesco developed an amazing 162-horsepower at 7,000 revolutions per minute. Its cylinder capacity was just over 60 cubic inches. A car engine developing the same power requires almost five times as much fuel-using combustion space.

Does this mean Italy has outstripped the United States in outboards? Not exactly — Italian naval officers slated for motor torpedo boat duty get their training on small hydroplanes powered by American-made Mercury motors. But European engineers have become most expert at coaxing high power out of small engines — due, no doubt, to the high cost of gasoline on that continent.

Getting back to the racing Twenties and Thirties, it was natural that outboard manufactures should try to outdo each other in the search for more power, greater reliability, more convenient controls —all essential in racing. At the same time, the marine hot-rodders made a few discoveries of their own. The "stock" underwater units —gear-box housing and propeller housing — were causing undue drag, they found. So with hacksaws, files and emery cloth the drivers improved streamlining.

They also invented remote controls. When you put a fairly heavy engine and a well-muscled driver at one end of a very light, flat-bottomed skiff, the bow goes up in the air and the stern squats. This causes loss of control and speed. So some unknown genius installed an automobile-type steering wheel forward in his boat, ran airplane-type cables through pulleys to swing the tiller to and fro. Somebody else came up with the spring-loaded safety throttle: if the driver is tossed out, the spring closes the throttle, and the man in the water is saved from being run down: at least by his own boat.

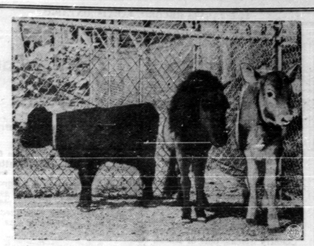
Thus today's outboard is almost as simple to operate as a car engine. Even starting can be done electrically. A separate, pressurized tank can hold enough gasoline for a full day's cruising. One firm even supplies an attachment by which the engine bails out the bilges. The modern motor has been quietened considerably. The exhaust is conventionally underwater. Quieter gears are used, and there are air-intake silencers, rubber seals between the engine underpan and the hinged hood. Oil companies have kept pace with the improved engines and provide special lubricants and greases done up in screw-topped or specially-sized packages.

One development that has brought joy to those in the outboard industry has been the invention of the outboard cruiser. This is a small craft, up to about 22 feet long, with a forward cabin and most of the comforts of home—bunks, toilet, galley. Prices start at $400 for a "kit" and the most popular class will cost you around $1,200 although you can shell out $6,000 for something special. The advantage of the outboard cruiser against the inboard engine jobs, is chiefly that the outboarder is all boat, no space wasted on engine compartment. Also, the outboard cruiser is usually built light enough to be hauled from the family garage to the lake by trailer behind the family car. As you might expect, families are taking to the water like ducks — it's peaceful, and everybody wants to be a sailor, anyway.

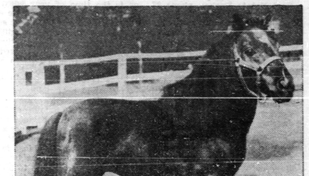
And what of tomorrow? More outboards? Yes. More power? Yes—chiefly because the outboard cruiser is getting bigger; people are finding that 20 feet isn't very big for a boat, and wouldn't it be nice if we had some place to stuff Mother? As the cruisers get bigger, they need more power. This year's biggest Evinrude is a 30-horsepower unit, up five from last year. More outboard marinas? Yes. A marina is a sort of motel-by-the-sea (or lake) where you can park your boat or your trailer, get accessories and repairs, gas up, shop, or go ashore and sleep in a bed that doesn't sway. Even the Outboard Boating Club of America doesn't know how many there are, but there undoubtedly are thousands.

And the future? Well, when the first rocket ship lands on our nearest neighbor in space, a couple of the crew will be seen unloading a folding boat. To the stern they'll attach a small motor, then go hotily putt-putting along the Canals of Mars.

By John Largo In Imperial Review



EQUINE MINIATURES — "Maggie," 1½-year-old miniature mare, above, is bracketed by a three-week-old Dexter calf, left, and a five-week old Guernsey calf for comparison of size. "Babolink," below, is a nine-year-old miniature stallion, only 28 inches tall. Both animals are owned by Mr. and Mrs. N. Clarkson Earl, who stock their 50-acre estate-farm with several types of small-size animals. The stallion is an import from England, where a Lady Hope has developed a strain of tiny horses. If the Earl's Lilliputian horses breed true, the fool will be the first of the tiny strain to be born in the United States.

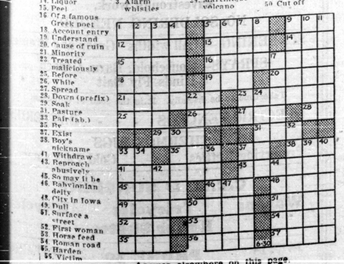


FIXED FOCUS — He sure did. What the editor said was chimply awful when he learned that the news photographer's "Toran" examine the paper's camera. Bellows on the camera is in poor shape, but the bellows in the office were in top condition.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Flower
7. Departed
8. Automobile
12. Dry
13. Operatic song
14. Liquor
15. Peel
16. Of a famous Greek poet
18. Account entry
19. Understand
20. Cause of ruin
21. Minority
22. Treated maliciously
25. Before
26. White
27. Spread
28. Down (prefix)
29. Soak
31. Pasture
33. Pale-fish
35. He
37. Elvis
38. Boy's nickname
41. Withdraw
43. Reproach shusively
45. So may it be
46. Babylonian deity
48. City in Iowa
49. Dull
51. Surface a street
52. First woman
53. Horse feed
54. Roman road
55. Harden
56. Victim
57. Depression

DOWN
1. Pilings
2. Eloquent speaker
3. Alarm whistles
5. Falls into disuse
6. County in Ohio
7. Most excellent
8. Urchin
9. Unit of weight
10. Bound into line
11. Move back
12. Dwell
23. Gases
24. Martinique volcano
25. Think
32. Enliven
33. Talks glibly
34. Take away
36. Listen to again
37. Golf club
39. Football team
40. Abandon
42. Article of belief
44. Insipid
47. Italian town
50. Cut off



Answer elsewhere on this page.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

Gwendoline D. Clarke

The spring crop that we thought would never get seeded is now coming up in the fields — and who knows, it may be just as good a crop as usual. You don't know, I don't know, nobody knows. But one thing is certain, it was sown with faith in the old promise that seed-time and harvest shall never fail. There may be regional failures of course - as there often are - but ever since the flood has there been a time when crop failures have scourred the world over. Nature has a way of establishing a balance - drenching rains in some parts of the world, drought in others; good crops here, poor crops there. We can't see the overall pattern and so we can't be expected to realize that our allotment, good or bad, may be necessary to fit into the pattern as a whole.

But now as I look around at the promising spring crop, I foresee another problem. I am wondering how on earth it will ever get into the barns. Farm help is so scarce and the farmer needs some assistance even if high - powered - and high - priced machinery is used for haying and harvest. Because of the acute shortage of help I'm thinking there are going to be a lot of very tired farmers and farmess' wives before the crop is in the barns. It is to be hoped that high school boys and girls will be of some assistance at home and not leave all the work to Mom and Dad while they take a vacation job for the sole purpose of getting spending money for themselves. Remember, although we have the promise that seed - time and harvest shall never fail we have never been given the assurance that labour will be provided to deal with them. That is a problem we have to work out for ourselves - and right now it is the toughtest problem the average farmer has to face. We are offered help and advice in so many ways—but seldom where it is most needed.

For instance, the report got around that we had sold our farm which we haven't; not yet anyway. So, on the basis of that report an investment company sent two of its agents out to advise us as to how and where we should invest our money. But the joke was on them . . . they called at the wrong farm and talked to the wrong farmers. This the other farmer did not realize until the fellows were leaving and each of them said - "Well, goodbye Mr. Clarke, we shall likely be seeing you again!"

And still more advice: We got a card in the mail the other day which informed us that the writer had a party looking for a car the same year and model as the one we are driving. If we were prepared to make a deal he could give us a "terrific trade-in" on a new car. Here again there was a serious error. The writer of the card gave us the wrong telephone number; All three were pretty smart fellows, weren't they?

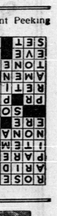
And still more problems: How are we going to combat the one cent increase in the price of bread and the twenty - five cent raise in haircuts? Looks as if mother will have to get out the old pudding bowl and turn barber again. However, a haircut is necessary only once every few weeks but we are dependent on bread every day of the week. Eggs also have gone up in price - which helps to balance the budget for the farmer but will hardly be welcomed by the wage-earner's household. But, if the farmer should be lucky enough to get efficient hired help it will still take an awful lot of eggs to pay the hired hand's wages.

Well, let's leave farm problems for instance. I was in Toronto last week to get my eyes tested. I always think it wise to consult an eye specialist rather than an optometrist. During the course of conversation I asked my doctor if he thought watching television was harmful to the eyes. "Not a bit," was the answer, "not a bit - you can't hurt your eyes by using them." So there you have the opinion of an expert. But remember, he was referring only to the eyes - not to the mental attitude of viewers or to the fact that too much television may mean too little physical exercise out of doors.

I stayed overnight with daughter and found our new grandson growing like a weed - and a nice chubby weed at that. Next day while waiting for my glasses I went to a matinee performance of "Oklahoma" - the first show I have been to since the Coronation. It is a two and a half hour show and I enjoyed every minute of it. It has been changed a little from the stage show but of course the music is the same and the scenery is out of this world. When the show starts touring the province, and if it should come anywhere near your locality, whatever you do don't miss it. If you like music, colour, romance and first rate acting, you get it all in "Oklahoma."

Well, I had better find out what David is doing. He is out with Grandpa at the moment, enjoying his last week on the farm. He is quite happy with me until Grandpa goes out and then away he goes to fix fences, doing such important jobs as carrying the pliers or a box of staples. When he gets back to the city I am afraid he will miss his hundred - acre playground.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking



GET A HORSE — Riders in Central Park give the horse laugh to the driver of a three-wheeled utility car. Named the "Star," the tiny vehicle has a streamlined body of molded fiberglas and a one-cylinder German J.L.O. engine. The car has a maximum speed of 70 miles per hour, and is said to get 80 miles to the gallon. Less than three feet high, the Star is 10 feet, five inches long, 50 inches wide, and weighs only 400 pounds.