

Strange Things Folks Do For Love

It was a sultry summer night with stars scintillating in the sky as a young couple sauntered across a common on the outskirts of a French city.

But neither the full-lipped, languorous girl nor her fiancé felt happy. The girl, who had a fiery temper, was in one of her quarrelsome moods.

"Be kind to me, sweetheart," he begged, putting his arm around her waist. "I love you so much — I shan't be really happy until we're married next year."

The girl's eyes flashed in the darkness. "Love me!" she mocked. "I don't believe it. What have you ever done to prove you love me? I shan't marry you until you do something really brave."

Her challenge bewildered the young man. "How can I prove that I love you?" he asked wildly.

Pointing to a disused chimney rising 120 feet into the sky, she declared: "Climb that tomorrow. If you don't climb it I won't marry you."

Next day the young man made the giddy ascent, climbing the chimney by means of a rusty iron ladder attached to it.

As he neared the top the ladder began to fall slowly outward. But as it did so he had the presence of mind to grasp the lightning conductor and clung there for several agonizing seconds.

Then, slowly swinging one hand and one foot outward, he grasped the swaying ladder. Dragging it towards him, desperately, he secured the top to the chimney again and was able to descend to safety — into the arms of his half-sobbing fiancée, who had watched the whole incident.

There are countless instances of amazing ways in which men and women have proved and tested their love.

A report from Bucharest said that one girl hired a "vamp"—a curvaceous young woman—to prove whether or not her fiancé was faithful to her.

In another case, a prospective young bridegroom was "vamped" a week before his wedding by a pretty girl who winked at him in the street and later came and sat at the same table when he was lunching.

But the bridegroom—to be would have none of her wiles. Only after his wedding did his bride tell him of her ruse to test his love for her. The "vamp" was really her own cousin.

A Belgian named Garlier once fell in love with a girl who had vowed that she would only marry a very courageous man who could first prove his love and bravery.

"If I walk into a den of lions and stay there for five minutes smoking and reading a newspaper will that satisfy you?" "You wouldn't dare!" she retorted.

He would — and did — despite the chorus of snarls and growls from the circus lions.

To prove his love another brave but very foolhardy youth lay down on a railway line, rolled up his sleeve and let a train cut off his arm. It was later revealed that he had told his girl's mother that he would rather lose a limb than be parted from her. And he showed her meant what he said.

It is said of the great artist, Vincent Van Gogh, that he once burned his hand over a picture to show a girl that he loved her.

Another artist, an Austrian named Justus Stodan, spent twenty heart-breaking years learning to paint on — cobwebs.



BABY BALLERINAS—Starting a course of rigorous training which may make some of them ballet stars in the future, these youngsters put plenty of energy into the job of acting out a nursery rhyme of a dancing school in London, England. Children of 10 to 14 years are trained at the school.

TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews

When you buy melons for pickling, be sure to select those that are hard for immediate use. They must be a little green, or your pickle will be flabby. Honeydew melons make especially good pickles.

For light colored cantaloupe pickle, use white vinegar. The

your choice of whole spices (you may like a different mixture from the one in this recipe) in a thin piece of cloth. Let the spice bag soak in the syrup until the flavor suits your taste, then discard the spice. For a darker, more strongly flavored product, use cider vinegar and brown sugar and put a few whole spices in each jar.

Why? Because the fair-haired, pretty Viennese girl with whom he had fallen desperately in love had looked at him coquettishly when he proposed to her and had said: "The man I love must do the impossible!"

With grim ardor the young painter set about achieving his superhuman task, working for years in an obscure little studio, finally he achieved "the impossible" — one bitter December night — he painted a lovely little picture on a spider's web, after discovering the special color mixture which would show on the web and not tear it.

What had happened to the girl who had inspired him? He went to seek her — only to find that she was dead. Artistic Vienna applauded the man who portrayed miniatures on cobwebs, but the fame he won never compensated him for her death.

A strange story of how some native girls in Papua insisted on would-be suitors committing murder was told in an official report from the wild hinterland of British New Guinea.

Courting there was a strenuous business, for no attractive girl would look at a suitor until he had killed a man. To prove he had done it he had to present her with a finger belonging to the victim.

Cantaloupe Pickle
2-3 pounds melon (honeydew, casaba, or cantaloupe)
1 pint white vinegar
1 cup light corn syrup
1 cup water
3 cups sugar
1 lemon
1 tablespoon each, whole cloves and allspice
2 medium pieces ginger root
1/2 teaspoon whole black pepper
3 sticks cinnamon
Salt

Cut melon lengthwise into 5 or 6 strips. Trim off rind and the spongy seed pockets. Then, cut melon crosswise into 1/4 to 1/2-inch pieces. Put melon in glass or enamelware container and cover with salted water (3 tablespoons salt to each quart water). Let stand 3-4 hours. Rinse and drain melon. Taste if too salty, rinse again. Cook melon in clear water until almost fork tender, then drain. While melon is cooking, tie spices in cloth. Mix all other ingredients except lemon and 1/2 the sugar; boil 5 minutes. Add melon and cook 15 minutes.

Taste syrup; if as spicy as wanted, remove bag. Cover pickle and let stand in cool place from 12 to 24 hours. Add remaining sugar and cook until the melon is clear and syrup as thick as you like it. If syrup becomes too thick before melon is clear, add more water. Pack pickle in sterilized jars, leaving 1/2 inch on top of tapered jars; bring syrup to boiling and pour, boiling hot, over melon. Put dome lids on jar; screw band tight.

Watermelon-rind pickle has been a favorite in most families since grandmother's or even great-grandmother's day. The fact that only the rind of the melon is used makes housewives feel thrifty when preparing this spicy and spicy condiment. If you like gingered rind, add 1 tablespoon ground ginger to the clear water in which you cook the rind.

Watermelon Rind Pickle
2 quarts prepared rind
2 quarts lime or salt water
4-5 cups sugar
1 quart water
1 quart vinegar
1 tablespoon whole allspice
1 tablespoon whole cloves
1 stick cinnamon

1 tablespoon crushed ginger root Trim the pink flesh from large pieces of thick, firm watermelon rind. Soak rind in lime water (1 tablespoon slaked lime to 1 quart water) 4 hours, or soak overnight in salt water (4 tablespoons salt to 1 quart water). Lime water gives a crispier pickle. Drain, rinse, cover with clear water and boil 1 1/2 hours. Cool, then cut in small pieces. Trim off green skins and measure rind. (This may be done at the time pink meat is removed but is easier to do after the rind has been partly cooked.) Boil 2 cups sugar, 1 quart fresh water, 1 cup vinegar and the spices for 5 minutes. Add rind. Simmer 30 minutes.

Let stand overnight. Add remaining sugar and vinegar and boil gently until syrup is almost as thick as honey and rind is clear. Add boiling water if syrup becomes too thick before rind is tender and transparent. Pack into hot jars and seal at once.

You may belong to the large group of hostesses who feel that no luncheon is complete without a pickled peach on each plate. If you do, you will find it fun to make your own for the fall and winter season of entertaining. Clingstone peaches are best for pickling, but freestone may be used. The peaches should be ripe.

Peach Pickle
2 dozen hard-ripe peaches
5-6 cups sugar
1 piece ginger root
1 stick cinnamon
1 tablespoon whole allspice
1 teaspoon whole cloves
2 cups water
3 cups vinegar

Pare peaches and leave whole. Boil 2 cups sugar, the spices, water and vinegar until sugar dissolves. Add peaches, a few at a time. Cook gently until heated through, then take out of syrup. When all peaches are heated, cover with the syrup and let stand in cool place until cold. Drain off syrup, add to it 2 cups sugar, cook until sugar dissolves, cool slightly. Add peaches and let stand overnight. Pack peaches into hot jars, add rest of sugar to syrup, cook to desired thickness and pour boiling hot over peaches. Process 10 minutes in hot water bath.

Note: It is less trouble to add all the sugar at one time, cook pack and process the peaches immediately, but there is less danger of shriveling when the sugar is added on the installment plan.

Pickled Cherries
Pickled cherries add sweet-sour taste to your meats.

Wash, seed, and drain cherries. Cover with vinegar and let stand 12 hours. Measure both cherries and juice and add an equal amount of sugar. Let stand 10 days, stirring each day. Pack cherries into hot jars. Heat the syrup to boiling, pour over cherries and seal at once.

Claims Tail Fins Have Their Uses

No adornment of the American road has been so caricatured as the soaring tailfins on late-model automobiles. So drastic has been the attack on these streamlined pieces of light-festooned sculpture that few remember the very practical purpose they were originally intended to serve.

Last month, a 65-year-old German scientist tried to set the matter right during a visit to the Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, N.J., where one of his four sons works. Dr. Wunibald Kamm, "Father of Tailfins,"

recalled: "I started in about 1935 when I was in charge of the Automotive Research Institute in Stuttgart. I had 400 assistants—200 engineers and 200 mechanics—working on the problem of stability and what tailfins could do to help. I have continued ever since. Recently we have even interested the German Government in the very real possibility of fanned cars which automatically keep their direction so you don't have to keep balancing them all the time."

Directional stability—the ability of an automobile to keep its course without driver correction, even when disturbed—has always been Kamm's goal. He feels that tailfins even larger than those on current Detroit models are needed to achieve this. Their purpose: To concentrate all the wind forces which act on a car at a focus between the center of gravity and the midpoint of the vehicle. Mathematical analysis as well as wind-tunnel and towing-tank tests have shown that this point is critical to automobile stability.

To test his theories further, Kamm hopes to persuade U.S. and German manufacturers to build radically tail-finned experimental autos on the pattern of one he designed for millions of sportsman Briggs Cunningham. Unfortunately, Cunningham did not like the fins and took them off, a decision Kamm feels handicapped the car in a French race last year. "The driver drove the fastest lap," said Kamm, "then was thrown off the track and could not get to victory again. If the fins had been on the car, he would not have had the accident."

Don't despair. In some of the United States—Rhode Island and North Dakota among others—where life imprisonment is the only penalty for homicide, a person can still be legally put to death for committing murder. The law in those states says that if a person, while already serving a life sentence for one killing, kills somebody else, he is to be hanged.

Anti-sparrow campaigns are nothing new in Britain. A once found in an old trunk in Worcestershire village church. During the eighteenth century the village suffered a plague of sparrows and the churchwardens paid for all heads brought in.

Sparrows used to be killed and eaten in English cottage homes where sparrow pie was quite a delicacy.

Once established, the snails moved slowly but relentlessly along rivers and canals, colonizing them as they went, until by 1888 they had reached the Great Ouse. In another 10 years the breed had established itself in millions in every one of these great stretches of water.

This European snail is but one of no fewer than 45 foreign snails and slugs that have entered and established themselves in the United States in the past hundred years.

Among snail globe trotters, one does stand out as the undisputed champion, having travelled over half-way round the world in the last century and a half and become firmly established in a dozen or more countries and numerous islands. It is the giant slug, the largest snail in the world, with a shell six inches in length. Its appetite corresponds to its size, and like its smaller brethren it takes a perverse delight in always choosing for its supper the gardener's most prized crops.

Originally confined to the African mainland and to the island of Madagascar, in 1847 the snail reached India, via an enthusiastic mail expert who collected specimens from Madagascar and released them in the gardens of the Bengal Asiatic Society in

Calcutta. By 1939 the snail had crawled across southern Asia and had succeeded in bridging the sea barriers to colonize the majority of the islands of the East Indies.

An American army sergeant, a member of a World War II liberation force on a Pacific island, was driving a jeep along a winding jungle road one night when, rounding a bend, he saw a stretch of road apparently strewn with large stones. Before he could apply the brakes he was bumping over them.

They were strange "stones", for as his wheels came in contact with them they crunched like eggs, and the jeep slithered off the road in an uncontrollable skid, plunging into the bordering jungle.

Shaken, the sergeant eased himself out of the jeep and pushed his way back through the tangled vegetation to the road. To his amazement he found a great army of giant snails emerging from the jungle on one side of the road and disappearing into the undergrowth of the other.

Subsequent investigations revealed how the snails had come to these isolated Mariana Islands, some 1,500 miles to the east of the Philippines.

During their occupation of the islands the Japanese had introduced them for food in about 1940. They were very fond of them stewed, but the islanders could not be persuaded to eat them and so insufficient were caught to keep the numbers down.

Within five years the islands were overrun.

The most recent step taken by the giant snail on its rather remarkable world tour is the biggest. A few years after the war isolated colonies appeared in California. How did they cross the several thousand miles of ocean separating the Mariana Islands from America? The most likely explanation is that they, or more probably their eggs, which would be less easily detected, came over attached to Army vehicles returning from the islands.

It is believed and hoped that the American climate will prove unsuitable for the snail's multiplication, but the American Department of Agriculture is keeping a very close watch.

Any More For Sparrow Pie?

Sparrows hopped into the new recently when it was reported from Peking, China, that these perky little birds had been tipped so greatly and become such a pest that three million residents there were waging war on them.

Guns, sticks, catapults and poison were used in an anti-sparrow campaign. Within three weeks more than 100 million sparrows were wiped out.

Not long ago, in South Africa, too, wild life conservation experts drew attention to the menace of sparrows. He described them as "dangerous foreigners" which must be destroyed or they would wipe out all the beautiful birds.

Ever since a common sparrow was alleged to have killed a famous cock robin, the bird's reputation has been regarded by farmers as pest. In 1940, the British Ministry of Agriculture ranked the sparrow as Public Enemy No. 1, a close second to the pigeon.

"Sparrows ravage green growing in the garden and eat the flowers and corn in the field," said the indictment. "They stuffs to pieces, take grain from the fields, the stacks and the yards, and damage ripening grain."

The common sparrow has a broad hard beak and a "chirp." On the other hand, the hedge-sparrow, a small bird with a fine beak and a "chirp" collar round its throat, is one of the most useful insect eaters.

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Snails Plugged Up Water Supply

It was so hot that August that every one rushed for glasses of water. But as the perspiring citizens of Chicago turned on their taps, they also turned pale, for the water was filled with snails.

Complaints poured in to the city waterworks. But even there they were having trouble. The snails, having entered the mains from the reservoir, were clogging pumps and blocking the pipes.

Only by collecting them in their millions and carrying them away by the cartload did the staff manage eventually to prevent Chicago's water supplies from being completely cut off.

It was all very disconcerting, though of course a plague of snails in a fresh water reservoir was not entirely unheard of. That made the event so unusual that year — 1898 — was the fact that these tiny snails were aliens.

They didn't really belong to the common in Europe, and their sudden appearance via the kitchen taps of Chicago was the indication of an invasion which had begun about 20 years before.

Where and how this European snail had arrived in America no one really knows. They are thought to have landed somewhere along the banks of the St. Lawrence river some time before 1878, having presumably crossed the Atlantic in a ship's cargo.

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The revolutionary change in farm methods and the consequent change in patterns of living for industrial workers have rendered many long-held patterns of thinking concerning both rural and urban affairs out of date.

These old patterns of thinking can hardly be superseded by new ones until a more cohesive effort is made to consider these farm and city problems in the relation to each other — all the way from the grass roots to the federal level — rather than continuing to work at them separately in piecemeal fashion. Farm and city people are, after all, economically interdependent.

Such things as a commission on country life, which has been proposed in a bill now before Congress, and the possibility of creating a new urban affairs Cabinet post may be steps in the right direction insofar as they change in the people's focus attention on the respective needs of people in the country and people in the cities.

But much more is needed if such well-intentioned functions as these are to avoid sometimes pulling in opposite directions. And wouldn't more grass-roots action by the people directly concerned be preferable to expanding bureaucracy?

There are some occasional indications that the direct citizen approach is gaining in appeal and effectiveness.

Consider, for example, such things as National Farm-City Week, being celebrated this year for the fourth time Nov. 21-27. Although approved by the President of the United States, the idea of the United States, and the American Congress, is unofficial and wholly grass roots.

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THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

"Save our family farms!" "Save our cities!"

You are hearing both these pleas with increasing frequency. The situations which prompt the pleas have presented Americans with one of the great challenges of this era: to find practical means for keeping rural and urban people moving forward in step and to achieve fully their differing but related potentials.

Although too often considered as entirely separate, the two chief problems of farm and city have sprouted from one root: mechanization.

Through mechanization the family farm has been forced to grow from a small operation to a big one. Machinery costs money, and only sizable volume will support such investment. For better or for worse, those farmers who could not afford such expansion have gone out of business or turned to jobs off the farm for supplementary income.

Through a different phase of mechanization almost all families everywhere have acquired automobiles, and many of those previously confined by business to city dwellings now commute from suburbs to their jobs in town—leaving some cities mere shells of their former selves and bringing into existence a new type of community called suburbia, where town and country overlap.

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