80 Displaced Persons Arrive In Britain To Start New Life

Half a gale was blowing the rain clouds eastward, and the attacking sun of spring darted in and out like a fencer's sword, as 80 women came ashore at Tilbury, on London River, to set foot for the first time on British soil, writes the London correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor.

There was no ceremony of greeting. Only a few officials met them, welcomed them, and guided them to their night's resting place—no fashionable hotel, but a dormitory in a London County Council hostel.

So they came to England—80 women without a country, 80 women with memories they hope they can forget—80 displaced persons from the camps of Europe.

They are the vauguard of 3,000 who will come to these shores by May 5. And the 3,000 themselves are the vanguard of 100,000 expected this year.

Most of the 80 once were citizens of Baltic countries to which they cannot or dare not return. This one once was a teacher in a village school, that one was an architect, the other a concert singer.

Now they are to cook and sew and scrub floors and help prepare hostels for others.

Seeking Jobs

They are coming to England to give their help to England during its time of difficulty in exchange for a job, a roof, a good wage and new hope.

They decided to come to England after reading notices posted in displaced persons camps. These notices were very official, rather cold, and plainly honest.

They set down Great Britain's offer to volunteers. The D.P.'s were told they would live in camps or hostels. They would have the same rations, the same wages, and the same hours of work as British workers.

They also were told: "Workers will enter Great Britain for an initial period of 12 months, subject to good behavior and to the specific condition that they undertake only employment selected by the Ministry of Labor.

Among the first 80 was Velta Maurins. She was rather sad. She had been married three days before to another displaced preson. He was landed that same day with 60 other men at Hull, and she didn't know when she would see him again.

Families Separated

For they were all told that while every effort would be made to find married couples work together or close at hand, there could as yet be no guarantee. Whole families could come over, but they were told it was unlikely they could be accommodated in the same building or even in the same district.

The 80 pioneers understood this, for they had been told about the housing problem here.

If there is no hint in the official instructions that good work or good will can lead to British citizenship or permanent home, they believe in England and their belief permits them to read between the lines.

Their thanks for the present and their hopes for the future were clearly implied in a simple phrase by Dr. Maia Zirk. Her husband once was a flourishing barrister and now has disembaked at Hull to be a store clerk. She herself, forgetting her doctor's degree, will clean floors.

"It is not a very high price for freedom," was what Dr. Zirk said.

British Officer's Quest For Birds Leads to Arrest

The New York Times in a Berlin dispatch said that Brig. W. R. N. Hinde, British commandant in Berlin, was arrested recently on a charge of spying on an airfield in the Russian zone, but was eventually released after questioning.

It was all a case of mistaken identity and a vigilant sentry, the Times reported.

Hinde, an ardent ornithologist, was taking advantage of a sunny spring day to pursue his hobby in the woods near the Russian zone where there is a large number of birds. He changed into civilian clothes, armed himself with a pair of binoculars and began walking through the wooded countryside.

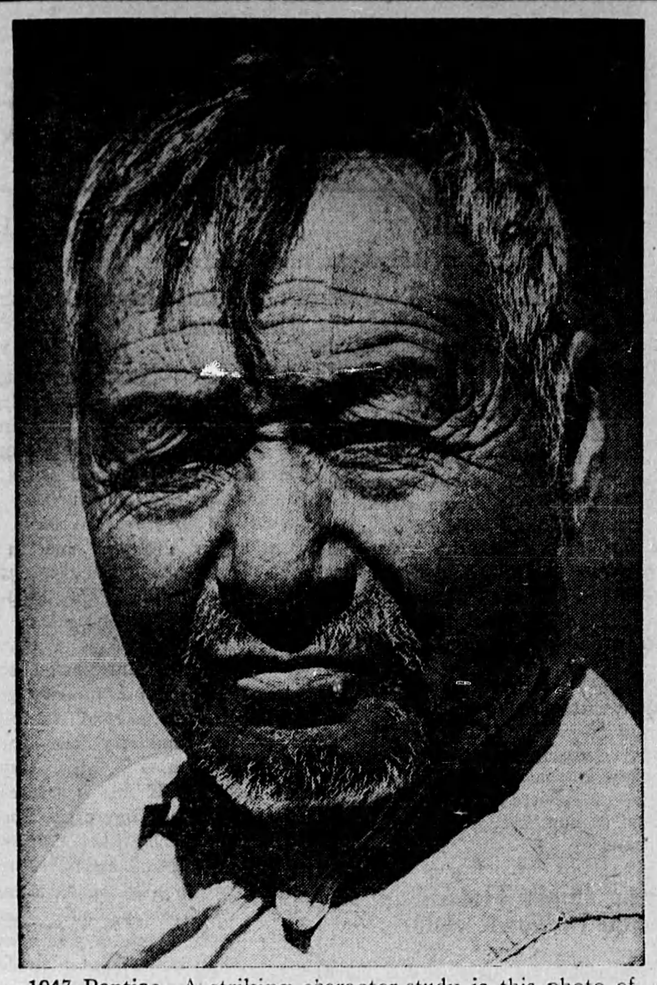
A Soviet army sentry challenged him. "I am looking for birds," said the British commandant. "You are looking at our airfield," retorted the sentry.

The Times then quoted Hinde as saying: "Utter rot, my dear fellow. I am Brigadier Hinde and I have not the slightest interest in counting your planes. I am looking at birds and you are frightening them away, dash it."

The British officer was whisked away to the Soviet Kommandatura in Berlin. A phone call was put through to Maj.-Gen. Alexander G. Tikov, the Soviet commandant, the Times said.

"What does he look like?" the newspaper said Kotikov asked. When he had been told, Gen. Kotikov shouted:

"For God's sake apologize and turn him loose; that is Brigadier Hinde."



1947 Pontiac—A striking character-study is this photo of Jim Pontiac, great-grandson of Chief Pontiac, mighty 18th century Ottawa Indian warrior of the Michigan wilds. Although 95 years old, he still hunts, fishes and does all his own chores at his home, even to wood-cutting.

Three Minutes of Fiction Fun

SHORT SHORT STORY

Dream of Youth

By JOHN ROWLEY

They were sitting on a bench in the park, the man and the woman, and the sun, shining through the pattern of leaves and branches above them, formed a network of light and shadows almost like some gossamer fairy lace.

The woman was about thirty three or four, blonde with dimples, and a wide, good humored mouth. The man, who was about the same age, dark with good features and graying hair, leaned towards her. *"Do you remember, Jean, the first time we kissed?" he asked tenderly.*

The girl laughed a little and there was a faint haze back of her eyes. "How could I forget," she said. "We were so young . . . and shy! I didn't know what I would say if you asked me . . . and I was on pins and needles for fear you wouldn't. They were good days, George. Happy days."

* * *

George reached over and patted her hand. "They were," he said. "They were wonderful days and I was so much in love with you. . . . It spoiled my appetite! To me you were the most beautiful thing ever come down to earth." He laughed, his voice deep and resonant. "And you're still pretty nice!" They were silent for a moment,

"Well, goodby, Jean," he said.

each thinking the thoughts that these memories brought up. Finally the man laughed again. "Do you remember our last high school dance?"

The man, lost in thought, gazed out over the green expanse of the park. Far off he could see tall buildings rising out of a sea of billowy gren, but he wasn't seeing any of that. Instead he was seeing a tall, old fashioned building in a small town a long way from the city.

There was a blare of music coming from the building . . . dance music, a number popular at the time. He saw couples getting out of cars and some arriving on foot. Inside the huge floor of what was the gymnasium swelled and heaved with couples packed close together.

He remembered the laughter and the music and something came into his throat and he wanted to cry. The woman sensed it too and she put a slender, graceful hand on his arm.

"Do you remember that dance . . . our graduation dance? I can see you now. You had on a light blue evening gown that came all the way to the floor and you wore a corsage of some kind of white flowers. The light in your hair made it look all gold and you were the most beautiful creature in the world."

She laughed, entered into the spirit of the thing. "And Mr. Weeks, the assistant principal, asked me to dance and I let him have one dance . . . after all, he was the assistant principal."

"And after the dance," he went on. "The rest of the crowd went down to eat, but you and I went to the little lunch counter around the corner and had some coffee and afterwards we walked home. It was exactly three blocks away . . . I think I can remember every step . . . every depression in the side walk. And when we got to your house we stood on the steps a long time, not saying anything, just looking at the night . . . and everything was golden around us."

* * *

He paused for a moment, staring straight ahead. "And then you said you had to go in . . . and you kissed me. . . ." He laughed again and turned to look at the woman beside him. "I floated home on a cloud that night!"

She smiled and they sat there, silent, for a time, contemplating the memories they had conjured up out of the past.

At last they got up and the man looked at the woman beside him and smiled.

"Well, goodby, Jean," he said. "It was wonderful seeing you again, but I'll have to be running along now. I'm supposed to meet my wife in front of the Metropolitan in about 10 minutes."

She looked at her watch and gasped. "Me, too," she exclaimed. "Why, it's almost five o'clock and I haven't finished my shopping yet. I'm afraid my husband's supper will be late tonight. Goodby!"

They hurried off across the park . . . in opposite directions!

The Next Problem

It is reported that before the end of this year we may know with certainty whether life exists on other planets. If it does, of course, the next problem will be to get to one of them before life ceases to exist on this one.

VOICE OF THE PRESS

Problem Too Big

Canada is spending more and more on the weather, but still does not seem able to do anything about it. —Brandon Sun.

Clock Watchers

Fifty-three per cent of office employees have visual problems. Too much watching the clock? —Hamilton Spectator.

A Rally Is Needed

General Charles de Gaulle is definitely back in politics, having announced himself as leader of a new "alignment" he calls the Rally of the French People. May he prove able to rally them more than most parties have done in the recent past. —Brantford Expositor.

It Paid

It is said that Henry Ford never objected to the jokes which people made about his car so long as they said something about it. Advertising, he learned, was better than silence. —Lethbridge Herald.

Lots of Hard Work

Net income of Canadian farmers reached last year a record figure for all time—$1,267,400,000. A very great deal of hard work went into that substantial achievement. —Ottawa Journal

Chinese Inflation

In Shanghai, China, the municipal government has outlawed $100 bills, following the issuance of new $10,000 notes. The smallest bill circulating there will now be $500, which is worth about four cents in U.S. money. That's inflation—when a $100 bill is a worthless nuisance. —Kingston Whig-Standard.

Defined

A gossip is one who tells you all the news that's fit to hint. —Kitchener Record

Observation

We consider the man who takes pride in his home and home surroundings and spends his evenings in his garden a better citizen than the man who belongs to a half dozen or more organizations ond spends his evenings attending meetings—possibly passing resolutions urging people to take more interest and pride in citizenship. Very often you'll find the poorest evidences of good citizenship around the homes of those who spout it the loudest. —St. Thomas Times-Journal.

American Royalty

Mrs. Jones, a London lady, was proudly discussing her new American son-in-law with a neighbor.

"My Gwendolyn has done very well for herself, I must say," she boasted. "Hafter all, 'tisn't every day a young girl marries an American lord."

"An American lord? Why, I ain't ever 'eard of such a thing in all my born days!"

"I wouldn't tell you a lie," said Mrs. Jones. "Ain't you ever 'eard of the American 'ousing shortage? That's why Gwendolyn's husband is so hoity-toity. He's a real American lord—a landlord!"

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Device Will Keep Pilot From Flying Into Mountains

Such a succession of flying accidents of this type developed a few months ago that grim jokes began to be made about mountains' refusal to duck from the path of blind-flying airplanes, says the Sault Daily Star. Now the noted pilot and designer, Howard Hughes, has come up with a device which he thinks will go a long way toward eliminating these shattering crashes of irrestibile force against immovable objects.

* * *

The Hughes gadget is a small, simple radar warning, soon to be installed in all Trans-World Airlines planes, which Hughes thinks is "foolproof", but subject to still further development out of practical experience. Among the most striking features of the device, a refinement of wartime radar equipment, are that it weighs only 16 pounds and costs only $130.

A combination transmitting and receiving set is mounted on the underside of the plane. Two small antennae on port and starboard sides of the plane send out powerful pulses at the rate of 40 a second in all directions except backward. Travelling at the rate of 500 feet in one millionth of a second, the pulses bounce back from any object they strike and actuate a warning light and signal bell.

* * *

Present equipment is regulated to warn the pilot when he is 2,000 feet and again at 500 feet from any object. The procedure for the pilots when the lights glow and the bell rings is to pull the aircraft up into a climbing turn and continue until a 180-degree swing has been made. The plane has just flown over the rearward course and the pilot knows there are no obstructions there.

The 500-foot warning light and bell also are for use in blind approaches to a landing field in bad weather. If the plane has not broken out of the weather at 500 feet, the device will tell the pilot accurately that he is that far above the ground and he can pull up and go to an alternate field.

* * *

Hughes recently took newsmen on a flight over rugged mountain terrain, in which he flew in and out of tight little valleys, heading his big four-engine plane straight at mountain peaks until the warning device flashed and sounded, then increasing power and pulling sharply up and around in a 180-degree turn.

He is confident that the device "will be of great assistance in efforts to eliminate the type of accident which received so much publicity last year."

HEMORRHOIDS

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Mecca Pile Remedy No. 1 is for Protruding Bleeding Piles, and is sold in Tube, with pipe, or internal application. Price 75c. Mecca Pile Remedy No. 2 is for External Itching Piles. Sold in Jar, and is for external use only. Price 50c. Order by number from your Druggist.

Driver Averts Disaster in School Sleigh Accident

WINS DOW AWARD

JACK KERR

OF HERMON, ONTARIO

is hero of community

It was 2 below zero. Ten school children huddled around the little oil stove in the canvas-top sleigh as it jogged briskly along the snow-banked road. Suddenly there was a sickening lurch. The sleigh tilted violently and rolled over on its side. In an instant the stove had exploded and the canvas top was a mass of flames. Driver Jack Kerr's first task was to control the terrified horses. Then he leaped to the rescue of the children, many of whom were pinned under the burning sleigh.

Working quickly, Kerr pulled the children out, one by one, rolling them in the snow to smother their burning clothes. Then, although burned himself, he managed to put out the fire, right the vehicle and gallop the children to the village. On arrival, he didn't wait a moment to tend his own injuries, but immediately went for a doctor. Soon all were receiving proper medical treatment.

The fact that this story has no tragic ending is due entirely to the quick, cool actions of one man. We are proud to pay tribute to Jack Kerr of Hermon, Ontario through the presentation of The Dow Award.

The children chattered merrily as they jogged along in this winter version of a school bus, unaware of what was about to happen.

Jack Kerr had always been a great favourite with the youngsters. But today he is real hero to the whole community. Because of his gallantry and presence of mind, not one life was lost.

THE DOW AWARD is a citation for outstanding heroism and includes, as a tangible expression of appreciation, a $100 Canada Savings Bond. Winners are selected by the Dow Award Committee, a group of editors of leading Montreal daily newspapers.

The DOW AWARD

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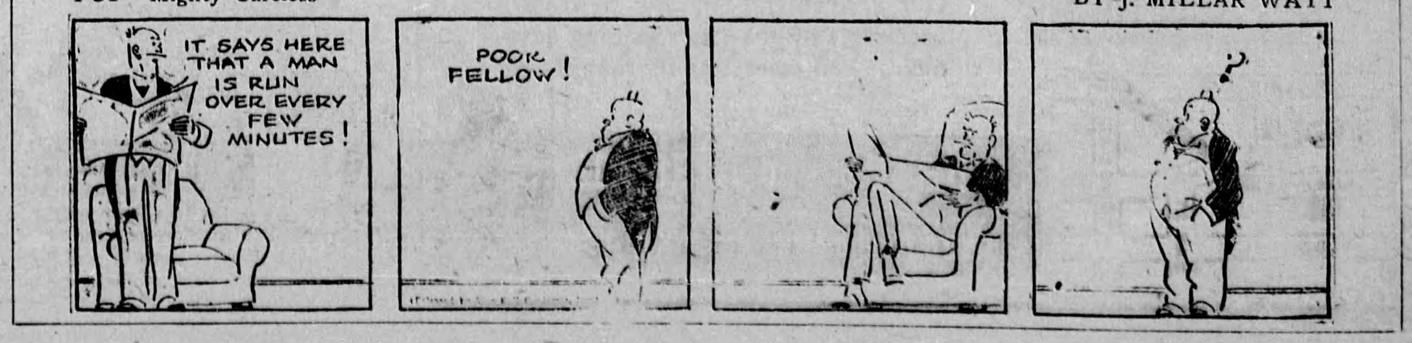
BY J. MILLAR WATT