He Foretold The Royal Massacre

Who was to know that the strange village lad was one day to become a figure of desiny?

It was true the boy was a little wild. Some said he was too fond of kissing the girls. Well, what country boy wasn't when spring covered the Russian steppes with greenery and the gipsy caravans wandered among the valleys?

There were rumours that the lad had magic powers, evil powers. Others told how he cured a child of fever; or of the old woman who, bedridden for years, had through his prayers walked to church on Easter Day and blessed him as a messenger from God.

What was it that made him a saint to some, a devil incarnate to others? Was he a village fool or an inspired diplomat who almost saved Russia from revolution?

Grigori Yefinovitch — later to become notorious as Rasputin, "the mad monk" — was born in a small village in the Tartar district of Russia in the middle years of the nineteenth century. He was a lot brighter than his fellows, and had learned to read and write, an achievement for any working-class boy in those days.

When young Grigori was only seventeen his father died and he became a carrier, driving the mail vans. He was twice charged with minor crimes but was never convicted, and eventually, after meeting a wandering holy man on the roads, went to live in a monastery tucked away in the Asian mountains.

Grigori Yefinovitch entered the cloister a riotous ne'er-do-well and emerged a miracle-worker who soon became the storm centre of hatred and affection in his native village.

There were tales of miraculous cures; there were also rumours of drunken orgies and wenching parties.

Meanwhile, hundreds of miles away, in the gay and turbulent city of St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), the Tsar of all the Russias was living surrounded by a scheming and plotting and decadent court.

The Tsar was well intentioned but weak; his wife, a hysterical woman, surrounded herself by fortune tellers and charlatans who traded on her possessive love for her son, the Tsarewitch, who suffered from an incurable disease.

It was into this situation, already fraught with danger, that Grigori was thrust when one crowd of schemers seeking to out another brought him to St. Petersburg to be, or so they thought, their willing tool.

The blood disease from which the young Crown Prince suffered was haemophilia. The least scratch could bring death since no way had been found to stop the bleeding.

One day the worst happened. A fall in the royal gardens led to internal bleeding and within a few hours the boy was dying.

The doctors could do nothing. The miracle workers at the Court had failed. Then Anna, the Grand Duchess, whispered the magic name of Grigori into the Tsarina's ear.

"Let him be fetched at once," the Tsarina demanded. They found the man a little drunk and certainly very hilarious, in the midst of an orgy. In the holy name of the Tsar they ordered that he accompany them to the bedside of the dying Prince.

A startling change came over the company. The gypsy violins became silent; the dancers ceased their wild gyrations; the mad monk, as he is now known started with dark luminous eyes into the faces of his visitors.

"The boy will live. I, Rasputin, have willed it!" With these words he followed them to the royal palace.

No one knows whether Rasputin was a hypnotist, a holy man, or an unscrupulous blackguard seeking and finding strange power. All that is recorded is that from the moment he uttered these words, the boy rallied and soon recovered from an illness his doctors had diagnosed as fatal.

This incident set the pattern for all that was to follow. Miracle followed miracle and the peasant boy from Siberia soon became the virtual ruler of Russia.

Many sought to overthrow him, in fact twice they succeeded in persuading the Tsar to expel him from the Court, but each time the sudden illness of the Crown Prince led to panic, Rasputin's immediate recall and the Crown Prince's immediate recovery.

Another illustration of Rasputin's strange powers occurred when Anna, the Grand Duchess, who had plotted against him, was badly injured in a train smash. She lay unconscious, life was slowly ebbing away, as Rasputin gazed at her and commanded her recovery. Once more, in spite of doctors predicting death, she lived.

The Tsarina stood by her friend's bedside and saw this happen. Seizing Rasputin's hand she covered it with kisses. He looked at her, then called out in a loud voice for all to hear: "While I am alive and with you, all is well, but if I die your son will die, your throne will totter and Russia as we know it will cease to be".

The climax came swifter than any had anticipated. Rasputin's power exceeded that of any statesman in Europe or Asia. His word was law and the Tsarina saw him as almost the embodiment of divinity itself. His enemies grew in numbers and strength and then came the fatal night in December, 1915.

Army leaders, diplomats and members of the Russian aristocracy worked out a skilful plot to poison Rasputin. Prince Yussupov, scion of the Royal House, posing as Rasputin's friend, was to be the assassin. But, after drinking enough poison to kill ten men, Rasputin was still alive! His assassin then felled the monk with a round of revolver shots.

Half an hour later, Rasputin rose to his feet and struggled to escape from the basement room in the Prince's palace to which he had been lured.

At sight of the man he had believed to be dead, the Prince panicked and, after further shots, finished off his victim with a rubber truncheon. He then pushed the body through a hole on the ice-covered river.

But the scheme failed. Rasputin's body was found a few days later. His assassin was banished from court and kept a prisoner on his country estate. Rasputin was given a state funeral by the Tsar that was the last word in magnificence.

Rasputin was dead and soon the Crown Prince was to die and his parents, the Tsar and Tsarina, were to be massacred by the butchers of the Revolution. He, Rasputin, had foretold it all.

Was he a madman pursuing power, or a man of wisdom who tried to save Russia from the Revolution that engulfed her?

Today's inventive pace has kept pace with history. Experts and collectors of Civil War relics insist there is an increasing flow of Civil War "souvenirs" coming from Europe.

Super-Jiffy Knit

by Laura Wheeler

Warm, handsome for school or sports! When wintry winds blow, collar converts to a hood.

Super Speedy-Knit — use jumbo needles, 2-strands knitting worsted for hooded, zip-front jacket. Pattern 890: directions child's sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, included.

Send **THIRTY-FIVE CENTS** (stamps cannot be accepted, use postal note for safety) for this pattern to LAURA WHEELER, Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly **PATTERN NUMBER**, your **NAME** and **ADDRESS**.

JUST OFF THE PRESS! Send now for our exciting, new 1961 Needlecraft Catalog. Over 125 designs to crochet, knit, sew, embroider, quilt, weave — fashions, homefurnishings, toys, gifts, bazaar hits. Plus FREE — instructions for six smart veil caps. Hurry, send 25¢ now!

Little girl, left, carries the Winkie Doll by its handy loving-cup ears. Mother and daughter, right, are caught in the craze. Dolls cling to anything; eyes "wink" as light strikes them.

Latest Fad From Japan Spreads East

Japan's latest fad took over that country faster than Asian flu. The subject: An inflated Black plastic "dakkochan" (embracable doll that clings to its owner with stubby little arms. Now the "dakkochan" or Winkie Doll is being copied over here. Likened to a baby Martian, the doll has loving-cup ears, a red 'O" of a mouth and a little plastic skirt. Its wink is an illusion that occurs with every change in the angle at which light hits its plastic and cardboard eyes.

The doll delirium is spreading to other products. One of them is this blanket, decorated with a likeness of the Winkie Doll.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

A familiar figure is lost to the rural section of Ontario — Mr. Moses Zener, of Toronto. Even as far back as 30 years ago, farmers living within a radius of 50 miles of Toronto, and who kept poultry as a sideline, could think something was amiss if they did not get a call from Moses Zener several times during the year. Mr. Zener was a gentleman of the Jewish faith who bought and sold live poultry — and I do mean gentleman. He was a shrewd businessman always courteous and obliging — even if he did try to make you believe he was losing money by offering to buy hens at the price he offered. However, when he made you an offer you could either take it or leave without giving offence. And another thing in his favour — if Moses promised to come on Tuesday he came. If not he would phone and let you know. And he certainly knew how to judge and handle poultry. Many a deal we had with Mose Zener through the years and we were always more or less satisfied. We could hardly blame him for low prices if the market was glutted with poultry or if we happened to be selling at the wrong time.

And now poor old Mose is dead, killed in an accident last week on Highway 27, involving a car and the pick-up truck he was driving. We were truly sorry to hear it. We liked Mose Zener and we found him interesting and well-informed. He told us many things about Jewish customs and gave us a first-hand account of the wedding when one of his daughters got married. If I remember rightly it was a three-day celebration. It was cold when Mose called he would often come into the kitchen to get warm and have a cup of tea. In summer he would stand around in the barn and talk as long as we were willing. I am sure many farmers besides ourselves will feel badly that Mr. Zener met death in such a tragic way. When he used to come to our farm he sometimes had an oldish man helping him — an Englishman whom he called "Happy" but radio reports did not mention anyone being with him at the time of the accident.

Well, I've got one more room redecorated since I last wrote . . . the den. It is finished all except the deep, wide cupboard — which is first cousin to Flibber McGee's hall closet. It will have to be done but I quail at the thought! 'Nuff said at the present.

What you should find more interesting to read comes from the pen of Vance Packard, in his latest book, "The Waste Makers." So far I have read only the review. Actually he doesn't tell us anything we don't already know — if we stop to think about it. What he does do is point out the foolishness of allowing ourselves to be influenced by advertising, to the extent of buying new gimmicks when what we already have are probably far more satisfactory. Mr. Packard says manufactured goods today are not meant to last. Potato peelers to refrigerators are put on the market in new styles just to induce people to buy — to keep up with the Joneses. Don't we know it? Keep in fashion or you might as well be dead, sort of thing.

I find there is another way in which everyday living is more or less governed by advertising —that is, by supermarket weekend specials. What I would like to know is why all chain stores offer the same "specials" on the same days. What one has to offer the others have too, whether it's beef, lamb, or poultry. So your week-end roast isn't always what you choose but what the stores want you to buy. Housewives with a deep freeze don't have to worry but for small families without that luxury it's a case of take what's offered. If you have a freezing unit in your "frig" you can get around it keeping more than one kind of meat on hand — but there is a limite to what a freezing unit will hold.

What I would like to know is how this samenesa in "specials" comes about. You find the same thing in department stores. Does each store and supermarket have its own secret agents or is it a combine where each store agrees on what shall be put on special for that day or week? It all savours a little too much of the custom of holding a carrot before the donkey. And of course it is the public — you and I — who are the donkeys. We are losing our independence to the supermarkets. It is different on a farm — or used to be. When visitors were expected it just meant killing a couple of chickens and enjoying their savoriness without regard to week-end specials.

Well, what do you know . . . there is white stuff falling outside. Our first snowflurry of the season. Got your car winterized? I just got under the line.

Surveys have indicated the interest in television viewing dropped sharply during the debates between the presidential candidates. There is a solution—the campaign managers should insist the rival candidates wear cowboy outfits.

LADY IN WAITING — Biding her time with a big bouquet of roses, 7-year-old Felicity Leybourne waits patiently for Sen. John Kennedy to appear for a campaign address in Cheyenne, Wyo. He arrived, and Felicity had her big moment.

Starlings To Blame For Tragedy ?

Emilio and Ida Abate of Lynn, Mass., felt a little suspicious. They were the only guests who went to Boston's Logan Airport a few weeks ago to see their 18-year-old son Frank off to Marine Corps training in Parris Island. "We joked about it with him," Mrs. Abate recalled. "He laughed about babying him."

Fred and fourteen more recruits, along with 52 other passengers and a crew of 6, boarded Eastern Airlines Flight 375, a sleek four-engine turbojet Lockheed Electra bound for Philadelphia, Charlotte, N.C., Greenville, S.C., and Atlanta. The airplane taxied out the runway 9 and, as the Abates watched from the airport observation deck, took off over Boston Harbour at 5:48 p.m. Moments later a flame erupted in the port inboard engine and the plane reeled sharply to the left, rolled over and plummeted into the icy cold and choppy waters of Pleasant Park Channel.

Rescuers swarmed to the scene in small boats from yacht clubs that line the shore. Skin divers plunged into the muddy water, fast deepening with the incoming tide. They picked up oil-drenched and dazed survivors, some of them strapped in their floating seats. Others they plucked from the sunken wreckage, burst to bits by the impact. The work continued into the night with searchlights mounted on the beach.

Later, the rescuers ran up a sad toll: Sixty-two dead and no living. Fred Abate was not one of the three surviving Marines. Nor was there a surviving pilot to talk to Gen. Elwood R. Quesada, the Federal Aviation Administrator, who arrived early the next morning to see what had caused this fifth major crash involving the 101-starred Electra.

The first discovery by the investigators was a number of dead starlings littering the surface of Runway 9. Then crews lifting the wreckage out of the muck found bits of feathers still sticking to parts of the plane. The bodies of the birds were dispatched to Harvard, where pathologists examined them to learn the cause of death. But even before their findings were reported, Quesada believed he knew the cause of the crash. The Electra had flown directly into a flock of starlings, and the birds had been sucked into the Electra's turbine engines, causing the plane to lose power just as it took flight.

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ATOMIC SUB HITS THE WAVES — Queen Elizabeth pulls the lever to launch Britain's first nuclear submarine, the Dreadnought, at Barrow-in-Furness.

Bow To The Prince Or Land In Jail !

On a recent visit to his native India, Dom Moraes, poet and youngest Hawthornden Prize-winner, stayed at the palace of a Rana, one of the feudal lords who had life-and-death power over their subjects until 1951.

"All the corridors," he writes, "were hung with framed illustrations from magazines, alternating with the heads of assassinated tigers, and photographs of dead Ranas, tiger-whiskered, soulful-eyed and clutching jewelled swords."

On one occasion Moraes was sitting with a friend waiting to be received by his host. An enormous Himalayan bear crouched next to the sofa. He assumed it was stuffed — until it snarled at him, rose and shambled out through the door!

All over Khatmandu, he says, Ranas, originally Indian princelings, built fantastic palaces where they lived surrounded by women they had abducted from their families. When a Rana passed, any citizen who failed to do obeisance till he was out of sight was flung into jail.

As late as 1942 the chief Rana would ride an elephant through the streets every month, while the women stood outside their houses. Whichever of them took his fancy were at once seized by soldiers and taken to his harem. Any husbands or fathers who protested were jailed. Halembu, a mountain village renowned for its beautiful women, was raided and every woman taken off to the harems.

One of the Rana's sons told Moraes that his father wanted to send him to Eton. To finance the trip they had to go to the family head, the grandfather, who flew into a rage and said:

"No grandson of mine will be permitted to defile himself by crossing the black waters to England. But I will be reasonable. If you like, you may hire all the masters from Eton and bring them here."

Later, the grandfather fell ill. A British surgeon was fetched from India. He found that the palace was on top of an unroaded hill and wondered how on earth he could get his equipment up. That night he slept in a tent at the foot of the hill — and awoke next morning to find a road leading from his tent door to the palace gate. It had been built in six hours by slave-gang relays working through the night!

Moraes gives a brilliant account of his three months' tour in "Gone Away." It included talks with Nehru and the exiled Dalai Lama.

PIRATES MARKSMAN — Harvey Haddix, ace Pittsburgh Pirates pitcher, proves he is as accurate with a shotgun as he is with a baseball. He poses with two Canadian geese he brought down at his farm.

"Don't tell me you've been carrying lumber on top of your head!"

Sometimes Crime Hardly Pays

Breaking into a Texas wine and spirit store the other night, a thirsty thief made off with what he thought was a perfectly good bottle of whisky.

It had been. But that particular bottle had been condemned, the store manager told the police, because it had been contaminated by rat poison.

Burglars are not always lucky enough to get away with a good haul even when they have "cracked a crib" successfully. They are constantly making mistakes. A shoe shop owner laughed when a thief stole sample cases of shoes — all for the left foot.

Another blundering burglar broke into a British south coast businessman's office and was delighted to find a half-ton safe there. After two hours' strenuous labour he managed to force the lock. Instead of wads of banknotes and piles of coins he found a solitary threepenny piece inside the safe.

In a Cornish police court it was revealed that a man arrested for stealing beer had removed the stoppers with his teeth. He was caught because the marks of his teeth on another stopper matched those on the stolen bottles.

A burglar got into a dentist's house but, without knowing it, set off an alarm which disturbed the owner. With great presence of mind the burglar clapped his hand to his cheek and said: "I'm looking for a dentist."

"Certainly," said the dentist, "sit here." He placed the surprised man in the chair, strapped him down and extracted six teeth, without an anaesthetic. Then he 'phoned the police.

Equally unlucky was the burglar who got away from a jeweller's shop with a bagful of rings, watches and bracelets.

He started off for the Continent where he intended to get rid of his loot. But as he was boarding the cross-Channel steamer he slipped and the bag with its precious contents fell into the sea and sank.

Highway sign reported out Fargo, North Dakota, way: "Watch Out 'or School Children —Especially If They're Driving!"

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BABY CHICKS

BRAY pullets, 1-22 week old, also some started chicks, prompt shipment, and dayolds to order (dual purpose and specialty egg producers), all at special low pre-season prices. Book February-March brooders now. Contact local agent or write Bray Hatchery, 120 John North, Hamilton, Ont.

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Latest Word In Keeping Time

Enter the atomic clock, the latest, but not the last word in time-keeping precision. Developed by the American Bureau of Standards at Boulder, Colorado, the clock runs to an accuracy of one millionth of a second. At that rate, says its designers, it can keep time for 5,000 years and not lose as much as a second!

The clock "ticks" by registering the vibrations of cesium atoms. These vibrate at such a giddy speed that they split the second into 9,200,000 parts. This contrasts with the beat of an ordinary wrist watch, whose balance wheels tick to and fro five times a second. And, alter some years, that wheel is prone to metal fatigue.

The Bureau of Standards is actually trying to improve upon the atomic clock's accuracy, already guaranteed. As its experts point out, in this age of missile tracking and sputnik orbits, synchronization of superfine accuracy is an essential tool of space travel.

Before man can project himself among the stars, he must have clocks set to celestial time tables, and under both fool and shockproof control. An error of one millionth part of a second could easily cost a space traveller his life.