Gambled On **Hymn Numbers**

The San Remo Casino Italy's answer to Monte Carlo. Opened in January, 1905, it makes and handles more money than all the other gaming houses in Italy put together, and draws all over the world.

Since English residents had a great part in founding and supporting the casino, it is perhap propriate that one of its most inusual gamblers today is an Englishman, known to the crou-piers as "Mr. Beetle."

Whenever he plays the tables he brings with him a box with a Cellophane top. One half of the Cellophane is coloured red, other black. Inside the box is a beetle, and before he places a bet the gambler looks inside the box to see which colour the beetle is under. He then places his bet accordingly; and he has very seldom been known to lose

There are two English churches in San Remo, and it's a frequent sight, during a serrush out of the church to bet on the number of the hymn! Another English gambler, who invariably bet on the number f teen, firmly believed himself to he blessed by fortune.

One day, seeing a splendid new motor car standing outside the casino, he asked its owner how much he would sell it for. The owner said that he would not accept less than \$9,000.

"Just a minute," said the gambler, "and I'll go get it." He rushed upstairs to the tables, bet as usual, on the number fifteen, and within five minutes had returned with the money in his pocket.

An equally successful "sys-tem" was worked out by the wife of a wealthy Roman industrialist. When her husband admitted to her, in fear and trembling, that he had lost over \$12,000 on the tables, she coolly replied: "Never mind. I've won exactly the same amount." "How?" he asked in astonishment.

"By watching which colour you bet on and betting on the opposite one myself," she told

A Genoese gambler takes i very hard whenever he loses. He goes straight to a mirror, violently upbraids himself and slaps himself hard in the face. One gambler from Calabria

was turned away from the casino night after night because he had no money to gamble with. At length his pleas melted the heart of the commissionaire on duty and he was allowed in as he put it, "just to watch the play." The commissionaire wen with him to see that he kept his resolution and did not squander what little money he had left. All went well; the Calabrian did not attempt to place a bet. But when at last he made his way out he was in a towering fury. "I'm ruined!" he cried. "T've lost everything!"
"That's impossible!" said the

You haven't been betting." "No," was the reply. "But I played just the same in my imagination—and I'm ruined!" clients against their weaker selves. If a gambler writes to the casino, explaining that he cannot afford to lose any more admitted, however vehemently

TABLE TALKS man origin. Use one potato per-person, pare and cut into thick slices, and place in fry pan with Yams or sweet potatoes can

potato. The rest is very simple. Just cook over low heat, turning

frequently and adding butter if

done, salt to taste. They should

be a warm, golden brown on

the outside, but soft and smooth

There's no money saved in

using mixes — just in case you've been wondering. But they do save time, and often that is

the more valuable commodity.

As for costs, if you use a

commercial mix for cake, your

fragrant loaf costs one-fifth more

than it would had you made it

yourself from individual ingredi-

ents. Biscuit and cookie mixes

cost one-half more, and a pie

crust mix, three-quarters more

than the small extra effort of

. . .

than 24 hours unless you freeze

Fresh lamb should have firm,

ninkish-to-light-red flesh, with

the fat clear, white, and brittle.

And don't be concerned if the

cut surface of bones looks por-

Here's another idea for some-

thing to serve at teatime, as a party snack, or with soup or salad. The base is crips rye

crackers - about a dozen of

them. For this quantity, use 2

garine, and add one of the fol-

lowing: 1/2 teaspoon of celery

salt, ginger, or basil, or 1/4 tea-

spoon of curry powder. Spread on the rye crackers and heat in

a 350 deg. F. oven for about 5

. . . .

Trussing a turkey is more than

a trick; it takes stamina and te-

nacity — and a stout thread or twine. One of the newest wrin-

kles, and a very effective one,

is to use nylon dental floss, hum-orous as that may sound.

Nylon floss is fine enough to thread into a large needle, slides

easily through the turkey skin, is strong enough to hold in place firmly, and won't break or crumble on removal when the bird is ready for the table. In

fact, nylon floss seems practi-cally made to order for simpli-fied fowl sewing.

minutes. Serve hot or cold.

ous and red: it should.

it (and in this case, wrap carefully to exclude all air).

minutes.

inside.

needed. When they're nearly

be used to make a pretty dish with an element of surprise in it. Season warm, mashed yams or sweet potatoes with salt, pep-per, and butter. Shape small portions of potato into balls around individual chunks of pineapple, then roll in crumbs made from crushed corn flakes and bake on a greased, shallow pan for about 20 minutes at 350 deg. F. You'll need about two cups of potato to serve six, and are they good. These potato balls make a

most attractive company dish, and can be prepared beforehand and kept in the refrigerator for last minute baking. If they are are chilled in this way, just remember to cook them a little longer so that they will warm through.

White potatoes can be glomorous, too. This manner of cooking them is said to have a Ger-

he pleads, they will obligingly refuse to let him in if he turns

Perhaps the most generous winner was an Arab prince who used to go from table to table dressed in his flowing robes, followed by two secretaries who carried large leather bags full of money. When the Arab won he would take a handful of thousand-lire notes and throw

He gambled for fun, but there are many who live in San Remo all the year round and devote themselves wholly to the casino. One woman for five years spent eight hours each day there. When friends, impressed by her regular and punctual hours, asked her what she did for a living she would reply: "I gam-

her programme. On the thir-teenth of every month she would leave home as usual, go to the casino and sit all day in a corfrom the tables, enviously watching the other gamblers. But on that day she never placed a bet herself.

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HINING SYMBOL—The largest Christmas Seal emblem in the United States glows like a beacon of hope in Harrisburg, Pa. The building is the 16-story State Labor and Industry Department structure, newly erected in the state's capital city. The cross effect is achieved by leaving the lights on in certain offices while others are blacked out.

Tough Turkey

DEPENDS ON YOUR POINT OF VIEW

Speaking of Thanksgiving, the other day a pasteboard box which had once contained a pair of 10-D shoes came to me from California, bearing ten amaryllis bulbs which had cost me \$1.25, and the express charges were \$2.73. This is about the way things run now, and a great nany people tell me it is all for And at approximately the

same time I received in the mail the annual premium list of the Maine State Poultry Association. which has been struggling against great odds for many years now, and continues to exhibit in an alien era. It is heir to whatever is left of dozens of similar poultry associations once successful in Maine, and it will exhibit in Red Men's Hall at Cumberland Center on December 2, 3, and 4. Entries (competition i open to the world) close November 29. If you live at a distance and wish to ship your birds by express, officers of the association will do the cooping and re turn them after the show — and this reference to "expressage" puts me in mind of Thanksgiv-

blending flour and shortening. When you dash home, however, and need a handsome desa-roaming one fall day through some of the back hills of Versert, a tasty mix will save onemont we came upon a farm stand perched on an inclined plane, and a woman was bracthird of the time ordinarily required to prepare a cake. Cookie mixes cut the preparation time in half, but biscuits and pie crust ig herself against gravity and throwing feed at a handsome flock of turkeys. We stopped mixes can manage a saving of only one-fourth of your precious to watch, and the woman, who was a widow, told us her griev-Grapefruit will be pletniful ous situation and remarked on from now on: Texas has started the stringency of affairs. It seemed that the sale of a few moving a crop of 43 million turkeys would speedily mend her difficulties, and her lamenboxes to market. And the more plentiful the fruit, the better the quality, for growers whi tation was pitched at the esti-

want the best prices naturally ship their best fruit. You probably know about mated number we might take. I never thought Vermonters were as adept at these mercenary approaches as some of my Maine neighbours, but this womjudging the amount of juice by the weight of a grapefruit, bu do you know that juice will run more freely if the fruit is served man was very good. As we hadn't intended to buy turkeys we told her so, and we then at room tempearture? If you forget to take grapefruit from had a pleasant visit, talking of this and that. And before we the refrigerator until time to serve it, placing it in warm came away we did buy one of water for a few minutes will her turkeys.

old hird that This was an had been around a long time, a magnificent specimen about The next time you buy lamb ten hands high whose hide was chops — or any other cut of lamb — remember to remove probably like tanned walrus leather and whose eye was mean the wrapping when you prepare and vulgar. He could trot, canto store it in the refrigerator ter, and pace, and when he un-Lamb should be stored in the folded his main-t'gallant-stu'ncoldest part, uncovered or very s'ls it looked like a sunset over loosely wrapped with waxed the Presidential Range. Being old and experienced, this mon-Ground lamb, like any ground ster did not appeal to me gasmeat, should be held no longer

yould be fun to send him to my father, who was sitting quietly at home back in Freeport, Maine, reading a western story

and minding his own business.

The woman tried to sell me one that was young and tender and full of kindness, one she could get a price for, but I made her a small offer for the indestructible one, and she knew it was the best she'd ever get. She closed at once, and I went out behind her barn and salvaged some old, wet boards and made a crate. When I drove the turkey into it, the combined weight was more than I could lift, and we had to flag down the rural mailman to give me a hand. I lashed the crate on the rear of the coupé and away we drove -the tom making a great cry and telling everybody he was

We took the crate and turkey to the Montpelier & Wells River depot at Plainfield, where Wes Willard was the agent, and we turned the 'expressage" over to him, which did not appear to be the happiest thing that ever happened to Willard. Plainfield s normally a quiet village, sedate and Vermontish, and this turkey violated the traditions He did not want to go to Maine, which shows you the degree of his mentality. Wes sighed, waggled his head, and began making out the waybill.

This took quite a time. H would look at a schedule, and then get down a big book. Then he would find an asterisk, and get down another book. Every time he found the right place, he'd find a cross reference, and before long he had a sheet of paper covered with computa-tions. At last he tossed his pen-cil down and said, "That'll be

Then he blinked, and gave me a funny look and said, "That can't be right!" It didn't seem to me it could be either, but I didn't feel it was my duty to protest in favour of a greater amount. Wes went back to his books. He double checked this time, and after much figuring he said, "That's what it is — 37 cents!" So we checked it all out grains groups from eatheright again, going from asterisk to asterisk, and I looked over his shoulder, and when we got through it was still 37 cents. I paid him 37 cents; he gave me a receipt; the waybill was pasted on the crate; and we boosted Tom on the evening train with a great gobbling and an unhappy face on the baggageman.

It was much later that I tum-

bled as to this rate. Freeport used to have one of these poul-try shows — with crated birds coming from all over once a year, even from foreign countries. Back when the show began and things were cheap the rairroads set a special rate on live poultry to and from Freeport. The hen show has long since dwindled and ceased to be. Members gave up fancy poultry, and one year the directors had met and agreed not to meet.

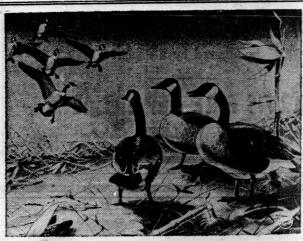
The years rolled away, but the railroads had never brought their rate schedule up to date. If you sent a bag of cement o a new bicycle to Freeport, it would cost plenty, but if you sent a great bronze turkey tom in a wet crate nailed up with spikes, it would cost 37 cents. Also, if you sent that bird to Yarmouth or Brunswick - adjacent towns — the rate was sky-high. It was Freeport that once I do not know if this still an

plies, but it very well might. In the meantime, things have changed otherwise. It costs me \$2.73 to bring ten amaryllis bulbs from California, and we have many other things to be thankful for. The turkey? Dad gave him to a poor family, crate and all, and when we came home that Thanksgiving for the family get-together Mother had a roast of pork. Mother never eared too much for turkey any way. With new turnips, it was Very good. - By John Gould in The Christian Science Moni-

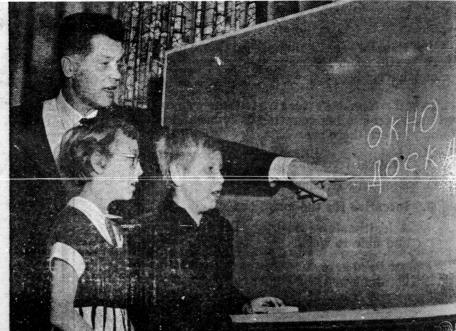
THIS TAKES THE CAKE!

Recipe for a mammoth cake baked to celebrate the centennial celebration of British Columbia neluded 600 dozen eggs, 800 lbs of butter, and 1,000 pounds of cherries. The cake weighed 5 tons, was

15 feet high, and 25 feet square.



JUST DUCKY - This design has been chosen for the 1958-59 "duck" stamp. Drawn by Leslie C. Kouba, it depicts Canadian geese feeding in a picked corn field. It is the 25th in the series of migratory bird-hunting stamps.



STUDY RUSSIAN-The U.S. government reports that four out of 10 school children in Soviet Union are studying English, raising the obvious question, "Where does the U.S. stand?" At least 26 children in Ohio are being introduced to the Russian language. Here, laborate McCingle and Children in Ohio are being introduced to the Russian language. channe McGinnis and Chris Schroeder, fourth graders at Kent University School, go over the pronunciation of some Russian words with their instructor, Dr. Joseph Suhadolc. The two children are among a group of 26 fourth, fifth and sixth graders studying Russian as an experiment begun in October at the University School. The course is the only one of its kind involving Ohio grade school children.

Shared Bed With Hens And Pigs

"See the M.O.," the sergeant major urged. "Go on, report sick—then you can stay in Eng-land—with me."

The orderly-room clerk nored the sergeant-major's advice. Very shortly after making this decision, Ewart Jones landed with his company at Calais. It was May, 1940. For Rifleman Jones the next

three days were a nightmare. He was haunted by the constant fear of death. Over fifty per cent of his battalion were killed.

"And then," writes Ewart
Jones in his commendable and
absorbing book, "Germans Under My Bed," "the peace. Peace
—my peace . . . absolute si my peace . . . absolute silence." With others of the illfated B.E.F. he was herded into

Any unfortunate P.o.W. who Any unfortunate P.O.W. who was captured in 1940 had a long wait ahead of him. Some settled into the soul-destroying existence of prison camp life, others enlivened their enforced stay with attempts to escape. With a fellow P.o.W., Jones made a break for liberty and fled, their objective being Russia.

The journey was a succession of close calls, little food and drink. Fatigue and exhaustion compelled them to seek food and dwelling. Their knocking was answered by a young Pole, who

Jones explained their plight and that they were English P.o.W.s. The welcome was ter-rific. Hunks of bread and dripping and ersatz tea were speed-

However, the two P.o.W.s were startled out of their wits by the action of the Pole when he suddenly produced a large knife, grabbed Jones' friend's hand and made a gash across the veins in his wrist.

The Englishmen jumped to

their feet in alarm, but the Pole smiled an assurance, made a gash across his own wrist and held the two wounds together. They were blood brothers! Jones was treated likewise. It wasn't possible to sleep at the house, so they were escorted to another dwelling a short dis-tance away. Another meal, and hey were shown to their bed. Jones was prodded into wakealness the following morning

Ewart Jones, after his unlucky breakout, remained a P.o.W. un-til Germany surrendered, and his book is a glowing tribute t those unfortunates who served long-term periods in captivity; a book made all the more sin-

A contractor, doing some excavating, was charged with negence when WHAT GIVES? - Pretty Maxine Gillette seems to have suddenly grown an Amazon body upwhich to perch her pretty head. Trick photography is not involved in the "growth", however. The clear water acted as a giant magnifying glass in "split level" photo made ler was going to ask me if them lanterns was lit."

> CROSSWORD PUZZLE

from glass boat.



by his friend; they four it difficult to believe what they saw, of the bed four inquisitive children were neeking at them

jerked back to consciousness as the bed tossed and heaved about. Jones and his friend sat up in

fright. The children had but a couple of lean pigs scram bled out from under the bed even as they watched, shortly followed by twelve assorted hens. The children, pigs and poultry had all been their bed-

Later in their travels tray were recaptured and sentenced ot twenty-one days' solitary confinement on a bread and water

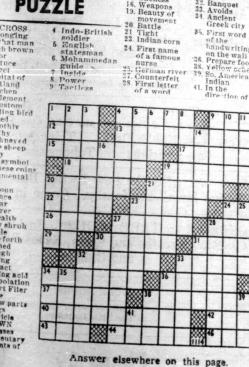
This solitary confinement with which to keep it going. Belgian P.o.W.s in the camp smuggled delicacies, including delicious soup and a steaming hot ox-tongue wrapped in paper The author records an amus ing incident as proof that the

the line. P.o.W.s were employed in stacking bags of cement, and to hamper the German war effort made a point of dumping THE FARM FRONT the bags into the waiting barge with enough force to split the bags so that when they were eventually removed at their destination the cement spilled

guards, a little man, saw red at this deliberate sabotage and, whipping out his bayonet, fixed it to his rifle and prodded a huge P.o.W. from Norfolk. The Norfolkman didn't lose his temper or even squeal. He

ucts Marketing Act as he did gave way to pleading.

Not until the Norfolkman had



dren were peeking at them.

From a bed on the other side of the room six more children were

eyeing them with frank curinot there, the two men pulled the bed-clothes over them again and settled down. They were

turned out to be one of comfort and luxury. Both men were confined in the same snug little cell, with double bunks, a glowing stove and a bucket of coal learned of their "plight" and supplemented their diet with

German guards didn't always find their captives willing to toe

On one occasion, one of the

ponderously turned and, with his huge hands, tore the rifle from the guard's grasp. Holding it high above his head, he walk ed to the dockside. "I've a good mind to chuck the blessed thing in the river," he said quietly. The German guard jumped up and down, fumed and tried to snatch the rifle back; but he wasn't tall enough. His rage

when he introduced the legislaexacted a contrite apology from him, and a promise to be and keep quiet while the men were working, was he allowed to have the offending rifle and

cere by his refusal to play up

INCIDENTAL

into a pit on a dark night. The watchman, a somewhat dull-witted but loyal fellow, was to be called to testify concerning danger signals. He was primed the contractor, and when called to the stand swore steadfastly that ample lanterns had been hung in the area. On the strength of his testimony, the case was closed, and the contractor congratulated him warmly. "You did very well, Sam," he commented. "were you ner-yous?" "Wal, not exactly, boss," replied Sam, "but I'll tell you I sure was scared that lawyer fel-

or the fruit producer who shouts the loudest and advertises the most is going to win the batle. Up to date the apple industry of the United States has been living in the atomic age of pro-duction, but in the horse and buggy age of consumer education and merchandising. . . It might be of supreme in-

terest to those blindly optimistic Col. Kennedy maintained that American apple growers to re-alize that if the present down-Government's task was to en-courage establishment of coward curve of apple per capita operatives, support erection of operatives, support erection or cold storage facilities, and seek to develop fruit and vegetable varieties which would mature consumption continues - and we have no reason to expect a we have no reason to expect a magic to be performed which will suddenly reverse the trend of 37 years — by 1975 — only 18 years from today — the American public will consume only 7 million bushels of apples, which is less than 25% of the Washington state apple green earlier or later than those now in existence. Ontario apple growers, as they ponder the state of the industry. would do well to consider the Washington state apple crop

apple problems, they are not the solution. These mechanical de-

vices are like unto the rear

guard action of a beaten army,

an army whipped by its op-

ponents but trying to get enough

stea mup to cross one more river

In Vienna, a complete issue of

Austrian currency has been

marked in braille so blind people

can recognize their value.

before complete annihilation

A PUSH TOWARD SUCCESS—A cheerful smile and a useful sign

are a big help in getting Sandy Cruse to his classes at the

University of Arizona. Pretty Dorothy Gyger returns the smile and lends a hand to the wheelchair student. Sandy, 30, is a victim of multiple sclerosis. An ex-G.I., married and father of

a two-year-old son, he's studying for his Master's Degree in biology and was cited by the National Multiple Sclerosis Society

for his courage and determination in working for a college

viewpoints of Mr. B. P. Byrd, Vice-President of the Byrd Apple Orchards, Winchester, Virginia. The Byrd Orchards are known The use of power pruners, lift trucks, bulk handling, speed sprayers, etc., do reduce labor the world over and when a member of the Byrd family discusses apples he receives attens and make for more internal efficiency within the individual apple orchard. Although these mechanical devices are presented Mr. Byrd says: to the apple growers of the United States by clever manufacturers as the solution to the

Addressing a luncheon meet-

ing recently of the Ontario

Cream Producers' Marketing

Board, Col. T. L. Kennedy, for-

mer minister of agriculture, stated in emphatic fashion that

orderly marketing is vital to

agriculture and that he stood

just as strongly behind the principles of the Ontario Farm Prod-

It is sometimes extremely difficult to grasp the true seriousness of apple per capita consumption decline.

Since 1920 apple per capita consumption has been declining at the rate of one pound pe Today there are 170 million

people in the United States. At 45 pounds of apples per bushel we are losing an apple demand equivalent to 3,777,000 bushels. And at 500 bushels pere acre this means that we are losing demand from over 7,000 acres per year. Next year and each succeeding year it will be worse, because our population is expected to increase by about 4 million people

If our per capita consumption of apples had remained steady since 1920, our country (exclusive of foreign exports) would consuming 219,111,000 bushels of apples within the continental United States.

Contrast the orange industry Oranges are gaining per capita consumption at the rate of 1.6 pound per year. They are organized on an industry-wide basis. They have a compulsory ax rendering over \$7 million per year. Part goes to consumer education (advertising); part to merchandising (retailer education); and part to research (from whence came frozen orange juice). . .

Whether apple growers like it or not, this is 1957 and not 1920. This is a nation where people have to be sold on what they are willing to buy - whether it be a Republican or Democratic political party; whether it be a Ford or Chevrolet automobile; whether it be an apple or an orange; and the political party.



ness, productivity, and power. And the industry's sharpest critics are also still at home. Traffic and safety engineers are openly dismayed with many of the trends in the auto industry, most notably with the evergrowing power plants. Engines that are forever begging for speed, in ever larger cars, are a big factor in planning for high-ways and parking. But the gravest question to be raised about any engine powered be-yond the needs of safety and comfort has to do with causing accidents. There can be no quibbling about speed as the major villain in highway deaths. And fast cars are products of power-

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FESUNDAY SCHOOL

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

Christ in the Likeness of Men

Philippians 2:1-11

Memory Selection: When the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made law, to redeem them that were under the law, that receive the adoption of sons.

Galatians 4:4-5.

All people know something of the power of God from the things that are made. We stand in awe of Him who made the worlds.

worlds. But man wants a god to whom he can talk, one who

is near. The yearning of our heart is fulfilled in Jesus Christ.
"All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made."
(John 1:3). Yet, this mighty God came in the likeness of

God came in the likeness of men.
The Little Babe of Bethlehem
was really God, come in the
flesh. He became one of us, yet
without sin. Sin showed itself
at its ugliest and meanest when

at its ugliest and meanest when man hanged this Saviour on a

tree. This principle of enmity to God is still manifested by de-

praved man. The name of God

is used as a swear-word. His laws forbidding stealing, adul-

etry and lying are ignored with

Calvary points up sin. But

also shows the great love of God. God has come near in the

Person of His Son to save us from our sin and restore us to fellowship with our Creator. He

proved His power to save by

conquering man's great enemy, death. Today the Holy Spirit

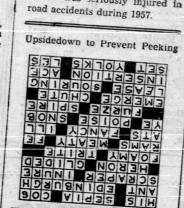
reveals to us this living Saviour.

He invites us to repentance and

ful engines. This is not to say that a 400horsepower engine is lethal in itself. But to handle safely the performance of such an engine equires a maturity not always present in the ordinary driver. In the hands of an exuberant teen-ager such overpowered cars pose a peril both to himself and other drivers. No one would dream of holding the auto maker responsible for careless driving. But the manufacturers can do much to take the lure out of high speeds, by playing down horsepower. Fortunately, this year one or two of them are

actually doing so.

—Hartford Courant One in every thousand Londoners was seriously injured in



If we accept the great salvation we shall become imitators of Jesus Christ. We shall share His spirit of humility. He laid aside heaven's glory and became a servant to men and humbled Himself even to die on a cross. The disciple of Jesus Christ lives to serve. He has the disposition that was in Christ Jesus. He has a cross to bear, too. It isn't enough to put the cross on the church or wear it on our person; it must become part of our very living. We must die to our sinful self and rise to newness of life through Jesus Christ.

Let us remember this Christmas that we are commemorating not only the birth of the greatest Man who ever lived, but that this Man was really God come



HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER—Jimmy, left, and Jerry Foster, 14-year-old farm boys, celebrate their birthday at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, prior to a kidney transplant which was performed with apparent success. Plucky Jerry went to court to receive permission to donate a healthy kidney to his brother who would have died within a short time without the transplant.



A FLEET IN ONE-Out for its shakedown cruise, the world's largest birchbark canoe skims over the waters of Golden Lake, in Ontario, propelled by a total of 16 paddlers. In the bow of the giant craft is 85-year-old Matt Bernard, who supervised its building. The cance, a copy of those used by early fur traders, is 36 feet long and six feet wide. It will be shipped to Ottawa for display in the National Museum.