

Battle Over Steel

The big battle of the coming Parliament in London will be over a bill to nationalize the British steel industry...

In the case of British steel, it is said that six big firms make half the total steel and, ergo, they have a monopoly.

Until recently three companies made a majority of our automobiles; seven companies accounted for practically all of it. We have heard the arguments that this makes a monopoly, eliminating competition.

Well, not so many years ago a company dominated the low-priced field. Another company came along with a better car and wrested the top spot, and now the original leader is battling hard to regain the market.

Recently several new companies have entered the field, one of which is already a major contender. We have no idea whether they will succeed or fail, but the sole test will be whether they can make a car the public wants at a price it will pay.

Since man began to swap goods instead of living on what he could make himself, men have been trying to corner markets, to get a monopoly. There is no record of a successful monopoly without the help of the political machinery of government.

The Labor Party's pamphlet also says: "Control of steel carries with it control of the economy." This is probably too broad a statement but it explains the real reason why the political leaders want control of steel.



"Windy City" is Right—Winter gales whip up wild waves from Lake Michigan. With gusts of wind and almost a millimeter of snow, the gales whip up wild waves from Lake Michigan.

WHAT GOES ON IN THE WORLD

by Norman Blair

The Paris Round-Up On December 11th the third regular session of the United Nations General Assembly came to an end.

At the beginning of the Fall, 52 days before, delegates of 58 nations had gathered in the Palais de Chaillot.

More than six hundred meetings were held. The delegates spoke and listened around seventeen million words. Each day minigraph operators used 1000 tons of paper.

It was quite obvious that their quarrel went far beyond the world of pieces and all of us leading men who had anything to do with it through all these lengthy and weary going-out. Well, only time can finally tell.

But, from this angle, it looks very much as though the world affair— if it benefited anybody at all— did benefit only to Paris hotelkeepers, souvenir-sellers, and entertainment merchants.

There is no great comfort in looking into a future, wrote Winston Churchill to Joseph Stalin, "where you and the countries you defend plus the Communist parties in many other states, are all drawn up on one side."

On his return from a quick trip to Palestine the acting United Nations Mediator, Dr. Ralph J. Bunche, reported that prospects for a permanent peace in the Holy Land are better than ever before.

Down the Drain Sir Ralph Richardson, one of Britain's brightest stars of both stage and screen, was interviewed recently on his return from making a film in Hollywood.

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SPORTS & A SIXBIT CRITIC

The day hasn't arrived yet, but we imagine it's coming—the day when the professional hockey Top Brass will regret that they ever introduced the center red line which came along with it the hectic scramble they call hockey nowadays.

We freely admit that this style—and stick-handling if they meet it on a plateau—and they're the folks who start that deadly CLAP-CLAP-CLAPPING and shouting.

And when the over-lengthy seasons have these days, no team can continue to give the clients what they have come to expect. In other words, in their so-called "speeding up" of the game the moguls have, in our humble opinion, piled up a heap of future trouble for themselves.

Something similar occurred in the sport, if you can call it that, of six weeks ago when the early days it was simply a grind, with the peddlars going round and round commenting on the European leader's prowess which was likely to be the course of future events, how eloquently he pleaded for a better understanding between the Soviets and the rest of the world, is seen in another paragraph from the same issue.

Then the promoters—astute fellows, as they thought—figured that if one or two such "jams" per evening could get the crowds on edge, more of them would be even more likely to draw customers. So they started offering "zap prizes"—namely, embarking on a long period of suspicion, of abuse and counter-abuse, and of opposing policies.

At the "We Have a Card for Every Occasion" counter of a large department store, the clerk asked the woman standing beside me what he could do for her.

"I'm afraid you haven't anything that will do," she said. "I've looked all these cards over."

"Madam," said the clerk, "we have greeting cards for everything. What kind do you want?"

The clerk thought a moment, then reached among the cards "For the Sick" and handed her one. It read: "Sorry to hear you're a shut-in. Hope you get out soon!"

These are the lights of Christmas. The warm friendly glow of the family hearth... the merry twinkling of a Christmas tree... the gay brightness of festive shop windows...

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SHOOT STORY

Impossible Journey By SHIRLEY RAY

It was the fifth morning in a row so Mrs. Laughton was not surprised. She slipped out of bed quietly, reached for a robe, and put it over her shoulders.

Before dawn, every morning of the week, her four-year-old daughter had wakened her with gentle but insistent tugs to tell her about the dream she'd just had. Had they been nightmares, Mrs. Laughton would have been eager to get up to comfort a frightened child, but they were always gay and fanciful dreams that made the little girl's small face glow with wonder and delight.

So Mrs. Laughton, as on the other mornings, took Ellen into the kitchen and poured a glass of milk for each of them.

With both small hands wrapped around her glass, the little girl sat on the edge of a too large chair and with shining eyes, eagerly told her dream.

"I dreamed I was sleeping. Mommy, and that the North Wind stopped right outside my window and called my name. I said, 'Ellen—wake up and come on my shoulder and take you for a ride with me!'"

Mrs. Laughton took a drink from her glass of milk. This dream was going to be very much like the others. Something or someone—could it be the wind?—she couldn't recall what the others were—came to the window and offered to take Ellen on an impossible journey.

Mrs. Laughton yawned. She would like to have put her daughter to bed.

She went to the window and looked out. The wind was howling and the trees were shaking.

"We went way up high over the houses and trees."

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THE FARM FRONT

John Russell

Looks like another mess of last week, and the first ingredient is something about fires. An insurance man says that only 11 per cent of farm fires are the result of carelessness; which looks somewhat on the small side to us, but who are we to do the saying?

By that he means bad roofs, chimneys that aren't kept in good repair, stoves or furnaces that overheat and buildings without lightning rods. Anyway, it might be a bad idea to take a look around the place and see if anything needs fixing. And this might be a good time for me to remind you once again that the amount of fire insurance you carry SHOULD NOT be based on how much building cost you years ago, but on WHAT IT WOULD COST TO REPLACE at today's prices. There's a mighty big difference between the two.

Of course you know that water pipes that aren't below the frost level in the ground need extra protection in winter; but it's also a good idea to check any vertical piping, that has been packed with sawdust or earth, to make sure that the packing hasn't settled, thus exposing some part of the pipes. And even indoor pipes, which are heated by unheated portions of the house or other buildings, may need insulation.

This letter is particularly necessary when it has come winter, as the insulation not only prevents excessive loss of heat, but will prevent freezing in times when such piping may be idle.

Dr. J. W. Bailey, a well known veterinarian, has some interesting things to say to all who keep dairy cows. We have long been told, he writes, that a lack of water in the milk from the cows—and with milk being so largely composed of water, it is easy to see why this should be true.

However, a deficiency of water causes an even more serious loss than that of decreased milk production. The biggest loss of all is sickness caused by indigestion—in fact it is the sickness which brings about the decrease in the milk flow.

It is only natural that cows should suffer from lack of water in the winter months. At other seasons they are likely to have greener feeds and be outdoors where water is more convenient.

Dr. Bailey tells about a sick cow he has attended in an ultra-modern barn. She was the only all-lying animal in a large herd and was really dead. It took the better part of an hour to figure out what was the matter with her, and the answer—when found—was so simple that it made him feel foolish.

What had happened was that this cow's drinking cup wasn't working, and she had been drinking water from a trough at least three days. Replacement of a worn-out cup in the drinking cup soon fixed things up.

Sometimes whole herds will sicken if indigestion during the winter when water pipes freeze, or "automatic" water systems go haywire, or drinking cubicles get plugged with feed. When cattle are watered outside indigestion on a hazardous basis is likely to go along with a particularly lousy cold spell. Shivering cows won't drink as much as warm ones, even though the water may be steaming and have a smoking heater standing in the tank.

The situation, naturally, is much worse if the watering place is an unheated freezing tank, or a hole chipped in the ice of a creek or

STOCKING TIME By CLYVA WILKINS

HANGS UP STOCKING ON WARM PLACE IN EVENING. WIFE SAYS SHE WILL COME AT 11.

GOES UP TO BED WONDERS WHAT SHE WILL COME AT 11.

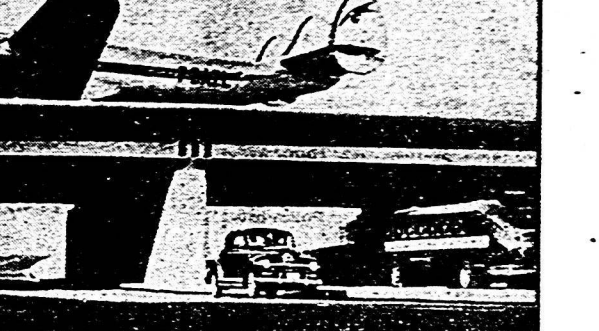
COMES DOWN HALF UNEXPECTEDLY. SHE IS MOST CONFIDENT SHE PLACED AT SANTA CLAUS.

GOES UP AGAIN, WONDERS WHAT SHE WILL COME AT 11.

COMES DOWN AGAIN, WONDERS WHAT SHE WILL COME AT 11.

New Airport Feature—Road Underpasses Runway

An Air France Constellation taxis over the world's first roadway underpass built to permit the simultaneous movement of aircraft and surface vehicles at New York's International Airport.



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pond. And indigestion on a large scale may even appear in fairly mild weather. That's because cows aren't built like camels, so they're common in herds that are only turned out to water once a day.

So, Bailey says, why not take time off each evening and see if you can figure out some ways of getting more water into your cows this winter? Plenty of good drinking water means better herd health, and that means less expense and more milk.

All of which I pass along to you, together with The Compliments of the Season.

Searching for Orchids

Ever since Jocelyn Brooke was a child he has had a passion for orchids, those strange and subtly beautiful plants. He says that of the sixty species that grow in the British Isles, many are very rare indeed and growing rare owing to the increase of building, and the destruction of habitats by farmers, hikers and zealous botanists. He pleads that these lovely rarities should be allowed to flourish, where they grew and said: "If one must gather them, it is better to cut the stalk, as this is less likely to disturb the roots."

Brooke has been an orchid hunter since he was eight, entranced by the spell of these flowers he has sought and found some of the rarest of them. Orchids have a strangely imitative quality; there is the Bee Orchid, which looks like a cluster of living bees clinging to the stems and the Spider and Fly Orchids, which have the same quality of mimicry. There is a Man Orchid, Frog Herd and Butterfly Orchids and the "Autobiontography" of the Orchid. He has searched all his life for this, but has not yet found it. He has even written a book called "The Military Orchid," a combination of personal anecdote and botanical record which he terms an "autobiontography."

He called orchids the Royal Family of the British Flora and said, "like other kinds of royalty, they are on the decrease; perhaps the plant world in this country is becoming republican and getting rid of its monarchs." He is thought of by the man in the street as symbols of Edwardian opulence or decadence to him they have a fascination and a quality of uniqueness. "Orchids are not quite like anything else; there is something rare and singular about them, something a little different, something a little queer, something rather self-consciously and defiantly elegant."

Jocelyn Brooke, product of Bedales and Oxford, has been wine and

Glass-Blowers Art A Delicate One

The glassblower's delicate art is thousands of years old, and is generally thought to have been discovered about the beginning of the Christian era in the Phoenician city of Sidon. Since that time there has been little change in glassblowing methods. Although modern tools help simplify the procedure.

In the great days of Venice, glass blowers achieved a high artistic status with their exquisite creations, but today the blowing of glass for most uses has been modified by the mechanical arts, although the art survives to contribute an essential skill to the field of chemical research. The scientist, and especially the chemist, has become dependent upon glass as one of the chief materials for fabrication of containers in which his studies are made.

From the beginning of science to the end of the last century only the simplest glass apparatus was known; flasks, retorts and tubes were used and the style changed little down the centuries. In the last quarter century, however, more elaborate apparatus and custom-made glassware have been introduced. A development necessitated by the complicated work of today's scientific workers.

In the type of work done for the laboratory, a raw stock of tubular glass, previously blown to this shape as part of the manufacturing process, is held in the flame of a burner, heated with gas and compressed air or oxygen until the glass reaches the right state of flux, a point between rigidity and liquid fusion. From long practice the operator knows by the colour of the glowing piece when it has reached the proper state of plasticity. The glass can then be drawn out many times its own length or blown into an shape desired.

The flame from the torch can be adjusted from a mere pinpoint to a fanlike blaze. Glass first becomes soft and white-hot and in this latter state is almost impossible to mould; therefore, most of the work

book seller, author and medical orderly in the Army. He joined as a private during the war, remained in the ranks for five years, and has recently re-enlisted for a further term. He concluded his talk on British orchids by saying: "When so many of our public or private symbols are losing their power to sustain as I find it consoling to think that certainly, but I can still return every year to look at the Early Spotted in the woods of the Eilian Valley, and feel pretty sure that they will still be there, and that means less expense and more milk."

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Christmas—a time of candle-light flickering on happy faces, a time of carols and good cheer, of brightly-wrapped gifts and tinsel trees.

And deep within us all is still another Christmas, the Christmas guiding our every day—a Christmas born for us of a tolerance and understanding that goes beyond words born for us so that men may live in harmony, with purpose to their lives and benevolence in their hearts... This is the other Christmas, the spiritual Christmas.

THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM

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is done while glass is red-hot. As glass is a poor conductor of heat the piece being worked can be heated within an inch or two of the molten portion. Without this happy family, the glassblower's efforts to mould the piece would be difficult, as the mass turns the entire affair by hand, slowly and continuously to achieve even heating while applying the flame.

Strictly Fresh Anthropologists have traced a prehistoric man "missing link" in the evolution of man. Ultimately, we expect to hear of the existence of a whole chain of nothing but missing links.

In England, the top price paid for a BBC is \$8. For that kind of money here, you couldn't even get people to answer the phone!

One bookstore advertised a regulation entitled "History Trammels: A Political Biography," with this inflationary sign: "Formerly 19 cents, now three dollars." And for a last-minute note—there's probably a drastic cut in any Dewey literature.

Juliette St. Amour was granted a divorce from Romeo St. Amour in Detroit. That's a new wrinkle in a very old cloth.

Merry Menagerie—By Walt Dose

"I'm leery of blind dates—describe her to me!"