

Shooting Stars Really Travel

Have you seen any shooting stars lately? Although we call these bright objects shooting stars, they are not stars but meteors and they are among the most fascinating of heavenly phenomena. On a clear dark night it is sometimes possible to see up to thirty or even forty of them in the course of an hour, say the experts.

They are being studied with special attention, in the hope that they will cast new light on the origin and form of the solar system.

Shooting stars — small stony pellets which move through space at a speed often exceeding fifty miles per second — are usually first seen from earth when they are at a height of about eighty miles.

"Though the atmosphere at this height is extremely thin, a shooting star rushes through it at such a rate that there is sufficient friction to make it white-hot," an astronomer explained. "By the time it has fallen to a height of about fifty miles, the shooting star has usually disappeared."

"In the course of the few seconds it remains visible, it may have travelled 200 miles. Some shooting stars are fragments of comets that have broken up, and the breaking up of a comet has actually been seen from earth."

Some time ago the Astronomer Royal revealed that the weight of the earth steadily increases by something like 100 tons every day as a result of the numerous shooting stars that enter and are dissipated in our atmosphere. "Occasionally the earth encounters a fragment much larger than the average shooting star," he added. "We then see a fireball, a brilliant ball of light, which is usually dissipated in an explosion of considerable violence to the accompaniment of a loud report."

"If the fireball is very large, fragments may fall to the earth as meteorites."



PRETIEST — Hailed as the prettiest diplomat in London is Senora Virginia Gallegos of Costa Rica. The 32-year-old mother of two teen-age sons has been given the rank of minister by her country. Her job? Sell tea-loving Britons on the merits of coffee.

Whistler, the famous painter of "Whistler's Mother," was exasperated when he came home one night and found his mother sitting on the living room floor. "What's the matter, Ma?" he demanded. "You off your rocker?"

Doll House Furniture Aids Doctors

by Jerry Bennett

Dollhouse furniture is taking its place alongside the surgeon's scalpel as an effective tool for treatment ailments due to brain damage.

The new, vital use for this popular children's toy is being applied to the brain treatment of aphasia, a complicated but common result of brain injury.

Aphasia is caused by injury to the part of the brain that enables a person to talk, write and comprehend the written or spoken word. It may be caused by a cerebral stroke, a brain tumor or a sharp blow on the head.

Many of its victims may have little difficulty in speaking or understanding but are completely unable to write. Others may lose their ability to read or comprehend anything that's said to them. Some are completely unable to speak and can utter only garbled, incoherent sounds.

Often an aphasia victim can pronounce words but uses the wrong ones in trying to express himself. This is because he has lost the knack for associating words in groups or categories. This ability is one of the principal requirements for memory.

It's in treating this affliction that the miniature furniture is proving effective. Dr. Joshua Ehrlich, aphasia rehabilitation expert for the Veterans Administration hospital in Albany, N.Y., has designed a group of miniature stage settings to represent the rooms in an ordinary house.

His special treatment technique calls for patients to select the right pieces of furniture to go into each room. Purpose of this play-type therapy is to give patients practice in learning how to organize their thoughts so they won't confuse things that are completely unrelated.

Possibly by this time you're a bit tired of chicken or turkey; so next time you fancy fowl, why not a duck or goose? Both should be cooked at 325° F. and may be roasted either stuffed or unstuffed. If stuffed, the most popular stuffings contain celery, onion, apple, prune or cranberry. Spoon or siphon off fat as it accumulates during roasting. Carve so that each person receives a portion of breast and either thigh or drumstick.

Garnish with fresh, crisp water cress or parsley and surround on the platter with orange slices topped with cherries (pictured). If you like an orange mustard sauce on your duck, try this way: About 1/4 hour before the bird is done, spread it thickly with 1/2 cup orange marmalade blended with 2 tablespoons rich prepared mustard; return to oven and continue roasting until done.

If you want to stuff the duck here are a few recipes for the stuffing.

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews

3 1/2 cup water
2 tablespoons flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup liquid part milk and 1 cup water of mushrooms

Wash mushrooms (peeling is not always necessary); slice or leave small ones whole. Simmer in water until tender, 4 to 5 minutes. Remove from pan. Measure and add milk to make 1 cup.

Melt butter, blend in flour and salt and gradually pour in liquid, stirring until sauce thickens. Do not simmer as canned mushrooms are already cooked.

(Note: If desired, use one 10-ounce can of mushrooms whole, sliced or piece — along with their liquid, in place of the fresh mushrooms and water. Do not simmer as canned mushrooms are already cooked.)

For a meal in minutes, make double the amount of medium cream sauce (using 2 cups milk and 4 tablespoons of each butter and flour) and stir in 1 cup day as a result of the numerous shooting stars that enter and are dissipated in our atmosphere.

3 1/2 cup red currant jelly
Grated rind of 1 orange
1/4 teaspoon salt
Pinch cayenne pepper
1 tablespoon prepared mustard

Break up jelly with fork; add grated rind, salt, and cayenne. Dissolve mustard in orange juice; add and beat well.

With either duck or goose, serve this herb rice if you do not make a rice dressing. It will be popular and unusual. This serves 6.

HERB RICE
1 cup chopped onion
1 cup uncooked white rice
1/2 teaspoon each, marjoram and summer savory
1 teaspoon rosemary
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 chicken bouillon cubes
2 cups water

Melt butter in 2-quart saucepan. Add onion and rice and rice begins to brown. Add all other ingredients. Bring to vigorous boil. Stir to dissolve bouillon cubes. Turn heat as low as possible. Cover and leave over low heat 14 minutes. Remove from heat. Leave covered 10 minutes before serving.

MUSHROOM DISH FOR BRUNCH OR LUNCH
Mushrooms, scientifically nurtured in their own specially built, dark houses to meet the demand, are available all year around in fresh and canned form.

One of the most versatile ways of preparing mushrooms is in a medium cream sauce. Either fresh or canned mushrooms may be used successfully in this recipe.

CREAMED MUSHROOMS
(3 to 4 servings)
1/2 pound fresh mushrooms

ORANGE-BREAD STUFFING
3 cups dry bread crumbs
1/4 cup melted butter
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
2 cups chopped celery
Grated rind and pulp of 1 orange

Place bread crumbs in mixing bowl and pour melted butter over them. Add seasonings, celery, orange rind and pulp. Mix lightly. Add enough water to moisten stuffing lightly. Coarsely chopped pecans may be added to this stuffing, if desired.

If you don't stuff your duck, place a few celery leaves and a few slices of onion inside the duck for flavor.

It is an old Chinese custom to skin duck before cooking, and if you'd like to serve braised duck for your holiday dinner it is best if skinned. With a sharp pointed knife, cut skin from neck to the vent, first along breast and then along the backbone. Loosen skin by running knife underneath, close to flesh of duck. Peel skin back as it loosens, turning skin where necessary but keeping flesh intact.

BRAISED DUCK WITH ORANGE-CURRANT SAUCE
Skin duck and cut into serving pieces. Place a few table-spoons duck fat in Dutch oven or large skillet. Brown duck in fat for about 45 minutes. Pour off excess fat and add sauce (recipe follows). Cover and cook

Insulation Cuts Heating Bills

There is nothing mysterious about insulation. It can be described simply as a wall between warm air and cold air. Air moves from warm to cold. Therefore, the better job a wall does of slowing down this movement of warm air, the better insulation it gives.

Applying these facts to your home, insulation works in two ways. In the winter, the heated air in your home tries to escape through the outside air through the floors, walls, and ceilings. In the summer, the warmer outdoor air tries to enter your home the same way.

Unfortunately, stone, brick, concrete, and plaster—materials used in home construction—are relatively poor insulators because they are porous and air passes through them easily. Rock wool, on the other hand, is made up of millions of dead-air cells, which effectively prevent heat from entering or leaving your home.

A section of rock wool four inches thick, for example, has the insulation effect of 125 inches of stone, 120 inches of concrete, 70 inches of brick, or 15 inches of wood, according to research.

By lining ceilings and walls with a sufficient thickness of rock wool, you can make your home much more comfortable in both winter and summer, and bring about considerable savings in both fuel and air-conditioning costs.

A University of Illinois survey shows how much was saved by insulating a five-room ranch home with four inches of rock wool in the ceiling and three inches in the walls.

Immediate savings were obtained in the installation of a home air conditioner because the insulated homes needed only a two-ton unit compared to the six-ton unit required by the same home without insulation. Savings: Between \$700 and \$900, depending on the make.

The cost of insulation varies, depending on the size and needs of your home. Insulation costs less when it is installed while the home is being built.

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Salty Farmers 'Way Down East'

Recent scholarly dissertations here, employing the several sciences of initiation, in pleasing language, have dwelt on matters maritime, until the question has arisen as to what this has to do with the farm, anyway. . . . It is with the farm, anyway. . . . It is with the farm, anyway. . . . It is with the farm, anyway. . . .

Here on the East Coast the highest perfections of husbandry were on what Rob Coffin made famous as a Salt Water Farm—a farm that connected by a rocky blossom-bestowed path to a corn patch, with a little white house that looked forth upon the sea and was shaded behind by the forests of spruce and pine. The best farm land in Maine was never by the tide, but the best farm living in Maine was.

My own farm is ten miles back from mean high water, but such was the union of affairs that even as I grew up with much of the sea in our affairs.

One of my father's earliest memories is of driving a pig 70 miles over winter snow to a smelting at Abagadasset Point, where fishermen were hauling their nets and tossing away the tomcods that had no market. Every time they drew they would get a peck of smelts and five tons of tomcod. My father, off on his first errand of consequence alone, was instructed to offer the men a few cents a bushel if they would load his pig, and he brought the tomcods home for hog food.

In my own recollections, the launching of the Sintram was an anachronistic, but very real. She was a five-masted schooner the last ever built, and why I was hidden to the launching party unremembered, but I was the time was either 1918 or 1920, either February or March, and there has never been such a launching since, and never will be.

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When the war ended a half-built hull was on our ways and suddenly there was no need of her. We had just launched the second-last one, which Mrs. Wilson had called something like the Manuoponogragras, and which was christened by the well-set, sturdy, able wife of our local master. The lady held the local clam shucking record and used to cook on a trawler. She whanged the stem of the Manuoponogragras with the feteoned bottle and shouted, "I christen thee whatever the thunder it is."

But the half-built vessel became the Sintram. Local men cashed their Liberty Bonds and formed a corporation that took her over from the government. They tossed away most of the government blueprints, and finished her up traditionally, christening her by rule-of-thumb to a fairly well lined clipper—not too extreme, but sea-worthy and likely. There was a good deal of more sentiment than good sense, and the Sintram was merely a present day symbol of past glory.

The world had no use for a five-masted schooner, but everybody who worked on her believed. The back pastures of Maine no longer had any mast timbers, so they had to bring her sticks in by rail from the South. But Charlie Dunning, "the" his forge and made all the rings and blocks as he'd done in olden times. There had once been a famous Sintram, holding numerous transoceanic records in her

day, built eight there on the same slope, and the new Sintram should be no less.

They didn't finish her up at wartime speed, but there came a time for launching, and it was on a full moon tide in the forenoon. About three inches of snow had fallen the night before, and a cold sea covered the harbor. Men wore mittens, and grasped the launching hammers. Those of us favored to be in the launching party climbed the scaffolds to the deck, and I perched myself in the mizen stays to overlook everything—from the blue hills beyond to the open sea and the sunny shores of Spain. She was a beautiful vessel, flags on every line, but it was a cold morning and it took imagination.

The men assembled under the hull, and there came from the launching master the order to strike. The empty hull echoed under the gigantic thunder of hundreds of hammers pounding on the blocking, and the sintram until every support was out except those actually holding the great vessel to her ways. Suddenly the noise stopped and silence was emphasized by expectancy. The launching master came forth from under the giant belly to the deck and the hand struck up a riotous melody of longshore whistles. The hand struck up a riotous melody of longshore whistles.

Then—once, twice, thrice!—there came the sintram rap in an anachronistic, but very real. She was a five-masted schooner the last ever built, and why I was hidden to the launching party unremembered, but I was the time was either 1918 or 1920, either February or March, and there has never been such a launching since, and never will be.

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