Neglected Harem To Watch Movies

The attractive, blonde New Zealand girl screamed in terror when the two Indian lorry-drivers threw themselves upon her as she cycled down the lonely jungle road. But there was no one to hear her cries.

For minutes that seemed like hours she struggled and fought with the two men. "I was terrified," she says. "Then, just as I knew I couldn't last much longer, the twice-weekly bus suddenly pulled up beside us.

"It couldn't have come at a better time. The two men were scared, jumped into their lorry and drove off."

But police caught them seventeen miles down the road, and Louise Suthand, 29-year-old nurse on a lone cycle tour round the world, was the only European present when the two men were sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

That was only one of many adventures that befell Louise on her amazing journey. She went inside a sheikh's harem in the Mesopotamian desert . . . was a trespasser in a "forbidden" mosque in Baghdad . . . and was swept away by floods in the Canadian Rockies.

A broken romance started her off on her world trip, she said recently. "That was in New Zealand, at my home in Dunedin.

"At the age of twenty-one I was through with men for ever. I bought my ticket to London and set out to seek adventure."

Louise did private nursing in Soho for a year to save money for her trip. In the summer of 1951 she set out for Europe "on a perfectly ordinary bicycle."

It was in Greece that she first ran into trouble. "I didn't have a visa for Turkey. Rather than hang around for two months waiting for one, I tried to cycle across the border without it."

Turkish police in Edirne escorted Miss Sutherland back into Greece, where she finally took a boat to Haifa, in Israel.

"On the boat, my cabin was raided and all my money stolen," she recalls. "When I landed at Haifa there was a freight charge of £4 to be paid on my bicycle. I had only a few shillings, so the company confiscated the machine until I could raise the cash."

"I worked in an Arab hospital for several months — the only white woman on the staff When I had earned enough to get my bike out of hock, I hit the road again — to the Lebanon."

Working at a TB sanatorium there, Louise's no-romance campaign came to an abrupt halt. She became engaged to a charming Arab doctor. Louise laughed. "He was the first of three fiances I collected on my way round the world."

When the romance with the Arab doctor ended, Louise continued on her way to Baghdad. Before she got there she was invited into a sheikh's harem in the Mesopotamian desert.

But there was no chance of her being asked to stay. The sheikh's four wives and innumerable concubines were all bemoaning the fact that they had lost favour with their lord and master.

"It appeared," Louise explained, "that the sheikh had become an addict of Hollywood cowboy films. He was spending all his spare time at the local cinema."

In Baghdad, Arab friends invited Louise to don Moslem garb and accompany them to prayers in a huge golden mosque.

"I had to keep lifting the yashmak I was wearing to see what was going on. When we got outside, my friends told me that, if I had been discovered, I would have been torn to pieces. The mosque was the holiest Moslem shrine in the East and strictly out of bounds to infidels, meaning me!"

By the time Louise had reached Bombay her fame had spread before her. On arrival she was wined and dined by the Press and rushed in front of microphones and newsreel cameras.

"It was fun being a celebrity. I was taken out to dinner by Ashok Kumar, India's answer to Clark Gable, and was guest of honour at a party thrown by the Maharajah of Gwalior."

Three weeks later came the adventure in the jungle between Bombay and New Delhi when she was attacked by the two Indian lorry drivers.

For a few days after that she paid heed to friendly warnings to cancel her trip. But then, lumping them with other well-mentioned forecasts of danger, she climbed back on to her bicycle.

"I wanted to prove two things," she said. "For myself, that I hadn't lost my nerve. And to the people of India, that I wouldn't judge them all by one isolated incident.

"It's New Delhi, I collected my second fiance. I won't mention his name. He was way up in the Indian Foreign Office. When his superiors heard about the engagement, they didn't ask any questions — they just posted him off into the wilds of Africa to one of their more remote embassies!"

Trouble still dogged Louise's footsteps. Just as she was about to leave Calcutta for Burma, an urgent cable from home told her that her father was desperately ill and she returned to New Zealand.

For twelve months she worked at home. Then, eager to continue her round-the-world tour, she sailed for Fiji, Hawaii and Vancouver.

A fortnight later, Louise was camping in the foothills of the Rockies when it began to rain. "Pandemonium broke loose," she recalls. "When I landed at Haifa there was a freight charge of £4 to be paid on my bicycle. I had only a few shillings, so the company confiscated the machine until I could raise the cash."

"I wouldn't have come at a better time. The two men were scared, jumped into their lorry and drove off."

FETCH THE MISTLETOE — Fairfax Smathers is Poinsettia Queen for '58. The "southern" beauty is shown with an armload of the Christmas flowers at Cypress Gardens.

Table Talks

By Jane Andrews

Pancakes are becoming versatile enough to serve for any meal of the day. If you want to make any rolled pancake, use a regular whiteflour recipe with eggs in it. Have the batter of the consistency for the pancakes to spread thin on the griddle, and place them on paper towels as soon as they are done so that all excess fat will be removed.

Whether you roll the pancakes around a paste or around one of several fruits (a filling made with sweet cherries is a favorite for this), you can produce a dramatic effect by dipping cubes of sugar into lemon flavoring and then lighting with a match. The effect is best if you place the dipped cubes around the edges of your platter.

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The manager of a men's club famous for its fine food gave me this recipe for paste around which to roll such pancakes writes Eleanor Richey Johnston in The Christian Science Monitor.

"Make a cream of half pound sweet butter, half a pound of sugar, 12 almonds that have been blanched and peeled, then dried in a slow oven and chopped fine, a half dozen stale macaroons dried and chopped, and grated peel of two oranges and several tablespoons fruit juice Blend all to a smooth paste and put in a jar and cover with waxed paper. Refrigerate. For the pancakes, make a thin batter of ¾ cup flour, ¾ cup milk and 1 egg. Make into pancakes 4-4½ inches in size. Do not let pancakes crisp. Spread each cake with a generous spoonful of the paste, using a spatula or sliver knife to spread. Roll. Place on metal platter, sprinkle with a little powdered sugar, and slip under broiler for a few minutes."

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Breakfast pancakes are made with a thicker batter. Serve them with butter and syrup and with sausage or bacon on the side. Serve them as a sandwich, if you desire, with the bacon or sausage between 2 pancakes and syrup on top; or serve them buttered in a stack with a poached egg on top of the stack; sauce if your family likes them sweet.

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SOUR MILK PANCAKES

1½ cups pancake mix
¼ teaspoon soda
1 egg, beaten
1 cup milk to which 1½ teaspoons vinegar has been added.

Combine soda with pancake mix. Add milk and egg. For a thin pancake, add a little water as it thickens.

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Would you like to know how to make old-fashioned flannel cakes? Mrs. Beryl Martel writes. "When the cold winds off Lake Michigan notified us of the approach of winter when we were children, Mother got out a crock and made a starter for flannel cakes. Buckwheat flour was winter fare and not used in any other season. This starter was kept going all winter."

FLANNEL HOT CAKES

1 yeast cake
1 cup warm water
1 tablespoon honey or sugar
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup buckwheat flour
½ cup white flour

Dissolve yeast in the warm water and add other ingredients to make a dough. Keep in a warm place (it should be made in the morning and allowed to stand until evening). Then add the following:

1 cup warm water
½ cup buckwheat flour
½ cup white flour

You may now use this batter for cakes, but be sure to save at least 1 cup for your starter. Keep this in a cool place, but be sure it doesn't freeze.

Next time you want to have flannel cakes, take starter from cool place and let stand at room temperature overnight. Then add:

1 cup warm water
1 tablespoon honey or sugar
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup buckwheat flour
½ cup white flour

"This starter is strong enough to double or treble the amount of the batter. If you like to add fat to the batter, remove starter before adding it. I serve these with either bacon or sausage and use about 2 tablespoons of the bacon or sausage fat in the batter," writes Mrs. Martel.

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Closely akin to pancakes are fritters, and a cherry fritter recipe was sent by Mrs. Mary Wall, who writes, "these fritters are delicious served with baked ham, as well as for dessert with sauce and whipped cream added. I serve two of them on the plate, as they are small.

CHERRY FRITTERS

1 medium-size can sour cherries
½ cup sugar
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, beaten
Milk

Add sugar to cherries in pan and cook 5 minutes; drain and save juice. Put flour, baking powder and salt in bowl; add eggs and drained cherries. Add enough milk to make a thick batter (amount depends on size of eggs). Drop by spoonfuls into hot, deep fat and cook until done; drain on paper towels.

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Anybody made popcorn balls lately? Of course the youngsters love them, and some-not-so-young have been known to reach for seconds when no one was looking.

Here's one way. For seven cups of popped corn, mix in a saucepan a cup of sugar, ½ cup of water, ½ cup light corn syrup, a teaspoon of salt, and about a cup of butter. Cook until a candy thermometer says 250°F., or until a few drops form a hard ball when dropped in cold water. (Hope you know mo surely than I do when a hard ball is hard enough!) Remove from the heat and add a teaspoon of vanilla. Then pour in a thin stream over the popped corn, stirring constantly to mix well. Shape into balls with buttered hands, and don't be surprised to find yourself thoroughly stuck up before you finish.

Seven cups of popped corn will make 12 to 15 large balls. Remember that one cup, unpopped, makes about 5 cups of the popped product.

IT ALL DEPENDS

In a naval vessel the officer of the watch asked the starboard look-out what he would do if a man fell overboard.

"I would yell, 'Man overboard'," he replied.

The officer then asked what he would do if an officer fell overboard.

The look-out was silent for a moment, then asked: "Which officer, sir?"

Obey the traffic signs — they are placed there for YOUR SAFETY.

The "Fast Gun" Craze

They stood facing each other in the long, green room, the Western bad man — swarthy, evil, six-guns at the ready — and the hero, a coiled spring, poised on the balls of his feet, slightly bent forward, his single-action Colt nestling in his holster. Suddenly the hero dropped his right hand, drew, and fired. And a voice said flatly: "Forty one-hundredths of a second. Not bad."

For the green room was a shooting gallery; the bad man, a wooden silhouette; the hero — from 9 a.m. to 5 — a Chicago supermarket clerk. And the bullet that he fired was made of wax.

Through half of the nation last month, otherwise mature men were playing the same game: Seeing how quickly they could draw and fire a six-gun. The fad had started on the West Coast; it was now crackling through Chicago. Everywhere, the draw-and-fire buffs were organizing "quick-draw clubs."

"Thirteen one-hundredths of a second is the record at my place," said a man named James Bell one day last week. Bell operates a combined gun-shop-shooting-gallery, which houses Bell's Frontier Quick Draw Club in Chicago's suburban Franklin Park.

"That's better than the best time of the Old West gunslingers, and it's 24/100ths of a second better than Hugh O'Brian said he could draw and fire."

The fastest of the old-time bad men are credited with a time of 88/100ths of a second; O'Brian, who play Wyatt Earp on television, is credited with 37.

All sorts of males are fascinated by this newest hobby. Bell's 70-member club includes a truck driver, a factory manager, office clerks, university students, gun collectors, firemen and policemen. And all take this very seriously.

What is its fascination?

"I guess it's part of man's secret urge to pit himself against the bad man," said George Virgines, president of club, a truck driver when he's not playing at being the fastest draw west of the Pecos. "Ever since I saw my first Western movie, guns have always been interesting to me. I always thought it would be fun to see how fast I could draw. You see a cowboy on TV in a duel and you say: 'Gee, I could shoot him!' And here at the club you can do it and not feel funny about it." — from NEWS-WEEK

SHADOW OVER BERLIN

SHADOW OVER BERLIN — West Berlin, some 100 miles within East Germany, is the latest pawn to be placed in play by Russia on the chessboard of the Cold War. Intimations that another blockade could occur raise grim memories of the days in '48-'49, when Berlin's life — and world peace — hung from the wings of the West's airlift.

OPERATION "VITTLES" — C-47 Globemaster, above, joined the '48-'49 airlift to beleaguered Berlin.

THE CHILDREN CAME OUT — Thousands of children, aged and infirm persons and refugees were flown out of Berlin by the airlift.

SCORE FOR FREEDOM — Men of the airlift kept score. 2,343,215 tons of food and supplies, April '48-Sept. '49.

Bargain Rates for Murders

In Ceylon, the natives never take grievances to court but to a bandit tribe who offer to get them settled for an agreed fee, even if it means robbing, beating-up, or murdering people to order.

Heinz Randow, an animal collector for zoos, lent a Sinhalese friend, "Mr Silva," a valuable taking-net which he repeatedly failed to return. Knowing it would be useless to go to law, he got an introduction to the bandit chief, who explained that getting the net back might involve beating-up Mr. Silva and leaving him half dead as a warning for the future.

This would cost ten rupees; a mild beating-up, eight, if Mr. Randow thought that sufficient.

Curious, Randow asked how much it would cost to have him beaten to death. The bandit became thoughtful, then said: twenty-five rupees—about six dollars. Randow settled for a mild one at eight, paying two in advance.

Three days later four of the bandits' men turned up—two with long scratches on their faces—and handed him the net. There were three large tears in it, made during the struggle, but these were duly repaired, and the balance of six rupees paid.

Later Mr. Silva himself turned up, swathed in bandages and with two black eyes. He bore no grudge for the lesson he had been taught and invited Randow to go with him to the Kataragama Festival of the May Full Moon in Colombo. He would have to dress as a native, because the festival always stirred up bad feeling against foreigners. Europeans who risked their lives kept out of the way.

European friends warned Randow that it would be madness to go anywhere near the sacred processional coach with its carved deities, which was drawn through the streets by richly caparisoned elephants, escorted by throngs of fanatics inspired by three days of mounting religious fervour.

Randow, however, determined to go. He relates the dramatic sequel in a vivid account of his life there, "Zoo Search in Ceylon". Silva got drunk, and in the crowded square by the Galle Face hotel, picked a quarrel with some Tamil youths who were watching the procession.

Instantly pandemonium broke loose, everyone around began shrieking. A woman, piercing his disguise, pointed at Randow and screamed: "A European!"

She tried to dig her nails into his face. Flailing his arms like a windmill, he fought his way through the infuriated mob, ran down a road embankment into tangled undergrowth, and managed to get away, with his clothes torn to ribbons, blood streaming down his face.

But he'd seen the fabulous procession, the jewelled, illuminated coach with two caparisoned white steeds mounted on a huge low-slung wagon drawn by elephants!

A born adventurer, he constantly courted danger. Penetrating into the wild animal reserve beyond Kandy, he meant to get a look at the Veddas, a jungle tribe who carry bows and arrows and poison-barbed blowpipes, have no contact with the outside world, and will barter goods only if you place yours under a tree on a river bank bordering their territory, camp some distance off, and collect in the morning those they've left in exchange during the night.

He had some exciting experiences at his collecting station and on a village up-country where Wellawatte. A 23-foot python had to be de-crated with the help of twenty coolies, who stood by, ready to seize its body as soon as he had secured its great head by flinging a sack over it at lightning speed. As he drew back the wire mesh covering the top, the head shot out, almost grazing his face with its gaping jaws, while its body half uncoiled.

After a fierce struggle, he managed to pin it down behind the head with a cleft stick He then held its head just behind the jawbone with both hands, to compress the windpipe, while the coolies fought the monster.

It writhed so furiously that it knocked three off their feet; others had to let go, and with two coils round his body, threw him down, too, fell to the ground. Desperately he still clung to the head, and narrowly escaped being crushed to death—with great bloodstained bruises on his ribs.

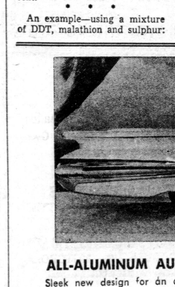
He had another tussle with a six-foot cobra, tackling it with snake-pole and noose, seizing it firmly behind the jawbone to prevent its fangs biting his hand, then heaving it into sack and box.

Returning from Colombo one night with his ox-carts, Randow shone his torch into tangled foliage to see what had made the oxen stop dead and refuse to go on.

About thirty feet above the ground he saw the greenish-red eyes of a large leopard, and as once switched off. Against the moon-light a dark form hurtled towards him He sprang to one side, raised his rifle. Luckily, the beast landed five yards short of him. It crouched, snarled viciously, ready to spring again. But in that brief moment he fired. It jumped only a yard, then fell in a heap, dead.

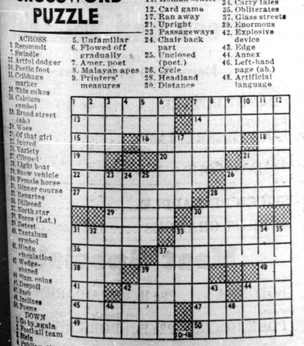
Randow relates these and other adventures against a background of native life and scenic beauty that sometimes made him feel he was in the Garden of Eden—except for the venomous cobras.

"My husband is certainly easy on his clothes," said Mrs. McVie "He bought a bowler hat twenty years ago, had it cleaned twice and changed it seven times in restaurants, and it still looks as good as new."



CHEER PLEASURE — Warren Harding grins triumphantly as he nears the top of El Capitan, gigantic granite monolith at Yosemite, Calif. Harding led the first party to conquer the sheer, north face of the 3,604-foot long-time challenge to mountaineers.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS
1. Recounts
7. Swindle
11. Artful dodger
14. Poetic foot
15. Chiburn starter
16. Thin cakes
18. Calcium symbol
19. Road street (abb.)
20. Vow
21. Of that city
22. Served
23. Variety
25. Dread
27. Light boat
28. Snow vehicle
29. Female horse
31. Dinner course
32. Rewrites
35. Hillhead
37. North star
38. Force (Lat.)
39. Detect
40. Tantalum symbol
42. Wades
45. Conflagration
47. Wedge-shaped
48. Stain, colors
49. Spindrift
50. Soft
51. Poems
53. Pronto
DOWN
1. Sch. grads
2. Football team
3. Bolt
4. Public notice
5. Unfamiliar
6. Plowed off gradually
7. Anser, poet
8. Malayan apes
9. Printers' measures
10. Man's nickname
11. Roman orator
12. Card game
17. Ran away
21. Upright
23. Passageways
24. Chair back part
25. Unclosed (poet.)
26. Cycle
28. Headland
30. Distance
31. Tastes
33. Beast
34. Repetition
36. Curry tales
38. Obliterates
39. Glass streets
39. Enormous
42. Explosive device
43. Edge
44. Annex
46. Left-hand page (ab.)
48. Artificial language

Answer elsewhere on this page

"GREAT SNAKES I FOR GOURDNESS' SAKE..." — Fierce-type kitten in the garden of the Maurice Littlejohn home is seeing se pents. The "snake" is a gourd, and someone has improved on nature with a dab of paint here and there.

THE FARM FRONT by John Russell

A Heavy Case Of Robbery

The scruffy, shifty - looking man hurried to the news-stand and asked for a paper. The news-vendor handed him one, took the half-crown the man gave him, and reached for some change. He turned with the money in his hand to find his customer had gone.

The man was leaning against the wall about ten yards away from the stall. His paper was unfolded in front of him, completely hiding his face. For a moment the news-vendor was baffled. Not many of his customers left him with over two shillings change in his hand. Acting on a hunch, he told a policeman who was passing.

The policeman approached the man and spoke to him. There was a scuffle, then the man was hustled away by the officer. Later, the newsvendor, sixty-year-old Dick, learned that his unusual customer had escaped from a mental hospital. He had seen the policeman and had attempted to hide behind the newspaper.

That was just one of the many unusual incidents that have involved grey-haired, yet still sprightly looking, Dick, who is soon retiring after selling papers for more than twenty years from his pitch outside a North-West London station.

On one occasion he was about to close up for the night when a luxurious car drew up. A well-dressed man got out and asked Dick if he would give him a hand in lifting his case from the trunk of the car into the station.

As they struggled to get the heavy case out, Dick's suspicions were aroused by the sight of a jimmy lying on the back seat. So he made a note of the man's appearance, the number, make and so on of the car, and later gave these particulars to the police. Not long afterwards the man was arrested; he had robbed a cinema of its takings and had pulled off a succession of similar robberies in the district. The heavy case had been loaded with his safe-breaking equipment.

Supplying the public with newspapers is just part of Dick's working day—he is also regarded as a walking information officer and postman. One woman regularly leaves him all her letters to post. She settles up the stamp and paper bill at the end of the week.

"I don't mind" says Dick. "I trust my customers completely."

Cull potatoes can be fed to dairy cattle as a substitute for turnips, Canada Department of Agriculture tests have proved.

Milk production scales were tipped only slightly in favor of the ration that included turnips. Potatoes did not adversely affect flavor or quality of milk.

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Prince Edward Islanders often dispose of cull potatoes by dumping them in the woods or on manure piles. At the same time, many farmers reduced turnip acreage and, when markets were good, sold most of them for table use.

A three-year program at the Charlottetown Experimental Farm established the important role that could be played by cull potatoes.

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All cows on the experiment were fed good quality hay at a rate of one and a half pounds per 100 pounds live weight, and a meal mixture at the rate of one pound for each three and a half pounds of four per cent milk produced

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Potatoes were fed at the rate of one and three-quarter pounds per 100 pounds body weight and were compared with turnips fed at the rate of four pounds per 100 pounds body weight. Both were fed pulped and uncooked.

This would mean a daily ration of about 20 pounds of potatoes for the average Ayrshire cow.

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Many fruit growers buy spray chemicals in small packages despite the fact that the smaller the package the higher the cost per unit of weight, says Entomologist Dr. James Marshall of the Summerland, BC., Experimental Farm.

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DDT, one of the less expensive chemicals, costs about $2 less when bought in 60-pound bags than when purchased in cartons containing 12 four-pound bags, he points out. And the saving on malathion, a more expensive chemical, is about six per cent.

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An example—using a mixture of DDT, malathion and sulphur: With a machine that sprays three acres to a filling, nine bags of DDT, nine bags of malathion and seven and a half bags of sulphur would have to be individually opened and shaken into the spray tank—an operation that takes time, leaves 25 empty bags and two empty cartons to dispose of and, in general, is a nuisance.

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Vegetable storage problems can usually be traced to two things —improper harvesting and poor facilities, according to R. H. Anderson of the Melfort, Sask., Experimental Farm.

Vegetables must be mature, sound and free from mechanical injury, he warns, and this requires care in harvesting and handling. Required also are adequate ventilation, proper temperature control and absence of sunlight.

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Along this same line, electric lights should be used as little as possible since the artificial light causes greening on pot-toes.

Potatoes should be stored dry in slatted bins that allow circulation of air. Temperature should be near 38 degrees F., since below this mark they develop a sweet flavor and above 40 degrees they begin to sprout.

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Root crops such as beets, carrots, parsnips and rutabagas keep best stored in sand at 32 degrees. If the roothouse or cellar is dry, sand should be dampened. Onions should be dried after harvesting and kept dry during their storage in shallow boxes without sand.

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Pumpkins and squash should be kept at 60 degrees for about two weeks, and then transferred to dry storage at about 50 degrees. Stems should be left attached.

Cabbages keep well in dry storage suspended by the roots. Large quantities have been stored successfully on slatted shelves above potato bins, with the roots and outer leaves removed.

Obey the traffic signs — they are placed there for YOUR SAFETY.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Jesus Shares His Ministry
Mark 6:6b-13, 30

Memory Selection: Jesus, when he came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd. Mark 6: 34.

Jesus called twelve disciples to be with him during his ministry which lasted about three and a half years. This was the greatest training that any minister could possibly have. When Jesus ascended into heaven, eleven of these disciples became leaders in the church.

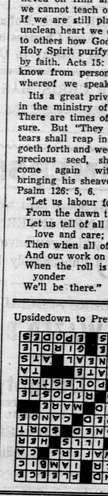
The training was not only in hearing Him who spoke as never man spake and observing His wonderful works. They were sent on some practical work on their own. They went two by two, preaching repentance, casting out devils and anointing the sick with oil and healing them. Thus Jesus shared His ministry. When confronted with a hungry multitude He said, "Give ye them to eat." While He performed the miracle they distributed the food. They had an important part.

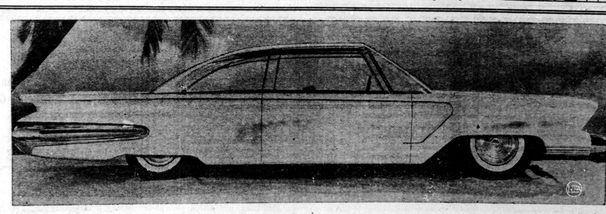
Jesus still shares His ministry with His followers. Someone has said, "Jesus has no hands but our hands, no feet but our feet, no tongue but our tongue." We are His witnesses. But before we can effectively witness, we must know Jesus Christ ourselves in a very personal way. If we have not repented and believed on Him and been saved we cannot teach others the way. If we are still plagued with an unclean heart we cannot explain to others how God can give the Holy Spirit purifying our hearts by faith. Acts 15: 8, 9. We must know from personal experience whereof we speak.

Itis a great privilege to share in the ministry of Jesus Christ. There are times of testing to be sure. But "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Psalm 126: 5, 6.

"Let us labour for the Master
From the dawn till setting sun
Let us tell of all His wondrous
love and care;
Then when all of life is over
And our work on earth is done,
When the roll is called up
yonder
We'll be there."

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking



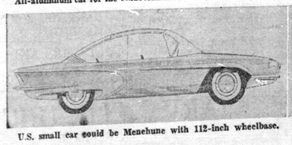


ALL-ALUMINUM AUTOS FOR 1960?

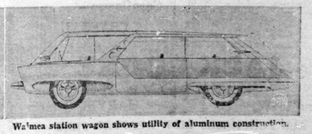
Sleek new design for an all-aluminum car of say, 1960, is embodied in the Pele (Pay-Lay), named for the goddess of volcanoes. Body panels are of stamped aluminum sheet with enameled finish. Side trim is brushed and gold-color anodized aluminum while the bumpers, roof rails and roof are made of the same metal, utilized for lightness and strength. Shown above is a three-eighths-scale model of the car which would have a 126-inch wheelbase, an overall length of 225 inches and a height of 52¼ inches. Frame, wheels and engine would also be aluminum. Production line changes would be minimal, according to the designer, Kaiser Aluminum and Chemical Sales, Inc. Other designs are shown below.

All-aluminum car for the outdoorsman is the sprightly Paneole.

Haleakala's novel design includes full-width stamped hood.

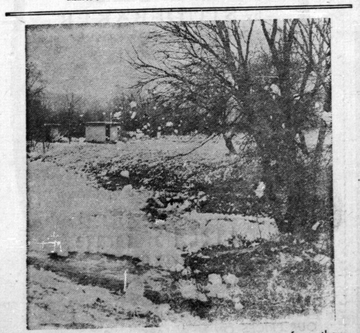


U.S. small car could be Menehune with 112-inch wheelbase.



Wa'mea station wagon shows utility of aluminum construction.

"This is the friend you said you were bringing home for dinner?"



SUDS WINTRY WEATHER — Soaps and detergents from thousands of suburban sinks paint this wintry picture on the outskirts of Chicago. Such foaming is a familiar sight to filtration plant engineers.