Delivered Babies All Over The World

A dark shape lunged suddenly out of the darkness of the Ceylon night as the young English midwife pedalled hurriedly to an urgent case.

Nurse Phyllis Pettit felt a stunning blow on the head—but she had no idea who or what it was that had struck her, for she was hurled from her bicycle into a ditch, adjoining the R.A.F. compound at Nagumbo, and lay there unconscious.

When she came to, her bicycle had gone, and she realized that she was the victim of nothing more sinister than a bicycle thief.

That was only one of the many adventures encountered by this highly qualified nurse, now forty-three years old and a keen Red Cross worker, in twenty years of delivering babies all over the world.

For eight of those years, she worked for SSAFA (Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association), attending service wives in every part of the globe.

Sometimes, living in guarded barracks or at isolated stations far from home, the mothers-to-be become extra nervous.

There was one girl who, walking outside her quarters, accompanied by a native maid, met a snake slithering menacingly across her path. With a shriek, she threw up her arms and froze in her tracks. But the native girl, more used to jungle life, stepped forward and with a shrill cry sent the startled snake scuttling into the undergrowth. Even so, it took all Miss Pettitt's skill to nurse the shaken mother-to-be back to normal.

While caring for R.A.F. wives in Ceylon, Miss Pettit saw the Procession of a Hundred Elephants as it set out from Kandy. This traditional religious ceremony pays homage to the Temple of the Tooth.

As the elephants, richly adorned in fineries, lumber along the ceremonial route, Kandy dancers enliven the whole night of festivity with their colourful costumes.

Spellbound by this magical display, Miss Pettit suddenly became acutely aware of the fact that the animals taking part in the procession were covered in fleas—and some were already biting her savagely.

She remembered, but was little consoled by, the ancient maxim, attributed to Bellarmine, a Catholic saint:

"We shall have Heaven," said he, "to reward us for our sufferings, but these poor creatures (fleas and all odious vermin) have nothing but the enjoyment of their present life."

While on a roving commission through India and Pakistan, she also visited Kashmir and fell in love with the simple, warm-hearted people there.

"Hospital patients," she says, "can't recover unless they have their own sacred domestic animals in the wards with them.

"Many like their relatives to attend also, so the wards need to be roomy.

"Whenever it is cold, most of the people go about hugging charcoal-primed wicker baskets to keep them warm. The women carry these under their yashmaks (double veils) and long flowing robes.

"But this custom has very obvious fire risks, and many Kashmiris get severely burned when the hot coals set light to their clothes."

In spite of all warnings, however, the people cling to their wicker-basket body-heaters. Now third-degree burn cases receive penicillin treatment and fewer lives are lost than formerly. But dreadful scars remain.

For eighteen months, Nurse Pettit served SSAFA in Hong Kong, helping many a new Briton into a bizarre Oriental world.

The primitive resources of many Chinese mothers appalled her. "Many had to use old newspapers for their children's nappies," she says. "They were too poor to afford anything else."

And, although holding life cheap, mothers were still troubled in some households when they gave birth to girls.

Formerly, a system of female infanticide was practised. To be rid of their unwanted girl babies, women had no compunction about parcelling them up and throwing them in the river.

Once, while she lived near the teachers' mess, a Chinese boy rushed to her, reporting: "Missie, cook him vellee sick."

She dashed out to find the man very ill with haemorrhage and T.B.

Quickly diagnosing his troubles, she applied the proper remedies, and a few days later he was out of danger.

But she was shocked to be told by one of the mess boys: "Cook, him no die now, him stay alive —vellee bad."

In saving his life, she'd actually disappointed all his Chinese friends. For, without relatives and with no one willing to care for him, the sick cook was considered a liability and best got rid of by being allowed to die.

However, thanks to Nurse Pettitt's timely aid, he eventually regained his health and was able to look after himself.

Leaving SSAFA's service in Hong Kong, she travelled by slow boat to a job in Australia, and found that the Chinese cargo boat on which she made the trip was suspected of complicity in the opium-smuggling traffic.

The authorities knew there was opium on board, and went through everyone's luggage with a tooth-comb. They found nothing.

But the secret came out when officials jerked a man out of the ship's barber chair. And there, secreted in the carefully hollowed-out panels of its arms and legs were packages of deadly dope.

Before the war, Miss Pettit worked as a family nurse in Kenya and Uganda and visited Leopoldville in the Belgian Congo.

There she saw some of the region's famed pigmy tribesmen. These little people live mainly in trees. They craved for salt, had never seen soap and water; and many suffered from beriberi, a vitamin shortage which gave them distended stomachs.

"I went on safari with an elephant hunting party," says Miss Pettit. "Whenever anyone stubbed out his cigarette with pigmies around, the little people dashed for the butt and delightedly ate it!"

She was the only woman in the party, and when they'd shot an especially big tusker, the Belgian game warden gave her the tail as a souvenir.

"I treasured it, too. But on the three-day trip back to my nursing station, the tail became 'alive.' I found it full of maggots and had to discard it."

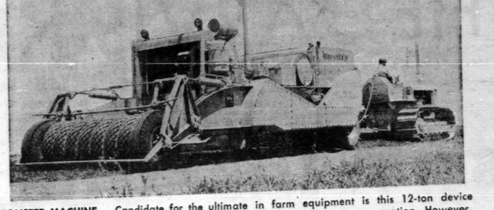
In Cyprus, before the present emergency, Nurse Pettit was in a car crash and landed in hospital with concussion and a fractured ankle. But she recovered quickly.

During a six months' "break" in the United States, she visited Mexico, was fascinated by the Pyramid of the Sun and other pre-Aztec memorials, but had her wallet stolen twice. Once she caught a bronze-faced child in the very act of filching it.

Worse befell her in California, where thieves "lifted" her entire baggage, including all her clothing and souvenirs of travels ranging from North Cape to Hiroshima.

But Miss Pettit makes light of such trials. Emergencies just can't shake her, whether they are those of other women or blows of fate.

A resourceful, mettlesome character, her latest undertaking is not about babies, but a six-months' course in floristry.



MONSTER MACHINE — Candidate for the ultimate in farm equipment is this 12-ton device which plows, discs, rolls, fertilizes, seeds and even sprays weeds in one operation. However, interested back-yard gardeners take note: Price, about $40,000.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

Vegetable-seed growing is certainly not a case of letting nature take its own course. Instead, it is a highly technical industry, much more so today, when the wants and desires of the housewife regarding the vegetables she cooks and serves are known more accurately than at any time in the past.

* * *

California is the heart of the U.S. vegetable-seed-growing industry because of its rich soil and dry autumn, when the seed is harvested. But before the seed crops are grown for commercial plantings by farmers, the various strains of vegetables must be scientifically bred by cross-hybridization, single plant selection, and in other modern scientific ways, so that the end product can be harvested for ultimate consumption as fresh, canned, or frozen vegetables.

* * *

Take peas, for instance.

If the variety is for the fresh shipper or the housewife who wishes to shell the peas personally, the crop must mature over an extended period so that the fresh shipper always has a supply to move to market.

To accommodate the canner or freezer, the entire crop must ripen all at one time so the processor can get it all harvested and packed in one economical operation over a period of only a few days.

* * *

Hence the seedsmen must develop different strains to meet different requirements, so that the housewife gets what she wants in appearance, whether she is opening a can, carton, or individual pea pod. String beans and lima beans must also be bred for the same qualifications as peas.

* * *

Another important point the seed grower and breeder must keep in mind is that all these vegetables must be adaptable to machine harvesting, as "stoop labor" is not only sky-high in price compared to earlier days but also increasingly scarce.

* * *

A very few years ago carrots were shipped in bunches with their tops on. Now, because of high freight rates, the shipping of the tops which the housewife cuts off anyway is dispensed with and the carrots shipped in cellophane bags. Hence a different shape of carrot must be bred.

* * *

The standard for canned tomatoes is much more stringent than a few years back. A much higher quality tomato is demanded for this purpose, with smooth skins, small cores, and less seeds than previously. Requirements for green wrap tomatoes also have changed.

* * *

Spinach is losing ground to broccoli, the vegetable ideal for freezing because it does not require the severe washing needed for spinach, is easily handled, and retains its color. Here again freezing types are different from those that are cut and shipped fresh.

* * *

These are only a few of the many changes in the seed-growing industry, which today is a combination of laboratory, greenhouses, seed beds, cleaning mills, grading machines, conditioning tunnels, and automatic packaging lines. In other words, the seed breeders on one hand must have seed that will provide the product the housewife wants, while their merchandisers must package the seed in convenient, attractive airtight containers for the convenience and protection of the ultimate seed buyer.

* * *

Not only are the seed fields patrolled and the off types uprooted before they spread their pollen and contaminate the harvest, but great care and attention must be given to various varieties of the same species so they will not cross-pollinate from field to field. The isolation problem is a matter of miles in many cases.

* * *

Harvesting is mechanized as far as possible. Windrowers cut radishes, cabbage, broccoli, and other items and windrow the plants so that after drying, a moving pickup threshing machine can handle them. Garden peas and beans are mechanically harvested. Vine seeds such as cantaloupes, cucumber, squash, and watermelon are picked by hand but carried by a conveyor belt to a machine which automatically crushes, washes, and extracts the seeds, dries them and ejects the pulp and rind. Lettuce is threshed and bagged by machine in one operation.

* * *

In cleaning, the seeds pass over shakers that bounce off the dirt, rocks, and other foreign material. Other shakers separate the seeds by weight, shape, or size.

FACING FACTS — A pretty Nassau vacationer reminds the beach crowd that Halloween is just around the corner as she sips refreshment from a pumpkin-faced Bahamas coconut.

Sneezers' Battle Still Continues

Unlike the 17 million Canadians and Americans who suffer violent reactions to ragweed, roses, raspberries, nail polish, antibiotics, or a host of other substances, Dr. Frederick G. Germuth Jr. hasn't a single allergy. Yet even as a medical student, this freckled red-haired pathologist was fascinated by the enigmatic way in which allergies hit one out of ten Americans and leave the other nine alone. A few months ago, the 36-year-old doctor — now one of the nation's top allergy researchers — left his teaching job at Johns Hopkins Medical School to take charge of an allergy-research project at Memorial Hospital in Charlotte, N.C. Last month, as his new undertaking was set fully in motion, Dr. Germuth had specific objectives squarely in his sights.

"My particular interest," he said, "is the relationship of allergies to other diseases — rheumatoid arthritis, for instance. Allergies and many diseases overlap. We are trying to find out how they differ. But most of all, we will try to find the mechanism by which allergy works."

To achieve this aim, Dr. Germuth has been furnished with a fully equipped seven-room laboratory at Memorial Hospital. He and his six - man staff (whose salaries will be paid by a grant from the National Institutes of Health) will study the reactions of rabbits and guinea pigs to allergy-producing substances (antigens). Like humans, these animals produce an antibody to antigens. The reaction releases a powerful chemical, histamine. Most researchers believe that allergic reactions result when histamine damages blood vessels in the skin (producing hives), the mucous membranes (hayfever) or causes spasms in the muscles of the bronchial tubes (asthma).

Dr. Germuth has, however, already found some important flaws in this explanation. "Our recent experiments at Johns Hopkins," he explained, "showed that marked damage to the clear cornea of the eye may be produced by allergy, even though this tissue has no blood vessels.

"Our work also has strongly suggested that, contrary to current medical concepts, antigen and antibody need not meet in the body to produce an allergic reaction. Some other factor or factors must, therefore, play a role. We think that another protein in the body, called complement, is also necessary." First goal of the project: "To determine if complement is really necessary, and then find out what it is and where it is made.

The need of this sort of basic research was stressed a few weeks ago by U.S. Surgeon General Leroy E. Burney. "Allergic diseases," said Dr. Burney, "are only beginning to receive the research attention they deserve."

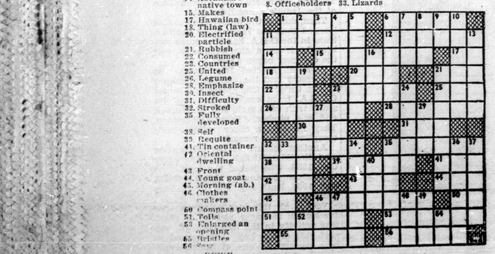
SOUP SNUFFS BOMB

During the rioting in Algeria a terrorist threw a bomb into a restaurant in which some French soldiers were eating.

Happily for the troops the missile landed in one soldier's bowl of soup. The fuse sputtered then died out, and the bomb was removed to a safer destination.

DAMAGE AREA — As tropical hurricane "Helene" hit the North Carolina coast, telephone and electrical service were knocked out throughout Wilmington and its nearby beach areas as this photo shows. Winds were up to 100 miles an hour.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS
1. Slightly warm
6. Dilutes
11. Threaten
12. Fame
14. Abraham's native town
15. Makes
17. Hawaiian bird
18. Thing (law)
20. Electrified particle
21. Rubbish
22. Consumed
25. Countries
25. United
26. Legume
28. Emphasize
30. Insect
31. Difficulty
32. Stroked
35. Fully developed
38. Self
39. Requite
41. Tin container
42. Oriental dwelling
43. Front
44. Young goat
45. Morning (ab.)
46. Clothes makers
50. Compass point
51. Tolls
53. Enlarged an opening
55. Stylettes
56. Soup

DOWN
1. Ointment
2. Half em
3. Equality
4. Freeze
5. Contradiction
6. Inclines
7. The lady's
8. Officeholders
9. Egyptian lake
10. Paints
11. Wall painting
13. Memoranda
16. Sp. gentleman
19. Legislator
21. European deer
23. Metric measure
24. Wander
27. Explosive
29. Routine procedure
33. Foot lever
33. Lizards
34. Contrive
36. Estates
36. Bred
37. Over
40. Companion
46. Child
47. Southern constellation
48. Corded fabric
49. Capuchin monkey
52. Exist
54. Myself

Answer elsewhere on this page.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

The Baptism of Jesus
Luke 3: 15-22

Memory Selection: Then said Lo I come . . . to do thy will O God. Hebrews 10:7.

John was a humble man. He came to prepare the way for Jesus of whom he said, "One mightier than I cometh, whose latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose." His baptism was of less significance than the baptism which Jesus would give; the baptism with the Holy Ghost and with fire. We can readily see why John felt unworthy to baptize Jesus. The superiority of Jesus was confirmed after His baptism by the descent upon Him of the Holy Ghost as a dove and the voice from heaven, saying "Thou art my beloved Son; in thee I am well pleased." It was a most impressive induction service, accepting baptism at the hands of John He approved of Jesus and his work. For Him baptism did not symbolize the cleansing away of sin for He knew no sin. Rather it signified His being set apart for the great work that He was to do.

Jesus baptized His disciples with the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost, ten days after His ascension in heaven. By this baptism He purified their hearts (Acts 15:9) and endued them with power to become witnesses (Acts 1:8). No more do we see the carnal ambition as shown by James and John in their desire to have seats on the right and left hand of Jesus in His kingdom. Nor do we see the vindictive spirit as when these same brothers asked if they should call fire from heaven to consume the inhospitable Samaritans. Nor is there that extreme sectarian spirit as shown by John when he said to Jesus, "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name; and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us." Luke 9:46-56.

Water baptism is an ordinance and should be observed throughout the Christian Church. It does not change the heart but it symbolizes that God can take away the guilt and pollution of sin. The baptism with the Holy Ghost is a gift for believers. All the outer signs present at Pentecost may not accompany the receiving of the Gift but when He comes He will purify the heart and strengthen us to be witnesses.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking

Mommary Lapse Saves Girl

They met for the first time on a sun-soaked beach and soon fell head over heels in love.

Two months later, the handsome young engineer and the attractive typist went to a registrar's office and gave notice of their August wedding.

The young man gave his full name, address, age and occupation, and the registrar then turned to the girl.

She hesitated, looking suddenly embarrassed. I've forgotten my name," she confessed.

She really had. For some time she had been experiencing minor lapses of memory and the excitement had made her forget her own name, although she remembered her address.

Her fiance came to the rescue. The pair made a joke of the incident. "It was so silly of me," smiled the girl.

But a week after their honeymoon, while out shopping, the young bride suddenly forgot her surname when ordering some goods to be delivered at their new home.

When her husband was told, he insisted on her seeing a doctor, who pronounced that she was a victim of amnesia. Luckily, he said, her case was not serious. Treatment and rest cured her and she has had no recurrence of her strange fits of forgetfulness.

Love and money worries sometimes lead to temporary loss of memory, say psychologists. Every year a number of people fall victims to some kind of mind amnesia, but it is rarely serious.

Women have been known to lose their memories the day before a marriage they did not want. In one instance, an impressionable girl was wooed by a handsome but unscrupulous man.

"His kisses are wonderful, but somehow I vaguely mistrust him, although we're going to wed tomorrow," she told her girl friend.

"What's his job and where does he come from?" asked the friend.

The girl could not remember, although the man had told her, and she suddenly realized that this temporary lapse of memory was nature's device for protecting her against herself.

The man, after all, she reflected, was practically a stranger and she suddenly began to feel afraid of him. This feeling became so intense later that evening that she rang him up and to his astonishment called their wedding off.

A week later the man she had so nearly married was arrested for embezzlement and it was revealed during his trial that he was also a bigamist.

Yes, time and again a faulty memory has proved to be a strange safety signal. A Missouri man, head buyer for a large firm, reached for his telephone one day to place a large order that had been under discussion for several weeks.

As he lifted the receiver he realized he had forgotten the name of the man he was trying to ring and the name of his firm.

This strange forgetfulness made him put the phone back and start thinking again about the wisdom of placing the order. He realized that all along he had been afraid of the deal, but had allowed his friendship with the other man to warp his business judgment.

"That moment of forgetting saved my firm thousands of dollars," he told a reporter.

The queer absent-mindedness we call amnesia often lasts no more than a few hours Many people recover their memory through some trivial incident.

A piano teacher who had forgotten who he was remembered his identity when he heard someone playing Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," one of his favourite pieces of music.

An ex-soldier's lost memory was restored by his being struck on the head by a golf ball and knocked unconscious.

Some years ago a man walked into a Yorkshire police station with loss of memory. When hypnotized, he told a doctor that his fiancee had just died and that he was also worried because a shop he kept was not paying.

He now recalled that he had put his fiancee's photograph in his pocket and cycled to the coast, and then walked up to Flamborough Head, where he had often walked with her. He remembered that he had expected in some way to meet her there, but when he found he was alone he went to the police.

This case illustrates another striking feature about people who temporarily lose their memory. When they go wandering they almost always go back to some place with happy memories.

Famous people have been known to suffer odd lapses of memory. The Irish poet George Moore once went to a party at which a girl sang the lovely song, "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms."

Moore listened to it with obvious pleasure and then, turning to his host, said: "What fascinating words. Can you tell me who wrote them?"

His host looked at him incredulously. "Surely you are joking?" he said. "You wrote them!" Moore was so shocked by this revelation of his forgetfulness that he burst into tears.

Odd Pickings On The Beach

At Falmouth, Cornwall, a young typist on holiday discovered a collection of sodden papers at low tide. She was about to throw them away when she noticed an address just legible in the margin. More as a joke than anything else, she took the papers back to her home, dried them, and posted them back to their owner.

The papers, it appeared, were the script for a BBC programme. In return for her trouble the young typist received a cash reward and an invitation to tell her story on the radio.

Then there was the strange case of George Lee, on holiday near Bude, Cornwall. He was camping with his brother on the cliff, and had gone to collect driftwood to bridge a muddy patch in the cliff-top path. One piece caught his eye, but when he tried to lift it the timber would not budge.

Being a determined sort of chap, he called his brother. Together they heaved and tugged, and as the timber was still stuck fast in the sand they began to dig with a child's wooden spade. Eventually they unearthed a packing case that had fallen overboard from a cargo ship. They found that the case contained 700 oil-skin capes, valued at $5 apiece! The manufacturers were told of the find, and later the insurance company sent George a cheque for $100.

REPLACING MAMA — A doll takes the place of a real mother for this baby monkey being raised by University of Wisconsin researchers. The scientists claim the simians lead healthier, more contented lives when reared with simulated mothers.

AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION — Kitty Hughes, 15, a student at Little Rock's Hall High School, watches her daily English lesson on television. "It's a good idea when they haven't got anything else," Kitty said, referring to the closed schools. "There's one good thing about it, you don't have to get up and get dressed so early."

TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews

Food writers attending the 1958 food conference in New York this year were invited to the luncheon at which the Pillsbury Bake-Off prizes were awarded. We were assigned to specific tables, and I found only one person already seated at Table 43 when I arrived. She was a woman wearing an orchid and that marked her as a contestant.

Pretty and slender, she wore a wool dress of the new shade of bright blue. Her hat, earrings, and bracelet were also blue.

* * *

"Please sit beside me—I need someone to talk to," she said. Naturally, she talked about the Bake-Off!

"I noticed that, in 500 recipes I have read recently, only two used a dried fruit that our members and grandmothers liked so much—currants," she explained. "I decided to experiment and try to develop something very good using that fruit.

"I worked on special currant cup cakes which I tried out on my husband and our neighbors. When I felt I had perfected them, I entered the Pillsbury contest. They're called Swift Currant Cakes, and are good either for dessert or for breakfast."

* * *

Color and movement were all around us as we talked. The ball room where the luncheon was held rapidly filled with several hundred well-dressed, excited people finding their seats, enjoying the boxes where additional guests were seated, calling "Hellos" to friends, writes Eleanor Richey Johnston in The Christian Science Monitor.

Accadio stuffed with halibut flakes and sauce Antoine started our meal. This was followed by a tender, juicy filet mignon topped with mushrooms, potatoes soufflé and string beans sauté. By the time dessert came, I had given my table mate several reassuring squeezes of the hand to help keep calm.

Since it was Pillsbury's 10th Anniversary of the Bake-Off, a huge cake of many tiers was carried in to mark the event and a smaller birthday cake covered with candles was brought to each table to be cut and served with praline ice cream and fresh strawberries.

* * *

We then learned that the awards were to be on Art Linkletter's TV program, so the excitement increased.

He announced that the winning senior contestant's picture would be thrown on the screen above the stage. A picture flashed on, the picture of the $3,000 winner, Mrs. Verna Phelan, whose husband is a lawyer, in Miami Shores, Florida.

* * *

Of course you've guessed it—the picture matched up with the smiling woman in blue sitting next to me at the table!

"I've entered this contest for five years now, and I've submitted 27 recipes in all," she told us when she had returned to the table and proudly shown her check. "It really pays to persevere."

When the first excitement was over, Mrs. Phelan seemed delighted to talk about her winning recipe.

"If you tell your readers about my currant cakes, tell them that they can be made with a mix also—the recipe will be good with any of them—white, yellow, spice, but the liquid must be reduced to make room for the currant syrup.

Swift Currant Cakes

½ cup sugar
¼ cup water
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
1 cup currants
1 tablespoon flavoring extract
2 cups sifted all purpose flour
3 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter
¾ cup sugar
2 unbeaten eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
¾ cup milk

Combine water, sugar, and orange rind in a saucepan. Bring to a boil and remove from heat. Add currants and extract. Allow to stand 1 hour. (It's the currants standing in the syrup that give the cakes the flavor," Mrs. Phelan told me when she was describing the recipe.) Drain thoroughly, reserving syrup.

Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Cream butter; gradually add sugar, creaming well. Blend in eggs and vanilla. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk, beginning and ending with dry ingredients. Blend thoroughly after each addition. (With electric mixer use a low speed.) Makes 2 dozen cup cakes.

* * *

Orange Glaze: Cream 1 tablespoon soft butter with 1 cup sifted confectioner's sugar. Add 1 tablespoon grated orange rind and 1 tablespoon milk; beat until smooth.

Limited Cook Recalls Grandma

With so many folks nowadays forced to live far away from the abundant supplies of fresh foods available to most of us, this article from the Christian Science Monitor might provide, not only interesting reading, but also some valuable hints.

* * *

For the first time in a long career of culinary experimentation, one cook is having to use canned and dehydrated foods to an extent she never thought possible. "Sweet are the uses of adversity" comes to her mind almost every day as she prepares meals for two people.

Instead of having the usual abundance of fresh vegetables and fruits, she must now stock her few storage shelves with 8-oz. cans of such things and as each can provides about two servings only, there are few left-overs . . . once her delight but now completely taboo.

She also stocks onion flakes, green pepper flakes, celery salt, garlic powder and parsley flakes, as none of these articles is available to her in the fresh state. A few of the standard condiments complete the list.

Fresh milk being out of the question she uses the powdered nonfat variety exclusively, supplementing it with powdered cream for various dishes and beverages that seem to demand a richer product than skim milk.

She usually procures freshly ground hamburg a little at a time to supplement the chops or tinned fish that vary her meals during the week.

With meager cooking facilities at hand, most of her recipes have had to be abandoned entirely or reconstructed to meet present conditions, and a meat loaf with which she recently experimented was baked in a small top-of-the-stove oven over an electric plate without benefit of oven themometer. As she guessed at the temperature of the oven she found it amusing to imagine herself back in the days when wood-burning stoves were in every kitchen, oven thermometers were unheard of gadgets and the cook tested the heat of the oven by thrusting her hand into it. Here is a revised recipe.

Meat Loaf for Two People

½ pound ground beef
½ cup powdered milk
¼ cup water
1 slice soft bread (the top half of a hamburg bun can be used)
1½ tblsp. beaten egg (a medium sized egg yields 3½ tblsp.)
½ tsp. green pepper flakes snipped fine with scissors
1 tsp. parsley flakes
1 tblsp. onion flakes
2 tsp. celery salt
A pinch of black pepper
¼ tsp. salt
A small pinch of garlic powder

Crumble the bread in a bowl, Add the dry milk powder and all the seasonings. Stir together and add the water and beaten egg. Work these ingredients to a thin paste with a fork. Add the meat and continue to work with a fork until the meat and seasoning are evenly combined. Pack solidly in a well-oiled tin 3x6x1½ inches and set aside for 15 or 20 minutes to season. Bake uncovered at 375° F for about 25 minutes or until the loaf is cooked to the preferred doneness. May be served hot or cold.

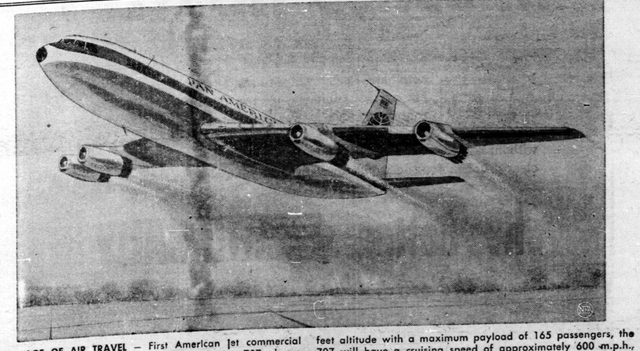
One of these meat loaves formed the main dish of a dinner and was accompanied by small glasses of tomato juice soy bean crackers, hot buttered beets, toasted English muffins with ginger marmalade and a mixed salad of lettuce, cucumber and shredded carrots dressed with olive oil, a few drops of white vinegar and seasonings. Dessert comprised sliced pineapple (from one of the small tins) and cup cakes The main beverage was a chocolate milk shake in which was the remainder of the beaten egg used in the meat loaf.

THINK IT OVER

It would be a fine thing if all those who point a finger would hold out a hand instead.

E.R.GALL STONE CO.
QUARTZITE SAND STONE
NATURAL COLOR • ROSE•TINT • BUFF •
VENEER•PLANTER•FIREPLACE•FLAG•DRYWALL
FOR COLOR AND BEAUTY USE GALL STONE
GEOLOGISTS CLAIM - OLDEST IN WORLD
E.R. Gall Prop. Phone NO. FREEDOM 3300

SPEAKS FOR ITSELF — In, of all places, Rock Springs, Wis., a local stone company with a bent for humor and business erected this sign. It appears to offer to sell a physical disorder, rose tinted at that.



NEW AGE OF AIR TRAVEL — First American jet commercial liner to go into regular service will be the Boeing 707, shown taking off in a sketch by NEA artist John Lane. Pan-American Clipper on its New York-Paris-Rome run. The 707 started rolling off the production line in July, 1954, and has been subjected to tests ever since. It is 144 feet, 6 inches long with a wing span of 130 feet, 10 inches. Operating at 25,000 to 40,000 feet altitude with a maximum payload of 165 passengers, the 707 will have a cruising speed of approximately 600 m.p.h., enabling it to fly to Paris from New York in six and one-half hours, cutting the time of piston-engined craft in half. Despite its size, the 707 is said to be far simpler than conventional aircraft — aerodynamically, mechanically and from a servicing viewpoint. Four Pratt and Whitney J57 jet engines power the plane.