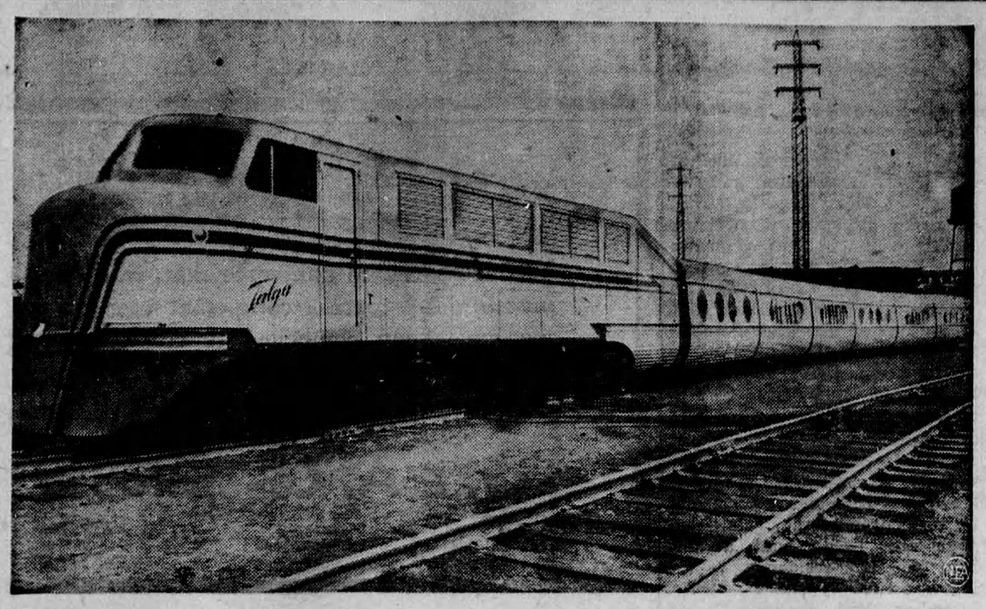

Low-Slung Streamliner Hugs the Rails—The first train ever to be built in America based on the Spanish "Patentes Talgo" is now ready for testing and demonstration. The revolutionary streamliner, above, literally hugs the rails. The locomotive is two feet lower than a standard diesel-electric and coaches are four feet lower than present-day equipment without loss of interior space. A floor level only 18 inches above the rails brings passengers down to the level of people standing on the station platform. Each coach unit has only one pair of wheels, in the rear. The front is supported by a special coupling arrangement on the unit ahead of it. The engine rides on conventional type trucks. Low center of gravity is expected to reduce "rocking." Due to its unique design and all-aluminum construction it weighs nearly 75 per cent less than an ordinary train.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

Dairy farmer are having their troubles right now—(for that matter, who isn't?)—so I thought it might be timely to talk about something new along their line. It's a new process for canning fresh, whole milk, without first evaporating or condensing it; and there are those who think that it might revolutionize the whole dairy industry.

* * *

There are still some problems to be worked out before it's perfect; but already milk canned by this process has been kept, without refrigeration, for more than a month in the can, and for several days after being opened.

* * *

The process was devised by Dr. Roy Graves, a real dairy expert and he's backed by Jack Stambaugh, a farmer and implement dealer. They believe that the process will change the whole very expensive bottling and delivery system of milk handling. What's more important they predict that it will save consumers five or more cents per quart—AND, AT THE SAME TIME, BRING BETTER RETURNS TO THE FARMER.

* * *

Here's how the thing works. Cows are milked with a pipe-line milker, a milking machine in which the milk goes to one big vat, instead of into buckets on the milker unit. Such milkers are now made, and new models coming into production are expected to be cheaper than bucket-type machines.

* * *

When the last cow is milked, the vacuum space in the vat is filled with nitrogen gas. Keeping air completely away from the milk is one of the main features of the process.

* * *

Next the milk is homogenized the flash-pasteurized at 190 degrees for 19 seconds. From the pasteurizer the milk flows to the canning machine, where sterilized cans are filled and sealed in a nitrogen-filled chamber. Then the cans are sterilized for 3 to 4 minutes at 260 degrees, to kill any last bacteria.

* * *

Main problem to be solved is to get rid of a slight cooked flavor in the milk A big can company is now working on a can lacquer which will help reduce off-flavors.

* * *

Graves' research is aimed at finding sterilized time and temperature which will not affect the flavor of the milk.

* * *

How will the system work on the farm? Graves thinks that there are three ways.

* * *

One is that big dairy farms—500 cows and up—could have their own canning plants.

* * *

Another is that a group of farmers could go together and milk their cows at one central point where canning equipment was installed—a milking canning co-op. A group of dairymen in one of the western states set up a central milking parlor for their farms several years ago.

* * *

A third way would be for individual farmers to have pipe-line milkers connected to portable, insulated vats. By milking at exactly the same time every day to fit in with closely-timed truck schedules, their milk could get to near-by canning plants within the 1½ hour limit Dr. Graves says it is necessary to maintain. The truck would pick up the full vat and leave an empty one.

Those Hats

Here is a story which will appeal to all husbands who are puzzled by their wives' taste in hats. Which probably means — just all husbands. It is told by Frances Perkins, the former U.S. Secretary of Labour.

She was in a picture show, and suddenly realised that a man was sitting behind her. Turning to him, she said: "If my hat prevents your seeing this picture, I'd be happy to take it off."

"Please don't," said the man. "The hat's much funnier than the movie."

Double Killer?—The FBI in Washington checked on the bullet that killed Metropolitan Opera tenor John Garris in Atlanta, in an attempt to clinch or clear the case against paroled cop-killer, Grover Pulley (above).

Three Minutes of Fiction Fun

SHORT SHORT STORY

Mr. Diggles On Duty

By MARY WHITEFORD

Mr. Diggles kept his head down as though he were studying the prescription, scarcely hearing Mrs. Tompkin's voice through the noise of blood thudding in his temples. When he tried to speak, his lips were dry and his tongue moved nervously over them. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Tompkins, what was that you said?"

"I said if you haven't a delivery boy I'll wait for the three o'clock bus, but I'm anxious to get back as soon as I can."

He looked again at Dr. Price's cramped handwriting. "Oh, I'll deliver it, Mrs. Tompkins. I'm sorry to learn Mr. Tompkins isn't well."

"I told him it's just his bad disposition coming out. I told Dr. Price I certainly hated to drag him out in weather like this just for a stomach ache. Doctor says he'll be all right n a day or two."

Mr. Diggles took the handkerchief from the pocket of his grey alpaca coat and wiped his forehead. The moment he used to dream of years ago, was here at last. This would cost Dr. Price his practice.

Dr. Price sat down and mopped his forehead.

The pity was, Dr. Price would never know he could have saved himself, if he hadn't made it so clear that a man who mixed prescriptions wasn't supposed to know about diagnosis. Dr. Price would never know what he'd done to himself when he told Mrs. White she might as well give the twins a chocolate soda as Diggles' Own Whooping Cough Mixture. Because of Dr. Price's new ways of doing things, no one bought Diggles' Ready Rheumatism Reliever now. Shots it was, the doctor was giving for everything. Not prescriptions.

Manslaughter, they called it. He wet his lips. Well, no one could expect to interfere with Dr. Price's prescriptions again. Not a second time.

Though it was so many years ago, he could feel the flush of anger that flooded his face remembering the day he'd called Dr. Price up and suggested that maybe the heart medicine he ordered for Mr. Venables was too strong.

"I know what I'm doing. Just mind your own business, Diggles, and I can mind mine."

He looked again at the prescription. There was no mistaking the symbol and he'd fill it as it stood.

He reached for the bottle and removed the cork. Carefully, he measured out the prescribed dose.

Mr. Diggles straightened suddenly, staring at the partly filled mortar. A feeling of nausea swept through him as he snatched it up and flung the contents into the sink. His hand, replacing the bottle on the shelf, trembled.

Outside, the wind howled and flakes of ice made a cold noise beating the window pane.

Slowly, he walked toward the telephone. After all, just as many people swore by Dr. Price as trusted Diggles.

As he waited, listening to Dr. Price's telephone bell ringing, the shop door opened. Mr. Diggles put down the recever and went to the front. Dr. Price was on the mat, stampng the snow from his feet.

"Diggles, will you let me see the prescription Mrs. Tompkins just brought in?"

"I was just trying to call you about it, Dr. Price. I felt there was some little inaccuracy."

Dr. Price nodded. "Something told me. But I wasn't really worried. I knew you'd catch a mistake if there was one. It's a great comfort to me to know that a substantial man like you is checking up on me, Diggles."

"I have to do what I can. A man has to do do his duty. He smiled and stood up.

"That's right, doctor. I guess duty becomes a habit if you do it long enough." The wind screamed into the shop as Dr. Price opened the door and went out. It was a bleak, bitter day, but in Mr. Diggles' heart it was suddenly summer.

Mouse 'Dairy'—A miniature suction pump milks a mouse at the Columbia University-Presbyterian Medical Center's "Mouse Dairy," where scientists announced that they have isolated the virus of breast cancer form mouse milk. The new development is expected to further science's attack on human cancer. The "dairy" houses more than 4000 mice. Each yields approximately one cubic centimeter at a milking.

The Snap-Back Of Democracy

"Dictatorship is brutal because it is brittle. It cannot bend; it can only break or be broken. It cannot lead its people, it can only drive them.

"Democracy, on the other hand, is resilient. It bends without breaking. It sways to the left or to the right, and returns to the point of normal balance. It calls for leaders, not for drivers. A free people can be led a greater distance and to greater heights than a slave people can be driven." —David Sarnoff.

When a man returned home to Newkirk, Okla., after an absence of twenty-five years, he discovered that he was legally dead and buried, with his tombstone over a body identified as his.

UNARMED MAN SAVES FARMER ATTACKED BY ENRAGED BULL

WINS DOW AWARD

GEORGES MARTEL
of Portneuf, Que.,
pulls 78-year old man to safety

Edouard Frenette, 78, was walking through the yard when a bull charged and tossed him into the air. Landing on his back he was again being attacked when Georges Martel, passing in his truck, stopped and raced to the scene.

Without thinking of his own safety, Martel rushed at the bull — shouting and waving his arms. The trick worked . . . and the animal turned away . . . giving Martel time to drag the farmer out of the field.

We are proud to present Georges Martel with The Dow Award.

1. Before Frenette, who is quite deaf, knew what was happening . . . the bull had tossed him brutally into the air. He landed on his back.

2. From his truck, Georges Martel saw what was happening and rushed to the rescue. Unarmed, he somehow managed to turn the bull away from its victim.

3. Quickly Martel pulled the badly gored farmer from the field, saving the man's life . . . and took him across the road to the house. He gave him first aid and summoned a doctor.

THE Dow AWARD
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THE DOW AWARD is a citation presented for acts of outstanding heroism and includes a $100 Canada Savings Bond. The Dow Award Committee, a group of editors of leading Canadian daily newspapers, selects winners from recommendations made by a nationally known news organization.

DOW BREWERY - MONTREAL

LISTEN TO THE DOW AWARD SHOW, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY — 7.15 P.M.

HOW TO FIX IT

By TOM GREGORY

ARCHIE

by Montana