

Ballerina Dances On Glass Legs

"Be careful!" called her mother as beautiful 23-year-old Anna Mariani rushed out of the house towards the suburban railway station. But Anna, tall, dark-haired ballerina, scarcely heeded for she was late for an appointment in Milan that morning.

"Click, click" went her stiletto heels as she ran for the railway crossing to get to the downside of the station. For a second or so she hesitated at the crossed gate, then she squeezed through it.

Looking out of his cabin window, the gate-operator spotted the girl and screamed a warning. She glanced hastily up and down the line, then she ran across the four tracks.

She heard the whine of a siren as a non-stop express hurtled towards her. Just as she was about to cross, the siren ceased in a point and she crashed to the ground, both her legs across the outer rails.

Women waiting to cross the tracks screamed and men ran towards her, but they were too late. The express train coasted on when it had passed the once-famed ballerina had lost both her feet just above the ankles.

Unconscious, she was rushed to the city hospital in Milan for an emergency operation. No one thought that the lovely girl could possibly survive the terrible accident.

But Anna Mariani did survive, though to save her life both her legs had to be amputated. She had not been the most famous ballerina in Italy by any means, but she was young and pretty and a good dancer, and the story of her life's tragedy focused world attention on her overnight.

Any girl caught in such a tragedy would have had a world of sympathy, but Anna was somehow different, for it is always more tragic when a ballerina suffers the loss of her dancing ability.

Anna lost more than that: she lost her legs. From every part of the world letters and telegrams of encouragement arrived at her small home near Milan where she went when she was discharged from hospital. Organizations sent money to help her start a new life; other people similarly crippled looked to see what she would do.

And Anna issued a challenge to the world. "I will dance again, if God be willing," she said at a television interview eight months after her accident.

Quietly she began to make inquiries: is it possible for her to be fitted with artificial legs, not those clumsy things some unfortunate people have to wear, but delicate, nice legs as befitting a girl who once earned her livelihood as a ballerina?

She was told, secretly, that there was a plastic manufacturer in Milan who might be able to do something for her. A representative called on Anna, studied the case, and went back very thoughtfully.

Last March, almost a year to the day after the accident, Anna carefully tried on the plastic fibre glass legs made for her by the company. They fitted perfectly. But she stressed that this was to be her secret — no one else was to know about it. She obtained a pair of crutches and began hobbling around her small home.

Gradually she gained confidence and the stumps of her

legs which slotted perfectly into the tops of the plastic legs, grew hard and no longer hurt when she brought her feet to rest on them.

First she experimented with using only one crutch. By April she was getting around without crutches and going out alone — in spite of her mother's protests against her to watch other young people dance.

No one ever dreamed that the lonely girl sitting out every evening last week when I went out to go alone to a theatre. I walked along the street, looking in shop windows, and three young men passed me. I took urgent notice of them — but they had gone only a few feet and a loud whistle echoed behind me.

"My greatest thrill," ballerina Anna said recently, "came one evening last week when I went out to go alone to a theatre. I walked along the street, looking in shop windows, and three young men passed me. I took urgent notice of them — but they had gone only a few feet and a loud whistle echoed behind me."

"I glanced over my shoulder to see that they were looking at me! I thought at first that there was some other girl, but I was the only girl in that part of the street."

Anna ignored the whistle, but it filled her with joy. The men had not noticed that she was wearing artificial legs.

"I can walk almost naturally — surely I could dance again!"

Anna contacted, again secretly, her old friend and tutor, ballerina teacher, Carlo Careni, a master tutor of ballerinas in Italy.

Caric, who of course knew all about her case, but was not aware that Anna was getting around on plastic legs — carried a loving remembrance of a mother's love and working a great deal of bubbly substance, spanning out the air bubbles as she prepared the mixture.

Anna was sitting on a couch when he entered. "Caric," she said, "I want to dance again."

The tutor stared at her and his gaze dropped to the rug which covered her legs.

"Dance again?" he repeated incredulously. "But —"

"I want to dance again — oh, I know I can never be a ballerina, but I am young and I want to live again. Look!"

Anna stood up and the rug dropped away. She walked across the room while Carlo stared in amazement, then she made a few dancing movements with her legs.

"I am still a little unsteady when I dance," she said, "but with a little help I will manage."

Carlo Careni jumped up, his face aglow as he gripped the girl's arms. "You are the greatest girl in the world!" he cried ecstatically. "And I am going to help you dance again."

That was a short time ago. Today, Anna is fast learning how to dance on her plastic legs. She is learning to walk, but she says that the Italian ballerina is not only walking again but dancing as well as she ever did.

She has brought new hope to millions of people who suffer from afflictions not half so bad as hers.

BULL'S-EYE VIEW
In Salt Lake City, after Mrs. Agnes Haynes complained that cops surrounded her car on a downtown street, searched her, and arrested her, she was left without apology while a crowd looked on, Police Chief W. C. Skousen issued a proclamation telling all citizens that if they should find themselves in a similar situation, they should not be inconvenienced as an exceptional opportunity to observe how police function when apprehending a criminal.

BANK VISITOR—Surrounded by Secret Service men, bodyguards and local policemen, Soviet Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan waves his hat as he leaves a bank in the heart of New York's financial district.



POSTER BOY— Jeffrey Reil, 11, displays some of his ship models. A few weeks ago the shy, diffident youngster was chosen as one of the three poster children representing "Three Faces of Crippling". The previously lonely, quiet boy has become a celebrity and is now more enthused and excited about life than he has ever been.

TABLE TALKS

Have you ever worked with yeast? It is an adventure. Can you recall the ecstasy of its rising vitality? Maybe you have a loving remembrance of a mother's love and working a great deal of bubbly substance, spanning out the air bubbles as she prepared the mixture. I recall my mother's old-fashioned bread pans, somewhat battered, rectangular in size and darkened by many years of 400-degree heat.

The fragrance of three beautiful golden-brown loaves in their last minutes of maturity and mantled glory, especially at the zero hour of their golden glow on returning home from school, is overwhelming.

My mother was an angel who with a very sharp bread knife skillfully but very tenderly cut the crackling heel off a warm loaf and spread it generously with butter. I still see the melting butter as little Black Sambo another's tails, whirling, running faster and faster, just melting away — "nothing left but a great big pile of butter." This great big pile of butter, this glow of pleasure that makes my childish hunger and to share proudly "the fruit of her hands."

Four steppingstones in my adventure with yeast are clear in my memory. As a very young bride in a newly adopted state I had a yeast cake, the first effort resulted in an amazing experience. The yeast aroma of the dough enchanted me. I could hardly believe it.

I was so thrilled at the second bake-off that I shared a loaf with my family in Kansas, all of 300 miles away by mail. A local boy, I never dreamed that after three days the product could be as delectable as the hour it came out of my oven. They, however, encouraged me to continue my efforts — they would not have dealt me such a blow as to confess that they could not eat it. Let alone slice it!

The next step I speak of seriously, my first glimpse of the art of the kind womanfolk of my community who taught me this art that I dedicate this happy memory. They shared a pint of their treasured starter vivian Vivian Barner in The Christian Science Monitor.

"Set" it at night by adding the water drained from the potato, boiled for dinner, added a little sugar to make it "poky" faster, covered it lovingly with a cloth, and set it in a warm place. As the crack of dawn I anxiously inspected the fermenting yeast and set about to fix my culinary ambitions. A pint of the mixture had to be retained and set away in a place of mild temperature. Then my production could begin.

The high light of success was realized when I received a red ribbon at the County Fair. It might have been a blue one, but the judge stated that my bread was a bit too light, still meek, this was a flattering criticism.

The third stage of my adventure with yeast was realization of the value of good baking when, in time of necessity in the lean years of the early '20's, it helped substantially to feed a family of four robust children, their mother and father. I could serve for dinner a steaming pot of beans with warm rolls from the oven, with freshly churned butter and it became a meal to remember.

Regular attendants at Escott's dinners were instantly aware of the marked simplicity yet ornate partook sparingly knowing full well what was in store for them later.

The dinner, opened with a regularity of food and wine, described by gourmet Harold Dolby as "a rich essence of chicken... carefully prepared and complemented with angel hair (fine vermicelli) and served with cheese straws."

From the cold, clear waters of Massachusetts' North Shore came Le Crabe Exquis — anchovy paste and shallots, stuffed in the shells and baked to a golden brown — served on a bed of rock salt — and with watercress rolled in water-thin slices of white and brown bread.

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Now, after many interesting years of fruitful occupation and satisfaction, I feel the urge to delve somewhat into some research on the art of bread baking and its importance and relation to cultures of the past. But research isn't equal to the glow of pleasure that comes with cutting fresh, fragrant slices to serve to friends and family, or piling warm, tender, sugary doughnuts on a plate which will soon be emptied by main course. Confretille de Bouet Pique au Jus Naturel —

Eating "High On the Hog"

Greater Boston gourmets, 100 strong, paid signal and epicurean honor recently to the world-renowned French chef, August Escottier.

The 20th annual dinner of the Boston Chapter, Les Amis d'Escottier, was held at the Statler Hilton Hotel, D. Bert Stanbro, general manager was chairman of the "Bonne Bouche" and the grand ballroom, with six grand tables arranged in a huge "U" was flanked on floor and stage with a colorful floral display, topped with a lighted bubbling fountain.

The four-hour, 10-course dinner was preceded by the traditional assortment of hot and cold hors d'oeuvres, topped with Escottier, the hotel's chef de cuisine; Albert Baumil, maitre d'hotel; and James F. Gaffney, executive steward.

A pedestaled tallow statue of Escottier was flanked with a dozen white-capped chefs who held forth over such delicacies as caviar in ice bowls served with ground prime beef and blinis; frogs legs, Meunier; baked stuffed snails in their golden brown shells; smoked salmon and sturgeon; and a hundred or more rare canapés.

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individual selected pineapples, slices of beef roasted in natural juices with potatoes and truffles, sautéed sweet butter. Company of these were young fresh beans served with butter.

Delight was expressed by the gourmets for the next course, Le Fromage de Dieu. Escottier, French cheese chosen for its delicate quality and accompanied on a separate service with a glass of wine, Romaine dressings, artfully combining fresh basil, olive oil and garlic.

The grand finale to the dinner — La Bombe Glacée — was prepared by Vasil Kocich, the hotel's chef de cuisine; Albert Baumil, maitre d'hotel; and James F. Gaffney, executive steward.

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Going Your Way Along the Road

There is no better way of getting to know a man than by driving with him. The best and the worst will come out at the driving wheel. The latent impatience that looks at the car in front of the second the traffic lights change to green; the inherent love of children that will notice the little fellow leaning on the curb and halt to enable him to cross; the self-assertion that sparks at being overtaken and must overtake again — all these, the good and the bad, reveal the driver's character as if it were a map spread out before you.

By the same token I have noticed that on a long journey along a main road you become more intimately acquainted with other drivers, without a word being spoken, than you might during a whole evening's conversation at a dinner party. And as you are inclined to make friends, you are equally inclined to find fault with those who are, as one colloquially puts it, going your way, so in this business of road travel you tend to strike up silent friendships and antipathies with fellow road users.

You will almost draw in to let pass the driver who sits on the ball of your car, occasionally trying to nuzzle alongside where passing is impossible. He is a driver in your driving mirror, and for the sake of a quiet life you will seize the first opportunity to wave him on. As he roars into the distance you feel the same relief that you do when the door is finally closed on the visitor who never drew breath.

On the other hand there is the over-cautious, hesitant driver who causes you acute uneasiness. You drive behind him and he will start to overtake the car in front, and continually pull back at the last moment. He is like the man who cannot come to the point of his story, although you could have finished it for him minutes ago. You do your best to encourage him when the opportunity to overtake him presents itself.

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THE LITTLEST PONY—William Hine keeps a rope tether to two ponies—mother and daughter. But, for the little one, it might as well be a dog leash. Baby weighed in at 16 pounds the day after she was born, and was 16 inches long, 16 inches high. Now, a couple of months later, she's fatter, sort of broadened out, and higher. But even as a grownup, Farmer Hine predicts, she'll be one of the smallest ever.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

Milk production in Canada hit an all-time high of 18 billion pounds in 1958 and is headed for another banner year, according to Dr. H. A. Derby, chief of Dairy Products Division, Canada Department of Agriculture.

He told the Dairy Farmers of Canada convention that under present conditions unless the weather is very adverse, this year's volume of milk may even exceed that of 1958.

Dr. Derby warned that the dairy industry has priced itself out of foreign markets and even limited trading is done by subsidizing the product. And, he noted, selling below cost has repercussions among trading nations, particularly those whose costs are much below those in Canada.

Spurred by good pastures and feed, good herd management and favorable returns, the dairy farmer last year produced three-quarters of a billion pounds more than in 1957 — and with fewer cows.

The increase went mainly into total livestock production and a record-breaking 383 million pounds. While the relatively high price of butter stimulated production, it also discouraged consumption which, over an 11-month period,

should momentarily be parted from this symbol of security, the intangible contact is between husband and wife mingling with their guests at a party. And when eventually the friend the togetherness is the more tangible for the interesting episode.

One who has, however, not strain this happy relationship too far (as I nearly did the other day) by inadvertently pursuing this friend of the road up his own front drive. He may be a born leader, but his wife may not welcome you to dinner.

Dr. Derby said that means must be derived within the industry to bring the producer and consumer closer together. It will be fair to both seller and ultimate buyer, the consumer.

There must be progress on two sides, on the farm and in the dairy. The trend of dairy farming is upwards, with industry geared for greater output. Its success depends on markets. In this field there must be enterprising and a search for improvement all along the line, he said.

Less than two years ago, the Rocky Mountain wood tick killed 300,000 head of cattle in British Columbia while paralyzing 200 others. And in the same period over 200 human cases of tick paralysis have been reported, of which 28 proved fatal.

Researchers in Europe, Africa, Australia and North America are trying to determine what powers the tick possesses. Tick sputum has been collected in tubes from egg to maturity in two years in nature, control measures will not bring about immediate results.

And, because ticks feed on wildlife, they are likely to thrive where ground cover permits the presence of rodents. Ranchers are therefore urged to deliberately pasture an area with adequately sprayed cattle. Thus grass is utilized and rodents are reduced, and most of the ticks killed by the insecticide on the animals.

These observations, together with the discovery that the tick population in a given locality may gradually increase or decrease, seemingly from factors that have involved the feeding and disposition of adult ticks, lend encouragement to the belief that tick populations can be effectively suppressed by control measures," says Dr. Gregson.