A Royal Romance Reaches Climax

Until three months ago, no one outside her own family and a circle of friends in Madrid society knew anything about Dona Fabiola de Mora y Aragon. She didn't smoke and she didn't kick up her heels at cocktail parties, but she did go to mass every morning and she collected clothes from her rich friends and distributed them to the poor. At 22 she had gone through a phase of planning to enter a nunnery and she had written some fairy tales for children -"Two Pretty Snails," "Little Lilies of India." But with three sisters already married and no caballeros paying steady court to her, it seemed that Fabriola was

destined to live out her days as Enter Prince Charming, the most eligible bachelor in Europe. and withdrawn as Fabiola, and he himself had once considered ming a Trappist monk. Some say they met casually while skiing in Switzerland; others say it was at a party arranged so that the bachelor could meet one of the Spanish princesses (to woom he paid little attention). The people's popular version is that a mutual friend introduced him as "Count X" and that not until e and Fabiola had fallen in love did he reveal that he was Baudouin, King of the Belgians

However the romance started, the whole world knew las month that it had been consummated in marriage — at the first wedding of an European king since World War II. It cost the Belgian Government \$150,000 and it brought together the greatest pack of kings and queens (crowned and de-crown ed), princes, princesses, dukes and duchesses, and other notables ranging down to mere Foreign Ministers and envoys extraordinaire since Queen Elizabeth II's coronation. They came from 86 countries and at one point arrived in such profusion that an sirport official commented "We've got one queen, three princes, and a couple of dukes

stacked up." For the dwindling ranks of European royalty, it was a chance to wear their medals and uniforms and to sort out who was still who. But for the reople of Belgium, it was an event of far greater significance. Just as Queen Elizabeth's coronation had somehow symbolized the end of Britain's postwar austerity, so the Belgians hoped that their royal wedding would salvage the injured pride of a nation that had just been shorn of its most magnificent possession - the giant Congo.

t would be no easy task. For rancorous debate about the royal family has become a national pastime in Belgium. Both government and people were still worried that Baudouin's father, the brooding Leopold III, who was forced to hand over his throne in 1951, might still have too much influence on his doting son. And there remained the beautiful commoner Leopold married after Astrid's death, Princess de Rethy, whom Bau-

douin also adores. In such an atmosphere—and when Balenciaga's wedding dress didn't arrive until 24 hours bride might have been excused a small attack of hysterics. Fabiols was no exception. She could be cheered by the wild reception given Spain's visiting flamenco dancers - even though Belgian schoolboys are still taught that Spaniards are those wicked people who ravaged the country in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. And the syrupy waltz own offbeat brother Jaime, was

the great day actually arrived, Fabiola's hands were tremblin so much she couldn't hold onto all the flowers in the bouquet she carried at the preliminary civil ceremony demanded by Belgian law. She also had trouble signing sheafs of official papers and with the 20-foot-long train of her boat-necked, er-mine-trimmed gown of specially woven Catalonian satin. But, eventually, all was ready, and with Baudouin at her side, the bride got into a bubble-topped Cadillac for the 5-mile drive to the Collegiate Church of Sts. Michael and Gudule. Escorted by prancing horse-

men wearing high bearskin caps and carrying pennanted lances, the royal couple were cheered along the entire route. A 101gun salute thundered and bells pealed. Entering the church, the couple were greeted by Giuseppe Cardinal Siri, who gave a special blessing from Pope John XXIII. While this was going on, Fabiola rubbed her nose and at one point her eyes filled with tears. She gave Baudouin the wrong hand when the double ring ceremony was about to begin and later seemed about to faint. Baudouin murmured, "Je t'aime, chérie" and passed over a bottle of smelling salts which he had concealed in the gloves he carried.

When at last the ceremony ended with Bach's "Magnificat," the bride and groom had spent three and a half hours getting married. And it was then that Fabiola won the hearts of her new people. With a radiant smile, she blew kisses to the waiting crowds. From the crowds there rose the cry: "Long live the King! Long live the Queen! -From NEWSWEEK

Strung Together They Make Nonsense

From Mad Ave. to Sunset Blvd., the word in the fun-andgames department this season has been Kookie Korporations. KK is dedicated to the proposition that the names of celebrities when strung together can lead to weird effects. Launched only a year ago by The Hollywood Reporter's breezy TV columnist Hank Grant, KK's are currently pouring in on Grant from all over the country.

Some sample Kookiana: Edith Head, Mae West, Loretta Young, Delbert Mann. The KK: Head-West-Young-Mann Co. Kay Starr, Richard Spengle, Bob Banner. The KK: Starr-Spengle-Banner Co. Eva Marie Saint, Karl Coombs, Frederic March, Bop Ching, Jack

Ging. The KK: Saint-Coombs-March-Ching-Ging Co. George DeWitt, Mary Ure, William Self, Eartha Kitt. The KK: DeWitt-Ure-Self-Kitt Co. Rosemary DcCamp, Dorothy

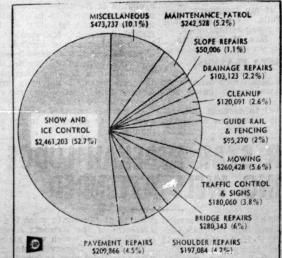
Town, Aldo Ray, Ted Sears. The KK: DeCamp-Town-Ray-Sears Julie London, Lloyd Bridges. Bob Fallon, Hugh Downs. The KK: London - Bridges - Fallon -

Chances Are You'll Get There

Downs Co.

When you board an airliner, what are your chances of reach ing your desination safely? Statistically, they are very good

at least 200,000 to 1. Furthermore, the odds have been getting better. In 1940, there were 3.0 passenger fatalities per 100 million passengermiles. In 1950, the percentage was 1.1. In 1959 the percentage was 0.7. The year now ending will show a slightly higher rate, possibly close to 1.0. Trains were safer: 0.5 in 1959. But motor vehicles were less safe: 2.3.



MAINTAINING A TURNPIKE - What does it cost to keep a modern toll road in good shape the year round? Well, the New York State Throway Authority spent \$4,6/3,739 in 1959. Far and way the biggest item for the 480-mile road was snow and ice ontrol (see Newschart) For example, during the 1959-60 winter season, 53,522 tons of salts and 50,000 tons of abrasives were used to make the pavement safe for the 60 m.p.h. limit. Turnpike authorities say these steps and others help the road maintain a salety record for above the national



YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN - Sir Winston Churchill, 86, holds a freshly-fired cigar as he leaves his London home Dec. 23 to spend Christmas at his country mansion. He defied age, accidents, doctors and chilly weather to make the trip. It was his first outdoor physical exertion since he broke a small bone in his back in a fall Nov. 15.

TABLE TALKS Jane Andrews.

Graham Cracker Pudding

20 graham crackers, rolled fine

3 tablespoons melted butter

3 egg whites, stiffy beaten

Seasoned whipped cream

Mix cracker crumbs with

tablespoons sugar and melted

butter. Pat down gently in bot-

tom of square 9-inch pan (or

smaller). Combine egg yolks,

sugar, flour and milk; bring to

boil; add vanilla. Cook until cus-

tard thickness is reached. Pour

in pan over cracker mixture.

Cover with the reserved 1/2 cup

cracker crumbs. Make a me-

ringue of the egg whites to which

3 tablespoons sugar have been

for 20-25 minutes, until nicely

added. Spread over pudding evenly. Bake at 32 degrees F.

browned Cut in squares and

serve topped with seasoned

Whenever Mrs. Gladys Wer-

rel of Staffordshire, England,

wants coal for the fire she just

goes into her front garden and

Handy - and economical

for her and her husband, a

clerk, who has done most of the

mining for the past 13 years.

Their coal seam is only about

The Coal Board, which offi-

cially owns all coal in the

ground, got to hear of Mrs Wer-

rell's private mine and sent two

At the front door they told

her that technically she was stealing the Board's coal. But

when they had a look at the

covered by brambles - they

"They said I wasn't doing any

harm and left chuckling. I told

them I did not sell any of the

coal which, by the way, is very soft — though it burns nicely

in my grate," said Mrs. Werrel.

30 inches below the surface of

whipped cream.

Digs Coal

In Own Garden

digs a few lumps.

their garden.

officials along.

laughed.

(save out ½ cup)

2 tablespoons sugar

21/4 tablespoons flour

1 teaspoon vanilla

3 egg yolks

½ cup sugar

2 cups milk

Have you ever thought of having a cooking club? Here, in this busy city of Witchita, Kansas, I talked to a young wife, mother and homemaker, Mrs. Nancy Mattingly, who, for several years, belonged to such a club of eight members, all good friends and busy homemakers, and who is now in the midst of forming another one like it.

"We have learned from experience that six is about the right number for a cooking club." Mrs. Mattingly said. "The way we work it out is to divide ourselves into pairs - the combination of partners changes after each round - and cook that way. "We demonstrate the preparing and cooking of at least one dish to the others can see how it's done. For demonstration we choose such things as a jelly roll and how to make it roll right, dainty little pancakes to serve for dessert - the kind you roll around jam, meringue and how to make it stand up-things

like that." The club meets at the home of the member whose turn it is to cook that day, so an early start is easy. Another member types copies of the recipes used and a copy is given to each member, writes Eleanor Richey Johnston in The Christian Science Monitor.

After lunch when the time for leaving approaches, what do you suppose these well-fed homemakers talk about? The subject usually gets around to "What shall we have for dinner tonight for our hungry husbands and

Nancy gave me a couple of recipes that had been used in her cooking club. Here they are: Chicken Divan

4 chicken breasts 1 package frozen bro 4 tablespoons butter 4 tablespoons flour 2 cups chicken broth

cup heavy cream, whipped 4 cup Parmesan cheese plus more for top of casserole. Cook chicken breasts until done; remove meat from bones and slice. Boil broccoli until tender. Melt butter, stir in flour, add broth, and stir constantly until sauce is smooth and hot; cook over low flame for 10 minutes. Fold in whipped cream; season to taste. Place cooked broccoli in a casserole, add half the sauce, cover with chicken, Add cheese to remaining sauce and cover chicken with it. Sprin-

> in a 350° F. oven until it bubbles all over. . . . Cheese Salad 1 package lemon-flavored gela-

kle more cheese over top. Put

2 packages pimiento cheese 1 cup boiling water 2 cup light cream 1 cup mayonnaise

2 cup almonds 1 cup heavy cream

green pepper, ground Dissolve gelatin in the hot water; beat cheese with the may innaise; add the mayonnais cheese mixture to the gelatin Fold in other ingredients, folding in the heavy cream last. Let set to harden. Serve with your favorite fresh fruit.

From Cincinnati, Ohio, Mrs. Bradley W. Baumeister sent ome recipes you may find useful for this holiday season Here is one of them. "The graham cracker pudding, a recipe I received from my mother, is out of this world," she writes. "Everyone likes it - and it is very eas to make. It's good warm cool, or cold — delicious the next day, if there's any la."

Her Costs Go Up And Sales Go Down

The newspaper seller outside Waterloo was resigned but uncomplaining. She was well wrapped up against the sleet in several scarves and overcoats She had got the better of the weather after 17 years of evenings on

this pitch. "Lots of my regulars just walk past now, you know," she said.
"They look ahead of 'em and just walk on, straight past. Wouldn't believe it, would you? But they do, you know. They do. I get more for me papers, dear, and then sell fewer of 'em. I don't know, I really don't know. Me fares here used to cost me tenpence; now it's three and a tanner. And they're going to put them up again soon. What am I going to do. I'd like to know? Her regulars walk past these nights because London evening newspapers (the two that are

left) have gone up in price one halfpenny. "Threepence a week, dear," the newspaper woman said, with that nimitable cockney look on her motherly face that made further comment unnecessary. "Three-

pence a week!" It is a sign of the times. And very odd times they are - for newspapers. Last Sunday the Sunday Gra-

chic abruptly ceased publication. It had been going for forty-five years. Recently it had been gaining circulation. But its new proprietor Roy Thompson, nevertheless, faced "heavy increases in costs and mounting losses." He made a decision and stopped the presses the next Saturday night.

Graphic subscribers found on the Sunday morning threshold instead of their favorite tabloid the wide, handsome, but somewhat heavy poundage of the Sunday Times. People already subscribing to the Sunday Times were, in most cases, sent by the news agents copies of the Sunday Pictorial, on the principle that although they had not asked for it, the "Pic" at least is tabloid in size and might be expected to

make up a little for the absence of a familiar face. And, of course, with papers folding, and big changes coming to Fleet Street, this is the ques-tion that holds within its answer the future of the daily printed word, what newspapers do peo-ple want? Why do they buy parular newspapers anyway? One hears so much about that it is easy to forget the new presses, and the ones that are running faster, writes John Allan May in the Christian Science

presses that stop running-like

those of the Graphic, and the

News Chronicle, and the Star-

The Sunday Times, now, and te competitor or companion, the Observer, are enjoying a boom. They are making money. And, since they are serious, quality newspapers this surely is a highly significant happening.

A new serious, informative, bulky Sunday paper is about to be printed, the Sunday Tele-

Superficially less important, but not actually, is the clipping a Northern Ireland correspond ent sent us, by coincidence, in the mail today. It was from the front page of the Portadown News (and County Armagh Advertiser), and recorded the impressive launching of a new newspaper, the Lurgan Herald, at a ceremony attended by two He had written across the top

in blue ink "Are provincial newspapers making a come-The answer is, yes. For this is another part of the big change in

the newspaper world. Provincial and local newspapers are grow-Stores and shops and theatres being local, increased prosperity brings increased local advertis-

When other papers get fat, like for instance at Christmas, national newspapers tend to get thin. There is less nationwide advertising.

National morning newspapers, however, although paid for by advertising are usually bought

Evening newspapers tend to be bought by men for the sports pages, crosswords, something to ead in the train, and as fashionand-party papers for wives waitng at home with the supper in the oven. An increase of a halfpenny can

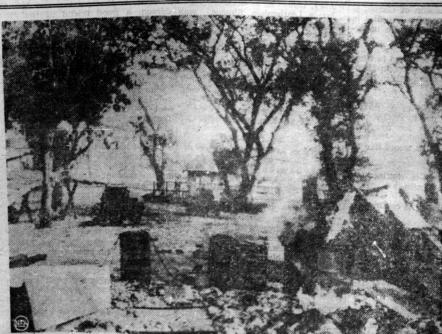
make it seem to be not worth while buying, particularly if it's sleeting. But not, one hopes and magines, for more than a week or two. "Threepence a week! I've got

to have a raise too sometimes, you know, 'aven't I? Threepence "I ask you."

ISSUE 2 - 1961



WILL HEAD U.N. FORCES IN CONGO - Irish Army Maj. Gen Sean MacKeown, named as replacement for Swedish Gen. Carl van Horn as head of the U.N. forces in the Congo, stands outside the United Nations Building in New York.



WAR-TORN CAPITAL OF LAOS - This recent photograph shows the aftermath fighting in Vientiane, Laos. The fighting ended when pro Western forces of Brig. Phomi Nosavan drove pro-Communist troops from the city. On Dec. 21 Red Chinese Defense Minister Lin Piao pledged that Communist China will do all it can to "put a step to U.S.

Old Boston's Barley Toys

Somebody who was here during the summer asked if we had any old cast-iron toys It seems these have become col-lectors' items, too, and I thought back to certain fire engines, trains, and blue tipcarts I'd had or had seen in the earlier days. I remembered a cast-iron bank which, through no effort of mine, had almost made me a rich man. A coin was inserted thus and so, and when you press-ed a button a cast-iron donkey and the penny was tipped into the slot. I never exploited it, but when anybody was around and ask for a penny so it could be lemonstrated. Shortly before she made me affluent the spring in the donkey broke.

Last summer I said no, that we had no cast-iron toys left over, but at Christmas time we always made barley toys with this I hit a blank. It isn't hard, today, to find folks who never had or saw barley toys. Such are always amazed, when they finally see some, to discover they are made from candy. And if there is any memory re action it usually consists of

One of the family ancestors operated a candy shop on Beaon Hill. Nobody seems to remember just where it was on the hill, or exactly how long ago. He, the ancestor, had the shop from his father, and tradition tells us he did well and was then recognized as an old Boston institution. But instead of setting up a continuity and giving us the ldest candy shop in America, for some reason he went out of business. And as the years have gone along certain of his equipnent came to rest improbably under our roof. We have the opper kettle in which he boiled his syrups, the spout indicating that he was left-handed, and the heavy lead molds in which he east Old Boston's barley toys.

We also have the recipe h used, which is supposed to be a secret in the family. It doesn't seem to be anything a good chef couldn't figure out by himself if he tried.

The barley toys, then, are hard sugar candy made in the form of animals or other recognizable objects. They have the added feature, which cast-iron animals do not, that after you are through playing with them,



100TH BIRTHDAY - Mrs. Em-Nie Schulz manages a wan emile despite adversity as she marks her 100th birthday. Confined to a wheelchair since the broke her hip in a fall last year, Mrs. Schulz busily crochets rugs.

lead molds we have go back as much as 150 years, at least, some of them are newer - all them are old enough now to be treasured as they are. The tra-dition is that the candy shop in Boston was always busiest before Christmas, and that the copper kettle was hot almost day and night as it worked on the little candy figurines. Naturally the work was done, at Christmas,

The candy comes from the mold one mold, while a big steam lo it and get it from the mold.

We imagine the engine was one of the more recent molds acquired, and probably is nowhere near so old in the candy business as the roosters and don keys, but it is naturally the fore choo and the whole model train business. We presume that when railroading got established, some mold maker went right at it.

There is a deer, a daintily formed animal with head high and a rack of antlers, but there is no "Santy Claus." You see, until "A Visit From St. Nicholas" was written, there had been no artful description of this character, and it hadn't occurred. to anybody to depict him. The candy deer of the old Boston Candy Shop is therefore simply a deer, and has no connection with Prancer et als. There is a so a camel, with Arab aboard; resplendent eagles in several sizes; and inanimate things such as the teapot — a boat, a cornet, a broom, a musket, and washtub.

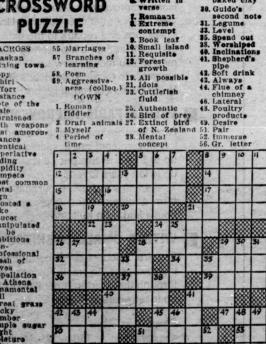
It is refreshing, we think, to dwell annually on this, for it tells of a time when Christmas was less expanded. These little barley toys were sufficient for the day, and perhaps the only bad thing you can say about them is that they are the forerunners of the great commercialized Yule, which so often depresses us now. Yet they were dainty, delightful and delicious.

Anyway every December we get the molds out, set the left-handed copper kettle on the stove, and pour batch after batch of these old-time candies. They make beautiful Christmas remembrances to our friends and remembrances to our friends and relatives who seem more pleased than they wo... be with a ten dollar bill apiece. Nor is it only the children who seem glad. They, the children, react pro ably as children did in old Bosthe toys and shortly eat them. But the older folks react too. "Why," says someone, "I haven't

seen one of those since . . . !" And as the years have gone along, there are folks who come every year just to see us make the toys. They watch us carefully olive-oil the molds, stand them on end, and run in the hot syrup. And when the molds they stand to one side and say, "It's a dog! It's a rooster!" And every year some of them say, "Why, you ought to go into sell!" But we happen to think there are enough people, now, in business over Christmas. We prefer to perpetuate this custom from an amateur standing.

By John Gould in the Christian

Science Monitor. CROSSWORD



34 35 56

56 2-19

you can eat them! Some of these in the front window of the shop so folks in the street could stand and watch — and be teased into

if uncoloured the candy came out a rich honey-gold, as clear as amber, but colour was added to some batches. Green and red. as dogs, cats, birds, shovels, guns, boats, horses, and so on. A little teakettle that you can pop into your mouth comes from comes from another - the engine weighs exactly a pound and it takes over an hour to harden

tine checks on sanitation and



ALL WET — Streets of Bath, England, are boaters' paradise as days of continuous rains flooded the resort city. Boatmen, above, accompany frogman, left, on rescue missions.

THE FARM FRON by John Russell

All Canadian provinces have agreed to co-operate in a voluntary program to increase the efficiency of chick hatchery fumigation. One result of this program is expected to be an improvement in the health of the national flock.

. . . The Poultry Division of the Canada Department of Agricul-ture will administer the project but inspectors from both the federal and provincial governments will collect the incubator dust and fluff samples from hatcheries in their area for the analysis. This is the key innovation ERROLL CHE PROPERTY

The analysis will be carried out at federal Health of Animals Division or provincial laboratories, whichever is most convenient, and a report on the number and types of micro-organisms in the samples will be made. On the basis of these analyses hatch-eries will be notified of the effectiveness of their sanitation methods or will be advised where necessary to take steps to reduce exposure of the chicks to excessive number of the micro-

Studies in Canada have confirmed the ability of formalde-hyde fumigation to kill bacteria and many hatcherymen have resorted to this means of reducing disease in chicks. The next step was to find a method of measuring the effectiveness of the operation. It was found that this could be done by laboratory examination of samples and esti-mating the numbers of viable micro-organisms in a known weight of incubator dust. Cases have been reported where a high bacterial population in a sample was definitely associated with high non-specific mortality in the first few weeks of brooding. Where significant counts of As-

pergillus mold were found in samples, the chicks or poults often developed Aspergillosis. By the end of 1959 three provinces were engaged in fumigation and analysis work in chick hactheries and this year the program was extended to all of Canada with governments at both levels offering inspection and analysis facilities. Inspection hatcheries is obligatory under the Livestock and Livestock Products Act and the collection of inwhator dust and fluff camples can be done in the course of rou-

of Canada's 590 hatchery opera-tors to participate is an essential part of the program. The Poultry Division at Ottawa is convinced that the values of the findings made will quickly commend the program to those poultrymen who are still new to it.

. . . If plants could talk they would complain of "catching a virus" just as often as human beings do and with more reason. For viruses cause extensive disease in such crops as corn, potatoes and rasp-berries. While some plants, like human beings, shake off a virus condition with little damage. others are noticeably affected.

What exactly is the virus? It is a tiny biological entity that multiplies by robbing its host of nutrients. The ineffective part of the virus particle comprises four basic units arranged in a specific pattern which remains constant in reproduction—and reproduction can take place in a few minutes.

. . .

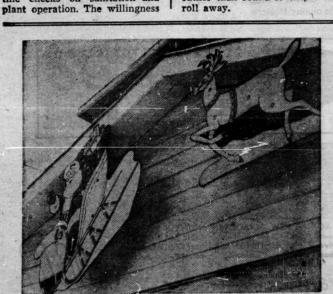
The process of virus penetration, movement and growth within the host can be traced by tagging one of the basic units of the pattern with radioactivity and it is hoped eventually to learn how the virus assembles pattern. This study being carried on at the Canada Department of Agriculture research station at Vancouver, may lead to a better understanding of immunity and to better means of controlling disease.

Other controls attempted are the breeding of varieties resistant to the attacks of the virus, and the protection of virus-free plants from infection in the early stages of propagation.

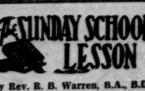
ONIONS FORETELL WEATHER Country folk in France have a quaint Yuletide onion custom which many thousands will observe again this year. On Christmas Day twelve onions are placed on a shelf, each with a pinch of salt on top, to represent the twelve months of

If by Epiphany the salt on any particular onion has dissolved, the month it represents will be wet, they say. If the sait remains firm the month will prove

Most pencils are made six-sided rather than round so they won't



DONDER AND BLITZENI - William Thomas of Kansas City, had no "cart before the horse" idea when he hung cutouts Santa and one of his reindeer on the gable of his home. "It just came out that way," he said. Children and grown-up neighbors are having so much fun out of it the way it is, he's deciaed not to change it.



By Rev. R. B. Warren, B.A., B.D. Ye Must Be Born Again

John 3: 1-7, 12-21 Memory Selection: God sent not His Son into the world to con-demn the world; but that the world through him might be sav-ed. John 3:17.

There are multitudes of peo-ple in this Christian land who know as little about the meaning of the New Birth as did Nicodemus. We understand church membership, good works, the sacraments, but until we are born of the Holy Spirit, we cannot un-

derstand the new birth.

Nicodemus belonged to the most religious sect of the Jews. He was impressed by the miracles which Jesus performed. He was startled when Jesus probed into his heart, saying, "Marvel not that I say unto thee, Ye must be born again." The great evangelist, George Whitfield, was once asked why he preached so frequently from the text, 'ye must be born again.' His reply was, "Because ye must be born

In the eighteenth century John Wesley was a true son of Nicodemus. It took him thirteen years to abandon his false assumptions and humbly place his complete faith in Jesus Christ. Only then did he experience the new birth. Only then did he possess eternal life. For fifty years thereafter he travelled up and down the British Isles convincing thousands of the truth explained to Nicodemus by Jesus. Before this experience he had come to America to convert the Indians but found that he himself needed to be con-

John 3:16 points out the means by which we may be saved; believing on God's only begotten Son. We are saved by faith. Man would like to make a way to heaven according to his own wishes. But there is only one way. We must turn from our sin and believe on Jesus Christ. And this is not merely an intellectual assent; it is a committing of our all to Him. It is a deliberate trust. Jesus Christ and He alone, can deliver us from the curse of the

Wool, Walnuts And Pen-Wipers

There was no money to spend on presents from shops, nor did we think of buying our gifts. books which were the province of our parents. My Mother look vity when she visited the country town on the Friday before

Christmas.
One could buy balls of variegated wool for a halfpenny each in colours which shaded in a manner I thought magical. There was orange shading to yellow, and red melting to pink, and various tones of green and blue mingled like a garden of flowers. I murmured the beautiful word "variegated" as I walked through the wood to the tiny sweetshop in the hamlet where the wool was sold. I clutched my twopence in my hand and

ivy-covered cottage which was

housework. There was a strong smell of vinegar and pickles which I disliked, but there were jars of sweets and trays of Jap-nuggets and cocoanut chips and late bars as well as the variegated wool balls. I chose the colours from the dusty tray

I began the knitting at once, as soon as I got into the wood, by hammering four little tacks in an empty cotton-reel, using a stone for the hammer, to make my primitive knitting machine. The wool was twisted round the tacks which were evenly spaced about the centre hole of the bobbin and with a pin, or even thorn, I drew the fresh woo over to make a stitch. Round and round the bobbin I worked and a fascinating snake of many colours was drawn through the

Walnuts and chestnuts were the wildwood foundations for some presents, which had plen-ty of diversity. We made a set of dolls' furniture, chairs and couch and table with shiny brown horse-chestnuts fresh from the green husk, and coloured wool and some stout pins from the pincushion on the

Walnuts grew in an old avenue of trees planted by my great-grandfather and although they no longer belonged to us we used to run under the great trees and stamp on the dark rotten husks which lay among the fallen leaves. We carefully cracked the cream shells and kept them for our presents of mystery. Sixpence bought a bottle of gold paint which lasted for years and we gilded the nuts for the Christmas tree and for presents. Some of them were made into little pin-cushions, with scraps of velvet and silk from the patchwork bag glued across the half nut and they were ready for somebody's

My own recollection of simple things, the painted text, the gilded walnuts, the surprise nuts, the embroidered handkerchief, the pen-wiper, the pin-cushion, and mats were in my private drawer the kitchen table where I looked at them many a time

Our hearts were warm as we thought of the store of presents and Christmas was near.—From "The Swans Fly Over," by Ali-

FOUR-TON CHRISTMAS TREE One of Britain's record Christmas trees was provided by the Duke of Norfolk for tenantry

about a century ago. Grown on his estate, it was seventy feet high and weighed four tons.

The first Christmas tree see in England was erected by the Prince Consort, husband of Queen Victoria, at Windsor in 1840. It was forty feet high and carried a crop of presents worth

an estimated \$45,000.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking ONEN TRED TINES

SEAN TRED TRED

OVEN TRED

ISSUE 2 - 1961



LONELY HEARTS - Clinging to each other, these monkeys fearfully face a strange world in experiments at the University of Wisconsin. Dr. Harry F. Harlow, a psychologist, is researching such factors as mother love and affection between