Famous Novelist Says That Doctors Should Tell - SOONER

him. I trust him. I doubt him. resent him. I resent his right to invade my privacy. Despite his role as confidant, I doubt his ability to withstand the pres-

sures of his wife's curiosity. The physician walks where relatives and intimate friends tion beyond the bounds of delieacy is inviolate.

The physician beside whom l find myself seated at a dinner party is not just part of a crowd at my left or the college professor opposite. A doctor can deduce at first sight certain intimate facts about me that are outside the awareness of my nearest and dearest. The slight distension of a little finger joint indicates to him incipient tendency toward arthritis.

I have acid, I need glasses, am likely to be susceptible to ulcers. I am built to bear children easily and I am inclined to overweight.

Now if this man beside me at dinner happens to be my own doctor he knows my blood count, my diastolic and systolic beats my arteries and the reason I wear my hair in a certain style. He put seven stitches in my head after my head-on car crash. Except for him as my dinner partner, I would be happily violating his prescribed diet by succumbing to sweet Hollandaise sauce on my broccoli, date souffie writes Fannie Hurst in "Tit-

Across the table is his wife. I'm sure she knows the reason for that particular hairstyle what hospital I was in the time I took the alleged trip to Florida. She knows the telltale age of my

As to this matter of woman and her age. My poor, darling sex, almost every one of us is sick - sick when it comes to confessing honestly to our number of years.

After twenty-nine, we cannot easily force the numerical truth of age across our balking lips, insurance companies, social security questionnaires to the contrary notwithstanding. With a heavy-pawed attempt

at kittenishness, I once explain my age that I had lied about it for so long that I actually did not know the exact year, which was literally true. "Never mind," he said quietly

lotting down a notation on his We have ways of know-

eation, and nobility of purpose, would you say that doctors are really people? Secret apprehensions about

your health have been troubling you. Your symptoms tally with those repeated in newspaper, radio, and television advertising. At long last you visit your docand X-ray follow. You are instructed to return in

· week to learn results During that seemingly endless Interim, you reason to yourself that most of your symptoms are bably the result of suggestion by high-powered advertising. But that pain in your chest and down your right arm is real enough!



HAREM - SCARUM - Designe Charles Ritter divides the accordion-pleated skirt of a black crepe cocktail dress to hit a fashion note in Hamburg, West Germany. The full, split skirt is gathered just below each knee for a "harem girl" look.

And why did the doctor think it necessary to put you through such an intensive series of X

and again to press that flat disc against certain areas around your heart as if not liking what he heard there? Why had he applied the blood-pressure machine to both arms and made no comment on his readings?

Why had he asked you to cough so repeatedly when he pressed his ear between your asked questions that could only indicate he was thinking of . . of . . . what? The week drags to its conclu-

sion. You are back in his surgery, clammy-handed beside the doctor's desk. He talks meaningless pleasantries while you tense. Bad news of course. He is playing for time!

Finally he asks the attendant nurse for your report. As if he does not know it! The man has not once met your eyes. He holds your X-rays to the light. Even a layman can see they are splotched with shadows. He puts them aside frowning. He pores over pages of foolscap reports, frowning. He turns back to the X-ray pictures frowning.

You glance out of the window. The view is city roofs. How dear life is. How dear roofs are. Suddenly you want so passionately to remain in a world with roofs. Suddenly you love roofs. You cannot bear to part with roofs. They are part of the world you

COOL CAPER - Housewife

Sharon Hormell has several

ways of beating the tempera-

out her Hawaiian muu-muu,

while she holds an ice pack to

her head and eats an ice cream

sad, lovely poems may dream

The doctor regards you over

clears his throat. You are rigid-

"Your report, my dear is near-

A kind of rage mingles with

WHY DID HE NOT TELL YOU

Why had he not met you with

dragging you through a night-

Are doctors people to their

wives? Marriage counsellors stress the special areas of con-

sideration which confront the

young woman contemplating

She must prepare herself for

a life of irregularities, erratic

meal hours, emergency the rule rather than the exception. She

must reconcile herself to a social

life that is subject to a last-

minute absentee husband due to

She must accept that the tele-

phone will dog his footsteps day

and night. She must develop im-

nunity to the fact that women

in glamorous beds, decked in

boudoir finery and nurses in

crisp white, may dote on him.

She must prepare herself not to

manners, how immunized is he to

Are doctors people? The lady, who sits beside him at dinner,

and the wife who lies beside him at night, both ask for their own

Usually their answers ar

ISSUE 42 - 1960

"Yes, wonderful people."

identical:

ponder how bed-side were his

somebody's emergency appendec-

tomy or baby's croup.

relief. What strange impulses

motivate this man?

AT THE BEGINNING?

mare of apprehensions?

such a marriage.

his glasses. He removes them. He

like it here.

mended.

AUTUMN FISH CHOWDER 1 pound fish fillets 3 tablespoons lemon Juice

1/2 cup thinly sliced onion 1/2 cup sliced carrot 2 cup sliced celery 1 can (20 ounces) tomatoes 1/2 cup uncooked noodles 4 cups boiling water

ture during a 90-degree heat wave. A portable fan billows beyond reality towards their nansions in the sky-but you

> . . . and House Bankin, as well as

Hugger-In-Buff. HUGGER-IN-BUFF 1 pound boneless salt cod 4 medium potatoes 4 pound fat salt pork 2 tablespoons vinegar

14 cup cream or milk soak overnight in cold water to cover. Drain, add fresh cold water to cover, and bring to simheat. Remove fish from water. If it is too salty to the taste cover with fresh cold water and again heat to boiling point. Cut into serving-size portions. Peel potatoes, cut into quarters, and cook in water in which cod was heated. When potatoes are about half cooked add cod and simmer gently until potatoes are tender. Drain and place on warmed platter. Meanwhile, dice salt pork finely and fry until scraps are crisp and light brown. Remove scraps from pan, add onion to hot fat, and fry until tender. Stir in vinegar, cream, and pork scraps. Heat sauce to boiling

servings. 2 cups cooked cod
½ cup chopped onion.
2 tablespoons butter
2 cups mashed potatoes
1 egg, slightly beaten

TABLE TALKS Jane Andrews.



The Fishing Industry and the federal Department of Fisheries are working together to encourage the increased use of fish and shellfish products during Fish 'n' Seafood .. Week, .. October .. 17-23, 1960. Throughout this week the harvest of the waters will be featured in food stores right across the country.

When winds blow chill, a hearty warming fish chowder is · welcome dish. It tastes good and it is good for you. All of the fine flavour and food value of the fish and vegetables are retained. None are discarded in cooking liquid. Here is a recipe or a wonderful fish chowder with stick - to - the - ribs quality Make it using any variety of fish fillets desired. Cod and haddock fillets are especially recom-

14 teaspoon pepper Finely grated Parmesan

cheese Cut fillets into 6 proportions of about equal size. Sprinkle with lemon juice and allow to marinate in refrigerator while preparing broth. Heat fat in a deep saucepan; add onion, carrot, and celery; cook over low heat for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add tomatoes, noodles, boiling water, salt and pepper. Bring mixture to simmering temperature, cover and simmer for 30 minutes. Add fish and lemon juice, again bring to simmering temperature, cover in each warmed soup bowl, fill the bowls with chowder and sprinkle with a little grated Par-

nesan cheese. Makes 6 servings. On the Atlantic seaboard where excellent quality fish and potatoes abound, cooks have fully explored the myriad of delicious fish-potato menu possibilities. A few are given below. The first features salt cod and is variously referred to as: Fish and Scrunchions, Dutch Mess.

2 medium onions, thinly sliced

point. Pour over cooked potatoes and cod. Serve at once. Makes

CODFISH CAKES

Oil-Rich Sheiks Really Turn It On

The season of the sheik in Lebanon has just passed. This summer, and all over the hot des-erts of Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Qatar, and Bahrein oil-rich princes and sheiks deserted their palaces for the mountains of Le-

I were driving up a mountain road seeking a breach of coolness, a huge red convertible whooshed by, occupied by two dark-skinned Arabs in white robes and flowing white headdress. These men, their license plate disclosed, were from Qatar. Think of it! That hot, sandy patch of land jutting into the Persian Gulf, where everyone scraped for a living until oil was discovered a few years ago. And now the tiny peninsula sends its quota of lean sons of the desert, some still wearing their hair shoulder-length in Bedouin fashion, to pilot Cadillacs and Continentals along the roads of Lebanon.

In the Lebanese resort towns Aley and Bhamdoun, veiled ladies, swathed from head to toe in black, peep out from the back seats of limousines at shop windows whose dresses they will buy to wear beneath their robes. Some sheiks, who choose to leave their harems intact in airconditioned isolation back in the desert, show up at social functions escorting girls dressed in the height - actually, consider ably beyond the height - of Western fashion. Such sheiks generally are portly; wealth has

½ teaspoon salt

1/4 teaspoon pepper 1/4 teaspoon thyme

2 eggs whites, stiffly beaten

Drain and flake salmon, sav-

ing liquid to use in a sauce if

desired. Cook onion, green pep-

grease the foil and sides of the

pan generously. Turn salmon mixture (which is very moist)

into the pan and bake in a mod-

erate oven, 350° F. for 40 to 45

minutes, or until the loaf is firm

in the centre. Remove from the

oven and let stand in pan for 5

minutes. Unmould and serve hot

with cooked vegetable and a

with a salad. Makes 6 servings.

mashed parsnip to the ingredi-

per, and garlic in butter 5 medium potatoes, thinly tender but not browned. Comsliced 2 medium onions, thinly sliced bine with salmon. Add rice, milk, egg yolks, lemon juice, and 1 teaspoon salt seasonings. Mix well. Fold in egg 3 cups liquid (clam liquid plus whites. Line the bottom of a loaf water to make volume) pan or baking dish, 9 x 5 x 3 inches, with aluminum foil and

Pastry hour or until potatoes are tenpastry is lightly browned. Makes 8 servings.

Dishes come and dishes go but some are perennial favourforever" - go on the table that is. One of these is the Salmon Loaf. Great grandmother used to make it in her old-fashioned kitchen and we still enjoy the savoury goodness of her recipe to this day. This substantial dish seems to have particular appeal n the fall of the year.

SALMON LOAF can (1 pound) salmon cup finely chopped onion 2 tablespoons chopped green

clove of garlic, minced 1 tablespoon butter, melted 2 cups cooked rice 2 cup milk

sauce

Salt to taste

Dash pepper 4 cup fine dry bread crumbs Flake cod. Fry onion in butter until tender but not brown. Combine mashed potatoes, onion, and Whip mixture until light and fluffy. Beat in cod. Season to taste. Shape into patties about 1/2-inch thick. Coat with bread crumbs. Panfry in hot fat, turning once to brown on both sides. Makes 4 to 6 servings. Note: a tasty variation of this recipe is to add 1 cup of cooked,

ST. ANDREWS CLAM PIE 2 cans (5 ounces each) small a pound sliced bacon

1/4 teaspoon pepper

Drain clams and save liquid. If clams seem sandy, rinse under cold water and strain liquid through several thicknesses of fine cheescloth. Dice bacon and fry until scraps are crisp. In a greased 2-quart baking dish or pan (a dish 13 x 9 x 2 inches is ideal) place in layers half the potatoes, onions, and clams. Sprinkle with half the seasonings. Repeat. Begin and end with a potato layer. Spread top with erisp bacon scraps and fat from pan. Pour liquid over all. Bake in a slow oven, 325° F. for about der. Remove dish from oven and cover with pastry; prick. Return to a hot oven, 450° F. and bake for 20 minutes longer, or until

ites and, like the brook, "go on

pepper

2 egg yolks, slightly beaten I tablespoon lemon juice 1 teaspoon Worcestershir

banon, the "Switzerland of the Middle East." One evening, as my family and

boasts an acre of garden. rounded by a high wall stud with electric lights, and whole compound blazes in sple dour each evening when When these men do rent

40 days the enamoured prir took the house for an addition. al 39 days, at the same rental Christian Science Monitor. As the years roll on, these men of the desert are growing more sophisticated about their more sophisticated about their money. Seldom today must a Lebanese banker hold ready a large stock of cash to show a sheik who wants to "see" his money. Instead, the sheiks have plunged into real estate to the extent that the Lebanese house-buying market is almost dominated by Kuwaiti and Saudi money.

money.

The apartment in which we live was bought recently by a Kuwaiti sheik. Wrether he ever money. saw the building, I do not know. But he has a shrewd and efficient Palestine Arab - a refugee of the Arab-Jewish war - to manage his investments in Beirut. At the rents this sheek, and other landlords, charge, he can get his entire investment back in eight years. This aspect of the Saudi and

Kuwaiti "presence" is perennial in Beirut. It is only in the summer, when the fierce sun beats down on the desert, that the sheiks themselves, their ladies, retinues, and great cars, appear on the scene, putting a gleam into the eyes of Lebanese mer-chants, and making this truly the season of the sheik.



TESTING - British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, who dressed the U.N. General Assembly Sept. 29, tests the rostrum before the start of the Sept. 28 session.



CARRIES ON WITH DIGNITY - His pride injured but not his flesh, bullfighter Emilio Redond stares at his fee in Madrid, Spain, ring. His trousers in shreds, Redondu knows what a new

ember Blows Ancient Stuff

ner the recent and rumours of warsthe line storms alone! as is now historical, Hurricane across the State 12th of Sepbelittlin' the a its entire movement, I nsisted of a stout blow, such-needed rain, and title else. Once in a while one d these storms will hold up long enough to give us, here, a ble time, and no disrethings pretty much blow ves out on the way. They do knock down some wires and sank out some trees, and they obliged to admit this is the

set the normal rental mark on beams-end. We heard of Lebanese family who built villa in the hills above Being The villa caught the eye of Saudi prince, who said he like to rent it for 40 days. The ative of wind in general, owner not needing the mone and there isn't much there to declined. But, said the prince he would pay one thousand Le And, of course, we used to get banese pounds per day, or mon than three hundred dollars. The owner agreed with ala crity. There was no damage to walls and floors which could not be repaired for a fraction of that price. At the end of the

had a little longer to settle

rooms, some sheiks buy why

mer palaces. One such acquition, a former apartment ho

tands on the beach road n

from our Beirut flat.

A high, square building s

pillars in the sand, the has been transformed in

who bought it. The house

on them.

Not satisfied

these September blows in ye olden times before the modern solid opinion, probably now mown as a "folk" affair, that the sun, in "crossing the line" at the autumnal solstice, set up to me kind of disturbance which produced an expectable storm. This was the "line storm." It would come sort of "around" the average weeks in mid and hat The Old Farmer's, this year, picks two line-storm pos-sibilities — one spell between the 8th and 13th, another between the 27th and 30th. The solstice comes on the 22nd.

The difference between then and now consists, I suppose, of the radio warnings. Long ago, nobody much realized that a storm which hit Floridy was the same storm that later lashed the coast of Maine. This time, Dona was traced in her curious windings all the way, and the radio announcers began back at the "Leeward Islands," which are of course the Loo'ards of antique Maine lore. A progressive anxiety and fright accumulated, and by the time Donna got up here nobody was talking

about anything else, and every-body was walking looking over his shoulder. his shoulder.

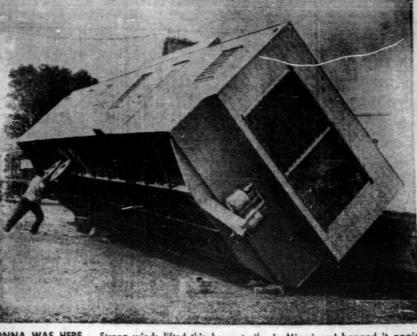
I wasn't brought up that way.
The line storm, even without radio, didn't strike without warning. In the first place, it was September and you expected one. Then, there would come a day known as a "breeder." It could be the lovellest day of the year — clear, bright air, a trite unseasonably warm pertrifle unseasonably warm per-haps, and a fairly quiet wind. Te proof that this had been a der" would come on the morrow, when light, high clouds

would fill in, and the vane would move slowly into the northeast. It would rain before evening, but a soft rain; and then the wind would gather and you'd hear the lilac bush slapping the kitchen wall. You would get a veering to south later, and the whipping warm winds and peltne line storn ody would always say, "A sourly blow never lasts but a

ons is of my mother hauling weather gear to go forth to a line storm. She liked to walk out in it. There came that first year of memory when I to go along, and was up to join her. Claspng hands, we pushed into the , heard the limbs above us ng the sky, and felt the

Obey the traffic signs - they there for YOUR

st. Lazily
DOWN
Distort
Courtway
Region



DONNA WAS HERE - Strong winds lifted this house trailer in Miami and banged it against a neighbor. The scene is typical of the trouble caused by Hurricane Donna in Florida and along the eastern seaboard. People's humor came through the storm, however, as "strong man" left shows by playing along with a photographer's gag.

and sprouting have been rede-

housewife's demands.

follows:

dards more in line with the

R. E. Goodin, Assistant Direc-

tor, Field Crops Branch, Ontario

Department of Agriculture sum-

marized the potato situation in

Canada as of September 12th, as

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND:

Severe dry weather for several weeks. Growers and trade esti-

mate potato yields will be down

at least 30 to 50% below last

year. In fact, it may be one of

the lowest yields in history.

Many fields are already reaching

maturity. If rain does come soon,

dry matter low.

that prospects look favourable

for higher potato prices, especial-

ly if potatoes are not bootlegged from Maine and the Red River

Valley. In fact, present low prices are not justified, they seem to be

based largely on dealers' threats

of imports, even though only

limited quantities are arriving, and available supplies are not

plentiful. Growers and trade should, therefore, be encouraged

to store high quality potatoes.

Ontario needs more potato stor-ages. Ontario also needs more

potatoes to supply local demands for seed and table stock, together

with an expanding available

driving wet on our faces. Mother still loves the storms, and will pull her chair to the weather window and sit sewing patchwork with the rain splashing

the glass at her elbow. I can remember, that night, how I went to bed with my face all a-tingle from the outdoors, and listened to the beating the shingles were getting, and heard the old timbers of the roof adjust under the driving wind. Naturally, I pull on the oilskins and go out into these storms every chance I get, and Donna

was no exception. It was therefore disturbing to hear, during the afternoon, the ten rules for survival as laid down by the kindly Civilian Defense. One of these rules was to stay indoors, not to venture forth except for the most real emergency, and with a great gift of dramatic urgency the radio announcer repeated this off and on. The line storm was being billed as a dire disaster, to be coped with by discreet retirement to a deep basement room on the far side, accompanied by sufficient food for three days, a supply of "safe"

drinking water, and a melancholy attitude of despair. Assuming that the Civilian Defense was set up with nuclear warfare in mind, mostly, there was a ludicrous overlapping of definitions, so to speak, if anybody had paused to evaluate. Certainly my mother's happy rejoicing in the majesty of a storm was negated thoroughly by this obliquely applied rou-tine for national defense against foreign attack. I guess I felt a little unpatriotic as I pulled on my rubber boots.

I managed to fight off hysteria, however, and sallied forth. I brought a couple of spruce poles and propped the big barn doors so they wouldn't voyage hankies. I set a pail in the lee of the barn, as I always healthy market for Wealthies at to see how much rain it would collect. I walked by the pond, noticing the water level, so I could judge how much it filled. I heard the limbs lashing the sky, and felt the rain in my

I was gone quite a spell, and came back to the house to learn that the "eye" had passed over The radio announcer was greatly relieved. All honour to the CD, but the old "line storm" that passed in the night is now, thanks to them, a deplorable national emergency, fearsome and mighty. I must remember to talk about this with Mother. - By John Gould in the Christian Science Monitor.

11. Color quality 33. Official doorkeepers 16. Emblem of 34. Abyssinian CROSSWORD PUZZLE ACROSS 4. Diaskeuast incoherent walk in water 5. Show signs of 23. Through activity 24. Corroded Clubs, spades, 7. Carved into a 26. Gave an of the control 12 13 18 19 20 21 22 25 25 27 5 24 30 31 32 35 34 36 35 37 38 39 40 41

> 50 | 51 | 10

47 48

4 4 4

46

THE FARM FRONT and sprouting have been redefined to bring potato grade stan-John Russell

Apple growers are their own worst foes, according to an article in the latest issue of The Grower which goes on to say: The Apple Marketing program being conducted jointly by the Apple Section of the O.F. & V.G.A. and the Ontario Apple Packers Association, is traversing troubled waters. The program, which was so successful in stabilizing prices and increase grower returns last winter, is experiencing problems

second growth may develop in from the people it was designed late planted crops. to help - the growers them-NEW BRUNSWICK: Much the selves. same, only to a lesser extent some blight - more early mar-The Committee handling the keting this year. program, recognizing that the MAINE: Acreage up, but aver-Apple crop is down from last age yields likely to be lower. Some rain last week; some blight year, have tried to establish prices on summer apples that will return the grower a decent MANITOBA: Lower yields profit. By and large, the trade more storages. Manitoba has have recognized that the pricing made more progress with potawas realistic and has co-opertoes in the last five years than ated well. Unfortunately many any other province.
From the above, it would seem

growers are just using the program as an umbrella and are selling freely for less money. This practise had become so wide spread, by the first week of September, that a number of the large buyers were openly questioning the marketing committee price policy. These peo-ple pointed out that they could buy all sorts of apples for less money.

A typical example is the grower in the London area selling Macs, green hard unedible Macs, for 60 cents a basket when more matured spot picked Macs would easily bring the 85 cents suggested by the committee at

75 cents a basket prevailed, growers were selling freely for 55 cents. At the same time, the larger packers were unable to buy enough Wealthies at \$2.25-\$2.35 a bushel bulk in Ontario, so were turning to the U.S. for supplies.

Growers offering a low price became so plentiful by Labour Day that the Wealthy market broke to 65 cents even to the major outlets. The grower representatives in the marketing program are still convinced that what they are doing is of benefit to the grower. However, they are beginning to wonder if the weekly trips to Toronto at their own expense are worth while, in face of all this evidence of lack of grower support. One spokes-man suggested that perhaps a return to the prices of two years ago, 38 to 45 cents a basket, was the only way to find out if growers want this program.

Amendments to Canada's fruit and vegetable regulations have been made effective. . . .

Most significant ones dea with potatoes. Greater uniformity in size of potatoes, especially for those sold in consumer-size packages weighing less than 24 pounds, is to be enforced. Size limits are specified for both round and long varieties. Seriously misshapen potatoes are to be excluded from Canada No. 2 grade. However, a slightly No. 2 grade. However, a single larger proportion of below mini mum size potatoes in both No. 1 and No. 2 grades and proporand No. 2 grades and proportionately more potatoes with hollow hearts in Canada No. 1
Large grade will be permitted.

Provisions dealing with variances.

ous type of damage in potatoes, such as maturity, cleanliness

Dee-bating In Olden Days

In a commun largely of sod houses and sprinkling of dugouts, nearly all of them well filled with children, it was natural for most of the social, cultural, and religious activity to centre in Fairview schoolhouse. Lots of things took place within those hornet-daubed walls, most of them in the winter. I do not recall ever finding the schoolhcuse locked - anyone could enter it any time. (You see we had no vandals in those days — and supposing one had come along, what was there for him to vandalize? I suppose he could have chopped up the benches for fuel, but nothing like that ever happened.) The only thing that was not held in the schoolhouse were dances, because there was no room between and around the heavy desks for dancing, especially the active variety we

Debating Society that put the crowning touch to our cultural activities. The Society meetings alternated on Friday nights — one would be Literary and the next Dee-bate. Because we had so few books, anything which might be suitable for a number on the Literary program was eagerly sought after and preserved, and when a performer could not pick up a new piece somewhere he would give one he had "inherited." We had no sheet music or song sheets, so songs were learned by listening to someone else sing them; and as there were few musical instruments around, all singing was done unaccompanied. Some nights a number or two would be rendered by some fiddler with better than the mill run of talent; once in a blue moon, brother Ab would perform on his mouth organ; and now and

then someone would give a se-lection on the jew's-harp. On Dee-bate nights the older men and women took part, and some of them did quite well. Old Man Wasmund, by virtue of his standing in the community, was always presiding officer, and after the question for debate had been selected, the folks would choose up sides. I can recall but one of the many sub-jects debated — "Resolved: that pursuit is better than posses-sion." Never did find out who won - in fact, even to this day I do not know for sure which

Thinking back on these somewhat uncouth affairs, I believe that they played a larger part in the development of our sec-tion of the country than anyone realized at the time. collections of Charley O'Kieffe, 1884-1898."

HYDRO RURAL SERVICE

the equator twice - to serve

nearly half a million rural cus-

Ontario Hydro operates more than 47,000 miles of distribution line - almost enough to girdle

TESUNDAY SCHOOL

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren Our Trust in God Psalm 121

Memory Selection: My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. Psalm 121:2.

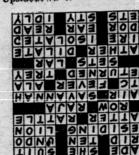
Psalms 91 and 121 have brought untold comfort to multi-tudes throughout the centuries. The Duke of Argyll, when Governor General of Canada, thought of Psalm 121 when he viewed the Rockies. He arranged the words for singing as we have them in most of our hymnbooks. As the pilgrims approached when, on looking up, they could see the city set upon a hill. Here was the temple and the ark of the covenant. Here, God, from the mercy seat, granted frogiveness to Israel and gave assur-ance of His Divine care over His people. The Psalmist, as he meditates upon this exclaims,

"My help cometh from the Lord." In whom can we trust but in God. The captain of the Titanic thought she was unsinkable and rejected the suggestion of changing direction to miss the ice fields. Belgium found in 1914 that the document guaranteeing her protection from warring neighbouring armies was only scrap of paper. In 1939 France found that her great Maginot line was insufficient.

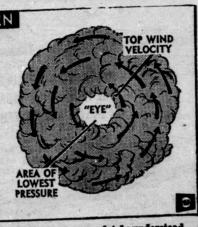
Never before in the history of the world have the nations been more consicious of their insecur-ity. The Atlantic Ocean no longer affords us protection from the devastation of war should it break out on another continent. Happy are those people who can say of the LORD, "He is my refuge and fortress: my God; in him will I trust." This is a confidence that holds in the midst of affliction, disaster and approaching death. Enemies may destro the body but they cannot kill the soul. No matter how adverse the circumstances, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose." We need such a faith today.

ISSUE 42 - 1960

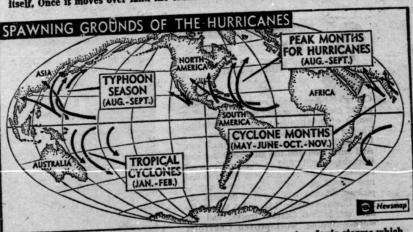
Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking







Birth of a cyclonic storm occurs when, for some reason hot completely interstood a very large mass of warm air rises at one time. Relatively colder air rushes in beneath. Spin of the earth deflects this great mass of air, the typical spiral formation of a hurricane begins to form, and the storm travels in direction of prevailing winds. Storms spin counterclockwise north of the equator; clockwise to the south. So long as the storm has a supply of water and very humid air, it can perpetuate itself. Once it moves over land the chain is broken and the storm dies eventually.



known as nurricance, and the "doldrums," a relatively plague mankind annually form in the "doldrums," a relatively light winds, rising, and south of the equator. This atmospheric belt, an area of light winds, rising, and south of the equator. This atmospheric belt, an area of light winds, rising, and south of the equator with the changing seasons, and storms form on its outer limits across the equator with the changing seasons, and storms form, and arrows indicate across the equator with the prevailing winds.