

Prince Charles Won't Be Pampered

Imagine a group of boys swinging hand over hand along a rope thirty feet over a lake, with nothing to stop a cold-water dunking but the strength of their own muscles and a measure of cat-like skill.

Well, that's the kind of thing Prince Charles will do when he begins school as a new boy at Gordonstoun.

There'll be nothing cushy for him at the extraordinary Scottish school where his father was once a star pupil.

Out of bed at dawn, a quick freeze under a cold shower, a run round the grounds before breakfast trying to reach peak athletic speeds.

Then making his bed, cleaning his shoes and doing part of the housework — this is the toughening prospect for the teenager who will one day be King of England.

No Palace official has confirmed that the heir to the throne will be going to Gordonstoun.

But in Royal circles it is well known that Prince Philip intends to let his son follow in his athletic footsteps. Some true blues may have doubts about sending the Prince of Wales to a school where games, as a headmaster said, "have been de-throned."

Yet Dr. Kurt Hahn, the school's German founder, drew his ideas from a school run by Prince Philip's uncle.

Prince Philip went to Salem before joining the first contingent of forty boys who switched to Gordonstoun.

Curiously, Gordonstoun is the most expensive school in Scotland and yet parents fix their own fees. They are asked to decide what they can afford to pay, from £37 a term upwards.

The Queen can pay up to £519 a year for Charles. But scores of boys get in cheaply on scholarships.

Prince Charles will thus come up with a miner's or shopkeeper's son, or a boy from one of the poorer regions of industry.

In any case, he will mix with the local day-boys, sons of farmers and fishermen and railwaymen, boys from all strata of society.

Prince Philip joined the local coastguards, spending his quota of four hours on chilly watch.

Charles may prefer the Gordonstoun fire brigade, founded since his father's day.

Later on, if he takes after his father, Prince Charles might become an athletics coach at some of the local schools, rushing off to his own physical training groups on a bicycle.

An Duffus village the local smithy is manned entirely by Gordonstoun youngsters. Farmers may one day have cause to point out machinery repaired by the Prince of Wales.

Among more menial tasks Prince Charles might well find himself fixing a seat plate in a

Chinese Spaghetti — Acress Nancy Kwon

Acress Nancy Kwon brews up a batch of spaghetti with a twist, that of an Italian girl.

At worst, he won't be far behind these attainments. Few Gordonstoun boys are. In the Training Plan, as it is called, Prince Charles will conscientiously tick whether he has kept certain rules.

Has he rationed the time spent listening to radio or watching TV? Can he satisfactorily tick that he hasn't "chewed" between meals?

He's bound to discover that no one ever checks his answers.

Yet this lesson in self-reliance is necessary before he can become a Room Leader, or climb the rungs of the ladder to become a Colour Bearer and, finally, Guardian, the highest honour of the school.

Twice a week, Prince Charles will enjoy a half-day given over to a project of his own choice. It may range from making a kitchen table alone in the carpentry shop, to joining others in planting a new woodland.

Prince Philip specialized in making architectural or ship models, a hobby he still enjoys on rainy afternoons at Balmoral or Sandringham.

The choice for Prince Charles will now be wider than it used to be. He can paint a picture in the art room or carve new pens for the chapel.

Perhaps he will pick up his Uncle Tony's flair for photography or furniture design.

He may even join the school orchestra — and he's bound to act in the annual school play.

Gordonstoun specializes in seamanship. Prince Charles has already gained a lot of sailing skill. Now he'll take sail drill with nine other youngsters in the school's own dipping lug cutter.

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Souvenir Hunting And Its Tricks

Ashtrays are such popular souvenirs that London's West End theatres are forced to replace over 5,000 of them in their bars each year.

The British-owned Avia Hotel in Lisbon, Portugal, at one time had special ashtrays made which proved such a successful gimmick that the initial order from the makers had to be doubled.

On the reverse side of the

1 cup grated, sharp processed cheese

2 cups corn flakes (or 1 cup packaged corn flakes crumbs)

1 tablespoon butter, melted

Spread broccoli in bottom of 8 greased individual casseroles or a 2-quart casserole, reserving 1/4 cup for garnish, if desired. Heat cottage cheese with a rotary beater until smooth. Add eggs and continue beating until well blended. Melt butter in heavy saucepan; stir in flour and onion. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly. Cook until thickened. Add 1/2 cup of the grated cheese and stir until cheese is melted. Fold in the cottage cheese-egg mixture. Pour over broccoli. If using corn flakes, crush into fine crumbs. Combine corn flakes crumbs and butter. Sprinkle crumb mixture over the maining cheese on top of casseroles. Bake at 325° F. about 35 minutes for individual casseroles, or 1 1/2 hours for 2 quart casserole, until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Serve at once, as this is a soufflé-type dish. Serves 6.

When your vegetables are on, make them with imagination. Make your own combinations of vegetables to serve with different meats, and if you must serve certain vegetables often to satisfy your family, vary the way of cooking them.

One way of varying your vegetables is to serve them with different sauces. Combine hot vegetables and hot sauce lightly, just before serving, and use about 1 cup of sauce to 4 cups of vegetables. Medium white sauce (made with 2 tablespoons each, flour and butter, to 1 cup milk and salt to taste) is the best white sauce to combine with vegetables. With this as a base, here are several others.

Mock Hollandaise Sauce
Make medium white sauce. Beat 2 egg yolks; stir in 1/4 cup of the hot sauce, then pour back into remainder of sauce. Add 2 tablespoons butter or margarine and stir and cook over hot water about 1 minute. Remove from heat and stir in 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Serve immediately. Good with asparagus or broccoli.

Mustard Sauce
This sauce is especially good with any leafy greens, cabbage and greens. Just stir 2 teaspoons prepared mustard into medium white sauce after cooking.

Egg Sauce
You may want to serve this with brussels sprouts or greens. Just before serving, add to thin white sauce 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 1 chopped hard-cooked egg.

For a convenient—and good—way to serve green vegetables, try sautéing them. This is a new dish when you use more than one vegetable such as beans and broccoli, asparagus and cabbage, spinach and lima beans, or any combination you choose. Here is a basic recipe.

SCALLOPED GREEN VEGETABLES
2 cups drained cooked green vegetables
1-1/2 cups medium white sauce
Salt to taste
Pinch of dry herbs
1/4 cup dry bread or cracker crumbs
1 tablespoon butter or meat drippings
Combine vegetables, sauce, and seasonings in greased casserole. Mix crumbs with butter and sprinkle over vegetable mixture. Bake at 350° F. until sauce is bubbly and topping is slightly browned—20-30 minutes. Serves 4.

Variation: Put vegetables and sauce in baking dish in separate layers with a sprinkling of grated cheese or finely chopped parsley or onion or cooked mushrooms between layers. Top with 1/2 cup small bread cubes and dot with fat before baking.

Want to make a main dish of a green vegetable? Then combine it with eggs and cheese and bake it either in one dish or in individual dishes.

BAKED CHEESE BROCCOLI
2 cups broccoli (10 oz. package, frozen) chopped and drained
1 1/2 cups cottage cheese
6 eggs
1/4 cup butter
2 tablespoons grated onion
1/2 cup milk
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Preheat oven to 350° F. Combine broccoli and cottage cheese in a large bowl. Add eggs, butter, onion, and milk. Mix well. Pour into a greased 2-quart casserole. Bake for 45 minutes. Serves 6.

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Harvesting Ice From the River

Ice day came as a welcome break in the drab monotony of these dark days. Ice was a necessity, not a luxury, with us. My father was a wholesale beef dealer long before the days of the big Chicago packers. Every Monday he drove to Reading, a matter of five miles, boarded a train for Boston, took a horse-car to Brighton and there at the stockyards he bought a bunch of wild Texas steers. Drivers brought them on the hoof over country roads every Tuesday in the safety of the night, reaching our place Wednesday morning.

With January my father kept close tabs on the river for all the ice he would need. "The Old Farmer's Almanac" was carefully read and weather signs were studied. I think I can quote more weather-love rhymes than any newspaper's weather bureau. They really weren't superstitions. They were compiled observations of years of New England weather patterns.

The cold day the better men and horses liked it. When the thermometer registered around zero the ice dried as soon as it left the water. It could be handled all day without the men even dampening their clothing. It slid well and presented no problem. But if the mercury, as sometimes happened, climbed above the freezing point, it spelled trouble. A rise in the water would leave two or three feet of this near-chance to be bridged with planks, clothing got wet and dry, and men got chilly and morose, while Elizabeth Hayward Gardner in the Christian Science Monitor.

The high point of the day was reached at 12 o'clock. The men knocked off work, bits were removed from the horse's mouths and feed bags tied on. Man and beast alike needed respite.

The men trooped somewhat self-consciously into the old kitchen where my mother had been busily at work all morning. A job she sheepishly dipped hot water from the copper boiler built into the back of the big stove, washed at the old iron sink and made a stab with a comb or a brush at the mirrored wall. Bashfully they filed into the Middle Room where the long table waited.

Martin Hayward never had any trouble getting men to harvest the ice (though it was a job not well liked by teamsters). His wife always had a dinner of handling the horse fell to my brother.

It sometimes went into February before we could get sufficient thickness to harvest. Once it went into March. That year the river failed to produce ice thick enough to bear the weight of horses and the necessary machinery. We had to harvest in Swan Pond—that little piece of a lake secreted in the deep pine woods a mile back of our house. There in the secluded shade of the tall forested trees we harvested 29-inch ice—significant thickness to yield a long hard pull over rough wooden roads for the horses. But January was the usual month for ice.

The ice house itself packed 150 tons, the dry storage at one end of the long barn cellar took about 50 tons, and the refrigerator box held 25. So, as a matter of simple arithmetic, our harvest was 225 tons. And it was handled in a night and a day.

Preparations at the cows began the day before harvesting the ice. If snow had fallen on top of the clear crystal, it had to be scraped. This was done with horses and scrapers in the afternoon. The horse-shoes all had to be sharpened at the blacksmith shop three miles away. It needed sharp calks to prevent them from slipping on the pond ice and to give them purchase on the slippery snow-packed road from the river to the hill—a good half mile.

At midnight the ice plows started work scoring the pond. By morning the 24-inch blocks were plowed, ready to be broken up into 12-inch cakes and floated by pike pole down the channel and lifted or skidded into the sleds backed down to the river bank. Each day carried a load of 20

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Sloppy Joe's Bar Yields Treasures

In Key West, Fla., bartender Mary Hemingway paid a useful visit to an old treasure hunter. She was a treasure hunter of her late husband's. The treasure was a collection of his belongings. In a drawer she found a letter from Ernest Hemingway to his father, a letter from Ernest Hemingway to his father, a letter from Ernest Hemingway to his father.

Drinking glasses are another favourite "perk" of the souvenir hunter. There is an old sailor in Leicester who has a collection of over 700 glasses taken from pubs visited during the course of his travels.

At a Defence Ministry canteen in Bonn, Germany, many tea-spoons were being stolen that the spoons now have holes in the bowl. This makes it impossible to use them for guests in private homes.

Visitors to Ireland were at one time unwilling to buy souvenirs marked "made in Japan," but the versatile Japanese have since rectified this by stamping the slogan in Gaelic.

Papyrophiles or serviette collectors have become so numerous in this country that a special Papyrophiles' Club has been formed. Members swap serviettes and paper table mats with collectors in other parts of the world.

Even the Dean of Canterbury is not safe from the souvenir hunter.

He has lost so many umbrellas to their clutching hands that he has recently bought himself a lady's brolly — complete with blue handle and red tassels.

To date it remains unclashed.

FIND YOUR ROLE
Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do; and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension.

DRIVE WITH CARE!
How Well Do You Know SOUTH AMERICA?

PARAGUAY

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THE FARM FRONT by John Russell

In the nuclear age strontium 90 has become a household term. It is the most common of all the radioactive elements. It has been the subject of widespread speculation.

Is there a danger? With each glass of milk that we drink, we are running the risk of radioactive contamination?

The answer is a emphatic no. The safety of our milk supply is not in jeopardy.

Why, then, have scientists turned up to determine methods of removing strontium 90 from milk? And why focus attention on milk, rather than other foods?

One reason for using milk as a measure of strontium 90 is that samples can be taken throughout the year representative of a large volume of production over a wide area. Thus, it is common to see figures about the strontium 90 level in milk.

There is another important consideration. People are concerned about strontium 90 in milk because of the large consumption of milk by children.

Actually, milk is one of the safest foods so far as strontium 90 is concerned. Cows take into their systems only a few per cent of the strontium 90 they ingest and secrete only a fifth of that five per cent in their milk.

The danger of humans getting strontium 90 from milk produced by cows eating contaminated grass is infinitesimal compared with the danger from humans eating leafy vegetables which have had the same amount of contamination.

Furthermore, strontium 90 is deposited in the bones, as is calcium. The more calcium one eats, the less strontium 90 will be taken up by the bones. Since milk is high in calcium, this is a further safety factor as far as humans are concerned.

Canada pioneered research in the removal of strontium 90 from milk. Three years ago, Dr. B. B. Migovskiy, a scientist on the staff of the agriculture department's research branch, discovered a method of removing this long-lasting contaminant. The agriculture department's research branch, discovered a method of removing this long-lasting contaminant.

Under Dr. Migovskiy's system, upwards of 90 per cent of the strontium 90 that gets into milk can be removed. It is a highly technical filtering process which leaves treated milk relatively unchanged with respect to composition and flavor. The method involves the use of certain chemicals known technically as ion-exchange resins.

Present levels of strontium 90 in the world are so minute they can hardly be measured. The need to remove it from food products does not exist today.

It is still comforting to know that should the need ever arise, Dr. Migovskiy's technique for removing strontium 90 from milk of radioactive fallout could be put into effect on a commercial basis.

Fallout on the Farm is not a threat.
This "best selling" free booklet, prepared by the Canada Department of Agriculture at the

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