Beer Bottle Note Brought Bride

It was a golden spring day and the Australia-bound liner was passing a lonely group of sparsely inhabited islands in the Indian Ocean.

Leaning over the rail was a vivacious, suntanned Australian girl. Wistfully she gazed at the island and wondered whether somewhere on one of them lived her ideal man.

"He must be tall, dark, strong and very handsome," she told herself. "Shall I ever meet him?"

Strangely, she could not overcome a conviction which suddenly seized her as the islands began to recede. She felt convinced that the man of her dreams was living and working there.

When she went to her cabin the sight of an empty beer bottle on the table gave her an idea. "I'll write to him and seal the note up in this bottle," she decided, "and perhaps it will drift ashore and he'll find it."

"What a silly thing to do!" exclaimed her elder sister when she told her at dinner what she had done. She ridiculed the whole business.

Some time later, however, on the beach of one of the islands, a young man saw a bottle bobbing about in the water. He waded in and found the note inside.

It was addressed to "The handsomest man living on any island in the Indian Ocean."

"That's me," he muttered, smiling to himself.

"If you are really the man for me, Mr. Unknown, write to me and tell me all about yourself and enclose your photograph," the note said. "I'm pretty but I'm intelligent, too, and I only want to hear from a bachelor who has brains as well as brawn and good looks. Here is my address in New South Wales. . ."

When the young man told his bachelor comrades at the island cable station of his discovery, they drew lots, after failing to agree as to who was the handsomest among them. The winner was a young Englishman — not the man who had found the bottle. He wrote to the girl.

During his next spell of leave he met the girl in Sydney. He had all the qualifications needed to ensure that he would be a perfect husband. And she was even lovelier than he had dreamed. In less than a year they had married and settled down in Britain.

That is a true but extraordinary story. When bottles are used as Cupid's messengers, however, the unexpected invariably happens.

Time and again messages entrusted to the sea have resulted in courtship and marriage.

A beer bottle found on a south coast beach had inside it an address and the following message: "Apply to the above address for a very fine specimen husband. Disposition mild. Appearance not unprepossessing. Habits — inclined to sail, but this could be cured. Any unmarried lady or widow may apply."

Lots of women accepted the invitation, enclosing their photographs, and the man who had advertised for a bride by flinging the bottle from a liner was inundated with letters. It took him months to make up his mind whom to choose.

A young unmarried barrister was wandering along the seashore at Studland, Dorset, when he picked up a wine bottle. Judging from the date of the love letter inside, it had been floating in the sea for two years since being first consigned to the waves by a romantic French girl living unhappily with her foster-parents near Cherbourg.

"Englishmen fascinate me but I have not met many," said the letter. "My temperament is ardent. I am well educated and pretty and I want to fall in love with a nice man living on England's south coast. If I do, I can make him very happy. I am at present unhappy, but I have a good income."

The barrister was on holiday from an inland city, but he decided to reply to the letter although he suspected it might be a hoax. He enclosed his passport photograph and gave his address. He heard nothing for ten months.

Then an attractive, beautifully dressed young French woman called at his flat one evening and introduced herself as the writer of the bottle letter. She revealed that since writing it she had married, but her husband had died in a train crash and she was now a widow.

Her charm and obvious sincerity as well as her prettiness captivated the barrister. He took her out to dinner and proposed. To-day they live in France and have a family of three.

Not all romantic bottle messages have happy sequels, however. A note asking the first girl who found it to write was bottled and thrown into the sea off the north-west coast of Ireland by a young man who said he hoped that it might be found by someone he could "love and cherish for ever."

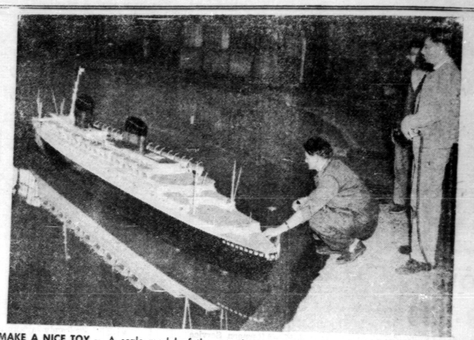
It was picked up on a North Wales beach about a year later. The girl who found it wrote to the address, only to hear that the young man had been drowned six months earlier while on holiday.

Love letters sent care of Father Neptune sometimes take a long time to reach their destination. To win a $250 wager, a high-spirited young business man living in the Midlands "posted" four identically-phrased love notes at different points ... the North Sea during a yachting holiday.

Each was enclosed in a bottle and addressed to "The Unknown Foreign Beauty who I'm sure will find this."

He stood to win the wager only if all the girls replied. Three years passed. Then he received replies from one of the girls who invited him to spend a holiday with her in the Scandinavian resort where she lived, during the following summer.

He did not accept her invitation because he had married an English girl in the meanti



MAKE A NICE TOY — A scale model of the new liner, "France," which will go into service in the North Atlantic in 1960, is floated in the test basin at the Marine Ministry in Paris. The ship will be about 975 feet olng and have a top speed of 31 knots.

"This dish of green tea should get you ready for the big parade."

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews.

As I have enjoyed reading many fine recipes in the Monitor, it occurred to me that your readers might be interested in a couple of favorites of mine, which we enjoyed our home as long as our mother was with us. You see, my mother who was born in Germany, came to this country as a young woman, never used a cookbook. When we would ask her how she measured, sh replied: "Mit Gut Denken," literally translated "with good thinking."

So that is what I had to do when I made "Kartoffel Salat" (Potato Salad) and Potato Pancakes, and my friends found them delicious. Here are the recipes as I have worked them out writes Alma B. Geiser in The Christian Science Monitor.

POTATO SALAD

3 large potatoes boiled in their jackets
4 slices bacon cut in small bits
½ cup chopped onion
1 tablespoon sugar
½ cup vinegar
1 cup water
Salt and pepper to taste.

Fry bacon and onions to a delicate brown, add sugar, vinegar, water and seasonings, and, when boiling, thicken slightly with flour. Peel potatoes and cut in cubes or slices. Pour hot dressing over them and let stand in warm place for several hours, the longer the better, even until the next day.

Chopped celery, sliced cucumbers, and even radishes may be added to the potatoes. This makes a most delicious salad. My mother used this dressing on cooked green beans as a salad and on finely chopped raw cabbage.

* * *

POTATO PANCAKES

3 large potatoes
2 eggs
1 teaspoon salt, or more to taste

Peel and grate raw potatoes, add unbeaten eggs and salt, and beat until thoroughly mixed.

Put about 4 large spoonfuls in hot greased skillet (bacon grease is wonderful) and use plenty of grease. Fry slowly with cover on, and when edge is crisp and brown, turn and fry on other side.

When done, put it in the oven to keep warm while you cook the rest. This makes 3 large pancakes.

Leave in oven for 10 or 15 minutes — this makes them light. Never use flour—it makes them heavy. My mother always served canned sour cherries or hot applesauce with these pancakes, spooning the fruit right on them. We never had meat with these pancakes.

* * *

As well as being greens time, spring is fresh fish time. A number of varieties of fresh fillets that have been in hiding all winter now begin to appear on the markets. Next time you plan to serve fish, try combining fresh fillets and greens in this colourful fish bake. We think you will agree that it is a very fine platter of fish.

SPRING FISH BAKE

1 pound fresh fish fillets
Salt
1 cup chopped green onions and tops
½ cup chopped celery
½ cup chopped parsley
2 tablespoons melted butter
½ teaspoon paprika

Sprinkle fillets with salt. If they are large, slice into serving-size portions. Combine chopped green onions and tops, chopped celery, and chopped parsley. Cover the bottom of an ovenproof platter or shallow, greased baking dish with the mixed greens. Arrange fillets on top, overlapping the pices slightly. Drizzle them with melted butter and sprinkle with paprika. Bake in a hot oven (450°F.) for 10 minutes. Makes 3 to 4 servings.

* *

Catching fish may be a matter of luck. It is said that if you step over your fishing pole — or your line — your catch is jinxed! Using your left hand to bait your fishhook is considered unlucky. But, picking up fillets, even with your left hand, can be lucky if you baste them with a flavourful sauce and broil them. Here is the good luck formula which is especially successful with freshwater fillets such as pickerel, bass, or whitefish.

GOLDEN BROILED FILLETS

2 pounds fresh fillets
1 tablespoon grated onion
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ cup butter, melted
1 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
½ teaspoon tarragon
Dash paprika
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Combine onion, lemon juice, butter, salt, pepper and tarragon. Arrange fillets on a greased broiler pan, skin side down. Brush with the seasoned butter. Place in a preheated oven about 3 inches below the source of heat. Broil 6 to 10 minutes, depending on the thickness of the fillets, basting once during broiling with the remainder of the seasoned butter. Do not turn. When the flesh flakes easily on testing with a fork and has lost its watery appearance becoming opaque, remove to a heated platter and garnish with paprika and parsley. Makes 6 servings.

The Traffic Bureau of Mexico City has banned wheelbarrows from downtown boulevards as a menace to motorists and pedestrians. Officials complained that barrowmen ignored signals.

Even a cellophane wrapper, if unbroken, can prevent food from being contaminated by radioactive fallout, according to the Federal Civil Defense Administration. Radioactive materials may be washed off the cellophane, allowing for safe use of the food.

Kitchen Aids

A little instant MINCED ONION added to the milk for SCRAMBLED EGGS gives delicious flavor. This conveniently moisture-free onion is mild and sweet enough for delicately flavored foods.

* * *

Decorating a meat dish with RAW APPLE WEDGES makes for a pretty serving, while the tart crispness of the fruit brings out the flavor of the meat.

* * *

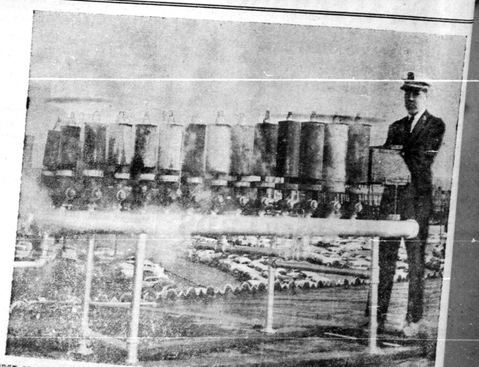
For added flavor, add a BAY LEAF TO THE SAUCE FOR SWISS STEAK. And remember, bay leaf is one of the indispensables of the well-seasoned beef stew.

* * *

THICKENING A SAUCE? One tablespoon of cornstarch is the equivalent of two tablespoons of flour.

MAKING DOLLY HAPPY — For the doll who has everything toy firm has come up with something which is certainly usual and expensive. It's a solid mink baby carriage valued about $3,000.

MOST DIABOLICAL EYES—Parisian model Luce Bona shows off "the world's most diabolical eyes". The "Committee of the Black Hand", an association of French mystery writers, gave the comely lass the devilish title.



FIRST MATE, FIRST LOVE—From the time he was a little boy Clark Howley dreamed of playing the calliope, the musical trademark of inland waterways steamers. He'd sit for hours on the landing and listen to the oom-pah-pah of the "cally ope" floating from the decks of the Avalon and Majestic which stopped in Charleston each summer. At night he would practice on the family parlor organ, imitating the style of the calliope player on such tunes as "Cruising Down the River", and "Alexander's Ragtime Band". In 1953 he jumped at an invitation to take an Ohio River cruise on the Avalon. But for "cally-ope" lover Clark it was a sad day. No music. No crew member could play the calliope. Clark volunteered and from that day on has spent every excursion season aboard the Avalon. Now at 22 he is believed to be the youngest first mate on the Mississippi River system. Although his new duties keep him quite busy, he still manages (above) to find time occasionally to blast out "Cruising Down the River" on the 32 battered steam whistles of the Avalon's calliope.

Nylon Fabric Stain Removal

Spots and spills are not but most of the stains behind may be lifted out a nylon fabric.

Secret of stain quick action, of course that are fresh enough readily than those that come set. And knowing caused them is helpful ing the correct treatment.

Experiments on various stains from years at time intervals of hours, and six days the most common stains occur may be lifted out a nylon fabric by rinsing vigorously with warm soap, or with warm water.

Stains that may be with warm water and clude fruit juices, soft sup, chocolate, powder stick, as well as the fountain pen and dog rust and grass stains.

For complete removal or chocolate milk stains washing in warm water.

A grease stain may while fresh with water and soap, but if it has lowed to set for some stained fabric should be on a blotter and treated trichlorethylene. A dye stain will respond to solution of javel. A ink stain will disappear with a cleaner called sol".

Fresh mustard stains away with warm water but if they are allowed in the fabric for some time cannot be removed.

Stains from oil paints may be lifted with turpentine or solvent. Alkyd or paint stains may be with a lacquer thinner than with turpentine.

Washing nylon fabrics for warm rather than Temperature should Than the hand can bear.

Mushroom Worship Ancient Religion

In remote villages far off the beaten tracks of Mexico are a native people who have the strangest religion ever known to mankind.

They worship mushrooms.

Through mushrooms, they believe they learn the will of God, get wise counsel in all variety of difficulties, including the proper treatment of disease and the movements of friends and enemies, both in the present and future.

The origins of this mushroom religion go back far beyond recorded history.

One investigator, after thirty years of research, believes that it may be the oldest of all the religions of mankind.

Mr. R. Gordon Wasson, partner in the world-famous banking house of J. P. Morgan, and his Russian-born physician wife, have sleuthed through the centuries to trace the part played by mushrooms in ancient religious beliefs.

Archaic carvings of creatures part-human, part-mushroom and crude wall drawings depicting gods speaking to human beings through mushrooms pointed to the existence of a mushroom religion.

Slowly a picture was built up of the unknown role of the mushroom in the story of mankind. The Wassons discovered that the world could be mapped into distinct areas showing the habitat of those people who look favourably on all forms of fungus and those people who fear them. The first group, they found, were mainly in the East; the second, in the West.

But the strangest discovery of all came in that Mexico village where the Wassons found Indians who still practise the ancient mushroom worship, along with a curious garbled version of Christianity.

The discovery of a mushroom-worshipping sect proved the truth of what, until then, had been regarded in scientific circles as no more than a crank theory.

But the mystery remained: why mushrooms?

One June night in 1955 Mr. Wasson got the answer in a crude Indian adobe house converted into a sort of temple, complete with an altar with Christian emblems and flowers.

The village priests to whom they made known their quest proved very friendly. Yes, they agreed, these white men might participate in their "holy communion" and do so that very evening.

In his massive work, which is limited to 500 copies, Mr. Wasson has described that amazing experience.

The variety of mushroom worshipped by these Mexican Indians was one that, when eaten, produced staggering hallucinations, more vivid than those produced by opium and ranging from celestial visions of unspeakable delight to strange and sometimes terrible illusions.

In place of the usual priest, the village had as spiritual director a short, swarthy Indian woman, Eva Mendez, with the title Curandera. She was greatly respected, and bore herself, wrote Mr. Wasson, with great dignity.

The two white strangers were welcomed to the "temple." The "priestess" then squatted down on a straw mat before a resin fire. She held a small candle in her two clasped hands and began in the Mexeteco language an incantation to the Christian saints, invoking them to speak through the divine mushrooms.

That done, she ceremonially cleansed the mushrooms; then she handed them round.

In his book the author describes his sensations: "They tasted bad—acrid with a rancid odour that repeated itself . . . Before midnight the Senora broke a flower from the bouquet on the altar and used it to snuff out the flame of the only candle that was still burning.

"The visions had started. They reached a plateau of intensity deep in the night, and they continued at that level until about four o'clock. . . . They were in vivid colour, always harmonious. They began with art motifs, angular such as might decorate carpets or textiles or wallpaper or the drawing-board of an architect.

"Then they evolved into palaces with courts, arcades, gardens — resplendent palaces all laid over with semi-precious stones. Then I saw a mythological beast drawing a regal chariot. . . . Later it was as though the walls of our house had dissolved, and my spirit had flown forth . . .'

Wasson and his wife eventually discovered that there are still people in Siberia who know the secrets of those mushrooms. They found among the Dyaks of Borneo and New Guinea native communities that still practised the cult.

In China and Japan they came on legends and traditions that spoke of a divine mushroom that conferred immortality.

Even more dramatic, in India they found that one version of the ascension of the Buddha into Nirvana took place after he had partaken of divine mushrooms.

The cult, it would seem, was once widely spread throughout the ancient peoples of the earth. Its survival in these widely separated countries indicates clearly as much.

Professor Roger Heim, French mycologist (fungus expert), is now investigating the properties of these mushrooms. In his Paris laboratory he has cultivated several kinds brought back as cultures from that remote Mexican village.

If the chemical elements that produce these visions and strange states can be isolated, the mushrom cult may revive in a modern form.

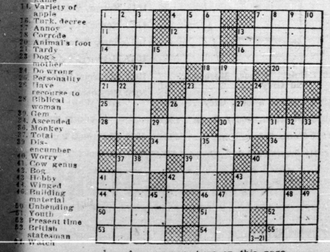
Here, say the chemists, is something which may be radically different from some of the known wonder-producing natural drugs such as opium, mescaline or hashish.

BITES BACK—Great Neck postman Charles Serven, above, has decided to "bite" back after being on the receiving end of 22 dog bites in the past 10 years. The stick he's holding is wired to give a discouraging, though harmless, shock to troublesome pooches.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Amateur radio operator
7. Coal distillate
10. Wade
11. Plain in Palestine
12. Stage of life
14. Gambling game
16. Variety of apple
17. Turk. decree
18. Annoy
20. Cordials
22. Animal's foot
24. Yard
25. Dark
27. Trotter
29. Do wrong
32. Personality
34. Have recourse to
36. Biblical woman
37. Gem
39. Ascended
40. Monkey
42. Total
43. Dis-encumber
44. Worry
45. Cow genus
46. Bog
47. Hobby
48. Winged
49. Building material
50. Unbending
51. Youth
52. Present time
53. British statesman
65. Teamster's command

DOWN
1. In what way
2. Keel-billed cuckoo
3. Civil War battleship
4. Duty
5. Turk. commander
6. Reiterate
7. In favor of
8. African giraffe-like animal
9. Fortification
10. Depleted
13. Fruit stone
15. Sooner than
19. Astounded
21. Conducted
22. Gone by
23. Wish
24. Oriental weight
26. "Retreat"
27. Relatives
29. Eccentric piece
31. Combing wool
32. Unless (poet.)
33. Clear profit
35. Individual
37. Compact
38. Custom
40. Winnow
41. Unconcealed
42. Nourished
45. Wither
46. Soft metal
47. Beamb
48. Drive a nail slantingly
49. Sheep



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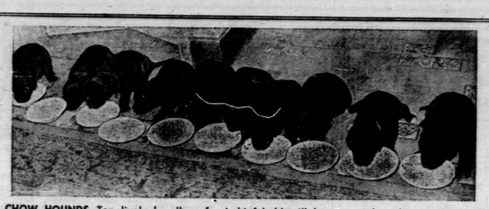


CHOW HOUNDS—Ten lively bundles of mischief hold still long enough to lap up their milk in Sheffield, England. The pups are all frim the same litter.

LETTUCE AND TOMATO—A nifty bit of salad dressing is Sue Mitchell. Sue shows that they grow nice vegetables—and girls in Phoenix where she was 1958 Lettuce Queen of the Valley of the Sun. The area produces one-fifth of the U.S. lettuce.

Woolly Milkers

Not many people keep a sheep in their back garden or paddock for use as a cow! But soon, if the German Milchschaf (milk-sheep) Breed Society has its way, the spectacle of housewives sitting down to milk a sheep will be far from rare. In fact, the milk-yielding sheep may eventually become as popular a domestic figure as the backyard goat.

The milk sheep, now recognized as a domestic breed, was developed in Germany as a war-time stop-gap. Under the weight of aerial bombardment, with normal milk supplies disrupted, many households brought up their children with adequate supplies of milk, thanks to the family sheep.

According to the Milchschaf Breed Society's director, a distinguished German agriculturist, if the animal is given good grazing conditions it can yield up to a gallon of rich milk a day. Sheep are very gregarious creatures and mope if they cannot flock together. But the milk sheep is a truebred solitary. The breed thrives well enough when left on its own.

Fisherman Didn't Get Away!

All the villagers of Bol had heard about the giant conger eel. hey knew it had lurked for years in a rocky reef that skirted their island—the island of Brac off the rugged Dalmatian coast of Yugoslavia. But, expert fishermen though they were, none of them had ever managed to catch it.

So when, recently, old Ivica Krunic was told he was getting too frail to help his sons in their fishing boat, he decided to show them a thing or two. He would hook the big conger and prove that, at sixty-eight, he was still the best fisherman on the island.

He soon discovered that the eel was still very much alive and wriggling. Each time he cast his line towards the reef, from a convenient cove on the rocky shore, the giant conger struck, snapping the line like thread and swallowing bait, hook and all.

There was only one thing for it. Old Ivica visited the village blacksmith and got him to make a large specially strong hook which he fastened to a steel wire. Then he clambered over the rocks to his cove, put on his bait, cast towards the reef . . . and waited.

It was almost as if his prey sensed the new danger. For once the conger failed to strike quickly. The old man grew sleepy in the sun; so he hooked the wire round his leg, and dozed.

That night, searching for their father, his sons found him lying drowned in shallow water near the reef.

The steel line, drawn viciously tight, was still twisted round his leg. And on the oher end of it was a 300-pound gian conger, the biggest ever caught on a hook and line in the whole of the Adriatic.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

Running water under pressure is one of the farmer's best money-makers. For example: give cows plenty to drink and production may well increase by from 10 to 20%, butterfat from 6 to 10%; with plenty to drink you can expect fall pigs to put on 15 to 17% more weight on the same amount of feed; with lots of water, hens eat better and lay more eggs in the high-egg-price fall and winter months.

* * *

Water under pressure in barns, stables, milk houses, etc., saves money and labour by enabling one or two men to do the work of several. Just ask any woman and she'll tell you what running water in the home means in healthful, comfortable living. Remember, too, the importance of fire protection.

* * *

Warmer weather brings increased demands for water. That is why May has been designated "Pump Month" in Canada; it precedes the period of peak demand; the frost is out of the ground; it is warm enough to work outside.

Find out now, exactly how much water you need to farm profitably and live comfortably. Here are some average requirements:

Gallons per Day

Each person	50
100 laying hens	.....5 to 6
Each milk cow	.....28 to 35
Each beef steer	.....12 to 15
Each market hog	.....3 to 4

* * *

That's not a complete list but it gives you a rough idea. Further on you will read how to make your own survey or have it made for you.

* * *

That's not a complete list but it gives you a rough idea. Further on you will read how to make your own survey or have it made for you.

When you know how much water you require, you can decide what type and capacity of pump will deliver that amount PLUS extra capacity for peak demands, more farm animals and possible new outlets you may add later. It is false economy to install a system that may have to be replaced in a few years.

* * *

The pump is the "heart" of any system. Here are six questions which must be answered with a definite "Yes" if your pump is to give full and trouble-free service:

1. Is it the right type (shallow or deep well, etc., etc.)?
2. Is capacity correctly related to: well depth; height of lift; well capacity; length of piping? (Wells that recover slowly may need a smaller pump and larger pressure storage tank.)
3. Is it designed and built for Canadian needs and climate?
4. Are spare parts and service readily available?
5. Is it approved by the Canadian Standards Association?
6. Is it guaranteed by a responsible manufacturer who can back it up with fast factory service?

BELT CAME TO LIFE

Mabel Smith, of Anadarko, Oklahoma, was in such a tearing rush to get dressed that she did not bother to switch on the light in her bedroom when she hurried in to find her black belt.

In the gloom she spotted the belt lying on the bathroom floor, picked it up and was putting it around her waist when the "belt" wriggled free from her hands. It was a yard-long black snake.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

God's Law in a Nation's Life
Exodus 19:3-6; 20:1-4, 7-8, 12-17.

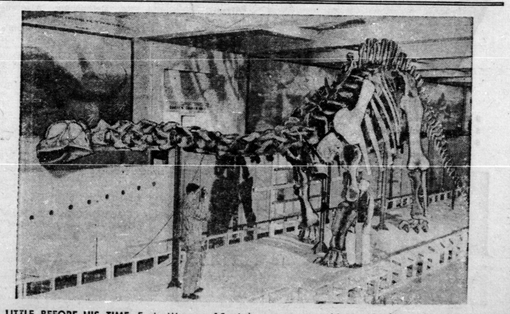
Our memory selection is, "If ye will obey My voice indeed, and keep My covenant, they ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto Me above all people." Exodus 19:5. A somewhat similar expression is used by Paul in Titus 2:14 when he speaks of our Saviour Jesus Christ, "Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." While we may not be of the seed of Abraham according to the flesh we are a special treasure unto God if we receive the full salvation provided for us through Jesus Christ.

The ten commandments which God gave on Mount Sinai are binding upon all people of every nation and age. That nation, however enlightened and wealthy it may be, which ignores God's moral law is headed for disaster.

Formally, we do not worship Bacchus the Greek god of wine, yet as a nation we consume more alcoholic beverages than the ancient Greeks. There is no fornication in connection with our worship as at the pagan temples but this sin is taking an increasingly frightening toll of our youth today. A check on the figures of illegitimacy and divorce will verify. For many, Sunday is more of a holiday than a holy day. The spirit of covetousness finds expression in the frantic credit buying which gets many into financial embarrassment. Lying to maintain social prestige or aid in business is common. Changing the mileage record on the car before turning it in is an example. Many indulge in petty stealing, especially from governments and companies. These seem more abstract than individuals. Some disdain God's moral law; others are indifferent to it.

We need a great spiritual awakening. When Jesus Christ moves into the life, we love to do God's will. Then it is no longer a burden to obey God's commands but a delight. But until we become new creatures in Christ Jesus we rebel against God's law. We need to be saved from our sins by by turning from them and believing on Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour.

FLOWERS FOR THE PRINCESS—Princess Grace of Monaco receives a bouquet of red and white flowers from the commander of the Monaco guards, Major Huet, during a banquet in her honor at Monaco. The banquet was the first official ceremony the Princess attended since the birth of her second child, Prince Albert.



LITTLE BEFORE HIS TIME—Ernie Warner, 15, right, gazes at an old-time North American pasture critter in Chicago's Natural History Museum. The skeleton of a brontosaurus it is 72 feet long. Reconstruction of the 30-ton, 150,000-year-old creature's classis nears completion after 2,000 man hours of work over a two-year period.