

Blue Ribbons For Attics

A lady writes with a wonderful idea, although the details need working out. She thinks there ought to be a national annual award for the best attic...

I remember Sally Irish said one time, relative to the way four generations of living had accumulated Irish belongings...

There were two kinds of attics—a barn attic and a house attic. A well-regulated household had a subtle distinction between these, so when Mother said, "Put it up attic," you knew without her saying so just which attic it should go in.

One evening a man and his wife came crawling in on their hands and knees, dressed in tar-tunics and looking ferocious...

A barn attic would usually contain a flock of chickens past repaired, some rockers with the cane bottoms gone, and lots of trunks. Exciting it was to find one of those old leather-covered chests with moth-eaten camel hair still

People would inquire, and my father always explained that the "handed down" to his wife. Antiques handed down in the family were always more precious than those bought in, so the effect was good. Father never tried to explain that there had also been a time when he "handed it up" to her, too.

Almost every attic had a clock, or checkered, for winding yarn. After many turns, it would click, to indicate the length of a skein. How many many youngsters, absorbed in attic playing, have turned and turned a clock, at last! And downstairs, they heard it, and wondered what it was up there turning that clock for amusement. Or where there is more fun on a rainy day than finding some a steelyards, and weighing things?

Our attic had a cylinder phonograph, one that played disks through a horn, one that had a built-in horn, and then a long radio laid out on a board with headphones. It used to bring KDKA clear as a bell. But there came a time we stopped keeping such items, for succeeding radios must have been junked and forever lost.

A prize for the best attic might prove many things. It might make us all glad. I should like to be one of the judges, and have time for it.

A little fellow, calling on a neighbor with his mother, suddenly said, "Mrs. Rand, may I see your new bedroom rug?" "Why, Tommy, how nice of you to be interested. Of course you may go in and look." The boy left, and reappeared. "Gee, Mommy," he said, puzzled, "it didn't make me sick."

showing, but sometimes it would just be full of coat hangers. There were those big trunks for going far distances, with rounded tops on them. This was to keep the express company from piling trunks on top of one another to the crushing point. In the attics they would sometimes be standing on end, about three high, showing that you could pile them up just the same.

On a rainy day, with the noise on the shingles, almost any attic was a good place to be. Attics were usually darkened, for the windows would be small up there. Our old house attic had one small sash in the gable and the only way to open it was to take the sash out entirely and lean it against the wall. We did that in summer, for attics were expected to explode if you didn't ventilate—the sun on the roof generated unbelievable heat. It had been the custom from long ago to tack a piece of netting over the opening after the sash was removed, and to tuck the netting in the fall to get the sash back, so in time the frame had become stuck with thousands of tacks, each with its little ruff of fibre. The netting was to keep out wasps and barn swallows, but mud nests of both these critters hung on the roof for so long a time that in some summers when the precaution was neglected.

There were efforts now and then to "clean down" the attic. There would be some bows and kitties, but the job wasn't a business mainly, it was neatness. An attic was a place you put things, but seldom took out. To rearrange everything once in ten years or so called for some sense of elimination, but mostly a job of warehouse management.

And there were always things you had forgotten but now decided you could use again—a room set, which my father bought at an auction for two dollars shortly after he was married. It got shabby after a time, and was taken up attic. The one year it was rediscovered, and Mother thought she'd like it unholstered. So Father climbed up and passed it down through the hole to her, and after a time in the furniture shop it reappeared in our front room—a beautiful set.

Winter Haven For Animals

From mid-September to April or May we were alone in the north, and for weeks, sometimes months, we were nobody except each other. Even the postman was rarely able to call in during winter for a chat. The snow was at a fairly high altitude and we had snow every year.

Most animals enjoy playing in the snow. If it was not too deep the otters would race out when the flakes had stopped falling and roll over and over in it, then chase each other like cats. As they had been reared in a croft from infancy I had to show them how to make a snow chute and slide down it. I chose a steep hard with a spade, making the first descent myself on a tin tray.

The otters were not long in getting the hang of tobogganing. Soon they were flying down the chute, forepaws tucked well into the sides, back legs used for giving a brisk scull, and they kept on straight. No sooner had they reached the bottom than they hurried up to the top for another go.

Hearing birds indoors one realizes the strength and carrying power of their voices. When they were flying down the chute, forepaws tucked well into the sides, back legs used for giving a brisk scull, and they kept on straight. No sooner had they reached the bottom than they hurried up to the top for another go.

After four full hours, just as the family is finishing dinner, a delegation of accredited females should be dispatched to the kitchen to unlimber the pudding. Get the pot. Lift out the bag with a gaff. Don't trust the steam! Untie or cut the string. And, with about six hands helping, roll the pudding out onto the platter. It will be about the size of a basketball. Relax. Sniff! The trophy may be carried to the table with carols, or it may be dismembered or served from the kitchen.

Try it. You will thank me for my Christmas offering. Hurrah! —By John Gould in The Christian Science Monitor.

Sharing Their Burden

Seven-year-old twins Julia, left, and Magedelina Urdiales, of San Antonio, are identical even in the 1959 March of Dimes campaign against polio and other diseases. The girls are believed to be twins stricken with paralytic polio at the same time. Afflicted at the age of six months, they wear long leg braces and still receive outpatient care at the Robert B. Green polio clinic.

Happy Christmas gesture

Happy Christmas gesture at an amputation. Next you need two things: a square of good unbleached cotton, about a yard, and a good, stout cord. The cotton becomes the pudding bag, and the string is to tie it off and, perhaps, to lift by.

Soak the cloth in some warm water, to dampen it, and pour it well on what is to be the inside of the bag. This, of course, is to keep the pudding from sticking to the cloth. So you lay the cloth out flat and dump the pudding mix on it, and for this you should have some help.

You'll want somebody handy to pick up the corners of the cloth when you, bringing them together so the string can be tied around. There is a little trick to this—string you want to tie it so a little spare room is left in the bag, for the pudding will swell some. Not much. It will swell a little more than you expect. The string you use should be made of a material that will give a little increase. Furthermore, when

prism minister blow up? No, he walked while the ladies, brandishing their parasols, drove off the intruders; then went on with his speech.

But the last straw for Macmillan's supporters came in October when the party's annual conference in Blackpool agreed to drop his closing speech with blasts from a bugle.

This time the hecklers got as good as they gave, a couple of them being taken out to the cloakroom and beaten up by attendants. Did this stop the league?

It only made matters worse. "Fascist beasts dripping with blood," the League screamed, and currently the Conservative Party is in hot water for having used excessive violence, amounting to brutality, in expelling the intruders.

No one knows for certain what the League stands for, as its members seldom get beyond shouting "Don't scuttle the Empire!" before being thrown out of meetings.

Britain's Imperial Dichards

League, founded in 1955, has Fascist leanings. Its secretary, A. K. Chesterton, for example, is an ex-follower of Sir Oswald Mosley, the British Fascist, but he has managed to win respectability among the British Conservative circles as the Earl of Bessborough, 8th, and Field Marshal Lord Ironside, 5th.

Take the Buganin-Khrushchev visit to England in 1956. The League, as well as Sir Anthony Eden, was on hand to greet the Soviet leaders when they arrived at Victoria Station; and as Sir Anthony stretched out his hand, a microphone boomed over a local voice.

The League's greatest triumph came, however, was the honor it pulled on the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Lambeth Conference in July.

None of the 351 Anglican prelates assembled from all parts of the world as guests of the Archbishop found anything unusual

the superior egg-laying ability of range-reared over confinement-reared pullets were conducted at the Experimental Farm Brandon.

Each test involved a separate group of 1800 birds and showed little to choose between the two rearing methods as regards fertility, body weight gains or feed requirements during the growing period.

In the laying house too their body weights were about the same and, contrary to common belief, the range-reared birds consumed as much feed as their opposite numbers. The incidence of feather picking and can-

Canada was the first country to undertake this analytical work. A sample of cheese is taken from each vat graded and forwarded to a central laboratory at Ottawa where analysis of the samples is carried out.

Samples are referred to as having Disc 1, Disc 2, 3, or 4. The first two discs qualify the cheese for inclusion in Canada First Grade, Disc 3 Canada Second Grade, and Disc 4 Canada Third Grade, or below, depending on the nature of the tests.

Tests were started on an educational basis as the upshot of a wartime incident in which two varieties of cheese were turned back from their United States destination.

At first a study of the analysis were relayed to the milk producer and cheese manufacturer for their information only. In 1954, however, the Federal Government ruled that every vat must be tested for extraneous matter and that a premium would not be paid unless they (premiums had been paid, were Discs 1 or 2).

The latest amendment establishes a direct link between grading and extraneous matter analysis.

In 1955, when the program over half of the \$5,969 samples submitted were Discs 3 and 4. Two years later, the figure had been whittled down to 37 per cent.

Pointing up the giant strides that have been made to date is the fact that this year, out of 93,709 samples tested, only 0.18 per cent were Disc 4, and 1.93 per cent Disc 3.

When a sample is received at the unique Ottawa laboratory, an amount of 15 grams is measured and dissolved in a solution of sodium citrate. It is filtered through standard discs which retain the sediment and classified under microscope.

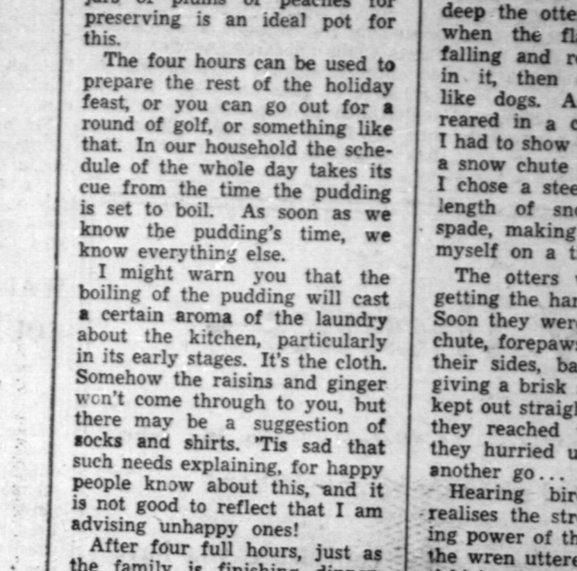
F. D. Murphy heads a surprisingly small staff that handles the day-to-day operations at the lab. As many as 1,600 samples have been processed by six people in one day.

Equipment used in the laboratory was designed by leaders in the Canadian cheese industry, since Canada pioneered in the work.

Number of factories submitting samples of cheese this year are 577. Last year there were 349, and the year before 335. The reduction, officials explain, is due to a number of small factories closing and amalgamation of others.

THE FARM FRONT

READY-MADE FAMILY - Norman Burgess, 36, is placing the ring on the hand of his bride, Mrs. Evelyn Teskey, 33, during their wedding in Toronto. The widowed Mrs. Teskey is the mother of eight children, ranging in age from three to thirteen and they've all been in an orphanage since their father's death earlier this year. Burgess is a \$3,900-a-year customs officer.



Efforts in the cheese industry to produce the purest possible product are being followed. During the first ten months this year, about 98 per cent of all cheese graded fulfilled the requirements of the Canadian Dairy Grade from the standpoint of extraneous matter.

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Two tests that seem to prove "Your new secretary looks very efficient." "Yes, that's her specialty." "Efficiency?" "No, looking efficient."

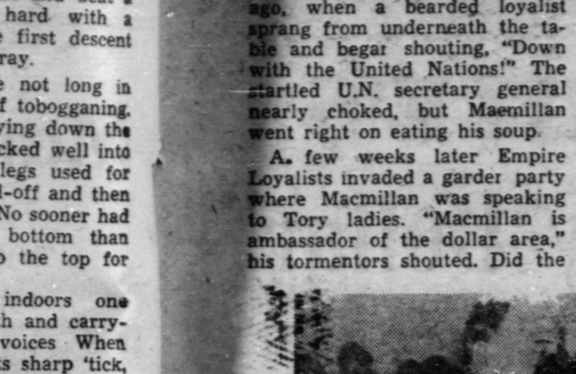
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Answer elsewhere on this page

NEW CHUTE SPINS LIKE HELICOPTER

Hailed as the first parachute innovation in 50 years is the Vertex Ring, left, a low-weight, high-drag chute which will fit crisscross into a brief case.

Designed by David T. Barish, 37-year-old aeronautical engineer, the whirling chute substitutes four sail-like blades of cloth for the standard canopy. Rotation of the blades like a helicopter rotor creates a "vortex ring," or doughnut, of air around the chute. Lines attached to a swivel allow the spinning of the eight-pound chute. The new design has proved to have virtually no oscillation or glide characteristics which make drops in high winds so dangerous. Low opening shock makes the chute excellent in para-drop drops from low altitudes, and from high speed aircraft. Successful tests have brought it to the attention of the military for uses including braking planes, below.



HE HAS THE JOB - It's official. Joe Cronin, 52, is the American League's new president. He succeeds Will Harridge. Bucky Harris is expected to step into Cronin's shoes at the general manager of the Red Sox when Cronin steps up.

CHEERFUL - A member of the League of Empire Loyalists is shown above, being asked to leave the Conservative Party Conference.

about two bearded "bishops." One wore a high hat with a full-length black cassock and imitation gold chain and cross, while the other wore a round-brimmed parson's hat. Both were Empire Loyalists in the strictest costumes.

At the appropriate moment, they commanded silence. Then the horrified assembly heard their plea. "The Empire Loyalists ask you to protest against the invitation to the architect-cum-Makarios to visit this country"

The London Daily Mirror has a suggestion for dealing with the loyalists. "In the old days rural England had a fine remedy for such bores," the Daily Mirror says editorially. "They were taken gently and firmly to the duck pond and thrown in."

But newsmen quiet that without the League British politics would be a lot duller.

"Full over, busten," said the cop. "You haven't got any left light."

The driver got out and after examining the situation looked so positively horrified that the cop was actually moved to sympathy. "It's bad, mister," said the cop, "but not that bad."

Recovering his voice the motorist stammered, "It's not the tail light that bothers me. What happened to my trailer?"

SIX DIED HERE

Flames from a burning gas main soar skyward in Allentown, Pa., as firemen seek buildings near the demolished Mountainville Hotel to prevent the blast from spreading. The gas explosions killed at least six persons and some 20 others were injured.



Upaid down to prevent pecking

"Does a giraffe get a sore throat if he gets wet feet?" asked a zoo visitor. "Yes," replied the keeper, "but not until a week afterwards."

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