

# An English View Of Modern Germany

Twice, in the lifetime of many readers, Germany's arrogant ambition has plunged the world into a disastrous blood bath. Each time her material might has collapsed. Magnanimously, the victorious nations have rallied to enable her to reconstruct her shattered fortunes.

Now, rebuilt for the second time, Germany is feeling again that awful urge to dominate. And even if she only pursues it peacefully, her conquests will soon be world-wide.

A middle-aged Englishman whose hobby is mountaineering, had just pulled himself up a stiffish peak in the Bavarian Alps. Resting on the brink, he suddenly felt a vicious jab in his ribs.

Glancing down, he saw that the blow had come from a young German, aged twenty, who was just gaining the summit and desired to remove the final obstruction.

Happily, this Englishman refused to be shoved out of the way. Speaking fluent German he gave the youth a bit of advice: "If you come a centimetre nearer, I will knock you down!"

He meant it. And his companion, a well-built Scot, was already flexing his muscles.

Rather surprisingly, the German and his two companions climbed no higher, but went back, muttering angrily.

I say "rather surprisingly" because, after six weeks in this way, I find again ample evidence of that crazy nationalistic spirit which has launched the war and totalitarian road to ruin and earlier gave the Kaiser an army which he thought could lick the world," writes A. J. Forrest in "T-Bits".

No nation's character changes in a generation. We delude ourselves if we imagine that the Germans, after two years of catastrophic defeat, will never again risk an equally immense disaster. Their old urge to dominate is working afresh today, especially in economic channels. It is as if Hitler's ghost had returned to lead their goosestep to power.

German exports to the Board of Trade's special inquiry team reveals, jumped in volume by forty-two per cent during 1932-1933. Our own, in comparison, have registered a net of seventy-two per cent. In many markets, the Germans have knocked us flat. Hence today the Deutschemark is the strongest currency in Europe, and German gold and dollar reserves exceed our own.

Western Germany today, with a population of 57,000,000, has not only absorbed 10,000,000 refugees from the East, but is now recruiting, as fast as she can, workers from Northern Italy to man her heavy industries. "Colossal" alone describes the nation's recuperative energy. And with it merges the old lust for power.

It shows itself in a thousand ways. On the roads, for example, the manners of German motorists are frankly homicidal. They show little consideration for a fellow driver, and none whatever for a pedestrian. In all my travels, from Bremen in the north to Munich in Bavaria, only one might stop to let me cross a street. She was a woman. I felt tempted to ask her why she was behaving so oddly.

## Material Prosperity Breeds Inevitably, a New Sense of Power

Nearly all the old Nazis are back in power. They have dug up their gold diamonds, silver plugs and other valuables salved over in their gardens - they foresaw Germany's collapse quite clearly and their own temporary disaster. And climbed back into bourgeois life with the sword or its more graceful version of authority.

At the universities, many student groups have revived their duelling clubs. At least 6,000 young men consider it manly to display freshly scarred cheeks. Such scars symbolize fanaticism which settles arguments by the sword or its more graceful version of authority.

Germany today is behaving again in a very unfriendly way to displaced persons and aliens in disposition, are often little autocrats, tinpot gods, wielding a harsh and humourous authority.

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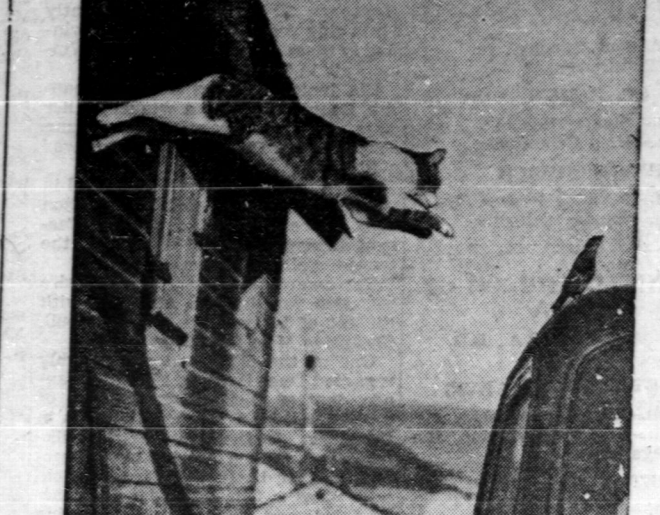
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CAT-A-PULING—This poor bird is sitting pretty for pouncing pussy, Palmer M. Pederson, a rancher snapped the picture as the cat leaped, won a \$50 prize in "Popular Photography" Magazine's international picture contest.

## TABLE TALKS

by Elaine Andrews

Want one of the oldest and most enjoyable ways saying "Merry Christmas"? Then move along into your kitchen for the rich holiday butter cookies. The "getting ready to give" will be as much fun for you, as the gifts from your kitchen will be for your lucky recipients. In these last few days of hectic Christmas gift-buying, you'll find time for a few hours in your own kitchen will produce some handsome gifts for the "specials" on your list. And what a welcome change to be able to make gifts right in your own home . . . as a contrast to the pushing and shoving, and a part of holiday shopping in overcrowded stores. And of course, since time is so valuable, the words of the poet have been meaningful . . . "it is when you give yourself that you truly give."

Friends who receive gifts of your cookie specialties will know that they represent your labor and love every bit as much as any other gift of your craftsmanship is a cuisine.

When the butter-rich batches have come from the oven and are cooled, it's a simple trick to pack them off in gay Yuletide containers . . . to carry your best wishes mingling sweetly with their wonderful aroma. Don't forget the festive assortment of plastic dishes . . . refrigerators and otherwise . . . that can double as Christmas carriers, and later serve usefully in someone's kitchen. Or what about those empty round cereal tins—so plentiful if you're a baby with typical thoroughness. Which are dandy cookie carriers. Gala tin boxes, round, square or oblong, will nicely fill the bill too, and come in for cookie-making long after you gifts have disappeared. For mailing, take a few precautions so your gift won't be a crumbly memory of "what might have been." Use a heavy box with wax paper lining, and plenty of filler (crumpled tissue paper, or even freshly popped corn). When you're ready to put the lid on, slip the tin up with a Christmas enclosure card.

Then wrap it securely in heavy mailing paper . . . and be certain to mark the box "Perishable."

And in your desire to please many with gifts of your own exquisite houses—or mailing tubes—don't neglect the members of your own family. Let it be Christmas for them, before and after the day. Let them enjoy the match-day. Let them enjoy that dairy food, butter, in cookies the year round by giving the "just because" gifts from your own kitchen.

POINSETTIAS (Makes About 5 dozen)  
1/2 cup butter  
1 cup sugar  
2 eggs, slightly beaten  
2 tablespoons thick cream  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
3/4 cups sifted all-purpose flour  
1/4 teaspoon soda  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
cranberry sauce  
Cream butter until smooth. Gradually add sugar, then eggs. Blend until fluffy. Stir in cream and vanilla. Sift together flour, soda and salt. Add to butter mixture and mix thoroughly. Chill dough for several hours. Roll chilled dough 1/4 inch thick on a lightly floured board. Cut in 3 inch squares. Place squares on lightly buttered cookie sheet. Cut with sharp knife from corners of each square to 1/2 inch of the centre (making 4 triangular sections in each square). In the centre place 1

## Making 'Antiques' Not So Easy

A gentleman with mercenary motives and a lack of finer discernment is advertising a make-your-own antiques kit, complete with printed instructions and nail holes indicated.

This should be deplored. It is not as easy as that to make antiques. To postulate that every Tom, Dick and Harry can turn out top-grade early artifacts the same as he'd glue airplanes and stage coaches together is absurd. It would glut the market with spurious items, the work of amateurs, easily detected at a glance, and have an effect on the value of true antiques turned out lovingly by a master of the craft.

It takes love of line and design, an understanding of art and artistry, and a fine sense of balance to make a really good antique.

I've made a good many of them in my time, and still am not really good at it. But the small things I have done satisfy me sufficiently so I feel qualified to speak. I got my start through a bargain in boots. I was in a country store up state and the man showed me a pair of cowhide boots pegged in his grandfather's time. They were in reasonable condition, needing some restorative oil, and I made him a small offer which he accepted.

I wore them one day around the farm, and at night I couldn't get them off. Cowhide boots were like that. Friends and relatives gathered to straddle my foot, while I pushed with the other from behind, but nothing happened. I had to make a bootjack in order to go to bed. We used to have a bootjack on the farm here years ago and I remembered what it looked like, writes John Gould in The Christian Science Monitor.

After I got my boots off I bored a hole in the bootjack and hung it on a peg in the shed, where a visiting transient saw it the next summer and offered me a dollar for it, a sum I accepted with alacrity, and he took it home to be a doorstep in New Jersey, leaving me in the bootjack business. I've made dozens of them since then, and now I get \$2.50 for them. It is pleasant to reflect that I have made so many happy, and that all



MORE SAFETY — Capt. Richard Ogg, right, who successfully ditched his Stratocruiser in mid-Pacific, took a second vital precaution upon arrival at his home. He had his entire family Dr. Robert O'Neill, left, prepares to inoculate Ogg's wife, Blanche, and his daughter, six-year-old Marilyn. Son Randy, 10, had had his shot earlier.



LINE FORMS AT THE RIGHT — There appears to be quick response to a help-wanted sign on this shop window. The figures are display mannequins, waiting to be dressed for the store's opening.

## Misdeeds—The Great Modern Curse

Robert Thompson has been charged with himself and his wife in the empty streets of the town of Omaha, Nebraska, during the night of the 10th. They were caught in the act of stealing a car, and their shoes echoed on the pavement as they fled. He was wearing a dark overcoat and was carrying a briefcase. She was wearing a light-colored dress and was carrying a handbag. They were both carrying identification papers.

The simple truth, which is understandably alarming enough to live near airfields, is that practically nothing can be done to tame the ear-splitting roar of jets. If 3,000,000 people roared together they would make less noise than a single jet engine.

Scientists are to be congratulated, certainly, on the successful development of ground "mufflers" which effectively reduce jet noise to a bearable level. While planes are warming up prior to take-off, but in the air adequate silencing is impossible.

Noise in blocks of flats is another nuisance which is receiving close attention. For years experts believed that the clatter heard inside apartment buildings — and from deck to deck in ships — was carried through air. Now it has been discovered that the reason the noise of, for example, an all-night burlesque is heard in rooms on the same floor is because it is transmitted through the walls and floors.

The day of air-conditioning in barns, farrowing houses, laying houses and other livestock buildings is just dawning but experiments with stock kept at varying temperatures seem to indicate that air-conditioning may be technology's next major contribution to the farm scene.

In Canada little has been done so far with farm air-conditioning, but in the United States cooling farm buildings with air-conditioning has proved worthwhile in a variety of cases.

At the University of Missouri "climate laboratory," for instance, it was found that cows produce better at 50 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit than at higher temperatures. Even in the hot-too-hot 75 to 80 degrees range, they ate less and gave less milk.

In a Maryland test, hens laid more and heavier eggs when both temperature and humidity were controlled by air-conditioning.

Greenhouses offer another example. They have been operating for centuries with a normal output of 40 to 50 tons of fruit an acre. Scientists calculate that average yields of 100 tons to the acre can be expected through proper air-conditioning.

Experiments with livestock kept at varying temperatures in air-conditioned barns seem to indicate that investment in "comfort cooling" equipment might pay dividends to farmers.



TWO MOUTHS TO FEED—Apparently believing that two heads are better than one, this Hereford calf sticks them both in a feeding trough and chomps contentedly. Its owner, Arnold Rayback, bought the freak animal in North Carolina and plans to put it on exhibition.

## THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

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In the United States an apparatus which automatically heats, cools, dehumidifies and ventilates is in farm use on an experimental basis. Called a "heat pump" it operates on the same principle.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV R BAKVIA  
WARREN, B.A. B.D.

The Prodigal Son  
Luke 15: 11-24

Memory Selection: He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him. Psalm 103: 10-11.

The story of the Prodigal Son has been called the heart of the Gospel. That is because it teaches that God forgives sinners. How thrilled the publicans and sinners must have been when they learned how the boy who had wasted his substance on riotous living was joyfully welcomed by his father. There was hope for them too.

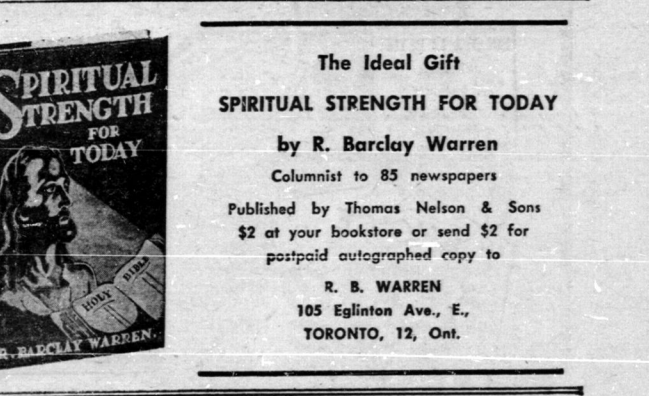
World Conquest tells of a colporteur selling a New Testament to a Jewish woman named Jeanne. Her husband, Jacques, reproved her for spending her money in that fashion and demanded the book. "But," she said, "the money is not all yours. I brought my dowry when we were married."

"Alright," said Jacques. "The money was half yours and half mine. The book is the same." He tore it in two and gave her half. Some days later as he sat by his charcoal fire in the forest, he felt lonely. He thought of the book. Taking it out of his blouse he read from the beginning. It began, "And will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am now worthless to be called thy son." He read to the end of the story. Then he wondered: what had the poor lost son done? What had he been? The questions haunted him. "I wish I had the signed of the story," he sighed. Meanwhile Jeanne had read the first portion of the New Testament and came to the point where the son said, "I will rise and go to my father." She wondered what happened; the father welcome him? That night he asked Jeanne for her half of the torn book. Together they read the whole of the beautiful parable and the Spirit of God, who had been working in both their hearts, caused its meaning to dawn on them. Both yielded their hearts and lives to the Lord Jesus Christ.

"The word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any twoedged piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Hebrew 4: 12. He should study God's Word each day.

SOME PARTY  
"I hear you went to Bill's party last night. Have a good time?"  
"A smashing time."  
"Stay long?"  
"Well, we left when the cork-screw got too hot to use!"

THE IDEAL GIFT  
SPIRITUAL STRENGTH FOR TODAY  
by R. Barclay Warren  
Columnist to 85 newspapers  
Published by Thomas Nelson & Sons  
\$2 at your bookstore or send \$2 for postpaid copy to



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DROUGHT IS ALL IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE—Effects of the months-long drought in Kansas are seen in this parched, cracked pond, located near Kansas City in suburban Wyandotte County. Last season's rain in the county was on Aug. 17, when less than half an inch was recorded.

TWO-FACED — Named after Janus, two-faced Roman god of gates and doors, this new German four-seated midjet car features doors in front and in back. Passengers sit back to back, made by a motorcycle manufacturer, the Janus was unveiled at the recent Bicycle and Motorcycle Exhibition in Frankfurt.