

WHAT GOES ON IN THE WORLD

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 yellowed faces and the next morning, and often their most dramatic decisions are sprung on the world at midnight or later.

One such announcement was made at 11.45 p.m. Moscow time slightly less than ten years ago. Molotov was made Russian Foreign Minister in place of Litvinov. Later that same year the infamous Molotov-Ribbentrop pact was made public after midnight.

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. It was on May 3, 1939, that an announcer for the Russian radio read a terse, unadorned communiqué over the air. Translated, it told of Molotov'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? Trying to answer this question, four great factors must be considered. (1) Molotov and Stalin have been working ever since the "underground days" in Czarist Russia. For two decades Molotov has been known as "the voice of Stalin."

(2) On the other hand Molotov and Vishinsky have always been "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.

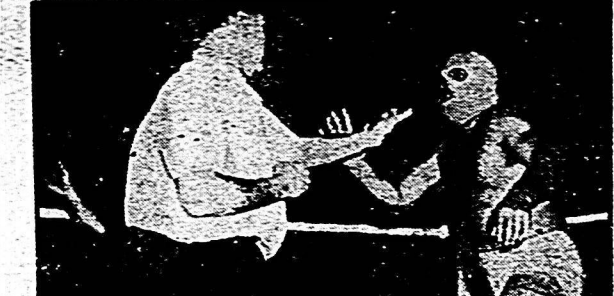
(3) Some day—possibly soon—Stalin may be succeeded by Molotov. He has carried a heavy burden for years, and there have been recurrent speculations that he is gravely ill.

(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 practically nowhere, and Soviet policy in Eastern Europe has brought about the "crisis" of Marshall Tito.

So, throughout the world there is much discussion as to whether the latest announcement is in promotion for Mr. Molotov—or is it demotion? As a New York Times correspondent puts it, Factors 1, 2 and 3 support the promotion theory. Factor No. 4, that of demotion, is only time can tell—and, at this writing, it hasn't said anything yet.

GREAT BRITAIN
The Conservative party seems to be in more of a quandary than ever. In an effort to win the Hammarby bye-election the Tories "shot the works," but even the personal campaigning of Winston Churchill failed to keep Labor from winning.

IRATE CITIZEN
In Jersey City, one Thomas unwisely reported the theft of his car to police, who discovered that it had been stolen once before—by Thomas.



It can retain or even increase its popular support by plugging away at the advantages of socialist welfare schemes, such as universal health insurance.

And the Conservatives are afraid to criticize such schemes too vigorously, Churchill's allies too promised House of Commons as they have the tremendous expenditures for food subsidies, socialized medicine etc. for fear that it might be interpreted as an attempt to appeal to the highly popular principles of that same national health scheme.

The Laborites, quite naturally, have made tremendous capital of Churchill's retreat. More than that, as one commentator put it, "the Tories have to far been unable to devise any program to rival the 'something for nothing' Socialist attractions to young working-class Britons, who have become used to the fact that the state will take care of them, come what may. To them, Churchill is a reactionary old man."

In their enthusiasm for social welfare, few Government supporters have linked to the fact that productivity has ceased to rise, that exports may soon drop, and that the vast foreign trade surplus has become a deficit.

THE UNITED STATES
The military mind still seems to be functioning in the same old style. In San Jose, Calif., during the course of a lecture, a Reserve Officer made the headlines, with the announcement that both the United States and Russia are in possession of a secret Nazi death spray, called "Tabun." A drop of the size of a dime and it would kill you, and, when inhaled on the skin for ten minutes, he caused death within twenty-four hours or less.

But U.S. Regular Army authorities wreck the Marshall Plan have practically nowhere, and Soviet policy in Eastern Europe has brought about the "crisis" of Marshall Tito.

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Well, maybe even Lester Patrick might be wrong for once. (There's got to be a first time for everything.) Perhaps, in modern hockey, stout defense is not as vital as it once was. Let's take a peek at matters from that angle.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

QUESTS WANTED
A SPLENDID opportunity of becoming your own boss...
FOR SALE
THE GLENVIEW...
HELP WANTED
MEN and boys...
WANTED
Dishwashing...
WANTED
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WANTED
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NOT WHAT YOU WANT WHAT YOU SHOULD HAVE
The British people want tobacco. If need be they are willing to forego other necessities...
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Land of Diamonds Gold and Problems

"South Africa threatens United Nations' autonomy" is an alarming headline, not because South Africa is one of the major nations of the world, though it still has the major supply of gold and diamonds, but because it is a significant example of the trend of the times. South Africa has changed.

What of this 475,000 square miles of rich territory that is to become a so-called "Darkest Africa" of the future? There is still 225,000 whites and some millions disenfranchised, under privileged black and colored people. What is it like? The country is rich peacefully, comfortably snoring in the sun. Capetown is old and settled, cultured and civilized, boasting the best of our historical treasures and "old families."

Durban, Johannesburg, all with skyscrapers, is a beautiful modern city, proud of its municipal orchestra; long, wide, white beaches, and green suburban parks.

There are the vines of the Cape, the ranch-type houses in the Transvaal and Free State, the arid wastes, the great mountains, the golden beaches of the Cape and Natal, the rolling hills of the Drakensberg. There is a richness in the soil, a richness in the people, a richness in the life.

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TALKING TURKEY

A Short Story
By Derek Barot
Despite falling snow and the prospect of a very old-fashioned Christmas, George Pendlebury was in anything but festive mood as he set out on his office 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 meaning of peace on earth, at least alone good will towards men!

On his part, he had been ready to meet the setback with a philosophical shrug, but his wife wasn't. She had been ready to meet the setback with a philosophical shrug, but his wife wasn't.

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—he was quickly dictating to her a very pressing necessity.

The problem—short of robbery by the turkey—was where and how to get a turkey. His newspaper irritably assured him that it had been a particularly poor year for the species and those eligible for the table had mostly disappeared under some counter or other.

It was that last sentence that set George Pendlebury swaying with excitement in the crowded underground, 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!

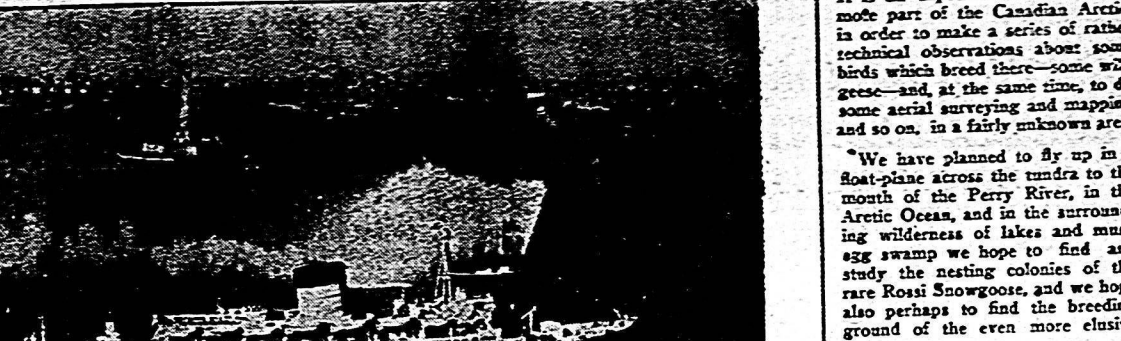
Shrimpton was an up-and-coming traveller for Beesher-Broc and he had quite a reputation for being "connected." He had what he called "contacts."

George Pendlebury was not normally interested in such goings-on. But he had trouble enough keeping on the right side of his wife... without bringing the law into it. He had a woman reaches into her handbag for a door key and pulls out a door key. It's a miracle.

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It is an expedition to a fairly remote part of the Canadian Arctic, in order to make a series of rather technical observations about some birds which breed there—some 2000 miles—and, at the same time, to do some social surveying and mapping, and so on, in a fairly unknown area.

We have planned to fly up in a float-plane across the tundra to the north of the Perry River, in the Arctic Ocean, and to the surrounding wilderness of lakes and musk-ox swamps we hope to find and study the nesting colonies of the rare Ross Snowgoose, and we hope also perhaps to find the breeding ground of the even more elusive Tule Goose.

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 doing. It is a step forward, however small, in the everlasting search for truth, and for us it will be an adventure, too. So I think it will be worth while, and no less important just because it has no particular commercial value.

Restoring Faith
You know, ever since I can remember in my half-lifetime, materialism has spread like a sort of fungus through the very tissues, in the life of the human spirit. It has led us into a turbulent, violent age in which the black cloud of war threatens us all, while the white mists of a murdered and bitterness reign.

It seems rather a hopeless prospect sometimes, does it not? But, in spite of it all, the spirit still shines, and even the smoke of London towers produces some of the finest artists in the world.

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 chain of wild geese flying over the flaming sky, wild geese never 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 refreshed, because after all, beautiful things are the finest of all things for the spirit; at least so I have always found it in my experience.—Eric Scott, M.B.E., D.S.C., in "London Calling."

Now I am very lucky there, because 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 work. I have a fairly strong urge to make things, create things, as a painter and a little bit as a writer. I have a fairly strong urge to make things, create things, as a painter and a little bit as a writer.

It has led me to some strange and beautiful out-of-the-way parts of the world, and my experience of those travels makes me long forward especially eagerly to an expedition I have been planning.

Certainly, my whole life did not pass before my eyes; but, on the other hand, I remember some fairly early and striking incidents of the value of the life I had lived so far, and whether I had contributed enough to it, and how I would shape my life in the future. I did see the Sussex cliffs again. Perhaps I did not do half the things I promised myself. I was not as good as I thought I was.

Life, says Norman Douglas, must be lived, and it is a contrast between something active and something passive and miserable. I think that living means enjoying life, being happy. You see, most people are of very little use to their fellow men and women when they are not happy; and I think it is probably harder to be happy in a disturbed and threatening world than it is in a peaceful one—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 all happy; in fact, they are not at all good-looking, and they have none of the material things for which so many people get their whole lives striving. Well, what is their secret? It is, perhaps, that they know that life must be lived, not endured?

For the happiness is bound up with friendship, and in that nice comfortable field of human relationships I have had more than my share of good luck.

If I talk about happiness, I suppose it is rather absurd to leave out what may surely be the most universal single source of happiness.

"Marriage Trade" Style—Prudence Penny, a 3-month-old grey kitten, rides in real style, thanks to the lift given by her cocker spaniel friend, name of Blackberry.

