SPICY APPLE PUDDING

a cup uncooked rice cup of sugar 2 teaspoons cinnamon 3 cups firmly packed, coarsely chopped, peeled, cooking

2 tablespoons lemon juice 32 marshmallows (½ pound) Put water, salt, and rice in 2-

quart saucepan and bring to rous boil. Turn heat as low as possible. Cover saucepan; e over low heat 15 minutes. Add sugar and cinnamon. Pour the lemon juice over apples and mix into rice mixture Pour into a 11/2-quart baking dish. Place arshmallows over pudding, oletely covering top. Bake at 350° F. for 30 minutes, or until narshmallows are browned.

NUT BROWN PUDDING cup butter 1 eup sugar

teaspoon salt 2 teaspoon each. nutmeg and I teaspoon cinnamon

1 egg
1% cups milk
2 cups dry bread crumbs
% cup each, seedless raisins and chopped nuts

1 teaspoon soda

2 tablespoons warm water

Cream butter with sugar salt, and spices Add egg. Beat until mooth. Pour milk over bread rumbs, raisins, and nuts. Com sine with creamed mixture Dissoda in warm water and add to pudding. Pour into deep 11/2-quart casserole which has greased with butter, bake F. for 1-11/4 hours, or until



IMPORTED YOG! - Yankee ver sion of the Orient's men of mysticism - the yogi - strolls down the Ginza in Tokyo, Japan. Yogi Berra, wizard catcher of the New York Yankees, is playing with the Bombers on their exhibition tour of Japan.

LEMON NUTMEG SAUCE

teaspoon nutmeg
cup boiling water
tablespoons butter 11/2 tablespoons lemon juice Combine dry ingredients; add wated and cook until clear and slightly thickened. Add butter and stir until melted. Add lemon Serve hot on pudding.

QUICK FUDGE DESERT ½ cups sifted flour 2 teaspoons baking powder 2 teaspoon salt

1 egg, beaten cup milk 3 tblsp. melted shortening Fudge filling.

Sift together dry ingredients. ine eggs, milk, and shortening. Add to flour mixture, stirring until smooth. Spread 3/3 of batter in bottom of greased 8-inch square baking pan. Pour fudge filling over batter. Drop remaining batter by spoonfuls over fudge filling. Bake at 400°

FUDGE FILLING 1 egg. beaten cup sugar 1 -ounce square unsweetened chocolate, melted

4 cup chopped nuts Combine egg, sugar and melt-

ed chocolate, mixing well. Add nuts and butter. Beat well. PEACH ROLL-UPS 2 cup butter 2 cup orange juice

cup sugar teaspoons grated orange cups sifted flour i teaspoon salt

1/3 cup shortening 3/4 cup milk 1 can (No. 2½) ciing peach 1/3 cup brown sugar (packed) 1 teaspoon cinnamon

Simmer first 4 ingredients together for about 5 minutes to make a sirup. Pour half this sirup in bottom of a 9-inch square pan (or shallow oblong

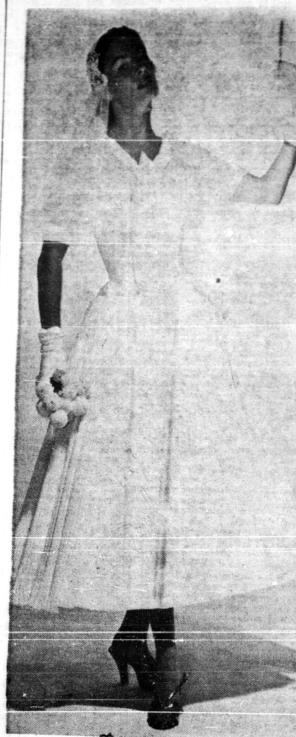
Sift flour, baking powder, and salt into bowl. Cut in shortening and add milk, mixing to a moderately stiff dough. Drain peaches thoroughly. Roll dough to an oblong about 10x14 inches (dough should be about 4-inch thick). Brush with melted butter; sprinkle with brown sugar rinnamon. Arrange drained peach slices over surface and roll carefully, starting from the short side, as for jelly role. With a sharp knife cut into 9-10 slices 1 inch thick. Arrange peach roll-ups over sirup in ich each other. Bake at 425° F. for 15 minutes. remaining warm sirup evenly over roll-ups and con-tinue baking 10 minutes longer, r until a rich brown. Serve warm. Top with whipped cream or ice cream if you wish.

Fur Coats for Ladies: \$1 Off Canadian fur goods manufac-turers shipped 220,717 ladies' fur coats in 1953, some 1,260 fewer than in 1952. The average value was \$228 or \$1 less than in the preceding year.



HORSE OPERA - Only in Vienna, heartland of make-believecome-true, could a horse show be held in such sumptuous surroundings. Members of the Hapsburg-founded Spanish Riding School parade heir mounts in chandeliered hall of the Hofburg, onetime Imperial Castle of the Hapsburgs. Known the world around in equestrian circles, the renowned riding organization only recently returned to Vienna from its exile during the occu-

Fashion Hints ...



CHAPEL-LENGTH WEDDING GOWN is of white terylene sheer. The straight front panel is beautifully appliqued and the sides and back of the skirt are permanently pleated and intricately

MY DAREDEVIL PLUNGE

Six people have shot the Falls | down the upper rapids. I was at Niagara and three have come through alive. One of these died later of alcoholic poisoning and another was killed when he slipped on a banana-skin during a music-hall tour of Australia. Of those who made the trip, Jean Lussier, a French Canadian, is the only living survivor (and possibly the only one who was what happened). This is how he described his experiences to

Gibson Cowan: I found some difficulty in getting into the rubber ball. Finally I worked my legs into the holes made for them and slid down inside into a sitting position. I inflated my rubber suit until it filled the remainder of the space, leaving only my head and hands

It wasn't as hot as I expected, but the July sun shone in on top of my head and sweat began to run down my neck. There didn't seem any point in delaying things. It was five minutes past three exactly. "O.K.," I said. I switched on the electric light. If they answered, I didn't hear hem, but the manhole closed

and the turnbuckle twisted. I waited for a long time, and began to think that something had gone I could just feel the lift of the waves and an occasional nudge which I took to be bumping against the side of the boat until one heavier than the rest told me that they were rocks and I

had probably been adrift quite I closed my eyes, relaxed, and let my head loll. It gave me the same sense of security that you have when you pull the sheets over your head in bed. I knew that all I could do had been done when I had finished the design

The weight at the bottom kept me upright, and when the movement started it was no worse than that of a small boat in a fairly choppy sea. After the first few jolts I knew that I should come to no harm on the rounded rocks even if I caught one full on, but everything seemed very

I was wearing five wrist watches of different makes, for advertising purposes, but I didn't even think of looking them. We had estimated that I should be twenty-eight minutes coming the plugs were in place.

five miles from the falls when I

an. I kept thinking of Annie Taylor and Bobby Leach. I'd first person to go over - in an She was a middle-aged schoolmistress with a taste for liquor, and had done it out of sheer bravado after being thrown out of a saloon. They stuffed her in head first and just hammered down the lid. She came out all

I was a stuntman and was in it for publicity and the money. Bobby Leach, from Bristol, in England, had gone over in a steel cylinder in 1911. Strapped in he would have been all right, but as it was he broke both arms and legs, and was in hospital for twenty-two months. Then the ball gave a little bob, like going down a lift for two or three feet, and then became ab-

solutely still. I guessed it was the little trough just before the sill that could be seen distinctly from the shore. The day previously we had sent the empty ball over for the n.ovies which were already developed and in New York. I had noticed the bobbing movement and the stretch of smooth water, and I knew that I must be near the edge. I looked at the time.

It was thirty-three minutes after There was no feeling of falling. What sensation there was was one of soaring If it was like anything, it was like a ski jump, only cut off abruptly in the If the laws of physics are cor-

rect, it took under four seconds to fall the 148 feet. I think I beas long as four seconds. There was always the faint chance that I should drop through the falls and I waited, with my head slightly ducked, wondering whether I should hit

I didn't even feel anything when I hi, the water - not until I realized the ball was definitely at rest, rocking gently from side to side. The noise seemed duller and yet bigger and heavier. pressed my ears to make sure

gan to press on me heavily, so that I had to hold my breath to

simplest, yet on the walls certain pictures which st that she was not a co I became aware that at some time the lights had gone out.
At the trial the ball had bobthe falls are mysterious. Water coming down from all sides of hold a log right under the fall for an hour. The pressure wasn't too bad, but it was eerie.

escaped from the batteries and was crawling over my body. No I sat in the darkness gently rocking from side to side. Then the ball began to spin slowly up-

cautiously opened an air valve A little water came in, but I decided that it was only spray and that I was back on the

Now that I was over the worst, I could allow myself to think of Charlie Stephen. He was also from Bristol. He was the third man who had tried it, but he had asked for trouble from the start. He hadn't even soaked his barrel, and it leaked like a sieve. We all told him he was commit-

Two of the watches had luminous dials, but I couldn't make out either of them. Finally I concluded that somehow or other e boats had missed me and I had drifted into the whirlpool a couple of miles lower down. told myself that even that wouldn't be too bad, for I had examined it carefully and deided that it had very little suck. A kid of eighteen swam through it a little while ago. What puzzled me was that the

roar of the falls kept rising and falling with an almost regular beat. I pulled both plugs out of my ears and became completely confused by the noise. I didn't know then that I was drifting backwards and forwards n the surge between Canada

I pushed the light switch again, out it still would not work, and for quit a time I fumbled about in the hope of putting my hand on a loose wire. I tried to relax. Unexpectedly the noise died away, and almost immediately I heard a scraping on the outside. It was as if someone were tying a rope on to the ball. I unfastened the manhole from the inside, but kept my hand on the bolts. For a few minutes I was jerked about all over the place, and then the sunlight streamed in, dazzling after the darkness which had gone before.

Before anyone asked me shouted that I was O.K. I looked at my wrist. All five watches had stopped. Everybody was shouting "O.K. O.K." to the out. The boats were just where they said they would be. I asked

he time, they couldn't tell me.

When we landed it was five. Straw Hat Making By Hand in Sweden

Nobody had a watch.

A path that was slippery with pine needles led to the glade in which the little old woman's little red cottage stood. It was like the beginning of a bedtime fairy tale. Round the cottage grew glaring red peonies, deep blue aquilegias and that graceful flower we call "lieutenant's heart"; the grass was still fresh with dew. . . . It was, in fact, just such a picture as you would expect to find on any wooded slope in Central Sweden. The little old woman who lived there was called Maja-Lena; her surname did not matter, for as Maja-Lena she was known throughout the parish and a good bit beyond as well.



Naples, Italy.



DOWN IN THE MOUTH - This is the gaping mouth of Monstro the Whale, who swallowed Pinocchio and appears to be about to do the same to George Sprunk. Monsiro is one of dozens of floats being a scale of the same to George Sprunk. floats being prepared for the big parade sponsored by a local department store. Sprunk is painting the inside of the wnale's mouth.

it was all the eye could o at regular in efore you knew what wa When the plait was lon

with frenzied cor for a while, and there w straw hat complete and real

her; but when others try th hand at it, they realize t mark is an art. The custom of wearing stran hats is not an old one. It sees to have started here in Dalsla

sometime at the beginning last century . . . And so the began making them all over the district; they were sold t Norway and elsewhere, even o take sacks of them by wag

during harvest. They are plaited with different numbers straws: four, five, six or sever give different widths to the plait, and are sewn up ei by hand or with a sewing me chine. There are still plen who plait straw in Artema hough few of Maja-Lena's ca ibre. — From "Something of My Country," by PRINCE WIL-LIAM of SWEDEN, translate

EXPLANATION

The president of the Wallager Falls bridge club enjoys showmembers. One day urged, "Go on and tell me, what it means steam comes out of the of the kettle." "I means, Jerome, "that you are ab

said to drink coffee to wash down his favorite dish, spo-ghetti. He's the mascot of the welding shop at NATO's south ern European headquarters



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service next Sun-Clifford Waite of e guest speaker. Thursday afternoon in honor of he son Robert's birthday.

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