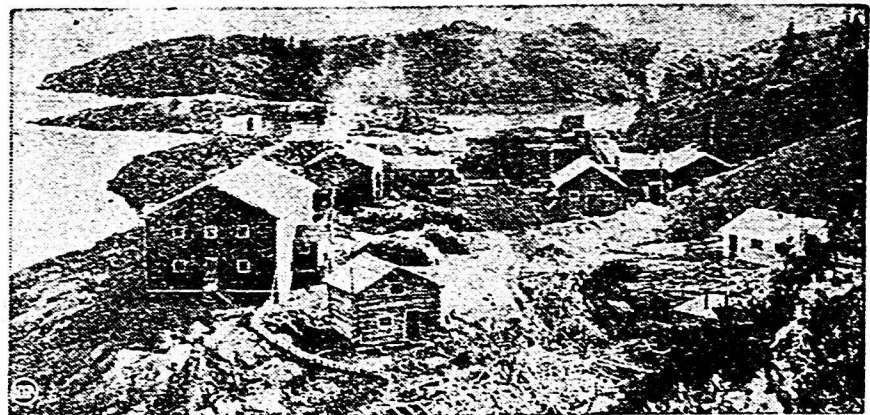


**ATOMIC POWER AGE WOULD BRING DRASTIC SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC CHANGES IN WORLD**



This Canadian mine is one of the greatest sources of uranium in the world. Uranium is basic raw material used in the new atomic bomb. It is found in pitchblende which is also the source of radium. These few buildings make up the plant of the El Dorado Mining and Smelting Co., taken over by Canada, to "guarantee a government supply of uranium."

By DR. FRANK THONE

Not even the sky will be the limit to the world-shaking effects of atomic power, if science can harness this spectacular new discovery to peacetime use.

If atomic power is technologically manageable, if atoms of the more abundant elements (say sodium, or magnesium, or silicon) can be put in a sufficiently unstable state for practical use, and if the economics of the whole procedure can be kept right-size up, then the world we live in will be a fantastic place indeed.

You can take as many flights of fancy on your mental wings as you like. Here are just a few of the possibilities:

Jet propulsion of aircraft, and of ships and land vehicles as well, could be enormously simplified. An atomic jet-engine might consist simply of a casing with a "disintegrator" suspended in it. On this, water might be permitted to drip split into oxygen and hydrogen, which would immediately unite as steam, this would provide a light power-source costing almost nothing for fuel and nothing for lubrication.

Space Ships Possible

Or, if one of the abundant and cheap elements, like silicon from common sand, could be persuaded to split up and supply atomic power, rocket-propelled space ships could soon become realities, even carrying human passengers, if hardy enough individuals could be found to man them—which would undoubtedly be easy enough.

One or more of these jet or rocket units could be secured to ends of short crosspieces on a revolving shaft — and behold, you have a simple but efficient reaction-turbine, ready to run a big electric generator or to turn directly all the wheels in a factory.

Despite the warning in President Truman's first announcement, in which he stated that application of atomic power to the tasks of peace must await a long course of research and development, speculation about its postwar effects is inevitable.

Will there be no further need for coal, or oil, or water power? Are stocks based on these commodities and the utilities consuming them destined to hit bottom and never come up again? Will cheap power be so plentiful that even Hottentots can own whole batteries of milking machines? Will atomic power, in short, bring on a car-free paradise after it has swiftly finished its present job of raising concentrated hell?

No dogmatic, hard-and-fast answers can be given as yet. We just haven't facts enough. The questions have to be met with other questions. Here are two or three:

How far are we from practical application of atomic power for purposes less violent, more controlled, than bombings? If it always develops in such shattering, blasting outbursts it may take a long time to harness it.

Remember, one of the first attempts at an internal combustion engine was a Frenchman's invention, in which gunpowder was to be the fuel. It was not successful.

Atomic "Fuel"

It has been suggested that the energy of atomic disintegration be used indirectly, to avoid this violence of action. Minute quantities of an atomic "fuel" might be released at a time, in contact with water, to generate steam. That might work, or it might "crack" the water into hydrogen and oxygen, forming an explosive mixture. There'll be no way of knowing until it's tried. So we come back to the President's declaration that there will have to be a lot of research first.

Uranium, apparently the only element used in the new bombs, likely to be the sole source of atomic power? If so, the question may become pretty much an academic one, unless much larger bodies of uranium ores can be discovered. There isn't enough uranium in sight at present to power the world's industries. It would be like discovering that diamonds are

10,000 times better than coal as fuel.

We know the terrific power released by the new atomic bomb — but we don't know a thing about how they are developed. It may very well turn out, when all the facts are released, that more power is required to extract the uranium from the ore than the bombs generate when they explode. There may be a significant hint to this effect in the fact that the three big plants where the bombs are made are all in areas where hydro electric power is abundant and cheap.

If it does cost more, in power, to put the atomic "fuel" into usable form, then good-bye Utopian Wars are necessarily run on a damn-the-expense basis, but in peace we have to watch our economies.

If atomic power does become practicable and freely obtainable, we can stop worrying about the exhaustion of our oil fields, and let the coal beds lie undisturbed for as far ahead as we can foresee. By the same token, we shall have to find new jobs for everyone in these industries, or support them on the proceeds of the new atomic-powered ones.

Political Weapon

Since atomic power continues, for the time being at least, to be obtainable only from uranium, there won't be so much of it. Other fuels will continue in use, but there will always be an uneasy uncertainty about their future. And we can doubtless expect fevered prospecting for new bodies of uranium ore—"uranium rushes" like the gold rushes of the past.

Finally, as long as atomic power remains on anything like its present basis, a terrific instrument of political and social control will be held by the Federal Government. For, according to the official announcements, all patents covering the processes and uses of the material are assigned to the government, which has spent two billion dollars of taxpayers' money on the project.

**ATHLONE TAKES SALUTE OF TROOPS MARKING VJ-DAY**



In the arch of the Peace Tower of the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, Canadian Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone, takes the salute of Ottawa's official celebration of VJ-DAY when hundreds of servicemen and women marched past the reviewing stand. With his Excellency are Prime Minister King and Defence Minister McNaughton. In the lower picture, Maj. Gen. E.M. Hoffmeister, General Officer Commanding the Canadian Army Pacific Force, spoke to all ranks at Brockville headquarters, thanking them for their splendid co-operation.

**GENERAL EISENHOWER WELCOMED TO MOSCOW**



Marshal Gregory Zuko, left, and General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, salute as the American and Russian national anthems are played at Moscow airport. Generalissimo Stalin invited Eisenhower to review a parade of 40,000 Soviet Athletes from atop Lenin's tomb. He is the first American accorded such an honor.

**DELIVERS NEWS**



Swiss Charge d'Affaires Max Grassli delivered the good tidings that Japan had accepted surrender ultimatum. He arrived at the office of Secretary of State James Byrnes at 6:10 p.m., with a portfolio containing the historic answer.

**HIS ORDEAL IS OVER**



Surrender of Japan brings freedom again to one of the war's early heroes—Lt. Gen. Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, above, the man who took up the fight where MacArthur left off and held Bataan to the end, the man who so inspired his troops that they changed the name of Corregidor to "Wainwright's Rock." Since he surrendered Corregidor on May 6, 1942, he has been a prisoner of the Japs.

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**CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM**

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Already V. J. Day seems awfully busy, since time comes now, measured by events, rather than by days or weeks. The answer is strangely enough, V. J. Day coincided with the termination of our son's thirty day-furlough and we had fond hopes when the good news broke it might facilitate his discharge which he had applied for, since his dad is no longer able to carry on alone.

But could he get it — or even an extension of leave? The answer is "no, a thousand times no". But neither was his request rejected so I suppose all the letters, papers and affidavits are lying forgotten in some little pigeon hole, until someone gets around to digging them out. Apparently the only way an ordinary soldier can earn recognition from his superiors is to go AWOL. And then he finds out in a hurry how much the army needs him and how determined it is to get him back. Now that Bob has ever tried anything quite so drastic — too much depends on

him for him to take any chances like that. There is so much work waiting to be done at home.

We have threatening to do, oats to draw in and barley to cut — and son Bob, because a wire from headquarters has been held up some place, is on draft for Camp Borden! Partner isn't able to cut the barley; we can't draw in oats until we have threshed; and we can't thresh until Bob gets back home to look after things. And the threshing machine is on the line and will probably want to move in sometime tomorrow. We are also afraid to leave the house very long in case "long distance" should call. If I have to go out I generally wear Partner to listen for the phone. But that idea doesn't work too well because he generally falls asleep if he is left in the house too long alone. I tell him his guardian ship is passed to that of King Alfred and the cakes.

Since I had to be in the house so much lately I thought it might be a good idea to get a room papered — a job that has been hanging first or some time. Our young niece Betty is staying with us so it occurred to me that with her help I might even be able to paper the ceiling — if Bob I have never yet tackled alone.

The ceiling was low enough that I could reach it from a chair and the room not so terribly big. So I bought a roll of paper — I thought one piece would be enough to experiment with. Well, I wrestled with that piece of evil for nearly an hour — taping and repasting. At one time I had it wrapped around me like a winding sheet and of course I finished up by tearing it into any number of pieces. In desperation I came downstairs and phoned a neighbor — "How do you get one end of a strip to stay on a ceiling while you fix the other?" I asked. Well, after she had finished laughing at me she said — "You just leave it for now and I will come down after supper."

So that was that. The ceiling was done that night and Betty and I papered the walls next day. It is grand to have neighbours and neeies!

Another telephone call... Bob, from down town... he was on parade and all ready to move out to Camp Borden when his name was called and he was sent back home again. "All's well that ends well" — so they say.

Auntie: "How did Jimmy get on in his history exam?"

Mother: "Quite very well, but it wasn't his fault. They asked him things that happened before the poor boy was born."

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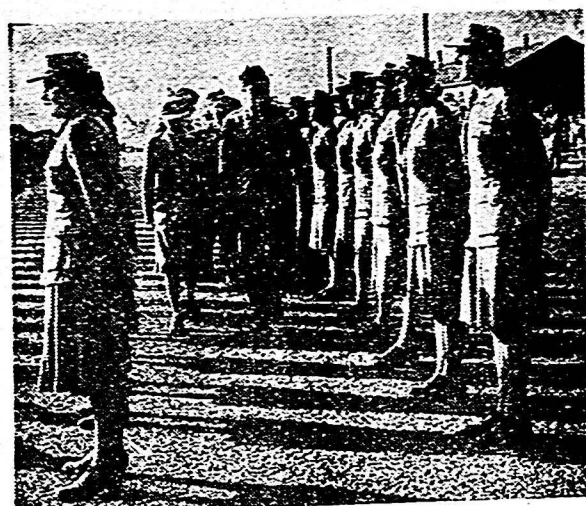
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ISSUE 35-1948

**C.W.A.C.'s REVIEWED**



Conducting his first inspection of troops since returning from overseas, Maj. Gen. E. M. Hoffmeister, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., and two Bars, Commander of the Canadian Army Pacific Force, recently reviewed C.W.A.C. personnel of the 2nd Canadian Army Postal Directory, Ont. Gen. Hoffmeister is shown here inspecting the ranks. The inspection coincided with the 4th Anniversary of the C.W.A.C. organization.

**TABLE TALKS Canned Peaches**

From Canada's Kitchen in the Dominion Department of Agriculture comes these tested methods for canning peaches.

Fruit—One 20 lb. crate of peaches, yields about 10 quarts of canned fruit. One 6 quart leno (heaped) basket, 10 lbs. yields about 5 quarts of fruit.

Quantity of Syrup—If peaches are ripe they are quite sweet and require very little sugar. Either a thin or very thin syrup is suitable.

20 lb. crate  
Thin—16 cups water to 8 cups sugar.  
Very Thin—15 cups water to 5 cups sugar.  
6 qt. leno basket  
Thin—8 cups water to 4 cups sugar.  
Very Thin—7½ cups water to 2½ cups sugar.

Bring sugar and water to boiling point; skim.

Peaches—Hot Pack  
Prepare syrup. Blanch peaches, remove skins, halve and pit; slice if desired. Drop in brine (1 teaspoon salt to 1 quart cold water) to preserve colour. Drain. Simmer 5 minutes in syrup. Pack at once in clean hot jars; halved peaches cut-side down.

Leave headspace: Screw and spring top sealers and cans—½ in.

Vacuum sealers—½ in. Remove air bubbles by running a knife down and around inside of container. Partially seal screw and spring top sealers. Seal vacuum sealers.

Process in boiling water bath: Pints and 20 oz. cans—15 min. Quarts and 28 oz. cans—20 min. Cool tin cans quickly under cold water. Cool glass containers away from draughts; do not invert.

Sugarless Canned Peaches  
Blanch peaches, remove skins, pit and slice. Drop in brine (1 teaspoon salt to 1 quart cold water) to preserve colour. Drain. Heat slowly in just enough water to prevent sticking, until juice begins to flow, about 3 to 5 minutes. Pack once in clean hot sealers. Pack down until juice covers fruit.

Leave headspace: Screw and spring top sealers and cans—½ in. Vacuum sealers—½ in. Remove air bubbles by running

**TABLE TALKS Modern Etiquette**

By Robert Lee

1. Would it be permissible for a man to pass in front of a woman, in order to get out of an automobile on the curb side?

2. When giving a luncheon, when should the bread and butter plates be put on the table?

3. What should a hostess do if a caller refuses a cup of tea or coffee?

4. If a man has asked a girl for permission to call and she has declined, should he ask her again at some other time?

5. Is it correct for parents to introduce their children to adults?

6. What is the proper position to place a buffer knob on the butter plate?

**ANSWERS**

1. Yes, and it is also safer than getting out on the traffic side. Of course, it would be more convenient for the driver to get out on the left side. 2. Before the guests enter the diningroom, 3. The refusal should accept the refusal and not make the offer a second time. 4. That depends entirely upon the manner in which she refused his first request. He must use his best judgment as to whether the girl really cares to extend the friendship. 5. Yes, and it is excellent training. Well-bred parents should do so at every opportunity. 6. Diagonally across the rim of the plate.

**Climate Note**

Passengers on a Portland, Ore., bus sweltered and wondered why, even with the windows open, it was hotter in the bus than outside, says the New York Times. Only the driver, a discharged war vet, even remained cool and calm. Finally, it was discovered that all the heaters were going full blast; the driver had recently returned from the South Pacific and he was more comfortable than at any time since he had come back from the tropics.

Your dear, remembered face, he thought. Nothing shall dim the memory of it for me—not the mountains and the seas between; not years if I should be kept away from you that long; not eternity. But I'll come back to you, Meridel. I know I was not first in your heart. He came there once for a little while and possessed it, and he does not easily let go. I'm sorry the end for him had to be like this, so dark, so shamefully dark.

"You're rather well rested him in your fight or at least have had the chance to fight, even had I lost. There's something hollow about this victory, something that rips it of its savor."

Dreaming that, he dozed off and it was not until they had rolled into the outlying districts of the city where Ayscough had a chance to do some really fancy driving, that he awakened—just as their front fender grazed the mighty bumper of a truck.

"Did I miss much, Pete?"

"You leave no idea, sir." Pete grinned cheerfully. "All men, especially truck drivers, will remember the passing of Peter Ayscough."

"With a blessing, I'll bet."

"Well, I did hear some of them mention names that go with blessings, though their faces belied their words. But I do my best, my very best, and do it every day. Always the first to spring to arms at the call of duty, that's me, Pete."

Gradually, quiet descended on the great house as the laughter, the busy tongues were stilled by sleep. Rudolph, the incorrigible, went to the kitchen soon after dinner, to sit in the chair he loved, to talk gravely with Gesner and the cook and Florian and the other domestics, of wars and treacherous acts of war, of his own experience in the army of France in the First World War. He spoke of the great generals of history, of the first great Churchill, Corporal John, Duke of Marlborough, of the Duke of Marlborough, of the Duke of Marlborough, of the Duke of Marlborough, of the Duke of Marlborough.

**Princess of Gratz**

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

**CHAPTER XVI**

"What's in the wind, Peter? Any idea?"

"Ah, well!" Roger looked at the clear blue sky and thought of Meridel's eyes and closed his own. It would be good to fly again, to raise the heavens wide and far.

"By the way," said Peter Ayscough, "I heard they found that ritz station wagon of yours abandoned at Sainte-Barbe, not far from the border. The fugitives grabbed some farmer's truck there and took it almost to the line. And they're over, guess. They seem to have vanished into thin air."

"I thought they'd get away. Nerve beggars."

"It's a devil of a note—That Kehl—Captain Manfred Kehl—a big shot Nazi; the other lad, Faber, was a hell-raiser, too. No end of trouble with him in the camp. I heard from a chap who did duty there. They'll find some pals in the States, you may be sure. I suppose they'll turn up next in Tabarka."

Roger, deep in his heart, did not know whether to be glad or sorry that Michel had escaped. For a while he had heard, with Tante Mimi, that perhaps a bullet from a pursuer's gun would be the best answer to it all. Now he did not know. His own happiness was so great, so wondrous. Perhaps the Americans, this time, would grant no bail, would take the men and hold them prisoners until the war was over. Certainly it would be well, anyway, it wasn't his worry any more.

The children had presented Peter Ayscough with a huge basket or ribbon-candy, barley toys, bonbons, fruit and nuts, which he consumed happily along the way at the constant hazard of wrecking the machine and breaking their necks. "It will be a relief to get up in the air again, Pete," said Roger as they slowed away from the edge of a gully and grazed a telephone pole on the bit slipper of the road.

"It is a bit slippery, sir. Gosh, you must have had a swell time at your aunt's place, if this is a sample of it. Was that pretty girl the princess?"

"Yes—that was the princess."

"Boy! She looked it. War surely has its compensations."

"Yes," said Roger wryly. "It's been a great war for the Fabres. We'll all be sorry to see it end."

He fell silent, thinking of that last lovely picture he had taken away with him, the bright faces of the children, madame's burning black eyes and the pride in them and the tears that were like jewels in the eyes of Meridel. Behind them the gray walls of the chateau; behind it the hills crowned with the dark green beauty of the spruce trees and the pines.

Emperor Hirohito—whom the Japanese believe descended from the sun—becomes a mouthpiece for the Allies.

Gen. Douglas MacArthur, appointed Supreme Allied Commander to receive the Japanese surrender, will tell Hirohito what to do.

The Japanese understood this when they accepted the surrender terms. Nothing like this—taking orders from a white man or any foreigner—has ever before happened to a Japanese Emperor.

Hirohito has no choice. He has agreed to carry out whatever orders given him by the Allies.

"I—" she covered her face with her hands. "I do not know. Oh, he is so fine. He is what you call a noble knight. I am nothing. By accident of birth I was taught to consider myself something for a while. No now. Where is my mother, who has so many thousands of men like him—knights, princes, knights—"

(To Be Continued)

**Hirohito For First Time Takes Orders**

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**PREMIER'S LADY ROMPS WITH PET**

Unwary by her husband's elevation to Prime Minister of England, Mrs. Clement R. Attlee plays with the family dog on lawn at the family home at Stanmore, Middlesex. Looks like both the lady and the pup have a strong grip on things.