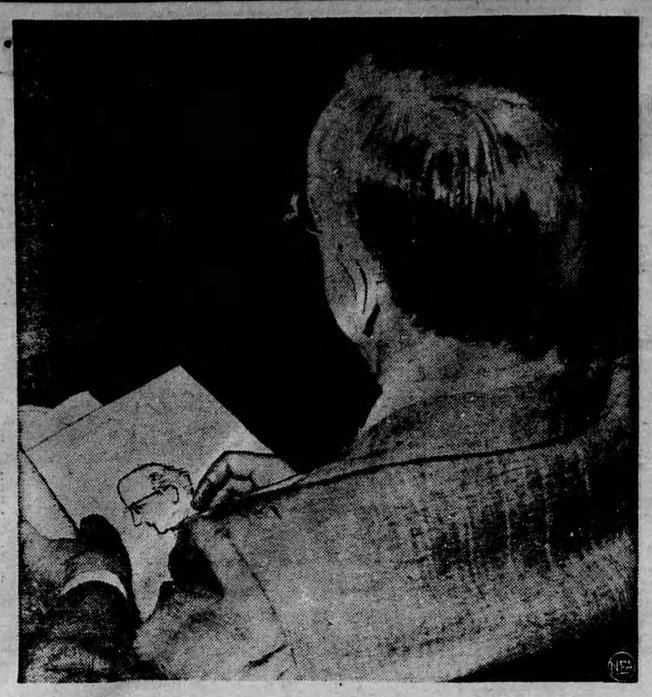


Hi-Doodle-Doodle—

Besides being under the scrutiny of the public press, atomic boss David Lilienthal, appearing before the Joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee, gets the artistic treatment at the hands of Sen. Millard Tydings, top, a committee member. After completing his sketch of Lilienthal, right below, Tydings aimed his pencil at Committee Chairman B. Hickenlooper, left below.

SHORT STORY

Ma Lost The Key

By SHIRLEY RAY

"Dear Ma and Pa, Jeff and I have gone to the city to be married. Ma you just will never see things our way so this all there is left for us to do. I'm sorry, (signed) Jennie."

From behind the barn Hiram could see the ancient auto rattling towards home. Elviry's gaunt figure at the steering wheel was silhouetted agains the white road, and Hiram smiled to himself at the picture of his very large wife in the very small car. As it pulled into the driveway he quickly ducked out of sight. Better to have her discover the note herself. Reluctantly he went into the house himself

She wheeled on him sharply, her whole figure trembling with rage and astonishment.

"Hiram! Have you seen this?" she demanded.

"Do you realize what this means? Jennie—she's gone! Jennie's' gone, Hiram!', She waved the note wildly in his face.

She stormed at the little man furiously. "They have no right to marry! He'll never be able to support her; his own father said he'd never make a farmer. All this talk about his wanting to study engineering and scuh nonsense—I won't have my daughter be his wife!"

"Now, listen, Elviry," he said boldly, "you're just carrying on so because Jennie's outwitted you! This would never would have happened if you hadn"t been so stubborn and would have consented to their marrying in the first place. If there's anything you women can't stand it's to have another out-do you — even if she is your own daughter!"

She read the note over again.

"Jennie says they're leaving for the city. That must mean the 11:15 train. It's just eleven now; if we hurry we can catch her." Under her breath she added to herself: "So she thinks she can outwit me!" and drawing her lips into a hard, thin line, she grimly barged out the dor. Hiram followed.

She opened the squeaky garage doors with an effort, and they went inside. He puffed away on his pipe as she fumbled in her huge handbag.

"Hiram, have you the car key?"

"No, Elviry, I ain't seen it all day."

She dashed out the door and he followed with a flashlight. They searced the driveway. They overturned flagstones and ran their fingers over short blades of grass. But there was no key. They went into the house and turned everything upside down. But no key.

"Hiram," she exclaimed suddenly, "you sat in the rocking chair when you came in. What did you do with my things?"

"Why, I set on the table there."

"Yes you did!" she accused. "You set everything there there but the car key. Don't try to lie to me now, Hiram! I know very well you'd like to see her get away, but I won"t have it! Hiram, if you got that key . . ."

"Elviry, I swear to goodness. I ain't seen it."

"The train leaves in two minutes," she wailed as she glanced at the clock. Her spirit was entirely broken. Her great frame even seemed to sag.

Hiram patted her benevolently. "Well, you go to bed now, Elviry,

and have a good cry. Crying always does do women folk good. I'll be along in a while."

He walked onto the porch. The air was swet with the smell of hay. Far in the distance he heard the melancholy whistle of a train, then all was quiet again. He puffed contentendly for a while on his corncob, then took it from his mouth and knocked the bowl against the railing. There was a bright flash and a small clink of metal as the ashes fluttered to the ground. Hiram smiled slyly to himself, pocketed the battered old pipe and started in.

Fooled Them

"'Your honor," said the lawyer, "I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlor window open, inserted his right arm and removed a few trifling articles. Now, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish him for an offence committed by only one of his limbs."

"Your argument," answered the judge, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the prisoner's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, just as he chooses."

Whereupon the defendant calmly removed his artificial arm and walked out.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

"Don't Poison Your Livestock" is the heading of a warning sent out by a prominent University veterinary expert; and although you've probably heard all this before—well, the care you took yesterday isn't going to save the stock you may, inadvertently, poison today. So here goes.

* * *

This expert — his name is Dr. R. P. Link, by the way—lists eleven articles, in common use around farms, as being especially dangerous.

* * *

Cattle are sometimes poisoned when they lick lead paint from old paint buckets, or even from a freshly painted barn or stable.

* * *

Nitrate fertilizer is deadly to cattle, so don't leave empty fertilizer sacks where the cattle can get at them.

* * *

"Treated" grain is a livestock killer. Hogs and salt brine make another deadly combination, so if you have a salt trough for pigs, keep it covered against rain.

* * *

Medicines such as carbon disulphide, sodium fluoride and nicotine sulphate can kill, when given in the wrong amounts. Rat and groundhog poisons, insect sprays and grasshopper bait are other deadly mixtures.

* * *

Best place for such livestock poisons, Dr. Link suggests, is where livestock can't possibly get at them. A lot of farmers keep such things in the garage which mightn't be such a bad idea.

* * *

And it mightn't be a bad idea, either, to remind you that driving tractors too close to ditches takes the lives of several farmers each summer.

* * *

One man, who got stuck in a ditch, but whose tractor fortunately didn't happen to fall over on him, said, "From now on I'm going to allow two extra feet between my tractor wheels and the ditch bank, for safety. Tractors under load just seem to be sucked right into ditches."

* * *

The speech of a Canadian—J. H. Evans, Deputy Minister of Agriculture in Manitoba—is described as one of the highlights of the meeting of the National Polled Cattle Promotion Club, held recently in Waterloo, Iowa.

* * *

Mr. Evans told his audience about how the Prairie Provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, —collect a penalty of one dollar per head on all horned cattle sold at public markets; and how the fund, so collected, is used to promote the production and marketing of hornless cattle.

* * *

Speaking of Canada's market for farm products Evans said, "It's just as necessary to grade the farm products you have to sell as it is to have a scale to weigh them on." Which sounds to me like a heap of wisdom crammed into one small sentence.

* * *

Of course you'd like to increase the price and value of your land—here's a very simple, yet proven, method of doing so. PUT SOMETHING INTO YOUR COMMUNITY, AND INTO BETTER LIVING.

* * *

Land in "good" communities, as you probably know, brings a premium as compared with the same same type of farm in a "poor" community. That's because people will pay more than a farm is actually worth, just for the privilege of living in a nice place.

* * *

And you can't expect to have good living and a strong community unless yqou're willing to spend some of your money, and more of your time, on worth-while neighborhood or community projects.

Suspicious

The good country doctor came home all worn out and prepared for a good night's sleep. No sooner had he retired than the phone beside his bed buzzed shrilly.

He nudged his wife: "Listen, Ma, see who it is; say you expect me soon, or anything you think of."

The wife answered the phone.

"Doctor is not at home," she said.

"Well, this is Mrs. Jones," rattled a voice in the receiver, "I got a pain and I want to see him as soon as he comes in."

The old doctor whispered some instructions to his wife, which she repeated to the would-be patient. "Do that, and I'm sure you'll soon feel all right," the wife concluded.

"Thanks very much," said the lady on the phone crisply, "but before I take your advice, tell me something. Is that gentleman who seems to be with you qualified to advise me?"

Starts Business On 1 Buck—And A Doe

On a farm about 70 miles from New York City, Bonnie Brown found fame and fortune in spinning yarn on an old-fashioned Colonial flax-spinning wheel.

It all started seven years ago when Bonnie's husband brought home a couple of Easter bunnies. Their two little girls soon tired of feeding and caring for the little white Angoras, so Bonnie took over.

She read up on rabbits, attended shows, and learned to clip and pluck them. Then a friend taught her to spin. Bonnie bought a spinning wheel and started turning the Angora wool into yarn.

A dollar and ten cents will buy 25 yards of it. Or Bonnie will knit a lady's sweater for $45 to $65. A baby set—sweater, hat, bootees and mitts—sells for $29.50. But Bonnie's profits don't stop there. She'll teach you to spin, and sell you a spinning wheel from her collection.

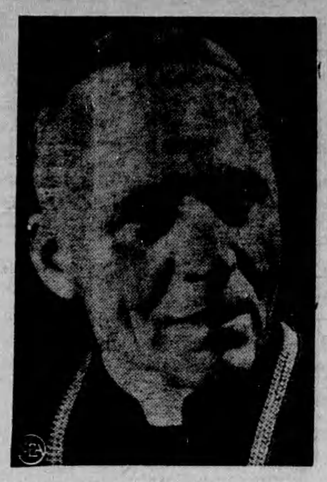
With orders coming in from all over the country, Bonnie's Bunnyland has become a full-time occupation for Bonnie and takes up every minute her two daughters, now 14 and 17, can spare from their school work.

Know The Answer

In the southern U.S. the whites are strongly against Negroes voting. However, strong liberal opposition has caused the anti-blacks to retreat somewhat. There are still those who would bar the colored people from their democratic right and yet not let the Northerners think that they were doing so. These people have devised what are loosely called educational tests which the Negro must pass in order to be eligible to vote.

One time a Negro who had a Ph.D. in romance and classical languages sought to vote in Alabama. The clerk gave him a number of foreign-language newspapers to read. "If you can read these, I'll know you're literate," said the clerk, "and you'll be permitted to vote." The Negro read the French, German and Russian papers without hesitancy. The clerk grew flustered. He handed him a Polish and Italian newspaper and again the colored man read them fluently.

"Read this!" challenged the clerk finally, tossing a Chinese newspaper on the table. The Negro looked up with a sad smile. "It says that Negroes can't vote in Alabama."



Czech Archbishop Heckled — Shouting, whistling hecklers drowned out Archbishop Josef Beran (above), leader of the Catholic Church in Czechoslovakia, when he tried to criticize the church policy of the Communist regime in St. Vitus Cathedral, Prague.

Negro Singer's Son Marries — As a crowd of 500 spectators booed, Paul Robeson, Jr., son of the famed Negro singer, left the home of a New York Congregational minister after his marriage to the former Marilyn Greenberg (above), 21-year-old white girl.

DRIVES OIL TRUCK THROUGH WALL OF FLAME

WINS DOW AWARD

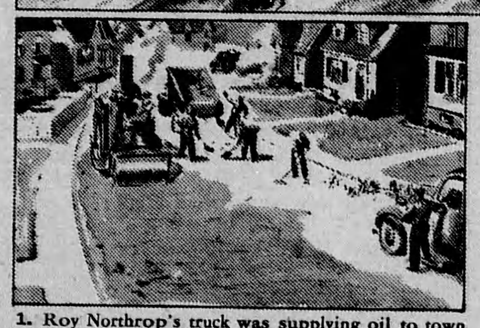
ROY NORTHROP

of Woodbridge, Ont.,

calmly averts disastrous explosion

Workmen were re-surfacing the road with oil from Northrop's truck. Suddenly the oil on the road caught fire . . . flames shot up into the air. Northrop realized that the truck must be moved if an explosion was to be avoided — a blast that would wreck the nearby houses. Calmly, he started the engine and drove the oil truck through the wall of flame to a dry section of the road.

For risking his life to prevent a possibly tragic explosion, we are proud to present Roy Northrop with The Dow Award.



1. Roy Northrop's truck was supplying oil to town workmen who were re-surfacing a road in North Weston, near Toronto.

2. The oil on the road suddenly caught fire. Flames swept the surface — shooting 15 to 20 feet into the air. The oil truck was in the midst of it all!

3. Quickly, Northrop drove his truck through the flames to a dry spot. He had risked his life — but a disastrous explosion had been averted.

THE Dow AWARD

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 waste organization.

DOW BREWERY - MONTREAL

BA-1098

LITTLE REGGIE By Margarita