

Girl Stowaway Finds Romance

It was a night for love and romance. A full moon shone as passengers strolled up and down the great liner's promenade deck. Among them was a young American millionaire who was traveling alone to New York. He was feeling disappointed, having failed to find a pretty girl friend for the voyage. All the young women who attracted him were either married or had male escorts. Then there suddenly appeared on deck a slim girl of unusual loveliness. She wore jeans and her fair hair was disheveled.

Going to the ship's rail she gazed at the calm, silvery sea. She started when he spoke to her, but the young man had a way with him and soon they were chatting happily. "Fancy you and I not meeting here?" he exclaimed. "Where have you been hiding yourself since we left England?" She glanced up at him with a hesitating smile. "What makes you think I've been hiding?" she asked.

"Just my little joke," he replied. "You certainly weren't at dinner to-night." His arm crept round her as he spoke. She shivered a little but made no attempt to repulse him. Encouraged, he drew her to him and kissed her.

And then the girl, feeling she could trust him, told him her strange story and how she had smuggled herself aboard twenty-four hours before the liner sailed and hidden in one of the life-boats. "My twin brother is seriously ill in a hospital outside New York and I feel I must see him, although I had no money to pay the fare," she said. "I packed some sandwiches and brought along a flask of tea and here I am, but I'm afraid I shall be discovered before we reach the United States."

The American made up his mind quickly. He decided to pay for the girl's voyage and accept responsibility for her. He explained the situation to officials aboard—and eventually the girl was allocated a spare cabin. The story ended happily. With funds provided by the American the brother received treatment from specialists and recovered. And the pretty stowaway is now married to the young man.

Not all girls who stow themselves away in liners are as lucky as she was. A headstrong American girl who wanted to reach her lover in London stowed away in a liner sailing from New York, but was discovered within four hours of the liner's departure. She was put to work aboard as an assistant stewardess. When the ship returned to New York with her, her father rushed up the gangway, seized his daughter and spanked her soundly while passengers and crew looked on. Her double trip had cost him about \$200. Stowaways cost ship owners tens of thousands of dollars every year and they are often unaware of the risks they run when they conceal themselves on freighters.

One stowaway, an eighteen-year-old Frenchman, spent a terrible two days dodging large rolling barrels of cement which had broken loose between decks in a heavy gale. He was lucky to escape with nothing worse than a broken leg.

Hazardous as the game is, stowing away is on the increase all over the world. Four men, with the help of a steward, stowed away in a seldom-used refrigerator aboard a "cold storage" boat. It seemed that they would win through, but early one morning the steward arrived with the men's daily food supply to find the door cold to his touch. Fearing he opened the door. Within lay the four stowaways, all dead.

During the night the wrong valve had been turned and the intense cold seeped into the refrigerator the stowaways were slowly frozen to death. Three bedraggled figures were discovered in a ship bound from Algiers to London. They said they were deserters from the Foreign Legion. They were locked up together in a cabin, but during the night an officer heard screams. He rushed to the cabin and found two men fighting savagely with knives. The ship put into the nearest port and the men were rushed to hospital. One died.

Only then was it discovered that the third stowaway was a native girl over whom the men had fought. The owners of the vessel had to pay for the burial and the repatriation of the other two. Girl stowaways are fewer nowadays than they were earlier in this century when they often turned up in ships, having been smuggled aboard by members of the crew. With only six dollars in her pocket a Frenchwoman of twenty-nine once stowed away in a French liner before it left the United States.



THIS IS THE ARMY?—Soldiering isn't too unpleasant for these troops of the 51st National Guard Division at Aniston, Ala. They share the show with 19-year-old Mary Ann Huff. This Aniston girl is the "official hostess" for this year's summer encampment.

Another Princess On The Job

A new royal diary for the year already studded with items as to what the Princess Alexandra will, for her part, do in the coming year. Her place as a full-time working member of Britain's royal team.

Princess Alexandra, the year-old daughter of the Duke of Kent, will make her first Commonwealth tour to Australia next year. Princess Margaret, 18, is announced in London.

Such a tour with its vast opportunities for cementing relations between the Dominion and the United Kingdom is a tremendous responsibility and hard work.

The Princess, under the eye of the Duchess, has in a few years grown from a chubby, lumpy child into a handsome, well-proportioned young woman.

Her plans for the coming year are being discussed at a conference in the history of the Devon and Somerset kennels when the Duchess of Devonshire, assisted by the Duke of Devonshire, advised her on the best of the Devon and Somerset kennels.

TABLE TALKS

Knowing how to make a smooth cream sauce may not sound like something to boast about, but if you can make a creamy sauce, cream soups, and croquettes.

Actually, it's not hard at all, but do your practicing when you're not having guests for dinner. The main point is to have the three principal ingredients measured and ready for instant action.

If you're careful, you can make cream sauce in an ordinary saucepan over low heat; but, if you're likely to wander away from the stove for long, use a double boiler. First, melt butter slowly, then stir in flour quickly, and heat a few seconds until bubbly. Add milk and salt gradually, and stir quickly until smooth. Then cook, stirring all the while, until the mixture boils slightly and thickens.

This medium, thick, very thick—how do you want your sauce? The only difference is in the amount of butter and flour. For one cup of milk and 1/4 teaspoon salt, use the following proportions, depending on how thick you want the sauce.

Kind Flour Butter Thin 1 tbs. 2 tbs. Medium 2 tbs. 2 tbs. Very thick 4 tbs. 4 tbs.

This sauce; you can make delicious cream soups by combining 1 cup thin sauce with 1/2 cup of mashed vegetables. Medium sauce; for these sauce, add 1/4 cup of creamed corn, 1/2 cup of creamed peas, or eggs, with a proportion of 1 cup sauce to 2 or 2 1/2 cups chopped food.

Wolfe's Brigadiers at the Siege of Quebec in 1759.

The name of the township was spelled Monkton until 1838, but in that year, through a clerical error, it was changed to Moncton and in 1930 the Moncton City Council decided that henceforth the name should be Moncton. The incorrect spelling, however, has persisted.

Halifax — When founded in 1749 it was named after the second Earl of Halifax, who was then President of the Board of Trade and Plantations. The second Earl of Halifax is credited with helping the Hon. Edward Cornwallis found the city.

Charlottetown — The capital city of the Province of Prince Edward Island was originally named Port La Joie but was renamed in honour of Queen Charlotte, Consort of George III, when the island fell into British hands during the Seven Years' War.

Avalon Peninsula—The oldest and most thickly populated area of Newfoundland, was named after the ancient name of Glas-tonbury by Sir George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, in 1623 when James I gave him possession of the central part of the peninsula.

In Hillsburg, Ind., Mrs. Burl Carter, operator of a family-owned furniture store, accepted a used living-room set in part payment for a new set, sold the furniture for three frogs' legs and a quart of gooseberries.

In Miami Beach, a 1,600-year-old Roman coin was collected from a parking meter.

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Younger Set Fashion Hint



Perfect Hunt?

On the day of the great stag hunt, the hounds are out before dawn. The League Against Cruel Sports struck first. Before dawn, shepherds and other volunteers began spraying all the roadsides.

Not once, insisted the hunters, were the hounds thrown off the true scent but they lost their quarry when it loped a road near a crowd of 300 persons who ran up and trampled over its tracks.

"It was our chemical on the roadside that threw the hounds off," crowed one sprayer. "Hereafter we will do this at every stag hunt in England."

"Rubbish," answered Colonel Murphy, "rubbish, I say it is, rubbish. It was a perfect hunt, even to the stag getting away. He was just too clever for us, you know."

"The Gift Of God - The Friend Of Man" Anyone seeking inspiration for an article or speech about trees can find plenty of material on it in the Department of Agriculture 1949 yearbook entitled "Trees."

Therein is material pertaining to the love of trees in all parts of the world and an eagerness to protect trees.

A chapter on famous trees quotes a sign that appears at the entrance to a public park in Portugal: "Ye who would pass by and raise your hand against me, I am the heart of your hearth on the cold of winter night; the friendly shade screening you from the summer sun; and my fruits are refreshing draughts quenching your thirst as you journey on. I am the beam that holds your house, the board of your table, the bed on which you lie, and the timber that builds your boat. I am the handle of your hoe, the door of your homestead, the wood of your cradle (and the shell of your coffin), I am the gift of God and the friend of man."

The text on the park sign will appeal to all friends of trees, especially the men and women who have grown fond of trees in their yards. We may be certain that where trees are planted, cared for and admired is sure to be a pleasant place in which to live. - W. C. (C. O.), Star Journal.



REJUVENATION PROJECT — An airplane is being used by Ralph Davis at Boonville, Mo., to seed Missouri River bottom fields destroyed by the recent floods. Davis says it's an experiment to collect information about livability of crops and seeding rates. The Missouri Farmers Association is cooperating by furnishing seed. Crops being seeded from the air are wheat, milo, sorgo, rye and sudan grass. It will be several weeks before farm equipment can get into the saturated fields.

THE FARM FRONT
By John Russell

It isn't customary to think of farmers and airplanes as having much in common, that is to say from an ownership standpoint. So the following article by Frederick W. Reeveking in The Christian Science Monitor came as somewhat of a surprise to me, and perhaps it will to you as well.

A couple of hundred "chicks from the sticks" who could tell New Yorkers a few things about fast, streamlined living have dropped into town.

Not that they make a big point of it. They came here for the 13th convention of the National Flying Farmers Association. So any lively talking they may do is essentially a matter of institutional promotion.

But even that part of it is difficult. In an hour-long session before the first day, the board of directors and a handful of other members of the NFPA tried to communicate their enthusiasm and some of the facts of modern aviation to reporters of this sophisticated metropolis but only with partial success.

A bit incredulously, the news-men kept coming back to the same questions: How could they pay for an airplane on a farm? How about landing fields, maintenance, and navigation? How did they find time for learning all that?

Happy, with some of the seasoned tolerance of the advanced technologist they answered: Yes, planes paid for themselves in many ways. The rest was for fun. Yes, they had their own landing strip next to the barn. And yes, they knew what they needed to fly safely and efficiently. And time? They had more time than ever because of the airplane.

How Many Sneezes?

Four million American men and women sniffed up no less than thirty-six million pounds of snuff last year, reports a firm of New York snuff makers. Yet in spite of these official figures which are not to be sniffed at — there is evidence that the historic habit of snuff-taking is slowly declining in the United States.

In Britain, too, were snuff-taking stages a partial comeback every few years or so. Fewer people are taking snuff than during the war period, but snuff is still made there at the rate of about 4,000 tons a year. Snuff is simply a powdered preparation of tobacco and was first introduced into England in the seventeenth century.

There's a shop in London that sells snuff from the same jars and shelves that were there in the days of Beau Brummell who, like other Regency bucks, went there to select special blends. Coal miners forbidden to smoke during working hours used to put snuff in little tin jars and suck it. Snuff taken in drink was condemned as harmful by magistrates earlier this century. Doping gangs would watch for likely victims in tavern bars, dropping a pinch of snuff into a friendly glass of beer and cleaning out the pockets of men when they were stuffed.

Until seventy years ago snuff-taking was so common that many hostesses kept horn snuff-boxes on their smoke-room tables for their customers to help themselves. Printers and tailors were then the principal snuff-takers. Some, not content with a pinch, had a small silver scoop in their boxes to shovel the required quantity into their nostrils.

Which goes to show, as one member remarked, that the flying farmers also have their down-to-earth problems.

"Don't die so fast around corners," entreated the taxi passenger. "It frightens me." "Just do what I do," came the reply, "shut your eyes when we come to one."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. E. Barclay Warren B.A., B.D.
Justice in Daily Work Exodus 29:9-10; Ecclesiastes 9:16; Ephesians 4:28; Colossians 3:23 to 4:1.

Memory Selection: Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men. Colossians 3:23.

In the fourth commandment we have the words, "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work." Man's work pattern has greatly changed. Most people work at their regular job only 5 or 4 1/2 days. However, surveys have shown that most people use the other time for earning a little on the side or improving their property. Actually, we haven't deviated from the 6-day week as much as we think.

Management and labour continue the conflict with the recession giving management a little advantage at the bargaining table. Paul wrote to the employees, "Remember, then, you yourselves have a Heavenly Employer." (Philippians). Giving the employees a share in the company's success. Workers have a responsibility to their employers, too. They should rid themselves of corrupt leaders and keep in mind the welfare of the country as a whole.

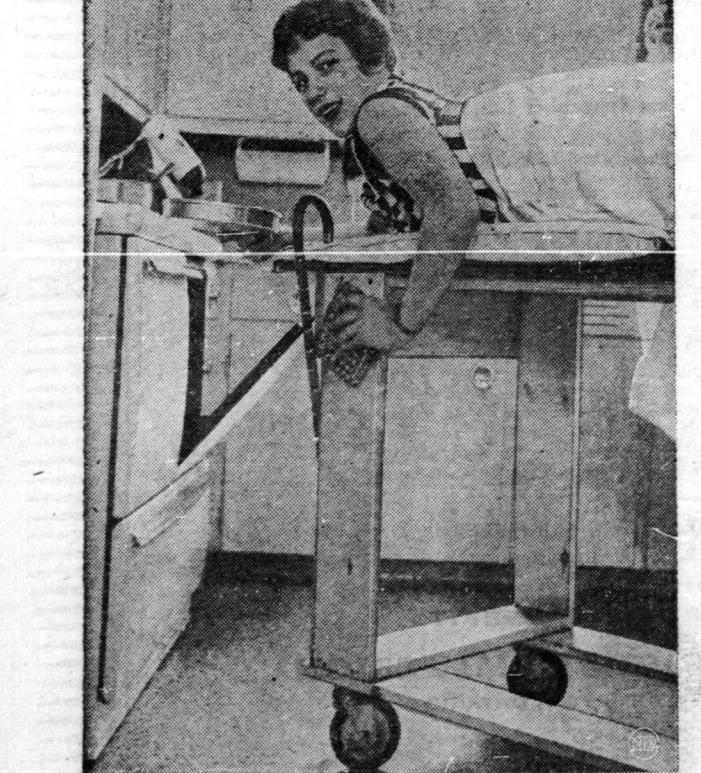
A boy asked his father, "How much would a man need to have in order to be satisfied?" The reply was, "Just a little bit more." The constantly rising deflationary period receives much publicity but many executives are increasing their salaries and bonuses, too. This is a great country with almost unlimited resources. But since we must lean so heavily upon imports we need to beware of pricing ourselves out of the world export market.

There is no substitute for work God said to Adam, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Genesis 3:19. It should be honest work. If dishonesty and greed could be cast aside how much happier all would be. When men are born again by the Spirit of God they become honest. They love their neighbours and do unto them as they wish to be done by. Jesus Christ is the answer to our labour problems. Where His spirit reveals men work happily together in their different roles.

Upisdown to Prevent Peeking
[A 10x10 grid of numbers for a crossword puzzle]

DRIVE WITH CARE!
[A photograph of a driver looking out the window]

"GET OFF MY BACK" — That's what cowpoke Jim Bayless seems to be saying after getting the worst of it in his battle with a raging Brahma bull. (Maybe the bull said it first.) Jim was only one of many contestants unseated in the 13th annual Fikes Peck or Bust Rodeo. Limber rodeo riders kept the angry bulls from going the cowboys and the only thing injured was a little pride.



CASTING AROUND — Pretty high school sophomore Jane Schweitzer rolls herself up to the kitchen stove to pop a cake in the oven. The 15-year-old, spending her fourth and last summer encased in a waist-toe-foot cast to correct a slipped leg socket, gets around on the wheeled wooden vehicle built by her father. She'll attend school by a special telephone arrangement this fall. But she expects to be back on her feet again by mid-winter, attending regular classes, her ordeal over.

STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE
1 1/2 pounds lean beef
1/2 pound veal or lamb kidney
Short pastry for 2-crust pie
1 cup water or stock
Pepper and salt
Cut beef into thin strips. Cut fat into small cubes. Roll each strip of beef around a piece of fat and fasten with a toothpick. Put in lined-with-dough pie pan alternately with pieces of kidney until pan is filled, season. Pour water or stock to cover. Put on top dough 'crust', press around edges to fasten. Bake in moderate oven.

HUNGARIAN STUFFED PEPPERS
6 green peppers, plump and
1 pound ground beef