

SHORT STORY

There's a Light Somewhere

By M. CHRISTOPHER

Hal Miers took his time walking from the house to the stable. There was a light wind ruffling his hair. The air smelled clean, coming up from the river. He could feel the warm sun, feel it burn because during these long months of absence he had grown unaccustomed to it.

He reached the end of the path and felt for the corner fence post. Proudly he grasped it. It was like a door opening to a light. I've come this far, the rest should be easy, he thought.

He sought for the edge of the stable; the wide door pushed open. He figured that the hinges hadn't been oiled since he had oiled them himself months ago.

That was just before he had taken off on that crucial flight and crashed into a mountain. It had taken two lives - and almost his, too. It took his sight but left his memories.

He heard the horse. Michael! The horse remembered him. "Michael!" he whispered tensely.

The horse whinnied. Hal felt the nose touch his outstretched hand. "You ol' pal! How you been, huh? How you been?" Hal sniffed appreciatively. He liked the smell of a horse. He should, for he had practically grown up with it.

"I'll never ride you again, Mike, old boy," he said softly. "I'd probably break my neck. That's what the doc said. That would be foolish, wouldn't it? I'd be a dead duck and not be able to touch, smell or hear you." The horse whinnied again and Hal choked. He hadn't realized how much that had meant!

At the hospital, with the gauze on his eyes, he had thought of

morning sat disconsolately in the living room.

"It's nice outside, son," his father said, quietly. "Why don't you get some sun. You need it on that skin."

Outside he could not feel any wind, but he could smell the stable. He could hear the twitter of sparrows, the faint sound of the river. And he found his way back to the stable and old Michael.

"You're coming with me, old boy!" Hal said.

He groped for the saddle. Could saddle you blindfolded, he used to say. Now to prove it. He led the horse outside. The fear began to grip him tighter now. He swung himself upon the horse. "Steady, boy!" he whispered, "Steady!"

"Okay, Mike. Let's go. But easy, at first. Let me get the feel of it. Just around the meadow, boy"

The horse started off. Hal felt the graceful move of his body and coordinated his own movements with it. Gradually, Hal made him go faster, each time clinging tighter to the reins in his hands. The wind whipped against his face, and a couple of times he felt himself sway off to one side as Michael plunged to make a turn, his hooves flung against the hard ground. But he always righted himself and stayed on. Hal laughed against the wind, laughed loudly, in the sheer joy of riding once again, at the same time prodding Michael to a faster and faster pace.

Presently, a voice shouted through the whistling darkness at him. "Son!" "r Heaven's sakes, what're you d'ing? Stop . . . !"

Hal laughed the louder. "I'm riding, Dad!" he shouted back, "Riding! Can't you see?"

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Skis Stacked in front of a ski hut . . . hundreds of people enjoying themselves on practice slopes . . . Happy Valley hill is the distance—it's one of the scenes at Collingwood, where two girls from McGill University finished one-two in the ladies' invitation meet. Girls from University of Toronto, Collingwood, Toronto Ski Club and Cobourg competed.



Full Speed Ahead on the Trail of the Salmon—This shot of a Pacific Coast fishing fleet going into action is one of the many vivid scenes from the National Film Board Picture CANADA, WORLD TRADER—a film designed to bring home to Canadians just how much international commerce has come to mean to our country.

"Canada - World Trader"

What is the best way of illustrating a drastic change in circumstance? This was the problem which confronted the particular producer, director and cameramen of the National Film Board when they were making the film, "Canada - World Trader," a film which is now playing on the rural circuit film programs in Ontario counties.

The movie-makers knew that most Canadians were aware that Canada had changed significantly during the war; that we are now the fourth industrial power in the world, as well as one of the greatest exporters of raw materials. Put the movie men knew that a great many Canadians did not appreciate the implications of this change. A lot of people would say, "So what?"—and never give the matter a second thought.

So, to bring the point home, the movie-makers used the technique of contrast. As the film opens, you see a night panorama of London in the nineteen-thirties. As you watch the night lights you become aware that you are looking at the capital city of the most highly industrialized nation in the world. And, by contrast, you see what the people of the world think of when they hear the word, "Canada."

Canada was famous then as an exporter of such vital raw stuffs as wheat, cattle, sheep, timber, pulp and fish. Indeed, her lead in these products was in no small way responsible for victory in 1945. But, look at Canada in 1945 or 1948. To adapt the old phrase, "something new has been added." This is no mean matter. It means that nations which used to send us manufactured goods in return for our raw materials can no longer do this, since we can supply many of our own manufactured goods. It also means that we are in a position to help war-torn countries in Europe

and Asia in many more ways than we could in 1939. We send them machines as well as food.

Canada Industrialized

This brings up a serious point. Our industrialization has shown us that the world is not as large as we thought. Our own prosperity depends to a very great extent upon the prosperity of other nations. If they are depressed, we cannot for long escape the same fate. It is to our very best interests to play as vigorous a part in world affairs as is possible.

This is the serious theme which runs as an undercurrent through "Canada - World Trader." The film, however, is also a record of the remarkable industrial achievements of Canada during the past decade. In a sense, the war forced us to become industrialized. For our own defence machines had to be built. The techniques and the tools necessary were unknown here—we had always imported such things before.

Canada's Place in the World

In the food industry, in munitions plants and in all phases of industry, Canadians worked out their techniques and made their own tools. At the time the war ended Canada was producing giant generators in Hamilton, locomotives

in Montreal, and aluminium at Arvida, to name but a few examples. Products ranging from diesel engines and sea-going ships to farm machinery. Plywood and plastics were being turned out at a rate which would have amazed us in 1939.

These products are still being turned out. And, for countries which cannot afford to pay for them, Canada has advanced over eight billion dollars in loans, credits and outright gifts. We have made the right start for the postwar era, where the prosperity of one nation affects so vitally the prosperity of every other nation.

"Canada - World Trader" gives us a picture of our true place in the post war world. It is an encouraging picture, based on our latent power, which we are only now beginning to perceive and appreciate.

A Good Memory

"And when were you born?" asked the sergeant, taking down the particulars of a new recruit.

"December, 1917," replied the man.

"Ah," mused the sergeant. "I well remember that winter. It was bitterly cold."

"Cold," echoed the recruit. "I'll say it was cold. I was brought by the penguin—the stork couldn't make it!"

The Boy Wonder of Canadian Shipping

A slim young man who looks even younger than his 32 years completed a multimillion dollar deal with Canada's War Assets Corporation last week, says Time. With one stroke of the pen, he gave Nova Scotia the promise of becoming again, as it had been in the age of sail, one of the world's great shipping centres.

The boy wonder of Canadian shipping is Harry Isaac Mathers, president of I. H. Mathers & Son Ltd., (founded by his grandfather in Halifax in the 1870's) and of Acadia Overseas Freighters Ltd. which he put into business only two years ago.

Twelve of these ships are now in service. All are registered in Halifax. Most of them are re-named for Nova Scotia counties, manned by Canadian seamen. In 1948 ten more ships, already contracted for, will be put in service. But the boost which will make Acadia Freighters one of the world's largest shipping enterprises will come in 1950.

Then under Harry Mathers' deal with WAC, Acadia Freighters will acquire 58 Fort type freighters each of 10,000 tons gross, now under charter to the British Government. The price will be between \$15 and \$30 million, depending on depreciation. The fleet of 80 ships will carry anything from coal to coconuts, anywhere in the world, for most will operate as "tramps," going without a set schedule wherever a cargo can be picked up or delivered.

These comings and goings will be rigorously regulated by bright-eyed, trigger-minded Harry Mathers from behind an old oak desk in a modest office a stone's throw from Halifax's waterfront.

Aviation Problem

"A curious problem is disclosed in an Air Ministry report on damage to aircraft by birds," stated Colin Wills, in a BBC broadcast. "In the past two years, the cost of the havoc wrought by birds crashing into planes has been 140,000 pounds!

This would seem a fairly hopeless problem to cope with. But the R.A.F. has ideas.

"At the station at Shawbury, Shropshire, an expert falconer, assisted by an aircraftman who has some experience of falconry, is starting work with five trained falcons, in an attempt to keep flocks of birds off the airfield. The falcons will kill few birds; the hope is that their presence will keep the intruders away."



He could not feel any wind but he could smell the stable.

the wonderful days when he used to ride Michael across the meadow and leap the fence. Hal's father had purchased Michael as a colt for racing. Right from the first Michael had won. But a horse gets older. He must quit. Hal had made Michael quit, but he hadn't quit keeping him and loving him. And riding him, too—until now.

He fumbled out of the stable and with groping steps started walking back to the house.

"Hal, wait a minute." It was his father. "I was wondering when it would hit you like this, son. I know how I'd feel."

"That's all rig t, Dad," Hal said. "Guess I'm just a kid at heart."

His father chuckled. "It'll pass. Everything does."

Hal fell asleep late and in the

Mink Farms Solve Aged-Horse Problem

What to do with aged horses has always been a problem for farmers, especially when the animals were well-loved and valued friends.

To sell them was to risk their getting into bad hands, who would not treat them kindly. In many cases to keep them on as pensioners was no solution. Because of worn-out teeth or other infirmities, they might linger on in failing health. Yet, many farmers hesitate to take a gun and shoot a faithful animal which has served loyally in its work.

In many parts of Ontario, the problem no longer exists. This is because of the development of mink farms. Horse meat is the ideal food for mink, and several weekly newspapers throughout the province contain advertisements for old horses.

This may seem a harsh end to horses, but it has its advantages. It ensures that they are not sold to be treated unkindly by someone, or that they do not have to endure failing health, or lingering illnesses. In fact, some farmers prefer to dispose of a horse, which they no longer need but which is still relatively young, in that manner. Most farmers do not like to think, when selling a favorite animal, that it might subsequently become the property of someone who would abuse it.

Ears Open

A young girl was taken to her first football match. All the way through the game the onlookers raised their voices, criticising or complimenting the two teams. When the girl returned home her father asked her which side had won.

"Well," she answered brightly, "from what I could hear the 'Roten Foulers' defeated the 'Dirty So-and-So's', two to one."

CROSTOWN

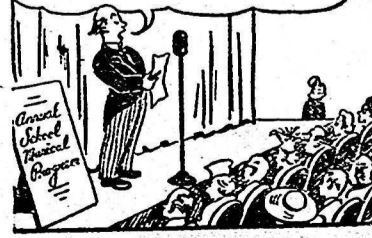
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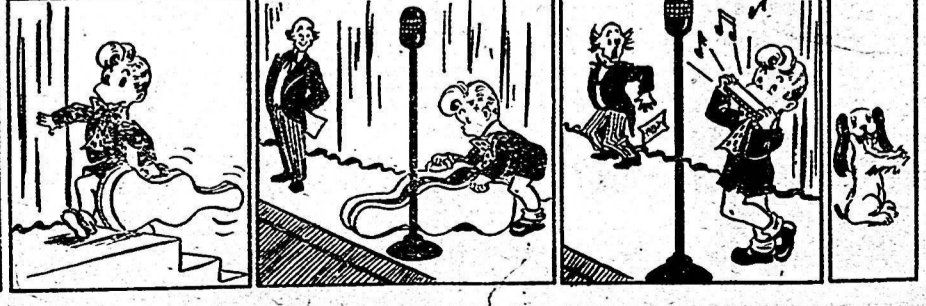
"Don't pick the papers up, man—SPEAR 'em! You're missing half the fun!"

LITTLE REGGIE

AND NEXT ON THE PROGRAM... WE PRESENT REGINALD ODAY... WHO WILL PLAY A SELECTION FROM CARMEN!



By Margarita



Progress of Battle For Britain's Coal Marked on Map

There is a map in London studied with flags that mark the progress of a battle on which the fate of Europe will greatly depend. Each of the flags marks one of the collieries of Britain, and the men who watch them are leaders of the National Coal Board. A green flag shows a pit has passed its target figure, a red one means that it is below the required production. Nearly all the flags on the map today are green.

Britain's 716,000 miners are producing more than they have since 1940, and are voluntarily working longer hours in order to step up production. For nine weeks running they have been digging over 4,000,000 tons of coal and in the week ended December 20 they produced 4,400,000 tons, the highest individual total since July 1940, and higher than the weekly average for 1938.

Miners' Battle Not Easy

Coal production is increasing so much that the Minister of Fuel, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, has announced that Britain will be able to begin exports of coal to the continent under the Marshall Plan in January.

It will be possible to increase from 112,000 to 200,000 tons a week, the amount of United Kingdom coal available for export and bunkering during 1948. He said, "Britain hopes to export 10,000,000 tons of coal, instead of the 6,000,000 tons Britain promised at the Paris Conference."

Freight-Car Shortage

Britain is seriously short of freight cars to haul the increasing flow of coal from the mines and goods from the factories. The people have responded to this by speeding the turn-around of cars in their spare time. Volunteers are pouring in every evening and week-end, and for several weeks there have been very few idle freight cars in the railway sidings. Girls and teen-agers roll up their sleeves to help keep the freight cars moving.

The mine leaders in London watch the flagged map with all the intentness of a battle commander. They have to deploy their forces tactically like any general. The seams in a pit in southwest Scotland approach exhaustion, so orders are flashed to close the pit and move the labor force to a new mine nearby. A winding-shaft in Durham becomes jammed and the whole mine is paralyzed, so spare parts are rushed by air from the manufacturers.

The mines produced over 8,300,000 more tons in 1947 than in the year before and there is a team spirit in the mines for the first time in 100 years. Rivalry is keen between the miners to outdo each other's production records.

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