T-I-M-B-E-R-R-R !—Because of newly-developed processes of handling and marketing, hemlock—once looked on with disfavor by lumbermen—is rapidly developing into a "big business" proposition. Here a tree is being "topped" in Western Canada.

Hemlock, Once Neglected, Now Basis Of Big Industry

Hemlock trees have probably been growing in British Columbia for as many centuries as they have in other Canadian provinces, but it was only a few years ago that someone learned how to convert them into a profitable business.

Rich stands of Douglas fir and cedar—timber that produces the "pay dirt" in the lumbering business — attracted all the attenion of the timber operators, and the lowly but plentiful hemlock was completely overlooked. And no wonder—for it paid only about five dollars per thousand board feet.

The story of the new hemlock industry in British Columbia has just been told in pictorial form, and will likely be coming your way on the rural film programs now showing in many of the counties of Ontario. The story is presented in the new "newsreel" series of the National Film Board, entitled, "Eye Witness". Designed to bring information about Canadians to Canadians, the series will be presented, one reel for every program on the rural film circuits from now on.

Saw Possibilities

The sturdy hemlock, as we started out to say, was neglected — until a Czechoslovakian family, used to handling this wood in their native land, arrived in Canada some nine years ago, the victims of Hitler's persecutions.

To them, the stands of hemlocks represented a gold mine. In spite of the gloomy headshakings of the old-timers, they set out to market the hemlock. They had a secret, of course, and it lay in the proper grading of the timber.

The new "hemlock family" soon developed into a flourishing company. To-day there are over 3500 employees. Wages are high, and living and working conditions are excellent — all because the Czechs knew how to make the hemlock pay. Because of their skill the price per thousand board feet has risen over five times its 1939 value.

Correct Grading

Most of the operations in the woods are mechanized. Power saws, tractors, cranes are to be seen in all their operations. At the company mill, experienced graders grade the hemlock at all stages of its transformation into the finished product. Wood that is straight-grained and free of knots is planed and left in long lengths. It is specially "cured" so that it can be used for interior decorating as well as outside work.

Knotty wood, and wood weakened by curved grains is cut up into smaller sections of all shapes and sizes. Intelligent research has found new markets for these smaller and formerly unprofitable bits of wood. One of the readiest markets has been the food packing industry. The small pieces, which have no odour, make excellent packing cases.

The camp in which the workers and their families live is as up-to-date as possible. Recreation grounds and halls are side by side with attractive billets. The camp even boasts a tennis court and a moving picture theatre.

THE GREEN THUMB

Or

"HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?"

By GORDON L. SMITH

Make Plans Now

There are lots of things a gardener can do before the ground is ready for planting, and it is not a bit too early, either, to start looking around for damage, to see what shrubs and flowers have come safely through the winter, to make a note of gaps to be replaced.

In this preparatory work, planning for the coming season is the most important and probably the most pleasant. A good seed catalogue will help. In this will be found important points about hardiness, colour, time of blooming or, in the case of vegetables, time of maturity. Remembering these facts will help prevent mistakes, such as planting small things behind larger, getting big vegetables crowded too close together, having clashing colours or long intervals when there is no bloom at all.

By noting carefully the time of blooming or the number of days to maturity, it is possible to plan and create flower gardens that will bloom continuously until frost, and a continuous supply of the very freshest of vegetables. In both cases in addition to using early, medium and late varieties, it is also advisable to plant several times, say, once a little ahead of normal, then normal, then later than normal. This will spread out vegetables and flowers, too.

Grass Seed Early, Too

Grass loves cool weather. If it doesn't get its start while there is plenty of moisture in the ground and before the sun gets too hot, new seeding will not give best results. So, just as soon as one can walk on the ground without getting one's shoes really muddy, is the time to plant new lawns or repair old ones. The soil should be worked as fine and level as possible. It is much easier to get a lawn level before the grass is sown than afterwards. With new lawns work soil thoroughly, then roll or allow to settle and work again. Not only does this preliminary cultivation tend to get the ground level but it also kills the weeds and here again the job is easier before the lawn is established than afterwards.

Good seed with lawns is vitally important. For special purposes like shady places there are special types of grass or mixtures. Select a day with as little wind as possible to sow the grass seed, and sow it both across and lengthwise. Sow plenty of seed and fertilize. Thick, well-fed grass will crowd out most weeds.

★

Bonanza

"Harry," said the auditor's wife, "aren't attics the most wonderful things to have around?"

"Yes, indeed," agreed the agreeable man. "What did you discover now, darling?"

"The new look," replied the happy housewife, "in an old trunk."

★

Five Minutes of Fiction Fun

SHORT STORY

Happy Landings

By MATT CHRISTOPHER

IT WAS a bright afternoon, with the sun flashing on half a dozen sails that bellied in the soft wind on the shimmering lake. Driving along on the good road in his dilapidated car, Stanley Ervay had sad visions of another luckless day.

Those two fish poles and the cigar box of artificial flies in the back seat were looking for new owners—special owners who were worthy and deserving. He could find no one who seemed to need those two poles. Poles he and Maggie had no need for any more.

Suddenly he saw the young man. The young man's bowed head and slow gait suggested distress. Also, about a hundred feet ahead, he saw a trim-figured young lady. She was walking quickly. It was quite obvious to Stanley that something was wrong. Had he really discovered a pair of prospects? He came to a grinding halt beside the young man. "Hello. Want a ride? I got something for you!"

"Okay, what's the gag?"

Stanley laughed. These young people nowadays! "No gag. It's an offer, providin'—just like I said. But first, tell me. You're in trouble, ain't you?"

"Could be. But that's my affair."

"Nope." The reply was abrupt.

"That's the cure, son. Fishing. It'll heal sick hearts just like medicine would a wound. I know it sounds crazy. But there ain't a better remedy for a situation like you'd gotten yerself into. It's better than listenin' to jazz music, or takin' a walk, or plane ride just to get away from everybody. Most people don't know it, but when they do those silly things they're just breaking their hearts into a lot more little pieces."

The young man reached for the

door handle. "This is where I get off, mister. Guess I've taken the wrong bus."

Stanley grabbed his arm. "Wait a second, son. I ain't too old not to know what I'm talkin' about, and I ain't crazy, either. The secret is sitting in the boat—the two of you, out there on the lake."

The young man frowned. "In a boat? The two of us?"

"You can sit acrost from each other an' brood your heads off, but you can't run away from each other like you're doing now. Sit tight, son," he said, turning to the wheel. "That's her, ain't it, walkin' up ahead there? Mighty in a hurry to get home like?"

The car chugged along. Presently, Stanley halted it alongside the girl. Plenty pretty, she was, too.

"Hello?" said Stanley. "Hop in back, will you?"

Her eyes flicked to the young man. She started to walk on.

"It'll rain," Stanley called. "You'll get soaked to the skin. See that raincloud up ahead?"

Stanley turned off toward the lake and stopped the car. Several rowboats were drawn up on shore.

"Wait here a minute, folks," Stanley said. He went to a small building nearby, keyed open a door, and returned with a pair of well-polished oars. He placed them in the oarlocks of one of the boats, then went to the car and got the two fish poles and the cigar box of flies.

The girl stared wide-eyed. "But I've never fished before! Anyway, what is this all about? And, what about the rain?"

Her husband clutched her hurriedly by the arm. "Oh, don't argue with him, Mae, and get in that boat before he changes his mind. Didn't you ever hear that it's best to satisfy a crazy man if you want to keep him happy?"

The young man pushed the boat out and the girl jumped in.

"Happy landings!" cried Stanley, waving.

Smiling, he watched them go out, then turned, a little sadly, back to his car. Maggie wouldn't care, now, that he'd given the poles away. They had fished with them many times while she'd been alive. Anyway, they might do good in the hands of that nice, young couple.

He and Maggie, he recalled, must have been their ages when somebody had given them the fish poles.

Hurricane Chasing Is Hazardous Job For Cameraman

In a sailing vessel (or any other ship for that matter) it might seem plainly the part of wisdom to bend every effort to avoid hurricanes. However, men have been known to literally chase hurricanes in windjammers for the express purpose of getting the ship's decks swept with lashing waves and some of the ship's canvas torn to shreds by the howling winds.

* * *

These hurricane chasers go out at the bidding of Hollywood motion picture studios who want action shots of heavy weather in its native haunts, says a writer in the Christian Science Monitor. So, of course, a camera crew goes along to record the required film footage.

The life of a camera man on a hurricane-hunting expedition may be quite exciting. He may, if the script requires it, be lashed to a masthead 80 feet or more in the air, his camera pointing vertically downward to get angle shots of deck action. As the ship rolls in heavy seas the masthead may swing through a 25-foot arc, with the result that part of the time there is nothing but foam-flecked water below the daring photographer.

★

Who Wouldn't?

There was a young man of Mauritius
Who used to get frightfully vitius
Whenever his spouse
Walked out of the house
And left him to wash up the ditius.

★

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Noisy Fish Break Silence of "Deep"

Fish that laugh, whistle and make a clacking noise with their teeth resembling lower plate wobble are the bright-hued stars of a movie in the making.

Technicians using special underseas cameras and hydrophones have been recording the strange noises for many weeks. Most fish, the picture proves, are pretty noisy, and the ocean's depths, referred to in song and story as the "silent deep" are still deep but anything but silent.

Navy underwater listening posts discovered during the war that fish were aquatic magpies. Surprised schools of fish sometimes cut loose with a racket rivaling that of an approaching enemy battle fleet.

Some of the fish in the movie, titled "Voice of the Deep", actually sound as though they are whistling. Others emit laughing noises and those with the apparently lower plate wobble nevertheless have long and very sharp and well anchored molars.

Bank of Canada notes, which are legal tender, are the main source of paper money in Canada.

★

Worse Luck

The men were dining in a group in an army camp, discussing any subject that arose to pass the time.

One of the subjects was reincarnation, and one of the men was a firm believer and was giving his views to the corporal, one of the most disliked men in the camp.

"Yes," he insisted, "when we die we always return as something or someone else."

"Rubbish!" snapped the corporal. "Do you mean to say that if I died I might come back as a worm?"

"Not a hope!" put in one of the men, seizing an opportunity. "You're never the same thing twice!"

★

YOUNG MOTHER

Relieve distress of baby's cold while he sleeps. Rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Soothes, relieves during night. Try it!

VICKS VAPORUB

Brakeman is hero in head-on train crash

WINS DOW AWARD

ALEX TIPLER

OF NORTH BAY, ONTARIO

shows endurance and courage in rescue work

Alex Tipler was riding in the caboose of the freight train when it happened. The terrific impact of the collision, with the accompanying scream of steel smashing against steel, sounded like an explosion in the pre-dawn quiet. The brakeman was thrown onto the floor . . . and for an instant he lay, dazed and semi-conscious.

In a few seconds, however, he was up . . . and, plowing his way along the icy stretch beside the train, he reached the twisted wreck of the locomotives. Extricating a fellow brakeman from the debris, he carried him back the full length of the train to the caboose. Then once again he returned to the engines . . . and, in spite of a badly bruised back, helped to get the young firemen out of the wreckage and back to the caboose. Then, his back giving him great pain, Tipler stumbled for two miles through deep snow in the sub-zero dawn to a small village. Here he was able to get a message through to the railroad headquarters about the accident.

The courage and unselfishness of this young brakeman merits great praise. We are proud to pay tribute to Alex Tipler of North Bay, Ontario, through the presentation of The Dow Award.

On a sharp curve near Cobalt the two freights crashed head-on. In a second the locomotives were a mass of twisted, steaming steel. Box-cars tumbled off the tracks like toys.

Having already done more than his share, Alex Tipler nevertheless did not quit. Walking two miles in the sub-zero temperature, he summoned more aid and sent word of the smash-up to railway headquarters.

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 Canadian newspapers.

The DOW AWARD
DOW BREWERY • MONTREAL

JITTER By Arthur Pointer