WHAT GOES ON IN THE WORLD

by Norman Blair

Great Britain

There are persistent reports in The Daily Herald—the official Socialist paper— to the effect that the Conservatives badly want to get rid of Winston Churchill as the party leader. Undoubtedly there is great dissatisfaction with his intermittent or absentee leadership of the Opposition, but there is one question to which nobody as yet has come up with a reasonable answer.

It amounts to this—"Assuming that Churchill's leadership is faulty and unlikely to lead toward success at the polls, just what appeal could the Tories make minus his dynamic personality?"

As far as the Socialists go, they would prefer Churchill to lead the Conservatives at the next election, rather than Anthony Eden. They think that the smooth-looking Mr. Eden might get a large share of the feminine vote, whereas the same women would be afraid of Churchill taking the nation into war with Russia.

Churchill recently made quite a come-back in the House of Commons. He has had to endure a "hot war" with the Socialists and a "cold one" with many of his own supporters; but in the debate on the second reading of the Steel Bill, he completely dominated the scene.

In fact when Sir Stafford Cripps wound up for the Government, there was a wild scene with only a minute and a half to go on the clock. Cripps, who had done well till that point, suddenly lost his head, saying that if Socialism couldn't accomplish its aims by Parliamentary means it would have to resort to some more violent method. It was a silly and unnecessary thing to say, and Churchill rose to his feet in a rage.

Cripps refused to give way and pointed to the clock. The place was in an uproar, with both sides shouting insults. Churchill's arms could be seen waving defiantly, and his raucous voice shouting "We are not afraid of your revolution," Mr. Speaker intervened and made the two sit down. But as soon as the Speaker resumed his seat they were up like two boxers at the sound of the gong.

Cripps probably did not mean anything sinister by his mention of violence; but the incident will undoubtedly add to the Government's growing unpopularity. Churchill continued to dominate the House next day and his supporters were full of enthusiasm. But they're wondering if Winston will now lose interest in Parliament until some other big issue comes up. The amount of time he spends writing his Memoirs has indubitably made the public attitude in general towards Churchill much cooler than it was a few months ago.

The United States

The problem of juvenile "gangs" and youthful vandalism is one which bothers, not only those living in larger cities, but residents of small towns and villages as well; and it is interesting to learn that the right sort of welfare worker can get "next to"—and influence for the better—even the toughest adolescent.

At least this is the preliminary conclusion in what has been one of the world's most startling social welfare experiments—one which involved the attempted regeneration of three Harlem gangs known as The Purple Knights, the Royal Counts and The Flashes.

Some three years ago the Welfare Council became concerned over the amount of gang fighting going on in that city. It was estimated that there were no less than 1400 of these gangs in operation in New York City with varying amounts of weapon carrying, stealing and rows with the police.

Reporting on the first year's progress the president of the Welfare Council said, "I don't think we've worked a miracle, but the fact that these groups have not engaged in any fights during the year is sound reason to believe that their interests have shifted from undesirable activities to the better sort."

He went on to say that the field workers are not "out to break up the gangs. They are not out to tell the boys who should be their leader, but to work with the established leader. We think that the gang is an absolutely natural and potentially desirable group, and believe that efforts to break it up are doomed to failure."

The field workers use different methods to establish contacts with the gangs. One spent many hours in the boys' hangout—a candy store. Finally, they invited him to play football with them. Another was introduced by friendly members to a gang as "a guy who can help you with a basketball team and things like that."

Convinced now that it is possible to gain acceptance in such clubs, the welfare workers now plan to go on strengthening their efforts. Their success up to now might furnish an idea to those in various Ontario communities who are worried over the increase in juvenile delinquency and disrespect for the law.

PUDDING BY THE TON: Housewives work out their recipes for Christmas pudding in terms of pounds, but Fred Conway, chef instructor for the Canadian National Railways, has the annual task of preparing three tons — or 29,000 servings — of the traditional Yuletide dessert. Working in a railway dining car with two assistants, he produces this 3-ton pudding entirely by hand in the brief space of two weeks.

The special and proven CNR recipe calls for 675 pounds of sugar, 600 pounds of suet, 1200 pounds of raisins, 600 pounds of currants, 600 pounds of mixed peel, 600 pounds of bread crumbs, 300 pounds of flour, 600 pounds of dates, 300 pounds of prunes, 300 pounds of carrots, 125 pounds of assorted spices, 78 dozen lemons and 300 dozen eggs.

With a wooden spoon, Mr. Conway mixes the ingredients in a huge chrome plated bowl and measures out the pudding into 1¼ pound containers. Three hours later they are cooled, sealed and made ready for distribution to various points along the 23,500-mile CNR system.

SPORTS &c

by A Sixbit Critic

Jockeys—the race-track, not the "disk" variety—have a way of going up like a sky rocket, then coming down like the stick; and it is rather saddening to look back over the years and recall the number of lads who were hailed as "second Earl Sand's" their first season out, and then faded into obscurity.

* * *

Principad reason for is, of course, is that these young jockeys, during their first year of riding or the biggest part thereof, have the advantage of their "bug allowance" which is stable slang for the several pounds weight advantage which jockeys get during their "apprentice" period. Five pounds or so less weight in the saddle often means the difference between a winner and an also-ran, and helps greatly to offset the superior knowledge and cunning which comes with experience.

* * *

So it's a little too early to try and guess whether little Clarence Picou has the makings of a great riding star, or is just another first year "flash in the pan." At all events 100 pound Clarence has been having a great year; and although betting on jockeys is said to be the speediest of all race-track ruin, anybody following his mounts and betting on everything he rode mightn't have done too badly.

* * *

Speaking of another sort of horse-racing—the "harness" variety—old-time lovers of the sport will be interested in learning that Hollywood is making a film based on the life of an animal who many think was the greatest of them all—Dan Patch no less. Who is to act as Dan's "stand-in" for the flicker we haven't heard as yet; but we wouldn't mind making a few small bets that, whoever it is, he won't be able to come through the stretch as fast as the original, who was really something to watch when he was "turning on the heat."

* * *

Wrestling fans—as we've said before—are a breed all by themselves, and there doesn't seem to be anything too raw for the promoters to offer them. They have "man against alligator" matches and the folks eat it up. They have wrestling between two-man teams and so forth. But when a Toronto promoter announced a match with no less than six of the behemoths in the ring we thought he'd gone too far even for wrestling bugs.

* * *

The result? Something like fifteen thousand or thereabouts paid attendance—and the crowd whooping their heads off just as if they didn't know, deep inside them, that it was all about 90 per cent histrionics.

* * *

As a matter of fact out in Los Angeles—another spot where the grunt-and-groan boys go over in a huge way—one of the newspapers lists news of the matches, not on the sports pages, but in the drama columns—which is just about where it belongs.

* * *

And yet, when talk gets around to athletes who showed outstanding gameness, it is always a wrestler we think of as the gamest of them all. His name was Gus Sonnenberg, who had made a big name for himself as a college footballer—Dartmouth, we think—principally because the viciousness of his "flying tackle"— a method of bringing an adversus to a full stop which was later outlawed.

* * *

Sonnenberg was induced—by the offer of huge amounts of folding money—to cash in on his football rep by becoming a wrestler. One of the principal things a wrestler must learn is how to protect himself—how to take, apparently, a really terrific-looking and sounding tumble to the canvas, and still not break any bones. Matter of fact most top wrestlers are more tumblers and acrobats than anything else.

* * *

Sonnenberg didn't have the build for a wrestler, being fairly short and stocky; and had learned but few of the rudiments of the game, especially in this matter of self-preservation. Due to his greenness, he really took an astounding amount of punishment every time he climbed through the ropes; but he always gave the promoters—and the customers—full value for their money, and a little bit extra.

* * *

Time after time we've seen Sonnenberg throw himself through the air at an opponent—miss the target—and land smack against the ring corner post. His body was covered with bruises from ankles to neck—but he never let up for a single instant.

* * *

Yes, when they talk about game athletes, we don't wind casting a vote in favor of Gus Sonnenberg, even if he was a wrestler. He only lasted a couple of seasons, as we remember it. Any longer and he'd have undoubtedly broken his neck. It was said that Gus retired from the mat with something around a million dollars—which could have been as he surely could pack them them in. But whatever the real amount might have been, we would say that Gus the flying-tackler earned every last cent of it!

Breed of Cattle With a Past

On one English nobleman's estate in England there is a herd of Arabian horses which are descended from ancient times. These, however, are surpassed in history by a herd of some 50 white cattle on the estate of the Earl of Tankerville at Chillingworth, Northumberland, in line of descent in Britain since before the Roman era about 2,000 years ago.

The British Whites, as they are called, were themselves the descendants of the ancient aurochs, the wild oxen of prehistoric days which roamed Europe and Asia, and are mentioned several times in the Old Testament. They were, says a writer in the Belfast Telegraph, originally black, and the story of how their British descendants came to be all white—except for the tips of the horns—has been pieced together by historians and naturalists.

It appears that the aurochs, like most other "colored" creatures, occasionally produced albino offspring. These white freaks were probably regarded with awe by the superstitious Britons, and, as the Druidic religion developed, the white cattle were adopted by the priests and were worshipped as sacred animals. Of the calves of these white cattle not all were white, but those that were not must have been carefully weeded out until the all-white strain became predominant.

By the time the Romans arrived the original black cattle were probably extinct in Britain. The British Whites continued to flourish until the Middle Ages when specialized breeds, akin to some of those we know today, were developed mostly on the Continent.

They might have become extinct long ago but for the enthusiasm of a small group of naturalists who formed a trust to ensure that these living links with the past should not altogether disappear from Britain.

Never very tame, the survivors became increasingly shy, and few visitors are permitted to intrude upon their solitude.

After more than 2,000 years the influence of their wild black forefathers is still apparent, and to this day the white cattle of Britain occasionally produce black calves.

Sun Menace

There is a tendency to exaggerate the vital importance of sunlight. Blistered sun worshippers put a strain on the kidneys, may develop toxemia or shock, and even die. People with an unstable nervous system, an overactive thyroid gland, high blood pressure, heart disease, or active tuberculosis must be especially careful about getting an overdose of sunshine.

Australian money follows the English system of pounds, shillings and pence.

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Swope: "No chicken that ever knew a mother's love could grow up to be as tough as that."

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JITTER — By Arthur Pointer

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

There are quite a number of assorted, interesting—I hope—items which I've been saving but haven't got around to using, as yet. So it looks as though this week's column might develop into a sort of hash. (Which reminds me of the old vaudeville act in which the waiter was taking the customers' orders, then shouting them out—in language of his own—to the cook. One man ordered hash. "Clean up the kitchen for one!" yelled the waiter promptly.

* * *

Over in Great Britain they're trying out a new method of storing apples and other fruits, as well as potatoes, using ordinary woodland moss to pack the stuff in. Until next June, when the 500 tons of apples packed this way as an experiment are uncovered, it won't be known whether the system is suited to British climatic conditions — but they're hoping it will spread their home-grown fruit supplies over a nine-months period, instead of six, as at present.

* * *

This system of moss storage was discovered accidentally some years ago by a Swiss engineer, who wanted to get some rare orchids he had found in the Himalayas home alive. He lined a wooden box with damp moss, gathered at random, then placed the orchids inside, and hoped for the best. When he opened the box in Switzerland, the orchids were in perfect condition

* * *

So next he experimented with fruits, and found that the moss—according to its degree of dampness—had the power of releasing moisture, or of absorbing it from the atmosphere, thereby maintaining a constant humidity. Furthermore, because of the evaporation which took place, it had a endency to lower the temperature and hold it steady. In addition, it purifies and regenerates the atmosphere, because the moss "breathes"—or absorbs air.

* * *

Now, on the continent, railway trucks are equipped with the moss system of storage—and it has even been used successfully as a method of keeping cheese fresh. The Swiss engineer has developed it on a commercial basis and is meeting with great success Sounds like something worth giving a trial.

* * *

Th "public opinion poll" boys are still at it—or maybe this one took place before the Truman-Dewey thing knocked them for a loop. Anyway, several hundred farmers were asked this qustion—How do you decide whether a man is a "successful farmer?" A good share of them replied, "He's the man who does a really good job of soil conservation." Men who got big yields, or who made a lot of money, didn't rank nearly as high in the opinion of their fellow-farmers.

* * *

Which brings up the tale of the man who was driving through some very steep hilly country and, noticing cattle grazing, asked farmers in the neighborhood just how the stock did on such "pasture." "They don't get any feed," one man jokingly replied, "but they sure do get a lot of exercise."

* * *

But lettting stock graze on such land is just about the worst thing that could be done. The cattle crop the grass short; then the water slides off the slopes as if the hillsides were greased. That water comes rushing down to gouge out new gullies on the good farmland below.

* * *

The same man drove a little further along and came to some hills that really had a lot of grass on them. He asked a Soil Conservation expert "How come?" "Those farmers fenced the stock off and let the native grasses do a come-back," was the answer. "Now they pasture those hills only about two months every other year."

* * *

This might be a good time for a reminder that water pipes less than three feet deep in the ground should be covered with straw or spoiled hay to prevent danger of freezing. Also that sparrows in poultry houses are parasite and disease carriers. The higher openings in the poultry houses should have screens.

* * *

There have been many warnings in the past about the danger of feeding treated seed oats to livestock. But there are always a few farmers who think they can get away with using just a few bushels as feed.

* * *

Well, recently at an American University a test was made. Eight pigs were divided into four lots. Two were fed untreated oats and water. The others were fed oats treated with one half ounce of Ceresan M per bushel for periods of 10, 20 and 30 days.

* * *

What happened? The pigs that ate the treated oats for 10 days lived through the test. Pigs in the 20-day trial lived through the test period, but died later. The 30-day test couldn't be completed as the pigs died before the time was up.

* * *

Which should be just about enough hash, I imagine, for one serving.

Car Tires Made With Soap, Sugar

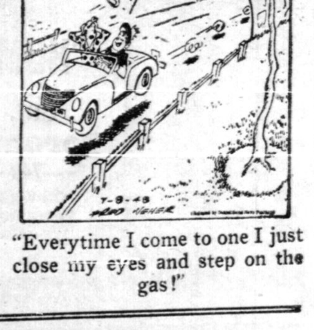
Motorists can look forward to better tires of synthetic rubber, made according to new recipes employing soap and sugar, according to a prominent Illinois scientist.

The quality of GR-S, the synthetic rubber blended with natural rubber in all tire treads, has been greatly improved by the recent development of an amazingly rapid 'redox" process, according to Professor Marvel, who directed an important phase of the World War II research on synthetic rubber.

This new method makes it possible to manufacture rubber at freezing or subfreezing temperatures instead of at 212 degrees Fahrenheit, the conventional temperature, he said, asserting that the quality of GR-S and similar rubbers seems to go up as the temperature goes down.

GR-S is essentially a combination of two liquid petroleum compounds, butadiene and styrene, which are made to unite (pelymerize) by a chemical stimulant (a catalyst). In the redox process, the compounds are first emulsified with a soap, and the reaction is started by a type of sugar, which is called the activator.

Life's Like That



"Everytime I come to one I just close my eyes and step on the gas!"

That's Orson and Tyrone, All Dressed Up—While making a movie in Rome—based on the life of Cesare Borgia, Orson Welles, left, and Tyrone Power, right, wear the colorful costumes of the Fifteenth Century. Actor between is unidentified.

"Our Gracie" Works With All She Has

Everyone knows Gracie Fields, "Our Gracie," the large-hearted, humorous character, who intersperses comedy songs with serious ones, sings Schubert's "Ave Maria" after "Turn Herbert's Face to the Wall, Mother!," and gets away with it; the Lancashire mill girl who, with no pretence at being a lady or "talking posh" has endeared herself to millions of people everywhere by her inimitable personality and inexhaustible vitality. That is the Gracie heard on the air and seen on the stage. But what is she like at rehearsal?

She is amazing when she is rehearsing in a radio studio; she works hard, never questions the producer's decision, sings each song as many times as he wants without complaint, and accepts cuts, or sings extra choruses , without a word of protest. When the orchestra is rehearsing alone she sits quietly resting, sometimes pushing her hand through her blonde curls, or perhaps playing with the black beret she often wears.

But when she gets to the microphone the fun begins. She will probably go up the few stairs to the stage bent almost double, lifting her legs with her hands as she makes awful clicking noises to symbolize the creaking of her ageing joints; she will sing a serious song and, noting somebody passing at the back of her, will stick out her foot and trip him; she will fling out her arms in a graceful gesture when she gets the feel of a popular number and a moment afterwards sway from side to side like a woman having a fierce argument with her butcher. She cannot resist guying a straight number and for a really comic one will crush on the beret, wearing it at some peculiar and most unorthodox angle and, letting herself go at full tilt, steps back from the microphone and screams raucously "What 'as SHE got, that I 'aven't got?" Immediately afterwards as she is singing a really sensational number, she will push the beret over her nose and pull a hideous face yet, so powerful is her control over an audience—which in this case is the orchestra, a few engineers and one or two others, that no one laughs, although she is looking extremely funny.

Guying her songs is part of her personality and not just put on for the occasion, for when Gracie has an audience, no matter how small a one, she reacts to it like a flower to the sun. At rehearsal she doesn't bother to put on any glamorous stuff; there she is, the strapping, big-boned Lancashire lass, singing away like a lark—or a jay. Audiences in the theatre, or on the air, can either take her or leave her; the vast majority take her.

How "Swat-the-Fly" Campaign Began

In the Kansas of 1905 there were too many cases of typhoid fever, too many deaths from it, and far too many flies. Residents of the State took flies for granted. They called them a nuisance, and let it go at that. How could any doctor convince them that the insects carried typhoid germs, and could even cause epidemics?

To persuade all Kansans to join in a war on flies was the job of Samuel J. Crumbine, intrepid Topeka public-health expert, who had learned through the Spanish-American War that flies meant to medicine. Crumbine published and distributed a "Fly Bulletin," explaining the menace of te inhsect. He advocated house screens, and mailed out recipes for making fly paper.

A Slogan Born

Then came what Crumbine calls "the most productive day of my life." He was watching the Western League baseball club's opening of the season. With one man out and a runner on third base, the next batter came to the plate. Excited fans yelled "Sacrifice fly!" When the batter swung and missed the first ball, a tentorian voice boomed: "Swat that ball!"

An idea began to emerge in Crumbine's brain. "I have it," he yelled. "Swat the fly!" Taking an old envelope from his pocket, he jotted down the slogan that was to sweep the country and become part of the American vocabulary.

Crumbine was born in 1862 in a log cabin. He worked his way through two years of medical school and then hung out his shingle in the cow-country capital, Dodge City, Kansas.

Always A Crusader

In those days the West was the haven of tubercular Easterners. They travelled across Kansas in trains or wagons, bearing jugs of "rock 'n' rye," the only medicine prescribed for the disease. Crumbine, as secretary of the Board of Health, began to investigate the cause and transmission of the White Plague.

One hot day in 1907, while riding a Missouri Pacific train, Crumbine went to the water cooler for a drink. Ahead of him was a tall, thin man with a racking cough, and a tow-headed 5-year-old girl. The man filled the train's only drinking cup with water and drank. Then the little girl eagerly swallowed from the same cup.

Crumbine was on his way to investigate a smallpox epidemic, but the scene on the train made that trifling. There should be a law forbidding the tin cup, attached to the chain, in every coach. The doctor went to work. The railroads objected. It took two years, but in March 1909 Kansas passed a law prohibiting the common drinking cup. Soon after that, the roller towel also met its end.

With the Movie and Radio Folks

By Grace Sharp

Right after hearing Fred Allen's first radio program—the one in which he did that screamingly funny burlesque of "Stop the Music"—I wrote something to the effect that while that sort of thing was O.K. for a "single shot", keeping it up would be a mistake. Talking too much about your competitors' goods is a bad thing in merchandising—tending to "back-fire" on your own wares—and the same thing goes in show business.

* * *

Now it's reported that "Baggy Eyes" may abandon his insurance plan which guarantees listeners against loss on "Stop the Music" payoffs while they're tuned in to the Allen show—and I hope its true because, from the way I look at it, such an offer should never have been made. No claims for such insurance have been made as yet—at least not legitimate ones. More than that, Fred's stunt hasn't affected the giveaway show's popularity, which is still ahead of Allen's.

* * *

And now they say that "Stop the Music" is considering a plan to offer—just as a gag, of course—copies of all the best jokes Allen puts on the air-waves to its own listeners on request. Sounds to me as if both sides would be better to try and "act their ages."

* * *

They've made movies about the doings of practically every famous personage, from Cesare Borgia to Al Jolson, now comes one about a famous horse—the great pacer, Dan Patch. Charlotte Greenwood will have a big comedy role in the flicker; and if the horse that plays the part of "Dan Patch" is as good an actor as the original, Charlotte will have her work cut out to "top" him.

* * *

For although I don't remember him personally, those that know tell me that the real Dan Patch—besides being a wonderful pacer—had a huge streak of "ham" in him. After leading his opposition to the wire he'd parade past the crowded stands, actually "bowing" in response to the applause.

* * *

Once, when he "broke" coming through the stretch—whatever that means—Dan Patch was so ashamed of himself that he refused to face the spectators but, instead, ducked through an exit and headed for the stables. And it is said that there was a standing bet that no camera man could take a picture of the horse that showed him otherwise than facing straight into the camera. He seemed to sense the presence of a camera—and try as they might to catch him sideways, before the shutter clicked, Dan would be staring proudly straight to the lens.

* * *

So, as I said before, if the new Dan Patch is anything like the actor the original was, long-legged Charlotte Greenwood will have an awful time "stealing" any scenes from the pacer.

* * *

Back to the screen, after an absence of six years, comes Anna May Wong, one of my real favorites of yore. She'll be appearing in an opus titled "Impact" along with Brian Donlevy and Ella Raines. Just why she's getting a chance to do this comeback through one of those queer switches that could take place only out in California.

* * *

The part was originally that of a Swedish maid. Then the producer decided to use San Fransico's Chinatown as a background—so instead of a "Yetta Yensen" type they decided to use the Chinese-American darkeyed beauty. At all events I'm glad that we're to have another peek at Anna May, and imagine there are plenty more like me. Which will have to be all for just now.

Just For Fun

The teacher, explaining to her young pupils that the earth was round, asked questions to bring out her point. "Herman," she asked, "could you walk around the earth?"

"No, ma'am," promptly replied little Herman.

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because my mother won't allow me to leave the back yard."

"No," the youngster replied, "but I have two brothers and they have a sister." And then she joyfully added. "And I'm the sister!"

Great Lake of Pitch Source of Unlimited Supply of Asphalt

One of Nature's strangest phenomena is Trinadad's famous Lake of Pitch. During the past one hundred years or so, millions of tons of asphalt have been dug out from its surface and exported to pave the streets and highways of most of the world's principal towns and cities. Yet, for all this, the quantity of the asphalt in the lake shows no visible signs of diminishing.

Up to the present, no satisfactory mechanical device has been found for extracting the asphalt. Every pound taken from its 114-acre surface has to be laboriously dug out by hand-wielded pick and shovel.

As the asphalt is removed ton by ton, pits and breakages are left in its even surface. Yet within a few days they are filled with new pitch, pushed up from below from some hidden and apparently inexhaustible source.

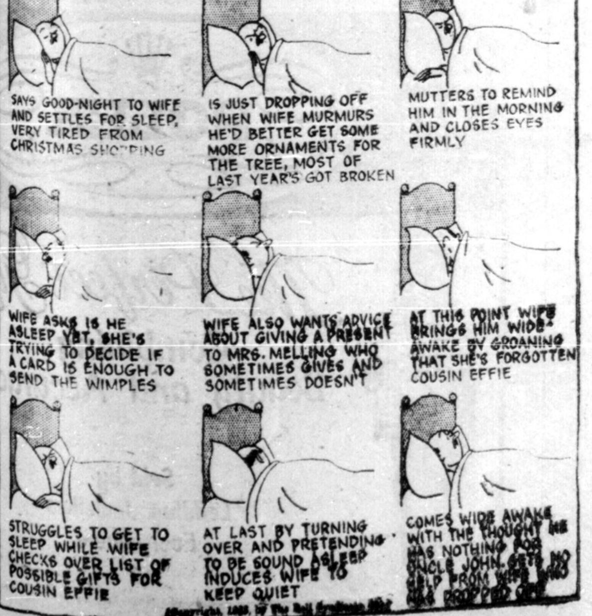
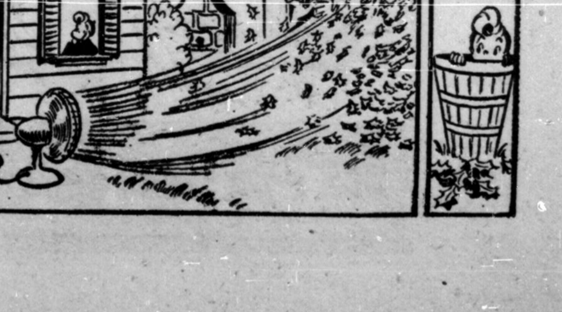
The surface of this lake is always on the move, although its movements are so slow that they escape the eye. Its mass turns and folds over upon itself continuously. Sometimes it claims for its own any object that may have been carelessly left on its surface, and at other times some ancient fossil or long-lost treasure that had disappeared many years before is expurgated.

It is because of this dangerous movement of the lake's surface that the light railway which runs out across it to carry away the asphalt as it is dug has to be relaid daily, so that it, too, shall not sink out of sight.

Scientists have not decided on the origin of the lake, but they agree that the pitch is sufficient to supply the world's needs for many generations.

You Just Cut Them Out and Blow Them Up—It is customary for Canada to import new ideas in children's toys from south of the border—but this time it's different. These new Walt Disney character toys not only show children how to use the scissors carefully but also furnish them with a lot of fun. Made of strong Vinylite plastic, each toy is equipped with a novel self-sealing valve. Of Canadian design and manufacture, the toys will soon be marketed in the United States as well as throughout the Dominion.

CHRISTMAS WEEK BEDTIME — By Gluyas Williams



LITTLE REGGIE — By Margarita