"N-i-i-ce Kitty!" — Television announcer Jim Hurlbut satisfies a lifelong—though uncommon—ambition by scratching a lion's back. The lion in this case is "Dillinger," a star boarder at the Lincoln Park Zoo, Hurlbut, who "interviews" zoo inmates on a weekly TV broadcast, was assured in advance that "Dillinger" is just a lovable character at heart.

SPORTS &c

by A SWIFTCRITIC

There's an old saying around race tracks to the effect that winners are where you find them. Any system of picking them is a good system—so long as it works. And in all the realm of sport there is no more pathetic spectacle than that of a husband—one who carefully collects all available information and handicaps them scientifically—at the end of a losing afternoon trying to smile gamely at the little woman who, by means of the ancient method of slutting her eyes and jabbing a pin through the program, has come up with about five nice-priced winners.

And we have seen just that very thing happen, more than once. In fact it has happened to us personally, more than once. But those days seem to be gone, thank goodness. The ladies no longer go in for hatpins to any great extent; and no other sort of pin seems to work the same magic, for some reason or none.

* * *

The following brief but truthful little anecdote is along the same lines. A large manufacturing plant situated near a great Ontario haswas what establishment of any size hasn't?—its quota of those devoted to improving the breed of Thoroughbreds by betting on them. Or, more briefly, horse-players.

* * *

Some of these make their selections by means of Past Performance, poring over the pages of The Racing Form—vulgarly known as The Dope Sheet'—for hours at a stretch. Others take a shorter, but no less certain Highway to the Hockshop, by letting some of us newspaper "experts" do the picking. And one or two are strictly "hunch players."

* * *

Your hunch players is a peculiar bird. Everything that happens, and a lot of things that don't, has a hidden meaning, if you can only figure it out. For example, if you should happen to dream about eating green apples, and then in next day's entries see a steed named BEL — STOMACH ACHE, it stands to reason you have a sure and certain warning to bet all you have on its chances.

* * *

(We might say, parenthetically, that these hunches sometimes work out. In fact, if we were asked just which would go broke the sooner—the hunch player of the scientific one—our answer would be that a dead heat might well be the result, only the hunch player would have more fun for his money.)

* * *

But to get back to our tale. In the group we were speaking about, one—we'll call him Mike—was strictly a hunch bettor. And when the others, on scanning the entries on a recent morning, saw that a certain horse was carded to carry a weight of 217 pounds, they saw a chance for a bit of fun. Obviously it was just a misprint. Horses don't carry such weights—not since the days of Knights in Armor—and the correct figure should have been 117.

* * *

"When Mike sees this horse carrying 217, he's bound to want to know 'How Come,'" said one of the jokers. "Let's tell him that there are just a few horses that have a strain of elephant blood, and the rules are that they have to carry 100 pounds extra. He'll believe pretty nearly anything you tell him; maybe he'll even go for that."

* * *

It happened just as expected. Mike saw the unusual poundage, and wanted to know wherefore and why. With straight faces the conspirators informed him about the unusual breeding, and the extra hundred pounds it entailed. Mike looked at them suspiciously, but none of them even cracked a smile. Finally he walked away. "Surely he wasn't sucker enough to swallow such a tale," remarked one of the group. Then they promptly forgot all about it.

* * *

They forgot all about it, that is to say, till about 24 hours later when, the next morning, their dupe Mike bore down on them his countenance wrenched in smiles. "Pretty nice," he said, "that one that was to carry the 217 pounds!"

* * *

"Surely you didn't bet on him?" gasped one of the others. "Sure thing I did," replied Mike. "Of course I didn't pay much attention to all that bushwa of yours about the elephant blood. I was pretty sure you were just kidding me. Still, I thought to myself that when they made that mistake in the weights it is a pretty good break—as I bet five straights, five place—pretty near thirty bucks winner—and that's not so hard to take."

* * *

As we started off by saying, this is a strictly true story. We could tell you the name of the manufacturing plant aforesaid, but refrain—for fear of reprisals on the part of the "smart" horse players who DIDN'T have a bet on that winner.

* * *

Still, just as a guarantee of good faith, we can give you SOME of the details. It happened in the last week in March. The paper that misprinted the weight was the eminent Toronto Globe & Mail. And the name of the steed was QUACK QUACK. You could look it up if your Sunday School Library happens to keep a file of racing papers.

* * *

What is the moral? (For all tales of this nature should undoubtedly carry a moral.) Well—and it's a good one to remember with the racing season about to burst upon us — WINNERS ARE WHERE YOU FIND THEM. Also — A GOOD LUCKY STREAK BEATS ALL THE RACING DOPE EVER PRINTED.

Pat Egan — whose name sounds as if there might be just a trace of Irish in his ancestry—is best known as a star performer on the New York Rangers Hockey Team.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

Several times in the past, I've written about the necessity for attention to safety, especially around the home or on the farm, where so large a percentage of accidents occur. But accidents do happen, and it's well for everybody—young and old—to have an idea of what to do in such an emergency. For that kind of knowledge often means the difference between life and death. So, a few words about shock and its treatment may not be amiss.

* * *

Shock is the peculiar collapse which follows every serious accident, also many minor ones. You suddenly feel faint, your face gets pale, your pulse weak and rapid, and your skin feels moist and clammy. Your mind is dull and you may go into a "blackout." There may be stomach upset and vomiting. That's shock! It may come immediately after being hurt, or may develop later.

* * *

The more serious your injury, the worse will be the shock. It might even be severe enough to prove fatal.

* * *

If you are severely injured and go into shock, hope that there is somebody around who knows how to treat for shock. If it's the other way around—if you come across someone that's injured, it's up to you to know what to do.

* * *

Severe bleeding must be checked or the shock may become worse. Lay the victim on his back, head low, and feet raised about 18 inches. If the ground slopes, place him with his head downhill. Keep him warm, and out of the wind. Wrap blankets, coats, or even newspapers around him.

* * *

If he is conscious, and can swallow, give him small drinks of hot tea or coffee. If he was chilled before you were able to handle him up, you may bring him back to normal temperature by placing hot water bottles around him, but be careful not to burn him. If he vomits, turn his head to the side so that there's no danger of choking.

* * *

Shock is serious and you must get the victim to a doctor as soon as possible because, in many instances, the shock is more dangerous than the injury which caused it.

* * *

Here are several types of injury, all but one of which call for shock treatment, and the first aid required for each. THAT ONE EXCEPTION IS SUNSTROKE! Pounding pulse, high temperature, red skin, no perspiration should tell you that the victim is NOT a shock case. He's suffering from SUNSTROKE. GET HIM IN THE SHADE AND COOL HIM OFF!

* * *

Electric shock (1) artificial respiration. (2) Treat for shock.

* * *

Fainting (1) call doctor. (2) treat for shock.

* * *

Wounds. Raise injured limb and apply compress. (2) Treat for shock.

* * *

Snake Bite (1) apply tight band above fang marks. (2) Make X cuts over wound with sterile knife. (3) Suction out poison. (4) Treat for shock.

* * *

Burns (1) apply sterile vaseline and gauze. (2) Treat for shock.

* * *

Sunstroke. DO NOT TREAT FOR SHOCK! Cool off with ice. Moisten clothes liberally and move patient into shade.

* * *

Auto accident. Do NOT move patient. (2) Check bleeding with compress or hand over pressure point. (3) Check for broken limbs and apply splints; place pillow under injured limb. (4) Treat for shock.

* * *

AND NOW, TO REPEAT, HERE'S HOW YOU TREAT FOR SHOCK: FEET UP, HEAD DOWN, WARM WITH BLANKETS, COATS OR NEWSPAPERS, HOT TEA, COFFEE OR WATER. YOU DO NOT MOVE THE VICTIM IF BONES ARE BROKEN, AND, OF COURSE, IN EVERY CASE YOU CALL OR SEND FOR A DOCTOR AS SOON AS POSSIBLE—AND BE SURE HE GETS THE RIGHT ADDRESS AND TRAVELLING INSTRUCTIONS, IF NECESSARY!

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Special Occasion

was a wet night—a bad night the Plume of Feathers. In the bar there were just the of them. The young couple had come in at nine and the who had been sitting in the corner chair, silent and y, the whole evening. a time the young couple notice him. Just as they seemed to notice the rain. were lost in a private world their own. When they stopped ing and talking they looked each other's eyes. They did hear the man's heavy sighing sh that came every few minutes. They had no time to notice misery in the lines round his sh, the pain in his eyes

Then the boy started to a second round, the girl ed him and whispered. He hesitated for a moment, then smiled and walked across the bar to the in the corner.

xcuse me, but won't you join ? They looked up, the girl ng, there's just the three of

him smile struggled on to man's lips. "That's very kind you but—"

lease, no 'buts' As a matter this is a frightfully special ion for us. We want someone to drink with us. We shall really upset if you don't."

right, I'll join you, I'm afraid. And mine's only a

ure?"

uite sure."

e three glasses of bitter made appearance. The barmaid retired to her knitting, obviously the more lively atmosphere of public bar.

Well, then, here's to your special occasion!" said the man, making her valiant effort to produce a . He was really very little than the boy—at the most ee or eight years older. But happ was taking years off one and gloom was adding years to other, so that they might have father and son.

he girl laughed self-consciously. a giggle. "Thanks. You're first. I hope you feel duly hon-

he boy grinned sheepishly. see, we got engaged about ago. Cut the top of a bus- ed ticket in half—stayed on the end of the journey. Then came in here. I expect it all ds mad, out it's how we felt." e just had to ask somebody ink—to our future," the girl

ather!—only once in a life- said the boy, heartily. was fumbled in his pocket his wallet. For a moment looked anxiously at each other, tened he was going to em- ss them with the offer of ent. But he handed them in- a tiny photograph.

he girl caught her breath. "Why she's lovely!"

es. Very lovely." His voice toneless. "I was engaged to for three years." He fumbled s trousers pockets. "Ah, there Yes, that's the ring. She it back to me at five-thirty evening. That's why I've been g in here since six—drinking. y, isn't it?" His voice was toneless.

h, I say, we're terribly sorry— we'd realized we-we'd never bitted in—"

shrugged his shoulders. "I'm feeling as bad about it as I at six. Sunk quite a few beers then. It helps."

nd now we've made it worse oo," said the boy, guiltily.

h, for Heaven's sake don't: me that. Talking—once you started—helps as much as ing."

ere you very much in love her?" asked the girl

paused. "Well, the idea we going to get married one day a mental habit."

erhaps she'll change her mind I think long engagements are difficult—especially for We'd have been engaged eighteen months ago but I wouldn't. Now we shall only be engaged for a few months. Dick didn't like me being obstinate, but I'm sure it was right."

"Well, it's been the same thing—we've gone about together everywhere," said the boy, quickly.

"Yes, but because we wanted to. Not because we felt we had to. That's the big difference. And it wasn't really possible to think about getting married before. Now Dick's had a rise—well, it's a good deal simpler." She smiled almost distantly. She was still in her own private world.

The man sighed. "Yes, I know all that. Waiting—this year, next year. Money, money—always blasted money! People say it doesn't matter but, by Heaven, it does! Well, you two are all right. Stick to it. I hope you'll get a devil of a lot more rises. Big ones. My ruddy firm's in the wrong sort of trade for these days. Shipping—you can't expect much."

They looked at him with sudden understanding. "Was that why—?"

"Yes, that was why. After three years of waiting—and now smashed to pieces. I suppose I can't blame her. It was a pretty big cut, blast them! Only it was all so nearly possible. We'd have had to be careful, of course, but, still, it wouldn't have been all scrapping and snatching every farthing. No, I can't blame her. They haven't left me enough to offer any woman."

"Pretty tough luck!" The boy gulped. "Makes me feel a pig. I mean, I got my rise this morning and you—"

"Don't be a fool, man! If anybody ought to feel a pig it's me—shouldn't have said a thing about it, ought to have just drunk your healths. Spoiling your great day for you—ought to have known better. But it was a kind of coincidence and I suppose I had to get it off my chest to somebody. Been drinking anyway—makes you say things you shouldn't . . ."

"We were thinking too much about ourselves, anyway. I know I was. A hell of a chap I was thinking myself. Just because they'd shoved my money up to eight quid a week—"

"How much?" He almost shouted. He stopped back as if someone had hit him and the remnants of beer in his glass splashed on to the floor.

The boy flushed. "Eight pounds," he said, curtly.

The man flung the glass against the bar counter. "Eight pounds—eight quid! My God, that's what they cut my money down to?" He reached the door laughing like a madman.

The young couple looked at each other. When they looked round again there was just the door swinging violently.

"And what's up with him, I'd like to know," exclaimed the barmaid, looking angrily at the floor. "Glasses cost money!"

—From "Tit Bits".

How The Donkey Got His Bray

Waterloo was a large black donkey. In those days donkeys were the usual means of transportation in Jerusalem, and people rode donkey-back on their business rounds and even when paying social calls . . .

Our Arab nurses told us the story of how the donkey got his bray when we were little, solemnly assuring us it was true. When Noah was collecting the animals for the ark, Mr. and Mrs. Donkey came early, but lingered a few minutes on the green turf for a last nibble of grass. They did not notice the gathering clouds nor the first huge drops of rain. Then Mr. Donkey looked up to see that the door of the ark was closed!

He was terribly frightened. What if he and his mate were left behind? So he lifted up a loud voice and called: "Noa-ah! Noa-ah!"

The rain beat and the lightning flashed and the thunder tore, and suddenly Noah opened the door of the ark to them.

Mr. Donkey was so relieved to see Noah that his shouting subsided into "Ah! ah! ah!" and that is how the donkey got his bray, and the reason why it is so loud, for he had to raise his voice above the downpouring of the Flood.

The story is much better told in Arabic, where the cries of Noah sound exactly like the donkey's bray.

We children had glorious times riding Waterloo. He was big and strong and could carry several of us at one time. An ingenious contrivance of panniers made of two upholstered kerosene boxes was slung on either side of an Arabic saddle, on which was fastened, throne-like, a coffee-shop stool upside down with one rung cut out to make a chair. Plump and cheerful John Whiting sat in this, his sister Ruth and my sister Grace in the kerosene boxes, and we older children walked or ran alongside. . . .

We often went donkey-back to Ein Farrah, and in my parents' letters are many mentions of picnics in this wildly picturesque and rocky gorge near Anathoth, the birthplace of jeremiah. . . .

We liked going to Ein Farrah early, to avoid travelling in the summer heat, and generally arrived by sunrise at a certain plain which we children dubbed "The Plain of the Rising Sun," for we loved giving names to places. On this plain was a Moslem shrine or "welí," and we noticed that all the donkeys lifted up their voices in a tremendous bray as they faced the first rays of the rising sun, which was usually just as we were approaching the well. Because of the Arabic tale of the donkey and his bray, we called the shrine "Noah's Tomb."

A few years ago I gave a tea-party to a group of Biblical students visiting Jerusalem. They were late, and in their apology mentioned that they had been taken to see Noah's Tomb. I questioned them, for I knew there was no tomb in Palestine that could possibly attributed to Noah.

To my amusement I found they had been taken by one of our old "donkey-boys," now graduated into a dragoman, or guide, to our shrine on our "Plain of the Rising Sun," both named by us when we were children. So does fantasy get handed down to become a tradition.

—From "Our Jerusalem," by Bertha Spafford Vester.

Imagination

"Mrs. Cohen," said Mrs. Nathan, "what's the trouble? You look worried."

"Yes, yes," sighed Mrs. Cohen, "my husband is always sick."

"Your husband is just a hypochondriac," said Mrs. Nathan. "He isn't sick. He just thinks he's sick. Take no notice of his complaints and watch him get well."

A month later, the two women met again. Mrs. Cohen looked even more worried.

"Your husband no better?" asked the friend.

"Worse," said Mrs. Cohen. "He thinks he's dead."

How To Build A Barbecue Grill

Naturally you'll need first to select your building site. Choose a spot where there is shade in the late afternoon, if this is possible. You had better get the whole family together to decide on this, because although the grill can be moved, it is unnecessarily hard work. Then you must place your order for concrete blocks. It will take 63 whole blocks and 12 half ones. While this order is being filled, you can use this time to find the articles you will need in order to start work. They are few. A hoe, a spade, four pegs and some string, a level and a trowel will do.

Stake the pegs and strung that you have to the ground to form the outline of your pit. Take some sharp instrument and mark this outline off so that the strings may be removed. Then you start to dig because you must have a base for the grill that will not allow it to sink and become unlevel. You accomplish this by sinking the blocks their full 8" in the ground. The base is completed.

The remainder of the work is placing the blocks in order to build up the sides and back. No cement is used. The blocks are merely stacked one on top of the other. The sides of the firebox are built 3 blocks high from the base and are 3½ blocks deep. In order to keep your wood in a dry and orderly fashion, a wood box is built on one side of the firebox. The walls of the wood box are only two blocks high, but are the same depth as the firebox. This wood box also serves as a table during cooking operations.

Now take two and one-half blocks and place them on the top of the back wall of the firebox. On top of these you place two more blocks and another one on top of these two, so that you have a simulated chimney in the back. All blocks should be placed so that they interlace, since this lessens their chance of falling. Since no cement is used, the blocks may be replaced easily should one crack from the heat. However, chances are you won't have to worry about this for several years.

The building operation can be completed in a day and your grill finished except for three items. The wood box needs a top, the firebox needs a grill and the base of the firebox needs to be built up about eight inches so that so much wood need not be used for the fire. The base of the firebox may be built up with either concrete blocks, gravel, cinders, or old bricks. The grill must be obtained and can either be made out of iron rods about ½ inch in diameter, or any suitable grill that can withstand great heat.

The top of the wood box will look best made of concrete. This means that a frame the exact size of the top must be built. The ground may serve as the base of this frame. The concrete must be mixed in these proportions: 6 coal buckets of gravel, 4 of sand, and 2 of cement. Water must be added to form the correct mixture of concrete. Mixing concrete is heavy work and you may need some help on this. After it is poured, the top must be smoothed with a trowel until there are no lumps or pieces of gravel left on top. The concrete must be left to dry for at least 24 hours and must be sprinkled with water several times during this drying period to prevent cracking. This with help, a great deal of help, because this concrete block is very heavy, the finished slab is placed on top of the wood box and the barbecue grill is complete.

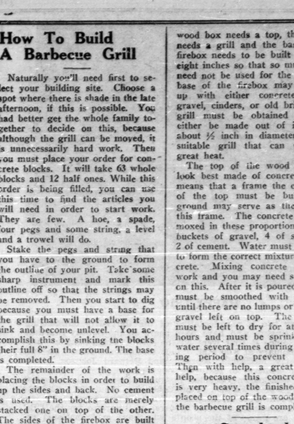
Comeback

A wealthy widow married a man of slender means. The honeymoon had scarcely ended before she began reminding her husband that it was her money which was paying the bills. Even when friends dropped in and admired the newlyweds' home, she will make a remark, "Of course, if it weren't for my money, Henry would not be able to afford a place like this." One day the husband bought a television set. His wife examined it and said:

"It's beautiful. But I don't have to remind you, Henry, that if it weren't for my money, it wouldn't be here."

"My dear," replied the husband, quietly, "I think it's time to tell you that if it weren't for your money, I wouldn't be here either."

And then, of course, there was the optician's daughter. Two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself.



Canadian Fighters In Battle Against Cancer—Throughout Canada there are some 70 highly trained groups of research workers carrying on scientific research into the cause and cure for cancer. Perhaps one of the most unusual research teams is to be found at the Medical School of the University of Western Ontario. Dr. Lee Fraser Bertram, a graduate of Western University, and her husband Ewart Bertram, M.Sc., a graduate of the same college are working together on cancer research under the guidance of Dr. Murray Llewellyn Barr, another Western graduate.

Dr. Bertram entered the field of medicine by a rather circuitous route. Daughter of a Port Elgin doctor, Dr. James E. Fraser, she studied music at Alma College and attained her degree before finally deciding to enter the medical School at Western.

Ewart Bertram is a graduate biologist and after his marriage to the brilliant young doctor in the fall of 1949 they commenced their research career together.

Dr. Barr, an RCAF veteran, is in charge of the research project which concerns the structure of cell nuclei as it may relate to the cancer cell. Dr. Barr's project is financed by the National Cancer Institute and the National Research Council. He is also assisted by H. Lindsay.

Part of the funds raised during the April campaign of the Canadian Cancer Society will be used to assist this and similar research projects in Canada. Contributions may be sent to any local unit of the Society or mailed direct to Ontario Headquarters, Postal Station 'F', Toronto.

Warp and Woof of Fashion—Snug as two dogs in a rug are "Fancy Dapper Dan," left, police Bloodhound, and "Merry Windjammer," champion Surrey English cocker spaniel. The dogs suffered through the fitting of their new "rug-ed look" hats for a special benefit fashion show. Hats get that way being made of carpeting.

Leper Mission Begins—Navy doctor Gordon C. McNeilly, with his daughter, Miriam, 4, left Alameda, Calif., bound for an 18-month tour of duty in the leper colony on Tinian Island. Dr. McNeilly volunteered for the hazardous assignment because he felt it his "Christian duty." Also accompanying him were his wife and another daughter, 4 months old.

No, No, Not Again! — The year is only three months old, but already the flagpole sitters are at it. First to jump the gun on the summer silly season is Odell Smith, ex-Marine paratrooper, of Atlanta, Ga., shown ascending to his perch. He plans to bust all pole-sitting records by squatting up there for nine months, coming down on Christmas.

JITTER

By Arthur Pointer