Angel On The Waterfronts

To scores of seamen from core of countries, Toronto's Flying Angel is the only Canadian church they know or want, the kind a seagoing man can

Its pastor, Canon Guy Marshall, is a tall ruddy man with the white collar and black suit of a clergyman, the springy step of a rugger player and the well-knit shoulders of an exmiddleweight boxer. (And, indeed, he is all of these).

The "parish" is bounded on the east by a rusty spur railway track and a droning sugar refinery; on the north by Front Street with its growling trailertrucks: on the south and west by the docks and Marine Term.nal No. 11, a shouting, shift-ing, harsh-smelling abstract of ships, caroges and men.

And in the middle of this squats the Flying Angel itself: a blue-and-white trailer with a worn blue pennant fluttering from its TV aerial. When the first morning breeze from Lake Ontario smooths out the emblem (a winged angel) and the words "The Missions to Seamen," every merchant sailor within eyeshot knows that Toronto's only waterfront mission is open for another day.

Here, any day during the shipping season, a seaman of any religion (or no religion, for that matter) can read a novel, write a letter to his girl, watch TV, talk about home, or - if he seeks it - find spiritual com-

The Flying Angel is one of 89 similar Anglican Church Missions to Seamen around the world, and one of many more operated by other denominations. In this first year of the St. Lawrence Seaway, the 'Angel" was busier than ever before. By late autumn, ships of 20 nationalities had docked in Toronto to unload and load cargo and, sometimes, to take

on bunker fuel. Seamen from such vessels invariably find the Mission because Marshall visits their ship and extends his welcome as soon as they dock. With their halting English, often aided by the Spanish, French and Italian of the Canon and his volunteer helpers, they make their needs known. And the Mission generally has the answer.

Some come for lunch, to watch TV western or to talk out their loneliness. Others carry off armloads of reading matter; the Mission never has enough. Some want shopping advice. Social director Audrey Paton recently bought a crinoline slip for a sailor's wife while the man waited at the far end of the store, crimson with embarrassment. On Sunday nights Marshall opens the folding doors of the

trailer's tiny chapel for services. But if sailors want a clergyman of their own faith or nationality, he linds one. Recently, for example, he took the Rev. Paul Ken Imai aboard the Muneshima Maru, the first Japanese vessel through the Seaway.

Some men want to find lost relatives or go to dances, picnics, or Niagara Falls. Many want to play inter-ship rugger matches; Marshall organizes and referees the games. Once a red-bearded man from Bristol came ashore with an armload of classical records. Marshall produced a record player and the seaman sat alone in the Mission with Bach and Mozart all afternoon.

"Seamen have changed in the last 20 years," says Marshall. "The diesel vessels are cleaner, have better accommodation and attract better-educated men. They need different entertainment on shore; you can't just give them tea and a bun and a ticket to a boxing match." The Canon's typical day be-



AVIATRIX - Youthful flier Barbara Hartisch, 17, of Vienna, Austria, is all smiles as she tries a jet pilot's helmet on for size The helmet was sent to Barbara by an Air Force officer in Germany to help her celebrate passing flying



THE SKIPPER COMES ASHORE - Capt. Jukka Vuorio, skipper of the freighter Anna is as sisted ashore by rescuers at Fraserburgh, Scotland after his ship went aground 100 yards from the Scotlish shore. Vuorio abandoned his ship only after its owners in Helsinki all but ordered him ashore. For more than 24 hours he had fought alone to save it. He had stought with the ship often ordering his man to leave. stayed with the ship after ordering his men to leave.

11/2 c. sifted flour

1/2 tsp. baking soda

1 tsp. salt
14 tsp. nutmeg

34 tsp. cinnamon

4 c. shortening

1 egg well beaten

134 c. rolled quick oats

1 c. mashed ripe bananas

½ c. chopped nuts Sift toether flour, sugar,

soda, salt, nutmeg and cinnamon

into mixing bowl. Add egg,

bananas, rolled oats and nuts

Beat until thoroughly blended.

Drop by teaspoonfuls about 11/2

inches apart onto ungreased

cookie pans. Bake in moderately

hot oven. 400 degrees, about 15

minutes or until cookies are

done. Remove from pan imme-

ROLLED OAT COOKIES

1 c. raisins or chopped dates

Sift flour, salt, soda, baking

powder and spices together.

Cream shortening with brown

sugar until fluffy. Add beaten

eggs and mix well. Add sifted

dry ingredients alternately with

sour milk in small amounts. Add

rolled oats, raisins or dates and

nuts. Drop from teaspoon onto

greased cookie sheet and bake

FRUIT COOKIES

at 350 degrees until brown.

lb. marshmallows

1 c. chopped dates

½ c. cutup cherries

1 c. chopped nuts shredded coconut

2 c. sifted flour

1 tsp. cinnamon

1/2 c. brown sugar

2 eggs beaten

11/2 c. rolled oats

1 c. chopped nuts

1/2 tsp. cloves

1/2 tsp. baking soda

2 tsp. baking powder

2 tsp. salt

diately. Makes about 31/2 dozen

1 c. sugar

cookies.

TABLE TALKS load of used magazines, picking his way among crates, kegs, stacks of lumber and reeking bales of raw hides. Everyone Time to fill that cookie jar knows "the padre": customs offiagain. It probably is, if your family is like mine. So here are cers, ship's captains and paintstained seamen. He sidesteps a some recipes that might be scurrying little dock tractor (waving it on with a grin and a bow that tickles its driver), BANANA COOKIES and goes up the gangway of the

Manchester Explorer, three steps at a time. "Good morning, Bos'n. How many men for Niagara Falls to-

gins about 8.30 a.m. Bareheaded,

with long-hurrying strides, he

leaves the trailer with an arm-

"Seven so far, padre. Will you have a coffee while I see about the rest?" Marshall waits in the seamen's mess. A steady procession of men and officers find reasons for dropping in. The padre has greetings for all. ("Go ashore last night?" "Just for a walk, padre." "Well, the Mission's open evenings. Come watch TV if you like.")

Marshall washes and dries his cup, hurries down the alleyway, pokes his head in the galley to greet the cook, talks football on deck with a tow-headed boy in a duffel coat, and swaps hometown tales with a pink-cheeked young officer from Leeds.

Next, aboard the Emstein from Hamburg, he gives the steward a bundle of German magazines. on the Thorsriver out of Norway he promises to organize a rugger game, then calls on Swedish and Dutch boats before hurrying home for a hasty lunch. with his family and a call on his second parish uptown. Then back to the "Angel" for afternoon and evening, perhaps until

11.30 p.m. The Canon never thrusts religion at any man. But if the man voices a problem, Marshall imadjately drop everything to talk it out, with the language and experience born of 16 years with Missions to Seamen.

"This is much more fun than some quiet little country par-ish in England," Marshall said recently. "But it's changing. 1 spent 14 years with the Mission in Buenos Aires, a tough spot. When men became unruly, simply had to step in and lay

them out." He paused thoughtfully, then added with a trace of astonishment, "You know, I haven't had to break up a fight since I came

But somehow you know that in a fight, as in all gentler endeavours, the padre of the Fly-ing Angel would win the respect of the waterfront. - From Imperial Oil Review.

Boys And Girls Hearken To Me!

King David and King Solomon led merry, merry lives With many, many lady friends and many, many wives; But when old age came over them with many, many

King Solomon wrote Proverbs and King David wrote the

PICNIC POSER This is the forest's prime evil:

That no matter where we may To pick a prime spot for a picnic It's also the prime choice of

ERIN REVISITED

Officials at the Washington, D.C., zoo are shipping surplus makes to the

ISSUE 52 - 1959

Frenchman Proves Barnum Was Right

Having just had a fine lunch langoustines sauce verte, rôte de porc, pommes rissolées, fruits et fromage, and a bottle of vintage. fromage, and a bottle of vintage.
Bordeaux—Jean Baptiste Montgardet settled himself on a park
bench in the village square at
Dax near Biarritz. A potbellied
bachelor, 56 years old, he had
\$60,000 in the bank and a modest villa set amidst 140 acres of vineyards and pine forest. Then, as he nodded in the sunshine, he heard a woman sobbing.

Montgardet had often told his Montgardet had often to friends that he would never pay

pinch of salt. Pour over mixture in bowl and mix well. Drop by spoonfuls on wax paper.

stand until cool. MINCEMEAT DROP COOKIES

11/2 c. flour 1/2 tsp. baking soda 1/2 cup sugar

4 c. moist mincemeat

1/4 tsp. salt 1/8 c. shortening 1 egg well beaten 14 tsp. vanilla Sift flour, measure, add salt and soda. Sift again. Cream hortening. Add sugar gradually and blend well. Add egg and combine with dry ingredients. Fold in mincemeat and add va-

sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for 12 minutes. SPICE DROPS

nilla. Drop by teaspoon two

inches apart on greased cookie

1 c. cream or evap. milk 1 tbsp. vinegar c. shortening

2 c. brown sugar 2 eggs 4 c. sifted pastry flour or

31/2 c. sifted all-purpose flour 1 tsp. soda ½ tsp. salt

1 tsp. cinnamor 1 tsp. ground cloves 1/4 tsp. nutmeg

and fluffy. Add to sour milk. Mix well. Sift remaining dry ingredients together. Add dry incool. Frost if desired. gerients, raisins and nuts to sugar mixture. Mix well. Drop

2 tsps. baking soda 2 tsps. cream tartar 1 tsp. salt 61/2 c. flour 1 tbsp. vanilla 3 eggs beaten

Melt marshmallows in top of double boiler. Add dates, nuts and cherries. Form into small balls and roll in the coconut. DROPPED RAISIN COOKIES

1 c. cream 1 thsp. vinegar 1/2 c. shortening 2 c. firmly packed b. sugar 2 eggs 2 c. sifted all-purpose flour

1/2 tsp. salt

1 tsp. baking soda

1 tsp. ground cloves

1 c. chopped nuts

Combine milk and vinegar to

sour the milk. Blend shorten-

ing, sugar and eggs until light

from teaspoon to buttered bak-

ing sheet and bake at 350 de-

1 tsp. cinnamon

1/4 tsp. nutmeg

3 c. raisins

3 c. raisins 1 c. chopped nuts Combine cream and vinegar to sour the milk. Blend shortening, sugar and eggs until light and fluffy. Add soured cream. Mix well. Sift remaining ingredients together. Add dry ingredients, raisins and nuts to sugar mixture. Mix well. Drop from teaspoon to buttered baking sheets. Bake in slow oven, 325 degrees about 15 minutes. Remove cookies from sheet and place on racks to

grees for 15 minutes. Remove cookies from sheet and place on racks. BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES 3 c. brown sugar 2 c. butter or shortening

Cream sugar and butter; add sifted dry ingredients. Add varilla and eggs. Shape into rolls two inches in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper and chill overnight. Cut rolls into 1/8 inch slices and place on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake in 375 degree oven for 10 minutes. Make 12 dozen.

UNCOOKED COOKIES Into a large bowl, put: 3 cups fine datmeal 1 cup shredded cocoanut Into a saucepan put: ½ cup butter 2 cup milk

2 cups white sugar

5 tsps. cocoa

she is very rich." But now he noticed that the lady who had noved onto the park bench with nim was smartly dressed in black and had attractive ankles. In a burst of gallantry, he introduced

"Ah, Monsieur," sobbed the lady, who said her name was Alice-Annie Linck and that she Alice-Annie Linck and that she was 37 years old, "they're burying my mother. But I am a widow and I cannot pay for the funeral." Her voice trailed off as she added: "And to think that I am going to inherit 22 huild!" am going to inherit 28 buildings in Switzerland!" Montgardet gave her the 14,

tion to any woman "unless

000 francs (\$28) in his billfold. Soon, he was sending her more money to an address in Switzer-land. At first she needed just a few million francs to clear up inheritance taxes. Then an aging relative needed hospitaliza tion. After that she needed an operation to ensure - she wrote that she could bear Montgardet a child after their marriage. Finally, Alice-Annie wrote that she needed a second operation. This one, she said, required that she get two new solid-gold, 18-carat kidneys. "I thought these would last

longer than plastic ones," said the helpful Montgardet. "And with all the marvelous progress that medicine is making the operation seemed normal to me." Just to make sure. Montgardet took a train to Basel and there discovered that his betrothed was really Alice-Annie Stegmul-

ler, married to an Alsatian five years her junior. She actually lived only 20 miles away from Montgardet's home in Dax, and with the money she had picked up in Switzerland, had bought a new house, furnished it, and provided fourteen suits for her husband. She had also changed the family's car three times, and had even bought motor scooters for all the nuns in a convent in

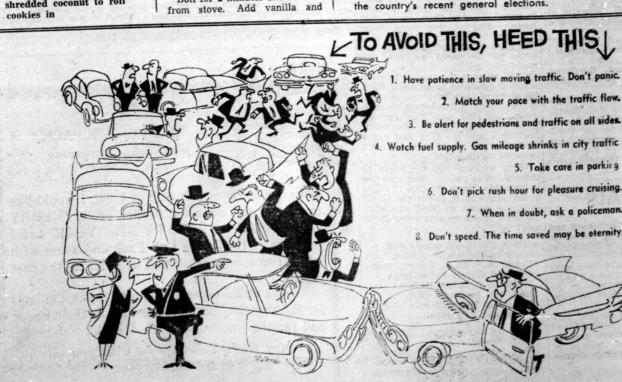
Belligerently pushing his beret back over his balding head, the badly duped Montgardet stormed into court last month charging Alice-Annie with fraud. "Justice" he thundered woefully, "will give it all back to me" - the price of a broken heart and two gold kidneys. -From NEWSWEEK

"There are hundreds of ways making money, but only one that's honest." "What's that?" "Ah, I thought you wouldn't



BETTER DAYS WILL COME - Aneurin Bevan, second in command of Britain's Labor Party, assumes an attitude of prayer at the party's annual conference in Blackpool. The labor contingent is at low ebb after a crushing defeat by the Conservatives in

Boil for 2 minutes and remove the country's recent general elections.



automobiles take to the nation's roads and highways, the world wouldn't prevent a nightmare scene such as to be reminded of them.

CITY DRIVING CAN TOO BE FUN - As more and more | that in this drawing if most drivers didn't obey certain common sense rules of safety and courtesy. the problem of congestion becomes increasingly acute— Safety manazine recommends those listed above. There articularly in cities. All the traffic lights and signs in are few of us who drive automobiles who don't need

Those Lost Hunters Hate To Admit It

laugh the thing off, so he had

to hang around until something

appened that would tell him

where he was. In order to do

this, he had to offer some reason

Chuck talked to him some,

started up his saw now and then,

and spent a leisurely afternoon

whittling a couple of pines. It

turned out the fellow was from

out-of-state, and in his hot pur-

suit of Chuck's chain saw had

actually crossed two roads he

never saw. This isn't remark-

able, because to anybody who

is really lost the normal judg-

ments are invariably upset, and

it's true a man can come out

onto his own dooryard and not

know it - if he's turned around

What amuses Chuck the most

is the reluctance of all his lost

hunters to admit they were lost.

up a front that they know ex-

into the clearing on purpose to

see who was cutting pulpwood, Chuck tells them weird tales of

how he was lost once in his own

maple grove, and about how he

got lost another time in his hard-

wood lot. "Followed my white

horse out after dark," he says.

"Been there yet if I'd had a

black horse!" But so far, after

Chuck itemizes all the times he

was lost, none of these hunters

The way Chuck's land lies,

you can go to a highway in any

direction and it won't be more

than a mile. But the senses get

so twisted around that a man

can circle himself and not know

it. Not at all uncommon is the

disbelief in a compass. A man

can look at his compass needle,

see it point North, and be com-

pletely positive the compass is

wrong. After that, there is no

Instincts are unreliable at a

time like that, and the confu-

sion within the man himself is

thorough. That's why he can

cross roads he doesn't see - be-

cause he just won't believe there

is any road there. Truth is, al-

most everybody gets lost, at least

momentarily, in the real woods,

but in most instances recovers

before the world knows about it.

Occasionally the predicament

gets drawn out, and you have the organized search on.

Anyway, Chuck says, "I got

me a sireen song. They come at

me like the needle to the lode-

star, wallowing across bogs,

chasing the willy-the-wisk of my

chain saw. Come walking out bug-eyed, and then stand around

all afternoon to folly me home.

I see more people up in my

woodlot than go to Grange, and

while I ain't exactly unpopular

at Grange, I can tell you them

hunters is a good deal more hap-

py to see me than the Worthy Master is!" — By John Gould

in the Christian Science Monitor.

Those Cows Aren't

Always Contented

Cornell professors say.

He who laughs last

Intends to tell

45 44 47 46

Answer elsewhere en this page

50 1210

At the story narrator

The same story later.

s Serving dish 27. Measures

30. Cold season

9. Range 30. Cold season 10. Spike of corn 11. Physicians 11. Beard of grain 32. Scepter 34. Bygone 16. Lateral 5. Periods 56. Cloth measures

Profs. J. K. Loosli and R. G.

Warner of the State College of

Agriculture at Cornell say most dairymen give their cows less

than 15 pounds of good grain.

The average cow will produce

up to five pounds more milk a

true direction again.

has ever owned up.

While they are stoutly putting

enough.

for being there, and to save face

intertaining this fall, and finds that times have changed. Used to be you could take a one-man crosscut saw and an ax and proceed up into the back woodlot and be by yourself. It was a wonderful trade for the hermit nd folks inclined to be reflective. A nice lunch, maybe the dog, and there you were alone and uninterrupted amongst the instructive beauties of nature. But the chain saw has changed all that, and Chuck says it's an eerie thing.

It's the lost hunters. woods are full of them. And they used to mill around until they found themselves, or somebody found them. But now, the minute they lose their bearings they track the noise of the chain saw, and follow it with unerring instinct right to Chuck's clearing where some afternoons quite a crowd gathers.

Chuck has been working in his back lot, a mile or more from his house. He's been cutting both pulpwood and lumber, and hasn't been hurrying. He likes to clean up his slash as he goes, and he finds the noise of the saw has to be taken in small por-

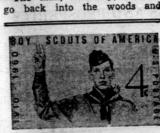
A chain saw has an air-cooled motor on it, and makes quite a racket. You can hear it for miles on a cool fall day, and in your own hands it be-throbs your ears until the silence, when you shut it off, is deafening. So Chuck has been sawing a while, and axing a while, and resting betimes, and things were going about the way he wanted.

About the time the hunting season started. Chuck shut off the engine one afternoon and turned to see a large man in a big red coat come staggering out of the forest. His eyes were bugged out, and he looked considerably whiplashed, and he seem ed to give the impression he had just discovered a new continent.

The man also said hello, but seemed disappointed in the smallness of the greeting. He seemed to indicate he thought Chuck might have put a little more enthusiasm into it.
Of course, Chuck didn't know

woods and had come ten miles through the swamp toward the chain saw. He didn't realize the man had been so alarmed over his own safety that he expected others to be glad he was spared Presuming he thought the National Guard and the warden service were long since out looking for him, then Chuck's feeble greeting was certainly slim. Chuck, who didn't know anybody was lost, didn't act par-ticularly delighted at this res-

When the man figured this all out, he naturally retreated into lost at all, and was merely making a friendly visit. By this time Chuck had his cue, and he played the thing for fun. The man, naturally, couldn't



GOLDEN JUBILEE - This stamp commemorates the 50th anni versary of the founding of the Boy Scouts of America. Artist Norman Rockwell designed the khaki and blue four-center. Irll go on sale Feb. 8, 1960.

land
Huge wave
Ember
Aggregate
Crow's note
Unoccupied

CROSSWORD

PUZZLE

ENOUGH'S ENOUGH - This reindeer didn't mind being in a Christmas parade in Wauwatosa. Tradition and all that. But when they strapped a red light on his nose a la Rudolph, he left the parade in a hurry. Took quite a white to catch him.

THE FARM FRONT

gree of exposure to other con-

ditions. Most researchers agree

that sub-clinical or undetected

anemia may play a part in re-

ducing the resistance of the pigs

There are many iron prepara-

tions which can be given by

mouth or injected into the mus-

cles. It has been shown that 0.3

gram of reduced iron - about

as much as lies on a dime - pre-

week until the pigs are on solid

food. The first dose should be

given the second or third day

after birth. It can be given easily

and quickly by placing the dose

on the back of the tongue with

Injectable iron is also avail-

able and, according to Dr. Gwat-

kin, has given better results than the reduced iron. Injections are

given in the muscles of the hind

containing 100 milligrams

and the second 10 days later.

leg. Two intramuscular injections

iron each should be given, the first not later than the third day

. . .

Dr. Gwatkin says discoloration

of the skin following injection

will not occur if the preparation is injected to a proper depth and

the skin drawn down when the

needle is inserted so that it moves

back and covers the hole in the

The proper dose of iron may e expected to give the desired

avoided. While there appears to

be a good degree of tolerance to

iron in pigs, it has been shown

that excessive doses cause

TRAVEL BOOK

Standing in the path of a tor-

nado which struck the small

village of Fansler, a two-storey

general store was completel

emolished and its contents scat

Four days later while plough-ing his land, some 45 miles dis-

tant from Fransler, farmer Ro

ert Beal found an account book

bearing the name of the store.

A word of warning:

the handle of a teaspoon.

vents anemia if given once

to later infections.

by John Russell Standardized methods of proas high as 60 per cent in some ducing and processing poultry, long advocated at the Federal litters, depending on the severity of the anemia and on the delevel, are being widely adopted

This uniformity was evident in the market poultry show at Toronto's Royal Winter Fair, according to E. D. Bonnyman, Poultry Division, Canada Department of Agriculture.

He lauded the effort of growers and processors in standardizing methods, employing the most up-to-date techniques that have been developed. Entries in the big show were

down slightly from last year, but the quality was good, Mr. Bonnyman said. Judging was based on the following factors: (1) Packing, package appearance and markings; (2) Bloom; (3) Conformation; (4) Flesh; (5) Fat; (6) Dressing.

I'm going to put me in for a hero medal. Chuck McGowan, the Loreloo of the Limberlost. A total of 164 exhibtors this year represented six provinces from Alberta to Prince Edward Island, reflecting the wide in-terest that has been generated in the Royal Winter Fair's market poultry display - which has become the show window of the national market poultry industry. Eviscerated geese submitted by the Community Farm of the Brethren, Bight, Ont., made up the grand champion box of poul-try. They sold for \$2.30 a pound. Harvey Beatty of London, Ont. Those contented cows in our had the reserve grand champion pastures are not so contented box. It contained eviscerated after all. They're hungry, two

> pound. Results of baby pig anemia are so serious and the prevention of anemia is so simple that this disease should be of no more than historical interest, in the opinion of a leading Canadian animal pathologist.
> But, adds Dr. Ronald Gwat-

fowl, which brought 75 cents a

day if her menu includes 20 pounds of grain, the professors kin of the Health of Animals Division, Canada Department of Agriculture, through neglect of simple precautionary measures, iron-deficiency anemia is extremely common.

It continues to take a heavy toll of suckling pigs, says Dr. Gwatkin, and indirectly causes other trouble in older pigs. Affected litters appear healthy and active at birth. If not given iron they usually remain healthy for about two weeks, when some

begin to show a pallor of the

skin, especially on the snout and

around the hooves. Puffiness often develops around the eyes. When affected animals try to run about or play, they stop suddenly in an exhausted state, breathe rapidly and deeply and may make a thumping sound This results from an insufficient oxygen supply caused by the reduced oxygen-carrying power o

Many piglets die from uncomthe blood. plicated anemia in the first few weeks and the survivors lose their plump, smooth appearance, fail to make proper growth, and are rough and stunted. Death often results from secondary infections that creep in, or from heavy parasitism with roundworms to which anemic pigs are more susceptible than normal ones.

ISSUE 52 - 1959

Largest Chunk Of Floating Ice

The largest chunk of floating in Antarctica. It is called the Ross Ice Shelf. Its size alone makes it magnifi-cent. And its historical role as

a gateway to a continent has made it famous. Sir James Clark Ross, sailing in the British ship Erebus, in 1841, discovered it. Capt. Robert Falcon Scott camped at its edge in 1901 and launched his cele-brated "furthest south" expedition across its face. He came to a tragic end in its unforgiving snows.

Sir Ernest Shackleton marched across it on his way southsen crossed it on his triumphant dash to the South Pole in 1911. Admiral Richard E. Byrd built his Little Americas at its edge. Two present-day Antarctic scientists, Dr. Edward C. Thiel, and Edwin S. Robinson have studied it closely.
"The shelf," says Dr. Thiel,

flat place on earth. It is virtually featureless except for windswept sastrugi, ridges of hardened snow that hump jaggedly up across

is about the size of Texas. And

this makes it the largest truly

Its seaward front extends 400 miles athwart the Ross Sea or the Pacific side of the continent. At its deepest, it reaches 500 miles inland from the sea. Its ice ranges in thickness from 800 feet near the edge of the Ross Sea to about 1,500 feet at the foot of the great network of glaciers on the continent's rim. The shelf is fed by the ice of these magnificent glaciers and from the snow that falls and hardens on its face.

The nature and characteristics of the Ross Ice Shelf are only now becoming accurately known. An oversnow traverse party, led by Dr. Albert P. Crary, roamed across 1,450 miles of its face during the Antarctic summer of 1957-58. The data gathered then are still being analyzed and interpreted.

But what is already known makes a striking portrait. floats on the water, though in several locations it is grounded Dr. Thiel and Mr. Robinson

recently proved that the shelf heaves up and down ever so slightly with each ebb and flow of the tide beneath it. At the sea's edge it oscillates gently with the action of the waves. The sea on which it floats extends downward from the bottom of the ice to as deep as 4,400 feet.
One of the shelf's most spec-

tacular characteristics is the fashion in which it gives birth to icebergs. Huge tabular bergs the size of the state of Rhode Island are known to

seeing a berg so massive actually breaking away. But a party in the early 1900's witnessed the calving of a lesser one and reported that it sounded as if "hundreds of heavy guns had been fired at once." The Ross Ice Shelf is not the only great slab of ice hinged to the shores of this continent. Across Antarctica on the Weddell Sea side lies the Filchner Ice Shelf, a partially floating body of ice about two-thirds the size of the Ross Shelf. Around the edge of the con

edges of Antarctic ice shelves, writes John C. Waugh in the Christian Science Monitor.

No man ever has reported

tinent many lesser shelves and ice tongues cling to the land. All these together form the great The edge of the Ross Ice Shelf creeps seaward at an astonishing rate of speed. Dr. Thiel and Mr. Robinson estimate it moves outward five feet a day. A massive calving will set it back again many miles. But then it reumes its steady creeping im

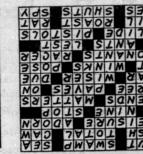
The study of this great natural wonder is renewed each summer season. Mr. Robinson, who was a member of the Crary traverse party, and Dr. Thiel have been earrying on local measurement this season from the Naval Air Facility here at McMurdo Sound.

James H. Zumberge, professor of geology from the University of Michigan, soon will begin a long-term study of the shelf. His study will concentrate on the nourishment, wastage novement, and deformation of

the shelf. The shelf affords an excellent laboratory for the study of rock deformation. Ice is considered a rock by structural geologists. And marked deformation, which takes ages in ordinary rock occurs quickly in shelf ice-within a time scale that a human life time can span. So men, by observing the Ross Ice Shelf, can witness natural forces at work that are observable nowhere

"What is an executive?" asks a puzzled reader. A man who talks golf around the office all morning and business around the golf course all afternoon.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking





LAST MILE - A mighty steam engine which once powered crack passenger trains such as the Norfolk & Western's Powhatan Arrow and the Pocahontas, now is confined to this Cincinnati, Ohio, Junk yard. Weighing over 300 tons, it will be cut up for scrap, now that diesel engines have replaced the old steamers.



BUT FRIENDLY - This pony, one of a herd of 300 that rooms Sable Island off Nova Scotia. has become tame enough to be petted. He has been trained for patrol work to aid the two dozen technicians who man the weather station on the lonely dot of land. The origin of the ponies is obscure but legend says they are the survivors of a 15th-century French settlement.