

Fond Farewell To A London Square

A pungent smell of burning leaves comes up from the Square Gardens and my brain is filled with a soft veil of blue smoke shimmering in the clear autumn sunshine. The scarlet geraniums in the window boxes stand out vividly, their petals glowing in the sunlight. Down below some tiny children are enjoying a last picnic; their elder brothers and sisters who, through the summer holidays, were shouting across the Gardens playing rounds or Red Indians, or space travelers to some new planet, have returned to school.

The plane trees have turned a soft lemon yellow. Even the show, a golden leaf here and there. The pigeons are flying across the Gardens. Next to their nest in the tree outside my window, someone else will watch them. Perhaps they, too, will be enchanted by the summer past and less delighted as the summer passes and the cooling winds are in.

And the owl which is hooting from the farthest tree, though it is still abroad daylight, will call to me in vain, for I am moving away from the square where I have lived for the past seventeen years.

It is good to leave a familiar place and look forward to a new one. It will be fun to catch the bus from the square to go to work, to explore a new shopping center and find those "little shops" tucked away round a corner which are so inviting to the eye and so interesting to the mind.

But it is also good to have memories of Square Gardens and of a home overlooking them where so much protection and safety was found when the bombs were falling on London. There was the night when the black-out curtains were flung wide and you listened to the whining of a plane in the sky where they had been silent for so many years, and were entirely unshaken of their fear. You knew that all your life you would be glad London was your home.

During the years, when Evelyne M. Pinnell in the Christian Science Monitor.

Then came difficult years, so much more difficult than the war years when London had been the home of one large family; when the man who sat next to you on the bus inquired with kindly solicitude how you got on the night before. Naturally he inquired, because he was your brother.

It was good to get home during those difficult years and tend your window boxes on the balcony above the Square Gardens. It was at that time that you, in company with half of London, grew tomatoes in your window boxes. Indeed, London almost became one family again ever those tomatoes. Whoever sat next to you in the bus—the elderly lady who no longer had a chauffeur for her pre-elderly, each carried tenderly a few tomato plants and exchanged tips as to the correct way of planting them. Even the bus conductor would join in the conversation; and when he unlocked his private cubbyhole, more than likely you would see some familiar plants tucked away for him to take home.

But however much of an adventure it was to pick your own tomatoes, window boxes are intended to grow flowers. So there were hosts of golden daffodils swaying in the soft spring breezes that swept down the Square Gardens, or standing upright and still in the moonlight, bathed in silver, huge trumpet blooms growing from the tiny shoots which not so

long before had peeped through window boxes blanketed in snow.

There were salmon pink and scarlet geraniums, white and deep purple petunias, something different each year, until at last you had decided that scarlet geraniums against the black curtain of green trees was the best choice.

Always from the windows of your flat there had been green to look up upon; evergreen shrubs in the winter, and in the spring not only the purple and white catapala trees, to watch growing greener every day, but pink May and flowering cherry.

Though seasons follow one another in orderly fashion, memories jump happily from season to season and year to year; but from summer days when you watched Peter, who lived in the flat above you, crawling on his father's rug in the Gardens, while his mother and another woman from their deck chairs, to wintertime so little later—or so it seemed—when your rug had fastened up in his blue reefer coat and swathed in a scarlet muffler, he followed Michael's pram on his scooter. One day, brother round the Gardens, the last leaf on the plane tree above fluttered down from the sky, and Michael's upturned face, and the two brothers chuckled with delight.

But such memories are not for you today. There are "Change of Address" cards to be sent one to Peter and Michael's parents, for they too have moved away from a London Square and started on the adventure of a new home.



MIGHTY MIDGET—Candidate for the smallest of the small cars is this three-wheeled, single-seater Roller, shown here snuggling up to a pretty model of the Paris Automobile Show. The British-made vehicle is capable of a top speed of 50 miles an hour.

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews

"Human Flies" With Nerves Of Steel

When Marten Jabovsky emigrated from his native Poland he was determined to go up in the world.

For 45 years Marten has earned his living as a human fly. He has climbed and climbed steadily, window sill by window sill, up the sheer sides of some of New York's highest skyscrapers, including the 1,250-foot Ford Empire State Building.

Marten has been handling continuously some 400 of the Empire State's 6,500 windows for the last 12 years.

He goes up, sill by sill, and when he reaches the top he crawls in and takes the elevator down to ground floor level and starts all over again.

When Marten reaches the 101st story, the city of tall buildings lies far below him, as though seen from the window of an aeroplane.

There he is, this nervous human fly, his feet on the window sill's edge, his whole body leaning back from the wall, with only a stout strap between him and a ghostly plunger.

People who stop to look up from the street below feel their stomachs turn over. But Marten, the human fly who makes the groundlings heave, just doesn't understand.

Some day an accident is bound to happen? Marten nods; admits it. He holds up a damaged finger. "Pinned in a steel window frame," he explains.

There are men like Marten Jabovsky who crawl up the steel girders of the Eiffel Tower with paint pots and brushes. When they get to the top they take the elevator down and start all over again.

There are men like that on the North Bridge, too. Human flies, these astonishingly nerveless men don't understand when they become the objects of admiring onlookers who can't look down from any height without a qualm.

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

- 1½ teaspoon salt**
- Dash pepper**
- 2 eggs, well beaten**
- Crush corn flakes into fine crumbs; combine with milk. Add mayonnaise, parsley, onion, lemon juice and seasonings. Mix well. Stir in eggs and fish. Pour into well-greased casserole. Bake at 375° F. about 45 minutes.
- BEEF IN SOUR CREAM**
- 1 pound round steak, cut into 1-inch strips**
- 2 tablespoons fat**
- 1 clove garlic, minced**
- 1 cup chopped onion**
- ½ cup button mushrooms and liquid (2-oz. can)**
- ¾ teaspoon salt**
- 4 ounces elbow macaroni (10½-oz. can)**
- 2 tablespoons flour**
- ½ cup cold water**
- ½ cup cooked peas**
- 1 cup sour cream**
- Buttered bread crumbs
- Brown meat in fat in heavy skillet. Add garlic, onion and mushrooms. Cook until onion is tender. Add cream. While meat is simmering, cook macaroni in salted water until tender (about 7 mins.). Drain and rinse. Mix flour and water and add to meat mixture, stirring constantly until slightly thickened. Stir in peas, sour cream and macaroni, mixing until well blended. Pour into 1½-qt. casserole and top with buttered bread crumbs. Serves 4.
- SPANISH CHICKEN**
- 1 3-pound frying chicken, cut in pieces**
- ½ cup fat**
- 1½ cups long grain rice**
- 1 teaspoon salt**
- ½ teaspoon each paprika and black pepper**
- 2¼ cups tomatoes**
- 1 cup chicken bouillon**
- 1 cup onion, chopped**
- 15 whole small onions, peeled**
- 1 pint tomato sauce**
- Wash and dry chicken pieces; brown in hot fat over medium heat for about 10 minutes. Turn frequently, so pieces brown evenly. Place in a 3-qt. casserole in alternate layers with rice. Add salt, pepper, paprika, tomatoes, bouillon (this can be made with hot water and bouillon cubes), garlic, onions and liquid from mushrooms. Cover and bake at 350° F. for about 1 hour.
- Remove from oven just before serving time and arrange potatoes in attractive pattern on top. Cover and put back in oven for an extra 15 minutes. Add more liquid if rice seems too dry.
- BAKED FISH CASSEROLE**
- 2 cups cooked or canned fish, flaked**
- 3 cups corn flakes**
- 2 cups milk**
- 2 tablespoons mayonnaise**
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley**
- 1½ tablespoons mixed onion**
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice**
- ½ teaspoon thyme**

Women On The Vengeance Trail

The beautiful, 19-year-old Greek girl hurried into church, lit a candle and knelt down. While the taper burned steadily she prayed for forgiveness for the terrible act of vengeance she was about to commit.

Then she took a revolver and went straight to the flat of her ex-fiance, a wealthy merchant who had jilted her and married another girl.

"Now you must pay for your treachery!" she screamed, pulling out her pistol, away at a pretty model of the Paris Automobile Show. The man collapsed, with five bullets in his chest, and died immediately.

When women are on the vengeance trail they often take extreme measures. As Pierre, a Paris greengrocer, discovered to his cost.

For years he had been a lonely widow from Barcelona who was in her 40s. They married her when she was young, but he was so young that she was in her 60s when he died. Pierre was a kindly man, and the old librarian in the north had great expectations of a man who had married her so young.

The librarian, whom we'll call Grace, used to invite him to her flat for evening meals. But he refused to do so, claiming that his friendship strictly platonic.

Eventually, she decided he was getting on her nerves. One day, when he was in her flat, she suddenly began to choke and to cough. He rushed to her aid, but she died before he could get to her.

It's not that women are more vindictive than men, but they are more likely to act on their feelings. In the case of the Greek girl, she was so young that she was in her 60s when he died.

Women On A Remote Island

The beautiful, 19-year-old Greek girl hurried into church, lit a candle and knelt down. While the taper burned steadily she prayed for forgiveness for the terrible act of vengeance she was about to commit.

Then she took a revolver and went straight to the flat of her ex-fiance, a wealthy merchant who had jilted her and married another girl.

"Now you must pay for your treachery!" she screamed, pulling out her pistol, away at a pretty model of the Paris Automobile Show. The man collapsed, with five bullets in his chest, and died immediately.

When women are on the vengeance trail they often take extreme measures. As Pierre, a Paris greengrocer, discovered to his cost.

For years he had been a lonely widow from Barcelona who was in her 40s. They married her when she was young, but he was so young that she was in her 60s when he died. Pierre was a kindly man, and the old librarian in the north had great expectations of a man who had married her so young.

The librarian, whom we'll call Grace, used to invite him to her flat for evening meals. But he refused to do so, claiming that his friendship strictly platonic.

Eventually, she decided he was getting on her nerves. One day, when he was in her flat, she suddenly began to choke and to cough. He rushed to her aid, but she died before he could get to her.

It's not that women are more vindictive than men, but they are more likely to act on their feelings. In the case of the Greek girl, she was so young that she was in her 60s when he died.

Women On A Remote Island

The beautiful, 19-year-old Greek girl hurried into church, lit a candle and knelt down. While the taper burned steadily she prayed for forgiveness for the terrible act of vengeance she was about to commit.

Then she took a revolver and went straight to the flat of her ex-fiance, a wealthy merchant who had jilted her and married another girl.

"Now you must pay for your treachery!" she screamed, pulling out her pistol, away at a pretty model of the Paris Automobile Show. The man collapsed, with five bullets in his chest, and died immediately.

When women are on the vengeance trail they often take extreme measures. As Pierre, a Paris greengrocer, discovered to his cost.

For years he had been a lonely widow from Barcelona who was in her 40s. They married her when she was young, but he was so young that she was in her 60s when he died. Pierre was a kindly man, and the old librarian in the north had great expectations of a man who had married her so young.

The librarian, whom we'll call Grace, used to invite him to her flat for evening meals. But he refused to do so, claiming that his friendship strictly platonic.

Eventually, she decided he was getting on her nerves. One day, when he was in her flat, she suddenly began to choke and to cough. He rushed to her aid, but she died before he could get to her.

It's not that women are more vindictive than men, but they are more likely to act on their feelings. In the case of the Greek girl, she was so young that she was in her 60s when he died.

The Farm Front



LOOK TO YOUR LAUREL, DIXIE - It's cotton-pickin' time in Ohio, says farm Fred Shuman examines bolls from six-foot plants grown in his yard in Lowell. The seeds normally produce bush-height growth in the area.

Vacation On Crusoe's Island

The summer vacation began a few days later. Mrs. Benning and her family were ready to start for the cabin on Big Oak Mountain with Anneget, Hans and Lore for six weeks of peace and quiet.

But this year, it did not work out. It was a rainy summer, and when the vacation began, it rained harder and harder every day. Mrs. Benning's family was in a state of mind to leave for the day before her husband, who insisted on staying in the town.

So Crusoe's Island was their vacation. Actually, it was not really an island, only a peninsula, surrounded by the waves of the Pacific Ocean, only by the ripples of a modest little river. But since it could not be reached from that quarter, it might as well be called an island.

Of course there was the faint possibility that some small window of the coal cellar and drop to the island. But that was ruled unlikely by the local official who took care of the furnace and the head gardener. Steve, the head gardener, was a man who had any business in the cellar. And neither the janitor nor Mr. Strunk had the kind of figure that could easily squeeze through a narrow cellar window.

The island could only be reached by the water route, and from the shore of Anneget's garden the children had to wade through the water, which was overgrown with thorny bushes. They had to find the shallow spots where they could wade across without getting wet to their hips.

Since they could not go to the mountain cabin this year, Anneget decided that they must turn Crusoe's Island into a wild life preserve. Even Hans agreed that there was something to this, and during the first few days of the rainy vacation a document was drawn up and solemnly signed by Hans, Anneget, and Uschi. It promised aid and protection to all living creatures.

This document was sealed in a tin can, buried between the roots of the willow tree, and weighted down with a big stone. Even the rats, or hippos, as the children called them, were under protection as long as they did not disturb the peace of the island. — From "Blue Mystery," by Margot Henry-Ibert. Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston.

Cars - Like Women Can Get Too Wide!

A great deal has been said, possibly enough, about the length of the new cars. Perhaps the last word will be said by an exasperated chauffeur or owner looking for a parking space.

But a report by the Traffic Safety Policy Coordination Committee of New York State reveals that even with low ceilings there is still more than one direction automobile can take. Some cars are nearly 10 feet wide, says an editorial in The Christian Science Monitor.

The committee says it does not appear that any particular passing space when cast by the additional highway hazard created by a reduction of four inches in the width of the car. Two cars are made two inches broader. "Thousands of miles of highways," it asserts, "are becoming more and more unsafe as our automobiles become more 'broadened.'"

The report acknowledges that automobile models for 1959 include many added safety features. It remarks, however, that many of these still are regarded as optional. The committee feels that it would be appropriate for the National Safety Council to publish an annual inventory of safety features desirable in new cars. This would help to educate the public.

The report also acknowledges that the automobile industry is doing a great deal to improve safety. It has been estimated that the industry has spent over \$1 billion in the past five years on safety improvements.

It is important that the public be aware of the safety features available in new cars and that they be used properly. The National Safety Council should continue to advocate the use of safety belts and proper driving techniques.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Jesus' Healing Ministry Matthew 9:37

Memory Selection: Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom and healing every sickness and every disease among the people. Matthew 9:35

The stories of Jesus healing the sick take up a large part of the Gospel record. During the last ten years there has been a revival of interest in this phase of our Lord's ministry. Demos, an account of the healing of a boy, has been published. "Have we neglected the teaching of Jesus on healing?" it asks, "are we becoming more and more inflexible in our attitudes toward the sick and the leprosy-stricken?"

Our Lesson emphasizes the importance of faith in God. The Roman Centurion did not ask Jesus to come to his home but said, "Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed." What unbounded faith he had! In the healing of Peter's mother-in-law, Jesus touched her hand and the fever left her. Jesus had touched the sick and other times. He didn't. Faith, not the touch, is the essential.

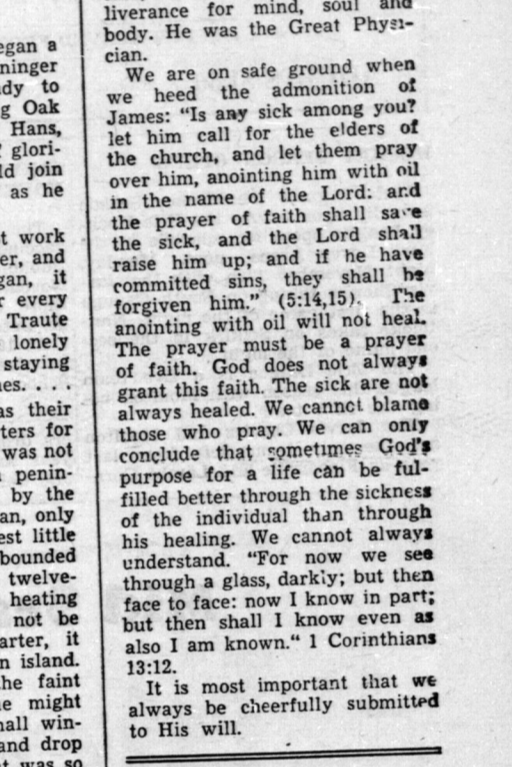
Jesus freed those who were possessed with demons. We are not sure of all that was involved in this. Sometimes the demon possessed a man or woman, and they were mentally deranged. But, in any case, Jesus was able to give deliverance for mind, soul and body. He was the Great Physician.

We are on safe ground when we heed the admonition of James: "Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." (James 5:14-15)

The prayer must be a prayer of faith. God does not always answer a prayer for deliverance from a demon. We cannot blame those who pray. We can only conclude that sometimes God's purpose for a life can be fulfilled better through the sickness of the individual than through his healing. We cannot always understand. "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." I Corinthians 13:12

It is most important that we always be cheerfully submitted to His will.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking



During this period, the bulls again gained an average of two pounds per day and the heifers one-third to one-half pound per day.

Breeders weighed the test calves at birth and provincial officials weighed and graded them at weaning and again at the end of the feeding period. The number were eliminated, and during winter feeding, 349 bulls and 418 heifers were under scrutiny.

During this period, the bulls again gained an average of two pounds per day and the heifers one-third to one-half pound per day.

Breeders weighed the test calves at birth and provincial officials weighed and graded them at weaning and again at the end of the feeding period. The number were eliminated, and during winter feeding, 349 bulls and 418 heifers were under scrutiny.

Prehistoric Remains Found

Geologists are excited by news of the accidental discovery near King of Lynn, Norfolk, of an ichthyosaur, a marine reptile which, 130 million years ago, roamed the seas as whales and porpoises do today. It is 24 feet long and the scientists describe it as an extremely valuable study specimen.

The remains were uncovered at a depth of 15 feet during excavations for the Great Eastern dock protection scheme.

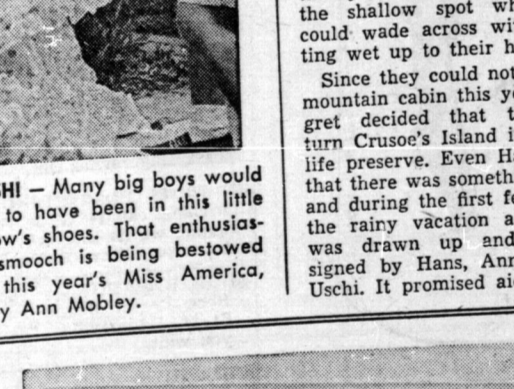
The finding of such enormous fossils is much rarer to-day because of the use of mechanical excavators. In the past a number of complete ichthyosaur and other prehistoric remains have been found in various parts of Britain.

Crossword Puzzle

Across: 1. Billions upon billions, 2. A woman who has again 3. A state of 4. A group of people 5. Perfect golf 6. A kind of fish 7. A kind of bird 8. A kind of tree 9. A kind of flower 10. A kind of fruit 11. A kind of vegetable 12. A kind of drink 13. A kind of food 14. A kind of game 15. A kind of sport 16. A kind of music 17. A kind of dance 18. A kind of art 19. A kind of science 20. A kind of profession 21. A kind of occupation 22. A kind of hobby 23. A kind of pastime 24. A kind of recreation 25. A kind of amusement 26. A kind of entertainment 27. A kind of sport 28. A kind of game 29. A kind of sport 30. A kind of game

Down: 1. A kind of tree 2. A kind of flower 3. A kind of fruit 4. A kind of vegetable 5. A kind of drink 6. A kind of food 7. A kind of game 8. A kind of sport 9. A kind of game 10. A kind of game 11. A kind of game 12. A kind of game 13. A kind of game 14. A kind of game 15. A kind of game 16. A kind of game 17. A kind of game 18. A kind of game 19. A kind of game 20. A kind of game 21. A kind of game 22. A kind of game 23. A kind of game 24. A kind of game 25. A kind of game 26. A kind of game 27. A kind of game 28. A kind of game 29. A kind of game 30. A kind of game

Goshi - Many big boys would like to have been in this little fellow's shoes.

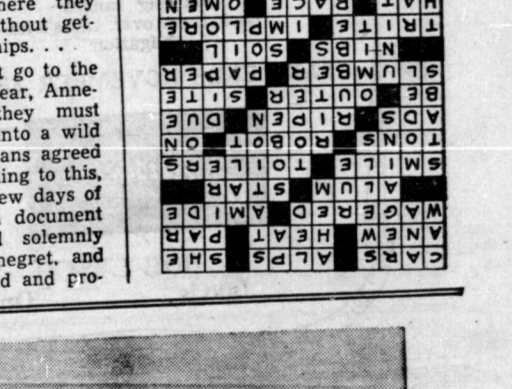


Heavy baby pig losses in the critical first hours after farrowing may mean the difference between profit and loss to the commercial swine producer.

This loss can, for the most part, be overcome, says Dr. H. T. Freund of the Lacombe Experimental Farm, by culling the sow in a stall or crate during farrowing and immediately after farrowing. This prevents raising extremely clumsy sows from certain little pigs.

Parturition stalls have certain advantages over crates. They are more ample and cheap to build and require a minimum amount of labor and material. Bolted construction permits ready

AND A HAPPY HALLOWEEN, TOO - The Frost is hardy on the pumpkin yet, but this highway billboard is already spreading Christmas cheer.



Set up by a dairy, the sign draws chuckles from motorists, many of whom are a southward-bound to Florida.

DEPTH BOMB

Displaying her championship form, Zale Parry, winner of the world's underwater depth diving championship, takes it easy on the beach. A movie and television starlet to boot, Zale made her record dive of 209 feet off the California coast. But at the moment, the diving belle is relaxing between scenes of the television series "Sea Hunt."

All by Himself

An unwelcome guest on the main street of Wakefield, may be wondering (if skunk wonder) why the streets are deserted. Pedestrians kept their distance until the striped fellow disappeared.

Merry Christmas

Merry Christmas and a happy New Year! Midwest Dairy Products.

Make Your Own Yule Logs

To enjoy a real old-fashioned Christmas this year, make some Yule logs out of old newspapers. Chemicals are the secret of these brightly-burning logs. When newspapers are rolled tightly and soaked in solutions of different chemicals, they burn slowly and produce a rainbow of colored flames. The logs take about a month to dry, so better start now if they are to be ready for Christmas.

Put 2 pounds coarse salt into a pan - preferably a polythene or wooden one, since the chemicals will corrode metal - 2 pounds bluestone and 2 gallons boiling water. Now add one ounce of any of the following chemicals, depending on the flame color desired: strontium nitrate which burns with a red flame; bismuth nitrate which burns crimson; antimony chloride which burns blue; barium-chloride or borax, both of which give a green flame; or potassium chloride which burns purple.

Put the rolled up newspapers into the solution and let them soak until the liquid is absorbed. Don't use slick paper magazines because they won't absorb liquid easily.

Dry the logs on a rack till they are completely dry. They are put on a holiday fire they'll burn with an array of glowing colors.

The older generation thought nothing of getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning, and the younger generation don't think so much of it either.