## In Alaska They Make Apple Pie Without Apples

It was the monthly potluck meeting of our Homesteaders-Get-Acquainted Club. The dinner table was filled with specialties from the various members. As it was harvest time here in the fertile Matanuska Valley of Alaska, most recipes were based on the crops most abundant in each home garden.

As cabbage grows so well and is so sweet and tender, it was used in a number of ways. There was cole slaw, cabbage roll-ups, and creamed cabbage with cheese. Vegetable salads containing fresh lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, and green peppers were especially enjoyed by people to whom such things are luxuries except for a few months each summer.

There were dishes containing other vegetables which grow so rapidly and well during the long summer days—beans, peas, carrots, onions, rutabagas, celery, turnips, radishes, beets, and spinach. Fragrant rolls and loaves of bread proved that most of these women who regularly bake their own bread, have learned the knack of obtaining tasty, crusty, tender loaves.

The many types of berries available in the woods were the ones played in their many uses: raw cranberry relishes, raspberries in gelatine, blueberries, strawberries, and currants. The jams and jellies we serve often contain juice of the wild rose hips which Alaskan homemakers are urged to utilize.

In the center of the table were two luscious pies. Oranges, apples, and other fruits flown in from the outside are available but are not usually purchased when our berries are so plentiful. The one who baked the pies asked if everyone had tasted them. When the answers were all in the affirmative, she asked if they had really tasted like apple pies. Everyone enthusiastically assured her they were simply delicious. Then she made the unbelievable statement that they had not contained a single piece of apple.

Everyone was silent for a moment, because each was sure that she had just finished a piece of one of the best-known desserts. Then came the guesses. Was it mushroom pie? Many of us were learning the edible mushrooms and knew there were many uses for them.

"Was it rhubarb?" Most people couldn't even guess. Shetheld out until the end of the meeting and then gave us each a copy of the recipe. The answer just didn't seem possible. The recipe listed crackers, boiled with sugar, water, cream of tartar, and cinnamon. She had heard it over the radio on a homemaker's program.

As soon as I was able to obtain some cream of tartar, which I have firmly resolved to keep on hand, I tried the recipe. One taste showed me that the unbelievable recipe was the one she had followed in making the pies.

I do not know if this is a new recipe or not, but I decided that since The Christian Science Monitor goes into so many homes, many in places where fresh fruits are not readily obtainable, I wanted to share the recipe with my unknown friends who have shared their experiences with me.

**Apple Pie - Without Apples**

1½ cup sugar
1½ cup water
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 tablespoon butter
1¾ teaspoon cream of tartar
Boil for one minute

Add 16 crackers, broken in half, and boil one minute more. Pour into unbaked pie shell, top with crust, and bake at 400 degrees until brown.

Go ahead, try it once, just for fun! Margaret Behnkein, in The Christian Science Monitor.

## An Experiment In Reading

Out of an experiment in Gallatin, Tenn., comes at least one solution to the problem of getting children to read—a problem that concerns many parents and leads to such frequent criticism of the schools.

In Gallatin, the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company spent $10 for a rack and $200 for children's books, then tacked up a slim inviting employees to take home the books and read them to their children.

As many fathers as mothers—many women are employed in the company's two Tennessee plants — take the books home. The result has been fantastic. Children actually decry radio and TV to be read to aloud. The employees, some of whom had never done much reading themselves, now want books for adults stocked, too.

Gilbert W. Chapman, president of the company and chairman of the National Book Committee, tells about the experiment in the December Harper's. His finding is the same as that of many of today's parents and grandparents who were brought up in homes where reading aloud was commonplace.

In such homes it is not unusual for a toddler of two, the moment either father or mother sits down, to trot to them with one of his little picture books and his mispronounced command: "Weed." These families have found that youngsters thus encouraged learn to read before they are of school age, and form reading habits that last through life, broadening their horizons and affording untold pleasure.

From experiences like these and the experiment in Gallatin, the conclusion seems inescapable that the responsibility for teaching children to read lies alongside so many others — in the lap of the parents. — *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

**— SOLVED**

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was often pestered by people thinking he could solve every crime in England.

A woman at dinner one night annoyed him greatly. "Sir Arthur, do tell me the solution. Mysterious thefts at my home disturb me. Only last week there were taken a broom, a box of golf-balls, a left riding boot, a dictionary and six tinplates."

"Madam, there is no mystery. You keep a goat."

* * *

Women not only drive as well as men . . . they can do it on either side of the road.

* * * **OUR DAILY BREAD"** — Their world turned topsy-turvy by the Middle East strife, two Egyptian boys sit amid the rubble on a street corner in Port Said, happy because they have something to eat. Hungry residents had earlier looted a food dump on the outskirts of the city to find something to eat for themselves and their children.

## TABLE TALKS
Jane Andrews.

If you like chocolate, here's an unusual recipe that should appeal to you. It's for a chocolate pie, with a meringue crust and it's really delicious.

**CHOCOLATE PIE**

**Crust:**
**4 egg whites**
**1 cup sugar**
**1 teaspoon vinegar**

Beat egg whites, adding ½ the sugar, then the vinegar, then the remaining sugar while beating constantly. Spread this meringue over bottom and up sides of a well-greased pie pan. Bake 45 minutes at 300°F. Cool in oven.

**Filling:**
**1 package chocolate bits**
**3 tablespoons water**
**½ pint heavy cream, whipped**

Place chocolate bits and water in top of double boiler over hot water until chocolate is melted. Stir until smooth. Add the stiffly whipped cream. Pour mixture into meringue shell. Place in refrigerator for 1 hour.

* * *

If you'd like to serve some tiny sandwiches to your guests here is a recipe for nut-bread you may enjoy using. It is simple ann deasy to make.

**NUT BREAD**

**1 egg**
**1 cup brown sugar**
**1 cup milk or buttermilk**
**2½ cups sifted flour**
**1 teaspoon soda**
**½ teaspoon baking powder**
**½ teaspoon salt**
**½ cup chopped nuts**

Combine the egg with the brown sugar, then add the milk and sifted flour alternately to the egg-sugar mixture. Combine soda, baking powder and salt and add to mixture. Add nuts and mix well. Bake in greased loaf pan for 1 hour at 325° F.

* * *

Another bread recipe may be used for this same purpose.

**BIT OF GOLD BREAD**
**Rinds from 2 large oranges**
**1 cup sugar**
**1 cup water**
**1 cup milk**
**1 egg, beaten**
**2 tablespoons melted butter**
**3 cups flour**
**2 teaspoons baking powder**
**½ teaspoon salt.**

Boil orange rinds until tender; rinse, drain, and chop into small pieces. Add sugar and water and cook until syrupy. Beat egg, add milk and melted butter, then add to the orange syrup mixture. Sift and measure flour and add to it the baking powder and salt. Gradually fold dry ingredients into first mixture. (Nuts may be added, if desired.) Pour into greased loaf pan and bake 1½ hours at 350° F. Allow to cool, then slice thin.

* * *

Finally here's the recipe for a far more substantial sort of bread — good old pumpernickel, the favorite of millions. Takes time, and a bit of trouble, to make — but well worth it.

**PUMPERNICKEL BREAD**
**3 packages dry granular yeast**
**1½ cups warm water (115°F.)**
**½ cup molasses**
**4 teaspoons salt**
**1 - 3 tblsps. caraway seeds**
**2 tblsps. soft shortening**
**2 cups unsifted coarse rye flour or 2¾ cups sifted**
**2½ - 4 cups wheat flour**
**Cold water**

Dissolve yeast in warm water in mixing bowl. Stir in molasses, salt and caraway seeds. Add shortening; add half of each of the two flours, mixing with a spoon; add remaining flour, mixing with hands. Turn onto lightly floured board and knead until dough is smooth and does not stick to board. Place in large greased bowl, turning once to bring greased side up. Cover with damp cloth and let rise in warm, draftless place (80°F. to 85°F.) until double in bulk — about 2 hours.

Press two fingers into dough; it will leave indentation when doubled and ready for the next step. Punch dough down; divide into half; round each into round ball. Place balls on opposite corners of a corn-meal sprinkled baking sheet. Cover with a damp cloth and let rise until light—about 30-45 minutes. Brush top of loaves lightly with cold water. Bake at 450°F. for 10 minutes; reduce heat to 350°F. and bake 30 minutes longer. Makes two loaves.

**WRAPPED FOR WINTER** — Wrapped in shimmering polyethylene, this old house is the result of one cold winter night when the temperature fell to 10 degrees below zero. The goldfish bowl in the living room froze over, despite the fact that the oil burner was on. Purdue University Agricultural Experiment Station suggested wrapping the poorly insulated building in polyethylene film. Agricultural engineers are still testing the temperatures inside and out, but the residents of the house have been able to turn down the oil burner at night, even in coldest weather.

## Hot-Headed Lovers Do Queer Things

"Sorry, dear, could not wait for you any longer. Have just married your father. Love from your new mother."

The American soldier serving in Japan gasped with astonishment as he read the name at the end of the telegram. It was from his fiancee! — just another example of how young love can have its upsets.

When one Buffalo, New York, wife packed her bags and went home to mother, her husband followed her and walked up and down outside the house carrying signs proclaiming, "I love you, Jeanette," and, "Come back and live like a human being."

The notices failed to do the trick; so he offered her money — still without success.

Three teenagers were recently charged with arson at Savage, Maryland. They were all sweet on the daughter of the head fireman and strongly resented being ejected from the house by him.

So they hit upon the idea of setting fire to an indoor race track, reasoning that the fire would keep him busy for some time, thus enabling them to prolong their stay at his house! The scheme worked; but they lived to regret it by languishing in jail.

A Tokyo court recently sentenced a glamorous Japanese girl to four years in jail for killing her lover with a kiss. She held a farewell tryst with her boy friend at a hotel. It was his idea that they should break up

"I would rather die than lose you!" she declared, and so saying took a swig from a bottle of soda water laced with cyanide.

Then she kissed him and forced the mixture down his throat.

One hot-headed Latin suitor of Buenos Aires did not bother to ring his sweetheart's doorbell. Instead he flicked a lighted match through her window. When she ignored him completely he felt so spurned that he flung five more lighted matches through the window and eventually set fire to the poor girl's room.

She was burned, but only slightly, and he hopes to get out of jail by the time she is discharged from hospital.

When her husband, whose weekly wage is $55, is in prison, a Massachusetts woman receives around $85 a week in relief money. After he had been jailed many times the authorities discovered that his wife regularly plied him with drink to ensure that he was frequently arrested!

Death was the outcome of a quarrel beween a Montreal couple. They had a difference on the slaughter of the head fireman and strongly resented being ejected from the house by him.

So they hit upon the idea of setting fire to an indoor race track, reasoning that the fire would keep him busy for some time, thus enabling them to prolong their stay at his house! The scheme worked; but they lived to regret it by languishing in jail.

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### LANGUAGE

Two students from a Canadian college who made a motor tour of the United States last summer report that their blazers seemed to arouse some curiosity among the people they met. The blazers bear the college's Latin motto, Timor Dei principium sapientiae —"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

The curiosity was explained when an Oklahoma waitress asked them: "Where are you-all from?"

"Canada," they answered.

"Oh, I see," said the girl. "I've been wondering what language that was."

## Europe's Rich Flock To Swiss Alps

By ROSETTE HARGROVE
NEA Staff Correspondent

Paris — (NEA) — The chinchilla - and - diamond contingent are off on their migration to Switzerland for the winter sports season. For where else can they forget international tensions, gasoline restrictions and heating problems? Where else can they display their mink-lined sports coats, last-minute skiing clothes, Dior gowns and diamond necklaces?

Reports from St. Moritz and Gstaad, the ultra-smart winter resorts, indicated Switzerland has open arms for the gay band of moneyed European aristocracy as well as all the others who can afford winter vacations to the tune of around $200 a day.

It costs a small fortune to spend a couple of weeks indulging in these high-level frolics, but the smart set is never bothered by such considerations.

**St. Moritz's swank** Palace Hotel is booked to capacity with a large sprinkling of Italian princes and other bluebloods as well as movie stars and people whose only claim to fame is their fortune. A celebrity-studded champaigne ball is the crowning event of the holidays. Over 500 people applied for tickets which cost a mere $20 — without champaigne.

The millionaire's New Year fancy dress party is restricted to 100 life members of the Corviglia Ski Club — the most exclusive in Europe. Its guests include the beautiful sisters, Tina Onassis and Wugenia Niarchos, wives of the Greek shipping multi-millionaires.

The Winter Palace Hotel at Gstaad, partonized by the British aristocracy as well as by Ali Khan and Douglas Fairbanks, has trebled the size of its bar, which is the only place where feminine "enthusiasts" can afford to be seen. They change their clothes three times a day and seldom, if ever, put on a pair of skis or get out in the dazzling white snow before sundown.

But the less spectacular and far less expensive Swiss mountain resorts are expecting a record season, too. It is estimated that Switzerland has spent a good three million dollars on improvements to attract enthusiasts.

**The complete paradise** for the winter sports tourist in the moderate income bracket is the little hamlet of Samnaun. It lies beyond the easternmost ranges of the Lower Engadine and is reached by a breath-taking scenic road cut in the mountain.

Apart from its picturesqueness, Samnaun is one of the few spots in Europe where American cigarettes are cheaper than in the U.S. Also there are no customs duties.

Up to now, high-level high life has not yet hit this peaceful valley where a modest but perfectly comfortable hotel will cost the tourist from $2.50 to $3.50 a day for room and full board.

Samnaun is definitely not the kind of place where the de luxe holiday collection of furs and evening gowns recently shown by Jacques Heim are likely to be seen.

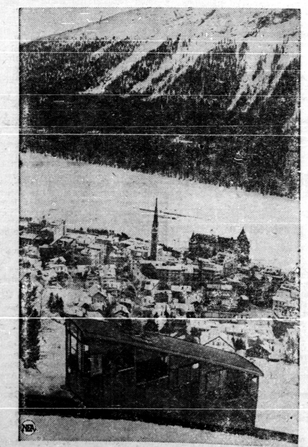
**But items like these** will be seen at the plushier resorts:

A "sweater-girl" after - ski outfit of dark brown tights and decollected blouse worn with a full bright yellow wool skirt and topped by a hooded windbreaker jacket in white Chinese lamb.

"Gem-dresses" in sumptuous silks or velvets—sapphire, ruby, emeraid or dazzling diamond-white, topped by the most luxurious coast and capes of wild or white mink, broadtail, astrakhan lined with mink or ermine.

An enormous white silk turban reminiscent of Haroun el Raschid with a huge diamond sunburst pin in front. Among the more simple numbers—a scarlet Chinese lamb coat with pointed "whirling dervish" turban in the same fur.

No wonder the wealthy resorters rarely get to put on skis.



**WINTER MECCA IN THE ALPS** — In St. Moritz, a sprinkling of princes and bluebloods and people with nothing but money.

**BUT DON'T** go near the slopes! This mink-collared astrakhan, with mink-and-diamond turban, is resort wear by Heim.

## Rabbit Hunting No Kid's Game

Rabbit hunting is something that a fellow usually does when there's nothing else to do.

Nine times out of ten he goes rabbit hunting in the late fall or winter, preferably when there is a slight snow cover on the ground. And nine times out of the same ten he is much more successful at rabbit hunting than at any other type of hunting that he may do.

Take my own case, for instance.

My hunting companion of late is a slow riser. He would prefer to hear the singing of the birds and the sharp beams of the sun in his face as he arises from bed in the mornings, and sometimes it's quite a tussle to get him out in time to get in on the good hunting.

And late in the pheasant season last fall, when the birds were getting harder to find than teeth in a hen's mouth, I suggested a rabbit hunt.

"Rabbits," he snorted! "Why nobody hunts them except kids. Forget it!"

As it turned out he had never bothered to hunt rabbits before in his life, and had no intention of starting at that stage of the game. But after a few minutes of persuasion, he consented to give it a try—but only on a trial basis.

"If I don't like it," he said, "and I won't, we'll just give it up and spend our time hunting for something that is fun to hunt."

On the strength of that I called a farmer friend and arranged to hunt the next day.

That night it snowed. Not heavily, just a half-inch or so, but just enough to make it perfect rabbit hunting. And about an hour before daybreak I used a crowbar to get him out of the sack and we headed for rabbit country. Rabbit country — that's anyplace in Nebraska where there is some slight cover and nearby food.

Just as the sun came peeking over a wind-swept hill, we parked the car by a mile-long, brush-covered draw and hopped out to investigate. The head of the draw looked like the rabbits had been holding a camp meeting there. Tracks by the thousands led in under the trees, and there the snow had been beaten down as if a herd of cattle had been stampeding through, writes Bob Munger in The Police Gazette.

"Are you sure there are rabbits around here?" my sleep-blinded friend asked.

After assuring him that there was a strong possibility of encountering Mr. Cottontail, he agreed to give the draw a try. At first we saw no game. We must have walked at least a hundred yards before the first cottontail hopped up and blasted off through the trees and brush.

"Bang . . zing . . crack!" Three .22 slugs went whipping into the snow around the rabbit's flying feet, but none of them connected, and the bunny went in mad leaps out of sight into a large patch of weeds.

Well, to shorten this tale down a little, as the man said when he applied a knife to the puppy's posterior, we finally got to hitting some of the flying bits of fur.

On further down the draw rabbits were jumping out on all sides of us . . . behind us and after we had passed by places were we thought no rabbits could have hidden. . . right beside us as we crashed our way through the weeds and brush . . . and far out in front as they were scared up by our clumsy feet. It was a day to remember. By noon we had four rabbits each, more than enough for our small families, so we called it quits. We had missed dozens of shots apiece, but we were exhilarated from a hunt in which game was extremely plentiful, all the shooting a hunter could ask for, and some meat to bring home to the cooks.

And speaking of cooks, that was the part of the proceedings that really swung my friend around to rabbit hunting. We gathered our dependents around a communal board that evening for a small feast, and it was a sight to behold.

The rabbits had been fried until nearly done, then switched to a stew skillet to steam for awhile in a barbecue sauce of sorts. The sauce had as its main ingredient tomato paste, but a sprinkle of garlic had been added, as well as chili powder, celery salt, lemon juice and a slice or two of onion.

The newly-born rabbit hunter pushed his plate back at last with a sigh like a broken bellows, rapped a knuckle on his oldest boy's head for silence, and announced in a final manner that would have done credit to an elder statesman, "Friends, I want to say here and now that this is the best eating I ever had in my life . . . following one of the most enjoyable hunts that I have ever had . . . and I just want to say for all to hear that I can now be classed as a rabbit hunter. Thank you."

After considerable ceremony the rabbit-eating meeting was adjourned, but I'm looking forward to the first snow. I'm expecting a call from a certain EX-hater of rabbit hunting.

### NO SALE

W. J. Makin, in his Caribbean Nights tells about the tim salesman who was trying to sell the latest Clark Gable picture to a cinema proprietor in the wilds of Venezuela. "Clark Gable is dead," he was told. "You recall the film Parnell?"

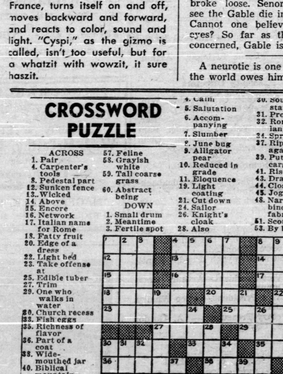
"Yes. A box-office winner."

"Si, Senor, but the Gable he died in that."

"Look here. I don't—"

"I tried to show another Gable film after that," went on the Venezuelan. "And what happen? He broke loose. Senor, my clients see the Gable die in one picture. Cannot one believe one's own eyes? So far as this village is concerned, Gable is dead."

A neurotic is one who believes the world owes him a loving.

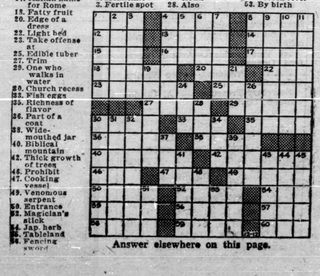


**ELECTRONIC WHATZIT** — This whatzit doeszit electronically. The "spatio-dynamic," designed by Nicolas Schener of Paris, France, turns itself on and off, moves backward and forward, and reacts to color, sound and light. "Cyspi," as the gizmo is called, isn't too useful, but for a whatzit with wowzit, it sure haszit.

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE

**ACROSS**
1. Pair
4. Carpenter's tools
8. Pedestal part
12. Sunken fence
13. Wicked
14. Above
15. Encore
16. Network
17. Italian name for Rome
18. Fatty fruit
20. Edge of a dress
22. Light bed
23. Take offense at
25. Edible tuber
27. Trim
29. One who walks in water
30. Church recess
33. Fish eggs
34. Richness of flavor
36. Part of a coat
38. Wide-mouthed jar
40. Biblical mountain
42. Thick growth of trees
45. Prohibit
47. Cooking vessel
49. Venomous serpent
50. Entrance
52. Magician's stick
54. Tap herb
55. Tableland
56. Fencing sword
57. Feline
58. Grayish white
59. Tall coarse grass
60. Abstract being

**DOWN**
1. Small drum
2. Meantime
3. Fertile spot
4. Talk
5. Salutation
6. Accompanying
7. Slumber
8. June bug
9. Alligator pear
10. Reduced in grade
11. Eloquence
19. Light coating
21. Cut down
24. Sailor
26. Knight's cloak
28. Also
30. Southern state
31. Processions
32. Romance language
34. Sorrito
37. Hippie against
39. Put on cargo
41. Rise high
43. Draw out
44. Closed car
45. Jogs
46. Narrow binding fabric
51. Scotch river
53. By birth



Answer elsewhere on this page.

**WELL, I SWAN!** — A clean-up job that's also a life-saving operation is being performed on this once snow-white swan by Dr. Max Heinz Sy, right, noted German bird expert of the R.S.P.C.A. in London, England. Swan was one of hundreds soaked with oil when a barge sank near them. More than 100 of the birds died before aid reached them.

## THE FARM FRONT
by John Russell

Rt. Hon. James G. Gardiner, Minister of Agriculture, has announced that a program of area testing and eradication of Brucellosis disease of cattle will be entered into by his Department.

Brucellosis, or Bang's Disease, is a bacterial infection causing abortions and breeding difficulties in cattle. Losses from it are estimated to cost Canadian cattlemen nine million dollars annually. Brucellosis infection in cattle is responsible for undulant fever in humans, both being caused by the same organism.

Procedure will follow the pattern which has been applied successfully in the virtual eradication of tuberculosis from Canadian cattle. An area will be accepted under the program on the recommendation of a provincial department of agriculture. All susceptible cattle in the area will be tested and infected animals will be disposed of, with compensation paid to the owners.

A joint federal-provincial policy of calf vaccination against brucellosis has been in effect since 1950. This, along with several provincial control programs, is considered to have reduced the incidence of the disease to the point where a national program of testing and eradication is now feasible.

In addition to reducing losses from this disease, the move will strengthen the position of Canadian cattle exporters in foreign markets which increasingly are requiring freedom from brucellosis in cattle imports.

Operating procedures are now being drafted and the program will be in effect in 1957.

* * *

Various seedling, stem and root diseases afflict the oat crop. One of these, a root disease usually referred to as common rootrot, is caused by the fungus, Fusarium culmorum, or related species, states P. M. Simmonds, Officer-in-Charge, Canada Department of Agriculture.

Common rootrot in oats was once a rather serious disease but the newer varieties appear to have considerable resistance. No doubt this resistance was obtained by the plant breeder through the stringent selection of the best lines during trials for yields. Past experience in disease control, however, has shown that new, more virulent forms of the fungus, causing the disease may appear, and so it is important for the grower to be able to recognize common rootrot so that control measures can be taken promptly.

* * *

The common rootrot fungi not only attack the roots but any part of the oat plant. They live in the soil or on the seed. Consequently seed and seedling blights may occur from seed that has become contaminated. In such cases the grower will note poor, uneven emergence of the crop in the spring and many blighted seedlings. In later stages of plant growth, infections from fungi living in the soil or on contaminated seed usually invade the crown or adjacent plant tissues. Once a plant is infected the diseased area persists indefinitely. Whether it enlarges rapidly causing serious injury to the plant depends on weather conditions.

* * *

There appears to be severe injury following periods of warm weather and a shortage of moisture in the soil. Alternate spells of dry weather and heavy rainfall as the crop starts maturing increases common rootrot damage. The injury may show as bleached dead tillers on many plants, but careful examination of the crowns for signs of rot is necessary for complete identification of the disease. In slight and moderate cases the extent of injury cannot be determined readily until yields are available at harvest time.

Occasionally plants will be killed by a severe invasion of the crown. They die early and are easily seen scattered here and there through the still green crop.

* * *

Complete control of this disease is almost impossible because these fungi may be carried in the seed and are commonly found in most soils. If seed treatment is necessary, and this can only be determined after careful examination by a pathologist, any of the fungicides used for smut control should be satisfactory. Rotation of cereal crops with non-cereal crops where practicable may help, together with good cropping methods for the district concerned, and the maintenance of soil fertility.

## What Do You Know about Bread?

A product which had its origin thousands of years ago is today providing a livelihood for thousands of Canadians and food for millions of others.

In 1954, the last year for which figures are available, the factory selling price of bread in Canada was $173.000.000. The same year Canadians consumed 1,500,000,000 pounds of bread — an increase from 900,000,000 pounds in 1936. In the post-war years the consumption of bread for every man, woman and child in Canada has been slightly more than 100 pounds.

In spite of the food value of bread, most Canadians know little about it. They drop in at the corner bakery for a loaf, or have it delivered to their homes without a thought about the story behind the loaf they buy.

For the first 10,000 years of bread's existence it was unleavened — a solid cake of crushed grain with water, salt and perhaps fat added. Leavened bread originated in Egypt only 6,000 years ago. The story goes that bread was baked in the same community factory where beer was brewed. Then one day a bakery employee snitched a brewing trough for his kneading and accidently mixed brewers' yeast with the dough — the result, leavened bread.

In mediaeval England white bread was reserved by law for royalty, nobility and the clergy. The great middle class ate bread made of mixed white and whole wheat flour. Third-grade bread, with all the bran in it, was "for servants, slaves and the inferior type of people to feed upon."

Everyone owes a debt of gratitude to John Montagu, a man torn between his loves for food and gambling. One day, hungry but unwilling to interrupt his game, he had a servant place a slice of meat between two slices of bread. Thus was born an invention which perpetuates the name of John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich.

Early Canadian and Alaskan gold prospectors were called sourdoughs because they saved a small piece of dough from each successive baking. The dough became sour as time went on but, mixed with water, it became the leaven for a new batch of bread.

For years nutritionists urged people to eat whole wheat bread. Yet white bread remained the top seller. As far as we know, enrichment of white bread (adding vitamins, iron and non-fat milk) now means that white bread has all the nutritional advantages of whole wheat.

For a fairly active man aged 25 of average height and weight, six slices of enriched bread will supply 21 per cent of the iron he should have daily, 16 per cent of the calcium, 19 per cent of the protein, 22 per cent of the thiamine and 20 per cent of the niacin.

## On Writing Essays

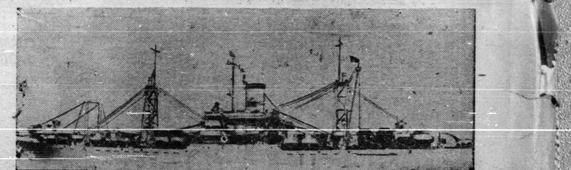
Down with essay contests, say high school principals. Of 200 principals who gave their views in a survey made by their national association, only two found any merit in many national competitions to determine which student can write the best essay about politics, patriotism, pickles or what have you.

The high school principals find these contests lead to dishonesty. Some students would submit unblushingly, as their own, an essay on honesty which had been written by Ralph Waldo Emerson or Adlai Stevenson. One girl a few years ago won a national contest in this way and the plagiarism was not discovered until she had gone to Washington to receive the award. Most of the dishonesty in essay contests isn't this raw. But frequently essay contestants will appropriate a lot of material without crediting it to its author.

In essay contests, students write to please sponsors and judges. If the pickle people sponsor the contest, the students extoll pickles even though they may be allergic to them. Contests are not likely to promote critical thinking. They just put a premium on hypocrisy.

Essay contests also put an intolerable burden on judges. Most of the essays are just plain awful. The remedy for this is not to have more essay contests. But the quality of essays might improve if there were more of the essay writing tests in classrooms, where students are on their own, and fewer of "right or wrong" tests which are so much easier to correct—and easier to read, too.—Des Moines Register. . . .

**SCHOLAR'S LITTLE HELPERS** — When 11-year-old Phillippe Mareau, of Paris, France, starts his homework, he is usually joined by his furred and feathered pals. They are "Jim" a sleek Siamese cat born in Bangkok, and "Mikou," a four-month-old Parisian owl. The pets are the fest of friends.



**SHIP TRAPPED IN ICE** — The cargo ship Arneb, shown above during a previous voyage, is reported trapped between two huge ice floes in the Ross Sea, Antarctica. The vessel, which has 218 men aboard, radioed that she was in no immediate danger, but water is leaking through holes in her hull and that her propeller is damaged.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

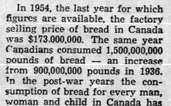
**Needs that Jesus Meets**
**Matthew 9:1-13**

**Memory Selection: Son, be of good cheer: thy sins be forgiven thee. Matthew 9:2.**

Four kind men had borne the palsied man to Jesus. Jesus dealt with his greatest need first. He said, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." Then he healed him of the palsy. The critics could see that the man was healed. To many it confirmed the fact that he had the power to forgive sins.

Some people need medical attention, some need better housing, some need better food, but all need the forgiveness of sins. When people receive that forgiveness other benefits follow. The new birth gives a new outlook. Wherever the gospel goes, hospitals, slum clearance, health education and the like soon follow.. The Gospel is indeed Good News in itself and the forerunner of other good.

The next act of Jesus was to call Matthew from the receipt of custom. Matthew, who later gave us a gospel record, was collecting from his own people for the hated Roman government. One can understand why he and all his fellow Publicans were despised by the Jews generally. It was a daring thing for Jesus to take a recruit from this group and choose him to be one of the twelve men to accompany him. Certainly it wouldn't help his prestige with the religious leaders. But Jesus was the Friend of sinners. He went to Matthew's home and ate with his friends, the Publicans and sinners. When criticized for it he said, "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

Jesus did not cater to social snobbery. He loved the rich young ruler and sought to win him. He loved the thief on the cross. He loved everybody and still does. Jesus is the Friend of sinners. He does not stoop to sin but he stoops to lift the sinner. He has power to break every chain of sin that binds. Jesus Christ can meet your every need.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking