New Bluebird Being Readied

stood unassailed since 1947 trembles in the balance as a project costing the British motor indus ching pad.

hour set by Britain's John Cobb He did so on the Utah salt flats at Bonneville from a flying start in a specially designed Railton Bluebird Proteus jet-engined car wilt with the co-operation of 72 British companies and being

o Melbourne for exhibi tion at the international trade fair, then in April to a place Adelaide. South Australia. On a sit known as Lake Eyre,

bell will attempt to drive Blue m.p.h. in two opposite directions. tial part of the record attack. For a record to be officially recognized, a return run has to Times of the two runs are added, erage struck to give the officially credited miles per hour speed

elled in excess of 400 m.p.h. In 1960, California's Michael Thompson became the fastest man on wheels with a 406.6 m.p.h. hurtle over the Western Salt flats. But, as his return run when averaged was at a speed less than Cobb's existing mark. a world record could not be claimed.

It was on Sept. 16 in the same accelerated from a standstill

A slip was thrust into the The tires lost adhesion, the car and half a mile from the point where it left the course it crashed. When the rescuers reached it Donald Campbell was severely injured, but the engine still run-

From that same engine, developing 5,000 brake horsepower at ull throttle and known generally as a turboprop, the new Blueder the direction of Sir Alfred Owen, the new model has designed by Norris Bros. Ltd., to

Your correspondent was one of the few who stood by the Bluebird when its engines were start-ed at Goodwood, Sussex, and it had a brief outing on the racing circuit there. The mechanics, quite understandably, prevented any of us from standing directly fore or aft of the roaring monster as its mighty turbo-props ingurged and exuded, writes Sydney Skilton in the Christian Sci-

ence Monitor. The world land speed record is officially governed by an international authority, the Federation Internationale Automobile with its headquarters in Paris. Rules decree that jet or rocket on is not allowed. The vehicle must be steered through the road wheels. Bluebird con plies with these requirements and is therefore the first attack ing the world land record using

a gas turbine engine. were available about the Bluebird. For example we were informed that, from 450 m.p.h., 6,000,000 foot pounds of energy had to be dissipated in 60 seconds to bring the vehicle to halt on-a course 11 miles in length.

GABOR THE MERRIER

A Turkish diplomat stationed in Budapest in the 1930s was husband No. 1 for Hungarianborn Zsa Zsa Gabor. By 1955 she had wed and shed two otherstel man Conrad Hilton and actor George Sanders. In New the other day, un abashedly giving her age as 37 Zsa Zsa took a fourth mate. He is Herbert Loeb Hutner, 53, a Manhattan investor who drives a red Bentley. Divorced by his first ife last month. Hutner caught Zsa Zsa's acquisitive eye at a charity ball. As she told it: "He was dancing with another woman. I looked at Herbert and that other woman never saw him again-I hope."



The record is 394.2 miles pe

The project is the new It is going to Australia, first

uninhabited and classified as ert, Britain's Donald Campbird at speeds in excess of 400 The two-way drive is an essen be made within a specified time. divided by two, and a mean av-

Already one motorist has trav

year, at the same venue, that Donald Campbell crashed when he attacked Cobb's record. The less than 80 percent of full powto 365 m.p.h. in 24 seconds, but the right wheels ran into a patch

> Poorly printed were the words: distressed wife of our friend . . . who has had the misfortune to lose his liberty." Over the dots had been pencil-

led a name.
"Go to hell," said the bookie. The bookie didn't reach home that night. He was found in a ditch, not far from Epsom racecourse, beaten and disfigured with a razor.

The next day the tickets sold

freely among the bookmaker fraternity. It was 1921 and the new racket was flourishing. This was the kind of challenge the fledgling Flying Squad had to meet in the early years after it

ASTRONAUTS HONORED - Astronaut Walter M. Schirra,

left, and space expert Dr. Wernher von Braun inspect model

of flying machine designed by Leonardo Da Vinci during re-

MASTER FINGERS - Kinio

Etc; foremost master of the

koto, plays for his son. Taka-

nari 4. in New York. Koto,

multi-stringed instrument of

Japan, sounds like a cross be-

tween a harpsichord and a

They arrested the entire gang

them in seven vans, and drove

them back to Epsom. Twenty-three were sentenced to jail,

The Flying Squad was getting

Of course the Italian mob had

some laughs at the outcome, but

the laughter lacked heart for they

could see a grim warning to

In the following seasons the

Some of the gangs recruited

warfare, until they could roam a

neighbourhood with forty or fifty

broke up the various gangs in

work, for no arrested member of

a race gang dared to squeal.

into its stride in dealing with the

writes Leonard Gribb in "Tit

Bits."

race gangs.

their home cities.

armed thugs.

twenty-eight men, dumped

quitar and is six feet long.

each entrance and advanced.

ception at dinner, honoring the astronauts.

Battles Of The

Racetrack Gangs

A lean man with hard eves

and some slips of paper in a

grubby hand approached a bookie during the Epsom spring

When the bookie saw him he

frowned. He recognized a mem-

ber of one of the London race

gangs that had sprung up a few

"I'm not taking your money,"

handing out money. I'm collect-

He help up the slips of paper.

want you to buy some. Read for

yourself, and don't say you can't.'

The lean man grinned. "I'm not

he said. "I don't want trouble

months earlier.

had been founded. A few of the lesser fry were picked up by the police, but the hard core of the gangs remained untouched.

One tough bunch came down from the Midlands and gave the local police some news. "There are twenty of us here, and we're all going back."

It was a cheap boast, easily broken. Those toughs from Birmingham ran up against another mob, known as the Italian Gang, whose members mostly had dark curly hair, swarthy faces, and a passion for thin-bladed knives. That day the bottles and knuckle-dusters lost out to the

stiletto knives. Some of the Birmingham mob were still in hospital when a couple of men called at an Italia café in the Clerkenwell area of Six men jumped up from a

table. Shots were fired and then the Flying Squad arrived. Five prisoners were charged with this off-the-course affray Two were sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

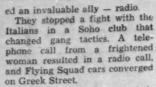
The first real dent had been made in the armour of the race gangs. But race gang rivalry had lence and letting blood. Then the Birmingham mod and their close allies, the Leeds mob, decided to finish the Italians and

their allies from London's East End during an Epsom meeting It was four-thirty in the after noon when the coach was backed into a narrow lane near the Brick Kiln, a pub in Ewell, not far from

The Midlanders alighted. One with glasses slung round his shoulder, started down towards Ewell, to keep observation. Nearly twenty minutes later he gave a signal. The coach drove

nto the high road, slowing a big truck that was approaching. Its brakes were still squealing when the fight started. For ten ninutes the battle raged, then the Midlanders discovered the grim truth. They had jumped their pals from Leeds!

By that time too much blood ad been spilled for a fractured friendship to be mended. The Birmingham mob piled back into their coach and took off. The Flying Squad found it outside a pub in Kingston. The Squad men then covered



Three tough mobs had their fighting spirit broken by Flying Squad truncheons.

The race gangs became more docile in outward appearance and the "roaring twenties" ended on a much quieter note than they began. The gangs were still working the race-courses, but their gang rivalry was less vol-

Not the least reason for this was the Flying Squad's new sys-tem of shadowing car loads of race mobsters. When they arrived at a race meeting it was to find plenty of plain-clothes men ready move in at the first sign of violence.

One of the last big gangs was the Hoxton mob. Its leaders decided they had the field to themelves, and set out to prove it at Lewes in June, 1936.

The bookies were to be their victims. But the Flying Squad had been watching the gang very closely, and its plans were known to them.

Brighton police were alerted. Detective-Sergeant Collier, an expert in local race-gang warfare, took a special squad to Lewes to co-operate with the Flying Squad. The Huxton mobsters were seen edging up to the bookies' Suddenly they pounced, drag-

ging weapons from under their One bookie was beaten over the head, but he managed to run away, blood streaming down his Another was almost killed by a

hatchet blow. Then a police whistle shrilled. and the weapons were thrown on the grass. But too late. Sixteen of that mob appeared later at Lewes Assizes. The judge allotted nearly forty-four years The race gangs had taken a

blow from which they never recovered. The bookmakers themselves took advantage of the breathing space they had been given by the Flying Squad's unrelenting ef-

They created the Bookmakers' Protection Association.

The sport of kings was made safe again, without one running the risk of being hustled or jumped by race gang hooligans.

How Can I? By Roberta Lee

Q. How can I prevent olive oil from becoming rancid?

A. Add two lumps of sugar t a quart jar of the olive oil. Q. How can I make a simple harmless, and effective whitener for my dainty curtains and fine

A. A tablespoonful of powdered borax, added to your final rinse water, will do this. Q. How can I tell by the flame in my hot water heater whether the heater is working gangs tended to become less bois-terous on the course and more efficiently or not?

violent in the back-streets of A. If the flame is red or - it needs adjusting. v blue members for this kind of gang It's not giving as much heat as it should, and it forms carbon on the bottom of the tank, which slows down the heating of the Tirelessly the Flying Squad into, and clogs, the burner out London, but it was slow, slogging

Pigeons bill and coo While humans kill and boo!

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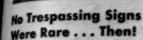
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FOR sale - One thousand acres of bush with river running through it, in Town-ship of St Edmunds, on Highway 6, on Bruce Peninsula. No correspondence. SEED CORN

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IT WILL BE WORLD'S WIDEST — Aerial view shows progress of construction on what will soon be the world's widest superhighway, the Dan Ryan expressway, which runs 20.8 miles through Chicago's south side. The expressway will carry 16 lanes of traffic.

No Trespassing Signs

In the farming area surro ing the small Ohio town where I gew up. No Trespassing signs were rare. A boy could walk for miles across the fields, climbing the barbed-wire fences that marked the ownership boundaries, without running into one. It was accepted without thought or question that, as long as we obeyed certain unwritten rules, we had a right to walk across those fields. In one sense, they were owned by certain specified people who paid taxes on them and had the privilege of planting them to corn or wheat. But in another sense, they belonged to us.

Our ownership came through no musty legal documents. It came in part by right of inheritance from the generations of boys who had preceded us, in from the knowledge acquired through our own research. It was an arguable point of ethics, at least in our minds, whether a walnut tree was more the property of the man who held its legal ownership or of the boy who had come back, week after week, to watch the ripening green nuts, waiting for the frost to come and turn the leaves brown, indicat-

ing the harvest was ready. Blackberries belonged to us, unless the owner specifically in-formed us otherwise. So did the mint growing along creek bot-toms and the elderberries hanging in dusty profusion along the right of way of the Pennsylvania Railroad spur line to Ashtabula. Dead trees were ours to build campfires or rude cabins with. The live trees belonged to the owner who had the right to cut them, although we preferred that he didn't.

In return, the unwritten agreement between our world and the sdult world specified that we would extinguish our campfires carefully. We would refrain from throwing rocks at cows to watch them run awkwardly across the fields. We would avoid swimming where the farmer's wife or

A 2

daughters might be shocked at

our lack of swimming suits. And we would do our best not to

on a dollar pocket watch.

In the winter, dozens of outsiders came to skate, with a big campfire blazing on shore in case

ing the summers, while they were not precisely banned, they were not encouraged.

A grove of sugar maples had been planted near the pond. Be-hind it was the woods, limited on one side by the railroad right of way, on the other by the culti-vated fields. There was a traditional site for the principal cabin
— a rude affair of fallen trees at

break down fences when we elimbed over or through them. Like all rules, written and unwritten, these were not always obeyed. But the boys themselves discouraged violators. If another boy chopped down a maple, we first, entered through the top; later a more elaborate structure was constructed out of slabs ob-tained from a saw mill. There knew that the entire woods might be denied to the rest of us. If a campfire were improperly extinguished and caused damage, it would spoil things for all of were generally a few satellite cabins under construction in hid-den places nearby, for one of the those boys who spent most of their summers in other people's woods and fields. things we did in the woods was

their summers in other people's woods and fields.

But more important than these considerations was another: As far as we were concerned, the real estate we used was ours, no matter what the registrar of deeds thought. And only the most shortsighted boy would ruin what thted hov would ruin what was his own. Not every owner of farmland

cepted the system. Once in a while, a boy was chased and threats were shouted. But gener-ally, as long as nothing more val-uable than field corn was appropriated for the meals at the camp-fires, a friendly truce obtained. The fence owners sometimes

bled that we loosened the barbed wire they had strung beween the fields in climbing over it. It was true that we looked for places where the wire sagged, so t was possible to crawl between the middle strands without being snagged. It was also true that

What Do You Know About WEST AFRICA?



ometimes, when a boy was mounting the wire next to a post, on his way to the other side,

weight But these were accidents, as much regretted by the boy as the owner. Most farmers seem to have regarded us as one more natural hazard to agriculture accepted with good grace. In the town where I grew up, the favorite gathering place of

generations of boys was called either Dixon's Woods or simply "the woods." As I left the house after gathering up whatever foodstuff I needed, I would say, "I'm going to the woods," and everyone knew where I would To get to the woods, two routes were traditional. By bicycle you rode a mile east, then back through the driveway of a church, where the shed which had been

built for horses and buggies formed a makeshift garage. The drive way turned into a track leading across the fields, barely negoti able by a bicycle. This, in turn, by tractors and other farm machinery, which ran past the large, shallow pond that set Dixon's woods apart from those owned by other farmers. When we made the trip on foot, we headed east for a half

mile along the gravel sidewalk that ran along the main road to Cleveland. Then we ducked through a fence into a villager's orchard, back through the fields, over a fence or two to the woods and pond. This path, like the more roundabout route to the woods used by bicycles and an occasional Model T, had been handed down to us by the boys who were our predecessors. It was accepted as ours, even though technically we were trespassers as soon as we left the public walk, writes Robert W. Wells in the Christian Science

Monitor. The pond was not deep enough for swimming, although once or twice we tried it. A single row-boat was there, hidden in the weeds. Because there was no other boat to race it against, we held time trials to see who could row the fastest from one end of the pond to another while time was kept with the second hand

the ice gave way. Even girls came to the woods then. But durof the fair.

heard the owls and an occasion bittern. We learned to tell a red oak from a white oak and a hard maple from a soft. We walked through the dim paths in the quietness. We talked. We sat on stumps. We sat on logs. We lay on the ground and looked up at the play of the sunlight on the

leaves. We did nothing. We knew the man who owned the woods, as we knew everyone in the village, and I presume he knew us. But he never intruded on our affairs and we did not intrude on his. It was only years later, when I had met other landowners and become one myself, that I began to appreciate

his forbearance.

There was another woods near Dixon's. But this one was different. It was surrounded by "keep out" signs. There were no paths made by boys' feet going through it. Ordinarily, a boy is attracted by the forbidden; still, we seldom went there.

I can recall only once when, for some now-forgotten reason, I decided to ignore the signs and walk in the posted woods. It turned out to be like any other woods. Still, I felt out of place there. There was no one around to chase me out, but the seemed unfriendly, and I left. The signs made the differe "Keep out," they said, and by implication: "Boys are not wel-come to walk here under the trees or to explore the hidden places, and if a bird sings or a squirrel chatters, you must not listen."
And now, of course, the world is full of signs. "No trespassing they say, or "keep off the grass or "keep moving." It is a more complicated world than it was 30 years ago and perhaps all of the admonitions are necessary. But if a boy comes walking across the fields, he will find no sign on my shagbark hickory.

MERRY CHRISTMAS - Little girl in Colombia, South America, studies the markings on a CARE food package delivered to her family as a gift from friends in the north.

TABLE TALKS Jane Andrews.

Mrs. Edna Neil of Toronto be- | sugar is dissolved and stiff peaks came Canada's first champion baker of turnip pies, at the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair. She is probably the World Champion in this class, since turnip pies were apparently unneard of until recently. Radio - television star Arthur

Godfrey chose Mrs. Neil's entry from five submitted in this unique competition. "Excellent!" was Mr. Godfrey's comment on sampling Mrs. Neil's pie. "Whoo, brother!"

"There wasn't a great deal to choose between the five," he said, "but Mrs. Neil's pie had a little more subtle flavor." The contest was inspired by Lewis Thomson of Stratford, Ont., a turnip-grower and several times Turnip King at the Royal Winter Fair, during a press reception on opening day

Toronto photographer Strathy Smith was so impressed with Mr. Thomson's description of the vegetable's virtues, he suggested to a group of newspapermen, ex-hibitors and fair officials that it might be good enough to bake fun to make!

in a pie.

Mrs. Neil, Assistant Secretary
of the fair, and several others
in the group decided either to
try it, or have their wives experiment with the idea. As a result, five pies were produced for judging in the pres-ence of a large crowd of fair visitors, newspaper and television photographers. Dominion Stores Ltd. awarded Mrs. Neil a

week's free shopping. All five entries were topped with generous heaps of whipped cream. People who sampled them later said they have a turnip flavor, heightened by the assortment of spices usually used in pumpkin Here is Mrs. Neil's recipe:

TURNIP PIE

1 raw turnip 1 cup brown sugar 1 cup milk 2 tsp ground ginger

1 unbaked pie shell Method: Grate and cook the turnip, changing the water twice during the cooking. Make sure the turnip is well cooked and free of

Beat 3 eggs well and add 1 cup brown sugar, beating well.
Add two cups cooked turnip, 1/2 tsp. ground ginger and 1/2 tsp. einnamon, milk and salt. Pour into unbaked pastry shell and bake at 450 degrees for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 375 degrees and bake for about 25 minutes more. Top with whipped cream.

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For an extra special dinner or for a dessert party, a cherry torte combines meringue, whipped cream, tart red cherries. TORTE 4 egg whites 14 tsp salt salt 14 tsp cream of tartar 1 cup sugar 14 tsp almond extract Have egg whites at room tem perature. Beat until frothy, sift salt, cream of tartar over them, continue beating until soft peaks form. Add sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, beating all the while until

time. close the door, turn off oven, le stand in closed oven 5 hours or 34 cup water
Combine granulated sugar and 1/2 over night. Filling combine granulated sugar and 22 cup water in large heavy skillet. Heat, stirring constantly, until sugar is dissolved. Add orange slices, arranging so they lie flat. Bring to a boil, remove skillet from heat, and cool. Tip skillet progressionally to cover fruit with ½ cup sugar

2 tablespoons cornstarch Dash of salt % cup cherry juice 1 1-lb. can pie cherries, drained 1 tablespoon butter 1/4 tsp almond extract

Combine sugar, cornstarch, salt. Add cherry juice; cook until clear and thick, stirring constantly. Add butter, almond extract, cherries. Mix well and let cool to room temperature or chill. Pour into torte shell several hours before serving; top with 1 cup heavy whipped cream into which 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon almond extract have been added. Chill. . . .

Whether for home entertain ment or to use as gifts, the holidays wouldn't be complete without homemade candy and other sweet bits. And they are so much

CALICO FUDGE -1½ cups granulated sugar ¾ cup light brown sugar % cup milk Combine ingredients in a saucepan, stir until sugars are dissolved, and boil to the softball stage

the woman, who have just been introduced, to say, "I'm glad to have met you," when leaving (when a small amount dropped each other? A. The man should take th initiative, while the woman re-Approach Schools sponds with a smile and "thank LIKE A CHILD-

another gift?

Q. Just what is meant by dress of both men and women? A. This usually depends upon the community. In some places, where men customarily wear tails, then semi-formal means tuxedos for them and simple evening dresses for the women. In a simpler community, it would be plain dark blue or gray suits for the men and afternoon frocks for the women.



The second secon

in cold water will form a soft

I for 10 minutes; then beat

mixture begins to thicken.

Pour into buttered pan and cut

DIVINITY PUFFS

4 cups granulated sugar 1 cup light corn syrup

1 teaspoon vanilla extract Candied cherries

In a large saucepan, combine sugar, syrup, and salt, adding one

cup of water. Heat stirring con-stantly, until sugar is dissolved.

Wipe down sides of pan with

pasty brush dipped in water until all crystals are dissolved. Boil

rapidly to a hard-ball stage — 262° F. on a candy thermometer

or until a little syrup dropped in cold water turns brittle at once.

Remove from heat and pour

syrup over stiffly beaten egg

whites, beating constantly. Con-

tinue beating for 5 minutes (use electric beater if possible). Add

butter and vanilla and beat with

spoon on waxed paper. (Candy should hold its shape when drop-ped.) Top each puff with a cand-

ied cherry. (Both red and green may be used.) If mixture should

become too hard, add a few drops of hot water. This candy will

take from one to two hours to set. Makes about two pounds. Store in covered container in

cool dry place if made ahead of

CANDIED ORANGE SLICES

thick
1 cup granulated sugar
½ cup confectioner's sugar

syrup has been absorbed. Remove

slices and place on wire rack. Let

stand overnight. Combine confec-

syrup. Drain and return to rack

to cool and dry. Store in covered

container in cool, dry place

Modern Etiquette

Q. When one has already

given a gift to a newborn baby, and is then invited to the chris-

tening, is one expected to bring

Q. Is it up to the man or to

thick

12 seedless orange slices 1/4-inch

spoon until stiff. Drop from tea-

about one pound.

ball). Remove from heat and add:

Butter has been an import item of man's diet since the earlest days. Hindu writings dating back more than 3,000 years de-scribe how butter was used as a sacrifice to their gods.

in squares when cool. Makes Even today, Hindu rulers are anointed with butter. Butter-making was discovered when herdsmen carried the milk from their cattle in skin bags 1/8 teaspoon salt
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten The jolting caused the cream in

the nilk to clot.

From this crude beginning they made churns from hollowed-out logs. They left the milk to stand in shallow pails so that they could skim off the top cream and then, by swinging this in the log, or in a leather bag, produce a thick, yellow butter. The basic principle of butter-

making is the same now as it was 5,000 years ago—the only difference being that hand-operated churns have been replaced by electrically operated ones.

The palatable butter we enjoy is a product of the last 100 years. Before then it was heavily salted to keep it from going bad, stored in stout wooden chests which were buried in the ground.
When butter was sold loose in
the streets, it often had such a
high water content that it was

sometimes sold by the pint! Usually, however, it was bought by the pat, or by the length from a yard-long basket. It was unwrapped, and often caused stomach disorders. In 1873, the first forms o refrigeration changed dairying methods completely. About the same time, a machine was in

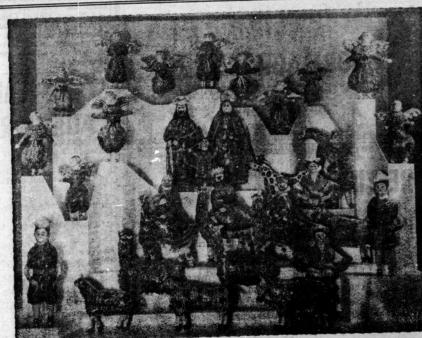
vented which separated th

cream from the milk. These made it possible not only to make large quantities of butter, but also to keep it in good condition for long periods.

Gradually, butter-making on individual farms virtually ceased. Factories were set up which col-lected milk from the farms and produced butter-and allied mill products-commercially.



HEART-THROB Heartbeat -Sandi Shalander soors to 171 per minute - 67 more than astronaut Scott Carpe ter's during his re-entry from orbit — as she plunges earthward during roller coaster ride in California. Device across her chest was developed fo the Air Force to measure heart action in space medicine program testing.



CHRISTMAS STORY TOLD IN THEIR DAILY BREAD - Ecuadorian Nativity display, above, is fashioned of bread figures, decorated with highly glazed sugar icing. It is one of 170 Christmas creche productions, reflecting the art of countries of Europe and the Americas. Now on display at the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art in Kansas City, Mo., the exhibit items are from the private collection of urchitect-designer Alexander