#### Shoe - Shining In Turkey

Behold in me the proud own of what must be one of the finest hine stands in all of Ankara! Since we have been i Turkey, the object d'art which l have most coveted has been one of the bright brass, mirrored painted stands which sprout on important corners of this cap-

There is something eclectic about them; they belong to no particular period, though Gaudy Gothic best describes them. But each man plays his own aesthetic tune. We have followed, fascinated, the rise from plain practical box to a few inlaid roses, to shining brass-topped bottles and finally to a mirrored, muraled chest, with glass cages at either end and small flagpoles for advertising purposes.

Mine is semimodest, but has some of the true, the blushing Hippocrene. It came about

friend, "D.D.", whose knowledge of the States makes her tolerant of our more aberrant fancies. I told her some time ago I longed for a shoe-shine stand for a spice cabinet in a hypothetical kitchen at home. She was thoughtful and explained the expertise involved: each man's box was his shop, his livelihood, his professional standlng, not to mention his flight into the wild empyrean of art. She suggested we look when we went down to Istanbul.

We spent a wonderful long day there in the Covered Bazaar, and even took a taxi to the artisans' quarter. Shoeshine stands there were, but in the subdued, expensive manner of all high style. I was for painted flowers and flamboyance.

It was Ahmet, my friend's fiancé, who settled the matter for us. He drove to the largest parkd corner of Ankara, looked the rank of professionals over, chose explained our quest.

"Says his name is Kerim," he explained, "and been here shining shoes for 20 years. He knows where to look." Kerim took us, by winding,

to the hills of old Angora. We left the car at the bottom of a cobbled lane and began climb up, up through steep allevs where old men sat nodding in the sun and women leaned out of balconies to chatter. Some small boys threw a few curious rocks, and the old men raised their eybrows but not their heads.

Kerim was a fast walker: we puffed along, looking into closwindows filled with dried herbs and machine parts, old shoes and fresh-ground flour, Japanese cottons and German phonograph records. We gained breathing fiat, but Kerim strode on. At last we wound to the top shelf, held together by three small cottages, one the atelier of the shoeshine maestro.

He was not present as we women sat in a sunny corner rocking placidly on their heels. D.D. spoke to them courteously, and one raised her head and called. A thin, fortyish man appeared, with a lean, aesthetic face and the large, tough hands of the expert manual worker. He and Kerim greeted each other as old acquaintances and Kerim



REGARDS TO BROADWAY Grandchildren of the late George M. Cohan are present as a statue to the famous entertainer is unveiled on Duffy Square, Broadway and 46th Street, New York City. Standing beneath statue are, from left, George Ronkin, Jr., Michaela Cohen Mery Ronkin and Mrs. Penny Williams.

went at once to the point: did he have any boxes?

The maestro looked thoughtful; naturally, he worked to order but there was a shelf at his shoulder on which stood a box all steel severity and Davy Jones locker, and, behind it, an aesthetic monster which gave even me pause. It must have been four feet long and two high. Its walls were painted with "scenes": a girl in a Watteaupanniered skirt danced on a lawn; a youth in tights whirled a ribboned hoop. In the two mirrored cages at the ends were celain birds and on top of each, the final touch of art nutteau: a wrought-iron candle-stick of twined rosebuds, writes Hazel H. Bruce in the Christian

Science Monitor. "Hasn't he got something sort f between these two?" I asked D.D. weakly...

"These are this year's styles, he says, but he does have his last year's model, at his house, over there," reported D.D. "Shall he bring it?" I nodded.

I knew it as mine the minute he entered with it. It was gay enough; it gleamed with brassy nobs and shining stoppers. I had festoons of great black raspberries on the front, a riot of roses on the sides, and a panel of yellow gooseberries on the lid. It lacked the mirrored cages and flagpoles, but I was satisfied: it was in the tradition, loud, gusty, and giddy.

Kerim and I stepped aside and let D.D. do the bargaining: it proceeded with the understood stateliness of an old dance. Kerim stood listening, his head tilting approvingly as they came to the last price and acceptance. The maestro stood wiping the dust from his late chef-d'oeuvre with a farewell gesture. He eyed

"Will she take this to the States?" he inquired as he accepted the folded money.
"In time," said D.D.

"That will be pleasant," com-mented the Michelangelo of the Shoeshine Stand. "I already have one in London!"

Kerim carried it down the hill, and this time the old men lifted their heads to stare and the little boys were silent. As we got into the car Kerim remarked: "The brass needs a professional polish. Tell Madame I will come to her home tomor-

row at noon to do it!" He was there, and brought with him a young helper. They sat on the curb at the edge of the garden and the neighborhood gathered. The garbage man stopped his steel-sided truck; the eskigis, old-clothes men were drawn by an osmotic attraction. Even the postman got off his bicycle and peered.

Kerim and his helper sat polishing urbanely. One of my Turkish neighbors stood by me as we peered out the curtains. "What are they saying?" I de-

She giggled. "They call you a 'crazy American,' of course, and say you must have a very tol-erant husband or be married to millionaire! "Tell 'em it's both," I told her. "I never felt richer!"

## **Choosing Husbands**

A woman should be allowed choose her own husband. She shouldn't be forced to accept a husband picked by her family.
That was the platform of a
woman candidate in the elections held this week in the United Arab Republic.

We don't know whether this candidate won or lost. It makes no difference to the point, which is: In the UAR, most women marry men chosen by their families, and their right to pick their own husbands was a ampaign issue.

Americans, male and female, may find this humourous. But it's no laughing matter. It is a clue to the viewpoint of the electorate in a land with little experience in the use of democratic processes.

We think it underscores the rightness of our nation's policy, which is to encourage other countries to work out their problems in accordance with heir own character and traditions. A veiled Arab woman, unschooled and content with her ot, isn't likely to vote for the same reasons as an American housewife or businesswoman. -Miami Herald.

### Costly Dispute

In a dispute about a Labor Day unch hour, the entire 76-man press crew of the Detroit News walked out. Asserting that a strike against one of the city's three papers was a strike against all, The Times and The Free Press also closed down. Before the wildcat affair ended three days later, the three Detroit papers had lost an estimated half nillion dollars.

ISSUE 40 - 1959



HIS GRIN'S BUILT-IN - "Bobbie," 14-year-old dachshund, is the dog with the smile that's returned for awhile. His dentaltechnician mistress, Mrs. Ellie Godel, fitted the pooch with his uppers. The crocodile-like grin results from the fact that the lowers are yet to come, once two old snags have been extract-

# TABLE TALKS

Missouri. "And what would that

Grandmother's laugh was al-ways little and light. "Why,

how to cook, of course!" She be-

gan to eat her pie, as Grand-father folded his napkin into its

heavy silver ring. "But you know how to cook." He studied

her face with affection. "Frances,

I dare say you're one of the best

cooks between Independence

"Not really," she said modest-

ly, "but I like it. It's so cre-

ative." A faraway look stepped

from her eyes. "We had a cook-

book at home. I used to read it

for fun, especially the Household

Hints. Some of them were de-

"Is that so?" Grandfather had

no notion of what she was talk-

ing about, although he got up

walk back to the office. "I'd

be happy to see about one for

you, but you know how it is here. The only books in town

are the ones people have brought with them." He picked up his

wide-brimmed felt hat from the

forehead. Then he slipped a pep-

permint from the hand-painted

china pig into his cheek. "Now

that I think of it, I believe Mis-

souri women used to swap

recipes." He pronounced recipe

like "receipt,' the old southern "Maybe you Pinetown

women might do something of

He opened the back door to go

and Grandmother heard him

spout a greeting to the grocer

oringing up her order. "Well,

Cash, you're just in time for a

piece of pie, the best I ever ate.

Just go on in and help your-

Cash, hearty as a pork roast,

was taking the steps two at a

time, shouldering the grocery

box with one hand. He wore a

pink face and a coverage of

white apron lettered Cash's Cash

Store. "Thanks, Judge." he grin-

"You wouldn't have a cook-

book down there at the Cash

Store, would you?" Grandfather

turned around to ask after him.

The grocer paused and

ned, "don't mind if I do."

self," he said generously.

ideboard and set it low on his

tell you?"

and Santa Fe."

lightful."

the sort."

In these days we take so many things for granted! Cookbooks, for example. Although not quite "a dime a dozen" cookbooks are so commonplace that nobody even blinks when a dozen or so new ones appear on the publishers' lists.

But it is interesting to think of how these books had their beginning. A relative of mine well remembers how the ladies of a certain church combined their favorite recipes, made e book of them and, I hope, achieved their aim of helping to pay off the manse mortgage. It was a good cookbook too, as any owner of "The Galt Cookbook" will attest.

So, without further ado apologies, I pass along the fol-lowing about early-days cook-ery, and cookbooks. . . .

> Pinetown sits a mile above sea level, and its atmosphere is so delicately bracing that my grandfather often remarked he could live on it. However, he also enjoyed living on foods cooked by adjustment to the high alti-

One noon, he was eating a second large piece of lemon meringue pie in especially appreciative silence. Talking at a time like this would have nipped his eyes flicked back and forth from randmother to the plate in front of him and did the talking for him. His bride of six months, who made him think of lilacs, sat watching him, her own piece untouched and her sunny brows up with wonder.

He saw what she was thinking. "How can I eat so much of it?" He circled the edge of the plate with the side of his fork to make sure he had it all. "Well, I like it, that's why." She remarked thoughfully, "I

made it from remembering how it was at home. Perhaps if we had a cookbook, we could have other kinds."

"Cookbook?" Now it was Grandfather's turn to be astounded. He was well acquainted with law books and the classics, but he could never recall seeing a cookbook around the

thought, "Got spices, cake pans,

MUTT-MUTT BOAT - Twelve-year-old Ginger Jones was the proudest skipper on Sunapee as she rode her one-dogpower "cruiser." She taught her Labrador retriever "Rex" to tow her around the lake on a surfboard.

shoes, mixing bowls. Got glassware, overalls, biscuit boards. Cookbook? What is that - exdown the actly?" He leaned

steps, confidentially.
Grandfather wagged his head, "A book of recipes, apparently. Frances would like to have one. I told her maybe she could swap ideas with some of the women here, if she can't get a "Sure thing," Cash agreed. "Everybody in town would be

glad to help her out." Grandfather trotted off at ease, feeling he could never do enough for her. Cash puffed into the kitchen and swung the box down on the table where Grandmother, who had heard

every word of the back-stairs

conversation, was cutting a wedge of pie for bim. "That's mighty good of you," he declared, taking the plate she offered him. "No thanks, no fork." he slipped it down, western-style, out of his hand. "Say, that is a tasty pie. I'd be proud if my June could make

Grandmother looked at him. "She can," she said, and her eyes were capped with whimsey, "when we women of Pinetown get together."

I cannot say with certainty that this was the beginning of a paperbound five-by-seven-inch book called Practical High Altiude Cooking, but I well believe it might have been; I know such a book, hardly more than a pamphlet, appeared in print about sixty years ago. Many close friends of Grandmother's, whom I remember for fingers stacked with diamond rings, are represented therein. Many an early merchant, now part of the Pinetown legend, inserted his advertisement among the recipes, writes A. H. Robinson in The Christian Science Monitor.

There was no date of publication and no copyright on the flyleaf, only an endearing preface of a single paragraph revealing the helpfulness of pioneer fiber: "In presenting this little book to the public it is our earnest desire that it may prove a 'mutual benefit.' While it is not claimed that all the recipes are new inventions in cooking they are a collection gathered mostly from our homes and have been tested and are known to be practical for high-altitude cook

Front and back covers were neat blocks of advertising in black print from The First National Bank, the Jeweler's ("special line of solid silver"), and a House Furnishing Company, decorated with a pen sketch of a kitchen range. The recipes fell in logical order beginning with "Soups" to a cli-matic "Useful Hints for Housekeepers." Set among more advertisements, even then the bane

Aren't Pure Fun of regional savor but rather be classified as North Ame can Cookery, including can Beans."

Single-handed, the attractive fundon typist was sailing a six-ten-foot boat from Tower ten-foot believed to the Belgian coast on Bridge to the Belgian coast on Between Jellied Meat a Mince Meat appeared the Power All went well until she was Company's "Arc and Incandercent Light Service. Also Gas for Light and Fuel at Lowest Rates". went went with sine was within three miles of the shore. Then a sudden squall blew up; then a sudden should when it seemed she would directly under Marble Cake
The Saddlery and Implement Just when it seemed she would Company's "Headquarters for everything for the horse and lust when it seemed she would be dashed to death, the girl, lulis Mellors, sighted what she took to be 2 buoy. Rowing with stable." Seasoning other pages was the notice of "exclusive mil. took to be 2 buoy.

one oar, she managed to go
slongside and pass a rope
shrough a ring.

But Julia's adventures were
the just beginning. To her dislinery," a shoeman, the steam laundry, a scissors grinder; also that "All good cooks use phone 107 for nut coal." Like a rib any just beginning. To her dis-may she found the buoy was also bon across the top of every other page ran a single reminder of what was to be had at Cash's

to terror when she saw that the

bolidays working as a signalman. He was always fascinated by

trains, and having qualified dur-

ing his holidays, he now spends

happy week or two pulling

buoy was a mine!

One sharp knock, ard all the holidays might be over for ever. Despite the gale, Julia jumped into the sea and swam for the distant shore. Luckily for her, distant shore, they told the authorities who sent out a patrol vessel to Cooking is considered an art by those who know, and art provides plenty of leeway in which the artist may express himsel To work with the recipes in who sent out a patrol vessel to Practical High Altitude Con detonate the mine.

Even so, Julia didn't fare too hadly. She received a £5 note ing must have made Gra mother and her friends feel mo creative, for each left much roo for broadcasting her adventures, for a cook to cook as she won and a sturdy boat—from grate-ful fishermen—to replace the I can see them now in ponde kitchens, tall women, sn one that had foundered. women, enveloped by pinafo It would need a whole library aprons, who carefully to describe the strange summer their diamonds on a sill about holidays which quite ordinary the sink to keep the rainh gems out of biscuit dough of people take for the fun of it. Believe it or not, a classics lec ative women, each in her turer at Manchester University

Norman Marlow—spends his way coping with "a heaping tea cup of flour," "a

Cash Store: "mealy potatoes,"

"potted meats for washday

meals," and "courteous clerks"

. . .

enough sweet milk to make

batter," and a dessertspoor measure of sugar. Women wh

It read: "Be careful in

This was the one she

In Bingol, Turkey, after

brought back a young be

other Suleyman Maho

For the "Junior Miss"

Sleek and shapely sheath—required daytime fashion in

college girl's wardrobe. Required, too, for its professional

is Trimtex rayon seam binding that exactly matches dress co

Printed Pattern 4700 comes in Junior Miss Sizes 9, 11, 13, 14

To order send Forty Cents (stamps cannot be accepted, use P

STYLE NUMBER and SIZE.

note for safety to ANNE ADAMS, Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St.
New Toronto, Ont. Please print plainly NAME, ADDRESS
STYLE NUMBER

son had meanwhile married

not to waste the dowry mo

mestic devotion."

were proud of the results.

levers on a main-line signal box. Each decided how much Not long ago he wrote a fascinatter it took for "butter size of ing book on the subject. egg," a question especially Then, again, there is a Dutch those days of ungraded girl from Haarlem, Leneke Thal, who works as receptionist at a the batter be beaten very totel in the Dutch West Indies. one way; another that it baked in a bright cake Every summer she volunteers as a nurse at a leper colony. Cooking time and tempera were rarely mentioned.
Grandmother's recipe Lemon Pie, which may or ma

A Dutch doctor, named Jansen, spends part of his summer holidays working in a coalmine, while a Harley Street oculistmends his August working as tabin boy in a Mevagissey fishnot have started off the whole cookbook, appeared on pag forty-one and was noteworth ing drifter. He has a union card for its use of two dessertspoo and is studying to take his yacht of sugar in the meringue. I master's certificate. Off the west coast of Cornwall favorite among the tents, however, was the "Useful Hint" call "How to Preserve

is a rock so small that you could walk all round it in three minutes. At the base—swept by waves at high water—there is election. Keep warm with dojust enough room to erect a mall wooden shack. When the outh-easterly gales blow it ossible to launch a boat to



FINE CATCH - There's a boy up in Claremont who raises whales in his garden. Twelve-year-old Tommy Osipowich holds a miniature but realistic Moby Dick he "grew." It's made of a nummer squash with peppers for eyes, and won Tommy first

pride in the children's division at the annual Claremont flower AOSS 52. Growing out Ances 54. Interlace alkely Down 1. Five-lined 12. Definition 2. Support 13. Bubbish 2. Support 2. High railway 14. Composure 1. Five-lined 15. Having placed 15. Support 20. Summit 20. Summit 42. Frightening 15. Commotion 2. Twilight 15. Having placed 15. Choose 15. Commotion 2. Twilight 15. Having placed 15. Commotion 2. Twilight 15. Having placed 15. Choose 15. Fixed point 12. Twilight 15. Having placed 15. Commotion 2. Twilight 15. Having placed 15. Choose 15. Choose 15. Fixed point 15. Later 15. Having placed 15. Choose 15. Later 15. Having placed 16. Later 15. La

Answer elsewhree on this page

reach the shore. Yet regularly each summer a Birmingham coach painter, Roy Harris, goes

here for his solitary holiday, In Liverpool there lives a reired bus driver named Jenkins. For the past ten years his summer hoiday has never varied. Although he is well past seventy, he cycles nearly 400 miles to Cornwall, taking a week for the journey. Having arrived, he spends another week driving the school bus, enabing his son, the garage owner, to have a break.

You would be amazed at the strange holidays some people try for. Every year hundreds of people write for permission to spend their summer holidays in lonely lighthouses and weather

One young man seriously wanted to spend his on the top drifting. But her dismay turned of Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square. His request was not granted! Others have tried for One sharp knock, and all her a fortnight in a submerged submarine, for a week in a dungeon under the grounds of the Tower of London, and in the Chamber of Horrers at Madame Tussaud's.

A railway enthusiast spent a whole week travelling to and fro on the Royal Scot. Another spent a fortnight on a platform in a tree on Combe Hill overlooking the Vale of Aylesbury for a wager of £20. One sunny morning recently

James Paterson, a Glasgow ship worker, and his wife stood by the gate surrounded by suitcase and coats and vacuum flasks. Soon a steamroller came into view and clanked to a stop outside their house. The driver was the Patersons' young son, Ted, who had driven round from the waste land where the steamroller, Jenny, was parked "All aboard!" Ted cried.

Mum and Dad clambered into the driver's roomy cab and off they steamed for a five-day tour of Loch Lomond. A crowd of reporters and cameramen would normally have given them a send-off, but the Patersons wise ly changed their advertised date of departure to avoid too much

### WIDESPREAD FAME

Checking up on the history of the great racehorse Carbine (1890-1914), members of a research committee, of Melbourne, Australia, discovered that the remains of the horse were well and truly scattered.

The body skeleton was at the National Museum, Melbourne, the head at the War Memorial Museum, Auckland, New Zealand, the hide of the horse formed the upholstery of the presidential chair at the Auckland Racing Club. One hoof is in the possession of a duke in England, and another hoof is in the proud possession of the Victoria Racing

country and arrive intact - assuming they're tight, writes John and there are times when I doubt Monitor. Life has other such moments.

almost fell apart in my hands.

run over to see me. While in the When you open a bag of hen dooryard, he had a flat tire. I backed the tractor over, slung single stitch and cut from the his borrowed machine up on the right." Ever since bags were hydraulic lift, and tried to take the wheel off and fix it. ever opened one has repeated that to himself every time. The machine doubles up on one side, Thus I learned that a certain carries a single thread on the manufacturer of automobiles, other, and if you start properly whose stock is presently at a fair the whole thing unravels beautifully. But some wiseacre had to point, is witless enough to put left-handed threads on his takeimprove on this. I got a bag a up nuts. I didn't know this; neiwhile back that wouldn't start, ther did my friend. I got a length and after about ten minutes fussing I found the rule was no good. of two-inch pipe and put it over faced the double stitch and the wrench handle, and although

ADDED TOUCH - Although it doesn't look it, the entrance to

small St. John Chrysostom Episcopal Church in Delafield, Wis.

is 108 years younger than the rest of the building. The church

was built in 1857 and has been in use ever since with only

small remodeling jobs, until the addition of the new entrance

with its vestibule. It was designed to match exactly the archi-

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

tecture of the church.

Life has its puzzling moments,

man's capacities. Just today a

fellow put his own automobile in

lubritorium, so help me, and

borrowed another car so he could

things. Then I telephoned my garageman, and he said to back 'em. They backed first rate.

we bent the wrench into a boom-

erang we couldn't start the

The left-handed nut went out with the buggy, where it was automobile wheel is to impugn the sanity of the maker. The idea on a buggy was that they turned with the prevailing direction and kept tight as you went - right on the right, left on the left. You took the nuts off when you greased up, and turned according to which side of the buggy you were on. If you backed an old buggy far enough, the wheels would drop off. But you can back today's automobile, with its five little right-handed nuts on the left-handed side, clear across the



CAMOUFLAGE - Here's how some ingenious person has tricked-up a new oxygen dispenser to make its use attractive to small try. Clown's left "eye" is a pressure gauge that moves when oxygen is dispensed; hose unit is given o candy-striped effect with tape, and a party hat screens the mixer mechanism.

was still new we were trying to figure out its structural nature. There was a curious protuber-ance on one side that said "A-5" it was, and inside it said, "Do not remove while engine is running."
The engine was running, and we lost four quarts of saponified oil, and there was a question as to why the pertinent information was inside the cover.

We used to have a chuckle now and then over an old deed we had to a woodlot, in which the surveyor had written, ". . . on this side of the above-described line. . . ." But a few years back I ran into the same thing again when I bought a prefabricat contraption made in England. England is not closely available to me for conferences, so I was glad to find detailed insrtuctions about erecting the contraption were included. Grasping the "spanner" as directed, I set to

Things went well for a time, but all at once I straightened up, for I read, "Bolt this end first... All I needed to know was which end the designer was standing at when he dictated his instructions. And England was so far away.

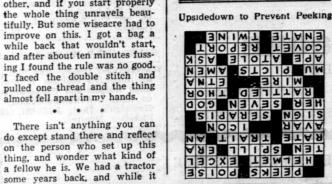
Naturally I bolted the wrong end first, for I was standing at "that" end, and ran a 50-50

Then I recall a water pump we had. Inside, where you couldn't possibly adjust it, and had no way of seeing it if you could was a little doodad that was stamped, "This side must be up at all times." We ran the pump for years, but had no way knowing which side was up.

Another stunt they do change part numbers on you. My old orchard spray tank slipped a cog one day, and I needed replacement parts. I dug out the catalogue and parts list, invested in an airmail stamp, and sat back to wait.

Presently the parts arrived — WT108 WP74, WD102, and valveplate VP700. None of them fitted nything I had, so I invested in a telephone call, and the alert, capable, obliging, successful plant superintendent told me they had lately renumbered all parts. The things I had were for a multiple lawn mower for golf courses, and he would check and forward what I needed in a few days. The right parts came jus after I finished picking apples.

Now that I think these thing over, they seem amusing. But at the time they filled me with won der and doubts.



# **JESUNDAY SCHOOL**

By Rev R. B. Wirren B.A., B.D.

Spirit-filled Witnesses Acts 2:1-4, 22-24, 32-38.

Memory Selection: Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall

Today's lesson has the key to the explanation for the rapid growth of the early church. The one hundred and twenty dis-ciples tarried in Jerusalem un-I they received the gift of the Holy Spirit. It was the 'feast of harvest', fifty days after the feast of the passover. Many Jews from different areas of the known world were there for the annual

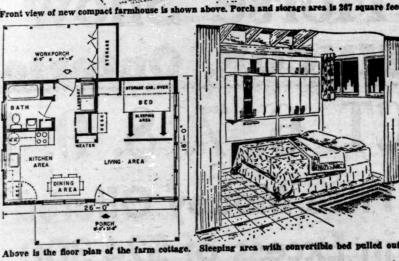
On the day of Pentecost the gift of the Holy Spirit was given to the waiting believers. denly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them." description reminds us of the thunderings and lightnings on Moses into the mount to give him the law. The words for in the Hebrew language and in the Greek language in which the Testaments were written. In John 3:8 Jesus points of the Spirit to the wind. Fire is also a symbol of the Spirit. Its presence on the brow of the believers indicated that God the Holy Spirit had taken up His abode in their hearts. He had purified their hearts (Acts 15:9)

and given them power to witness. The disciples promptly left the room and went forth to their task. Then a miracle happened. These Galileans, faced with people from Rome, Egypt, etc., found the difference of language no barrier. The hearers were amazed, asking, "How hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born?" Galileans were speaking of the wonderful works of God in languages with which they were unfamiliar. Thus the Gospel had wide hearing on the very day of Pentecost. Peter gave the mair sermon. The pouring out of the Spirit was fulfillment of Joel's prophecy. He condemned those who had crucified Jesus and showed how His resurrection was a fulfillment of Old Testament prophecies. He urged them to re-pent. That day 3000 repented There was a warm fellowship among the believers so that the needs of all were met. They were

a very happy people and daily others were saved and joined their number. If we will obey God. He will dwell in us today and give us power to witness fo In Los Angeles, Robert Patrici

was arrested after he grew tire of waiting in a bus for the drive to return, drove off with it him





NEW FARM COTTAGE - A new plan for a sturdy, compact farmhouse suitable to the needs of a young or retired couple and designed to save on space and costs, has been issued by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. An unusual feature is the sleeping area with its convertible bed. This is only one of the space saving devics. In the daytime, the bed becomes a couch when pushed partially under the storage cabinet. The living area of the cottage is 468 square To save space, the house features a built-in wall desk and a wardrobe closet. The water heater is placed beneath kitchen counter, the room heater is built into the wall and a porch closet for work clothes is conveniently reached from the back entrance. Generous window spaces makes this design particularly suited to warm climates.