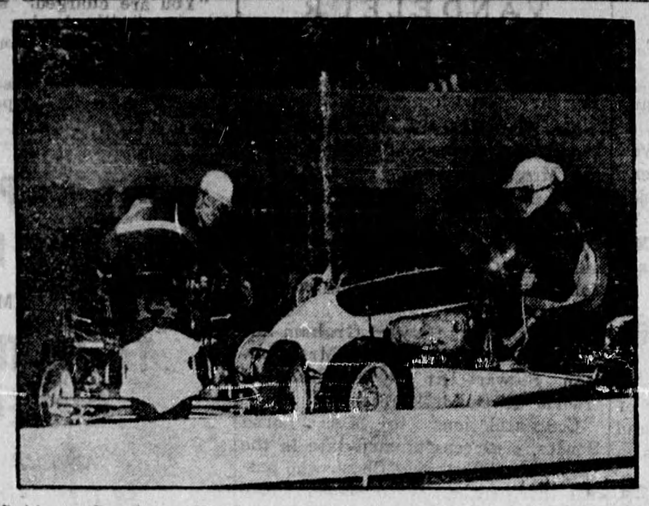

Midget Crackup—During a midget auto racing program at Soldier's Field in Chicago, Duke Nalon, right, crashes into the car driven by Harry Turner after Turner's racer skidded on a turn and hit the inner rim of the track. Both drivers escaped injury.

Three Minutes of Fiction Fun

SHORT STORY

Spikes In the Dust

By VINCENT LUNNY

Jerry Bell gobbled up a bad hopping grounder and tossed the ball to second base for a force play, ending an inning in the Hawks' practice game.

"That's the old pepper!" shouted Phil Weston, second baseman. "You'll be in the lineup regularly with me yet."

Bell and Weston had played together for four years in the minors, being nurtured carefully for their big league debut.

Weston made the team easily; the Hawks had not started Bell yet in a league contest. A wild Irishman named Pat O'Toole clung to the shortstop position.

Starting the next inning of the intra-club game, the Irishman went to short and it was Bell's turn to bat. He hit the first pitch solidly into right field. The next man up got a piece of the ball. A slowroller! a double play ball. Bell left first with the crack of the bat. O'Toole, covering second, leaped to take the high throw as Bell bore down.

The ball crashed into O'Toole's temple and spikes glistened in the afternoon sun. when the dust subsided, there was Bell with his leg hooked around the bag—safe!

The Irishman didn't move. He lay inert. Teammates carried O'Toole from the field and later an ambulance took him to the hospital. The trainer said he had concussion and a severed artery in the leg.

Joe Amble, brawney catcher strode up to Bell.

"You miserable rat! You spiked him on purpose!" he rasped.

"You're crazy. Why would I do that?"

"To get into the game, of course."

The Hawks, on a road trip, took series from braves, Dodgers and Giants. Now they were back at home facing the mighty Cards.

In a tight ball game the score was tied, starting the last half of the ninth. Bell's thoughts were jumbled as he sat on the bench awaiting his turn to bat. His mates hadn't spoken to him since the spiking, and with the continued silence a little knot grew in his stomach.

Weston led on the last half of the ninth with a clean single and Amble sacrificed, pushing the tying run o second. Bell started toward the plate.

"Where do you think you're going?" Selkirk signalled him to the bench.

"Please, lemme take my cut," he pleaded.

Selkirk ignored him.

"Aw, let the kid hit." The voice came from the door at the back of the dugout. O'Toole was standing there, his head swathed in bandages.

"They just let me out of the hospital," he explained. "As a favor, skipper, let the kid hit."

Selkirk's eyes twinkled. "Okay, Bell, take your cut."

The shortstop sauntered to the plate and waited for the pitch. He worked the count to three and one.

The next pitch had to be good. It was . . . and Bell connected. A wallop to center field, scoring Weston standing up.

O'Toole led the parade to the dressing room. The big Irishman went up to Bell.

"Nice going, kid," he said.

"I thought you two guys were cutting each other's throats?" said Weston.

"We've never . . ."

The Irishman interrupted Bell. "Didn't you guys know that Bell came to visit me in the hospital after the spiking? well, he gave me a blood transfusion which probably saved my life."

Amble's eyes flashed. "The least he could do after deliberately spiking you."

"Deliberately? Is that what you guys think?" Several players nodded. O'Toole paused. "It was a pure accident. The ball hit me on the temple. As a matter of fact it caromed off the thumb of my glove. I fell into Bell's spikes."

Mountain Burning For 10,000 Years

On a mountain some 200 miles northwest from Sydney, Australia, a fire which started about 10,000 years ago is still burning and is likely to keep on burning for many years. On maps, the locality is Mount Wingen, but the local folk generally refer to it as the "Burning Mountain." To industrialists this seemingly endless smouldering is a pathetic waste, for the fuel which feeds it is coal.

The fire burns on a front about a chain in width, and moves at the rate of three or four feet a year. Through numerous vents and crevices in the mountain side, great volumes of smoke and intense heat emerge.

The earth around is too hot to handle, yellow sulphur clings to the walls of the vents, and all around the stones have been burnt a dead whiteness.

Less than four out of ten Canadian homes are equipped with central heating systems.

CROSSTOWN By Roland Coe

"Too impatient, eh? Couldn't wait till we got here!"

The Champlain Road Was Indian Highway

Most of Ontario's main highways are but the Indian water routes of yesterday.

Of such historic routes the one that is most closely linked with the past is that known as The Champlain Road, one of the earliest and one of the most travelled of them all. And its association with the days of the Indians and the explorers is in the fact that, for part of its course, it can be travelled only as it was 300 years ago—in a canoe.

It was in 1615 that Samuel de Champlain, father of New France, in search of an outlet to the western sea, blazed a trail up the Ottawa River to Mattawa, across Lake Nipissing and down the French River to the shore of Georgian Bay and on to the land of Huronia where he was to establish a western outpost of New France.

The romance of the Champlain Road was not dimmed with the years. It is still existent along the highway that now parallels the majestic Ottawa—in Ottawa, in the towns that grew along the river in the days when the lumberman held sway, in the quiet forest and along its upper reaches, in North Bay. It is abundant after the highway is left behind and the famed fishing waters of Lake Nipissing, the French River and Georgian Bay are rediscovered by the explorer of today.

Feeding Time—"Spot," a pointer, is a great help in bringing up a 10-week-old motherless fawn—he holds the bottle for the little orphan.

Floors of Rubber Claimed The Best

What is it that your house guests spend 37.17 per cent of their time looking at? According to the Rubber Manufacturers Association, it's your floors And if you want your guests to remark upon them only in complimentary superlatives, you'll install rubber flooring which, the Association claims is the aristocrat of floors. Now that rubber is again obtainable in quantity, the industry has started a campaign to broaden the field from commercial to domestic use. Qualities claimed by industry representatives for rubber flooring are: It's durable, easy to clean, doesn't stain, is comfortable to walk on, and quiet.

Wide Open

And then, remarks The Fort William Times-Journal, there is the woman in London, England, who has the post office stumped. She insists on sending a pair of trousers through the mail at print-paper rate, pointing out that the rate applies to packages open at both ends, and that she doesn't know anything more open at both ends than trousers.

Moderation

WILL SEE US THROUGH

Last year, in one of its several published statements, The House of Seagram said, "Canada's great record of price control was made possible by the wholehearted co-operation of the Canadian people with their Government's anti-inflation methods. This fine record should be maintained . . . by moderating our pleasures, by controlling unessential spending, we continue to serve our Nation and ourselves best."

That statement we repeat today. We need only march steadily ahead . . . with continued emphasis on those habits of moderation, self-control and commonsense which are so happily—and fortunately—characteristics of Canada, and Canadians.

Then this Nation will stand secure on the road to its yet greatest opportunities.

Men who Think of Tomorrow Practice Moderation Today!

THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM

M-155

POP—This Way Out! By J. MILLAR WATT