Artist and Woodworker Combined—Wood carving—combining utility with beauty of design and finish—is just one of the many types of modern craftsmanship dealt with in an interesting National Film Board picture "Craftsmen at Work".

"Craftsmen at Work"

It is not so many years ago now that handicrafts were regarded as a dying art, and practised only in remote parts of the country. But, handicrafts are on the upswing today, and interest is so keen that schools are establishing courses of instruction in the very arts and crafts which were ignored or laughed at not so long ago.

Recently produced is a film, entitled "Craftsmen at Work" now being shown on the National Film Board's rural film programs in Ontario.

* * *

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the film is the sequence devoted to one of the new "Crafts Centres", where Nova Scotia students have the opportunity each summer of attending four week courses in handicraft instruction. The type of course given provides cogent reasons for the continuing popularity and high standards of craftsmanship there.

But handicraft instruction has little merit if there are no opportunities for the artist to display his wares. Therefore the film takes in a "Craftsmen at Work Exhibition" where the products of many types of skill are on display, including pottery, weaving and carving. The commentator points out how the landscape, birds and marine life have been combined with modern motives to produce the inspirations for the designs.

* * *

The film turns here to the processes by which the handicrafts are turned out. One very interesting scene shows bark being collected and boiled to yield a natural dye for homespun wool.

Finally, there are views of children who are training in their spare time to become wood carvers. Their first work is done in soap, and, when they have become proficient in this type of modelling, they "pass" into the professional class where they are allowed to use their hammers and chisels on wood.

...THE GREEN THUMB...

By Gordon L. Smith

Annual Flowers

One of the satisfying things about gardening is that one can spend as little energy or money as one wishes. There is scope for the most elaborate planning and designs, for an immense amount of exercise if one feels that way. On the other hand if time or health are limited, or if one feels like loafing, then one can have a garden to suit that mood, too. One cannot say that a small flower garden is less beautiful than a large one.

Even though your garden is planted to shrubbery and perennials, a section entirely devoted to annuals is delightful. It should be planned with the same care you give to your perennial beds and it must be sunny a good share of the day, for most annuals love sunshine.

Your annual garden might be made to divide the lawn from the vegetable garden, perhaps following the border of the backyard where clothes are hung out to dry. Gay annual borders are sometimes made along a walk through the vegetable garden, or even flank the food garden on both sides.

Planting Plan

With your planting plan sketched on paper, study out by means of your seed catalogue where each favorite is to go. You are painting a picture with flowers and foliage. Don't let yourself fall for those "surprise packets" of annual seeds where you broadcast the seed and get a hodgepodge of you-don't-know-what. They are all right for an adventure, but have no place in a well designed garden.

Block into your plans some low-growing annuals in front, tall ones in the rear—or if your paths go on both side of a plot, the tall ones go in the center and low on each "front." Having made a list of favorites or "musts" according to height, notice the habits of growth. Some are upright, like dahlias and giant zinnias. Others are spreading and bushy like most of the French marigolds, the petunias, and the portulacas.

Color Masses

Tall plants on single stems that may need staking should be sheltered by bushy plants that help hide the stakes. Coarse foliage ought to be relieved by more fern-like foliage. (A skill with this kind of arrangement comes with experience and cannot be achieved entirely by a study of the catalogues, but should be sought in planning.)

Finally, your planting plan should enable you to block in your colors as you want them. In general, work with masses—that is, several plants of the same kind in a group, rather than one plant of one kind next to one plant of another.

FUNNY BUSINESS — By Hershberger

We have to guarantee a hit—we're short on ammunition!"

Fiction Fare

SHORT STORY

Converted Back Slapper

By ROY V. PRICE

Pop's suit certainly looked its seven years drooped on his tall form, making him look older than his 59 years. His wife put her arms around his neck like a girl, "Now don't you worry about a younger man taking your job," she said. "There's always an opening for a good advertising salesman, dear."

Pop patted her cheek and kissed her. He forced his most cheerful manner, but somehow he knew he wasn't fooling her.

"All these young upstarts use the same approach on everybody. Back-slapping and hearty handshakes! Not one of them has a real knowledge of the service selling. Not one of them has a deep appreciation for the psychological make-up of an individual he happens to be facing."

Pop left the bus, as usual, several blocks before he reached the office and walked through the park with an agility that proved he was more than strong enough to be an active salesman. But his brow was furrowed. He'd have a terrible time finding any job anywhere at his age! He was already breaking under the ravages of the pace he'd set for himself — a pace to outstrip all

Pop thought it best not to take the initiative, but encouraged Hereford to talk.

the other salesmen, especially Brown, who was looked up to as the best despite his back-slapping technique.

"Good morning, Pop," came a familiar voice.

"Hello, Reckless!" Pop called to the youngster.

"Lookit this dive bomber! Made it myself."

Their talk about dive bombers stopped when Reckless fixed his books under his arms and glanced around, "Say, Pop, here comes Dad!" When the boy's father came up, he was greeted with, "Dad! This is Pop. He helped me when I fell off my bicycle."

The men completed the introduction and shook hands. During the next few moments, Pop sized up the man. Very sensitive.

At the office the boss delivered a pep talk to his sales force. "We've been trying for the better part of two years to get the Hereford account. So far none of you has ever got inside his office. Brown, you were top man last month by a wide margin. And Pop, you've had more experience than any five combined. I want you and Brown to see what you can do about the account. You know what it will mean to the man who brings it in!"

For an hour Pop had been patiently waiting, along with a dozen or more persons, to see Hereford. Suddenly the outer door opened and in barged Brown with a package under his arm. Instead of taking his place in line and waiting, he strutted right up to the girl at the desk.

"With my compliments, and I hope they're as delicious as you look," Smiling, Brown handed her a box of candy.

"By the way, I wonder if I might see Mr. Hereford for a minute?"

"Go right in, Mr. Brown," she said, wrinkling her nose at him.

Pop's chin was resting in his cupped hands as he wondered about his future and he didn't see Brown leaving rather briskly. Pop could already see Brown with the contract. Suddenly to his surprise he heard his name called. Entering Hereford's office, Pop thought he had never seen a more irritable-looking man. "Well!" Hereford barked. Then he recognized Pop.

This was one time Pop thought it best not to take the initiative, but encouraged Hereford to talk.

"Some high-pressure salesman forced his way into my office and tried to ram a bill of goods down my throat." Hereford wiped his perspiring forehead. "I was burned up!"

Next pay day, Pop's wife was waiting for him on the porch. "Didn't I tell you so?" throwing her arms around his neck, slapping his back. "That increase in salary proves it!"

"Aw, honey, it was nothing," Pop grinned, "but I certainly don't mind the back-slapping technique when you administer it."

The End

A warm mustard bath accelerates the flow of body blood and the rate of metabolism, according to recent medical experiments.

Crew of Lightship Lead Lonely Lives

The word "lurcher", according to Webster's dictionary, means "one who, or that which, lurches or lies in wait; one who watches to pilfer, or to betray or entrap". Lurcher Shoals are thus well named. They are ledges which lie a few feet under the surface, 18 or 20 miles from Yarmouth, near the mouth of the Bay of Fundy.

At that spot, the conflict of tide, rock and wind churns the water furiously. Few stretches in the world are so rough. And few would be so dangerous to navigation, were it not for the Lurcher lightship. She stands guard over the shoals, tethered to a 7000-pound anchor by 180 fathoms of gigantic steel chain. When she first went to her station, soon after the turn of the century, it was commonly supposed that nobody would be found to serve aboard her, and there was talk in Parliament of manning the craft with convicts.

As it turned out, this was not necessary, but her crew have a grim and lonely life. This is not made any easier by the rolling and pitching of the battered ship, which is barrel-shaped and boasts few modern conveniences.

In Winter, supplies reach her only once a month—and sometimes not that often. Her drinking water gets low, her officers and men are frequently reduced to eating salt meat, and they have to fall back on their own resources for entertainment. Yet they go along year after year, keeping the foghorn and the light and the boilers in condition, and taking bearings daily. Since the Lurcher lightship has been on duty, the Lurcher Shoals have not claimed one victim, although formerly they had a reputation like that of Sable Island, the graveyard of the Atlantic.

Now the Lurcher lightship, which is half a century old, is to be replaced by a new vessel which will cost reported $850,000. Mariners who have known the old Lurcher lightship for years will feel as though they are losing a lifelong friend when she is taken away to the scrap yard. But her successor will be safer, better, and will offer a more comfortable life to the veteran crew.

China's silk culture has flourished for 4,000 years.

★

She (ending a quarrel): "I see now why a woman is often called a bird."

He (smartly): "Yes, because they are always on the look out for crumbs."

She (quietly): "No, because of the worms they pick up."

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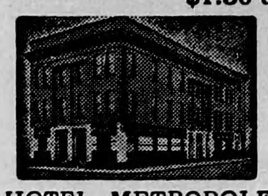

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