

# WHAT GOES ON IN THE WORLD

by Norman Blair

### Palestine

Diplomats and expert lookers-on at world events are becoming increasingly appreciative over the situation in Palestine. Some are even saying that things there are more threatening to world peace than the Berlin misapp.

The Communists are steadily infiltrating into both the Arab and Syria, piling up quantities of arms, ammunition, aircraft, flares and maintenance crews. All flows in a manner highly alarming.

Both in London and in Washington diplomatic circles it is felt that there's a real danger of collapse in the Arab regime. It has now been made known that one of Ambassador Douglas's reasons for making his recent visit to the United States was to try and persuade President Truman to hold to the Bernadotte report and the Anglo-American gentlemen's agreement regarding Palestine. Douglas failed to do this. Meanwhile the British are known to have observed their embargo against shipment of arms to the Arabs rigorously—and are particularly anxious over the American change in front.

President Truman, of course, in his pre-election campaign, appealed directly to Jewish sentiment and no doubt secured enough Jewish votes to make the difference between victory and defeat. He can hardly back down on the promise he made, with the result that British and American relationships are becoming cooler and cooler. The Jewish power—that he is sticking solely to their "what we have held" attitude—and there's a real possibility of a fit-up between the Arabs and the Jews far worse than that has gone before—a fit-up which could very well engulf the world in flames.

Results, of course, profess to be keeping "hands off" in Palestine, and not even to be interested in what goes on in those parts. This, however, can be taken with a grain of salt. Doubtless the Kremlin is watching every move there, and getting ready when the proper time comes to see a monkey-wrench into the works.



Not A Worm, But A Kiss—This "early bird"—a pet canary owned by Alice Simpson of Winnipeg, gets a "Good morning" kiss from the family spaniel. The dog seems unafraid, and vice versa. Dog's name, by the way, is "Manitoba Red Queen" which is why we omitted the name of the Province after "Winnipeg."

# SPORTS & A SIXBIT CRITIC

The most outstanding thing about Canadian "football" hockey," spoke up a trainer of Hibernian ancestry, "is that they do continually a-beating of one another."

Sometimes, when on a Monday morning we scan the National Hockey League weekend results, we cannot help thinking of that opinion. The boys "do continually be a-beating of one another" and no mistake, and the form reversals—sometimes overnight—would be highly shocking if they occurred on the race track.

Just before the royal birth, doctors were visiting him frequently, the crowds gathered outside the Souths secured enough Jewish votes to make the difference between victory and defeat. He can hardly back down on the promise he made, with the result that British and American relationships are becoming cooler and cooler. The Jewish power—that he is sticking solely to their "what we have held" attitude—and there's a real possibility of a fit-up between the Arabs and the Jews far worse than that has gone before—a fit-up which could very well engulf the world in flames.

Just how it will all come out nobody—not even the physicians—can do more than guess. But millions, in all parts of the world, when next they see King George the King, will do so with more fervor and meaning than in the past. In the meantime other members of the Royal family—including Prince Philip—are taking over the scheduled engagements of His Majesty.

### Japan

It isn't many months since certain United States interests—the Maras, particularly—were boasting General Douglas MacArthur as the next President of the United States. Judging by his General's most recent actions, Americans may feel themselves a little more than a little bit lucky that they escaped as pretty much as they did. (Johns—come later) outfits throw up hands and say "Uncle."

This opposing club just plain refuse to be—this time of winning with the result that many loyal Maple Leaf fans, those of the radio variety in particular, have been going around since the season opened, wearing a slightly dazed and bewildered expression.

However they're probably doing a lot of unnecessary worrying. Taken all in all, the Maple Leafs are doing it's easier to get into the National playoffs than it is to stay out of them; and we have no doubt that they'll be sure or thereabouts when the real shooting starts, they're too good a club—with too much reserve strength in back of them to be in any real danger of elimination. Still, when playoff-time arrives, we feel that the Leafs are deserving whether—had the season they met last year, or the year before.

That Detroit club looks as if it would cause any of them plenty of grief, and Les Canadiens and Boston Bruins can neither of them be left out of your calculations. And as long as Roy Conacher and one or two more of the Black Hawks last there's even a possibility of the Chicago team being up there this season's end—which would doubtless be the biggest shock Windy City folks received since Truman K.Oed what-was-his-name?

In the meantime—or so they tell us, as we do not often have a chance of hearing him in person—Foster Hewitt remains in good form and voice. And so long as that is the case, what more can the millions of long-distance M.L. fans wish for? So long as Foster can keep up that pitch of excitement—so long as he can sound as though the Leafs have a chance, even if four goals behind and with four seconds to go—all is well with those who believe that big-time hockey is an exclusively Saturday-night affair.

There are plenty of them, too, more power to them. In fact if we were asked what individual had ex-

# Protected by Law Moose do Comeback

It's odd to reflect that the herd of heavy-shouldered moose, once the most widely sought prize of Nova Brunswick's foresters, a big game attraction that lured celebrities here from all over North America in the hunting season, can today crash boldly through the woods—right past red-jacketed hunters with rifles at the ready—and nobody can legally even raise a finger to molest him, says the Saint John Telegraph-Discpatch.

The more venturesome of the species can stride right into a community the size of Saint John, as one great bull moose did the other day, and romp about in a man's garden while the house-hold-er helplessly says "Shoot and wish the ugly visitor with the misguided sense of humor would go away. This one, as a matter of fact, did go away finally, but halted in the middle of a street and brought traffic to a standstill. He was brought out which direction was back to the woods.

Protected by Law  
Moose can be indifferent to humans these days because they have been protected by law in New Brunswick ever since 1937, and no one seems to know it better than the animals themselves do. As a result, the loss of life caused by hunter's rifles and the tick had seriously thinned out the moose population. The surviving animals were retreating away from timberlands where extensive lumbering operations had destroyed much of the natural cover. Food was harder for them to get because of the ravages of tree diseases and tree insect plagues, and the decrease in the number of beavers meant fewer dammed-up streams and high ponds for the moose to drink from. Predators were heard on all sides that, like caribou, which were seen in herds of 100 to 200 in New Brunswick during the last century, moose would soon be extinct as far as that province was concerned.

Moose-hunting was stopped. Since then, year by year, the huge creatures have been making a slow but steady comeback. About three years ago a census taken by game wardens during the winter, when moose are concentrated in "yards," estimated there were about 720 in New Brunswick. This sounds like a lot, perhaps—but actually it is less than half the number of deer in the province. In the year 1937, the annual report of the Department of Lands and Mines contained the satisfaction that the moose population was continuing to increase, especially in the northern and central areas.

### Father of Railways

The lives of millions of people all over the world have been influenced by the life and work of a Northumberland pit-boy, George Stephenson, the centenary of whose death was celebrated this year. Stephenson's first job was underground, and he would not read till he was eighteen, but before his death at Chesterfield, when he was rich and successful, he had caused great and lasting fame by his invention of his steam locomotive, the Rocket, forerunner of the great locomotives of today.

His first money was earned by minding his neighbour's cows for the princely sum of four pence a day, but in his spare time he made clay engines and used hemplock for the steam pipes.

Then he went down the pit and his mining days convinced him of the need for better machinery underground. This set him thinking about engines and how to build and improve them. Stephenson was Sir Humphrey Davy's rival in the search to design and patent a safety lamp for mines working in dangerous pits. There is a statue of Stephenson in Newcastle and his second memorial, if he needs one, is to be found on Tyne-side, where the miners to this day are grateful, because their forefathers used the lamp that George Stephenson designed for them. The mine cottage at Widdon where he was born is to be bought for the public and may possibly become a Stephenson museum.

Stephenson's was a wonderful example of the success story. No triumph can have been better deserved than those of the "father of railways" and they were won by hard work and perseverance allied to genius. But no one ever carried himself more modestly in the face of world-wide fame.

### SALES CHECKS

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### THE WINNER

After a one day bloodless revolution a Venezuela military junta seized control of that oil-rich nation. Former Defense Minister Chabaud will serve as President, the army announced.

### SALLY'S SALLIES

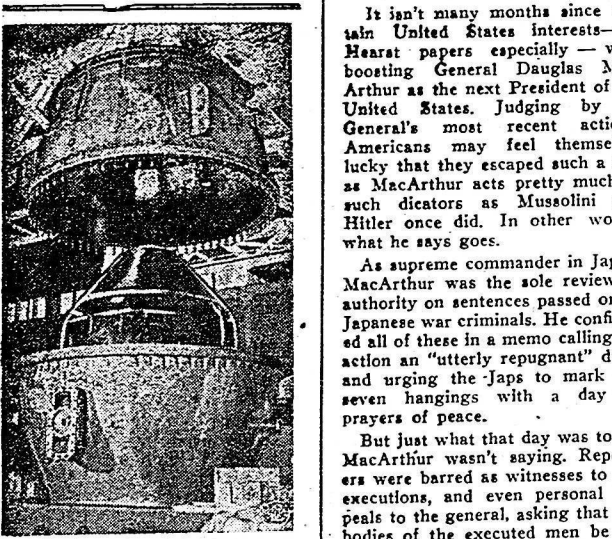
Will this hydrant be in use during the afternoon, Officer?

### LITTLE REGGIE

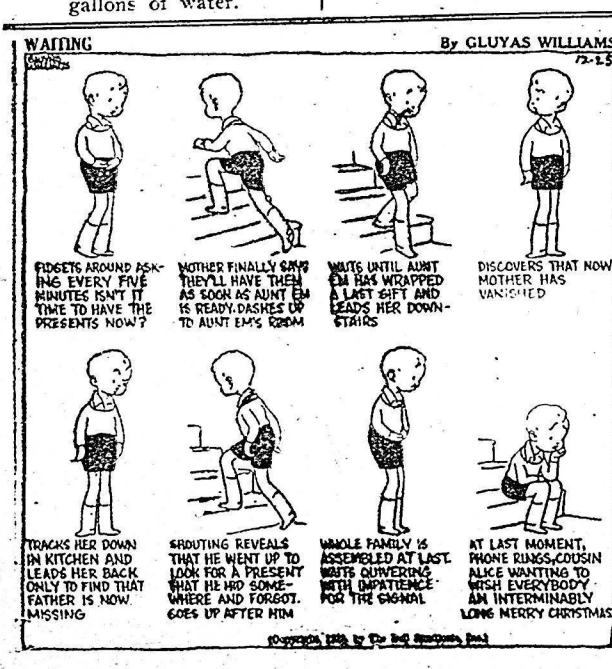
HEAVENS! A RAINSTORM!  
NOW WE CAN GO TO MRS VAN LOON'S - CAN WE PA?   
...AND I'M SORRY BUT IT'S POURING SO HARD... WE JUST WON'T BE ABLE TO COME FOR TEA!  
ID BETTER CLOSE THE WINDOWS... WHAT'S THIS?   
REGGIE!  
DOGS!

### Way Down South

In the land of "Shootin'"—It is south of here, but not Virginia or Alabama or any of the places the song-writers mourn about. It's in Indonesia—wherever that may be—and the guy taking aim is a native Indonesian—the spotter, Dutch.



Some Juicer—If you plan to hold open house this New Year's, how about a "fruit juicer" like this. It will take a pretty big house to accommodate it though, because the "juicer" is really a 60-ton needle valve which will help control the flow of millions of gallons of water.



By GLUYAS WILLIAMS 7-13



# It Came Upon The Midnight Clear

It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth, to touch their harps of gold,  
"Peace on earth, goodwill to men, from Heaven's gracious King,  
The world in solemn stillness lay, to hear the angels sing."

### THE FIRST NOEL

The first Noel the angels did say  
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;  
In fields where they lay, a-keeping their sheep,  
On a cold winter's night that was so deep;  
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,  
Born is the King of Israel.

They looked up above and saw a great star,  
Shining in the East, beyond them so far;  
And to all the earth it gave a great light,  
And so it continued both day and night,  
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel,  
Born is the King of Israel.

### O HOLY NIGHT

O Holy Night, the stars are brightly shining,  
It is the night of our dear Saviour's birth;  
Long lay the world in sin and error pining,  
Till he appeared and the soul felt His worth;  
A thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices,  
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn,  
Fall on your knees, O hear the angel voices,  
O night divine, O night when Christ was born;  
O night divine, O night, O Christ divine.

### GOD KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas went out on the Feast of Stephen,  
When the snow lay 'round about, deep and crisp and even;  
Brightly shone the moon that night, tho' the frost was cruel,  
When a poor man came in sight, gathering winter fuel.

"Hither, pace, and stand by me, if thou know'st it telling,  
Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?"  
"Sire, he lives a good life here, Underneath the mountain,  
Right against the forest fence, By Saint Agnes fountain."

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine, bring me pine-logs hither;  
Thou and I will see him dine, when we bear them thither."  
Page and monarch forth they sped, they were forth they went together,  
Through the rude winds wild lament, and the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now and the wind blows stronger,  
Falls my heart, I know not how I can go longer."  
Mark my footsteps my good page, tread thou in them boldly,  
Thou shalt feel the winter's rage freeze thy blood less coldly."

Now to the Lord sing praises, all you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood, each other now embrace,  
This holy tide of Christmas all others doth deface,  
O tidings of comfort and joy, O tidings of comfort and joy!

### GOD REST YE, MERRY GENTLEMEN

God rest ye merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,  
Remember, Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day,  
To save us all from Satan's power when we were gone astray,  
O tidings of comfort and joy, O tidings of comfort and joy!

In Bethlehem, in Jewry, this blessed Babe was born,  
And laid upon a manger upon this blessed morn,  
The which His Mother Mary, did nothing take in scorn,  
O tidings of comfort and joy, O tidings of comfort and joy!

Now to the Lord sing praises, all you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood, each other now embrace,  
This holy tide of Christmas all others doth deface,  
O tidings of comfort and joy, O tidings of comfort and joy!



# Merry Christmas and Happy New Year