Mother's Apron Was Really Versatile

many years ago, my mother had mislaid her apron. Emphatically, she insisted she could not proeeed with her day's work until she had found and donned this necessary part of her attire.

How necessary and important indeed, was this apron! It did much more than protect my mowent about her farm tasks, her day without her apron would as a carpenter without his hammer or a chef minus his longhandled spoon. My best memories of her are ones in which she was putting her apron to some charitable or pressing use.

I have seen a handy corner of serve many times as a hotdish holder when a steaming blueberry pie gave sizzling warning that another minute in the oven was a minute too long. I have seen it whipped off in seconds and lashed into the corner of the windowpane where unwanted flies buzzed when "that childi" had thoughtlessly left the screen door open long enough to allow the menaces in.

My mother's apron has wiped dry the sweaty, hot faces of youngsters after too strenuous play. It has erased smudges from little hands and many times wiped clean a sibling nose. It has been used as a flag to attract pap's attention far out in the field when important com-pany or a long-distance telephone call awaited him at the

It often served as a container Coming surprisingly upon a patch of ripe, luscious berries on the way to the distant mailbox, we had only to drop the eagerly picked berries into Mother's con venient apron, the two lower tanned hands.

Our yellow, fluffy ducklings escaped at one time, from their pen and waddled unsuspectantly and in ignorance toward the lake Hungry mud turtles burked in the lake's muddy edge. Mother's warning cry sent us all hurrying to catch the inno babies before they should be-come a mouthful each. And where did we deposit the squirming, elusive yellow bits to assure their safety until we bould place them beside their frantic, quacking mother once again? Mother's apron, of course! New kittens, too, found their way into that soft apron when it was clear that, since the me



PRESSING PROBLEM - Coming up with a new wrinkle on iron ng is Mrs. Max Campbell who does her ironing outdoors when the weather is nice. All that's necessary is a shady tree and an extension cord.

were about to fill the haymow, Susie's litter would be smother-ed in her last chosen hide-out. isie never minded too much family so long as, trailing close on her heels and well ahead of us children, she could see enough of a twinkling nose or a pair o iniature ears sticking out of the rounding ends of the apron.

Once when two or three of the youngest on an afternoon picnic in a wooded knoll, one of the little boys captured a baby rab-bit. Unable to make its escape from the clutches of so many youngsters, evidence soon showed it was not only becoming overly handled but frightened nearly to death.

denly, as if by magic. It became Monitor.

She has often removed the apron to shield with it the hot sun's rays from a sleeping child's eyes. It has been sub-stituted for a towel to wipe sticky hayseeds from my fath-er's neck before he drank from the cool water jug she tramped over the fields to take to him. Tied firmly about her waist

it has conveyed enough small loads of wood from the woodshed to the cookstove to meas-ure the total into several cords. It has carried the accidentally discovered chicken eggs of an al-ready well-filled "stolen nest" from the barn; a dinner of string beans from the garden; the jagged-edge broken glass for hasty disposal before small bare feet might find their way to the danger area.

Her apron has even flagged down a slow-moving (thank heaven!) freight train when my grade on the way to church on a up until then - serene Sunday morning. What was the apron doing going to church? you ask. It had been shed and tucked down into the corner of the front seat the evening before when she suddenly realized that, on her way for an impromptu visit with the neighbors, she still had on her apron. And there it was when she looked frantically about for something with

boat. I can picture her lowering her apron, tying it about her waist once again and, to insure their safe arrival home, piling her treasures into it with one hand as she firmly grasped its far corners with the other!

ISSUE 43 - 1960



PERSONA NON GRATA - A bill signed by President Eiser hower prohibits importing any more pet piranhas, a fierce little. South American fish that will attack and devour humans and animals. They can be brought into the country for recognized zoological and scientific purposes. Other animals barred by the bill incl. te the mongoose, fruit bat and any other animals determined . Se dangerous by the secretary of the interior.

neighborhood women took their The bunny disappeared, sud-

an enigma to the other children how the small animal could have gottten away when it was "right here but a minute ago!" But, noting my mother sitting apart with the air of one not knowing what all the commotion was about, I soon had my bulkiness of one corner of her apron. When the search was given up and play resumed, my suspicions were confirmed when I further noted her momentary disappearance into the nearb woods. When she reappeare and our eyes met, her forefinger was laid against her lips and between us no words were necessary, writes Jean Bunker Schmidt in the Christian Science

It has been used to encircle, one at a time, neighborhood boys' none-too-clean necks while my mother elipped their thick crops of hair with skilled hands and her Sears and Roebuck bar-

which to attract the attention of I think that if my mother had, t any time during her fully packed life, become marooned on an island, it is a safe bet that her apron (because naturally she would have been wearing it!) would have nicely aided her in getting back home again. It very probably would have fluttered an SOS high atop an improvised flagpole and, while waiting rescue, she would have

likely busied herself by collecting interesting and colorful sea And in sighting the rescue



DON'T CHANGE YOUR SPOTS - Broadway chorus girl Ree McLain perches on piano during rehearsals of "The Unsinkable Molly Brown." She wears stretch coveralls.

Jane Andrews.

Refrigeration is needed for most vegetables. And they should be turkey broth) and should be kept moist as well as | salt. Mix and cook like white cold. A closed pan, non-drying compartment, or film bag makes a suitable container for preserv-

ing moisture.
Greens and salad vegetables if dry, should be sprinkled before refrigerating. Potatoes keep best at room temperature for erdinary storage, but keep them away from radiators. * * *

To maintain that desirable green colour in such vegetables as snap beans, let some of the steam escape by leaving the cover off during the first five minutes of cooking, or by raising the cover several times during cooking. You can also place the lid on the pan so that a little steam escapes during the cooking process. One exception to this rule is spinach, which cooks so fast that it can be kept covered tight during the cooking period.

With members of the cabbage family, leaving the lid off during the first half of cooking lets gases escape and prevents too strong an odour in the cooked

A little acid - lemon juice or vinegar - added to the water beets and cabbage are cooked in will help retain the red colour, and a little milk in the water will help keep cauliflower white. But don't use baking soda with green vegetables: it destroys nutrients and gives vegetables an unnatural flavour and texture.

Turkey on the table all year 'round is a trend that's here to stay. Let's be practical today and discuss the buying and cooking of turkey so you'll get the best in economy and taste.

Whether you like your bird fresh or frozen, there are several classes to choose from. The five popular ones are Fryer and Roaster (young, tender-meated, with soft, pliable, smooth-textured skin and flexible breastbone); Young Hen Turkey; and Young Tom Turkey (also tendermeated but a little more mature than the first classification); Hen Turkey; and Tom Turkey (less tender than the other three classes).

than you'll need for one meal, There is economy in using leftover turkey, and it is fun to deal imaginatively with this bonus meat, writes Eleanor Richey Johnston in the Christian Science Monitor. * * *

If you buy a frozen turkey, allow about 2 days to thaw i in the refrigerator or about 6 nours under cold running water. When you're ready to roast it, wash it and rub the inside with tablespoon salt. Stuff lightly and place turkey on a rack in your oven.

Cover with an oil-drenched

cheesecloth or use aluminum foil over the top to prevent over-browning of breast. Roast without cover or water in a 325 degree F. oven.

With 2 cups of diced cooked turkey, you can make a noodle scallop. This dish calls for a sauce made with 2 tablespoons of fat (use turkey fat, if you like) and the same amount of

flour, 1 cup liquid (part of this

Add onions to sauce. In turn,

place layers of noodles, peas

sauce. TURKEY NOODLE SCALLOP 2 cups diced cooked turkey 4 cup finely minced onion

3 cups medium sauce 8 cups cooked noodles (6ounce package)
½ cup cooked or canned peas 2 cup grated cheese Bread crumbs mixed with fat

turkey, cheese, and sauce in a greased baking dish. Sprinkle crumbs over top. Brown in 400 degree F. oven about 2 minutes, or until sauce starts to bubble through crumbs. Serves Don't let a long array of ingredients prevent you from trying a recipe - most of them are doubtless already on your pantry shelf. This pilaf is not complicated to make and it is

> good party dish. TURKEY PILAF 7 tablespoons cooking oil 4 muchrooms, finely sliced & tablespoons fined shredded

green pepper cup light cream or top milk cup sour cream l tablespoon tomato sauce tablespoons golden brown

prepared mustard 2 teaspoons salt 8 teaspoon cayenne pepper 2 cups diced cooked turkey

1 cup raw rice 3 cups meat stock or bouillon cup blanched, fried almonds TURKEY MIXTURE

Heat 3 tablespoons of the cooking oil in a skillet. Add mushrooms and green pepper and cook over medium heat about 5 minutes. Stir in light cream. Combine sour cream, tomato sauce and prepared mustard, and gradually add to skillet. Add 1 teaspoon salt, cayenne pepper, and diced turkey. Heat 2 tablespoons of the cooking oil in a skillet and brown onion slices until crisp; add to turkey mixture. RICE

Heat 1 tablespoon of the oil in heavy pan; add rice and remaining teaspoon salt. Cover with bouillon and bring to boil Cover pan with waxed paper, then with lid. Bake rice in a 350 degree F. oven about 30 minutes or until tender. Mound rice on a serving dish;

sliced thinly 1½ teaspoons salt
1½ teaspoons monosodium
glutamate 4 cups hot cooked rice Sauté onions in butter until

transparent but not browned. ove from skillet and set aside. Sauté turkey in same skillet until thoroughly heated. Add pineapple juice (scant cup) and vinegar and simmer about 10 minutes. Blend cornstarch with the water chestnut juice. Pour slowly into skillet, stirring constantly. Cook until sauce is uniformly thickened. Add pineapple, tomatoes, green peppers, chestnuts, and the cooked onions. Add salt and monosodium glutamate. Simmer several minutes until very hot. Vegetables and fruit

it. Scatter almonds over top (brown these blanched almonds

2 tablespoons water chestnut

4 tomatoes (1 pound) ripe,

a large green peppers, eut

chestnuts, drained and

1 can (8 ounces) water

but firm, cut in wedges

retain crispness, fresh colour and shape. Serve promptly over white, fluffy rice, and accompaniments such as unblanched almonds, pineapple titbits and more tomato wedges. Makes generous servings.

Author Gets Paid Just The Once !

Walking along New York's Fifth Avenue, the lady in the red dress and red-flowered hat saw a crowd gathering. Curious, she edged close, discovered that a movie was being filmed, and asked the man alongside her if he knew what picture it was. "Back Street'," the man replied. "That's Susan Hayward standing there." The lady in red stood farking until a religement said: You'll have to move, lady. No standing here." "So I moved on," said Fannie Hurst, author of Back Street." How much will she make from the movie? "Not ha'penny," said Miss Hurst; she sold the film rights long ago to Universal, which is now mak-ing its third version of "Back reet" but had to pay the author only once.

Clothes Are Really Washed In Greece

in remaining tablespoon of oil). age-old institutions. Serves 6-8. Water chestnuts and pineapple are used in this turkey dish as well as wedges of red, ripe toone. Where undue haste is of moment, "the bougada" has faithful and rigid adherents TURKEY CANTONESE

over the country, and there hardly anything as thorough to making clothes snow-white, this "bougada."

Washday in my childhou home kept all the household motion. I still see my mother seated with pencil and 2 cup butter 2 cups sliced onions 4 cups large cubes cooked turkey

1 No. 2 can pineapple titbits, drained (save juice)

2 tablespoons wine vinegar

2 tablespoons cornstarch

eated with pencil and notel in hand, overlooking cor hall, and staircase leading down stairs jammed with dressing gowns, shirts, cloths, etc., carefully every item, while the maid d

the sorting, one by one. Then the clothes were hurled down to the laundry, when Kera Penelope, the washer-woman, a stout and energetic character, had already started a fire under two big cauldrons, filled with water. Three cakes of white and three cakes of

green Cretan soap would be used to wash the clothes in a trough; and what suds they did make! Kera Penelope wore wooden sandals with a leather strap, the "tsokara," to keep her feet dry in the laundry. Because of the noisy clap-trap, we children en-vied her for wearing them and always secretly looked out for

always secretly looked out for a chance to try them on!

Immediately the clothes were piled in the cauldrons, covered with a thick linen cloth and on top a layer of pure wood asher. Boiling water was next carefully poured over the ashes and the whole pack of clothes and remained to trickle through remained to trickle through them all night. If stains had not been removed by the soapsuds, the ashes had done it more thor-

oughly!
The next morning came the rinsing. After this, Penelope, with the collaboration of the cook and maid, would ascend the few steps leading to the garden terrace, loaded with baskets. She would hang up the clothes on wires to dry in the sun, writes Josephine Demas in the Christian Science Monitor. The terrace was bordered by

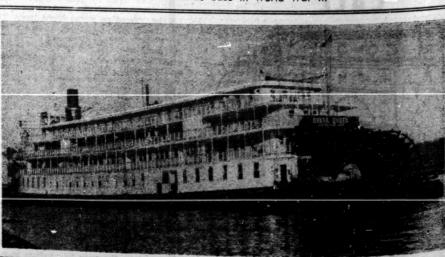
a trellis wall covered with vine; it was about five meters wide by 15 long and broad enough se that soon the place would be filled with the aroma of clean-liness peculiar to sun-dred clothes. Next we heard Pene-lope's clap-trap, descending the terrace with the "tsokara" preparing to iron and press the elothes. Now was our chance to try on

the "tsokara." They were then hurriedly put in place, because Kera Penelope was very orderly and expected to find her "tso-

DRIVE WITH CARE



CARIBBEAN CAPSULE - Uncertain state of relations between the United States and Cuba has put the spotlight on the huge U.S. naval base at Guantanamo Bay. Strategists consider it an important link in the chain of bases guarding the Panama Canal, designated by stars in map. (Others are in Puerto Rico and Trinidad. U.S. has used Guantanamo as a training and refueling base ever since the signing of a treaty with Cuba In 1903. It was an important convoy gathering point and antisubmarine base in World War II.



W.S., the Delta Owen The last of the old stern-wheelers plying the inland rivers of the U.S., the Delta Queen recaptures a page out of the past as she cruises majestically down the Ohio River, near Cave in Rock, III.

soing Camping old-Time Style

Once again the wild oat once again the wild out had reurned a bountiful harvest and reurned a bountiful harvest and reurned a bountiful harvest his the Seplember sun hath cast his the Seplember sun hath cast his the Seplember sun have gone home to tionists have gone home to dreary affairs thinking they had a good time—not know-they had a good time—not know-ing that the joys of July and the ing that the joys are as nothing argies of August are as nothing compared to the salubrities of softember. Our Kathie came e rich from a summer job as a resort waitress, and then was gid, sung, and spoken: Let's go camping before

school opens!" We don't camp as the campers do. We see campers all summer, duffel atop their automobiles, hosts bouncing on tiny trailers, and a slip stream of picnic papers and abandon. They are largely gone now, and camp sites largely gone now, and camp sites are more available. I got down the wangans, sharpened the halchet, nested the skillets, and we took off.

We went to a place called Canada Falls. This is on the South Branch of the Penobscot River, close to Maine's western boundary, deep in the wilds. It is pretty far up. If you look at the map of Maine, you'll see that the map of Maine, you'll see that
the Penobscot Bay makes a deep
gash in the coast. Above tidewater, the river divides into the
East and West Branches. The
West Branch, later, divides again
—into the North and South. And
this is historically important, for
those rivers were the transportation of the olden days, and tation of the olden days, and they had timetables and routes just like any railroad.

Not too far from Canada Falls, just over a narrow "height of land," you can hit Moosehead Lake waters, which flow into the Kennebec River. These portages, or "carries," are like a bus terminal, where you change coaches. The intricate systems of Maine lakes, connected by streams, lay the whole state open to the wa-ter traveler. In Indian times, these were the routes they traveled. So you could come up one system, portage briefly overland, and hit another system.

Maine was excellent food

country for the savages, and they throve. Students of the subject say the populations here a thousand years ago were in big figures. The shell-heaps weren't made by a few randon Indians; they were made by great tribes of them all eating at once. And when the seasons changed, they took off up the rivers in their bark and skin canoes, fanning out over the endless water systems to hunt.
Then when the land was open ed by the old lumber barons, the rivers and ponds became liquid railroads, down which the tim ber could move to the mills Incidentally, in Maine we call our lakes ponds, and smile ind-ulgently at Minnesota, where ponds are called lakes. Moosehead Lake is about 50 miles long, but you'll hear them say, "Pond's rough today!" All through t wilderness region, long before settlements were made dams were put in at stretegic pointsone of them at Canada Falls.

ure, but I'm afraid it was before hat word had its modern mean made the dams to hole back water so it could be reased when needed, and flushing through enough at a time they could send the logs down. Hydropower interests readily teamed up with the lumber people, and step by step the flowage in all these intricate systems was brought under control. A good mill man at Millinghest tedent linocket today can look at his chart and tell you to the pailful how much water he has in every pond up and down on the West So at Canada Falls, where the Science Monitor.

12. Futter
12. Futter
14. Diminish
15. Entire
16. Thighbons
18. Sp. title
19. Flesh of
calves
21. And not
22. Interior
23. Interior
24. Interior
25. Ceremony
27. Imitation
32th
29. Money
hoarders
24. Foray
25. West Poin
26. Corn spike
27. Point of a
38. Foray
28. Foray
29. Point of a
30. Story (coll)

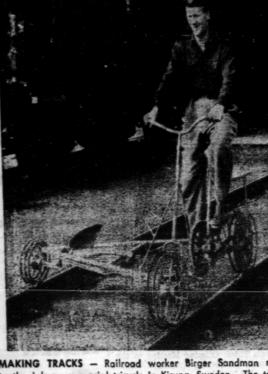
CROSSWORD

PUZZLE

4. Number
5. Quivering motion

Scorch
7. Target in quoits
8. Shirk

59



MAKING TRACKS - Railroad worker Birger Sandman rides to the job on a special tricycle in Kiruna, Sweden. The town, 90 miles north of the Arctic Circle, depends completely on the railroad to bring in supplies.

THE FARM FRONT

John Russell

This editorial from the Prairie

enough of interest to Canadian farmers to reproduce it here.

. . .

During the political campaign

falls over some ledges, leading down into wonderful pools below, there is now a concrete dam of some size, a baby Hoover Dam that was built by private industry, but which has the iden-Farmer (Chicago) refers specifi-cally to conditions south of the Border. But I think there is tical same purpose in the broader sense. Above the dam lie long stretches of "deadwater," an artificial pond noted for the excellent trout fishing. In the old days, before the dam, trout used to come up from Seboonook Lake, fighting through the white water of the rips, and pass up

we will hear a great deal about the family farm. Unfortunately, into the smaller woodland this has become a kind of flag streams to spawn. which we wave to stir up sentiments and prejudices, whereas But the "conservationists" ran into a conflict of definitions. we are actually talking about a They insisted that a fishway be locally-owned, independent ecobuilt around the dam, a ladder nomic unit. I believe the preservation of of successive pools which trout could use to ascend. This was farming as an independently built, and for many years it carowned, medium-sized economic ried the desired Eastern brook

trout over the dam, which he could not otherwise surmount. However, word went around that yellow perch were also using this ladder, and were likely to establish themselves in the deadwater. The assumption is that perch were not able to ascend the natural barrier of the original falls, and in Indian times never got up. And the yellow perch is not considered, in Maine anyway, a wanted creature. We call them, along with suckers, dace, and such, a "trash" fish. So the fish-ladder closed off, and now neither trout nor perch, nor even good red herring, go up over Canada Falls to the wondrous climes above. The pool below the dam is the

end of the line. So, you see, there are things to look at and think about, and with your tent pitched at Canada Falls you can drop back into the lore of the forgotten past, imagine the great tumbles of logs that went down th and even wonder what a fish

does about it, anyway. I found that the trout follow ancient urges, and still try to get up. This tends to congregate them in the eddy where Canada Falls churns its interminable flow, and upon suitable solicitation they may be prevailed upon to join you for breakfast. I had foreseen this likelihood, and had inserted a box of yellow corn meal in the wangan-for in an emergency it can also be used for johnnycake. We like johnny-cake fairly well anyway.I didn't see any yellow perches.—by John Gould in the Christian

Surgical thread
 Inclination il. Capital of Montana of the Confederal priest's appointments appointments in the Confederal appointments in the Confederal of the Confe

35 44 39

55 0

Answer elsewhree on this page

and social unit is important to the future welfare of America. At the same time, I think it is important to know what we are talking about. Back in the homestead days, 80 or 160 acres was considered a family farm. With present-day machinery and modern methods this homestead will not keep a family fruitfully employed not will it support the amount of machinery and labor - saving equipment which the modern farmer insists on using.

Much more realistic as an economic unit is what I would call the two-family farm, which has many advantages. In the first place, there is much greater opportunity to use machinery on & larger farm. Also, providing more room for manpower give a married son a better chance to stay on a farm in a house separate from the older folks. If a son or son-in-law is not

available to carry on, the twofamily farm leaves room for a married hired man who has little hope of owning his own farm and yet has a real contribution to make as the second man in a modern farm setup. It also provides an entering wedge for an ambitious young man who wants to farm but who has no land in the family.
This two-family farm also opens the way for a higher

standard of living for both families. A single family operating a farm must keep its nose to the grindstone as in few other occupations. If there is livestock on the place, the farm work may be so confining that travel and vacations are virtually impossible, and young people must be restricted in their education. What chance does this larger, two-family farm have of success under modern conditions? I belleve the chances are quite good.
Two families, working in harmony, can maintain a keen interest in the work, and with this interest goes willingness to put

in extra time and pains to make the enterprise successful. There are many indications that this medium-sized farm can be as efficient or more efficient than larger farms.

The very large farm runs into all kinds of difficulty. Employees on such a farm are inclined to assume the same attitude as employees in a factory. There can be very little doubt that if farms be very little doubt that if farms get so big as to require multiple employees, labor will be unionized and labor and management troubles will be saddled on this type of farm. Hours of work will be severely restricted, and the specter of strikes may easily enter the farm field.

Yes, I believe the mediumsized unit, owned by a family, or small-type corporation, can prevail in this country. But it must

ISSUE 43 - 1960

be larger than the family farm | the grain harvest in the Ukraine of grandfather's day if the people and the machinery on it are to be fruitfully employed. So when we talk about a family farm, let it be a farm to suit nodern conditions and not a farm to suit sentimental ideas inherited from the past.

. . . Farmers in another part of the world, namely Russia, appear to be having their troubles too as this article by Paul Wohl in the Christian Science Monitor would seem to indicate Mister K. talks mighty big, but even he can't control the wind and the rainat least not yet! Premier Nikita S. Khrush-

chev's hurry to get disarmament talks started at the United Nations Assembly may well be conant economic facts reaching him from home. Most important among these facts is the failure of this year's agricultural plan. This failure could have been avoided or cushioned if Soviet industry would devote a larger share of its capacity to peaceful purposes, notably to manufac-ture of agricultural machines and fertilizer. At present, Western observers believe, more than 40 per cent of the national product is spent on armaments and nuclear developments. The So-

viets are paying a high price for maintaining a lopsided economy. For the second year in a row the grain harvest is disappointing. The economic development plan for this year which the Supreme Soviet or legislature ratified in October, has called for a 22 per cent increase over the poor grain harvest of 1959 and for an 8 per cent increase over the bumper crop of 1958. Neither target will be met. It rather looks as if the grain harvest

once again would be very much below that of 1958. Industry's responsibility for part of the setback in grain pro-duction can be seen from the fact that agriculture which was to receive this year 135,000 tractor ploughs, 108,000 tractor sowing machines, and 54,000 grain combines actually seems to have received little more than half the promised equipment.

Poor weather was another factor. After an unusually late spring, followed by sandstorms which necessitated the resowing of more than 20,000,000 acres, July once again saw a spell o unfavorable weather. Judging by the reports which are now in

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking



right eye.

The Soviets, since mid-July, pinned their hopes mainly on the grain from Kazakhstan and Siberia. Kazakhstan alone, wrote Pravda on July 11, was expected to produce one-third of the country's grain for urban con-

and in the Lower Volga region will be worse than last year.

FESTINDAY SCHOOL

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

OUR NEED OF GOD

Jesus said, "Blessed are the

righteousness: for they shall be filled." Matthew 5:6. It is the

one who is hungry that really enjoys his dinner. So in the spiritual life; only those who hunger and thirst after righteous-

ness receive the comfort that brings happiness.

The Psalmist has been under

pressure. He has wept as his enemies have taunted him. "Where is they God?" Doubts

have assailed him. His soul

cast down and disquieted. Like one of my friends, he may have

wondered at the providence of God in taking one of his children.

God in taking one of his children.
Or, like another friend, a university student, he may have been tempted to ask, "Is there really a God?" Whatever the doubts and fears, David never gives up faith. He exclaims, "The Lord will command his loving-

Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life." The song concludes with the memory selection, verse II, "Why art thou cast

down, O my soul? and why are

thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet

praise him, who is the health of

my countenance, and my God."

We can't go through life with-

cut experiencing disappoint-ments and frustrations. This is

an imperfect world. We need God to hold us steady all along

the way of life. We realize that

need more in the tests of life. A. Christian friend in his forties,

after nearly a year of suffering

from an incurable disease, re-cently went to be with his Lord.

In a scaled envelope he had left

instructions for his wife and children with regard to his funeral. Here is the last verse

and refrain of a hymn he had

chosen to be sung at the service.

"Pardon for sin and a peace

that endureth, Thy own dear presence to

cheer and to guide; Strength for today and bright

Blessings all mine, with ten

'Great is thy faithfuln

Great is thy faithfulness

Morning by morning new mercles I see; All I have needed thy hand hath provided 'Great is thy faithfulness,'

Psalm 42:

sumption, for the grain deficit areas, for the emergency re-serve, and for export. But Kazakhstan and Siberia apparently are not coming through. The Central Statistical through. The Central Statistical Administration reported that on Sept. 20 in the whole U.S.S.R. 96,000,000 hectars of grain land had been mowed. This year's total grain acreage was about 125,000,000 hectars, meaning that 125,000,000 hectars, meaning that on 23 per cent of the acreage the grain had not even been cut. Since the harvest in the European grain lands is virtually over, the Asian territories must be far behind. Roughly one-third of the Soviet grain acreage is in Kazakhstan and in western Siberia. There, Soviet harvesting teams are racing against the

ing teams are racing against the snow. Last year millions of tons of grain were lost to snow in this same area. In some places the grain was not cut in time, in others the threshing was complete, in others storage fa-cilities were inadequate. Only a fraction of the silos and underground grain bins planned for this year have been built. Under these circumstances it is quite unlikely that the grain crop from the Asian new lands is better

this year than it was in 1959. Despite carefully selective op-timistic harvest propaganda, the newspaper Sovietskaya Rossyia now is beginning to call the harvest situation in some of Si-beria's richest grain lands "alarming." Over-all harvest reports have become restrained.

If this year's grain harvest will just equal last year's, as Western observers in Moscow believe, the first two years of the Seven-Year Plan will have marked no progress at all. On the contrary, the grain harvest would remain substantially below that of 1958, which was counted as 100 in the projected increase percentages.

Hens Autograph Their Own Eggs

The old question-which came first, the chicken or the egg?is not what worries the modern poultry-farmer. He wants to know which chicken laid which egg, and for over fifty years, R. Broughton-Cook of Heathfield, Cape Province, has tried to find

the answer.
He worked on an inven that would mark the egg as it was laid, but has now abandoned this idea in favour of a wire leadpiece, carrying a colo

In a world of uncertainty an depend on God. erayon.

He noted that all hens examine a newly-laid egg with their beaks. His novel contrivance, fitted to the hen, causes the bird to "autograph" her own work immediately the egg has been laid.

Mr. Morrison, just back from Paris — I wish I'd made the trip 20 years ago. Friend — You mean when Paris was Paris? Mr. Morrison — No, when Morrison was Morrison.



DO YOU POUND DESKS, TOO? Missie, a polar bear in a London zoo, isn't mimicking a certain Russian leader addressing the U.N. She's grimacing in irritation at a horse fly above her