

Royalty Often Goes Unrecognized

On the balconies at Colehill Buildings, among the back-doubles of Pimlico, the neighbours were arguing — and it has taken the engagement of Princess Margaret to Mr. Anthony Armstrong-Jones to settle the riddle.

Now the local folk know that it was the Duke of Edinburgh they saw crossing the pavement to the photographer's studio between the laundry and the old clothes shop. The Duke was paying a friendly call on Mr. Jones. But the people in the Buildings scarcely gave a second glance to two girls they sometimes saw walking towards the courtyard towards Mr. Jones's back door.

Was it Princess Margaret and her lady-in-waiting?

It's known now that the Princess and her fiancé, the Duke of Edinburgh, were together in a week-end with friends in the West Country last autumn. No one recognized them. In a riverside pub among the dockland streets of Rotherhithe, Anthony Armstrong-Jones sometimes used to pop in for a meal with three or four young people. Was Princess Margaret in that happy, laughing group without anyone spotting her?

Far more petite than most people expect, and not afraid to vary the tone of her hair for the sake of fashion, it has often been claimed that Princess Margaret is the least easily recognizable member of the royal family. At a party once a young man felt that he knew her face but could not quite place her.

In the hope of settling her identity he asked: "And how is your mother?" "She's very well."

"I haven't seen your brother lately."

"That's not surprising. I haven't one."

"I must be thinking of your sister then," the young man blundered on.

"Yes, a lot of people think about her," said Princess Margaret, emphatically. "She's the Queen, you know."

The proof of this story was undelivered when Princess Margaret once arrived for a ceremony in a northern town. As Her Royal Highness first stepped from her car, officials held her little attention. They imagined that it was a pilot car with a lady-in-waiting.

One day, however, the farmer brought his wife along. Both were dressed in Sunday best and they quietly placed a little pile on the bonnet of the car before walking on. It was a charming gesture and, thanks to the farmer's discretion, the royal couple still occasionally enjoy the pleasant spot.

During the war the Duchess of Kent was able to work in a hospital ward as "Nurse Kay" — and the nearest she came to recognition was when a patient murmured, "You remind me of someone."

In school holidays, Prince Charles is sometimes taken shopping. Passersby have said, "He's almost the Prince's double!" without suspecting.

Would you recognize royalty if they lived next door? When the Duke of Windsor, as Prince of Wales, went in for steeplechasing, he took a flat at Melton Mowbray. It was some months before his neighbours knew.

The Princess Royal, similarly, took a suite of rooms in Baywater not so very long ago and her neighbours learnt the truth only when the story leaked into the newspapers.

By presenting its slightly false black and white picture of royalty television may be a blessing in disguise. Members of the Royal Family can often move about unrecognized and taste the enjoyment of feeling "ordinary."

Queen Mother said she would. Then the woman recognized her, tried to bob a curtsy and promptly fell into the river. Later she received a letter from the Queen Mother, thinking her for the fly and commenting that the curtsy had "not gone unnoticed."

In Berkshire two hikers were resting at the roadside when a chauffeur-driven car stopped and a lady inside asked if they would like a lift. While they were debating, the chauffeur opened his nearside door. "Hop in," he said. "You're leaving the Queen Mother waiting?"

Queen Mary used to give a little souvenir medalion to scores of service men and women to whom she gave lifts in war-time. On average, one in three failed to realize her identity.

On Coronation Day our present Queen found that children whom she had known all their lives failed to recognize her in her crown and robes of state. "They've always known me as someone ordinary," she said. "Now I suppose I look like a queen in a fairytale."

When the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were in New York, the Duke had great fun, one day, walking incognito through the crowds who had turned out to cheer him. The Duke had kept an engagement at the American Physics Institute when the peak rush-hour blocked his car and detectives had agreed that he could walk the half-mile to his hotel.

At the hotel, where the crowds were thickest, the Duke found he could not get through without a pass. Finally he announced to a policeman, "It's me!" but was still unrecognized. Panting behind him, State Department officials made him help get them through. For two years the Queen and her husband enjoyed a favourite picnic spot between London and Sandringham where they used to park for lunch. A local farmer passed them many a time without seeming to pay any attention.

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GINA AND FAMILY — Italian film star Gina Lollobrigida and her husband, Milko Skofic, arrive in New York. Milko, Jr., pretests. The family may become Canadian citizens due to a treaty. The family may become Canadian citizens due to a treaty. The family may become Canadian citizens due to a treaty.

TABLE TALKS

Soon fresh rhubarb season will be here, and you may want to try this deep-dish rhubarb and banana pie with a meringue crust.

RHUBARB AND BANANA PIE
3 cups rhubarb, cut small
5 tablespoons sugar
1 egg white, beaten stiff
4 small bananas
16 blanched almonds

Put the cut-up rhubarb and 3 tablespoons sugar in bottom of a deep-dish glass casserole. Crush bananas and mash to a pulp with 2 tablespoons sugar; beat in the stiff egg white. Spread this mixture over the rhubarb and sprinkle the blanched almonds over the top. Bake at 350 degrees F. for about 45 minutes (you can see when rhubarb is done by looking through glass or taking dish). Serve hot with cream.

While on the subject of pies, this recipe is well worth trying.

CHERRY MERINGUE PIE

1 quart red pie cherries
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup flour
1 teaspoon butter
2 tablespoons almond extract
2 tablespoons corn starch
Combine cherries, sugar and salt and cook until sugar is dissolved. Add butter. Mix corn starch with a little water and add to cherry mixture, stirring to thicken. Add almond flavouring. Set aside to cool.

CRUST:
2 cups flour
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons ice water
Combine cherries, sugar and salt and cook until sugar is dissolved. Add butter. Mix corn starch with a little water and add to cherry mixture, stirring to thicken. Add almond flavouring. Set aside to cool.

2 egg whites
2 tablespoons sugar
1/2 cup flour
1/2 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 teaspoon almond extract
Melt 1/4 cup butter in a 9-inch pan; sprinkle with brown sugar. Arrange sliced peaches over this mixture. Set aside. Cream 1/2 cup butter with the 1/2 cup sugar; add beaten egg whites and flour. Mix well. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk, and fill and pour evenly over peaches. Bake at 375 degrees F. for 45 minutes. Turn out on cake plate at once. Serve warm or cold, with cream or plain. Serves 8-9.

Making Teen-Agers Really Hard-Boiled

Americans are being encouraged to improve their public schools and to challenge their youngsters with higher standards and bigger demands in the classroom, but sometimes somebody gets imbedded with a "realistic" indoctrination of the people today — the kind of indoctrination, perhaps callous and questioning, the details of which are not necessary to a significant laboratory experiment. Many public schools are being run on no such advanced discipline as experimentation. Yet, and will be, enough carelessness in the last few weeks there is a real danger today — the kind of indoctrination, perhaps callous and questioning, the details of which are not necessary to a significant laboratory experiment.

Many Letters From Haters

An extremely strange thing happened here, and I simply cannot permit it to digest. It is a tickles the typewriter early that the "animal" above reproach, and will be, enough carelessness in the last few weeks there is a real danger today — the kind of indoctrination, perhaps callous and questioning, the details of which are not necessary to a significant laboratory experiment.

Round Up Stock With Motorbikes

Horses are disappearing even from Australia's wild outback. At Meekatharra, 500 north of Perth, Bill Leake owns two sheep stations, one 1,000 square miles and the other 500. He uses motorbikes to round up flocks.

The pilot goes up with a supply of maps and compass. Having spotted a flock going in some remote valley, he marks its whereabouts on a map, and estimates how many sheep are there.

Then he struffs the map in a canister and from the height drops it to the man concerned.

The stockman rounds off his motor-bike to round up charges at the spot mentioned. In this way, Bill Leake claims he can muster 15,000 sheep in three weeks, whereas the old method would have taken six months.



QUAKE TOWN — Survivors of two tremors which struck Iran, (X on Newmap) are receiving aid from the Red Cross and Sun, the country's equivalent of the Red Cross.

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CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
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2. Public office
3. Electrically operated
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YAWN, ANYONE? — Conduct your own experiment into the phenomenon of yawning. Try storing at this picture of a sheep polar bear in a Paris, France, zoo — and see what happens.

He Doesn't Like Those Old Hymns

When England's industrial revolution was bowling along full steam the words of this muscular hymn might have seemed quite appropriate. But when David Holbrook, a 37-year-old playwright in Suffolk, heard one of his three younger singing it, in his century and in his house, he was not so sure.

With the aid of Edith Cundell, retired principal of London's Guildhall School of Music and Drama, Holbrook is making a new selection of 150 hymns for publication next year by Cambridge University Press.

"For our new book," he said, "we're discarding the worst nineteenth-century drive-by hymns. Among the survivors: 'All Things Bright and Beautiful' and 'There is a Green Hill Far Away.' In their place he plans to include American spirituals and modern hymns by Ralph Vaughan Williams, Benjamin Britten, and Aaron Copland.

The new hymn book, he said, is not for the hymn-lover, but for the man who has a heart of distaste, mistrust, disrespect, and open animosity toward the horse. This is from people who had horses in their lives and have no trouble about remembering them.

And when a real old horsehandler decides to depose and state, you don't get any minding around. Most of these letters start off like this: "Regarding your Dispatch, we used to have a weird nag. . . Then follows a description of the

meant, vilest, least trustworthy, most despicable hunk of flesh ever set on paper. . . . Possibly only the evil is remembered, and many a good horse went to oblivion without impressing the family overmuch. Many public schools are being run on no such advanced discipline as experimentation. Yet, and will be, enough carelessness in the last few weeks there is a real danger today — the kind of indoctrination, perhaps callous and questioning, the details of which are not necessary to a significant laboratory experiment.

I have a disturbing collection, now, of horses that hit, kicked, squealed, ran away and otherwise took the joy out of life, leaving a wide aggregation of resentful citizens who grew up to hate horses, and preserve their animosity intact. Applying a simple Gallup Poll equation to my mail, I can say that 84 per cent of the American people hate horses, and that it's all the horse's fault. This is a shocking situation, particularly when you stop to reflect on all the horses now working in television.

In any instance, these people emphasize that the horse had no reason to be so mean. Most of the good care, pleasant accommodations, plenty to eat, and was given every chance to be pleasant. But no, he would cut his oats and then sneer. He would partake of every bounty, and then kick the end out of the stable. On the other hand, I have assembled, unselected, any strict logic would have to conclude there never was a nice horse.

And, of course, this ruins my professional respect for the animal as a happy character. If, following my formula, I now write a piece that depicts a kind and loving horse, smart and intelligent, it's going to offend a lot of people who know the true horse as well as I do. Perhaps I shall never write about horses again! — by John Gould in the Christian Science Monitor.

Indeed, so numerous are the viruses that their isolation and identification continues to be a major task in plant pathology research.

Some of the viruses now held in check could quickly become more prevalent if it were not for seed inspection, for viruses are passed on through tubers to the new crop. They are spread from diseased to healthy plants by insects, some by mechanical contacts and some by sucking insects. Some viruses are harbored by wild plants and would be difficult to eliminate.

More than one-quarter of all cattle in Canada have been brought under a national brucellosis control program. Health of Animals Division, Canada Department of Agriculture, has reported that the program, launched in 1957, now involves about 2,000,000 cattle.

Floral Flood

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TRUNK LINE — Stethoscope-like plastic tube is linked with others to top maple trees into one reservoir. Ben Abraham joined 50 trees with 2,500 feet of tubing. Squirrels occasionally bite holes in the plastic but otherwise, it's fine.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

The increasing use of varieties that are resistant or tolerant to the more prevalent potato viruses has reduced virus-caused diseases in Canada's potato crop. The three varieties most planted for certified seed in Canada, Sebago, Katahdin, and Kennebec, seldom develop the undesirable "mosaic" in their tubers when they become infected with the leaf roll virus, although they are not resistant to the virus itself.

They are, however, resistant to potato virus X, which combines with necrosis in their tubers to cause the "mild mosaic" foliage disease. These varieties and Russet Burbank, which ranks fourth in popularity, are also resistant to potato virus Y, which combines with virus X to cause the severe "rugose mosaic" disease.

The first three varieties have come into prominence during the past 20 years, largely replacing Green Mountain and King of the Mountains, which now occupy fifth and seventh place respectively.

Virus X, alone, usually causes an almost imperceptible weakening of the plants, and potato virus S seldom causes any visible viruses are almost universal in potatoes and cause an estimated 10 per cent reduction of the crop. The new variety, Saxo, combines resistance to necrosis with resistance to these viruses.

These are not all of the viruses that infect potatoes. Several are familiar with "purple top," "witches'-broom," and "spindle tuber." Each is caused by a specific virus, and each is sometimes widespread in particular areas. Less known, and fortunately less widespread, are potato viruses F and M, and others that cause yellow dwarf and necrosis; there are others not yet clearly identified.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. E. B. Warren, B.A., B.D. A Christian Influences Society. Matthew 5:10-16; 13:21-35

Memory Selection: Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven, Matthew 5:16.

The sun was shining brightly when we took to the air at Winnipeg. But as we travelled over the Great Lakes, darkness closed in. From an altitude of 17,000 feet I spied a light from a boat. How cheering it was! It was more than three miles away but I little see it. If I dropped my eyes a little, it was dark. If I wanted to see a light, I could.

Some people prefer to gaze stupidly into the darkness. Most of us, however, do not. We seek light. "All men are liars," Psalm 116:11. Elijah, in heaviness of spirit, on learning of Jezabel's death in his life, said, "I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts; because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I, am left, and they seek my life, to take it away." And the Lord said, "Yet I have left seven thousand in Israel, whose knees have not bowed to Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him."

1 Kings 19: 14, 15. Let us not minimize the depth of the darkness about us. But God has the darkness, too. We are called to shine as lights in the world, all the midst of a crooked and perverse nation. Philippians 2:15. We can't dispel all the darkness but we can shine. In The Merchant of Venice, Portia says, "Nerissa while still at a distance from Portia's house: 'That light we see is burning in my hall. How far that little candle throws his beam! A few weeks ago I spoke one Friday evening to a large group of youth. A few weeks ago I presented to the minister who had been our host for the evening meal, a copy of my book, Spiritual Struggle for Today, published by Thomas Nelsons. The minister expressed regret that he hadn't known about it before the meeting that it might have been announced. After reading the book he ordered 10 copies. Meanwhile I was reproved. In my kind of faith humility, I was hiding my light under a bushel."

Jesus said also to His disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth. We must help to preserve and give savor to the good. We are to rejoice even in persecution. The kingdom will go on. The tiny mustard seed will become a great tree. The leaven will spread. Jesus Christ is the Light of the world. Ultimately, every tongue shall confess that He is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking

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Birds Build Nests Of Many Sorts

The great majority of birds build nests in which they lay and incubate their eggs. Many, though by no means all, also use the nest as a cradle to rear the helpless young after they have hatched. But the roosting place of an adult bird is very seldom a nest; only woodpeckers, some song-birds, . . . and a few others build nests.

When you read that The Bird hurries home to its nest at the approach of night (or rain or thunderstorms), your author is kidding.

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SCENTS HER

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SAY "UNCLE" — It looks as though the robots have taken over in Moscow. The weird device is used to trace small radioactive particles injected into hospital patients under examination. Highly sensitive, it registers data on blood circulation through eight parts of the body, writing the data on a paper ribbon.

