

### Beautiful Bridge Promotes Suicide

It's the longest single span in the world, and the most beautiful. Rust-red, it soars across the Golden Gate from the green slopes of the Presidio of San Francisco to Marin's sun-beautiful hills, 8,440 feet in all. Tourists come from all over the world to look upon it, especially at sunset when it glows—but some come seeking death.

The first was Harold Wobber. On Aug. 8, 1937, just 73 days after it opened, Wobber went for a stroll across the Golden Gate Bridge with a friend. Suddenly, he took off his coat and vaulted the rail, shouting: "This is where I get off." He died an instant after hitting the water, 238 feet below.

Last month, two schoolboys walking across the bridge saw a woman climb the rail and jump. Mrs. Iva L. Mazurek, a 39-year-old housewife, the wife of a printer, didn't know it, but she was establishing a milestone of sorts. She was the first person to plunge from the bridge, making it possibly the most lethal span in the world as well as the longest and most beautiful.

The 200 have included distraught men and women from all walks of life—businessmen, laborers, Sikhs, Row bump, housewives; the young and the old. (Their average age: 47). Only one of them survived the plunge, pretty Cornelia Van Island. On a September afternoon in 1941, the 22-year-old San Francisco girl jumped from the bridge. A sudden impulse? Falling feet first, her body upturned by the gusts that swirl around the Golden Gate, she fell into the water, suffering only bone fractures in her arms and neck.

What is this fatal attraction the Golden Gate Bridge has? Why did Wobber jump from it? Or Miss Van Island? Or Mrs. Mazurek, who didn't leave a note explaining and whose husband said "she had been very beautiful"? San Franciscans, who take a risist pride in the span's record of death, have a dozen different theories. Dr. S. I. Hayakawa, the noted authority on general semantics and professor of language arts at San Francisco State College, thinks it's the very beauty of the Golden Gate Bridge that draws those bent on self-destruction. If only unconsciously. "The fact that suicide is many times more frequent on the Golden Gate Bridge than any other..." is a comment on both the esthetics and psychology of suicide." — From NEWSWEEK.

### Coral Gardens Under The Stars

The following day we decide to explore the deeper waters beyond the reef and requisition a glass-bottom boat for the purpose.

Although it is July, and mid-winter, the cloudless sky provides a comfortable warmth as we lazily paddle our boat over the mirrorlike surface beyond the reef where the water is twenty or thirty feet deep. Here the coral never exposed to the resurging influence of the waves, never battered by air churned up by an angry wind, is free to grow in almost limitless profusion and it reaches a size never attained in the shallow water of the lagoon.

As we gaze into the cool green light of the liquid depths we are transported into a new world.

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### Suffering Africa--

and we fairly gasp with wonder at the magnificence of some of the coral gardens that might have been planted and tended by fairies, so strangely different from the gardens of our previous experience. Delicate, finely branched coral trees and shrubs, corals like giant mushrooms, corals resembling enormous fans, corals arranged in tiers like a Buddhist temple, coral grottoes, coral caves, coral infusions in their variety, pass by as we slowly and quietly move over the surface.

Their colours are restful rather than brilliant. A hedge of light blue staghorn coral contrasts with one of pink; branches of lavender are thrown into relief by borders of rose red. Here and there the coral shrubs are variegated; pale green stems are tipped with mauve, like buds about to burst into bloom; bright yellow branches tipped with pale blue; pale lawn tipped with heliotrope. The shape and colour are limitless...

Whenever we look, fishes, unaware of, or at least undisturbed by, our presence, swim lazily about the maze of coral growth, apparently proud of the beauty that surrounds them. Or is it at least have every reason to be proud, for nature has adorned them with lavish profusion.

Their colours are indescribable — they live; and their shapes and patterns beggar description. Small damselfishes, three or four inches long adorned with a blue of wonderful purity, some with golden tails, vie with others of a uniform green shade rare in the world above...

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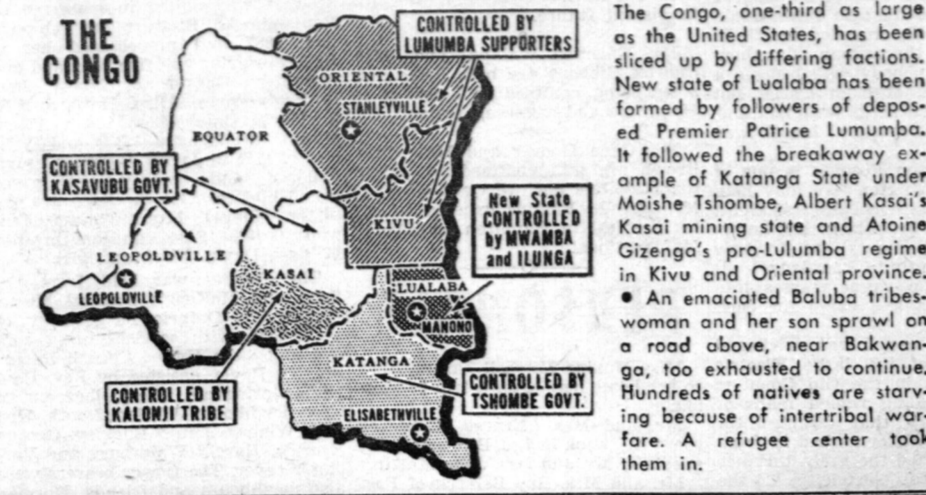
### If You've Got A Cold — Just Be Patient

Despite the varied claims made for antihistamines, painkillers, antibiotics, decongestants, vitamin pills, cough medicines, and folk cures, the current issue of Today's Health republished last week this medical truism: "There is no known drug which will cure a cold."

What can you do for a cold then?

"Stay home, take a hot bath, go to bed, avoid drafts, keep well covered," advised the popular journal. "Treat your cold as an infectious disease. Cover all coughs and sneezes. You can't drown, dry up, or starve a cold, so eat an adequate diet. When you have to blow your nose, sneeze through both sides. Use a steam kettle or vaporizer to relieve nasal congestion. If your cold persists for more than a week, or if you have more than three or four colds a year, see your doctor."

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### TABLE TALKS

**Brownies** — Those delectable chocolate concoctions, midway between cookie and cake — are almost universally enjoyed in Canada and the United States. Yet, more often than not, one finds them poorly made. Of course there's always the possibility of difference of opinion as to what makes a good brownie. I'm of the school which contends a dry brownie something to give the birds for their morning feast of crumbs. Some years ago I found a practically fool-proof recipe which makes moist, tender brownies, and, because the stirring together takes only one dish and requires no creaming, it is simplicity itself.

**ORANGE - CRANBERRY MOLD**  
 1/2 tablespoons plain gelatin  
 1/2 cup cold water  
 1/4 cup hot water  
 3 cups orange juice  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 1 cup cranberries, chopped  
 Grated rind of 1 lemon and 1 orange  
 1/4 cup peeled walnuts or pecans

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes; add hot water and dissolve gelatin. Stir in orange juice and sugar. Pour enough of this mixture into mold to form 1/4-inch layer (for a party touch, decorate this layer with a few halved cranberries). Allow to set. Stir cranberries, fruit peels, orange chunks, and nuts into remaining gelatin mixture. Gently spoon over clear layer of mold. Chill until firm. Serves 6-8.

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### GINGER ALE SALAD

1/2 cup cold water  
 1/4 cup sugar  
 1/4 teaspoon salt  
 1/2 cup lemon juice  
 1/2 cup orange juice  
 2 cups diced fruit—pineapple, banana, orange  
 1/2 cup chopped celery

**PEAR SALAD**  
 8 canned Bartlett pear halves  
 2 pounds cottage cheese  
 2 tablespoons chopped candied ginger  
 Mandarin orange segments  
 Blueberries  
 Combine cottage cheese and ginger; mound on flattened salad plates. Arrange 2 pear halves on opposite sides of cottage cheese with stem end toward the center. Garnish with

### A Candy Recipe Worth Trying

This adaptation of a Southern recipe more than a century old has been my candy specialty for many years. It is simple and easy, almost foolproof, and better than the average commercial variety. It keeps well, too, if hidden successfully! The original recipe calls for pecans, but lacking these I use English walnuts, and even prefer them.

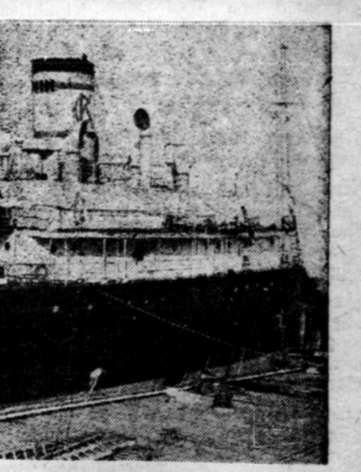
Melt 1/2 stick butter or margarine in a small iron skillet or tuck pan that will retain heat. Into the hot butter empty 1/2 to 1 cupful of broken nut meats; stir and turn, over a low fire until nuts are heated through but not browned. Keep these in a warm place while preparing in a saucepan a syrup of one cup brown sugar, one cup white sugar, and 1/2 cup evaporated milk.

When syrup reaches 230° F., or a good stiff, soft-ball stage, add nuts and butter, and cook about three minutes longer, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and beat about a minute, as nuts are heated through but not browned. Keep these in a warm place while preparing in a saucepan a syrup of one cup brown sugar, one cup white sugar, and 1/2 cup evaporated milk.

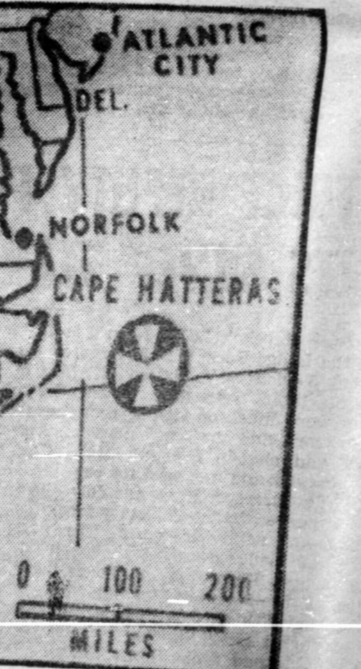
### His Grandchildren Beat Him To It

Of the dozens of gifts presented to West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer on his 65th birthday, the one that seemed to appeal to him most — a treat delivered by Food Minister Werner Heuss — disappeared while Adenauer was greeting callers. "Where are the doughnuts?" he asked suddenly. Taking in 21 sweet-toothed callers with a bucket with which he greeted each, he replied: "Sorry, but they've already been eaten by your grandchildren." Easily the most intriguing of Adenauer's presents came from his bitterest foe; it was a lacquered box on which, symbolically or not — two lovers were displayed in embrace. Dnru: Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev.

**C. How can I preserve the flavor of roast meat when I wish to serve it cold?**  
 A. Wrap the meat in a damp cheesecloth while it is still hot.



**MOURNING ITS DEAD** — The stern section of the ill-fated tanker Pine Ridge lies tied up at a floating dock, Va., dock, off Cape Hatteras, N.C. The 29 remaining members of the crew were saved.



**TANKER BREAKS UP IN ATLANTIC** — Newsmap spots area where the American tanker Pine Ridge snapped in two Dec. 21 during a howling gale off Cape Hatteras, N.C.

### And Now The Ducks Have Their Doubts!

Should anybody be worrying about my ducks, be it known that my ducks are now worrying about me. They have found out that I don't float worth a cent. This has a negative effect on my influence among them, for the way I quack they thought I was a duck, too. They now know better.

I quack rather well, really, articulating Mallard, I can step out on my doorstep in the bracing air of a country morning, make a couple of quacks with such facility as seldom accords to humans and set the whole excitement. The flock quack back with credulity, and confide in me with their most secret thoughts. Furthermore, I can make the quietest quack of the green-headed drake, which is cozier and limited in range, but the high, raucous quack of the female mallard, which will slap against a sheet of thin aluminum and set the echoes crying all up and down the Ridge. I am not only just a duck, I am two ducks!

So they rally to my remarks and feel I am one of them. The other day I rounded them up and inserted them in the weather-tight coop where they customarily pass the disconcerting winter, they spoke sharply and in me about freedom and liberty and due process and impugned my intelligence. I told them the weatherman was even now insisting that an old bruiser of a blizzard was due, and in spite of their strong arguments I would have to be adamant.

I told them all this in patient quacks, but they knew more than I did. I closed the door and adjusted the button and seal and away I could hear them discussing me liberally, and making coarse comments I would not care to repeat. They seemed to think that for a duck, I was a nut.

But the weatherman proved to be correct, and shortly the storm settled in and it was indeed a rouser. By morning we had a foot of lovely snow, and I supposed the ducks would be grateful for my foresight. With the morning wind still whipping the townships I filled a bucket with water and waded through the drifts to bring them a drink. I quacked pleasantly as I approached the coop, expecting an answering greeting, and perhaps some of the chummy say I elicit by some of the things I say.

They did not answer, however, and I opened the door to find the encompassed ducks uncomprehending. The wind had snaked a pane of glass from one of the windows, and during the night my flock had flown forth. This must have been something to see. Ducks can't jump like a hen and they had to effect this exit on pinions. How they took off inside the small coop and so fretted their wings that they had them drawn close at the precise instant of negotiating a seven-by-nine opening one at a time, must have been a whole new concept of flight. Some artists in mobiles should try to express this flock of ducks erupting in order from a broken window suggests an unerring accuracy beyond belief, and I'm sure I'd seen it I'd have doubted.

Next I had the task of persuading the stragglers to find them. While New York and Boston were lamenting traffic delays and the drop-off in holiday business, I was trading the farm, quacking away like a good one, and wondering if my flock had really kept on going to Alabama. They had not. In the wind, soon, I heard an answering quack from from the pond, and I walked

### CROSSWORD PUZZLE

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Answer elsewhere on this page

### The Farm Front

Although it is too early to be sure of the ultimate result of the deficiency payment system of price support for eggs seems to be a more realistic relationship with demand. A. D. Davey of the Canada Department of Agriculture, told United States poultrymen recently.

The director of the department's Poultry Division spoke to the Midwestern Regional Convention of the American Poultry and Hatchery Federation at Chicago in December.

He described stabilization policy in detail including the old offer-to-purchase program for eggs and the deficiency payment program which superseded it in October, 1959.

Although the program assures a minimum level per dozen — the offer-to-purchase program establishing a base and the deficiency payment program an average for the year — the former program could result in higher returns to producers in price above the base or average set. The important feature of the deficiency payment program is that it permits the product to be sold at prices that more truly reflect supply and demand and gives less incentive to production expansion. Production expansion became a very serious problem as related to the Canadian Stabilization program for shell eggs.

### Teenagers' Idol Creates Mob Scene

Outside the new Woolworth store in San Juan, Puerto Rico, the youthful mob verged on hysteria. One of Western teendom's demigods — 19-year-old crooner-composer Paul Anka — had just arrived on the island for an answering greeting, and perhaps some of the chummy say I elicit by some of the things I say.

Residents in the blizzard areas will readily agree that aside from a lack of gas and a few speeding automobiles more speedily than a few inches of unplowed snow.

Obey the traffic signs — they are placed there for YOUR SAFETY.

### Not To Blame

Spurred by their ambition to "surpass the capitalist U.S.," Soviet farms and factories are belting out everything from pigs to pig iron. But somewhere, someone goofed: They forgot about pillows.

A few weeks ago, Trade Minister Dmitri Pavlov announced that there were only enough cottons to meet 15 per cent of the Soviet public's annual demand for pillows. "He wasn't telling Moscow anything they didn't know," cabled Newsweek's Moscow bureau chief Whitman Bassow. "Most Russian families have to wait for at least a year for new pillows. Some newlyweds have been known to cut pillows in two so that each have one. There is even a black market, with peasants getting as much as 5 rubles (about \$8.50) to make up pillows on the sly. Yet even to wait six months—until the chickens come through."

Are the chickens to blame?

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### Famous Manuscript To Be Decoded

Surrounded by surplus mummies shrouded in plastic bags, Iorwerth Edwards, birdlike keeper of Egyptian antiquities at the British Museum, began work last week on a task which might have shaken a more impressionable soul. Ignoring the omniscient lore that surrounds things rifled from tombs, he began decoding a 22-foot-long papyrus scroll, the Book of the Dead, a kind of passport to eternity buried with Pharaohs, who extolled their virtues to the Gods in their own hand.

Because the superstitious donor, Sir Archibald C. Campbell, thought it unlucky to open it, the scroll was sealed in wax and untouched since 1874, when he bought it from Egyptian grave robbers. Not until the estate of his daughter was settled last fall did the museum receive the scroll.

### Spurred Down to Prevent Pecking

Registration of producers was essential to the success of the price support program. Only one registration was allowed for each flock although many inquiries were received from families wishing to divide up their flocks to secure more than one registration.

### Russian Chickens Not To Blame

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### DOUBLE TROUBLE

Identical twins Randy and Ricky Jones, of Dallas, Tex., fell into double trouble after Christmas. Each was trying out a new set of roller skates. Within an hour each had broken his arm.

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### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. B. Warren, B.A., B.D.  
 Jesus' Authority Challenged  
 John 5: 9 - 24.  
 Memory Selection: Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life: John 5:24.

When Jesus performed a miracle, discussion usually followed. On this occasion the Jews criticized because the healing had been performed on the Sabbath. But first, let us look at the miracle.

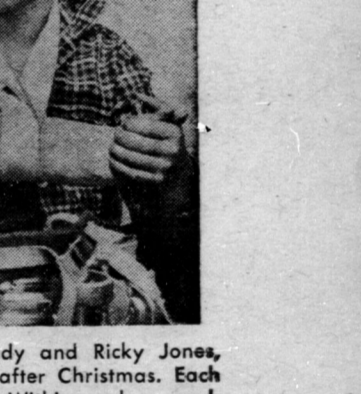
Jesus seeing this invalid of 38 years, asked him if he would be made whole. Of course he did. That was why he was sitting by the pool. But hope had well nigh given way to despair. Jesus challenged him further, saying, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk." This called for resolution and faith. He responded. He believed. He undertook to do as the Lord bade him and found he was able to do so. Later, Jesus meeting him in the temple gave him warning, "Behold, thou art made whole; sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee."

The Jews first found fault because this man was carrying his bed on the sabbath. If one is against a cause, it takes a very little thing to evoke criticism. We need to carefully evaluate our motives before we criticize. If it is in order to rescue a sheep that has fallen into a pit on the sabbath, surely it was in order to heal this man and for him to take his blanket with him. Jesus said on another occasion, "The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath; therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath."

What Jesus had done was in keeping with the words of Isaiah, (58:13,14) "If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing my pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the LORD, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor speaking thine own words; thou shalt delight thyself in the LORD."

Many people want to disregard the Lord's Day and seek their own pleasures. Promoters of commercialized sport and theatre owners want to make more money. Communists are glad to see a further weakening of the worship attitude. We greatly need a moving of God's Holy Spirit that will move us to seek the Lord and obey Him.

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**FIRING SQUAD CHA-CHA** — A gathering of followers of Fidel Castro chant "to the wall" in Havana, demanding death for terrorists who set off bombs in the city.

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