

### Terror Climb Turned Man Old

Flayed by the bitter, early morning rain, two men lay huddled on the upper slopes of 26,020-foot Nanga Parbat, the Himalayan "mountain of terror," which had already claimed the lives of thirty-one would-be conquerors.

Herman Buhl, an Austrian mountaineer, nudged his reluctant fellow-climber, Otto Kempfer.

"Otto!" Buhl pleaded, "haven't you got any will-power? To-day is all day—and even everything's set—and we're going for the summit!"

A mumble from the sleeping man. So Buhl shouldered his pack and gear and set off alone, thinking Otto would catch up with him later. It was another four miles of straggling over unknown snow and ice ridges to the top, and with no oxygen to help.

Up, up he trudged until he came to a huge snow wall the size of a block of buildings, a colossal cornice structure. Here, in 1937, an expedition had died in a shattering tragedy when an ice avalanche buried Carl Wien and his comrades. A sense of desolation swept over Buhl. But he must not think of death or horror, up here alone.

As the sun grew unobtrusively behind him, he lay on his back like a ton load. He found it terribly difficult to make progress, breathed five times to each step he took, sat down and tried to rest, but couldn't swallow, so forced his way on and up over the rim of the summit plateau.

Buhl, thoroughly exhausted, now lay in the snow face down on his rucksack, panting. This looked like the end. Far off he could see a dot—Otto. How gladly he would have had him with him now! But he did not know. Otto seemed to have given up. Buhl couldn't wait. He must go on alone.

His description of the rest of the climb in his dramatic book, "Nanga Parbat at Pilgrimage," translated by Hugh Merrick, is one of the finest pieces of endurance ever penned. At 25,638 feet, in the gap between the subsidiary and main summits, he collapsed on the snow, again exhausted. Hunger racked him, thirst tortured him. He swallowed two energizing tablets to boost his failing powers.

On his feet again, he clambered along an enormous chain of cornices, then had to face a sharp rock-ridge of saw-toothed crags, dominated by towers of snow and ice-covered rock. And 17,000 below him was the awesome Rupal Nullah, a deep ravine. But it hardly affected him, so aesthetic had he become. Whenever he looked at the summit ahead it looked no nearer.

er, so he decided to fix his eyes on some point only a few yards off the next ledge, and then to cross some gullies and, at last, to spike on the ridge, and to go farther ahead until he got there. That way he kept going.

Nearing the top at last, he crossed some gullies and snow patches of snow, stumbling over boulders to the foot of the summit structure.

The highest thing he could see was a projecting rock. How far now? Had he the strength? He could no longer stand upright, he was a wreck. Slowly he crawled forward on all fours, nearer the rocky spur, and to his joy and relief saw nothing but a little crest, a short snow slope.

He was on the summit. Everything fell away on all sides. He was the first human being to get there. It was 7 p. m. He had taken him seventeen hours since leaving Otto.

"But I felt no wave of overwhelming joy, no wish to shout aloud, no sense of triumph or exaltation. . . . I was absolutely all in. Utterly worn out, I fell on the snow and stuck my ice-axe upright on the hard-beaten snow. . . . took the Tyrolean pennant out of my anorak and tied it to the shaft."

He took photographs for documentary evidence. The sky was cloudless, but immediately the sun went down behind a mountain range the cold became penetrating.

After about half an hour he took a last look back, turned, and began the descent. But his terrific ordeal was by no means over. On the way down he was startled to feel something loose and wobbly on his left foot, and saw the strap-fastening of his crampon—spiked climbing aid—disappear below him. Then the crampon came off the boot. He grabbed exultantly. . . . I was absolutely all in. Utterly worn out, I fell on the snow and stuck my ice-axe upright on the hard-beaten snow. . . . took the Tyrolean pennant out of my anorak and tied it to the shaft."

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As darkness came down he searched frantically for a perch, found a stance with just room for both feet though too small to permit sitting, and realized that he would have to spend the night in that perilous position standing up. He put on everything he had, his woolly wall over his ears, his balalaiva well down over his head, and two pairs of gloves. He had the stinking rock face as a backdrop. "I was amazingly relaxed," he says. "I almost faced that night at 26,000 feet with complete equanimity."

Buhl swallowed another drug to stimulate circulation and protect him against frostbite. His left hand clutched the precious ski-stick, his right a solitary hold. Utter weariness overcame him, his head kept falling forward, his eyelids felt like lead, he could hardly stay upright. He dozed off, woke with a start. . . .

The intense cold grew more unbearable. He felt it on his face, hands, feet, body. His feet went dead. The night dragged on; it was like eternity. At last. . . dawn. . . .

"During these hours of extreme tension I had an extraordinary feeling that I was not alone. I had a partner with me, looking after me. . ." he says. Moving into a gully he removed his gloves, couldn't find them. "Have you seen my gloves?" he asked his ghostly companion, and heard quite clearly the answer: "You've lost them." When, after forty-one hours' lone ordeal, he at last regained his team he was a drawn, haggard old man—at twenty-nine—as a photograph of him taken by a colleague shows only too clearly. Climbs in his native Tyrol, the Dolomites and Alps complete the magnificent story of an intrepid mountaineer who was so weak at a child that he had to be kept from school a year beyond the normal time!

A gastric ulcer is something you get if you go mountain-climbing over mole hills. . . .

THE EASY WAY—Placing a steepjack and equipment on top of a smokestack more than 300 feet high is easy if you use a helicopter. With the aid of extensions of skid landing gear, a Bell helicopter deftly lands on top of the chimney by straddling it and putting steepjack and equipment on the job. When repairs were completed, the helicopter returned to bring the worker back to earth.

### HOOT, MON! IT'S ELVIS—Not The Elvis, though both strum guitars. Pvt. I. Edwood has been dubbed 'Elvis' by his comrades. He is a member of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders. The musical soldier is shown at Southampton, England, boarding a troopship bound for the Mediterranean.



### TABLE TALKS

By Anne Andrews.

In the minds of most men cheese is associated closely with apple pie. If you'd like to go a step further than serving the cheese in wedges, try this recipe for cheese mixed right into the crust.

**APPLE PIE WITH CHEESE CRUST**

- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 5 tablespoons cold water
- 1 1/2-ounce jar pasteurized, processed cheese spread
- 1 cup cooking oil
- 3 1/2 cups cooked or canned sliced apples
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 tablespoons butter

Sift together the flour and salt. Add water gradually to the cheese spread, blending mix smooth after each addition. Add oil and beat until well blended. Add to flour mixture. Toss and mix with fork. Form dough into ball; divide in half. Before rolling, shape each half into a flat round, making top and edges smooth. Roll out one round between two 12-inch squares of waxed paper. If bottom paper wrinkles, turn and roll on other side. Sprinkle top sheet and invert pastry over a 9-inch pan; peel off paper; fit pastry into pan.

Combine apples, sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Fill the pastry pie pan. Dot filling with butter. Roll second piece of pastry; cut gashes for escape of steam; and place over apples. Seal edges. Bake at 400° F. for 40 minutes, or until done.

Lemon pie is also a great favorite and here is a recipe that your entire family will praise.

**MAGIC LEMON PIE**

- 1 1/4-cup shell or crumb crust
- 1 can (1 1/2 cups) sweetened condensed milk
- 2 egg yolks, well beaten
- 1/2 cup fresh lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 tablespoon grated lemon peel

Beat egg whites and lemon juice together until soft peaks form. Add sugar gradually, beating until meringue holds in firm glossy peaks. Stir the filling with spoon and pour into baked pastry shell. Spread meringue over pie. Bake at 400° F. 15-20 minutes until golden brown. Cool away from drafts.

**RAISIN MERINGUE PIE**

- 1 cup light or dark raisins
- 3 egg yolks
- 1/2 cup fresh lemon juice
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon

Beat egg whites and lemon juice together until soft peaks form. Add sugar gradually, beating until meringue holds in firm glossy peaks. Stir the filling with spoon and pour into baked pastry shell. Spread meringue over pie. Bake at 400° F. 15-20 minutes until golden brown. Cool away from drafts.

### How'd You Like A Paper Dress?

Disposable paper garments for the use of research workers in atomic laboratories were developed some time ago by the Kimberly-Clark Corporation but these are just the first step into a new field. The next will be papers, dresses, slippers, bathing suits, rain capes, and who knows what else for everybody to wear. Many plant workers in mills are already wearing paper work clothes and some of the girls in the offices enjoy wearing paper dresses and skirts. They are either printed or padded in interesting designs and have a crispness which does not wilt with wearing.

The paper material is non-woven, formed by laminating several piles of high wet-strength cellulose wadding to each side of a web of cross-laid threads of rayon, nylon, or glass, held together by an adhesive. In making this wadding, some of the important special features are built into the paper, such as strength, softness, lustering, and also desirable draping qualities.

The word "wadding" doesn't strike a high-fashion note, but whereas Kimberly-Clark is now devoting itself chiefly to providing this paper "fabric" for special laboratory uses, it has an eye on far more glamorous possibilities.

But the only "paper" characteristic of this product is that it cuts like paper. But it sews like cloth. However, it needs to be sewed, but can be glued together or fastened by a heat-sealing process. Just imagine cutting out of a new dress like one for a paper doll, pressing the seams together with a hot iron, and sewing with a few pieces of thread.

The garments produced in the research laboratories are not only water-resistant but also burn-resistant, and some can be washed and reused a time or two. The cost of such a new gown would probably be about \$4. And think what a variety of colors one could have.

The idea struts the imagination. Want a new dress? Chuck the old one in the wastebasket and get out the scissors and the iron. There'll be nothing to it—**not even wash and expense.**

**PUMPKIN PIE**

- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 teaspoon mixed spices (nutmeg, mace, cloves, ginger)
- 1/4 cup dry milk (whole or non-fat)
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 1/2 cups mashed cooked or canned pumpkin
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 cup water or fluid milk
- 2 tablespoons melted fat
- 1 unbaked 9-inch pie shell

Combine all dry ingredients; add pumpkin gradually to the dry mixture, stirring until smooth. Add eggs, liquids, and fat. Pour into pie shell and bake at 425° F. until set, about 35 minutes. Serve hot or cold, as you wish.

### Penguin Proves Expensive Pet

When schoolboy Errol Berry found an injured penguin lying weak and gasping on a quay of Cape Town docks, he took him home and nursed the deep red wounds in the bird's white waistcoat.

Three days later Errol had to raid his moneybox to pay for fish for his Antarctic sea-guest. The bird began gobbling up 6 lb. per day, scoring salt cod and insisting on fresh fish. And when Errol's parents refused to pay for further rations, the boy sadly took the penguin and set him free.

The bird swam around, fishing voraciously. But when he had finished his meal he swam back to the schoolboy! To-day, Errol is gaining wide-spread publicity as the schoolboy who nursed his pet penguin. Snappy, as he calls his pet, travels with him on buses sleeps stretched flat out in a slice in the garden, and is very intelligent.

A penguin eats almost his own weight in fish a day, and, you could not find sufficient food offshore. For Snappy's own good, Errol decided to release him and relinquish his far-out pet. For two months he fed the bird at home. The boy saw nothing, but the bird, then he heard of a penguin which had landed on the beach, pecked at him and nibbled at him as if he were a friend. When he heard of a penguin which had landed on the beach, pecked at him and nibbled at him as if he were a friend. When he heard of a penguin which had landed on the beach, pecked at him and nibbled at him as if he were a friend.

### Mermaids Fought Octopus Invasion

Mermaids on the island of Tokoro, their pearl-harvesting boats, were surprised by an octopus invasion of the sea for miles around. The mermaids, who are supposed to be the wives of the sailors who have perished at sea, were surprised by an octopus invasion of the sea for miles around. The mermaids, who are supposed to be the wives of the sailors who have perished at sea, were surprised by an octopus invasion of the sea for miles around.

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### Buried Alive Then Vanished

Inhabitants of Sulmona, Italy, are giving one part of their town a wide berth because a man who was buried alive there, three months ago, at his own request, has vanished from the grave.

Raoul Hinay, a fifty-year-old Hungarian who learned to dig in India, visited Sulmona with a concert party and agreed to demonstrate his unusual powers by being buried alive before witnesses. After Hinay's hands were firmly tied, he was placed in the coffin, and a brick was used to seal the lid. He was buried in the ground for eight hours.

Among the witnesses were a doctor, a magistrate and the local police chief to see that there was no fraud. Eight hours later, gravediggers brought up the coffin, examined the seals and declared them to be intact. The coffin lid was removed. The ropes with which Raoul had been tied were in the coffin but he was gone.

There was an immediate search for the missing man; the grave was examined by police officers but there was no tunnel which its owner had dug. The man was not seen again. He was not seen again. He was not seen again.

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### MILKMAID IN MANHATTAN—Manhattan, Kan., that is, Connie Morgan, freshman at Kansas State College, has been chosen queen of the college's Agricultural Barrowmaner festivities. Her cow milking ability.

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### How Can I?

How can I make an ink for writing on glass, ivory, or other smooth surfaces?

How can I make paint adhere to tinware?

How can I avoid shelling peas?

How can I wash the pods and place them in the boiling water to cook. The pods will open and the peas settle to the bottom of the vessel. Merely skim off the pods.

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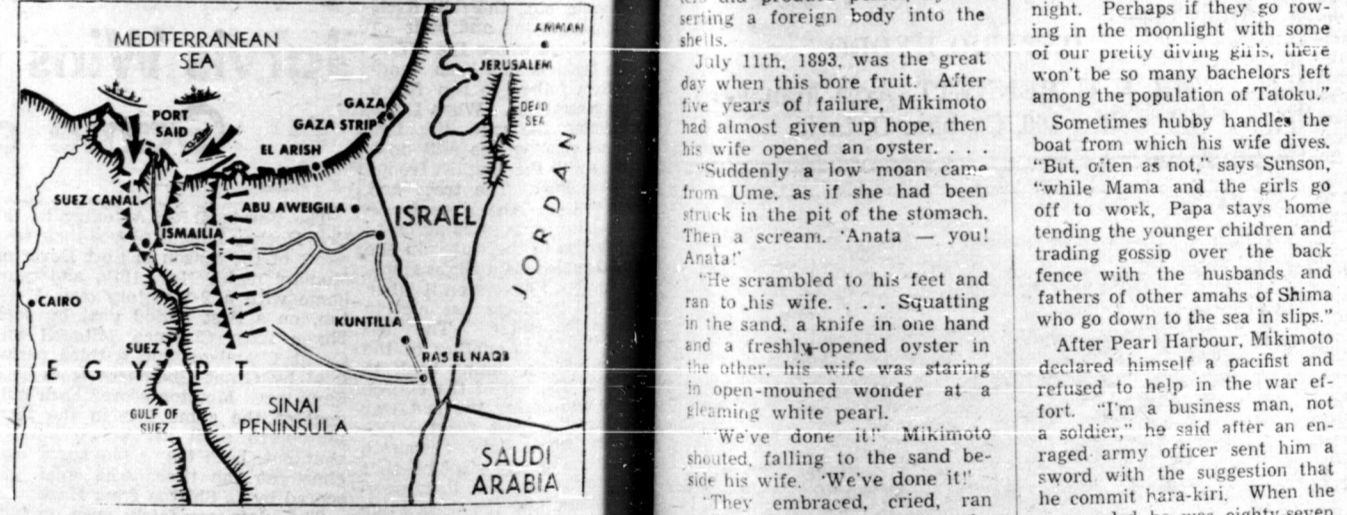
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CEASE-FIRE IN MIDDLE EAST—Map spots approximate positions of British, French and Israeli forces in the Middle East after the cease-fire deadline was reached.

### CROSSWORD PUZZLE

**ACROSS**

1. The only fish that is found in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. (7)

**DOWN**

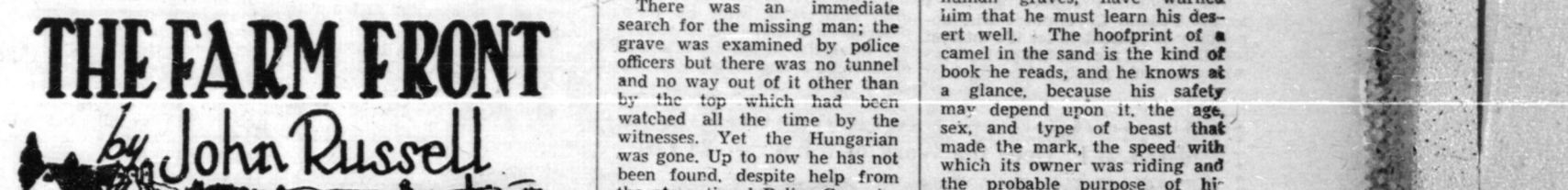
1. A city in the Middle East. (6)

**ANSWERS:**

ACROSS: 1. Sea bream (7)

DOWN: 1. Jerusalem (6)

### ARABS FEAR ATTACK—Iraq and Jordan fear being brought into the Middle East fighting by an attack from Israel, illustrated on these pages. Arab nations, especially Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Syria, may help if hostilities break out. Saudi Arabia has broken diplomatic relations with France and Britain and has dispatched troops to Jordan.



### THE FARM FRONT

An engine which breathes dirt will wear out much faster than normal. Should dirt act as an abrasive causing moving parts to wear rapidly. There are case histories of engines which have worn out after a week of work as a result of dirt getting into the air used by the tractor.

There are three ways for the dirt to get into the engine—by the fuel, the lubricating oil, and with the air. Ordinary care will keep dirt out of the fuel and oil, but to keep the dirt that the engine breathes out free, requires more attention.

Engines may be equipped with an oil wetter or an oil bath-type cleaner. Either of these cleaners is designed to take 99 per cent of the particles of dirt which the air when operated at highest efficiency. Efficiency can drop as low as 50 per cent with poor maintenance. The interval of this of little value unless it is properly cared for.

Service of the air cleaner frequently is essential. The interval can be determined by the dust conditions under which the engine operates. If conditions are extremely dusty, the interval should not be greater than 10 hours. Never, under any circumstances, allow the cleaner to be uncleaned. Supplying the engine with clean air pays off in reduced maintenance costs.

Iceland is the oldest continuously settled land in the Western Hemisphere, but the young country, Irish monks were there as early as 730 A.D. and remained until the Norsemen came about 870 A.D.

Trees do not grow in Iceland nor are there any mineral products. The wealth of the country depends on fishing and agriculture. The former industry provides the exports, the latter produces enough meat and livestock products to feed the population of 100,000 people. Water power is abundant, and light industry is making progress.

According to A. B. Campbell, Canadian Department of Agriculture, grass is the most important crop. In fact it can be considered the only food crop, because cereals seldom mature. The principal grasses are creeping red fescue, deschampsia, northern blue grass, and species of brome grass. Sodas are common, as are beans and mosses.

If the entire country was available it would have tremendous agricultural resources. However, less than 15 per cent of the 40,000 square miles area can be developed, while only about 15 per cent produces vegetation of any kind. The balance is a cold desert, covered with immense glaciers, stark barren mountains, and black shifting sands and an extinct volcano. Of the approximately 6,000 square miles of arable land, less than 400 square miles or 250,000 acres are currently improved to produce cultivated grasses.

Fertilization is essential in Iceland to produce high yields. At a party one night a woman was admonishing her husband. "Henry, that's the fourth time you've gone back for more food. Doesn't it embarrass you?" "No," replied the husband. "I tell him I'm getting it for you."

HE'S A STRING-SAVER—In less than two years, Frank Stoeber has collected the huge ball of binding twine seen above. It is 400 feet in diameter and weighs 4,035 pounds. He uses his tractor to wind the ball. Friends and neighbors save twine for him and he thinks nothing of driving 25 miles to get a trunkful of broken twine. Pictured with him are his two grandsons, Richard and Annie Collins.

Drive With Care