

Put Baby In Oven To Save His Life

Alexander King, American painter and humorist, weighed less than three pounds when he was born in his native Austria. So his parents wrapped him from head to foot in absorbent cotton put him in a frying pan and shoved him in a moderate oven for the next three months.

They heated him with olive oil every twenty minutes, turning him over each time so that he didn't get too well done on any one side.

King says he isn't joking about this. An Austrian medical journal at the time devoted two and a half columns to it.

At five years of age he crawled through the side door of a grandfather clock and hid there while his parents went frantic searching for him. Then one of the heavy weights came to rest on his head. His father noticed in the doorway, folding his hands Hindu fashion. One day he asked the friend: "What's the meaning of this idiot prayer you're always uttering?"

"What's wrong with it?" asked the friend, "How long have I been saying it to you?"

"Oh, about three years, on and off."

"Well—have you been bothered by tigers in that time?"

King knew some zany characters in places like New York's Greenwich Village. Among his friends was a sculptor named Kiplin who was arrested while trying to dialogue a yard-high wooden horseshoe hanging over the door of an old stable that hadn't been used for about twenty years.

He said he needed it for a "Penguin Honeycomb" sculpture—two penguins leaning together in the form of an arch. The magistrate gave him a spell in a mental hospital.

Another sculptor friend of his spent about two years carving a portrait of Kiplin out of a lump of coal.

At the birthday party celebration of a Russian-born painter, Dimitri Plinik, King noticed that his two young sons, appointed to wait at table, had their jackets and shirts on backwards—buttoned up the rear, with their neckties bouncing on their backs as they rushed about fetching food from the kitchen. He asked Plinik why.

"It's really simple," said Plinik. "When you dine in a restaurant you must have noticed that every time you want the waiter's attention his back is turned to you. Well, here the waiters have their backs towards you. But here they can see you."

A friend of King's was Rose O'Neill, who made a fortune by creating the famous Kewpie doll. She lived in a New York suburb, and in the cellar of the house he saw an enormous steam boiler which had been specially cast for her in the shape of a Kewpie doll.

When she'd taken possession of this mansion sixteen years before, he says, the previous owner had broken off the wall switch in turning on the lights, so they'd remained on all those

years and were still burning when he last visited the house.

She had a favourite cat with six toes on each foot. Every morning it came to her room through a little six-inch door and placed a dead bird at the foot of her bed as a greeting.

King once asked Louis B. Mayer, head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer: "How come that the French, German and British make so many good films, and here in Hollywood we turn out so much trash?"

"You're rather severe on us," Mayer protested. "After all, we do make some good pictures, don't we?"

"Once in a while," King admitted, "you do make a fairly good picture."

"Well," said Mayer, "I just want you to remember this: We don't have to!"

The first time King turned his talent to advertising purposes—for a shipping line—he had to do a glamorous picture of a holiday crowd on a romantic cruise to Honolulu. When he took it to the agency executive who'd commissioned it, he said: "It's great, Mr. King, great!"

Then, peering closer: "There's just one little thing I'd like you to do. Take those people, those forty couples, and turn them all a little to the left."

King was so exasperated he stamped out the picture into fragments, and flung them away. As he turned to leave, the executive's assistant intercepted him and said: "You've made a terrible mistake, Mr. King."

Picking up a fragment, he pointed at a girl's arm in it and said: "You should have had a hairy, masculine hand there."

"That's a woman's arm," King retorted. "Why would I put a man's hand on the end of it?"

"Ah!" the fellow went on. "If you had done that it would have been an obvious mistake. Your drawing was really very good—just what we wanted, in fact."

King was only pointed the wrong hand on that arm he would have been tickled pink to think that he'd spotted the error just in time. But you see, Mr. King, you unfortunately submitted a picture in which there was nothing for him to edit. I advise you strongly to mend your ways while there is still time.

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NESTING - Vernier of Paris feathers the brain for spring. Wings are gilded and mottled into a halo to frame the face.

TABLE TALKS

By Gene Andrews

The biggest reason that women like casserole cooking is, of course, that foods may be prepared beforehand and cooked or heated at the last meal-minute. This makes for great convenience, especially if there are small children in the household. Casseroles are meat-stretchers, too, without the stretching being too obvious.

Ham and macaroni go together well in a hot casserole for a cold evening. This recipe serves 6-8.

HAM AND MACARONI CASSEROLE

- 2 cups cubed cooked ham
- 2 ounces elbow macaroni
- 3 tablespoons chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
- 2 cups milk
- 1 cup shredded sharp cheddar cheese
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- Buttered crumbs

Cook macaroni according to package directions. Brown onion in butter in large saucepan or skillet. Stir in flour, mustard, salt and pepper. Add milk and cook, stirring until smooth. Add cheese. Stir until melted. Add ham and macaroni. Pour into buttered 2-quart casserole. Top with crumbs. Bake in 350 degrees F. oven 45 minutes. Serve piping-hot.

Sullivan Bites The Hand That Feeds Him

"Maybe it will seem that I'm biting the hand that feeds me, but..." So began an ex-told-to article in the February Good Housekeeping by television stagemaster Ed Sullivan—who then proceeded to sink his teeth into TV's trigger finger: "Some of our wildest Westerns and crime shows aren't fit to be seen by anyone under 14... I hate to think of any youngster sopping up the weekly doses of whippings, chokings, and wholesale slaughter that 'The Untouchables' dishes out." Even before the magazine hit the stands word went around that Sullivan wished he hadn't bitten. But, as if to confound the rumormongers, Sullivan snapped his jaws at another—and tastier morsel: criticizing voluptuous Zsa Zsa Gabor's low-cut appearance on the "Bob Hope Show" filmed at Guantanamo Bay. Sullivan wrote in his syndicated newspaper column: "I don't think that a Zsa Zsa qualifies as an inspiring example to our youngsters in the service."

Make a casserole that is delicately brown with crunchy corn chips; it combines chicken with cheese and spices.

CORN CHIPS CHICKEN

- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 cup chopped or sliced cooked chicken
- 1 cup grated Canadian cheese
- 1 can condensed tomato soup
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 teaspoon chili powder
- 2 1/2 cups corn chips

Place 2 cups corn chips in a casserole. On this, arrange layer of chopped onion, minced garlic, chicken, and 1/2 cup grated cheese. Heat soup with water and pour over contents of casserole. Top with chili powder, remaining 1/2 cup corn chips, remaining 1/2 cup cheese. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 15-20 minutes.

SAUSAGE AND WILD RICE CASSEROLE

- 1 pound pork sausage meat
- 2 cups sliced onions
- 1 1/2-cup can mushrooms
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1/4 cup flour
- 2 1/2 cups bouillon
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon oregano
- 1/4 teaspoon thyme
- 1 cup wild rice

Stir and cook sausage in large skillet until pink color disappears. Drain. Add onions and mushrooms to sausage; brown

lightly. Melt butter in saucepan. Add flour and bouillon; stir and cook over low heat to make a sauce. Add sausage mixture. Cook rice in boiling salted water for 12 minutes. Drain. Place rice in 11x7x1 1/2-inch casserole. Top with sausage mixture. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 30 minutes.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

- 1 1/2 cups packaged seasoned bread dressing
- 1/2 cup butter
- 3 hard-cooked eggs
- 1 can (8-oz.) oysters, drained
- 1 can (7 1/2-oz.) minced clams, drained
- 1/2 cup condensed cream of mushroom soup
- 1 tablespoon onion flakes
- 1/2 cup milk

Mix dressing, butter, eggs, oysters and clams, soup and milk. Combine remaining crumbs with chopped eggs, 1/4 cup liquid drained from oysters and seasonings. Put in shallow baking dish and sprinkle with reserved crumbs. Bake at 400 degrees F. about 20 minutes. Serves 4-6.

When a quick meal is needed, try this casserole.

His Whiskers Gave Him Away

The white-bearded patient registered as "George Saviers," at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., turned out to be none other than 61-year-old author Ernest Hemingway—who has reportedly been undergoing shock treatment, although Mayo spokesmen would say only that he was being treated for high blood pressure. Accompanied by his wife, Mary, and a nurse, Hemingway was taking daily strolls past the doctors' residential section (PHI Hill). Menzies, a layer of hard ballast and either clay or cement had been uncovered by builders excavating to make a modern pedestrian subway 100 yards from Marble Arch itself in a direct line with the old Watling Street.

An alternative, gruesome but logical explanation by one observer is that the site had been hardened watching the hangings on the Tyburn gallows just nearby.

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"Maybe it's too stormy for us to go to school," I said, though not very hopefully. It wasn't that I didn't like school, but a change in routine was always welcome.

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But Mamma shook her head and said firmly, "It soon't that warmly dressed children a bit to walk less than half a mile on a straight road to school. Our Dear Forest school was not in the village but nearly half a mile out, for it had to be located in the centre of the district. It served."

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He had often told us of how he worked for his board and room so that he could go to school when he first came over from Norway. I could easily see there wouldn't be any use to press my request.

"Come and have some buckwheat cakes and sausages and you'll feel like getting out in the snow," advised Mamma. "And you can take your dinner."

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"Most of us had food left in our dinner pails which we can share," Miss Ellen was saying, her voice quiet and matter-of-fact. "We have plenty of wood at home. We can get a fire going on the floor for sleeping, if necessary."

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