Fond Farewell To A London Square

A pungent smell of burning leaves comes up from the Square Gardens and my balcony is filled with a soft veil of blue smoke shimmering the clear autumn sunshine. The scarlet geraniums in the win-dow 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, tore shouting across the Gardens playing rounders 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 catalpa tree, last to turn color, shows a golden leaf here and there. The pigeons are flying across the Gardens. Next year when they nest in the tree outside my window, someone else will watch them. Perhaps they, too, will be enchanted by the first cooing but less delighted as the summer passes and the cooing seems incessant.

And the owl which is hooting from the farther plane 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 a different stop; to explore a new shopping center and ind those "little shops" tucked away round a corner which stay open at odd hours so that you can purchase the forgotten loaf of bread or jar of pickles.

But it also is good to have memories of Square Gardens, and of a home overlooking them where so much protection and safety was found when bombs were falling on London. There was the night when the blackout curtains were flung wide and you listened to the bells ringing out over a city where they had been silent for so many years, and were entirely unashamed of the tears streaming down your face. You knew that all your life you would be glad London was your home during the war years, writes Evelyn M. Pinnell in the Chrisian Science Monitor.

Then came difficult years, so much more difficult than the actual wars 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 be-Naturally he inquired, be cause 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 over those tomatoes. Whoever sat next to you in the bus the elderly lady who no longer had a chauffeur for her prewar Rolls Royce, or the office charlady, 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 for some change it was 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 in tended to growing 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

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

ing cherry.

But such memories are no for today. There are "Change of Address" cards to be sent one of them 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.

in the world.

He did. For 45 years Marten has earned his living as a human fly. He has climbed and climbe steadily, window sill by window sill, up the sheer sides of some New York's highest skyscrapers, including the 1,250-foot high Empire State Building. Marten has been handling continuously some 900 of the Empire State's 6,500 windows for

starts all over again. When Marten reaches the 101st

storey, the city of tall buildings lies far below him, as though seen from the window of an

and a ghastly plunge. from the street below feel their

stomachs turn over. But Marten. the human fly who makes the understand.

Marten nods; admits it.

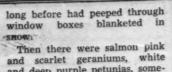
frame," he explains. Jabowsky who crawl up the steel girders of the Eiffel Tower with elevator down and start all over

Forth Bridge, too. Human flies, qualm.

are placed there for YOUR SAFETY.



DEPTH EOMB - 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."



your flat there had been green to look upt upon; evergreen shrubs in the winter, and in the spring not only the plane trees, and later the catalpa trees, to watch growing greener every day, but pink May and flower-

mories jump happily from season to season and year to year; from summer days when you watched Peter, who lived in the flat above you, crawling on his rug in the Gardens, while his father and mother watched him from their deck chairs, to wintertime so little later - or so it seemed - when, tightly buttoned up in his blue reefer coat and swathed in a scarlet muffler, he followed Michael's pram on his scooter. One day, his mother wheeled his younger brother round the Gardens, the last leaf on the plane tree above fluttered down on the pram, settling on Michael's upturned face, and the two brothers chuckled with delight.

"Human Flies" With **Nerves Of Steel**

dow sill's edge, his whole body

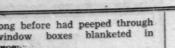
groundlings heave, just doesn't Some day an accident is bound to happen?

He holds up a damaged finger. "Pinched in a steel window There are men like Marten paint pots and brushes. When they get to the top they take the

There are men like that on the 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

Obey the traffic signs - they





Always from the windows of Though seasons follow one

another in orderly fashion, me-

When Marten Jabowsky emigrated from his native Poland he was determined to go up

the last 12 years. He goes up, sill by sill, and when he gets to the top he crawls in and takes the elevator down to ground floor level and

There he is, this nerveless human fly, his feet on the winleaning back from the wall, with only a stout strap between him

> boiler over hot water. Toss bread crumbs in melted butter. Add corn, ham, green pepper, and onion and half the bread crumbs to melted cheese and mix well. Pour into greased 1-qt. casserole. Sprinkle remaining crumbs around edges of casserole. Bake at 300° F. for 30 min-

SPANISH CHICKEN 1 3-pound frying chicken, cut 2 cup fat

> 1 teaspoon salt ½ teaspoon each paprika and black pepper 21/4 cups tomatoes 1 cup chicken bouillor

11/2 cups long grain rice

1 clove garlic, chopped 12 whole small onions, peeled 1 pimiento, sliced 1 can mushrooms (4-ounce Wash and dry chicken pieces; brown in hot fat over medium heat for about 10 minutes. Turn frequently, so pieces brown even-7. Place in a 3-quart casserole alternate lavers with rice. Add salt, pepper, paprika, tomatoes, ouillon (this can be made with hot water and bouillon cubes), garlic, onions and liquid from shrooms. Cover and bake at Remove from oven just before

MIGHTY MIDGET - Candidate for the smallest of the small cars

is this three-wheeled, single seat Rollera, shown here snuggling

up to a pretty model at the Paris Automobile Show. The British

TABLE TALKS

2 eggs, well beaten

Crush corn flakes into

375° F. about 45 minutes.

1-inch strips

1 clove garlic, minced

½ cup chopped onion ½ cup button mushrooms

(101/2-oz. can)

2 tablespoons flour

cup cooked peas

cup sour cream

1/4 cup cold water

4 ounces elbow macaroni

Buttered bread crumbs

Brown meat in fat in heavy

skillet. Add garlic, onion and

mushrooms and brown. Season

with salt and pepper. Add con-

sommé, cover, reduce heat and

simmer until meat is tender

(about 1 hour). While meat is

simmering, cook macaroni in

salted water until tender (about

mins.). Drain and rinse. Mix

flour and water and add to meat

mixture, stirring constantly un-

til slightly thickened. Stir in

peas, sour cream and macaroni,

mixing until well blended. Pour

into 11/2-qt. casserole and top

with buttered bread crumbs.

Bake at 350° F. 15 minutes.

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, tied 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

Put 2 pounds coarse salt into

pail - preferably a polythene

or wooden one, since the chemi-

cals will corrode metal - 2

pounds bluestone and 2 gallons

boiling water. Now add one ounce

of any of the following chemi-

cals, depending on the flame color

desired: strontium nitrate which

burns with a red flame; bismuth

nitrate which burns crimson: antimony chloride which burns

or potassium chloride which

Put the rolled up newspapers

soak until the liquid is absorbed.

because they won't absorb liquid

Dry the logs on a rack till

they are completely dry. When

they are put on a holiday fire

they'll burn with an array of

The older generation thought

nothing of getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning—and the

younger generation doesn't think

Don't use slick paper magazine

the solution and let them

burns purple.

glowing colors.

so much of it either.

easily.

olue; barium-chloride or borax, both of which give a green flame;

ready for Christmas.

Make Your Own

Serves 4.

Yule Logs

liquid (2-oz. can)

2 tablespoons fat

½ teaspoon salt

Dash pepper

crumbs; combine with milk. Add

mayonnaise, parsley, onion, lem-

on juice and seasonings. Mix well.

Stir in eggs and fish. Pour into

well-greased casserole or into individual casseroles. Bake at

. . .

BEEF IN SOUR CREAM

1 pound round steak, cut into

The following are a few inter- | 11/4 teaspoon salt

esting ideas for some of those

"main-dish-in-a-casserole" meals

that are so good when the

weather becomes a bit wintry.

LAYERED MEAT CASSEROLE

2 tablespoons prepared mustard

Dash nutmeg
3 cups seasoned mashed potatoes

3 medium onions, chopped

3 cups diced cooked meat

1/8 teaspoon each, pepper ground cloves

Add 1 tablespoon of mustard

and the nutmeg to mashed pota-

spoons butter about 10 minutes,

stirring frequently. Add meat,

broth, bay leaf, salt, pepper, cloves and remaining mustard;

cover and cook 15 minutes. In

buttered casserole, arrange lay-

ers of potato and meat, starting

and ending with potatoes. Sprin-

kle with bread crumbs and dot

with remaining butter. Bake at

425° F. 20 minutes or until hot

HAM AND CORN SCALLOP

½ pound pasteurized process

1 cup fine, soft bread crumbs

1/2 cup chopped green pepper 1 tablespoon minced onion Melt cheese in top of double

1 tablespoon butter, melted

11/2 cups canned whole kernel

cheese spread

corn, drained

1 cup diced cooked ham

14 cup bread crumbs

1 cup meat stock or broth

cup butter

1 teaspoon salt

1 bay leaf

and brown.

made vehicle is capable of a top speed of 50 miles an hour.

350° F. for about 1 hour. serving time and arrange pimientos and mushrooms in an 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. 3 cups corn flakes

1½ cups milk
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1½ tablespoons minced onion
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1¼ teaspoon thyme

Women On The Vengeance Trail

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 and, pulling out her pistol, blazed away at him from point-blank range. The man collapsed, with

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. Pierre was attracted to a buxom widow from Barcelona who was in her 40's. They married and were happy enough together for some months, until Pierre spied 19-year-old Yvette, a petite blonde, working in the cake shop next door He took her out, lined and wined her handsomely, and she fell deeply n love with him.

"But I can't marry you see how it is with me and my Rosa," he told her. "You must! You belong to

me!" insisted the girl. "But Rosa will never let me go," he wailed in dismay. Yvette sought an interview with Rosa. "You've no right to cling to a man who no longer loves you," she declared. "But he is my husband," Rosa retorted. "You wretch!" cried the girl,

and leaping forward, she grab-

bed the Spanish woman by the hair and dragged her to her At that moment, Pierre came into the room. "Why are you fighting like this?" he demanded The girl took one look at him

and shouted: "Betrayer!" "Really, Yvette," he answered, chidingly. "You should no better than to interfere in a married man's household." "Oh - you beast!" gulped the

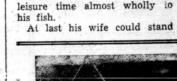
girl, and stormed out. That night she broke into the greengrocer's shop and threw his fruit and vegetables all over the

Opening up next morning, Pierre was shocked by the chaos -damage to the tune of hundreds of pounds. But there was worse to follow. For, going home at midday, he found his flat in ruins also, but it was not Yvette's

On the floor, amid broken chairs, torn tablecloths and china fragments lay a note from Rosa, saying she was finished with such a faithless husband! It another case it was a husband's hobby that caused domestic strife. A highly respectable German upset his wife because of his hobby - goldfish breeding. All his evenings at home, after his day's work an accountancy desk, were spent doting over his latest specimens. "Pity I'm not a goldfish Klaus!" said his wife to him one night. "What do you mean?" he

"Well, if I were, perhaps you'd give me a little attention," she explained "What nonsense!" he retorted

But he continued to devote his his fish.



Llosed

it no longer. "I'm sick of ve

stormed, leaping up sude from the supper tab you love them so much, you ca have the lot!" So saying, she grabbed t nearest glass tank from the sid board and hurled it at him. Cathy shook her

Then, before he could stop he she hurled three more tanks have happened but, in the mid of this row, a neighbour tap at the door and asked if si could leave some herrings in the fridge.

The accountant's wife crie out hysterically: "It's fish every where in this madhouse!" Wife that she rushed out to her n ents' home. However, a fortnight when tempers had cooled off, to goldfish enthusiast decided was better to have no h than no wife. Selling the

into it. It seemed to have

no effect on him. But one

ing when he felt off-colour

to eat the bulk of the food

around his neck, kissed

But Hector wriggled free

At that, she picked up

plete edition of Shakespeare and,

flinging it at his head crie

'Go to the devil, you cold

severe attack of 'flu.

manded the truth.

and the hobo asked for

thing to eat.
"No!" she growled, slamming

the door in the man's face.

The hobo knocked again, an

the landlady opened the door.
"May I talk to George

please?" he said.

the Dragon."

about Claire's secret vengeance

rites, he sent for her and de-

frenziealy, and cried, "H

I'm crazy about you!"

said "Calm down."

ate very little, she hersel

taining her potion.

maining stock, he persuaded missus to return home. Now without their is going in for hamsters! The outraged feelings of sp sters, must also be consid and guarded against. A 40old librarian in the north great expectations of a man first met as a book borrowe The librarian, whom we'll

ed, as she entered mom, "how can we further Grace, used to invite him to flat for evening meals. mance and keep the two conher dismay, he always kent ned from suspecting us?" friendship strictly plato Who are the two?" she quer-Eventually, she decided he ed encouragement. "Dugal Shaw and yon nice "Bugal Shaw and yon nice is Hardie. We're planning to So Grace began to cook food with a love potion wo

here for some weekcould get her - and you e - an invitation to Gowold-fashioned Halloween nything could happen

e very thing. I'll write to anne chuckied. Ve profitsed to help make something appen. Rao Gowdie is going to home on leave and he wants

e to get Allie Gibb to 'throw "Throwing the clue" was an attachments that cause females to fly off the handle. Claire, a hot-headed 18-year-old New York typist, became furious with her boss at a papermaking firm because he rebuked her for spelling mistakes.

"Throwing the clue" was an meint Halloween observance.

A girl was supposed to toss a difficult to the dark and difficult to the dark and difficult to the dark and make be given in reply, she was expected, according to tradition, and the clue" was an meint Halloween observance.

A girl was supposed to toss a difficult to the dark and dark

That evening, Claire went to a black magic session in a Green-wich Village coffee shop. Sae bought herself a little stuffed doll, a deadly magic incantation and a black needle. "That's my boss!" she repeat-

ing been added on to so many times that the roofs were an ed to herself, jabbing the needle rtistic cluster. The original kitagain and again into the doll's then was very large, with stone then was very large, with stone floors and polished copper utensils. This was the center of activities for it lent itself to the varied entertainment — especially to "ducking for apples."

The guests having removed Next day her boss, by a markable coincidence, had To Claire's dismay, however, the boss returned, restored to health, a few days later. Told The guests, having removed

wraps in the modern dwelling, were ushered into this room and then directed to the adjoining When she confessed, he announced: "You're fired! I can't employ such a vindictive type!" scullery, where with eyes shut they were to pick a kale stock from those heaped there. Next hey were to find the one near-A hobo knocked on the door at an inn called "George and est to it in size and in that way decide the supper partner. Comhe Dragon."

The landlady opened the door, iment and the small visiting. n, Meg, was delighted that she as she expressed it. "drew e city lady, Miss Hardie," for

All the usual tricks were play-One of these was to place mirror in a shadowy corner nd then urge the girls to gaze nto it and bite an apple. While engaged an admirer's face might be glimpsed momentarily the glass. Meg was eager to his and she came dancing exclaiming, "I saw someme. Truly, I did." No one spoil-th the child's pleasure by tellher that kind Captain Mace had-tiptoed over and peerove her shoulder. here was "forecasting fun"

one for oneself and one for an On A

that she

"We saw

drawing

Dugal

"May of

"Annie,

was

was here."

unamed individual, and placing these on the ribs of the grate. If they sparkled brightly together it meant that the companionship would be pleasant. If they jumped hastily apart, it did not augur so well. There was a game called "Tire

Three Luggies," which provided a good deal of amusement den bowls of water were set on the hearth and something different was predicted for the person whose fingers dipped into this one or that. The contest-ant (blindfolded) therefore approached with a particular ore as objective, but those watching with suppressed giggles and as silently as possible kept changing the position of each bowl.

It was while this was in progress that Annie, holding two engths of wool, whispered to another girl, "Allie, let's throw the clue - just for fun. We can each take a side of the back steps." They went out together but almost immediately Annie came back - alone. Allie appeared soon afterwards, accompanied by Rab Gowdie, handsome in his lieutenant's uniform. Both were beaming. Said Rab. "I couldn't be prouder if they's made me a general."

Congratulations were being showered on them when Dugal Shaw arrived. One of his sleeves was wet. He explained that, be ing late, he had taken a short cut and partly stumbled into a brook. John Gowdies brought a iacket, saying, "Wear this, Dugal, and we'll hang yours here."
Then he added, jokingly, "If your wife-to-be is present it will be turned before midnight."

And amazingly enough it was This fact was discovered when, after a buffet meal in the dining room, they were all on their way to the barn where reels were to follow. They crowded around as Dugal held up the garment wonderingly and then tammered, with his gaze on Ellen Hardie, "I — I wish — I knew who did it." She reddened swiftly, but it was little Meg who answered. "I did. I was letting on to be a fairy." Dugal pretended to be stern. "I demand a forfeit. You must give me your kale stock." pouted, but, as host, John settled the question. "Time for your bed, anyway, Meg. Your mo-

ther insisted - no later than twelve." Annie stepped forward. "I'll go up with you, Meg." preceding year. The skirl of pipes could now be heard from an outer building and there was a general move in that direction. Dugal silently offered his arm to Ellen Hardie and they joined the others. Later, as they danced, their faces showed that events had turned out happily for them

that old-fashioned Halloween. Prehistoric Remains Found

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

The remains were uncovered at a depth of 15 feet during excavations for the Great Ouse flood 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 ichthyosauri and numerous fragments have been found in various parts of Britain.

"Tommie, stop pulling that cat's tail!" Tommie yelled back, "I'm not pulling the cat's tail; I'm only standing on it. the one that's doing the pull-



LOOK TO YOUR LAURELS, DIXIE - It's cotton-pickin' time in ol' Ohio, suh. Farmer Fred Shuman examines bolls from sixfoot plants grown in his yard in Lowell. The seeds normally

THE FARM FRON

A performance testing program for beef cattle, based on the genetical principle that fastgaining bulls will produce on the werage fast-gaining progeny, has rounded out its second year of operation.

Top quality calves in 44 Canadian purebred herds were identified through the Record of Performance system.

the Canada Department of Agriculture and participating provinces, tested 863 calves-more than double the number for the The ranks continue to swell as more provinces join in the pro-

purebred cattle producers, a group of officials from the Fed-Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture inspected north- wes-

were under scrutiny.

per day. bulis on a performance test.

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

ing and immediately after far-rowing. This prevents nervous clumsy sows from crushing the little pigs. Farrowing stalls have certain

produce bush-height growth in the area.

pid dismantling for storage when farrowing has been completed.

The pen area may be used for other purposes afterwards.

The program, carried out by

Idea for the program took root in 1955 when, at the urging of eral Production Service and the

tern United States projects. . . . Ultimate goal is to improve efficiency and economy of beef cattle production in Canada. There were 404 bull and 459 heifer calves on test to weaning. The bulls gained an average of two pounds per day and the heifers 1.7 pounds. The top one-third of the bulls put on 2.26 pounds per day - 0.69 pound more than the bottom one-third. With the heifers, this difference

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 winter feeding period. A number were eliminated, and, during winter feeding, 349 bulls and 418 heifers

During this period, the buils again gained an average of two pounds per day and the heifers dropped to 1.3 pounds. The top one-third of the bulls tested 2.27 pounds per day, or 0.51 pound more than the bottom one-third. Difference in these two groups of heifers amounted to 0.41 pound

Given this information, it is a matter of personal decision on the part of the breeder of purebred stock to determine his seection of future breeding animals. Producers of commercial stock may base their selection of

part, be overcome says Dr. H. T. Fredeen of the Lacombe Experimental Farm, by confining the sow in a stall or crate dur-

advantages over crates.

They are simple and cheap to build and require a minimum outlay of labor and materials.

Bolted construction parmits as Bolted construction permits ra-

automobile models for 1959 include many added safety features. It remarks, however, that many of these still are regarded as optional. The committee feels it would be appropriate for the National Safety Council to pub lish an annual inventory of safety features desirable in new cars. This would be comparable to an inventory it conducts of traffic safety activities by state governments. Recommendations by the council should carry considerable weight with manufacturers and the public.

. . .

Sows should not be confined

n the stall too long before far-

rowing, since the lack of normal

possible she should enter the

stall the day before her litter

is due or, if the due date is un-

. . .

used for bedding.

Ample water and a light lax-

ative feed should be provided.

Cut straw or shavings may be

After farrowing, the sow and

litter should be left in the stall

for two or three days. The sow

will settle down and the pigs

will become sufficiently active

that upon removal from the

GOSHI - Many big boys would

like to have been in this little

fellow's shoes. That enthusias-

tic smooth is being bestowed

stall, crushing should be mini-

to farrow are evident.

known, when signs of preparing

exercise may be detrimental. It

Vacation On Crusoe's Island

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 exas

ing for a parking space.

perated chauffeur or owner look-

But a report by the Traffic Safety Policy Coordination Com-

mittee of New York State re-

minds us that even with low

roofs there is still more than

one direction automobiles can

but wider, says an editorial in

The report acknowledges that

The summer vacation began a few days later. Mrs. Benninger and her sister were ready to start for the cabin on Big Oak Mountain with Annegret, Hans, and Lore for six weeks of glorious freedom. Father would join them for the week ends as he

did every year. . . . 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. Mother and Aunt Traute refused to go up to the lonely cabin; they insisted on staying in their comfortable homes. . .

So Crusoe's Island was their wet but happy headquarters for this vacation, Actually it was not really an island, only a penin-sula, nor was it washed by the waves of the Pacific Ocean, only by the ripples of a modest little river. But since it was bounded on the land side by the twelvefoot wall of the nursery heating plant, so that it could not be reached from that quarter, could safely be called an island. Of course there was the faint possibility that someone might squeeze through the small window of the coal cellar and drop onto the island. But that was so unlikely that it could be ruled out. Aside from the old janitor who took care of the furnace and the head gardener Strunk, Frido-lin's stern taskmaster, no one 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 even this was not easy to fi From the shore of Annegret's garden the children had to clamber along the steep embankment, which was overgrown with thorny bushes. They had to find the shallow spot where they could wade across without getting wet up to their hips. . . Since they could not go to the nountain cabin this year, Annegret 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

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

bout all the cities and villages teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom and healing every sickness and every disease expand. Some are not only longer mong the people. Matthew 9:25

The Christian Science Monitor. The committee says it does 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 not appear that any particular thought has been given to the additional highway hazard created by a reduction of four inches revival of interest in this phase in passing space when each of of our Lord's ministry. Denominwo cars is made two inches ations are asking. "Have we broader. "Thousands of miles of neglected the teaching of Jesus' power to heal? If we turn to it condary and even primary highways," it asserts, "are benow how can we avoid going to coming more and more unsafe the other extreme?" as our automobiles become more

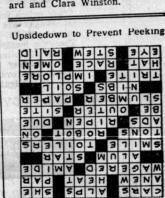
Our lesson emphasizes the importance of faith in God. The Roman Centurion did not ask Jesus to come to his home but said, "Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed."
What unbounded faith he had! In the healing of Peter's mother-in-law. Jesus touched her hand and the fever left her. Sometimes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

Faith, not the touch, is the es-Jesus freed those who were possessed with devils. We are not sure of all that was involved in this. Sometimes the demon possessed acted as though they weie mentally deranged. But, in any case, Jesus was able to give deliverance for mind, soul and

body. He was the Great Physi-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 over him, anointing him with oil 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." (5:14,15). The anointing with oil will not heal. The prayer must be a prayer of faith. God does not always grant this faith. The sick are not always healed. 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." 1 Corinthians

It is most important that we always be cheerfully submitted

tection 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 Benary-Isbert. Translated from the German by Rich-





AND A HAPPY HALLOWEEN, TOO - The frost is hardly 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 southward-bound to Florida.



attract attention 6 Went first 7. Keystone State (ab)

9. Steeple 10. Possessed 33, Leave out

Answer elsewhere on this page.

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