Put Baby In Oven To Save His Life

Alexander King, American painter and humorist, weighed ess 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 basted him with olive oil

every twenty minutes, turning him over each time so that he didn't get too well done on any 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 that the clock had stopped. opened the door to re-start it, and found Alex inside.

He calls his highly diverting memoirs: "May This House Be Safe From Tigers" because that was what a friend always said on leaving after a visit, stopping 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, hurt, "How long have I been saying it to you?" "Oh, about three years, on and

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

King knew some zany charac ters in places like New York's Greenwich Village. Among his fellow artists was a sculptor named Kipnil who was arrested while trying to dislodge a yardhigh 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 Honeymoon" sculpture - two penguins leaning together in the form of an arch. The magistrate gave him a spell in Another sculptor friend of his

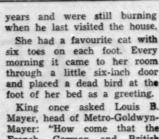
ment about two years carving a portrait of Kipnil out of a lump At the birthday party celebration of a Russian-born paint-

d, Dimitri Pilniak, King noticed that his two young sons, appointed to wait at table had their ackets 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 Pilniak why.

"It's really simple," said Pilniak. "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 also 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

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 ample to our youngsters in the they'd remained on all those service."



don't we?"

"Once in a while," King admitted, "you do make a fairly good picture." "Well," said Mayer, "I just

talent to advertising purposesdo a glamorous picture of a holi-

Then, peering closer: "There's just one little thing I'd like you forty couples, and turn them all King was so exasperated he

tamped out, tore 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 ter rible mistake, Mr. King." Picking up a fragment, h

pointed at a girl's arm on it and said: "You should have had 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?'

just what he wanted, in fact. 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

Sullivan Bites The **Hand That Feeds Him** "Maybe it will seem that I'm

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 ex-



HER TURN NOW - Herself premature as a baby, who overcame a heart detect, Lindo Winter now serves as a nurse in her old hospital in Cincinnati. Her ordeal made her decide to become a nurse.

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 so much trash?"

"You're rather severe on us," Mayer protested, "After all, we do make some good pictures,

want you to remember this: We

The first time King turned his for a shipping line - he had to day 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!"

to do: take those people, those

"Ah!" the fellow went on. "If you had done that it would have been an obvious mistake. Your drawing was really very good-"If you'd only painted the wrong hand on that arm he

Cook macaroni according to package directions. Brown onion butter in large saucepan or skillet. Stir in flour, mustare 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 degree F. oven 45 minutes. Serve piping hot. . . * *

tain types of casseroles. Try this one, combining tuna with potabiting the hand that feeds me, toes. The recipe calls for raw but . . ." So began an as-told-to potatoes; if you have leftover cooked potatoes they may be must then be reduced to about

NESTING - Vernier of Paris

feathers the brain for spring.

Wisps are gilded and matter

into a halo to frame the face.

TABLE TALKS

The biggest reason that wom-

en like casserole cooking is, of

course, that foods may be pre-

pared beforehand and cooked or

heated at the last meal-minute

This makes for great conveni-

ence, especially if there are

small children in the household.

Casseroles are meat - stretchers,

too, without the stretching being

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

teaspoon dry mustard

4 cup flour

1 teaspoon salt

1/8 teaspoon pepper Buttered crumbs

ounces elbow macaroni

3 tablespoons chopped onion 2 tablespoons butter

2 cups milk 1 cup shredded sharp cheddar

TUNA-POTATO CASSEROLE 3 tablespoons butter 3 tablespoons flour 3/4 teaspoon salt

1/8 teaspoon pepper 2 cups milk 1/2 cup minced onion 3 cups thinly sliced raw

1 can tuna fish (7 ozs.) I cup rice cereal 1 teaspoon melted butter Melt butter stir in flour salt and pepper. Add milk and minced onions; cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thick toes and flaked tuna in alternate layers in greased 2-quart casserole. Pour cream sauce over

of casserole. Bake at 350 degrees F. for about 1 hour. Serves 6. * * * Make a casserole that is delicately brown with crunchy corn chips; it combines chicken with

mixture. Crush rice cereal slight-

ly: mix with melted butter.

Sprinkle over top of contents

CORN CHIPS CHICKEN medium onion, chopped clove garlic, minced 1 cup chopped or sliced cooked chicken

1 cup grated Canadian cheese

1 can condensed tomato soup 2 cup water 1 teaspoon chili powder 21/2 cups corn chips Place 2 cups corn chips in a

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

SAUSAGE AND WILD RICE CASSEROLE 1 pound pork sausage meat 1 4-ounce can mushrooms 2 tablespoons butter 1/4 cup flour

2½ cups bouillon ½ teaspoon salt ¼ teaspoon orégane 4 teaspoon thyme 1 cup wild rice skillet until pink colour disap-pears. Drain. Add onions and

mushrooms to sausage; brown

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lightly. Melt butter in saucepan. Add flour and bouillon; stir and cook over low heat to make a auce. Add salt, orégano and nyme. Add to sausage mixture Cook rice in boiling salted water for 12 minutes. Drain. Piace rice in 11x7x11/2-inch casserole. Top with sausage mixture. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 30 minutes.

. . . When a quick meal is needed ry this casserole. SCALLOPED OYSTERS AND CLAMS

1 cups packaged seasoned bread dressing cup butter 3 hard-cooked eggs

1 can (8-oz.) oysters, drained 1 can (71/2-oz.) minced clams, drained 1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup

1 tablespoon onion flakes 1 tablespoon parsley flakes Mix bread dressing with melt d butter; set aside 1/3 cup of this mixture. Combine remaining crumbs with chopped eggs, 3 cup liquid drained from oysters and clams, soup and seasonings, sprinkle with reserved crumbs. Bake at 400 degrees F. about 20

Mathematics

Really Pays Off

The nuclear physicist, glamour boy of the atomic age, has an important new competitor for industry's favour these days. He's the mathematician. Industry needs him to design computers break down complex formula o computers can handle them, plot the trajectory of a missile and figure out how to navigate spaceship to Mars - as well as to solve other, more mundan business problems.

report there just aren't enoug to go around, Burroughs Corp. which now employs 100 mathe maticians vs. only six a decade ago, agrees that the supply is "very, very short." The math matical-analysis department of Lockheed's Georgia division, which employs 35 mathemati-cians, reports: "We're looking for

To find its math wizards, industry uses the standard business practices — combing college campuses, raiding other companies, sending the brightest of its math-minded employees back to college. Some firms in vite top academicians to work for them during their summer vacations or locate their research facilities near the campus to get the prof in his off hours. But the shortage persists.

Recently, the National Broad casting Co. unveiled a plan to random variables, statistical inference, and similar skull-cracking pursuits. With the backing of such companies as General Goods, International Business Machines, du Pont, and U.S Steel, it announced a course in probability and statistics on its 170-station "Continental Class room" television show.

And those who show a bent for higher mathematics can also look forward to higher pay. A Ph.D. in math can command \$11,000 to \$12,000 a year in industry to start vs. \$6,000 to \$7,000 in teaching. While many still prefer the calm, meditative life to give all that up. "Why," says one ex-professor, "I've even given up my pipe." - From NEWSWEEK.

Seeking A Link To Roman Britain

What way did the Roman le gions march from that part of Watling Street which is the modern Edgware Road down to their galleys in the River Thames? An archaeological "dig" to fine the link is a fascinating, if microscopic, offshoot of a two-year roadworks improvement scheme now going on to speed traffic from Oxford Street to the West

Watling Street is the early English name for the great road made by the Romans, running north through St. Albans (Veru lamium) to Wroxeter (Viroconium), though the Elizabethans seem to have given the name to other Roman, or reputed Roman,

To find the missing link with the Thames the diggers were at work Jan. 15 on a site between Marble Arch and Orators Corner, considered to be either a continuation of Watling Street or a Roman road junction.

Samples of earth, pottery, and wood from six feet below road level are to be analyzed in an attempt to solve what archaeologists consider one of the most tantalizing mysteries of Roman

"We want to know where Watling Street went after the point where the cinema at Marble Arch now stands," Francis Celoria, archaelogical field officer of the London museum, said, writes Melita Knowles in

His Whiskers

the Christian Science Monitor. Digging was carried out by the Thames Basin Archaeological Observers group. Bright winter sunshine played on the scene Strollers in the park made fringe of spectators round the rim. Down the pit the diggers included school boys and girls looking as though dressed for skiing, bearded young men in overcoats and rubber boots, and women in tartan slacks with col-

lege scarves. 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 **Gave Him Away**

tial section (Pill Hill). Meantime,

the real George Saviers - a Ket

chum, Idaho, physician who

packed Papa off to the clinic last Nov. 30 — told of receiving an

encouraging letter from his some-

time Sun Valley neighbor last

month. Dr. Saviers reported:

"He's doing fine."

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 being undergoing shock treatment, although May spokesmen would say only that he was being treated for high blood pressure. Accompanied by his wife, Mary, and a nurse, Hemmingway was taking daily strolls past the doctors' residen-

THE MIDWINTER BLUES



"The winters aren't like they used to be."



"You mean you can't get any more steam out of that boiler?"



When The Kids Were **Snowed In At School**

"There won't be many people ming to the store today," Papa said, looking out of the kitchen window one wintry morning. "Snowing hard — blowing too. Good day to begin inventory."

"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 "Mayba I could help take inven tory I could hand things-

But Mamma shook her head and said firmly, "It won't hurt warmly dressed children a bit to walk less than half a mile on a straight road to school." Our Deer Forest school was not in the village but nearly half a mile the centre of the district it served. "We used to walk a mile your age and think nothing of it," she added. "A little snowstorm never stopped us." "And I walked three miles -

glad of the chance to do it," said Papa. "Milked seven cows first and did a lot of other chores." 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

ress 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." This was such an unusual concession was almost reconciled to go-

It always irked me a little to be told that I didn't have the same hardy outlook on life Mam-ma and Papa had had in their early youth, and I was somewhat cheered to find, on arriving at school, that the farm children who lived any distance had stay ed at home this stormy morning. Apparently they wern't as hardy as their parents had been either.

Miss Ellen seemed pleased that so many of us had managed to get there. Indeed most of the village children, excepting the very little ones, were on hand, and we gathered around the big, coats and mittens to dry on va-

Miss Ellen said she would start the day by reading "The First Snowfall" by James Russell Lowell, and I listened enrapturod as she began:

"The snow had begun in the gloaming, And busily all the night Mad been heaping fields and highways

With a silence deep and white." Mr Lowell might have been right here in our little Wisconsin vil-lage. Our fields and highways were certainly heaped "with a silence deep and white."

With our smaller numbers lessons and recitations went more quickly than usual. We had time for a song or two before the noon hour, and then we gathered around the stove which some the big boys from Miss Crabtree's room upstairs kept well-filled with wood from the stack ner pails. Hearty sandwiches of and wedges of pie, doughnuts, cookies were exchanged. Most of us went home at noon so this was a great treat.

Miss Ellen ate with us and told us stories of her own childhood in South Dakota, and of how they would sometimes be snowbound for days and have to dig a tunnel from house to barn in order to care for the animals. "Like in 'Snowbound,'" I said eagerly, for Mamma had often

recited part of that poem to us.

Miss Ellen nodded and said if

we kept on with our work at the

rate we'd been going, she'd read

She was reading "Snowbound" and had just finished
"A smooth white drift the brushpile showed, fenceless drift what once was

was gone, disappeared.

her eyes steady. "There have been no sleighs on the road for much over an hour. Miss Crabnot sure that anyone can ge have to stay here all night."

sleigh through — never saw the roads drifted like this," he said. "Some other fellows with sleighs are out there too. We can our dinner pails which we can get everybody into Deer Forest share," Miss Ellen was saying, all right, and any children from her voice quiet and matter-of-fact. "We have plenty of wood the country we'll find place for in town." Never had coats and caps gone coats on the floor for sleeping, if necessary."

"Like Snowbound," someone said. Someone else giggled.
Suddenly Miss Ellen smiled and that warm, bright smile lifted our spirits. "I needn't have worried about you people," she Mamma didn't say a word

when we got home — just hugged us. After we were fed and tucked into bed, I heard her say to Papa, "This is something the girls will remember all their lives." She gave a big sigh. "And so will I." By Alta Halverson said. "Granddaughters and grand-sons of pioneers, I can see that!" We finished the afternoon session in fine style, and then Miss Crabtree came downstairs, since our room was easier to heat. Seymour in the Christian Science Monitor. Miss Ellen got out a little sewing-kit that provided items needed for games. We felt very grown-up playing, "Button, button, who's got the button?" and "Hide the thimble" with the Still Dangerous Stuff To Handle

older boys and girls.

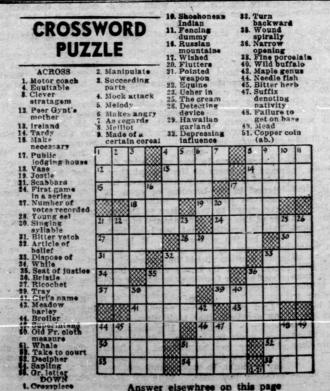
Miss Ellen and Miss Crabtree
and a few others stole anxious glances toward the window when they thought no one was looking, but dusk came early, the kerosene lamps were lighted, and was shut out.

good a time to care just then, and it was fun to open the dinner pails once more and see what kind of a supper we could pro-vide. It wasn't very hearty, but no one complained. Supper over, I suddenly began

Miss Ellen seemed to realize we're going to do some singing. What shall it be?" "Jingle Bells" and it was so appropriate that everybody laughed. We began to sing so lustily

ed so good to me. "We had a time getting the

delicate enterprise whose safety record is almost perfect. But the accident worried the AEC nonetheless. SL-1 is situated in an CROSSWORD isolated spot, but what if there



By this time I was enjoying myself so much I hoped the snow would continue for several days. It never occurred to me that getting home. But as the after-noon went on Miss Ellen glanced window, an anxious look on her

when there was a tap at the door. As Miss Ellen answered it I caught a glimpse of my sister Ethel standing there and it seemed to me she looked frightened. "Miss Crabtree would like to see you," she said, and Miss Ellen, to be quiet and study while she

She was back in a few moments looking very serious. She glanced out at the storm once more then turned and faced us, tree and I couldn't send you out on these drifted roads. And we're

A gasp of surprise and dismay seemed to go up from the whole room. For one swift moment wondered if Mamma would b worrying about us. And what about supper?
"Most of us had food left in

on faster. Descendants of pio-neers we might be, but home, safe and comfortable, sounded very appealing. All the way there we sang "Jingle Bells."

his wares.

At 4 o'clock one afternoon recently, two young soldiers and a sailor entered SL-1 — Station-ary Low Power Reactor One at the Atomic Energy Commis-sion's National Reactor Testing Station near Idaho Falls, Idaho. Their job was to hook up the control rods that keep the ura-Most of us were having too nium core of the reactor from fissioning too fast and running away. Then SL-1, which the AEC

is developing for remote Army posts, could be started up after in the fire station nearby started to want very much to see Mamclanging. When rescuers entered the reactor building, they found a radiation level of over 1,000 ma, and I knew some of the

roentgens (450 to 500 is lethal).
The three young men were dead.
What probably happened, according to several experts, was we didn't hear the knock at the door. But Miss Ellen did, and

when she flew to answer, we all stopped singing and trooped af-There stood Papa and Mr. Gustafson from the livery stable, looking like snowmen, their big fur overcoats and caps caked with white. I flew at Papa. Snowman or not, he never look-

should be a slip-up in the huge atomic power plants now being built near large cities? Flies Could Bury The Entire World

a ten-day layoff.

At 9:02 p.m., the alarm bells

this: A slip-up with the control

rods occurred, and the nuclear

chain reaction. The uranium fuel

glowed blue-white with heat,

turned the water in the core's

cooling jacket into steam, and

the sudden blast of heat, steam,

and radiation killed the three

men instantly. But the task of

determining the precise se-

quence, AEC Commissioner John A. McCone explained, "will be

difficult because of the presence

The three deaths were the first

to be caused by a reactor, in a

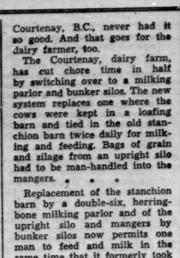
of radioactivity.

core started an uncontrollab

The whole world covered in flies to a depth of forty-seven feet - it's a horrible thought! But this could happen if ideal breeding conditions were to last for a mere twelve months, say anti-fly campaigners who every winter think up new ways of fighting the menace of the com

In certain circumstances, say the experts, there might be enough flies to bury every city in the world. But luckily for us, cold weather and casualties in variably make this impossible. But with every female fly lay-ing 800 eggs which within three weeks can become adult flies, the world already has far too many of these pests.

Logarithm - Folk songs of



same time that it formerly took two men to do the job. Total chore time was 241 minutes for a 30-cow herd under the old system and only 139 minutes for 38 cows under the new system. This represented an average saving of four minutes per cow.

The milking parlor proved to be the greatest time saver. Daily milking time was cut by 30 minutes. The pipeline milker saved another 42 minutes. Installation of a bulk tank is expected to cut another 20 minutes from chore time.

At the Courtenay farm, now, the grain is fed automatically into the milking parlor. Opening the gate to the bunker silos takes but a minute compared with 47 minutes for feeding grain and silage under the old

While a total of 22 minutes is still required to wash the milking parlor, this is offset by a saving of six minutes in washing the milking equipment and of several hours normally re-quired for cleaning the barn.

Extra milk sales are expected duction to Canada of a variety of new liquid dietary foods, most of which are built round a basis of skim milk or skim milk solids.

More than 40 new prepara-

Mr. Cameron said that a standard finishing ration was compared with one in which ground hay (a timothy-red clover mixture) was used to replace 25percent of the barley meal in a similar ration. The two finishing rations, one standard and the other altered were fed to

weight. Results showed that 92 percent of the carcasses from the herd fed the ration containing ground hay graded A compared with 71 percent of those from pigs fed the standard, or unaltered ra-

But the pigs fed the standard ration gained weight more rapid-ly. Daily gains, according to Mr. Cameron, were 1.74 pounds for pigs on the standard ration and only 1.5 pounds for those fed hay in the ration. This, he point-ed out, means that pigs on the ration containing hay require 10 days longer to reach market weight. This extra 10 days, figured in cost of feed and labor, amounted to an increase in the overall cost of the animals of

Cows on a dairy farm at

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking KEVD LKEE ELK VINKE CELLE BRE GKITT CONLKOT HITDV KIE VECOIT BVTAEK VECOIT BY TA BOTT ETAEK TV BHEVLH OLENEK REGIIKE NOLET VECOILKE NOLET

READY TO TAKE OFF? - Rome street salesman is lost amid THE FARM FRONT Styloha Russel

Diluting the finishing rations for pigs with ground hay increases the number of grade A carcasses despite the fact that fibrous feeds in finishing rations usually reduce the rate and efficiency of gains.

This was the conclusion reached by C. D. T. Cameron, of the Canada Agriculture Experimen-tal Farm, Lennoxville, Que., following tests there. . . .

tions of this nature are being sold in the United States and some are gaining widespread acceptance now in Canada. A spokesman for the Canada Dethis development should provide a wider market for solids-notfat and non-fat milk. Some pro ucers in the U.S.A. claim that separate groups of 24 Yorkshires, from 100 pounds to market the dietary drinks are competing against fluid milk sales and they

demand that milk products going into dietary drinks she be classified as whole milk. Those who are interested

losing weight usually do not drink whole milk and it is more likely that consumers of business to the milk industry and not converts from who go into this aspect when the mpact of the new product on the industry was better known. Skim milk in both dry and liquid form has been a surplus problem in Canada and any process which promises to absorb more of it should first be given ample opportunity to establish itself among Canadians who feel that dietary liquids are the best

> HIGH ABOVE SUSPICION Police of Santa Monica had

answer to weight problems.

occasion to question William Howard regarding a robbery. That Howard was not the wanted man was proved when he verified his statement that, for the previous 27 days-which included the date of the robber —he had been pole-squatting at the top of a 65-ft. high flagstaff

LIGHT STEPS - French shepherd wears fog lights on the stilts he uses to get around the marshy, fog-covered flat-

as a publicity stunt. Obey the traffic signs - the are placed there for YOUR SAFETY.

B.A., B.D.

Christ Satisfies Life's Hunger John 6: 25-46 Jesus' feeding of the multitude was another of His miracles that led to a great discourse. I remember hearing a sermon at sixteen years of age, a few months after I had surre my life to Jesus Christ. The preacher's text was from our lesson, "There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes." The lad gave his lunch to Jesus who lessed it and fed the crowd. I took courage that day. I didn't have much but I saw that with the Lord's blessing, my little in His hands, could feed many. Jesus can still do wondrous

things if we give ourselves wholly to Him. As the disciples gave out, there was more. So it is; the more we give, the more we have to give. Besides, each disciple had a basketful left over.

The next day Jesus unfolded to the people the deeper signficance of the miracle. He spoke the words that form our memory selection, "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst." John 6:35. Jesus Christ, and Him alone, can satisfy the deep hunger and thirst of the human heart. One day, a hearthungry woman living in an ex-pensive ranch bungalow with the best of furniture, said, "I know there is more to life than finding this true. Many are dis-satisfied and do not know what

is wrong. We just can't satisfy ourselves on things. When God formed man from the dust of the earth, He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul. We live forever. We are never happy until we get into harmony with the Great God who created us. We find this place of rest and peace when we turn from our sins and believe on Jesus Christ as our Lord and Saviour. He is the BREAD OF LIFE.



lands of southwestern France near Mont-de-Marsan. He uses the lights to see and be seen.



PINGER PAINTING MASTERPIECE — Some critics say this painting is just being palmed off as art. Others, including its owner, Mrs. Thea Tanner, who displays it in Stockholm, Sweden, think it's great. The piece was executed by painter Stellan Morner, who first pressed

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