Radio Reporter

By REX FROST

Thirty-two thousand miles. That's a lot of travelling, eh? Yet that is the record comedian Jack Benny piled up this past summer on his trip to the Middle East, and other army centres. Yes, Jack is back, and reports have it that he is feeling fitter than the fiddle which plays "Rose in Bloom." In fact it seems as though Jack "bloomed" somewhat himself. He put on fifteen pounds weight living on army chow in Italy, Africa, the Persian Gulf and Iceland, and playing 150 shows. The famous comedian was the first United States entertainer to set foot in Italy during the recent invasion, and gave his soldier audiences a laugh blitz just before they were going into battle. Jack Benny has just commenced his twelfth consecutive season on the air, and once again is adorning the 7 o'clock Sunday evening spot on the CBC Eastern Network.

* * *

One of the problems of the coming winter will be to keep warm. Urban dwellers as well as rural folks have got to get along this winter on less coal. Last Monday the CBC inaugurated the first of a series of three broadcasts in dramatised form, titled "Keep Warm This Winter." The remaining two will be heard Monday eveni..gs at 8.30. If you didn't hear the opening show, no doubt you'll want to make a point of listening for those to follow. Incidentally, they're written by Dean Hughes, originator of the farm family known as "The Craigs," and are an attempt to show farmers and others in a graphic way how to join in Canada's heat conservation campaign. They're intended also as an autumn introduction to the National Farm Radio Forum which commences in November.

* * *

New to the Canadian air, the Blue Jacket Choir, with Danny O'Neill, featuring the Chicago singing star with the Great Lakes Naval Training Station's singing sailors, made its debut over CFRB on Thanksgiving Sunday . . . and will be regularly heard from 12.05 to 12.30 Sundays over the Toronto station. Danny O'Neill is an honorably discharged U. S. Navy man who has returned to sing with his former shipmates. Danny sings hymns and patriotic songs with the blue jackets in a program which is not only tuned to the mood of the Sabbath, but which also seems to lend a greater understanding to the joint naval war effort of Canada and the United States.

* * *

In recent years Canada has given many prominent musicians, singers and actors to United States radio. Another young Canadian leaves for New York shortly to begin the road to stardom, and perhaps operatic fame. It has just been announced that Evelyn Pasen, eighteen-year-old Toronto mezzo-soprano, has just been granted a fellowship at the Juillard Graduate School, New York. In spite of her extreme youth Evelyn Pasen has been known to Canadian radio audiences since the early days of broadcasting. Her studio debut took place over the Canadian air when she was only five years of age. More recently she has been a featured artist on the CBC National Networks as a member of the "Music for Monday" company. We wish her all kinds of good luck.

BURRO BOMBER

Lady Moe, three-foot Arab donkey mascot of a Flying Fortress crew, and a veteran of the Bordeaux bombings, leans out of the waist-gun position of her plane. The wee donkey was bought by the England-based crew on a "shuttle-service" flight to Africa

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

OCTOBER 31

BIBIE TEACHINGS ON ABSTINENCE

Leviticus 10:1, 2, 8—11; Proverbs 31:4, 5; Luke 1:13-16

GOLDEN TEXT — Beware, I pray thee, and drink no wine nor strong drink. Judges 13:4.

Memory Verse: Let us love one another. 1 John 4:7.

THE LESSON IN ITS SETTING

Time—The Levitical code was given for the most part at Sinai about 1444 B.C.; the Book of Proverbs was written about 1000 B.C.; the words of the angel to Zacharias were spoken in 7 B.C.

Place—The Levitical code was given at Sinai; Solomon wrote Proverbs probably in Jerusalem; the angel appeared to Zacharias also in Jerusalem, while he was ministering in the Temple.

The Offering

"And Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, took each of them his censer, and put fire therein, and laid incense thereon, and offered strange fire before Jehovah, which he had not commanded them. And there came forth fire from before Jehovah, and devoured them, and they died before Jehovah." This was their sin. They departd in their worship from the plain word of Jehovah, who had fully instructed them as to the mode of their worship. Nadab and Abihu might have deemed one kind of fire as good as another, but it was not for them to decide. They should have acted according to the Word of the Lord; but instead of this they took their own way and reaped the awful fruits thereof.

Teachers' Responsibility

"And Jehovah spoke unto Aaron, saying, Drink no wine, nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tent of meeting, that ye die not: It shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations; and that ye may make a distinction between the holy and the common, and between the unclean and the clean; and that ye may teach the children of Israel all the statutes which Jehovah hath spoken unto them by Moses."

He who serves the Lord in his sanctuary must have a clean mind, an understanding heart, an unclouded vision. Abstinence on the part of those who minister in the sanctuary is imperative, for we know the harmful effects of alcohol on man's judgment. If a minister is to help others in the matter of strong drink, he must lead the way himself.

Because the priests failed to teach the people all the statutes, they departed from God and became a weak and sinful people. What a responsibilit rests on parents, preachers, teachers! If they fail to impart instruction in moral and spiritual truth, some day they will be called to account.

Kings' Example

"It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes to say, Where is strong drink? Lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the justice due to any that is afflicte..." The nation that has a self-disciplined and Godly ruler is indeed blessed. Many kings have ruined themselves and their people by their habits of self-indulgence.

Bearer of Good News

"But the angel said unto him, Fear not Zacharias, because thy supplication is heard, and thy wife Elisabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John. And thou shalt have joy and gladness, and many shall rejoice at his birth.' Zacharias had prayed earnestly for a son. No prospect was more depressing to a Jew than to die childless, so that his name should become extinct. At the appearance of the angel, Gabriel, he is much roubled fearing it is the messenger of some calamity But so many of our worst fears are groundless, and now the angel was the bearer of good news.

Call to Repentance

"For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and he shall drink no wine nor strong drink, and he shall be filled with the Holy Spirit, even from his mother's womb. And many of the children of Israel shall he turn unto the Lord their God."

There is an obvious contrast here between strong drink and the Holy Spirit. In place of the physical excitement of strong drink, he is to have the supernatural inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Why was he not to partake of strong drink? For two reasons: First, that his own spiritual vision might be unimpaired, that all of the faculties of his personality might be constantly under the sovereign control of the Spirit of God, and never under the clouding, stimulation of intoxicants. In the second place, John was to preach repentence from sin, a life of temperance, of self-denial, of obedience to the laws of God, and it was absolutely necessary for him, as for all preachers, first to live that which he was to preach, to practice daily that which he would be proclaiming to others as the will of God.

By his call to repentance John influenced many to turn from their sins—confessing them in baptism — to seek the Lord and follow after righteousness.

A FARM WIFE CHATS TO WOMEN

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

This is Thanksgiving Day—and a beautiful day into the bargain. There are still enough leaves left on the trees to make one marvel at the grandeur of our Canadian autumn.

We have really been having wonderful weather for October, haven't we? So warm it has been possible to work outside without so much as an extra sweater. But oh dear, how dry everything is. It seems strange, after all the wet weather we have had this year to be complaining already about it being too dry. But still, it's a fact, and we can't get away from it. And it's getting serious. There are wells in this district that are dry even now. And once a well goes dry it takes a lot of rain to bring it back again. You folk who live in town or city, do you think it is nothing for you to worry about? I can assure you it is, because it goes something like this:

For want of rain the wells go dry;
And for want of rain the pastures dry.
For want of pasture the cows go dry:
For want of milk the dairy is dry.
If the dairy is dry your bottles are dry—
And all for the want of rain from Heaven.

So, if in a day or two, it rains and rains—and I hope it will—don't for goodness sake grumble at the "wet weather." Unless we get a good rain fairly soon it is going to be pretty tough going for you and me and everybody concerned.

* * *

We have been alone this weekend. Last year at this time we had company, including my fourteen-year-old nephew, and I still chuckle when I think of his visit. This boy's whole heart and soul is wrapped up in music, so he is naturally of an artistic, imaginative type. While he was here, for some reason best known to himself, he took great pleasure in haunting the chicken pens. He said it amused him to watch the chickens. His mother said how much he was enjoying the fresh air. I laughed nad told her he might get more than fresh air if he stayed too long around the chicken pens. Of course we do try to keep our pens clean but we don't guarantee to have them absolutely free of a certain small species of livestock.

* * *

My sister became alarmed and told the boy. After awhile he went upstairs and was gone about fifteen minutes. When he did come down he was as white as a sheet. His mother, in alarm, asked what was the matter.

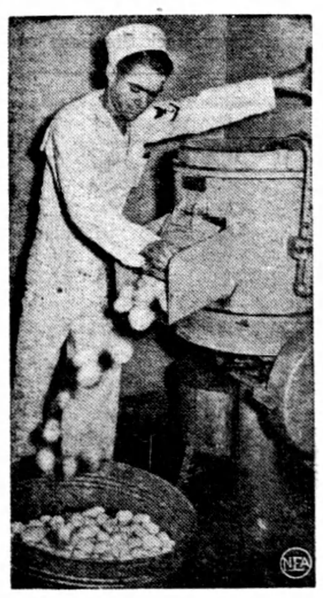
"I've got chicken lice all over me!" answered the boy.

"Oh, my dear, surely not!" exclaimed his mother.

Of course he had nothing of the kind — a hasty examination soon proved that—but convincing the boy was another matter—and I am quite sure he suffered as a result. There are times when imagination can produce as much torture to a sensitive soul as actual bodily injury.

For the rest of his visit my nephew was content to watch the chickens that were running around outside instead of the ones in the pen!

K. P.'S DREAM



The Navy's gift to oppressed K. P.'s is this potato peeling machine that "skins 'em alive."

SPEED THE VICTORY

Tanks and more tanks! That's the only talk the Nazis understand. So let them have it with both barrels. Buy 5th Victory Loan Bonds and speed the tanks ahead — driving to Victory. Every dollar counts. Every bond brings Victory that much nearer. Go all-out for Victory.

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The Book Shelf

THE SHIP
By C. S. Forester

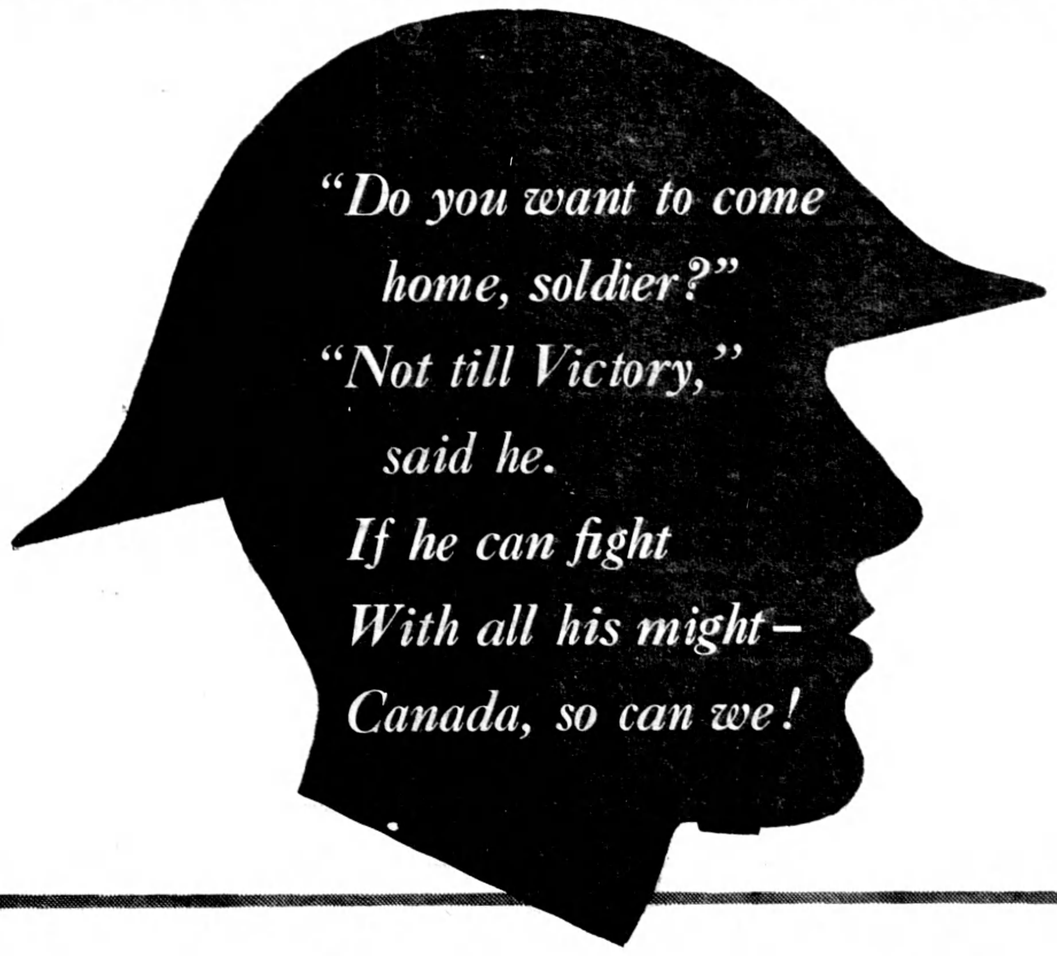
This is the heroic tale of a few hours in the life of a British light cruiser in World War No. 2, and of the men on it. Five light cruisers and twelve destroyers were escorting a vital British convoy to Malta. One of them was H.M.S. Artemis, 5,000-ton light cruiser. Malta in 1942 had to have food, the military equipment and the medical supplies on board the convoy if the island was to be held.

After being bombed by airplanes, the escort spotted a major Italian fleet, including battleships. The wind was right for a smoke screen, and so these lighter British ships dashed in and out of the smoke screen, trying to get in their lighter shells before they were blasted off the sea by the heavier Italian armament. The Artemis was hit twice, was on fire, men killed and wounded, but one shell dispatched by her probably decided the fate of the convoy, and therefore of Malta.

THE SHIP—By C. S. Forester. Published by Reginald Saunders. Price $3.00.

The director of the zoo was away on a short vacation, when he received the following note from his chief assistant:

"Everything all right except the chimpanzee — seems to be pining away for a companion. What shall we do until you return?"



Even though Victory may appear to be on the horizon, let us not relax our personal and national war effort for an instant, to hasten his homecoming!

Speed the Victory!

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