

### Hawaiian Interlude

Friends would return from the Hawaiian Islands with enchantment in their eyes. And you would say, "Yes, I suppose what you tell me of these ancient Polynesian lands is true. It takes a visit there to discover how authentic the lyrics are."

Here is that languorous air, and even-tempered breeze; here the white clouds tug ever at the green jutting mountains. Here the sudden brief shower drops its rainbow into the misty up-land valleys. Here the lingering chant of Aloha and soft music echoes on the thought, even as the scent of frangipani blossoms meets one at the airport along with the garlands of leis. Here, Shakespeare, is another jewel, set in a blue, blue sea.

As is the case with just about everywhere, Hawaii too is growing in population. Right after World War II there was an out-migration; now it's an in-migration, and the local birthrate is high. Since 1950 Hawaii's population has increased from 500,000 to 882,000. Honolulu has a new suburban shopping center and the housing subdivisions are marching up the narrow valleys to seize the mountain slopes. To one looking inland from Waikiki Beach in the dark of night, these distant housing developments sparkle like stars scattered on the mountainside.

One can foresee a time when more Americans will come to Hawaii and its 70-degree temperature to retire, or to spend the winter months in sunny California. Land is too expensive today on Oahu, the central island. There are, however, on the other islands, which the quiet tourist hasn't time to visit.

The purser on our Pan American Airways strato-cruiser was enthusiastic about the tourist possibilities when the jets swing in on the trans-Pacific run. When you can reach Hawaii in six short hours instead of ten from Los Angeles, people tend to mind whether they ride a little closer together in economy or tourist class," he observed.

Even now, a GI returning from the war will still find more hotels along the ocean fronts, new shops everywhere, more industries, and Honolulu's business streets traffic-jammed at lunch hour. Still, the unhurried pace and the feel of uncluttered loveliness have been preserved to a great extent in the regions visitors haunt. The honky-tonk has moved on, and only a small problem for the Hawaiian tourist boards and chambers of commerce will need to see to it that this island atmosphere is kept unspoiled.

For Hawaii is a unique and beautiful coincidence of many circumstances: the near-perfect climate, the ocean surf for riding, the scented breeze, and the mingling of many races in harmony, which, seen again produces blooms lovely as the hibiscus. The pretty sales-girl where Hawaiian shirts are sold under the stars is proudly Eurasian; Korean, English, and Irish. Caucasian Hawaiians meet, once from California and Minnesota, number among their close friends Japanese and Chinese families, play golf with them, sit on the same development boards. But at that level there is very little inter-marriage, writes William H. Strang in The Christian Science Monitor.

For the visitor there are many natural masterpieces to be glanced at, the "blow hole" on a rocky shore, an office in the rocks through which water

spouts like "Old Faithful" every time a big wave rolls in. In the hills there is the waterfall which actually reverses itself—blown skyward in a plume of spray by the wind.

For the visitor also there is the international mart with its shops and tobacconies under the palms. Here are the vivid Hawaiian shirts—and every main-land tourist agency lady comes to one of them: "My, but you are a silly dear thing, aren't you?" And the myna bird, some-thing like a diminutive black crow with yellow trim, puffs out his chest, darts a sidewise glance, and proceeds to say "mooey," followed by "how wovv."

Here one buys wood bowls made from the monkey pod tree, a carved calabash from Hong Kong, Japanese silk. Here are caged myna birds—not for sale and the tourist agency lady coos to one of them: "My, but you are a silly dear thing, aren't you?" And the myna bird, some-thing like a diminutive black crow with yellow trim, puffs out his chest, darts a sidewise glance, and proceeds to say "mooey," followed by "how wovv."

If the visitor will look about and project his imagination, Hawaii is a land of ancient myth and mystery. In the museum are the Polynesian long canoes, reminding one of the incredible sea voyages which carried these seafarers from Asia far beyond Micronesia and Melanesia. See the mysteriously terraced hillsides and you wonder if they were really wrought by the long vanished megalomane dwarf-men. Immerse yourself in the wam ocean and think of all the seagirt lonely atolls of the South Pacific.

Mark Twain called the Hawaiian Islands the loveliest fittilla anchored in any sea. One is tempted to agree, and to sit at the hotel's supper tables on Waikiki Beach, with the flaming torches lighting the starred darkness, the pulsing orchestra, and its electric guitar making little music, and the white surf just visible out beyond, and what will be hissing and breaking all through the night.

### Twelve Thousand Lost Babies

Fourteen thousand children separated from their parents in the chaos of the last war are still a major problem for the West German Red Cross. An intensive search is still going on for the parents but the task is becoming more difficult. At one time 600 cases a month were solved, but recently the rate has dropped to little more than half that figure.

The situation is made even more heart-breaking by the fact that the Red Cross also have on their books 12,000 parents who are still looking for their children.

He returned home to find his young wife in tears. "You know that lovely cake I made from mother's recipe," she cried. "Well, I put it out to cool and the cat ate most of it." "Never mind, dear," he comforted. "I know someone who will give us a kitten."

### Easy Rules Focus Yule Photos

BY EDNA MILES

This is the best time—right now—to check on both your picture-taking technique and equipment for the Christmas holiday. More than any other holiday of the year, Christmas is a family affair. And most families want to record their Christmas, either in movies or in stills, in color or black-and-white, or both.

But last year's pictures may serve as a guide to improving those for Christmas, 1958. Those blurred and fuzzy stills, those monotonous movies of the family mugging straight into the camera, would be a lot more fun to look at if more thought went into the composition of the pictures.

Remember, if you want natural and lifelike pictures, you must ask your subjects not to stare at the camera. See to it that they're doing something, whether it's trimming the tree or sampling eggnog, and then catch them in action. Don't let them wave at the camera or grin self-consciously.

Use fast equipment, take it to your nearest camera shop if you're in doubt about its operating efficiency. For extra insurance, She's ready for Christmas Eve picture taking with a white-and-gold camera that features a gold-and-white case on that you can keep a full record of your family's Christmas.



WANTED — The reward may be fabulous for this unidentified beauty who's being sought by a New York modeling agency. "Miss X" sent this striking close-up to the Conover TV agency but forgot to include name or address.

### TABLE TALKS

by Elaine Andrews

Each festive season calls for a varied array of sweets — cakes, cookies, and candies, and no household ever has too many or too great a variety. Here are a few choice recipes which some readers, at least, may find different and delightful.

#### APRICOT STICKS

20 dried apricot halves (large)  
1/2 cup soft shredded coconut  
(cut finely)  
1/2 cup candied cherries

Wash apricots, pour boiling water over them, and let stand five minutes or until softened a little. Drain and dry well with a paper towel. Combine shredded coconut and pineapple and mix thoroughly. Flatten each apricot half, skin side down, and spread a portion of the coconut-pineapple mixture over the surface. Roll up like a jelly roll. Place on a tray to dry at room temperature. When dry, roll in fine granulated sugar. Store in a paper-covered container at room temperature. Yield: 20 candies.

#### MOLASSES POPCORN BARS

1 large unflavored bowl full of popped corn  
1 cup sugar  
Dash of salt  
1/2 cup water  
1/2 cup molasses — preferably light golden type  
1 heaping tablespoon butter

Stir together all ingredients, except soda and popcorn in a large saucepan and cook to the firm ball stage. Remove from fire and stir the soda into the syrup. When syrup is foaming well, pour rapidly over the popped corn and stir thoroughly. (Use a large enough pan to permit easy mixing — a dishpan is good.) Turn into a well-buttered, large cake tin and lightly and quickly press flat to about one-half-inch thickness. Cut into bars of desired size.

#### ORANGE SANDWICH COOKIES

1/2 cup butter  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 egg  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla  
1 teaspoon grated orange rind  
1 1/2 cups sifted cake flour  
1/4 teaspoon baking soda  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup finely chopped walnuts or pecans

Cream butter, add sugar and cream again until light and fluffy. Add well-beaten egg, then stir in vanilla and orange rind. Add sifted dry ingredients and mix well. Stir in chopped nuts. Chill dough thoroughly (overnight, if possible).

Roll out very thin on floured pastry cloth and cut with cookie cutter of desired size. Bake on an oiled cookie sheet at 400°F for 8 to 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Remove at once to cooling racks and when cool spread one-half of the cookies with simple confectioner's sugar icing mixed with orange juice instead of milk. Top with remaining half of cookies and press together for "sandwiches." Yield: about four dozen cookies, depending on size.

#### PECAN-DATE SLICES

3 cup sugar  
1/2 cup milk  
1/2 cup cream of tartar  
2 tablespoons butter  
1 package (7 oz.) dates, cut up  
1/2 cup chopped pecans  
20 maraschino cherries (optional)  
Boil together sugar, milk, and cream of tartar to the soft-ball stage, stirring occasionally. Add

### Lover's Lane Was "Live" Minefield

Dancing along the beach towards her sweetheart's camera, a pretty East Coast bathing girl heard him yell to her to stop. In the foreground he had spotted a rusty old object like an old drum, looking much too unromantic for the holiday scene.

The photographer took a running kick at the object and then turned dizzy when he realized what it was. "Call the police!" he shouted.

A short time later an Army miniature atom cloud of sand and dust arrived on the scene, exploded another live mine in a flash.

Thirteen years after the end of World War II, teams of Royal Engineers and civilians are still clearing up the seaside minefields. On one of the last — a stretch of shoreline near Tringham, Norfolk — nearly 500 mines have been detonated in the past few years.

Bomb disposal men have been blown up themselves, so hideously real are the risks some of the sappers have been decorated for gallantry. Yet the campaign is still in progress — and it may be 1960 before the War Office gives the all-clear.

Cliff falls have shifted and "Dangers" notices and picketed there. Courting couples had even sat on a bench beneath which mines lay.

No plans of the minefield existed. The officer who led the mine-laying party in 1940 had been killed, and the plans he was carrying were blown up with him. Years later a rabbit detonated a mine . . . and unlocked the secret of a cliff minefield where more than 100 mines were later disintegrated.

A co-ed is usually the gal who didn't catch her man in high school.

in listing a suspect floating object as just an old rusty mooring buoy. The children were throwing stones at it. Visitors prodded it. Then the police had second thoughts and sent for a naval expert.

The old buoy was in reality a rare type of sea mine and eight people were evacuated from their homes before it could be exploded.

The mines are so touchy that some can be exploded by a high-pressure water jet. After twenty years' absence one man signed happily as he took possession of his seaside villa. Having disintegrated four box mines from the front garden, sappers gave it a clean bill.

All the family came to stay for a holiday—and then a chicken was a strange beginning for a series destined to blaze with glory through the years. A second postponement was caused by court mourning for the sudden death of the King of Denmark.

But in July, 1912, at the Palace Theatre, London, the curtain eventually rose on the first royal command variety performance. Twenty-five of the greatest artists of the day were honored to appear by royal command.

They included dancer Pavlova and comedians Harry Lauder, George Robey and Little Tich. Yet officials banned the greatest star of all, beloved Marie Lloyd, because they feared she would be too vulgar for the great occasion.

Fully equal to the situation, Marie Lloyd appeared at a near-by theatre on the royal route and put up placards: "Every performance by Marie Lloyd is a Command Performance by the British public."

Grace Fields inadvertently disturbed Queen Mary, who thought it wrong that a trained coloratura singer should risk her voice with "The Biggest Applauder in the World."

There was the storm that broke out when "Pogo, the Performing Horse" was announced for the programme. Although the Queen attends the circus, performing animals at the royal music hall invariably evoke protests from anti-cruelty societies and they immediately attacked the "Pogo" proposition in full force.

Faces were red when it was subsequently announced that the Gracis Brothers, brilliant extempores in that line, were to be Pogo's fore and back legs. To avoid delay, bouquet presentations to royal performers are always strictly forbidden. As

### Staged Her Own "Command Show"

Setting the Edinburgh night aglow with flame, the trappings of drapery and tinsel prepared for the first royal variety command performance blazed to the sky.

On a stage set in jewelled splendour as an eastern harem, variety artists and stage hands fought the flames, their one way of escape blocked by a tear-moistened floor.

Lafayette, the conjurer, died that night and his body was found close to the charred remains of the beast he had tried to save. The entire backstage theatre was burned out and with it went the scenery and stage properties stored in readiness for the command performance a few nights later.

The royal show was cancelled. It was a strange beginning for a series destined to blaze with glory through the years. A second postponement was caused by court mourning for the sudden death of the King of Denmark.

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part of his act, however, Noni, the clown, used to advance to the footlights and murmur, plaintively: "What, no flowers?" This resulted in a charming royal gesture when Queen Mary, touched by his pathos, sent him flowers from her own bouquet.

Another year the bottom fell out of a huge box of chocolates which had just been presented to the royal party, and Princess Margaret and the present Queen began picking up chocolates scattered all over the floor. But to lessen this awful moment for the theatre manager, the Queen Mother accepted a chocolate from his cupped hands and popped it into her mouth — regardless of carpet dust.

With such a big show, things inevitably go wrong on occasion. George Blake once planned to illumine a red, white and blue finale with the aid of 300,000 watts, stage lighting men built a light that had ever been seen.

At the great moment the fuse blew but critics next morning said that the dimming of the stage while the royal box was in redraft had been "superbly staged."

More recently the Queen unexpectedly entered the foyer by a left-hand door instead of the right and found herself at the wrong end of a presentation line. "This must be harder work for you than television," Vic Oliver heard a soft voice saying.

"You're telling me," said Vic, thinking he was replying to another performer—then found he was talking to the Queen.

There was the occasion when Eto Desmond heard she had been chosen for the show only to find her name omitted from the final list. In bitter disappointment Flo Wright to the present Queen Mother. "There are people who will believe I have secured your Majesty's displeasure . . . I humbly beg that your Majesty will interest yourself on my behalf."

As a result, the theatre manager heard from Buckingham Palace and Eto Desmond became one of the few modern artists to appear by royal request. In reality, the Royal Variety Show has been a "command performance" since its inception in 1912. It is now an annual performance in aid of the Variety Artists Benevolent Fund, which the Queen and Prince Philip attend. To date over 200 million has been raised for charity.

### Smallest?



SMALLEST? — Mr. and Mrs. Victor Franzen, left, above, visit the tiny, 41x7-foot chapel at Wiscasset, Me., called "the smallest church in the world" by its builder, retired Baptist minister Rev. Mr. Louis W. West, 73. At right, Ruth Drake sweeps and a kneeling prayer. The building contains seats for two, an altar and a kneeling bench. It is decorated with two of the minister's own paintings. Rev. Mr. West has topped its steeple with a golf ball, because "there is no game in life that brings people so close to God."

### THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

Science has come up with a new protection for plants during the growing season — a polyethylene plastic mulch. Use of straw and manure mulches on plants during the winter has long been an accepted horticultural practice. These mulches have also been used during growing seasons to reduce soil compactness and evaporation of soil moisture, to improve fertility and to control weeds.

But using organic mulching materials during the growing season has meant applying nitrogenous fertilizers to decompose straw, the introduction of weed seeds in straw and manures, and the reduction of soil temperatures when heavy rates are used for weed control.

Indications are these disadvantages may be partially overcome by use of polyethylene plastic mulch, says Horticulturist W. E. Torfason of the Lethbridge Experimental Farm.

Preliminary tests showed early-season soil temperatures were increased under the plastic mulch. Later, when plant foliage covered the soil, temperatures were comparable to those in unmulched soil.

Plastic mulches cannot replace organic mulches for winter protection.

Mr. Torfason suggests that gardeners, interested in using plastic mulch, do so with the object of controlling weeds and conserving moisture. Benefit of higher yield will be realized in most seasons, as a result of reduced plant competition and more adequate moisture, rather than as a direct result of the mulch.

Plastic mulches cannot replace organic mulches for winter protection.

Like professional criminals, Canadian winters destroy all possible clues after playing havoc with perennial crops.

It has always been difficult to pinpoint what it is about the plants that kills plants, since estimates of damage are made in the spring after the evidence has been wiped clean.

But tests are under way at the Central Experimental Farm that may throw some light on the subject.

The Department of Agriculture field husbandry experts are reviving sample plots of field crops from winter dormancy by planting a small, both-tumble growth chamber over them.

Heat and light are supplied artificially. Snow and soil thaw and the plants begin to grow. The regrowth and vigor are in-

### Silent Popcorn I

Noisless popcorn — you chew it without a crunch — has been developed by science. It promises to bring back the silent movies in which you could actually hear the sound track without mandatory interference.

But don't expect too much of that promise — yet.

The new, silent popcorn is actually a sorghum, not a corn. While it makes no racket under bicuspid compression, its kernels expand when popped to only 17 times their original volume.

You call this inflation? Not when some modern hybrid popcorns expand as much as 35 times. Since popcorn is sold by bulk, they'll have to make popcorn sorghum more expensive to lend it commercial appeal.

Lots of research is going on to improve popcorn. The Department of Agriculture, Cornell University (no pun intended), Purdue University and other institutions are working on it because of the great increase in popcorn consumption the last 20 years.

Like other maize types, the movie corn is native to the Americas. Indians ate it long before there were white men or theatre lobbies on this side of the Atlantic.

They popped it on a hot, flat stone laid over a fire pit. White settlers took it up, but the stuff didn't really become commercially important until around 1890.

Now, as an outgrowth of the sweets scarcity in World War II and the introduction of popcorn stands in theatres, it's the basis of an industry grossing many millions yearly. Growers in the Midwest corn states harvested 251 million pounds of it last year.

In the interest of prosperity for all, we have a suggestion which should get this crunchless munch project off the ground.

Why not capitalize on the natural sweetness of sorghum, and the introduction of popcorn to peddle the hot buttered popcorn as a sweet (as well as quiet) alternate to the popcorn? We make this suggestion free of charge. You can have it just stand there. Well don't just stand there. —The Denver Post

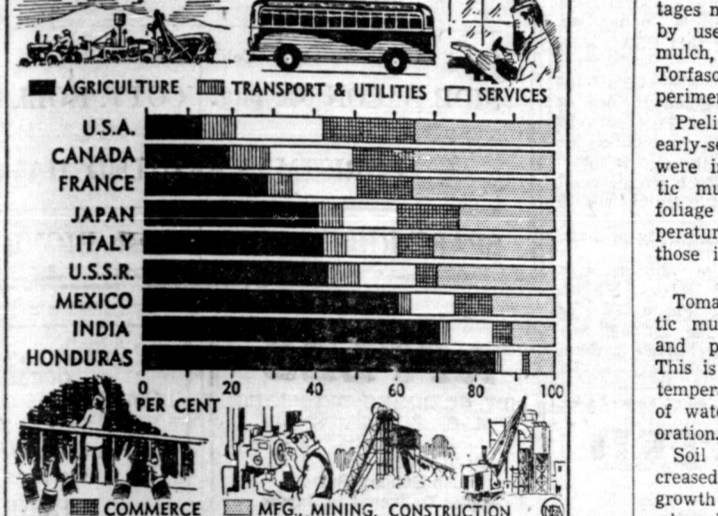
Small boy's definition of conscience: "Something that makes you tell your mother before your sister does."

Let us keep Jesus Christ central in our thoughts. Remember it was Jesus who the Wise Men worshipped, (Matthew 2:11) not Mary or Joseph. We will only fully appreciate Christmas as we realize that Jesus Christ was the Son of God and He came to reconcile us to God by bearing our sins and triumphing over death. Let us worship and adore Him.

An M.P. flung down several typewritten sheets before his new secretary.

"Don't use such long words in my speeches," he said. "I want to know what I'm talking about."

### HOW THE WORLD USES ITS MANPOWER



### PATTERNS OF POWER

Newschart above shows how various representative nations employ their work forces in different categories. Highly developed nations are contrasted with those still undergoing transformation from an agrarian to an industrial economy. Black bars graphically tell the story of how manpower is released for other jobs as agriculture becomes mechanized and requires fewer and fewer workers. Data from United Nations statistical office.

### CROSSWORD PUZZLE

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11. Mire	12. Mire	13. Mire	14. Mire	15. Mire	16. Mire	17. Mire	18. Mire	19. Mire	20. Mire
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### Dame Fortune Slept Through These Zany Mishaps

Strange accidents that "just couldn't happen"—but did—are recorded in the 1958 roundup compiled by the National Safety Council. Some of the goofy things that happened to people are illustrated, below, in a collection of cockeyed catastrophes more embarrassing than tragic.



Boiling mad couldn't describe in Mount Clemens, Mich., the feelings of young Robert Harold Dukes was showing his Golden, of Newport, Ky. He 6-year-old daughter who was standing near the kitchen really swing one of those hula and Robert Galloway while she when a bullet rolled off hoops. The instructions abrupt-ly she into a pot of boiling ly he was postponed while he re- turned and exploded. Robert cooperated in the hospital from was shot near the rear burner, a dislocated backbone.



Charlotte, N.C., neighbors figured at last they could tell apart the coverings of young Robert Harold Dukes was showing his Golden, of Newport, Ky. He 6-year-old daughter who was standing near the kitchen really swing one of those hula and Robert Galloway while she when a bullet rolled off hoops. The instructions abrupt-ly she into a pot of boiling ly he was postponed while he re- turned and exploded. Robert cooperated in the hospital from was shot near the rear burner, a dislocated backbone.



Turnabout is fair play, as any William Zaring, of Indianapolis. A year-old, bounding baby girl racoon will tell you. So when Ed, was taken shack when he from Chicago wins the gray-Lettie Mercere fired at one in saw a neighbor's auto driving hula-to-mother award. Judith Helix, Maine, the five-year-old, saw a neighbor's auto driving hula-to-mother award. Judith Helix, Maine, the five-year-old, saw a neighbor's auto driving hula-to-mother award. Judith Helix, Maine, the five-year-old, saw a neighbor's auto driving hula-to-mother award.

### SCOURGE OF GRASS

Johnson Grass, a parasitic weed unknown to Midwest farmers a decade ago, threatens to spread its deadly growth over a wide area of the breadbasket. Farmer Charles Cassout examines the sword-like grass growing more than 10 feet high. The American Farm Bureau and Soil Extension Services are battling to get rid of it.