## WHAT GOES ON & Norman Blair

health insurance.

medicine etc. for fear that it might

The Laborites, quite naturally

the feeling that the state will tak

care of them, come what may. To them, Churchill is a reactionary old

In their enthusiasm for social

soon eat up the entire national in-come. But then, optomistic prophets

were always far more popular than

those whose forecasts have a pessi

THE UNITED STATES

ties said that they weren't a bit

alarmed, pointing out that gas masks and nonpermeable clothing, developed during World War Two,

"We know all about that stuff-

and we have done even better" said

one Army spokesman somewhat

IRATE OITIZEN

In Jersey City, one Thomas

wisely reported the theft of his car to police, who discovered that it had been stolen once before—by

are effective against "Tabun."

The bakers' dozen of men who rule the lives and destinies of almost 200 million Russians arrive at the Kremlin late in the day. But they frequently make up for it by burning the lights behind those yellow stuccoed walls far into the next morning; and often their most dramatic decisions are sprung on the world at midnight or later.

be interpreted as an all-out assaul on the highly popular principles o made at 11.35 p.m. Austeon and alightly less than ten years ago. For it was on May 3, 1939, that Molotov was made Russian Foreign Minister in place of Litvinov. Later that same national health scheme. have made tremendous capital of Churchill's retreat. More than that that same year the infamous Molo-tov-Ribbentrop pact was made-public long after midnight. as one commentator put it, "the Tories have so far been unable to devise any program to rival the something for nothing' Socialist appeal. This has proved particularly

A similar pattern was followed in regard to the latest move of the Kremlin boys-a move that still has the rest of the world guessing. At 1.58 a.m. (Moscow time) an announcer for the Russian radio read a terse 85 word communique over the air. Translated, it told of Molo-tov's having been "released from the duties of Minister of Foreign Affairs," and of A. X. Vishinsky's appointment in his place.

Just what does this shift mean? In trying to answer this question, four great factors must be con-(1) Molotov and Stalin have been

close friends ever since the "under-ground days" in Czarist Russia. For two decades Molotov has been known as "the voice of Stalin." (2) On the other hand Molotov "twins" in their conduct of foreign affairs. Although Molotov is cold at meetings with foreign ministers while Vishinsky is fierce, there is

nothing to choose between them when it comes to toughness. (3) Some day-possibly soonburden for years, and there have

is gravely ill.
(4) Russian foreign policy has not been working too well of late. The Berlin blockade failed to dislodge the Western powers. Attempts to
wreck the Marshall Plan have got
practically nowhere; and Soviet
policy in Eastern Europe has
brought about the "heresy" of
Marshall Tito.

So throughout the world there is

So, throughout the world there is much discussion as to whether the latest announcement means promo-tion for Mr. Molotov-or' is it decorrespondent puts it, Factors 1, 2 and 3 support the promotion theory. Factor No. 4, that of demotion. writing, it hasn't said anything yet.

Just what will happen to us poor civvies, who aren't equipped with gas masks and nonpermeable toggery, in case the nations get to spraying "Tabun" or "something even better" around, the Army spokesman failed to explain. Still, GREAT BRITAIN The Conservative party seems to smith bye-election the Tories "shot the works"; but even the personal campaigning of Winston Churchill failed to keep Labor from winning —by a reduced majority, it is true—

but still winning decisively.

Now, in spite of reports of a "snap election" it seems unlikely the Labor Government will call a general election before some time next year, as it is confident



you want to call Joe Doakes on the phone, you're liable to hear a click, then a voice say, "Joe isn't at home. This is his mechanical telephone answerer speaking. I'll take any messages." The new gadget, shown by George Ryan, president of the demoner gadget, shown by George Ryan, president of the demoner and record strating firm, will automatically answer the phone and record up to 00 minutes of messages on an erasable wire tape. Cost? About \$200.



One Referee Who Packs A Punch.—The belligerent and portly-One Referee Who Packs A Punca,—The belligerent and portivelooking gentleman in the white shirt is none other than The Manassa Mauler in person. For although long retired from the fight game, Jack Dempsey still earns a comfortable living in the ring—refereeing wrestling bouts. Jack looks as though he meant business as he faces the Golden Terror—but we doubt if there will be any real damage done.

twanged the twine more often than any of their contemporaries — and sure enough the speedy athletes

from what we once laughingly termed "The Motor City" are out there winging, which is just as it should be.

nouid be.

But whoa, back up! What is this we see? Second in goal scoring, with a 27-tally advantage over the Ca-

nadiens, we have nobody else but the Chicago Black Hawks. But Chuck Conacher's pets aren't sec-

ond — they aren't third — they aren't even fourth. In fact, if it wasn't for those New York Rangers,

would be trailing the procession, a

Somehow or other it just doesn't seem to add up. And it was while trying to break out of the quandary we found ourselves in at this point,

was just about twice as eloquent and three times as persuasive as that of his opponent. When he was about half way through, the Magiston of the way through the way throug

trate halted him abruptly. "That's

So, as we said before, our hockey

ing things over, we just plain don't know. Maybe the secret of pro-ducing a winning hockey team is to own the one that gets into the most

downs.

lovely last.

welfare, few Government support-ers have listened to the quiet warn-ings that British productivity has ceased to rise, that exports may are reminded of a couple of stories whose age, at least, should make them worthy of respect. The first is about Clancy, who lay on his death bed, and who had been told by-Father O'Reilley that before pass-ing from the world, he must make peace with all his enemies, especially Grogan. After considerable argument Clancy consented, and Grogan

The military mind still seems to be functioning in the same old In San Jose, Calif., during th "Grogan," said Clancy feebly, course of a lecture, a Reserve Of-ficer made the headlines with the announcement that both the United "we've been enemies — and bitter enemies — for over forty years. But now the Reverend Father says that before I go to the place where the likes of you will never get, I must States and Russia are in possession of a secret Nazi death spray, called "Tabun." A drop the size of a dime make my peace with you. And I.do so, Grogan. I forgive ye for all the mean things you did to me, and all the dirty things you said about me; I forgive you, full and free. So now, goodly to you, Grogan." of this almost odorless gas will, if left on the skin for ten minutes, be absorbed into the blood stream and cause death within twenty-four hours or less. goodbye to you Grogan." But U.S. Regular Army authori-

Grogan, full of sorrow and remorse, turned to leave. But just as he got to the bedroom door the voice hailed him once again. "But remember, Grogan," said Clancy, "if by any miracle I should get

- THIS DOMMED NON-Which will serve to introduce some exhaustive studies we have been making into the subject of just what it is that produces a winning hockey team — studies that took us a full five minutes. We must took us a full five minutes. We must explain, however, that at the moment of writing it looks as though New York and Chicago have been next war, it won't matter much if we all get killed in the process of winning.

whould happen to squeeze in, well— THIS DOMMED NONSENSE IS

So now, just what is it that produces a winning hockey team, fellow students? Well, Lester Patrick s admitted — by Lester Patrick — o know more about the inside of hockey than any living human. So Lester once declared that a good goaltender is at least 75 per cent of

Here we are! Montreal Canadiens have had only 119 goals tallied against them — 15 less than the next lowest. Ergo — Montreal Canadiens must have the best goal tender. Double ergo — Montreal Canadiens must be leading the race by a large margin.

the N.H.L. records and what to we

But there must be something slightly haywire here. Instead of Canadiens name being — like Abou Ben Adhem's — well in front, the Frenchmen are only in second position, and by a bare snoot, at that. While topping them by 10 full points in the right hand column are the Detroit Red Wings.

Well, maybe even Lester Patrick might be wrong for once. (There's got to be a first time for every-thing.) Perhaps, in modern hockey, stout defense is not as all-fired im portant as swift, hard-hitting of-fense. Let's take a peck at matters from that angle.

Ah, that's more like it. Sure

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Somehow or other is just doesn't seem to add up. And it was while trying to break out of the quandary we found ourselves in at this point, that we thought of the other ancientiale. This was about the village dignitary whose ignorance of the law was only equalled by his good opinion of himself and who, somehow or other, secured an appointment as Magistrate.

He was trying his first case, and the Prosecuting Attorney made a very telling opening speech. When he had finished, the new Magistrate spoke up. That's enough," he said sharply. "Prosecution wins!"

The Attorney for the Defense quite naturally made a strong objection; saying that the Magistrate had no business deciding a case without hearing the other side. "Co ahead then," said the Magistrate. "Op your stuff — but I can tell you that it ain't going to do you a bit of good."

Whereupon the Defense Attorney proceeded to make a speech that was just about 'twice as eloquent and three times as persuasive as that of his opponent. When he was about half way through, the Magistrate was just about 'twice as eloquent and three times as persuasive as that of his opponent. When he was about half way through, the Magistrate had to his opponent. When he was about half way through, the Magistrate half on his opponent. When he was about half way through, the Magistrate had to his opponent. When he was about half way through, the Magistrate half of his opponent. When he was about half way through, the Magistrate half of his opponent. When he was about half way through, the Magistrate half of his opponent. When he was about half way through, the Magistrate half of his opponent. When he was about half way through, the Magistrate, and the half way through, the Magistrate, contained the half wa

does beat Aitch — but now Defense wins." Did you ever try to write a sone; Everybody can for you may send words and title only or words and title and a few notes in melody line; or words, title So, as we said before, our hockey studies have put us in a somewhat similar predicament to that of the beginning magistrate. First, we thought that in hockey the best defense was bound to win. Then we thought that it must be the most effective offensive. Now, after lookand complete arrangement. There wi be weekly winners and a monthly cash prize. Hear your name and composition over the air! The winner's composition will be professionally arranged and presented to reliable American publishers. Our publishers do not ask for money. Send your name and address only to MELODY, LANE ENTER-PRISES, HAMILTON, CANADA, for simple rules of this radio contest. Please mention this publication, Write IT'S FUN IT'S FASCINATING IT'S PROFITABLE

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cannot completely ignore the wishes of the people.

But, at most, there will be only a small relaxation of the regulations. In this new socialism, which we are benevolent government kindly in-sists people do what's best for

If a man reaches into a hat and pulls out a rabbit, it's magic. If a woman reaches into her handbag for a door key and pulls out a door.

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## TALKING TURKEY

"South Africa threatens United Nations walkont" is an alarming headline, not because South Africa is one of the major nations of the world, though it still has the major aupply of gold and diamonds, but because it is a significant example

Africa has changed.
What of this 475,000 square miles of rich territory at the very southern tip of so-called "Darkest Africa" of There it is with its 2,250,000

whites and some millions disenfran-chised, under privileged black and colored people. What is it like? On the surface it lies peacefully, comfortably snoozing in the sun.
Capetown is old and settled, cultured and civilized, boasting the
best of our historical treasures and "old families."

Durban, shining white, tall with sky-scrapers, is a beautiful modern city, proud of its municipal or heaches.

Land of Diamonds

Gold and Problems

chestra; long, wide, white beaches, and green sub-tropical parks. Golden City There is the mighty, fast-moving Golden City—Johannesburg—fab-uous in wealth, pathetic in its dire poverty, far-reaching in hs modern-ity, with everything money can buy anywhere in the world, writes Wan-

da Dee in The Christian Science Monitor.

Lovely, benign Pretoria, the Washington of South Africa, flowerladen, easy-going, gracious, and

more, no less; over all there is a great similarity between California in the United States and South

the ranch-type houses in the Trans-vaal and Free State, the arid wastes, cacti and sand of Karroo, Kalahari, and Namaquland. There are the tong beaches of the Cape and Natal, mounting like Drakensbergen (Dragon's Mountains), but South Africa has little water, which is fast drying up. It depends more and more on industry and mining, not only the old stand-bys—gold and diamonds — but asbestos, coal, chrome, copper, mica, nickel, platinum, to mention a few at randor

The Cape is heavily productive of wine and fruit—it rains in the Cape -and the northern Transvaal sti boasts the largest single citrus es-South Africa, founded in 1652 by the Dutch East India Trading Com-pany as a victualing station to break

the tedious six-month sailing voy-age to the wealth of the Far East,

is a prosperous, free-spending land of perpetual sunshine, where the standard of living is gracious an countered when they built their fort (now one of Capetown's hist-

orical sights) were the Bushmen, small and light brown, fleet and steatopygic, and the more yellow and taller Hottentots. To add to the melec, they imported Malay

gives the Cape its: light-brown "colored" population, which has no trace of Negro blood.

Later came the Germans and French Huguemots, and, while they continued to penetrate the hinter land, it was not until 1775 that the white man first encountered the black man, the Negroid native, the Bantu tribes, in the eastern Cape. Then began a long series of so

called "Kaffir Wars," which concupation. The Cape (it was not South Africa then), arising out of European politics, wars, and peace 1795, was restored to Holland in 1802, but was British again by 1806. tive government and finally respon-sible government in 1872. Anti-British and just plain anti-government-in any-form elements

government-in any-form elements among the whites, the Afrikaners, old Trek Boers, had been trekking away farther inland from the seat of authority for some time.

Diamonds Found In 1833 the abolition of slavery b

last unendurable straw, and the vast bulk of Afrikaners, the descendants of the first Dutch, German, and Erench Huguenot settlers, trekked across the Orange River to the north and northeast to find more north and northeast to shad an arrives and to wage more defensive "Kaffir Wars"—"The Great Trek" (it was called), so similar to the movement west in the United

nice, happy, isolationist, simple, pastoral fashion when, in 1871, dia-monds were discovered at Kimberley. Thouse of all nationalities landed on South Africa's shores and crossed the rugged mountains belting the coast, the arid, Arizonalike karroo, and swarmed to the site, digging, fighting, grafting, and adding to South Africa's future multiracial troubles.

The Afrikaner Trek Boers moved

farther north and east still to avoid the clamor, but the Ridge of White Waters, the "Rand," synonymou phenomenal supply of gold in 1836.

well have been his twin. They each

had fantastically wide shoulders and

within two minutes George Pendlebury had parted with eight pounds, been fixed up and put nearly a quarter of a mile between

Shrimpton's likeness had assured him before he darted off. "He's a

pluck dead easy if you dip 'im in a

when he reached the office again. He tucked the straw bag out of sight beneath his desk. He didn't

signt beneath his dead. He want the staff to know about his little excursion; although, having safely accomplished it, he felt rather pleased with himself. A bit of a devil!

A Short Story By Derek Barat

Despite falling snow and the Despite taling show an incomprospect of a really old-fashioned White Christmas, George Pendlebury was in anything but festive mood as he set out for his office on

mood as he set out for his oline on the eve of the holiday.

The rot had set in three days before, when the turkey which his boss, Mr. Beesher, had promised to get him, failed to materialize. For three whole days he hadn't known the reserving of page on earth let the meaning of peace on earth, let alone good will towards men! On his part, he had been ready to On his part, he had been ready to meet the setback with a philo-sophical shrug. But his wife wasn't the shrugging type! When the bird-failed to show up. . . there was a showdown! Particularly after she had disdained the offer of a goose from her butcher on the strength

showdown! Particularly after she had disdained the offer of a goose from her butcher on the strength of it.

Bertha Pendlebury was very partial to turkey, and she meant to have one for Christmas if it choked her.

I shall be miserable all over the holiday without a bird," she warned him as she handed him his goloshes that morning, "So don't come home

him as she handed him his goloshes that morning. "So don't come home without one." without one."

That had been her final word.

And since he knew that if she was going to suffer over Christmas it wouldn't be alone—or in silence—

his getting hold of a turkey had become a very pressing necessity.

The problem — short of robbery with violence—was where and how? His newspaper irritatingly assured him that it had been a particularly poor year for the species and those that had not died before becoming eligible for the table had mostly dis-

It was that last sentence that set George Pendlebury swaying with excitement in the crowded under-ground, so that he nearly lost hold ground, so that he nearly lost hold of his precious strap. Why hadn't he thought of it before? To tackle young Shrimpton at the office!

Shrimpton was an up-and-coming traveller for Beesher Bros. and he had quite a reputation for being "wide." He had what he called

"contacts." If you were pushed for a drop of petrol, or needed a bottle of whiskey, Shrimpton was the boy to approach.

George Pendlebury was not nor-

George Pendlebury was not normally interested in such goings on. He had trouble enough keeping on the right side of his wife . . . without bringing the law into it. But his plight had made him desperate.

"So you want to talk turkey, eh, Mr. P.?" Shrimpton chortled after he had been "approached" in a strangled whisper. "Come with me now and I'll get you fixed up. Strictly cash, of course, and," he slid his tongue round his teeth, "mum's the word."

They hurried through the snow and some of the West-end's less salubrius back streets and dived into a basement behind a bombed building.

"Fix this toff up with a gobbler!" Shrimpton called out to a young man who, in the half-light, might

Shrimpton called out to a young man who, in the half-light, might

Rare Book Used In Great Ceremony-The volume being

examined with such interest is one of the few existing copies of the famous "Gutenberg" Bible. It is valued at many thou-

sands of dollars and was used when President Truman took

the oath of office at his recent inauguration.

drop of 'ot water."

George Pendlebury was out of breath, but he was a different man

British Luxury Liner Completes Maiden Voyage—Newest luxury liner, the Caronia of the Cunard White Star Line, is escorted by tugs and saluting fireboat as she steams into New York Harbor. Largest vessel built since the war, Caronia boasts the largest stack in the world and a bull painted three shades of green.

was only to be expected; but once she'd got it off her chest there would be peace and quiet again. He let himself into the house quietly and was flexing his aching

arms when she ran beaming from the lounge. "It's all right, dear" she laughed,

nearly bowling him over in the half-light of the hall and her excitement

"Mother's come for Christmas and

brought a lovely bird with her . .

I suppose nothing causes one

1 suppose nothing causes out to crystallise one's ideas, one's outlook on life, so much as the prospect of imminent death. We have time enough to think about it beforehand, I mean, I do not count the narrowly

avoided street accident where the crisis is over in a couple of seconds.

But in war, and in peace-time, too,

But in war, and in peace-time, too, most of us have experienced, at some time or another, those terrifying moments in which, proverbially, one's whole life is supposed to pass before one's eyes.

It has happened to me quite a number of times; twice in bad weather, in aeroplanes which I thought were bound to crash (only one of them did); once when I got stuck in a quicksand on the shore

stuck in a quicksand on the shore

of the Caspian Sea; and once at night, in rough weather, far out in the Wash in a duck punt. But

most of them happened in the war, either with the start of a 'blitz' or

when setting out in the Channel.

The steam gunboat flotilla in which I served for a while was bas-

ed at Newhaven, and I can still re-member how I used to feel as we

set out at dusk on an offensive pat-rol, and looked back towards the

disappearing coastline — the white eliffs of the Seven Sisters and Beachy Head, and behind them the

crest of the Sussex Downs—and we wondered each night if we should

be seeing them again in the morn-

pass before my eyes; but, on the other hand, I remember some fairly

searching stocktaking about the

enough to it, and how I would shape

my future if I did see the Sussex cliffs again. Perhaps I did not do

all the same. And there are many

other things which can bring about

Life, says Norman Douglas, must

be lived, not endured. It is a con-trast between something active and

Certainly, my whole life did not

Beautiful Things

The Best Tonic

Christmas after all. It had come as Christmas atter all. It had come as at bit of a surprise—the second bird. More than he'd bargained for. He wasn't too happy about the plucking business either. Still, Berthawould be satisfied That was the

sherry and a chat. They never talk-ed business on Christmas Eve. That prespect, and the consciousmain thing.

But it was during the afternoon that the real bombshell exploded. He was quietly dictating letters when the head of the counting house, Mona Finnemere, burst in with a portion of news that nearly toppled him over the back of his swivel chair.

"Georgel" she screamed. "You're main thing. . ness of the turkey against his foot, gave him a nice warm feeling inside.

He was bursting to tell someone about his success and seriouly con-sidered 'phoning Bertha. He decided it would be more of a surprise, howver if he waited until he got home.

"I shall be giving her the bird for a change," he smilingly reminded "George!" she screamed. "You're himself.
Then Mr. Beesher sent for him. an old devil!"

Although she had been with the Although she had been with the firm as long as he had more than thirty years—she did not normally address him like that in front of his staff. It was in her excitement that

his desk, and stepped back to watch

the effect of her announcement.

He was too flabbergasted to speak

The sherry was produced and their glasses rang as they exchanged seasonal greetings.

After the third refill the boss laid a finger against this page and minimum. a finger against his nose and winked secretively. "Got news for you, Pendlebury," he twinkled. "Nice she shrieked. "First prize in the Bridge Club sweep ... on the ticket I sold you!" She dumped a straw bag—from which peeped a now all-too-familiar bloodshot head—on to

surprise."

He reached down behind his desk and whipped up a straw basket. It was an exact replica of the one beneath George Pendlebury's own desk, and similar rosy features lolled from the tea of it. lolled from the top of it.

"I don't like letting anyone down," Mr. Beesher confided, "so I

down," Mr. Beesner connaed, so I got this specially for you. It's a bit over the odds, of course, but ..." he nudged Mr. Pendlebury playfully in the ribs with his elbow. "You'd have been miserable over Christmas without one, eh?"

He was too flabbergasted to speak. He just sat and gaped at the turkey which stared gravely back at him. "I'm jolly glad you won it, really, Mr. P.," Mona was saying, "because I know you wanted one so badly."

The prizewinner partially regained his speech. "Does it need . . . plucking?" he gasped weakly.

She nodded vigorously. "Yes."
But the feathers'll come away easily if you scald it." if you scald it."

The commotion attracted the rest of the staff, who gathered round offering congratulations. They all said hey'd never seen such a beautiful bird.

Builds His Own Plane From Magazine Plans-Towing his home-made plane, Robert Parker of

London, England, heads for starting point of its first test flight. He started building the plane from magazine plans in 1936. The little craft passed the test successfully, flying steadily at

50 miles an hour.

ful bird.
"I suppose you'll be taking us all out for a drink on the strength of this," someone suggested. This was greeted with cheers.

At five-thirty George Pendlebury took them all over to the Bird in Hand. He stood three rounds which left him with exactly tenpence. Then he went back to the office to collect his feathered The journey home proved some-thing of a nightmare. The under-ground was jam-packed, and the

urkeys were as heavy and unwieldy as only dead turkeys can be. The evening papers Ad elected to splash their front pages with the gnral lack of Christmas fare. BIG RAMP IN TURKEYS screamed one headline; and another—UN-DER-THE-COUNTER CHRIST-

MAS. • George Pendlebury tried to conceal his poultry beneath his feet.

but without success. He was conscious of an unvoiced hostility about him, and felt himself growing steadily redder round the ears. When he got up to go lurching and stumbling under his load, he could have sworn it was to an accompanidoors closed behind him, he felt rather like a turkey-cock himself. But once outside the station, his confidence increased with every staggering step. Bertha would be leased to see him. Oh, she'd have

enjoying life, being happy. You see, most people are of very little use to their fellow men and women when they are not happy her little say to start with . . . about his bringing too many turkeys. That be happy in a disturbed and threatone-harder to be happy these days

and, of course, at the same time, all the more important and valuable to be so. Some people find it easier than others; some are happy by nature and some are not, and many are about half and half. I think I am one of the half-and-half people, with a leaning towards the happy side. Most of the happy people I know are not at all rich; in fact, they have very few possessions and little or no security. They are not unduly clever, and in most cases they are not at all good-looking. In fact, they have none of the material things for which so many people spent their whole lives striving. Well, what is their secret? Is it, perhaps, that they know that life must be lived, not endured? For me, happiness is bound up with friendship, and in that nice comfortable field of human relation-

ships I have had more than my fair share of good luck. If we talk about happiness, I suppose it is rather absurd to leave out what must, surely, be the most universal single source of happiness It is an expedition to a fairly remore part of the Canadian Arctic,
in order to make a series of rather
technical observations about some
hirds which breed there—some wild
grees—and, at the same time, to do
some aerial surveying and mapping
and so on, in a fairly miknown area. "We have planned to fly up in float-piane across the tundra to the month of the Perry River, in the Arctic Ocean, and in the surround-Aretic Ocean, and in the surround-ing wilderness of lakes and musk-egg swamp we hope to find and study the nesting colonies of the rare Rossi Snowgoose, and we hope also perhaps to find the breeding ground of the even more clusive Tule goose.

among human beings. Somehow love is one of the things that we

seem least able to learn about by ex-perience; but if there is one thing I have learned it is that to love and

At such times, the capacity for

Ever since I can remember, I have had that kind of interest in

artist instead—a painter. That is a change of attitude, and I am not quite sure that I can explain it. Perhaps it was that I was by nature

too slapdash, and my imagination was not sufficiently under control for the hard discipline of science.

Anyway, I have not regretted it-I

have not regretted it ever, because I have a fairly strong urge to make

things, create things, and as a painter and a little bit as a very amateurish writer, my work is mak-

Now I am very lucky there, be-

cause the thing I enjoy doing most is also my work, and earns my bread and butter for me; and I have

even been able to link my painting and writing with my old original interest in animals and, particularly, birds. That is just luck, for one

cannot expect to be that lucky. But one should, I think, be suitably

It has led me to some strange

and beautiful and out-of-the-way parts of the world, and my experience of those travels makes me look forward especially eagerly to an expedition I have been planning.

Well, you may exclaim: does it help the export drive? Does it help us to get the houses built? Well, perhaps it does not; but in spite of that it does add to knowledge, which I think is always worth do-ing. It is a stee forward, however ing. It is a step forward, however truth, and for us it will be an adworth while, and no less important

just because it has not any parti-cular commercial value. Restoring Faith You know, ever since I can re member in my half lifetime, ma-tarialism has spread like a sort of fungus through the very tissues, as it were, of the human spirit. It has led us into a turbulent, violent age in which the black cloud of war

have learned it is that to be loved is the greatest piece of good fortune which can befall any human being. And by the same token, the deepest personal tragedy is to love and not to be loved in rethreatens us all, in which peace-makers are murdered and bitterness turn, however that may have some about—by change, or death, or other circumstnce: and beside it most other human tragedies pale into in-It seems rather a hopleless pr

spect sometimes, does it not? But, in spite of it all, the sun still shines, and even the smoke of London town produces some of the finest sunsets in the world. being interested in something — something, not some person — ab-sorbingly interested, enthusiastic about it, can be extremely helpful. I think. Indeed, an absorbing iu-terest is always helpful. I have found that those things do a lot to restore faith and a sense of proportion; and if you go into the wilder places and watch the sun set across a waste of water and sand and salt marsh, as I did not long ago, and if you see a little skein of wild geese flying out across have had that kind of interest in living creatures, in animals of all kinds. In school-days, I planned to be a zoologist, and then one day I stopped to think and take stock and decided all of a sudden to be an the flaming sky, wild geese newly arrived out of the far North—out of the Arctic—and calling in chorus as they fly, you would surely be

stirred and encouraged and refresh-ed, because after all, beautiful things are the fluest of all tonics for the

are the finest of all tonics for me spirit; at least so I have always found it, in my experience.—Peter Scott, M.B.E., D.S.C., in "London Calling."







Carriage Trade' Style-Prudence Penny, a 3-months-old her cocker spaniel friend, name of Blackberry.