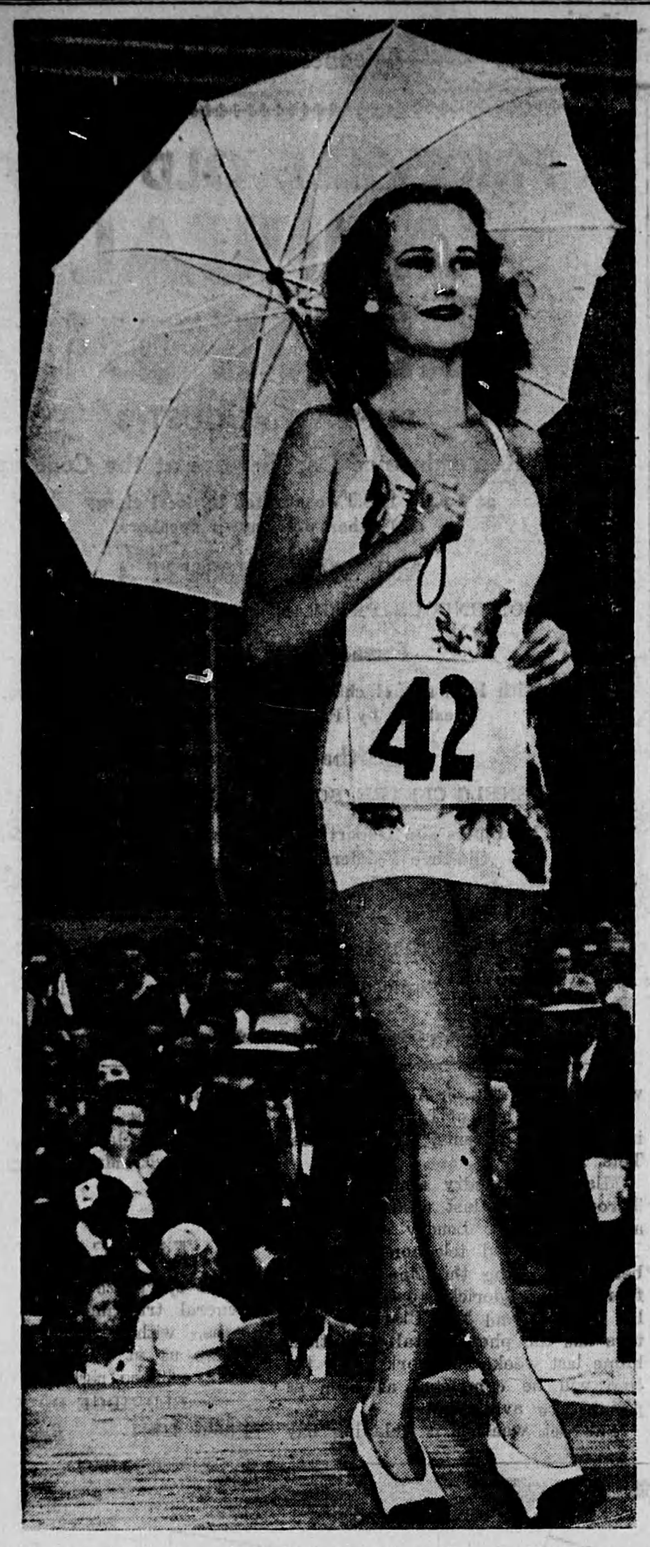


Queen For A Year—Queen for a year, 18-year-old Margaret Marshall, shown here, won title of Miss Toronto of 1947 at the annual Toronto Police A.A.A. games.

Meeting a Crisis

"What do you think of the latest news of the foreign situation, Senator?"

"Don't bother me, I gotta get on the radio and talk. In a crisis like this there is no time to think."

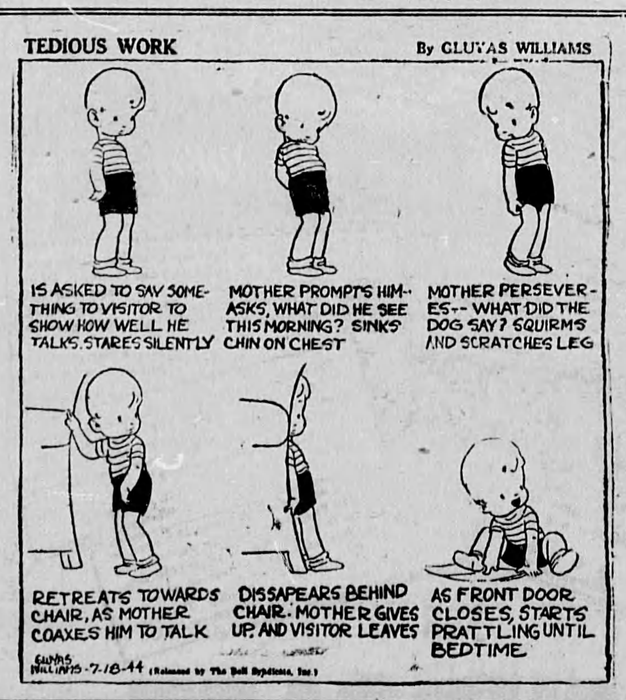
He Found Out

He was about to propose, but befor doing so he wished to make sure she would make a good housewife. So he asked her: "Can you wash dishes?"

"Yes," she said. "Can you wipe them?"

He didn't propose.

TEDIOUS WORK — By CLIFFAS WILLIAMS



OUT OUR WAY — By J. R. Williams

Foster Mother To Zoo Babies

By FREDRICKA BORCHARD
In the Christian Science Monitor

This is a love story. It is the love story of Helen and Fred Martini, and of Helen's love for Chiquita and Lolita and Rajpur and Rusty and Josephine and Ming, who live in a man-made world in which there is little distrust nor jealousy, nor fear.

When pretty little Helen Delaney, still in High School, met and married the local watchmaker's handsome young apprentice, Fred Martini she had no idea that she would become a foster mother to hundreds of furred and feathered creatures. It is Helen Martini, who mothers all the Bronx Zoo animals too young to be on public exhibit.

Sunday Afternoon Jaunts

Fred loved lions, and Helen loved Fred, so when Fred wanted to go to the Zoo every Sunday afternoon to look at the lions, Helen went along and looked at Fred. It was a very satisfactory arrangement. Then one day, after they'd been married for about five years, Fred announced that he'd much rather take care of lions than repair watches, and Helen said "Why don't you?"

So he put in an application, and another couple of years went by, and one morning Fred was ordered to report for an examination. He passed it. He wasn't appointed Keeper of the Lion House at once, because that is a complicated and highly specialized job requiring an even longer apprenticeship than that of watchmaking, but he was put in charge of various lesser animals, and both Fred and Helen have never seen an animal they couldn't like.

By this time, Helen was spending part of every day at the Zoo, but unofficially, just a part of the throng admiring the animals—and one animal keeper.

Keeper of the Lion House

Came the day that Fred received his official appointment as Keeper of the Lion House, and Helen transferred her audience participation to one particular building. She'd finish her housework quickly, and rush off to the lion house. One day a lioness had a cub, and like so many wild animals who bear in captivity, couldn't care for her baby.

Fred was concerned. He wrapped the little fellow in a blanket and brought it home to Helen, who fed it with a medicine dropper and cared for it with love. The youngster thrived. Fred knew that the lion was the property of the Zoo, but Helen and the lion felt that it belonged to Helen. Compromise was clearly indicated, and Helen became, financially and officially, an employee of the Zoo, with its nursery her undisputed domain.

The Zoo Nursery

Physically, that nursery is not unlike an ordinary nursery for human children. It has pastel walls, and the air is kept uniformly warm and moist. The white cages look like so many white cribs, and each is equipped with a woolen blanket tinted pink or baby blue. There is a big white refrigerator and a small electric stove, and there are feeding dishes of pink plastic, light in weight and unbreakable.

The young animals are healthy and happy and jealous and cute, and all of them need, and get, affection.

Helen unlocks the nursery door and pandemonium breaks loose, each squeak or bark or whinny or whine a demand for instant attention. She makes the rounds whistling, talking, patting. Chiquita and Lolita, the ocelots who look like house cats and can behave so differently, stop their tumbling and crowd against the bars to have their ears pulled and their noses stroked.

Ming, the Gray Lemur

Ming, the gray lemur from Madagascar who dislikes women and is friendly only with men, makes an exception in Helen's case, and begs for petting with every pretty wile in his repertoire. Even suspicious Rusty, the red squirrel, rare in this part of the world, who was found half frozen in the park where someone must have dropped him, stops his mad gyrations and crowds forward for his moment of affection.

Only Josephine, the half-grown chimpanzee from the Belgian Congo, conceals her eagerness, because Josephine is a sophisticated young woman of the world, quite accustomed to dining in public, and very proud. If her cage manners are not all that they might be, surely a lady may relax a bit in her own home. She keeps an eye on Helen, and when she judges that her turn is almost due begins to preen.

Hastily she wipes her hands on her shaggy coat, and when the door is opened, springs into Helen's arms, gives her an almost human hug, and snuggles against her shoulder, rolling her eyes amorously If a party is on the agenda, and it usually is, Josephine sits sedately on her little chair, and eats daintily from a spoon, spilling not a single drop. If she forgets and uses a paw to chase an elusive morsel, Helen shakes an admonitory finger or frowns, and Josephine looks sheepish. Helen never punishes the animals: they work for caresses, not through fear.

Even in the lion house, the big animals know and welcome her. Some of them were born in captivity, and Helen bottle-fed them. Others were acquired in infancy, and Helen nursed them too. She kept a female lion cub and a female tiger cub, born almost simultaneously, in her home for a while, and the two animals played together and forgot their heriditary enmity. They've never remembered it, and today, full grown, they share a cage in the lion house, and are friends.

Tiger, Lion Take Turns

They do show rivalry for Helen's affection. The tiger is nice about it; she just purrs like a kitten when Helen scratches her head, then moves aside and lets the lion have her turn. The lion is selfish; she pushes the tiger aside and tries to nuzzle into Helen's hand.

Rajpur, a tiger, was one of the nicest babies Helen ever had. He was born in the zoo in 1944, one of a litter of three. Their mother didn't like them and would have nothing to do with them, so foster-mother Martini took over, as she so often does.

Rajpur, although the largest of the cubs, was a born "snuggle-pup," and even at the advanced age of six months, would coax to be spoon-fed. He weighs over 600 pounds now, but he still thinks he's Helen's kitten, and will roll over for her. She pets him from outside the cage, because he is so powerful that one of his tiger-hugs would crush her.

Black Leopard Her Pet

It would be hard for Helen to choose which animal she cares for most, but if such a choice had to be made it would probably be for Bagheera, the two-year-old black leaopard that she raised on a bottle. Leaopards are notably ferocious and no friend to man, but Bagheera, for all his ferociousness, is friend to one man and one woman.

Until he was nine months old he lived in the Martinis' home and followed them from room to room. The first night that he was kept in the Zoo Helen stayed there too, "so that he wouldn't be afraid." He wasn't afraid, and Helen was very proud of him. "He's such a nice animal" she tells you, but then she says that about all of them. Taxed, she admits it, "but only" she says, "because it's true."

Cost of Living Considered In Wage Agreement

What is believed to be one of the first wage agreements in Canada to include a cost of living clause, was concluded recently between the Macdonald Tobacco Company of Montreal and the Tobacco Workers' International Union, Local 235.

In recognizing the necessity for a flexible method of compensation to keep pace with rapid rises and decreases in the cost of living index, the company agreed that the "gross wages shall be increased by 25 cents per week for each full point rise over April 6, 1947. Should the cost of living decline, this bonus shall be decreased by 25 cents per week for each full point of decline, but not below the index figure as at April 6, 1947."

In commenting on the new clause, union officials who negotiated the contract, expressed complete satisfaction and hailed it as a forward step in labor-management relations.

The new contract, which was concluded in a completely amicable atmosphere, also included a general 5-cent hourly increase; a 5-day working week of 45 hours and inclusion of ten holidays, six of them with pay.

Three Minutes of Fiction Fun

SHORT STORY

Luck Of the Irish

By DEE RANDALL

Ann and Terry were young. They were in love. That's why the sky looked bluer, the clouds looked whiter as they lay arm in arm on the fresh green grass.

"Just think," said Ann. "Tomorrow at this time I'll be Mrs. Terrence Patrick O'Halloran."

"Sure and the O'Hallorans were always lucky," Terry exclaimed, mimicking his grandfather.

After the wedding it was grand fun going together to the little white frame house they had selected. Most of their savings had gone into the modestly furnished little place. But it was a home. Theirs.

Then Marianne was born. A sweet pale baby but so delicate. It took a great deal of skimping to meet all the expenses.

They lived simply and Ann knew how to get the most out of everything.

Right in the middle of this economical but ecstatic heaven of theirs a thunderbolt crashed.

Terry lost his job.

But youth is not easily discouraged. Terry set out to find another job. He was eager to work. He was sure to find something better.

His enthusiasm wavered however after several weeks. Too many, "Sorry, young fellow, but we're not taking anyone on."

Back home evenings with Ann though, he was optimistic. "I've got a good prospect tomorrow," he would say, and Ann's answer invariably would be.

"Don't worry Terry. We've still got a little money in the bank."

Terry thought to himself, how little it was.

Ann tried to keep her worries from him too. She didn't tell him that there was going to be another baby, until it was impossible to keep it a secret any longer.

He took her in his arms. "Ann darling, it's wonderful." But he couldn't keep the note of despair out of his voice as he said, "If it's a boy, I hope he's a better success than I am."

Their money dwindled down to nothing. Debts piled high. They lost their little home.

They moved to a smelly, dank tenement. But they weren't discouraged yet. The future surely held something good for them.

But Terry gradually declined; pulled himself into a shell. Ann was sweet and kind. Terry misunderstood. He thought she grieved. There was only the one way out. Suicide. It would look like an accident.

Gas would be the best way. He planned the whole thing stealthily. He knew he was a coward. But he had to do it. He couldn't bear to see Ann go on this way any longer. The $1,000 insurance would mean Ann could go to a hospital when the baby was born. After that . . . he couldn't think of any more.

His opportunity came quicker than he had expected. That night Ann said she was going for a walk in the fresh air.

She kissed him goodbye, then went out, telling him to take care of Marianne. "I'll take a nap," he said, "my head aches."

Alone, he went to the kitchen. Turned on the gas. Then laid down exhausted. He dozed off.

He didn't know how soon after, but it seemed like an eternity, Ann was gently stroking his head. It was the way he loved to wake up in the morning.

It all seemed so unreal. Ann was excitedly waving a paper in front of him. "It's from your firm. They want you back. Things are picking

up. You'll take old Jim Blake's place. And there'll be a $10 raise."

Now Terry was sure he was dreaming. "The gas . . ." he said.

"Oh, how did you know?" questioned Ann. "I didn't want to tell you but we can have it turned on tomorrow. They were really very polite, waiting until after supper time."

"Yes," said Terry, "The O'Hallorans were always lucky."

Huge Meteor Blasts Wide Russian Area

A huge meteor, exploding before it reached the earth, caused an intensive "rain of iron" in Siberia, blasting hundreds of cedar trees and pitting the ground with huge craters.

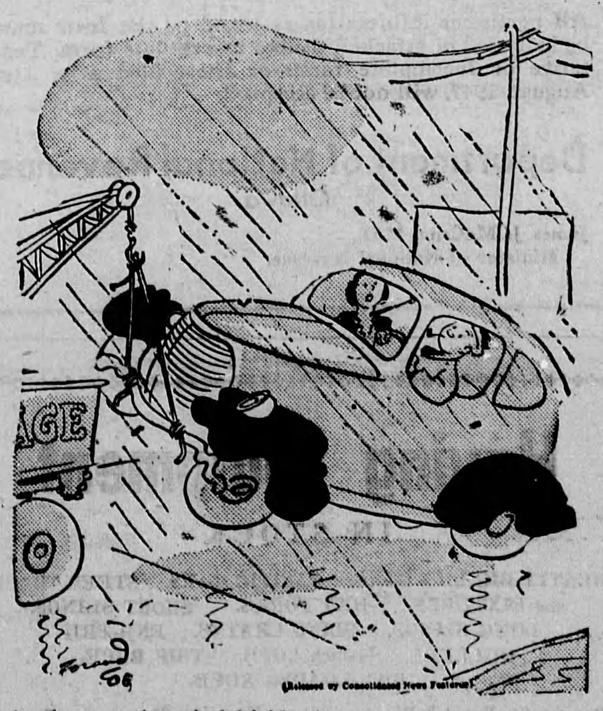
A Soviet expedition which traveled through hundreds of miles of pathless jungle swamps to study the meteor which fell early this year in the remote Sikhote Alin Mountains northeast of Vladivostok, Siberia, reported that the meteorite, of undetermined size, created an air cushion in its fall and exploded on hitting it.

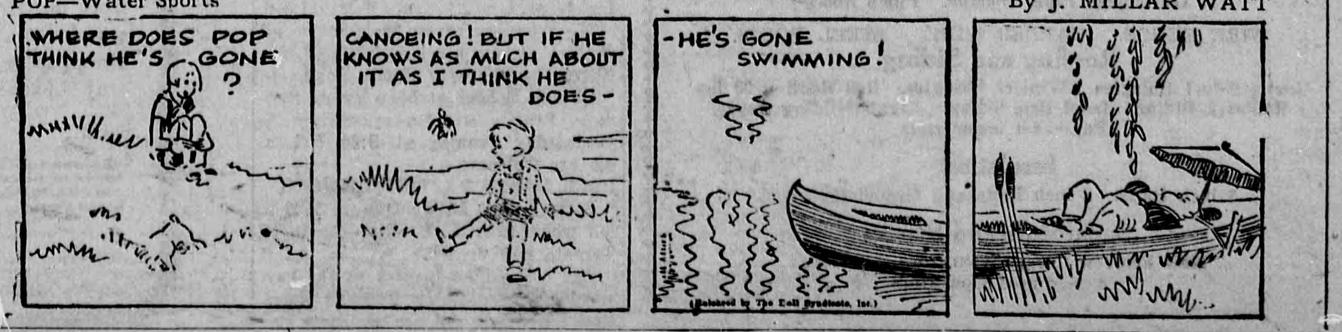
Over an area three quarters of a mile long by nearly half a mile wide the earth's surface was pitted with 106 craters, the biggest 100 feet in width and 25 feet deep.

All round the dense forest disappeared without trace, the report said, adding that of hundreds of trees nearby, many cedars were split to fragments. Others had been twisted and thrown over at all angles.

More than 250 small meteorites were found in the field weighing altogether over five tons

CROSSTOWN — By Roland Coe



"Look, George, the windshield wiper . . NOW it's working.

POP—Water Sports — By J. MILLAR WATT