## Grandma And The January Thaw

The worst month in a Mohawk Valley boy's year was January. Perhaps I should say is January. because the deep-rooted meteorological miseries of that despicable period can't have changed, even in five decades.

Although Grandma's restric-As a juvenile and amateur ob server of the weather, I decided tions on my activity were rather that Janu ry provided a most severe, I was not deprived of all association with the thaw and its works. Close relations unsatisfactory start for a new year. Obviously the commencewere possible at least four time ment of a fresh calendar was an important event, and I suggest-ed to Grandma that it would be a day. Even my grandparent could not set aside the decision etter if it took place on May 1 of the sovereign State of New She agreed, but reminded me York that a boy must be eduthat inasmuch as we had to live cated, regardless of the weather; with January for many days, the so, unless conditions were uttersensible attitude was to make impossible, I slogged to my the best of it. After all, the cold, classroom and back, one round sleet, snow, wind, ice, and thaw trip in the morning, another in were the inescapable costs of he afternoon. The return journeys at the the coming spring. end of the school day were pro-

The thaw-ah, that was the winter of my discontent! Arrivlonged by engineering projects ing soon after the Christmas such as the damming, with soggy racation, it desolated our coastsnow, of a gutter at a crossing ing and skating, ruined our ski so that the water would back up slopes, demolished our snow into an imaginary Lake George houses, turned the streets into and then overflow like the spillway at the town reservoir. Ancanals, and generally immobilized the younger generation. Boys and girls could handle other interesting job was the construction of sluices through aging drifts to facilitate the weather that packed the town escape of the eager, icy flood in the deepest of freezers, for there were recreations that rethat awaited release from the quired cold. But in the melting ruts of the road. time. life became seriously cirballs on one's own premises, was also an important chore; a felcumscribed, at least for me. Grandma was adamant on one low must take advantage of the point I could not play outdoors soft snow while he had it, and n the slush and soak of a Janit was possible to devote ten or

uary thaw. "No use pestering me," she'd say on an afternoon or a Saturday when the liquidation of winer's assets was well under way. "You're not going cut in that mess." And I didn't.

The thaw arrived slyly, sneaking upon us in the night. When ore, all would be well. The snow eastle I had built near the kitchen steps looked as solid as ts Camelot counter-part in my King Arthur book; the tiny back-yard skating rink I sprinkled daily for nocturnal freez ng seemed good for the rest of winter; and Story Street hill, which ended at our corner, promised many more sled rides.
Grandma had an uncanny weather sense; she seemed to be a human barometer. Opening the front door after supper, she'd inspect the sky, sniff, and

"January thaw," she'd announce. "I wouldn't be surpris-ed if it came tonight." And it usually did, with an escort of

atures lasted only a few days, but the destruction of things a boy held dear was appalling, even in that short interval. Christmas snowmen lost flesh at an alarming rate; their coal eyes shed black tears down their shrinking tummies. The snow fort which Freddie Winters, Jack Niles, and I had held against a fierce attack by the grandmother encouraged or aphovs in the next street meekly to 50 degrees Fahrenquired.
Then, presto!—our thaw was heit. Tunnels we had dug in the snowbanks along the sidewalks

over as quickly as it had come. ecame uninhabitable, and we The morning after its departure the kitchen window was so were warned against using heavily painted with frost that I them, writes John L. Cooley in The Christian Science Monitor could not look out as I ate my We knew, of course, that more oatmeal. The remnants of the snowman and fort, when I incold and snow were as certain as spected them, seemed to have the approaching school examintaken courage from the change, and I knew I could make reations, and that helped somewhat. But boys live for the mopairs. Best of all was Grandment, and the havoc wrought by the January thaw disheartenreminder of things ed us. Frankly, however, I did "Well, the paper says we're in not regret too deeply my con-

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IN THE NEWSBOYS' TRADITION — If you can't walk through the drifts, walk over 'em. That's the philosophy of Dale Huns-E: ger, 11 who delivers the Elkhart paper despite any weather.

next door drip slowly back to

their natural element. I had watched those graceful pendants

mature, and regretted their dis-

The manufacture of snow-

fifteen mintues to this work be-

fore his grandmother realized

of wet feet and wet clothing-

his, in each case-seeme incom-

book heroes.

"They're

now fights," she'd say.

#### TABLE TALKS contact with slush and wet snow were real indeed. Nevertheless, it was hard to sit in my window chair and watch the fringe of icicles on the eaves of the house



SALMON CROQUETTES

when it will flake easily on test-

ing with a fork and is an opaque white shade to the centre of the

portions. Makes 3 or 4 servings

A seafood curry is a conveni

ent main dish to serve during the

Lenten season. It's quick and

easy to make, it's an excellent means of using up leftover cook-

ed fish or shellfish, and if de-

sired, it can be prepared in ad-

vance, refrigerated, and then

Basically a seafood curry con-

sists of one or more varieties of

cooked or canned seafoods in a

curry-seasoned sauce, accompa

nied by fluffy cooked rice and

side dishes of condiments. It can

be as bland or as hair-raisingly

hot as the taste demands, and the

FISH CURRY

1/2 cup chopped onion
1 tart apple, peeled & choppe
2 tablespoons butter, melted

1 cup milk
1 tablespoon lemon juice
3 cups hot, cooked rice
Flake fish. Cook onion and apple in butter for about 5 minutes

or until seft. Blend salt and curry powder with flour and

in milk gradually. Cook until

thickened, stirring constantly. Add lemon juice and fish. Heat

mixture until piping hot. Serve on hot, cooked rice. A few raisins

mixed with the rice are an at-

tractive and delicious garnish.

SALMON

can (7 ounces) salmon

teaspoon salt teaspoon pepper Dash cayenne

Dry bread crumbs

cup dry bread crumbs

Drain and flake salmon, mash

ing bone with a fork. Mix first 9

ingredients listed, then add enough dry bread crumbs so

that mixture can be handled (1

to 2 tablespoons required). Shape

as desired; dip in lightly beaten

egg, then in dry bread crumbs. Chill for at least 1 hour. Fry in

deep hot fat (375°F.) for about

5 minutes or until golden brown.

Drain on absorbent paper. Serve

plain or with a sauce. Makes 4

The male Kodiak bear weighs

around 1,500 lbs., while the Po-

lar bear's weight runs around

1 egg, lightly beaten

LUNCHEON CROQUETTES

cup seasoned, cooked, mashed

Makes 4 servings.

potatoes 1 egg, beaten

servings.

1.100 lbs.

sprinkle over the mixture.

2 teaspoons curry powder

½ teaspoon salt 1 tablespoon flour

condiments which accompany

can be many or few.

heated before the meal.

Good fish deserves a cook's best care. Here are two tips worth remembering. To preserve fish product's fine appearance, handle it as little and as gently as possible during and after cooking. To preserve its fine flavour, take care not to overcook

Fish has no tough connective tissue and so doesn't require a lengthy cooking period to make it tender and to develop its flavour. It can be baked, broiled, steamed, poached or fried with excellent results. Recommended cooking times are useful as guide to tell when fish is cooked.
Usually they are based on the that he was home. Her dislike neasured thickness of a product rather than on its weight. prehensible to him. But it did

no good to plead; Mother Na-How can you tell when fish i ture had been adjudged an unfit companion during the January cooked? The indications are a clear as traffic lights. A piece of raw fish whether pink, white or The thaw had a by - product which, I must admit, was pleas-ant. Imprisoned in the living cream coloured has a watery look. During the cooking process the juices become milky in colroom on soggy afternoons, our, giving the flesh a whitish tint. This colour change is unwould yield eagerly to Grand-ma's suggestion that I maneuver mistakable. When the flesh has my lead soldiers or read about taken on an apaque white tint to the battles fought by my storythe centre of the cut, it is completely cooked. At this time the flesh will separate into flakes when prodded with a fork and if much better than it's nicer in here where it's warm and dry. . . . Now why don't you show me how Pickett there are any bones present it will separate from them easily. Fish cooked beyond this point charged at Gettysburg?" Grandtends to lose juices, dry out, and ma had seen my reenactment of become increasingly tough and

Confederate valor times without number, but she always was flavourless. willing to be favored by another QUICK SALMON PIE 1 can (15½ ounces) salmon 1 can (10 ounces) peas, draine She would vary the diversion reminding me that I could 4 tablespoons butte 4 tablespoons flour play I was outdoors-and very from our Academy Street teaspoon sait too. The locale of this game was

Dash pepper cups liquid (liquid from the canned salmon plus milk the Arctic where, I had heard, there were no January thaws. The big lozenges that dominated the pattern of our rug made to make up volume) cup grated Cheddar cheese realistic-and oh so safe and 1/2 recipe baking powder biscuits dry!-ice floes; a boy could skip (1 cup flour) from cake to cake while his

Drain and flake salmon, reving salmon liquid to combine with milk. Melt butter; blend i flour and seasonings. Add liquid gradually, and cook over low heat until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Add cheese and stir until melted. Add peas and salmon. Pour into a greased 11/2quart casserole. Arrange small biscuits on top of salmon mixture. Bake in a hot oven preheated to 450°F., for 10 to 15 ninutes, or until the biscuits are golden brown. Makes 6 servings.

SALT WATER ROLLS pound fresh sole fillets for another long cold snap. We'd better get your skates sharp-

½ cup chopped onion 2 tablespoons butter 1 can (7½ ounces) tomato sauce

4 teaspoon salt
Sprinkle each fillet with and pepper. Place a thick strip of dill pickle or a gherkin on each fillet at the broad end. Roll up fillets like a jelly roll. Place roll-ups close together in a small greased baking dish. Cook onion n butter for about 5 minutes or intil tender but not browned Stir in tomato sauce and salt. Bring to simmering temperature then pour over fish. Bake in a hot oven preheated to 450°F, for 15 to 20 minutes or until fish will flake easily on testing with a fork and is an opaque white shade throughout. Makes 3 or 4

servings. CRISPY BAKED FILLETS 1 pound frozen fish fillets 2 cup evaporated milk

teaspoon salt

Cut frozen fillet block into 3 or 4 portions of equal size. Com-bine evaporated milk, salt, and ion juice in a shallow dish Dip fillet portions in milk, then coat with crushed cornflakes. Place in a shallow, greased bak-ing dish. Dot with butter. Bake n a hot oven preheated to 450° F., allowing about 20 minutes cooking time per inch thickness of fillet block. The fish is cooked

### Santa's Sack Full Of Gold!

Klondy Nelson will never get her first Christmas with the ough goldminers of Ophir Creek, Alaska, though she was a child at the time. Her father, Warren Nelson, had left their South Dakota home for the Klondyke goldrush in '98. Four years later she and her mother went north to join him.

led and kicked as Santa yelle "Quick! Coom, somebody! not get t'rough dis yavilish hole

Several men stood on the bunkhouse table, pulled, tugged,

and eventually lowered Santa to

the floor. He wore a white drill parka, a stocking cap, and

beard as white as cotton, which

now appeared to be growing from the side of his face! Fling.

ing a burlap sack in front

towards the door.

the hill.

Klondy, he turned and strote

"Hey," Hans yelled, "ain't ye

"Not by dam sight," Santa re-

Klondy heard the thump of a

adder against the bunkhouse,

then the fading tinkle of sleigh-bells as Santa headed back over

A miner opened the sack and

dumped the presents in her lap-gold nuggets, nugget-chains. five-

and ten-dollar gold pieces, white

ermine skins, lovely Arctic fox

All the way home she nev

said a word-until Mother asked

her what was the matter; then she told her. Up jumped her

furs. But no doll's house.

pouring out the syrup.

to his boss, hopefully.

had," she says.

the carpet."

nicest Christmas present I ever

"I thought I'd tell you I've

been here just on twenty-five years," said the timid employee

"So," boomed the emplo

"it's you who's worn the holes in

IN STOCK - Batty Lou Cowger

wears abbreviuted western ge

up to advertise the San Antonio

tenth anniversary stock show

and rodeo.

goin' back up the chimney?"

The last lap of the journey was by stage coach from Nome to Council, along the coast over the frozen Bering Sea. A mile offshore there was a splintering erash and the coach stopped. Brower, the driver, began yelling and his blacksnake whip cracked like gunfire. Looking out, one of the passengers order ed everyone to pile out of the coach. The two leading horses of the six-horse team had gone hrough the ice! Klondy and her mother

scrambled on to a hummock and stared at the black, jagged hole in the ice where the two horses were rearing and floundering in the running sea. Brower did the only thing he could - chopped the animal loose to save the rest, then took a gun and shot them out of their misery. Later he said to Klondy,

"Guess you think I was pretty hard about them horses — I can't let myself git to like 'em. If I ever git to like 'em, then it's harder when I got to do what I just done." They were 10 days reaching Council. The rest of the journey

was by dog-sled. They were ac-

companied by Big Hans, a man from Ophir Creek, who kept taking swigs from one of a number of jugs he was carrying. On the way the whole team bolted off the trail and over a sharp cornice after a flock of ptarmigan. They capsized the sled, pitching Klondy into a snow-bank at the bottom of a 1 pound cooked fillets (2 cups flaked, cooked fish) gully, where she was almost

buried alive. As Hans floundered down after her, and began kicking around in the loose drifts, Klondy's mother screamed at him: "There she is! Right behind you." "I know where she is," he snarled, "I'm looking for my jug."

With Corey Ford, Klondy Nelson gives a vivid account of life in the Klondyke in "Klondy: A Daughter of the Gold Rush". They describe a Christmas party in the miners' bunkhouse at Ophir Creek. The Christmas tree was lighted with miners' thick candles wired to the branches. They shone on

strings of red cranberries, gilded corks, and a star at the top cut from a baking-powder tin. But there weren't any presents though Klondy had prayed nightly to Santa Claus for a doll's house. Her lip quivered and, noticing it, one of the miners chuckled: "Don't worry, Klondy, Santa will be showing up any

minute now. Won't he, Hans? "By Jiminy Hans muttered, "That's what I paid him for." Theyd hired a Lapp herder dress up as Santa and drive his reindeer team right up on to the roof, banking extra snow against

> o chimney for Santa to come down, only a stovepipe, so they'd loosened two boards in the roof to make a trapdoor. Then sieighbells sounded in the distance. Closer they came, then right on to the roof. Amid the prancing of reindeer hoofs, Santa's voice could be heard bellowing, "Whoa, you yavils!

the bunkhouse so that the sleigh

could climb the slope. There was

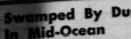
There was a loud thumping and scraping and snow sifted on to the floor. Then a pair of Lapp reindeer boots with turned-up toes came through the ceiling followed by stocky legs in red

ARCHAEOLOGICAL UMBRELLA - A steel canopy protects the ruins of an Indian earthen tower

dating from the year 1350. It is located at the Casa Grande National Manument near

Coolidge, Ariz. The tower was part of a defensive wall around what was then a village. The

canopy, 69 feet high, is built to withstand 100 m.p.h. winds.



bells! The bells! The Chips, the ship's carpen-whispered hoarsely in the ear. "Hear them bells, r? The bells o' the sea, ringthe dead!"

e mate grabbed Chips' ilders and shook him. "You going balmy," he said. "The has affected your braint more word from you about , and you'll be locked up we reach Melbourne!" the next day Chips was again. Running from his eyes staring, he sang out deckhands. "Listen, mates.

lls o' the sea! We'll never ch port, I tell ye! We're all With a screech of horror, he limbed on the barque's rail, olding on to the fore shrouds, nting ahead.

the deckhands. Listen, in the

"Pull him down!" the mate oared. "Grab him before he toes over the side, and lock him n his shop!" Locked in he was, out he stuck his head out of the port, singing out in a voice of m: "The bells o' the sea foreell death and destruction I can ear them ringing!"

father. He went over to the table and cut and hammered at something. A little later he called Sir James Bisset, ex-Cunard commodore, says it happened in nid-Atlantic doldrums in the county of Pembroke, the first Merry Christmas, Klondy!" He'd cut the bottom out of a maple syrup tin which had been earque he sailed in as apprentice n '98. The sequel was as strange designed and shaped like house. He'd poked holes in the as any in sea annals. For, next the lookout man, Rhys Davies, came bounding down from the painted window and set the til over a lighted candle. The light shone through the little holes and real smoke curled up from the chimney—the opening for recastle, eyes wide with fright, crying: "Mister! Mister! I hear .. on the port bow, ringng over the water, and there's Klondy sat in front of it, star ship or land in sight!" ing, staring. "I think it was the

"Have you gone mad, too?" the mate demanded But he redered all hands forrard to listen, and himself heard a bell's deep note tolling over the empty expanse of sea on the port bow "Holy mackerel!" he gasped "Nothing in sight, and we're hundreds of miles from land!

Call the captain!" The captain came, focused his telescope in the direction indi-cated. "Indeed to goodness," he exclaimed. "It's a bell buoy! I can see it. very rusty, with no top light, but the clappers are working well enough. What's a bell buoy doing in the middle of the ocean? It must be adrift. Bear up for it, Mister!" Fetching a rifle from his cabin,

he sank the buoy with a number of shots, ignoring Chips' frantic appeal: "Don't shoot, sir! It's



cennes zoo near Paris, France. Emus, birds resembling the ostrich but smaller in size, are native to Australia. Their chief purpose: to fill three-letter blanks in crossword puzzles.



LONG ODDS - Quintuplets in the world of sheep are expectable about once in 20,00 lambings. Mother sheep, left, beat the percentages and came up with five healthy youngsters on the James Risk farm. Four of the Risk children display the prize family.

now Chips had heard that bell days and nights before anyone else, Sir James comments in a stirring account of his first six years under sail: "Sail Ho!" written in collaboration with P R. Stephenson. Was the discovery of the real bell-a milion-to-one chance in mid-ocean -just a coincidence at the very time he'd gone off his head with touch of the sun and imagined te could hear bells?

Another strange thing happen ed on the voyage back, 900 miles off Africa, when the masts and yards were given a fresh coat o white paint. The mate noticed a drift of reddish dust swirling in the corners of the poop deck, then discovered that the wet paint on masts and yards was completely covered with it. "A ruddy dust storm, sir, during the night," he told the skipper in credulously.

"Dust storm?" said the cap tain. "We're nearly a thousand mlies from land!" But he went aloft and saw for himself that the unbelievable had occurred. A whirlwind from the Sahara h presumably carried a dust-cloud high in the air for 1,500 miles or more, to deposit it in mid-ocean on that new paint!

Sir James says he's never heard of it happening to any other ship. He's never heard, either, of a ship with burst seams making port safely, held to-gether with cable, until a shipmate, Mick Mulligan, told him it happened to the fully-rigged Kingsport when he sailed in her on her maiden voyage from Saint John's, New Brunswick.

Wooden - built, she hadn't enough iron bolts and tree nails to hold her hull together. But the owners decided she was good enough to sail to England to be finished, with a cargo of sawn baulks, boards and battens which had been frozen hard, lying out in the open. When she reached warm Gulf

Stream weather the timber thawed, swelled, and as the hull wasn't properly fastened, burst her seams; she began leaking like a basket and became wa logged. Pumping couldn't keep the water back, so Captain Mulcahy ordered a length of the anchor cable to be unshackled, hauled under the ship's bottom on a line and up the other side, and made fast to the capstan

with wire lashing. In nine hours they put one length round her by the fore-mast, one by the main, and a third by the mizzen, and thus trussed-with rails under, only poop and forecastlehead showing, galley washed out and fo'c'sle belly-deep in water-made Holyhead after a forty-day voyage, and were towed into Liverpool by a Mersey tug.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

TALE

attendant
10. U. S. missile
11. Convey
property
12. Depend
19. Day of the
week (ab.)
22. Career
soldlers
23. Electrified
particle 2. Greek
philosopher
2. Caused to burn
5. Career
5. Career
1. Career
1. Career
2. Electrified particle
particle
particle
particle
particle
particle
32. Cooled
40. Heavenly
body
to dy
Supplication
5. Telephone,
isolation, etc.
27. Click beetle
44. Gr. letter 8. Obey
12. Fencing
sword
13. Fuegian
Indian
14. Canal
15. Hogs
16. Catch up
18. Old Fr. coin
19. Home of 15
across 19 20 Characterist Plaything Legal action Injured Against Tree trunk 22 23 23 25 26 27 30 31 33 34 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 49 | | 50 |

Answer elsewhree on this page



the Giannini Foundation of

Agricultural Economics, Univer-

In terms of total dairy pro

ducts, however the region has a deficit equivalent to some 2.2 billion pounds of farm milk production, roughly equal to two-thirds of the butter consumption

of the western states. Shipments of butter, cheese, and other pro-ducts from the Mid-west make

**Bright Ideas** 

There was a time when many

companies who paid any atten-tion at all to their employes

ideas, paid a \$10 bonus for in

provement suggestions. And they got ideas worth only \$10 in too

Since World War II many com

panies have upped the bright-idea ante. They pay off a per-

centage of the savings that can

be made on an employe's bright

idea. And both the companies and

the employes have been cashing in handsomely.

Latest such cash-in is that of

two employes of the Gary Works of the U.S. Steel Corp .The steel-

workers, Oscar M. Dansler, 61, and Salvatore Lumella, 39, each

received \$10,000 for figuring out

way to separate molten iron

from slag as it flows from the

furnace. Dansler was quite frank

in admitting he put his mind to

Since then the Gary plant has

ployes. This shows that when

management is willing to learn

employes can be inspired to think

in terms of the company's pro-

blems. That is, if the employes

have the same incentive that

management has — namely, money. Hundreds of companies

are learning this lesson and are

the problem only when the com-pany announced the suggestion

contest 18 months ago.

from the workers on

sity of California.

up the deficit.

Just because five of the largest dairy products companies in the country have their operating headquarters on the West Coast is no sign that the smaller firms in the region are being crowded out.

Far from it. In the last four five years some 250 smaller concerns have started up in California alone, and one equipment supplier was bidding on 12 jobs simultaneously a few weeks ago. · · · · · · ·

The rise of these new, smaller concerns located close to the large centers of population is one of the outstanding trends in the western dairy industry, according to Mrs. Virginia Jones Baker, publisher of Western Dairy Foods Review.

Many of them are drive-ins, where women using the family car for jitneying children to and from school or for shopping expeditions can easily swing by and pick up the family milk for less money. One of the newest and largest

of these "producer to consumer" dairies, located in Hayward, in the San Francisco Bay area, has four service lanes, 3,000-car daily capacity, for expeditions handling of cash and carry customers. A large sign centrally located between the service lanes lists merchandise, complete with prices. It is the outcome o an idea of four active dairy farmers producing Jersey milk.

One reason for the ability of the smaller producers to com-pete is the "feed-lot" system, where pasture is dispensed with, cows are penned up in as smail an area as possible and fed store-bought hay and supplenentary nourishment This brings its results in milk:

California's annual output of milk per cow is reported as 8,000 pounds, compared to Wisconsin's 7,600 and the national average of 6,000. For the Los Angeles County dairyland, or "milk shed" as it is frequently called, figures of 13,500 pounds per cow are reported. The country's milk volume is the greatest in the country and greater than 22 of the states. . . .

Another reason is truck transportation, which permits a small plant to process milk from groups of farmers located a considerable distance away. With the development of refrigerated transportation, milk can be haul ed many miles; in fact, it is trucked from California's San Joaquin Valley to Phoenix, Ariz., a good thousand miles, with only two to three degrees change in temperature. . . .

The so-called small milk operation is nevertheless a good-sized business. It must have from 80 to 100 fresh cows to be proitable, according to Mrs Baker. and must be highly mechanized. Today's ultimate is piping the milk direct from the milking machines attached to the cows to holding tanks, and thence by pump into the truck's tank. . . . This is part of the picture of

the growing West, whose milk production for the 11-state area is expected to increase from the 14.8 billion volume of 1955 to 20.2 billion pounds in 1975—and still not be able to meet the demand. Despite this 37 per cent climb for milk, the expected population increase is 67 per

At present the West produces

# LESSON

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

Jesus Teaches about the

of the Age. Memory Selection: Take ye heed, watch and pray; for yo know not when the time is. Mark

Many who used to scoff at the idea of the destruction of this world have changed their mind since the coming of the atomic age. The following statement from 2 Peter 3:10, doesn't sound so fantastic now. "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief n the night; on the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elem shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therin shall be burned up."

The destruction of Jerusalen including the temple, happened in 70 A.D. just as Jesus predicted it on our lesson. His personal re-turn is still delayed. Some would-be prophets have set the date for our Lord's return. "But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no not the angels which are in heaven." is not for us to speculate as to the time of His return but ra-

ther to take heed, and watch and The prophecies with regard to the first coming of Jesus were minutely fulfilled. So will the Scriptures concerning His return in glory be fulfilled. Our business s to receive Him now into our hearts as Lord and Saviour. Then we shall be ready to meet Him

An old Rabbi used to say to his people, "Repent the day before you die."
"But" said they, "Rabbi, we do
not know the day of our deaths."
"Then", said the Rabbi, "Repent today." That is timely ad-

when He returns.

We should live today with the full awareness that it may be our last day. For, even though

may come. Let us therefore walk with God. "If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with an-other, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1:7. If you are not on speaking terms with some member of your family or your community, do your best to clear the misunderstanding. Let us pre-pare to meet God.

### **English Becoming** The World Tongue

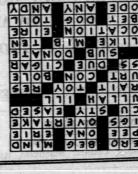
The important change in the postwar years is the extent to which English is spoken, and as a form of communication be-tween those of other nation-alities. In Palermo a French woman speaks to hotel employed in English. In Florence, Cubani haggle over price in English. In Hamburg, an Indian and a German argue politics in Eng-

Ford Foundation has announce grants of \$600,000 to expand and improve the teaching of English as a second language. This money will be used to upgrade the quality of instruction, chiefly in Africa and Asia.

It is now being predicted that only extreme national pride or a complete collapse of the economy, both unlikely, can prevent (the English language) from becoming the accepted secon language in most countries of the world.

-Kansas City Star

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking





NOR IRON BARS A FENCE - Edward Harris bites his cigar In chagrin as he examines a conquering tree in the front yard of his home. The iron fence was gobbled up by the tree which was only five inches in diameter when Harris moved into the house 25 years ago.



PALACE OF SNOW - A research worker seems tiny in a huge trench dug by the Corps of Engineers in the snow of the Arctic ice cap. The trench was roofed over by blowing processed snow over a temporary frame. When the snow hardened in a day or so, the frame was removed. It is one of many trenches used as camps, workshops and storage spaces.