The Big, Big Apple—Enough to turn any youngs ter pie-eyed is this 450-pound whopper displayed at the Railroad Fair in honor of International Apple Day. Dickie Powers, 7, and Jessie Bustow, 9, gaze hungrily at the ponderous pastry, billed modestly as the "world's biggest apple pie." Ten bushels of apples went into its making.

SHORT SHORT STORY

Infectious Laugh

By Richard Hill Wilkinson

It was Ethan Pryor's laughter that first attracted Abigail to him. When Ethan laughed, every one else laughed. The sound had that mirthful, appealing quality that was infectious. It was good to hear. It gave you a feeling of well being.

This all happened in 1929, when Ethan's retail antique business was netting him $15,000 a year. It was easy to laugh then. They were a jolly couple.

In 1931, Ethan's retail antique business dropped off from one-half its top amount to one-third, then to one-quarter.

That year passed and the next. The Pryors didn't find it so easy to laugh. They gave up their seven-room apartment and moved into a less expensive one. In January of 1934 they moved into a single room in an unfashionable part of the city. Ethan was making barely enough to keep them from starving.

Abigail hunted for a week and eventually won for herself a job. It wasn't much of a job. She sat behind a glass window all afternoon and evening selling tickets for a stock company performance. The stock company wasn't doing so well. It looked as though it might fold up any day. But it paid $15 a week and would have to do until she could get something better.

Inspired, a little ashamed, Ethan went job hunting himself. He hunted a week, two weeks, without success. He began to brood. Abigail did her best to cheer him up, to get him into a happy frame of mind.

"Let's hear the old laugh ring out, darling. A pleasant frame of mind is half the battle." She sat on the arm of his chair. "Tell you what. Let's celebrate. Let's take $5 and go down to Tony's. We can have a gay time for a change."

They went to Tony's. They drank wine and ate a big dinner. They danced. They sat and watched the floor show. It wasn't a bad floor show. Among other things, there was a comedian. The comedian was sad. He wasn't funny. But Abigail laughed. She laughed as though she thought he was tremendously funny.

Ethan looked at her. A fond light came into his eyes. She was trying to be gay. She was doing all she could to bolster up his spirits. He could at least help.

Ethan laughed. It was the old time, mirthful, appealing laughter. It rolled out and filled the room. Others heard it. Others laughed. They couldn't help it. They laughed with Ethan. The comedian was inspired.

After the show, a man came up and sat down at Ethan's and Abigail's table. Abigail introduced him as the owner of the stock company show where she sold tickets. His name was Jones.

"Listen," said Mr. Jones, "we'll pay you $5 a night to come and laugh at our show. It's supposed to be a funny show. You can put it across."

Ethan scratched his chin. He looked at Abigail. He said: "Well, I dunno. For $40 a week, I might consider it."

"Sold!" said Mr. Jones.

Ethan looked at his wife when

"Well, I guess we laughed our way through that depression."

he got home. "You planned it!" he accused.

"Sure," said Abigail. "When you have something, it should be cashed in on. You can laugh your way to riches, my dear."

Times were getting better. People were buying antiques. By the beginning of 1936, he was doing quite well. That summer he enlarged his shop.

"Well," said Abigail, happily, "I guess we laughed our way through that depression all right."

Ethan kissed her. Then he threw back his head and began to laugh. He laughed loud and long. "There!" he said, "that laugh isn't going to cost any one a cent. From now on I laugh because I want to and free of charge. Honey, I love you!"

"Ditto," said Abigail.

HOW TO DO IT — By Harold Arnett

Changing Of The Guard

Every morning at 10.30 ever since 1660 the mounting of the Sovereign's Guard has taken place in London. In 1939 the full dress uniforms were put away in favour of khaki battledress but this summer they have been restored and the Changing of the Guard in all its glory now takes place as before. When the King is in London the Guard is mounted at Buckingham Palace; when he is out of town it is mounted from the Colour Court of St. James's Palace, both perfect settings for the red coats and black bearskins of the Guards.

The Changing of the Guard is a unique and stirring ceremony that visitors to London are always anxious to see. Even in bad weather it nearly always draws a sprinkling of sightseers and in summer, in the streets behind the Palace, dozens of motor coaches draw up and from them pour streams of eager tourists, each party with an omniscient guide to explain the significance and history of the Changing of the Guard. The crowd watching the historic ceremony often consists of a couple of thousand people, who press against the railings of the Palace courtyard, crowd the steps of the Victoria Memorial that faces it and stand along the kerb. Americans, Europeans, British subjects from every part of the Commonwealth as well as people from all over the United Kingdom are there, the most junior members of the crowd perched high on their fathers' shoulders.

As the new Guard, preceded by its regimental band, comes swinging into the courtyard, hundreds of cameras click into action. Pictures of the Guards marching with the precision for which they are famous, a precision which seems as though their legs are controlled by a master switch and could not possibly be motivated by separate men, are not the only ones taken. It is almost a matter of routine for visitors to stand at the side of a Palace policeman or an impassive guardsman outside his sentry box, whilst another member of the party takes a pictorial record of the occasion. Recently a small kilted Scots girl was persuaded to stand there, a stance she was loath to take up, for a red coated soldier wearing a huge bearskin and holding a fixed bayonet was a terrifying companion for a five-year-old and one she could not stomach without the physical as well as moral support of her mother.

Hot Stuff

Two buzzards were lazily winging over the Arizona desert when a jet-propelled plane suddenly went hurtling by, its exhausts belching flame and smoke. The buzzards silently watched it disappear into the Western sky, and then one of them found his voice. "Holy carrion," he said. "Was that bird in a hurry!" "Listen, Lucius," opined the other, "you'd be in a hurry too if your tail was on fire."

Efficiency is getting other people to do the jobs you don't like.

World Rain Shortage Now

If you imagine the earth as a 10-inch ball, then all life is supported inside a film of air and water about two thousandths of an inch thick. This relatively thin sheet is fluid with clearly defined currents of air. A small change in them, and fertile land would become desert, or vice versa.

The great Sahara desert, for instance, is merely an area over which flow currents of air that are very dry. Hence little or no rainfall. If it were possible to deflect southwards over this area some of the moist currents coming from the polar regions, it would get a normal rainfall.

But if we increase the rainfall in one place we decrease it in another. It wouldn't do to make the Sahara fertile if at the same time we turned Great Britain, and possibly France and most of Europe, into desert.

And even if we were able to distribute evenly the rain falling on the land surfaces of the world, there would not be sufficient to make all countries fertile. There is just not enough water in the atmosphere to go around.

With the rapid increase in the world's population, this is a serious business. World population is increasing at approximately thirty millions annually.

Unless tremendous advances are made in irrigation schemes and better farming methods, many millions will starve, since there will not be the rain available to make fertile enough ground on which their food must be grown.

The development of new continents, such as Australia, is vitally bound up with this question of rainfarll. In Australia the limit set by some experts, on account of the rainfall, is a population of thirty millions. Yet there is room in terms of land for twenty times that number.

Still Do

Albert—"I like to think of olden times when women would sit by the hour beside their spinning wheels."

Filbert—"They still do, until some man comes along and puts their chains on."

THE FARM FRONT by John Russell

A week or so ago, I wrote a rather depressing account of what damage grasshoppers are doing over in some of the western States, and how the farmers in California and other coast districts were fearing that the pests would finally reach there and do untold millions of dollars' damage.

* * *

Now, from our own Midwest comes word of how a very similar menace was foreseen and—if not completely wiped out — at least largely controlled. I think some of you might be interested in hearing about what happened. It certainly illustrates the value of those twin virtues, preparedness and co-operation.

* * *

Last fall, entomological surveys of Western Canada grain lands indicated 1949 would see one of the worst grasshopper plagues in the history of the Prairie Provinces. This was grim news to the farmers of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

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For they know the grasshopper well. They recalled other years when the winged invaders came: great areas of lush countryside rendered completely barren as if the farmers themselves had carried out a scorched earth policy; empty grain elevators; empty pocketbooks and complete desperation.

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During previous plagues, little was accomplished to halt the voracious insect horde. Warnings of infestations often came too late. Inadequate methods were used to destroy the attackers. Destruction to crops was usually complete.

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This year, matters were different. After last year's plague, teams of entomologists went out in the field to determine the degree of infestation by counting grasshopper eggs. They found millions of them. They charted maps showing the extent of infestations in various areas of the provinces. They passed on the information to the people.

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Then the battle really began! Agricultural chemists came out with two new lethal poisons far superior to those used previously. Industry made these available to Western farmers in great quantities. Provincial governments made them available to farmers through their municipalities.

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A flood of educational publicity was turned loose early in the year in the press, on the radio, through lectures by local agricultural representatives. Every Westerner was so grasshopper-conscious by the time the 'hoppers hatched, they knew exactly what to do to stem the invasion. And they did it!

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From latest available reports, the invasion has been repelled. It is true that some damage has been done, but only a small fraction of what was anticipated. It is the first time a grasshopper plague has been successfully curbed in Canada.

* * *

Which should be about enough for one session, except for this yarn which you may not have heard before—or anyway, recently. It's about a bunch of race track men who were holding a session one evening and lying—as such characters sometimes do—about the wonderful horses they'd owned or bred. One tall tale led to another until an old "Kentucky Colonel" came out with an anecdote that topped all:

* * *

"I remember, suh, a race of 16 thoroughbreds in which my mare, Honeysuckle, participated. The stake was $300,000. Gentlemen who owned the best horse flesh in all the South were present, not to mention a few Yankees. Well, suh, Honeysuckle was leading the field, which was no surprise to me, when on the backstretch I noticed her hesitate. And then and there she had herself a foal. I had bred her the year before, but didn't know she was foaling."

At his point, someone in the audience sympathized and said, "Tough way to lose a race."

"Who said anything about losing?" the good Colonel concluded. "Honeysuckle never lost. She had her foal. Then she won the race by five lengths."

"And," he added, "the foal came in second."

The raving beauties in these beauty contests include the losers.

YOUNG FARMER DRAGS TWO FROM CRASHED AIRPLANE

Charles Soucy, of Wildwood, Alta., fights flames to save pilot and passenger.

It was after midnight when Charles Soucy heard the airplane crash. Racing a mile across the wheat fields, he found the machine in flames — with the pilot and a woman passenger still trapped inside! Working coolly and quickly, Soucy managed to force open the plane door and drag the pilot to safety. Then, grabbing an axe, he cut away part of the framework under which the woman was pinned. In spite of the flames, he finally succeeded in freeing her.

Thanks to his cool bravery, two lives had been saved . . . and we pay sincere tribute to gallant Charles Soucy through the presentation of 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 news organization.

THE Dow AWARD

DOW BREWERY • MONTREAL

Honey and Hank

By Seeg