FAMOUS SEAGRAM GOLD CUP—When top-ranking U.S. and Canadian professionals converge on Royal Montreal Golf Club in search of the Canadian Open championship, the Seagram Gold Cup and $10,800 in prize money, Aug. 24-27, they will be playing at the oldest golf club in North America—the "Mother of Golf" on this continent.

It was back in 1875 that the famous club which now has suburban Dixie as its locale first came into being, when seven Montreal gentlemen got together and resolved "that those present should form themselves into a golf club to be called the Montreal Golf Club."

The founders laid out an 11-hole course on Fletcher's Field—now in the heart of Montreal—on the eastern slopes of Mount Royal, and there they played each Wednesday and Saturday. They enjoyed the game secure in the knowledge that it would make no severe demands on their purses; for in those days clubs cost $1.10 each, balls were eight cents, and a member's annual dues came to $2.50. The club added the prefix "Royal" to its name in 1884 on authority from Queen Victoria.

As the years went by, the popularity of the game grew steadily and the Fletcher's Field links became more and more crowded. In 1896, the directors observed that "it requires much room to perform this game with propriety" and began to look around for suitable land on which to build a new course. They found that land at Dixie.

Today, Royal Montreal has a clubhouse built to accomodate a membership of more than 1,000, and its members play over two championship courses, both running 6,500 yards in length and both with a par of 72. For its convenience and its variety, the South course has been selected for this year's Open.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

I sometimes think that flies are a good deal like Stalin and "his boys". When "our side" is relaxing and taking things easy "they" are on the job all the time. Which is, of course, just a roundabout way of saying "never let up on the fles." When your first spray stops killing them, it's time to treat your buildings again.

* * *

The weather most of us have been having this past month or so has been favorable to flies. Alternate showers and sunshine were hard on fly-killing chemicals applied on the outside of buildings.

* * *

If you want good fly control, you have to keep at the job. Sanitation comes first. Keep manure hauled, feeding floors clean and so on.

* * *

Flies will breed even in damp soil around tanks or where feedlots drain. You can treat such areas with one ounce of borax per square foot.

* * *

No fly-killing chemical lasts forever — or even all season — outdoors. When it no longer kills flies —when you can find live flies on treated surfaces early in the morning—it is probably time to spray again.

* * *

There is a dollar-and-cents reason for summer fly control. Keeping the flies down is one way to boost hot-weather production. Increases up to 20 per cent have been reported when fly-free herds were checked against herds with no fly control.

* * *

You have several choices of fly killers. But there are only two you can use on dairy cattle or on the inside of dairy barns and milk houses.

* * *

These are lindane and methoxychlor. This pair is approved for use around milk cows and buildings where milk is handled.

* * *

On the outside of barns or in other livestock buildings you can use DDT. Or lindane. Methyoxychlor could be used too, but many farmers say it doesn't have the lasting quality of the other two chemicals.

* * *

Beef cows, stock cattle on pasture or steers in the feedlot also need treatment. Benefits from fly control aren't confined to milk cows.

* * *

Tests on fat steers show that summer gains can be boosted at least one-fourth pound per day if flies are kept under control. Spray both cattle and buildings.

* * *

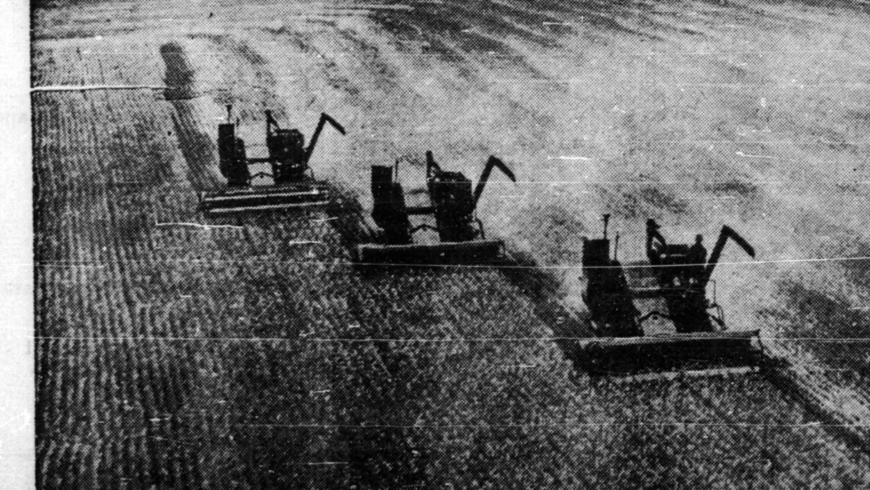
Beef cattle probably will need a treatment every two weeks or so. You can use DDT, lindane or methoxychlor on them. With the dairy cows, don't use DDT.

* * *

Some dairymen use the pyrenones on dairy cows. Pyrenone sprays have a quick knock-down but not the lasting ability of the others. So you have to use them once a day.

* * *

There is one important thing to remember about any chemical you use: Use it only according to the manufacturer's instructions. Read the label. Then follow directions.



Wheat Harvest In Full Swing—Looking like three prehistoric monsters, these combines, move through the 83-acre wheat field of C. O. Zile. The scene is a typical one throughout the Wheat Belt as farmers harvest their unexpectedly good crops, yielding 30 to 35 bushels an acre.

SPORTS &c

by A Sixbit Critic

When we first saw the title of a new book on golf announced as "IT GOES WHERE YOU HIT IT" we were reminded of an old-time vaudeville act, which some of you will no doubt remember. It was the one where the comedian, after manfully struggling to master the trombone, winds up by saying pathetically, "I blow it in so sweet —but it always comes out so r-r-r-rotten."

* * *

For in the days when we played golf, or went through the motions of so doing, it was our firm conviction that the little white pellet was determined to go ANYWHERE ELSE BUT where we hit it.

* * *

Now, after a look through the aforementioned book by George Louis Cumming, better known to thousands as "Lou" Cumming, and famous golfing son of an even more famous golfing father, we are convinced that we were mistaken. In fact, we believe that if this book had been published back before the war —(we're not saying which war)— we would now be an active golfer, instead of sitting on the sidelines and sneering at the perspiring divot-diggers, out there in the broiling sun, trying to look as if they were having fun.

* * *

For Lou Cumming, in his book, approaches the subject of golf in a manner that is both novel and interesting. **"It is obvious," he says in an early chapter, "that when two golfers play together, other things being equal, the one who is comfortable doesn't have to beat the other. He just WAITS—WAITS for that person's discomfort to overcome him. And it does, EVERY TIME."**

* * *

Now, that manner of talk makes real sense, in almost any sport. The kind of hitter that pitchers hate to see facing them are those that are —like old Babe Ruth used to be— "loose as ashes at the plate." That sort of athlete is relaxed. He's comfortable. Yet most golfers we know, especially those who have taken courses of ordinary coaching, are so tensed up thinking of what they must do, what they mustn't do, and so forth, that it's a wonder they ever hit the ball at all, let alone get some fun out of the game.

* * *

Here's another quote that will give you the general idea of the book far better than any comment of ours. **"If I said that Joe Louis hit Max Schmeling a blow but at the moment of impact he was off balance, I would imply that the blow was not fully effective. Why? Because balance can be defined as the position in which a person can best WITHSTAND a force from any direction. It is logical to conclude that if this balanced person can best WITHSTAND a force from any direction HE CAN BEST APPLY A FORCE IN ANY DIRECTION."**

* * *

Even to a non-golfer like ourself the book is very readable, and easy to follow. There are over eighty pictures showing clearly, point by point, what the author is trying to get across—that the ball actually goes where you hit it, and that it's just as easy to hit it on a line toward the hole, as into the rough or out of bounds.

* * *

By no means the least interesting feature of the book is the brief but touching tribute Lou pays to his father, the late George Cumming, father of Canadian golf, whose death early this year brought sorrow to countless thousands of golfers the world over. **"He taught me, but it must have been something like teaching a wife to drive a car. I questioned everything and my 'whys' must have driven him to desperation at times—then, one lesson I remembered his having given me suddenly made sense. I could hear him say in his thick Scotch brogue 'Stand up and hit the damned thing'."**

* * *

Lou Cumming's theory of relaxed, comfortable golfing is the result of lengthy and varied experience. Born in 1906, by the time he was fifteen he was acting as professional—during his summer holidays from school —at what he modestly describes as "a small nine-hole course that couldn't afford a full-time professional." Since then, with a couple of years out for war activities, his life has been pretty much taken up with the game.

* * *

"After V-J Day," he writes, "with the prospect of civilian life looming ahead of me my thoughts naturally turned to golf once again. In retrospect, my former teaching methods did not satisfy me when compared with my new knowledge of teaching technique. Wasn't teaching; Keep your head down, etc. really teaching a NEGATIVE SYSTEM? Wasn't this really teaching them that if they did all this, they would not miss the ball. I felt that if I were going to return to the teaching of golf I wanted a POSITIVE SYSTEM—something definite I could tell people to do that would make them HIT THE BALL."

* * *

Space will not permit further comment or quotation, but we can say this—we honestly believe that Lou Cumming has achieved his goal. We think that IT GOES WHERE YOU HIT IT is a book that any golfer, from duffer to par-buster, will enjoy and profit by reading. After finishing it we were inclined to misquote Holy Writ and say "Almost thou persuadest us to be a—golfer." We understand that the book is not, as yet, available at book stores, but anybody who can't wait may get a copy—price $4.50— by addressing Lou Cumming at The Toronto Golf Club.

A 15-Year-Old Boy Discovers The Secret Of Television

One morning Phil came to school early and approached Tolman, who was sitting at his desk busily preparing for the day's work, and asked to join the senior chemistry class, which was taught by Tolman. The request was an astonishing one, since entering the class in the middle of the term would require that he make up the first three month's work of the course. Tolman told him that he would have to wait until his senior year, that it would be folly for a freshman to think of doing the work of a senior. The boy left, and Tolman thought he had seen the last of him in the chemistry class for three years. But he was mistaken: the next day Phil appeared again and asked the privilege of just sitting in with the group. The request was granted, and Farnsworth soon proved a worthy student. His questions so penetrating that he often stayed after school with Tolman to thrash them out. It finally resulted in his coming early and staying late and getting special tutoring from Tolman beyond the requirements of the senior-class course.

It was not extraordinary, then, that Phil confided in Tolman his purpose to become an inventor and give it as the principal reason for his eager pursuit of scientific knowledge.

Phil continued to enjoy astonishing his young brothers and sisters with his vivid descriptions of what he had learned of this and that science, how he was going to make great things from his knowledge and become famous.

The idea of television was not new in the realm of the human mind, but Phil Farnsworth's conception of harnessing the photo-electric cell and the cathode ray tube in a simple television system was new and original.

The scheme became an obsession with him. He must tell someone about it. He must discuss it to clarify the details in his own mind. Tolman was the logical confidant. Finally when he felt he had the plan well worked out, he determined to reveal it to his mentor.

The study hall with the large blackboard at the front was usually vacant during the last period of the day. With the routine work for the day accomplished, Phil would repair to his room to prepare himself for the after-school session in chemistry with Tolman. This seemed to him the logical place to reveal to Tolman the details of the television scheme that had been driving him during most of his waking hours for the past months. With the sense of the dramatic which was growing to be an essential part of his personality, he planned to surprise his instructor by drawing a full outline of his scheme on the blackboard before Tolman came in.

When Tolman entered the room, the boy was not in his customary seat poring over a book, but was finishing a blue-print type of diagram that covered half of the blackboard which stretched across the front wall of the room.

Tolman stepped to the front of the study hall and sat down to watch the boy as he completed his diagram with nervous, almost fidgety strokes. When he had finished the drawing he placed chalk and eraser on the base of the blackboard, walked over to the end, and picked up a pointer. Returning to the center in front of Tolman, he announced with eager, half-suppressed excitement that this was his new television system.

Tolman asked what this had to do with chemistry. Phil then went on to explain that this new invention of his had really been occupying his thought for a long time and he wanted to explain it to him.

There was not time between the close of the school session and the supper hour to go into all the details of this scheme as Phil visualized it. It took many more evenings. In these sessions, chemistry was forgotten and Phil stood before the blackboard posing the problems and solutions embracing the general system of television. It must be remembered that this plan was unfolded evening after evening in the Rigby High School (Idaho) by a fifteen-year-old boy in 1922, when sound radio was yet in its infancy. —From "The Story of Television —The Life of Philo T. Farnsworth," by George Everson.

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Earning a good living by harpooning, shooting or trapping about 70 crocodiles a week is 34-year-old Samuel Tweeddale, an ex-Irish Guardsman who went to Africa after the war because he wanted a job which offered some excitement.

Well, he's found the excitement all right, because it's no easy task harpooning crocodiles from a collapsible boat on the Semliki River in Central Africa.

The other day a crocodile he had harpooned shook itself so vigorously that the harpoon was flung back. It was a good shot by the crocodile, for the harpoon struck Tweedale in the chest. Fortunately there was little power behind it and he escaped with a few bruises.

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ATTENTION — Eastern Canadian Berry Growers! Try our hardy Certified British Soverign strawberry plants for large profits. These plants grow 14 inches tall, yielding 2,000 crates of marketable berries per acre during their period of production. The berries are sweet, large and firm. Last winter they withstood 35 below zero weather whilst other fruit trees suffered devastating damage. Place your order before Aug. 15th in order that we may be able to propogate enough plants now for the spring shipments. Complete cultural instructions with every order. Shipped in special containers to insure safe arrival. Price $3.75 per 100 plants, prepaid. $30.00 per 1000, prepaid. The K.M.M. Strawberry Farms, Kelowna, B.C.

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PROTESTANT teachers wanted for Cardiff Township School Area. Salary for qualified teachers, $1,800.00 per annum. Applications from permit teachers will be considered. Apply Secretary-Treasurer, Highland Grove, Ont.

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ISSUE 29 — 1950

ROLL YOUR OWN BETTER CIGARETTES WITH

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Harry Lauder's Gone But His Songs Live On

Even during his lifetime a number of estimates were made of the fortune which Sir Harry Lauder was likely to leave. Though talking films did not arrive until he was too old to master the new technique, he amassed the bulk of his fortune in the days when income tax was negligible, when gramophone records and sheet music sold in millions, and when a top-liner like himself was easily able to command five hundred pounds a week on the halls. Moreover, Harry never splashed his money about.

But let's begin at the beginning. Harry was born of poor parents in Portobello, outside Edinburgh, and at the age of eleven was sent to the flax mills, where he worked for two shillings a week, and was thrashed by his father for only handing over one-and-ninepence when he came home with his first week's wages.

The missing threepence was accounted for as follows: a penny balloon, a penny luck bag (containing a wonderful assortment of mechanical toys, sweets, and paper devices) and a pennyworth (mixed) of strippit balls and curly murlies..

A "Gentleman Amateur"

His first public appearance was in the Oddfellows Hall at Arbroath at the age of thirteen. The occasion was a singing contest for young amateurs organised by a travelling concert party. The chorus of the song was:

"Though poverty daily looks in at my door,
Though I'm hungry and footsore and ill,
I can look the whole world in the face and can say
Though poor I'm a gentleman still."

Harry won the first prize, a watch, which he kept all his life. A second competition for "gentlemen amateurs" was held soon afterwards. Once again Harry won it —with the same song. But this time he exchanged his prize, a six-bladed knife, for thick, black plug tobacco. A year later Harry and his family moved to Hamilton, where an uncle had said that work was plentiful for boys of all ages and the money was better than in the flax mills.

So for the next eight years Harry worked in the mines as pit-boy, trapper, pony driver, and collier. On one occasion he was saved from certain death by his pit pony, which suddenly refused to pass an old working road which had fallen. A moment later there was a heavy roof fall.

A long time passed before Harry sang, at an amateur show in Glasgow, his first comic song. It was called "Tooralladdie." But he returned to the coal-mines on the following Monday.

Months went by before he was offered his first professional engagement as a comic in a small touring concert party. Wages were thirty-five shillings a week, and his duties included those of baggage man, bill distributer, and ticket collector. The trip lasted fourteen weeks, and in spite of the fact that he was accompanied by his wife and child he save twelve pounds. Then back he went to the coal-mines.

Various minor temporary engagements came his way until he was booked at the Argyll at Birkenhead, that famous music-hall which gave Charlie Chaplin, George Formby, sen., and Flanagan and Allen their first chance. Here he introduced "Tobermory" and "The Lass of Killiecrankie," had an immediate success, and promptly went to London. Yet he could get no bookings until an engagement at Gatti's Hall in Westminster Bridge Road came his way at the last minute. Somebody had fallen sick.

It was Harry's chance, and it "made" him overnight. In his excitement he signed a series of contracts with agents and music halls all over the country at salaries which looked fine at the time, but were all out of proportion in the next few years; for the contracts were long-term affairs.

Quietly he waited his opportunity. As the contracts ran out so his price went up, and the people who had made so much out of him in the past had to pay through the nose. One good song followed another. "We parted on the Shore," "I love a Lassie," "Roamin' in the Gloamin'," "The Saftest o' the Family," "A Wee Deoch and Doris," "It's Nice to Get up in the Morning," and "Stop Yer Tickling Jock."

His Own Melodies

According to Harry, the original melodies all came out of his own head, and so did the idea for some of the words. "Roamin' in the Gloamin'," for example was the result of a moonlight walk with his wife from Dunoon to Innelan. Gerald Grafton and he wrote "I Love a Lassie." In "Tobermory," Tom Glenn of Dundee collaborated with him. "The Saftest o' the Family" was the result of a combination of words and music drafted out and arranged by Harry and J. D. Harper of Glasgow.

As his success continued thousands of songs were sent to him by lyric writers and composers all over the world. But few, if any, suited his very personal style.

Really big money first came his way when he visited the United States and the British Empire. In the United States, which he visited year after year, he became the personal friend of a series of U.S. Presidents, beginning with Theodore Roosevelt, and this stocky, pawky, puckish litle Scot did more for Scotland, and, incidentally, for the popularity of the kilt, than anybody in history. His refusal ever to sing a doubtful song and his life-long rule of sticking to simple, homely melodies, all of them easy to whistle, made him unique.

His friendly cheerfulness as soon as he strutted on the stage streamed across the footlights in warm waves. You could not possibly help liking him and the inimitable rolls of his "R's" endeared him to audiences all over the world.

One of his maxims was: "If ye ever go to entertain anyone, give your best, whether it is an audience of thirty or thirty thousand." And he did. Even on that very pathetic occasion in 1916 when he heard that his only son John had been killed in France just before he went on the stage, he began well enough. Then came the verse:

"When we all gather round the old fireside
And the fond mother kisses her son,
All the lassies will be loving all the laddies—
The laddies who fought and won."

He broke down, and was never quite the same man again.

The death of his wife in 1927 was another severe blow, but when World War II broke out he went straight off his sick bed to cheer up the survivors of the torpedoed Athenia, and almost throughout the war sang four or five times a week to all the troops within reasonable range of his lonely Scottish home, Lauder Ha', at Strathavon. Twice Winston Churchill quoted from his songs, one being "The Laddies who Fought and Won," and the other "Keep Right on to the End of the Road."

The last time the great public heard him was on New Year's Eve, 1948, when the B.B.C. did a recording of many of his favourites, lasting nearly an hour. It has been well said of Sir Harry Lauder (he was knighted in 1919) that his characters, like Private John M'Deed or Doughie Baker, were not just stage Scotsmen to be dismissed contemptuously. His characters were drawn from the life of the lowland towns and mining villages, and his words, his actions and his thoughts were miraculously near to real life.

Do you remember: "The wife went up tae her bed. Bu' Ah got even. Ah cam' hame and Ah spat till Ah pit the fire oot"?

Harry Lauder interpreted the Scot to Scotsmen as the stern conditions of 19th century industrialism made him—child of the pits and the mills and the tenement stairs, with a slagheap for his playground and the fear of poverty making every joke a kind of snook cocked at the dark forces.

Only Danny Kaye in more modern times has approached Harry Lauder in his gift of turning a stage entertainment into a kind of family charade.

But whether Danny Kaye is well advised—brilliant mimic and comic though he is—to attempt to portray Harry Lauder on the screen is a matter of grave conjecture. For one thing, Danny Kaye is at least a foot taller than the "wee Scotch comic frae Hamilton," as he was billed in his early days.

VERY HEALTHFUL

"Is this a healthful town?" inquired the home-seeker of a native.

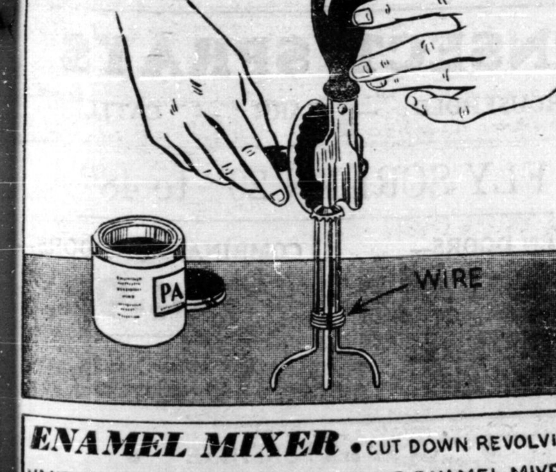
"Yes, certainly," was the answer. "When I came here I hadn't the strength to utter a word; I had scarcely a hair on my head; I couldn't walk across the room, and I had to be lifted from my bed."

"You give me hope!" cried the homeseeker with enthusiasm. "How long has you lived here?"

"I was born here," replied the native.

How to FIX-IT

By Harold Arnett



ENAMEL MIXER • CUT DOWN REVOLVING VANES OF OLD EGG BEATER TO MAKE ENAMEL MIXER. KEEP CENTER ROD LONGER TO KEEP VANES OFF BOTTOM OF CAN.

Rusty Is Back; Karen Is Happy; Parents: Relieved

Rusty, a collie belonging to the Ed Voegeles was lost for 12 days and during that time, one-year-old Karen Voegele pined for her doggie, scarcely ate and actually became seriously ill. Finally, after newspaper want-ads like the one at right, and an unending search that took the Voegeles 1200 miles at a cost of $250, Rusty was loated in a suburb of Kansas City. When the collie was brought home, thin and weary, Karen screamed happily, hugged the dog and romped with him for an hour. Then she ate her first good meal in 12 days and went to sleep soundly. Karen and Rusty are enjoying each other's company below.

Wrote About Deserted Maidens —Left One In The Lurch Himself

Greatest of England's Lake Poets, William Wordsworth, died a hundred years ago last month, at Grasmere.

"The Lake School"—as the colony of writers which grew up around him became known—was a name given contemptuously at first because its three best-known members, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, chose to spend nearly all their lives among its inspiring scenery.

Scorning the pseudo-romantic subjects then fashionable—assassins lurking in vaulted doorways, or thwarted lovers who preferred death to separation—Wordsworth vowed to make everyday happenings exciting. He saw more poetic beauty in a dewdrop, a butterfly, or the quaint village characters he met, than in flamboyant legendary heroes.

Gibes of the Critics

At first Wordsworth's extreme simplicity of language and theme raised a storm of derisive laughter. Who on earth, asked his critics, wanted to hear about Johnny Foy, the idiot boy?

Son of a prosperous solicitor, steward to Lord Donsdale, Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, a Cumberland market town, in 1770. Both his parents died while he was a schoolboy, leaving their children to the care of an uncle. At seventeen, William was sent to Cambridge.

Although the French Revolution was raging, he managed to get to France and Switzerland in 1790, and stayed a year in Orleans. Long walks among the Swiss Alps, and wanderings with his sister, Dorothy, in the Wye Valley, produced a constant flow of beautiful verse. Wordsworth knew by now that he must become a serious poet. But even poets have to eat.

Just then a consumptive friend and fervent admirer, Raisley Calvert, died and left him £900. It was like a dream come true. Dorothy Wordsworth had always wanted to live with her adored brother. Now they could set up house together.

More good fortune arrived when a Bristol merchant named Pinney agreed to let them live at his country house, Racedown Lodge, in return for Wordsworth acting as holiday tutor to his son. Two wonderful years followed.

It was at Racedown that they first met the poet Coleridge and were instantly drawn together.

After a tour in Germany, William settled with Dorothy in picturesque Dove Cottage, at Grasmere. His marriage to quiet Mary Hutchinson was made possible by a further windfall. The payment of £8,500 by Lord Lonsdale, in settlement of a debt owed to his dead father, relieved William of financial worries.

The marriage was strangely unromantic. The Wordsworths had known Mary since childhood. She was rather plain, and talked so little that somebody once remarked that all she could say was "God bless you." But perhaps this was due to the volubility of her husband and sister-in-law.

To Dove Cottage also came other famous writers—Charles Lamb, Robert Southey and De Quincey. It was an idyllic life. Coleridge lived nearby.

In 1813 the Wordsworths moved to Rydal Mount, at Grasmere. About this time the office of Distributor of Stamps for the county of Westmorland fell vacant. The salary was £500 a year with no heavy duties atached, and Wordsworth was overjoyed when Lord Lonsdale got him appointed, for he now had three children and his poems still brought in little money.

Secret Love Affair

Soon the powerful pens of Carlyle, Swinburne and Mathew Arnold busied themselves in his favour, and the tide turned with the publication of his long, tragic ballad, "The White Doe of Rylstone." On Southey's death, in 1843, Wordsworth became Poet Laureate. And when he died seven years later, aged eighty, he was uncrowned king of the Lake Country.

But a strange sequel was to come. More than half a century later it was discovered that the only really romantic chapter in Wordsworth's life had been carefully concealed by his family.

As the result of a passionate love-affair with a girl named Annette Vallon, an illegitimate daughter had been born to the poet in France during the year he spent at Orleans after leaving Cambridge. Previous to William's marriage, this child, Caroline, had accompanied her mother to Calais, where they spent a month with William and Dorothy before parting for ever.

Letters Discovered

In the British Museum he found letters from Dorothy Wordsworth which mentioned a Frenchwoman named Vallon and a daughter, Caroline, whom Dorothy called her "niece." During the 1914 war, Harper, stationed in Paris, spent all his spare time making inquiries. Eventually he discovered the birth and marriage certificates of "Caroline Wordsworth," in which her father's name was given.

Harper got into touch with descendants of the Vallons, and the whole story came out.

It was at Orleans that Wordsworth, then twenty-one, had met Annette. Attraction had ripened into love over French lessons she gave him. Why did they not marry —for that he loved her passionately there seems no doubt? Poverty is the probable explanation.

Whatever the truth, he left France before Annette's baby was born, his only confidante being the faithful Dorothy.

But the fact remains that deserted maidens, with babies born out of wedlock, provide the theme for many of his poems.

"John Doe's" Gall Bladder Is Big Hit On Television

By Richard Kleiner

New York—John Doe's gall bladder, complete with four stones, is famous. To test a system of televising operations, two cameras took in every detail of the removal of a diseased bladder from an unnamed patient.

John Doe, under an anaethetic, slept peacefully through the whole thing, as two surgeons neatly removed the organ at Bellevue Hospital. About 20 blocks away, in the United Nations building, a gathering of medical and radio experts watched the demonstration.

For two hours and 15 minutes, a sober-voiced commentator delivered a slice-by-slice account of what was going on. The witnesses who knew what they were watching said that everything came over clearly. Technically, the demonstration was a success.

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Don't look up your video program, expecting to choose between an appendectomy on channel three and a tonsillectomy on channel six. Not even as summer replacements will operations be televised to the general public.

They're purely educational in nature. They're designed to give medical students and interested surgeons an incision-side seat at the operating table.

The same equipment used to snoop on John Doe's gall bladder will be loaded into airplanes in a few weeks, on the first leg of a South American tour. About five tons—$80,000 worth—of sound and picture gadgets, accompanied by nine experts, will visit Puerto Rico, Brazil, Argentina, Venezuela and Mexico.

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They'll televise operations in the five Latin and South American nations, with 20 TV receivers all tuned in. The receivers will be set up in hotels where medical conventions are going on. One, directly above the patient, is constantly focussed on the incision. Viewers can watch the surgeon's hands at work, the forceps holding back the skin.

Occasionally, the second camera goes into action. It is set on a movable dolly, and is used to bring in the surgeon's face or the oxygen tanks as they're turned on or nurses taking the patient's blood pressure. The second camera also focussed on the chief surgeon as he held up, one by one, marble-sized gall stones.

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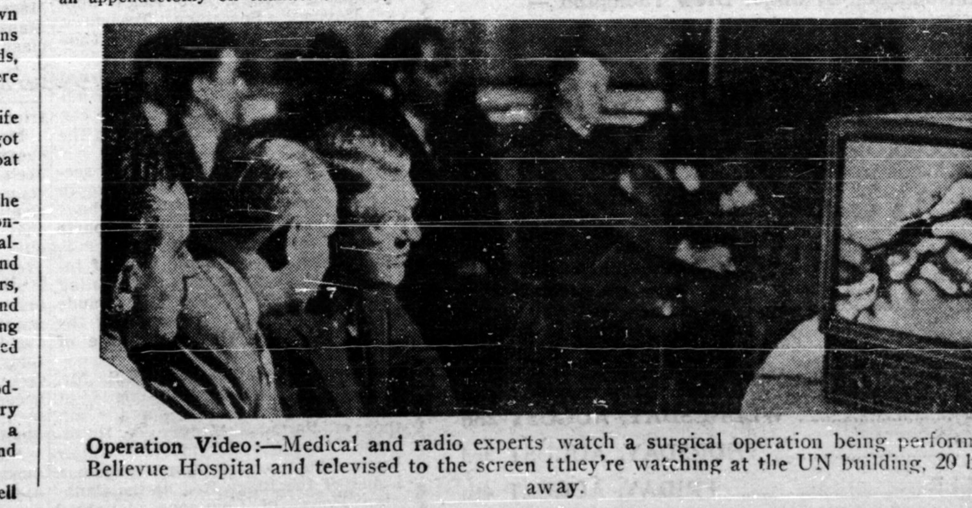
The surgeon is also equipped with a chest microphone, so he may add comments from time to time. The regular commentator, in a room "off stage," did most of the talking, but every once in a while the surgeon put in a few sentences.

"These knots," he said, as his colleague began tying up John Doe's wound, "are tied with square knots secured over a double hitch."

Medical students in hospital galleries could only catch a flash of the actual operation. Mostly, they got a good view of the surgeon's back. But this new television method gives them a clear picture. They can see everything from the initial incision to the final stitches.

John Doe, incidentally, was reported in "very satisfactory" condition after his surgery. He'll be up and around, the doctor said, in a few days. Some of the viewers will take longer to recover.



Operation Video:—Medical and radio experts watch a surgical operation being performed at Bellevue Hospital and televised to the screen tthey're watching at the UN building, 20 blocks away.