When His Telephone Spoke In French

Telephone company publicity and advertising suggest that anything the telephone company does is wonderful, and in many respects I go along with that. The marvel of our day and age, perhaps, is that the telephone works at all, for after all the magic and foofaraw is deleted from the subject you have left as a premise only the vibrating vocal chords of the human animal, and this is the telephone's only stock in trade. It is elevating to go up to the Telstar space hill project and see the conquest of everything, but if man were mute, like a giraffe, the whole idea would collapse from absurdity.

Once in a while this earthly limitation of the telephonic wonder is brought home to us, and it happened the other evening in the remote quiet of my bedroom, where an extension telephone sits in perpetual vigil only because I read the advertisements (It's Little! It's Lovely! It Lights!) and was convinced. Here, in the silence of the chamber, it was demonstrated that the human mind and voice, often pretty stupid, is the final circumference of all that Mr. Bell did for us. The hyperspacial convolutions of an intercontinental satellite are one thing; but quite another is a wrong number at 2:30 a.m.

It was the wrong night, to begin with. My day had been arduous, getting certain unready things ready for winter, and I had approached the downy with a deep desire. I was at once long-gone, and had no hunger to talk or be talked to.

It was, as I say, 2:30 a.m. when the telephone at my bedside, advertised as a magnificent modern convenience, leaped a foot in the air and gladdened the night air with its urgent song. Now, if this extension had not been "sold" to me by the efficient advertising of the telephone people, I would probably not have heard the other telephone ringing down in the kitchen. Or, if I had heard it, I could probably have talked myself into letting it ring unheeded. It wouldn't have bothered me, either way. But beside the bed it was indeed a magnificent modern convenience, and I reached for it and said. "Hello!"

From the limitless possibilities of telephonic interconnection, thanks to direct dialing, area codes, alternating circuits, and all the rest, a woman's voice came to me, and it said, "Allo, c'est M. Bouffard?"

"Great horned spoon!" I said to myself. "They now make a machine that talks French! Undoubtedly I am connected by Telstar to the Casbah!"

But into the magnificent convenience I said, "Sorry, my sweet - smelling angel - plum, sugar-pie, but you have a wrong number, and the meeting is now thrown open for your apology."

She said, "M. Bouffard n'est-pas la?"

I said non, and 'ung hup.

In about 15 seconds my magnificent bedside convenience again jangled itself into a tizzy, and rolling over once more I applied it to my ear and modulated as follows: "'Allo! Qu'est-ce qui parle là, le Président de Gaulle?"

This made the lady cautious, and she said "I would like to speak to Mr. Bouffard, please."

It seemed like time for a direct course, so I said, "Madam, I have already told you there is no Mr. Bouffard here, that you have a wrong number, and I think it was quite unnecessary for you to ring me back again. Will you please look up the right number and dial it carefully, and permit me to couch myself, as the idiom runs?"

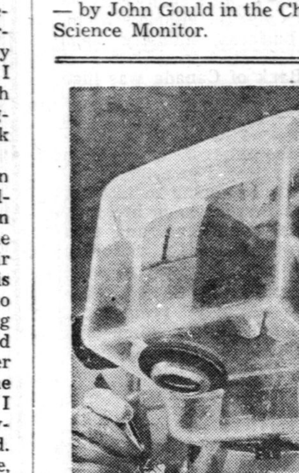
I then heard her say, "I have looked the number up, and I have the right number, and I did dial it right — if Mr. Bouffard isn't there, can I speak with Mr. Fortin?"

"Mr. Fortin," I said, "Has just left by camel caravan for Port Said, and will not be back until after the rainy season."

But it seemed to me, at this point, that the whole wonderful function of the telephone company had collapsed. Having invented, patented, capitalized and constructed a vast system of monopolistic communication, they had left its whole function hanging on the nocturnal errata of a woman's whim to call Mr. Bouffard. When, failing this, she had been ready and willing to protest that she was right, even to argue about it with a person she didn't know, didn't want, and couldn't believe, she had brought in the irrelevant Mr. Fortin, whose sudden appearance in the drama was something like the time a confused Shakespearean player strode into Hamlet to play Polonius in the last-night's costume of MacDuff.

When Lewis Carroll wrote Alice, the argumentative nature of her dreamland friends was heralded as extreme and glorious nonsense, but Mr. Fortin, I expect, will not show up soon in the laudatory copy of the telephone advertising. I feel he should, for his presence, while not being important, was solacing, Mr. Bouffard is just plain Mr. Bouffard, but Mr. Fortin is high achievement.

I lay there, sleepless, contemplating the deeper significances of this experience, and I certainly think it goes to show. The telephone advertising is always so assured, so confident, so gratuitous. — by John Gould in the Christian Science Monitor.



SPOTLESS — Garbed in operation - room - like clothing, assembler peers through a protected microscope to work on delicate electron tube. Allentown company's work areas must be kept dust-free because of sensitivity of the tubes.

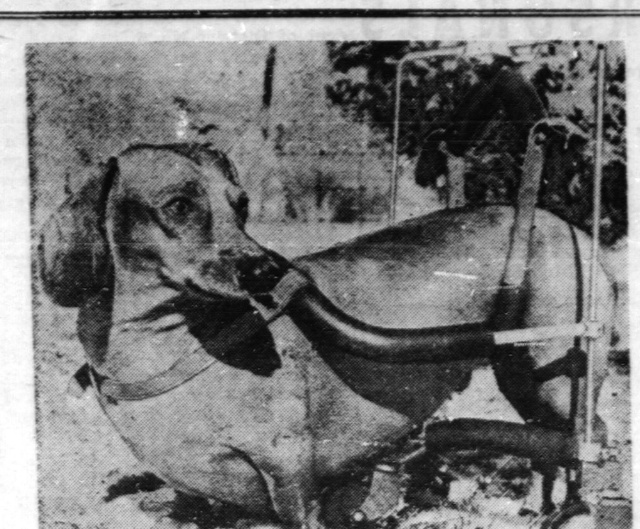
Electrostatic Printing For Coloured Maps

A printing machine designed to reproduce coloured maps by means of an electrostatic process is under development by the (U.S.) Army Engineer Geodesy, Intelligence and Mapping Research and Development Agency.

Electrostatic printing is based on the mutual attraction between particles having an opposite electrical sign. The heart of the process is a photo - conductive coating which, when applied to paper, has the property of being an insulator in the dark and a conductor in the light.

The experimental electrostatic machine being tested is essentially a single - colour model which reproduces maps directly from miniature separation transparencies. This elimination of platemaking requirements makes map reproduction possible in much less time than by the present lithographic process.

Studies and tests of the experimental model are expected to lead to the development of a five-colour electrostatic printing machine capable of reproducing 2000 multicolour maps per hour. —**From the Army - Navy - Air Force Journal (U.S.).**



WHEELING AROUND — Fritzy, a 6-year-old dachshund gets an application of wheels to help him get around while he waits for a slipped spinal disc to heal

"Dead Men Cannot Tell A Lie?" Maybe – But Don't Bet On It!

A Complete Story
by FRED WESTERHAM

Rodney Milsom smiled across the dinner-table at the man he was planning to murder that night. "Your very good health, sir," he said.

"Yes," murmured Diane. She stared into her wineglass, sipped a little, and then glanced, from under her long eyelashes, at Milsom.

The Smith couple — neighbours from the other big house, down the lane — nodded and smiled like a pair of clockwork figures. They'd been brought in just to make up the party: and knew it.

"Thank you," said Old Barrett. "Good health? Ah, I'm sure I hope so." And he sighed.

"Haven't you felt very well lately, Mr. Barrett?" Mrs. Smith asked. She was hoping to hear some symptoms. She enjoyed symptoms.

"I'm always under the doctor, you know, my dear," said Old Barrett. "If it isn't one thing, it's another. Old age, no doubt.

He looked at his beautiful young wife, Diane, as though hoping for a compliment.

But it was Lawyer Milsom who said: "No, no. Don't be like that. Er — never say die—"

Diane looked quickly away from her lover, her perfect upper teeth biting for a moment into her lower lip.

"How are you sleeping?" Mr. Smith asked Old Barrett.

"Oh, better, much better. The new doctor — Frobisher — is a very good man. Very good. Seems to understand me more in three months than the other old quack did in thirty years. That old fraud used to say there was nothing wrong with me. Tchah! I don't pay a doctor to find nothing wrong!" "Of course not," said Mrs. Smith, innocently, and the three men laughed.

"To change the subject," remarked Old Barrett, "anyone who bought Belgian Ore shares last month was sadly taken in—seen the closing prices?"

"Of course," said the young lawyer, sharply. "And I told you what to expect—I trust you didn't—?"

Old Barrett sighed. "Naturally not. I just mentioned it, that's all.

"Fortunes won and lost. Used to be on the turn of a card. Now it's on the tick of the tape . . . I think I'll go to bed. No, no, don't break up the party." He shook hands with the three guests and smiled at his wife.

"Sleep well," said Mrs. Smith, sympathetically.

"Oh, I shall," replied Old Barrett, his hand on the door-knob. "Frobisher's put me on some new tablets. American, he says. Wonderful. I shall sleep the sleep of the just."

The door closed.

Lawyer Milsom looked across at Diane.

"We must be going," said Mrs. Smith. "Poor Mr. Barrett. He doesn't really seem all that well."

"Worried, I thought," said Mr. Smith. Half-joking, he turned to Diane. "I hope he hasn't really been fancying himself as a financial wizard?"

"Who knows?" murmured Diane in an unhappy tone.

"Well, you'd know," said Mr Smith to Milsom. "Your firm handles all his affairs, eh?"

"Not necessarily all," stated Milsom, curtly. He opened the door for Mrs. Smith. From the direction of the study, on the floor above, came a slow, heavy tapping on a typewriter.

"He's doing a letter or two before he goes to bed, I expect," said Diane. "Using a pen makes his fingers ache."

"Fingers?" said Mrs. Smith.

"Rheumatism," replied Diane. Mr Smith said: "He wants to watch that; affects the heart."

Three minutes later their car crunched away over the gravel drive. Milsom and Diane moved into the drawing-room. The house was silent.

He took her tightly in his arms and pressed his lips on hers. After a few moments she pushed him away.

Milsom sank on to a settee, drew Diane down beside him, and said: "Have you done your part?"

"You mean the drink?"

Milsom nodded.

Diane lowered her voice. "It'll be ready—when he is. Another few minutes and he'll be in bed. I took a few tablets out of each bottle since his doctor made the change. They'll be in the milk—"

Diane shrugged. "Scared? We have to take a chance."

"You're right," admitted Milsom. "Time's running out. My father still comes to the office now and then, ferrets around, wants to know what's going on.

"The old devil isn't losing his grip and the Barrett estate used to be his particular pigeon, seeing that he and—and your husband were old school friends—"

"What's the position now?"

"In a nutshell," murmured the junior partner of the Milsom

firm, "I've transferred nearly £40,000 Barrett money, to an account of my own.

"For a while I can make it appear that he's lost it through share-dealings. But that won't hold up for ever.

"I should mention" — young Milsom's lean face twisted in a bitter grin—"that my old man believes in 'Let justice be done though the heavens fall' and he'd see me go to jail without batting an eyelid—"

Diane Barrett drew away from her lover and surveyed him, mockingly, from the other end of the settee.

"You're pitying yourself," she pointed out. "That forty thousand is money that would be coming to me if he—if he died naturally. I'm putting myself in your hands nicely."

"We're in this together. Now—the drink?"

Diane rose and went out. Presently she returned with a glass of warm milk and some biscuits on a tray. Milsom stared. "Well? aren't you going to take it up?"

She stood there. "I—I can't—"

"Then give it to me—Ill say you've a headache—"

Five minutes later Milsom returned and sat by Diane. He drew an envelope from his pocket. "I've got this ready."

"I don't want to see it. Just tell me."

"Listen then." From the envelope, which bore on it the single word **Diane**, Milson took a folded paper. This was typed, but signed, shakily, **John Barrett.**

Milsom read a cautious undertone and Diane, already weary with dread and strain, understood only parts:

". . . coward's way out but cannot face ruin and poverty at my age . . . folly more than greed . . . didn't need the money but imagined I could beat the City at its own game . . . please try to forgive . . . sell the house. . remarry later . . . your happiness . . .

He re-folded the letter. "The signature's all right—I've imitated that a dozen times, on letters to stockbrokers—but it's just as well he's been using a typewriter. Made it easier. I'll go up later and put this letter in position."

"When you do that, remember to take about a dozen of his tablets and get rid of them—"

"I'll remember."

Diane rose. With forced brightness she said: "Let's have some music."

They sat, listening, for an hour.

Then Milsom, with the letter in his hand, went out of the room. Presently Diane heard him running downstairs. She sprang up. Milsom burst in. There was sweat on his face. "I—I think—"

"Well—?"

"I think he's dead already!"

Diane, now was icy-calm. "What do you mean, you think?"

"All right," said Milsom. "I know. He's dead."

Diane moved to the telephone.

When Dr. Frobisher's car rolled slowly past the tall windows, they went out to admit him and exchanged a few hurried sentences in the hall. Then he went upstairs.

Rodney Milsom and Diane Barrett waited, silently, in the drawing-room for what seemed an eternity before Dr. Frobisher reappeared. "This is a sad blow for you. Mrs. Barrett," he said, "but I can reassure you on one point. Your husband's death was natural. I gather you feared . . ."

"Natural?" exclaimed Rodney Milsom, aghast. "Nonsense, man. There's a letter—addressed to Di—to Mrs. Barrett—read it—"

The doctor scanned the letter.

"I don't know anything about this. But your husband, Mrs. Barrett, died from a heart complaint. It was the only thing really wrong wtih him—all his other ills were imaginary."

"But he'd filled himself with sleeping tablets!" Milsom shouted.

"Rubbish," retorted the doctor. "He kept himself awake by being afraid he wouldn't sleep. Lots of people do. His tablets were perfectly harmless but they set his mind at rest.

"Anyway, what makes you think he took an overdose? There were only two tablets gone from the bottle on his bedside table. I checked on that."

"You fool!" screamed Diane, at Milsom. "You bungling fool!"

Frobisher looked keenly, coldly, from one to the other. "Something's been going on here," he said, "that I don't pretend to understand. This farewell note seems to be a fake. There'll be some inquiries—"

He stalked out with the letter.

Milsom stared wretchedly at Diane. "This is our lot," he croaked. "It'll be jail for me. The money will go back into the estate and you'll get it. You'll wait for me, Diane—you'll wait for me—?"

Her eyes were icy, her smile a mockery.

The slam of the front door sounded to Milsom like the crash of a prison gate. — from "Tit-Bits"

GOING TO THE DOGS

A special brand of chewing gum has been produced for Japanese dogs. Shaped like a bone, it is made of buffalo meat, medicines and fat. The manufacturer expects that it will help to keep the dogs' teeth clean and strong.

DRIVE CAREFULLY — The life you save may be your own.

When Great Authors Start Name Calling

"The Fine Art of Literary Mayhem" is the title of a just-published book by Myrick Land.

The subtitle of this entertaining volume is "A Lively Account of Famous Writers and Their Feuds," but it does not stick to feuds nor is it all literary; there are personal vendettas, squabbles, one-sided attacks, brief physical encounters, and simple bursts of crticism. It all makes a fine, disorderly spectacle, and what it proves, chiefly, is that writers are just as silly as other people.

It also proves that, as far as invective is concerned, writers may have the edge on less inventive intellects. The historian Thomas Carlyle, for example, was a formidable name caller. He labeled Ralph Waldo Emerson a "hoary-headed and toothless baboon," and described Algernon Charles Swinburne as "sitting in a sewer and adding to it." Counter - attacking, the elder Henry James called Carlyle "the same old sausage, fizzing, and sputtering in his own grease."

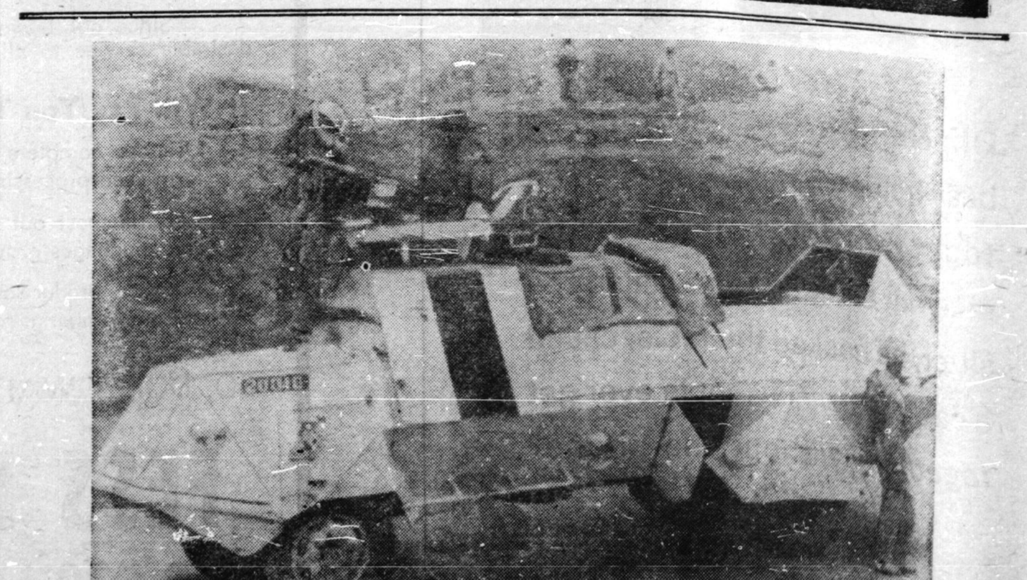
These are the preliminaries. In the main events, Samuel Johnson squares off against Lord Chesterfield — whose famous letters, Johnson found, "teach the morals of a whore, and the manners of a dancing master." The relations between Henry James the younger, and his protegé, H. G. Wells, become strained after Wells indulges in a series of literary attacks on The Master, in the course of which he describes him as "a magnificent but painful hippopotamus resolved at any cost, even at the cost of its dignity, upon picking up a pea . . ." Ernest Hemingway takes on three opponents, satirizing Sherwood Anderson, repudiating Gertrude Stein, and physically grappling with Max Eastman, who he felt had cast aspersions on his manhood.

Among the most untiring, if somewhat one-sided feuds, was the one maintained by the hugely successful playwright Henry Arthur Jones against the new dramatist George Bernard Shaw — a feud which Jones enlarged for a time to include H. G. Wells. During the first world war, Shaw freely expressed the opinion that neither Germany nor England was blameless, and that the war would settle nothing: shortly after the war, Wells, who had visited Russia in the early days of the revolution, published reports favorable to the Bolsheviks. Between the two, patriot Jones had his hands full defending England and civilization.

Even in a volume devoted to attacking Wells (who was driven to calling Jones a "damned thing"), Jones had time for Shaw: "The Nag Sedition was your mother, and Perversity begot you: Mischief was your midwife, and Misrule your nurse. . ." Shaw was always maddeningly sweet; reviewing Jones' book, he remarked that "dear Jones knows that he is welcome to abuse me until he is black in the face without estranging me in the least."

Our neighbour has bought one of those high-speed cameras: He says it's so fast it can even catch his wife with her mouth shut.

EVER HAPPEN TO YOU? By Blake



KATANGA FRONT — Indian United Nations military officer scans terrain from hood of armored car during recent heavy fighting against Katangese troops.

What Is Meant By A "Heater-piece"?

Professor W. H. Davis of Stanford University has left a compendium of figures of speech, in which he gives the origin and explains the meanings of such as "hook, line and sinker," and "sand the track." I'd often thought of doing such a scholarly work, for here in Maine the yield is about 300 bushels to the acre, and the world has moved away from its origins until few who use the old similes know just where they came from. I have not seen the professor's compilation, but I hope to soon.

Not long ago I spoke of "skid row," which is a seedy place on a city's marge where downhill progress is assured, and I tried to alert a poetic world about this misnomer. It is really "skid road," and comes from lumbering—the first commercial use of timber in the New World being on the Piscataqua in 1602 when a vessel named the Pied Cow loaded pipe-staves at Strawberry Bank. I mention this because I think Stanford University would be a meager place to investigate origins of American speech and am glad to be told that Professor Davis did, indeed, once live in Maine. No wonder. Caucomgomoc was cut off three times before there was any Sutter's mill.

A skid road was iced, and occasionally a teamster would be partway down with about ten M of pine on his sleds when he would discover in high chagrin that his snubline had broken. The "facile est" of his descent would give him something to talk about around the deacon-seat and the dingle ever after, and the analogy is obvious. (You might care to know that Caucomongomoc is pronounced cock-me-gaw-mik.)

Another one I like is the down-hill cant. If the brow sloped toward the log-haul, a man could give a light twist with his peavey and send the timber crashing onto the sleds, but if the incline was a "lazy dog" (Oh, pardon me—that's a slope up, or a slow pup, get it?) it would take four men to help him; and then they'd have to boost. Somebody said the other day that Castro seemed to have things on a downhill cant, but perhaps he really meant Kennedy was on a lazy dog.

During the Roosevelt effort they subsidized some books, and had a writers' project which gave us some amazing information. One we got here in Maine told us that the heater-piece in the Town of Scarborough was so-named because the highway crew used to stand the snow equipment there while they heated it. How or why they heated snow equipment was not explained. The simplest research would have revealed that "heater-pieces" antedated any snow-removal equipment, and that a "heater" was a flatiron.

Flatirons were triangular shaped, and where two roads came together at right angles the wagons, in turning either right or left, would leave a triangular place in the middle where no wheels ever touched. These heater-pieces were by no means confined to Scarborough and at the Maine community of "Twelve Corners" they still have 13 lovely heater-pieces—four at each of three intersections, and a big one in the middle. Our back field, tapering to a lane, is our "flatiron field." Maine has many triangular lakes called "Flatiron Pond."

Years ago a publication in Vermont referred to the "good old Green Mountain expression—Hannah Cook." Alas, the salt wash never laved those hills, and Hannah was a newcomer to that state. She was New Bedford, and Boston, and down-Maine. When an inexperienced boy signed on for a deep-water crew, he went through an apprentice voyage that was known as "hand or hook." He could be worked in the galley or before the mast, and after he got dry behind the ears he could step up to another category. The hand-or-cook was the lowest rating, and thus Vermont could hardly claim a seafaring expression.

The other day my town clerk said things were "right out straight" with her. In Maine it needs no book to explain that. When oxen were attached to a job by a chain from their yoke, and when they got down on their hunkers and pulled, the chain was right out straight. You don't do much work with a slack chain. An uncle of mine who lived alone and eschewed the expense of a housekeeper once got word that company was arriving, so he said he "swamped out the parlor and teakittled the boudwah." Teakettle-bright, a-singing on the back of the stove, is symbolic of all-is-well, and "swamping out" is the preliminary cutting of brush and small growth before wood harvesting begins.

"Nasty-neat' is a wonderful one. When Jim Holcomb said he took a bath every morning (this being back before modern plumbing made that less adventuresome) Mollie Prout said he must be either awful dirty or awful clean. Nasty-neat is being so utterly orderly, tidy and fastidious that it becomes offensive in its own too-much. People who are nasty-neat put tidies on tidies. They clean up when nothing is dirty. They make a fetish beyond the call of duty. One nasty-neat housewife in a neighborhood makes all the women uneasy. After all, everybody should eat a peck of dirt.

It's an interesting field to crop, and I envy Professor Davis the many years he must have spent on the cultivation. — by John Gould in the Christian Science Monitor.

Johnny Can't Read —Or Write Either

Several years ago, educators were alarmed to discover that American children were poor readers. This was most vividly described in the book, "Why Johnny Can't Read." Now, educators are concerned over the other side of the coin. They're finding that Johnny can't write either.

In a time when many respected voices, notably Admiral Rickover, are urging schools to put additional emphasis on the tougher subjects, it is paradoxical to discover that the two most basic subjects—reading and writing—are not being satisfactorily absorbed.

Due to early and lengthy exposure to television, today's children start school much more informed than their parents were. The problem is merely one of interesting them in the materials of learning.

Children cannot learn to read well on books that bore them, and reading, of course, is the key to writing. Poor grammar, incorrect sentence structure, wrong choice of words, and atrocious spelling plague many adult Americans today. Their children are generally following the same curriculum that produced these inadequacies.

The encouraging factor is a spreading recognition of the new forces at play in children's minds, and the need for new ways to train these minds. In truth, Johnny can probably read and write as well as his mom and dad did at his age. But we expect more of children today. And they—raised on a meatier diet of information than their parents—expect more of school.—**Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer**

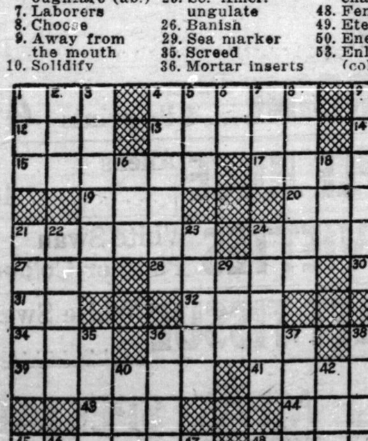
BROKEN HARMONY

Complaining of harassment by his estranged wife, 61-year-old violin virtuoso Jascha Heifetz told a California court that she broke into his Beverly Hills home and locked herself in a bedroom after leaving a sign on the door: Do not disturb.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Male turkey
4. Munch
9. Lifetime
12. Macaw
13. Nomad
14. Babyl. deity
15. Bull's-eye
17. Oil of orange blossoms
19. Channel
20. To
21. Creature
24. Argument
27. Hank of twine
28. Lowest point
30. Remiss
31. By
32. Hebrew letter
33. Jumbled type
34. Hair piece
36. Singing voice
38. Nothing
39. Small piece
41. Term of office
43. Jap. coin
44. Taxi
45. Din
46. Eraser
51. Concealed
52. Afr. river
54. Afr. eye-worm
55. Amer. humorist
56. Secret agents
57. Conclusion

DOWN
1. Loop and knot
2. Italian day breeze
3. Edge
4. Of a Gr. island
5. Scalding
6. Broad thoroughfare (ab.)
7. Laborers
8. Choose
9. Away from the mouth
10. Solidify
11. Yale
16. Herd of whales
18. Pilfer
21. Sandarac trees
22. Of birth
23. Pretty soon
24. Piece of turf
25. So. Amer. ungulate
26. Banish
29. Sea marker
35. Screed
36. Mortar inserts
37. Happens again
38. Small lump
40. Vigor
42. Arrest
45. Chin. shrub
46. Cover
47. Washington Irving character
48. Female ruff
49. Eternity
50. Energy unit
53. Enlisted man (colloq.)



Answer elsewhere on this page

SITTING STEED—People had to look long at the horse who sat right down in a meadow

THE FARM FRONT
by John Russell

Hens in high production need an extra dash of calcium in their diet.

This, says H. W. R. Chancey, of the federal experimental farm, applies to birds that do not have free access to limestone or oystershell.

* * *

In tests with Leghorns at the farm it was found that both egg production and shell quality improved when calcium content in the ration was increased to three per cent from the recommended 2.25 per cent.

Chancey says calculations have proved the need for the extra calcium intake.

He points out that in a large egg there are 2.25 grams of calcium and that the hen can use only half of the calcium consumed to make the shell. Therefore he adds, at 80 per cent production a hen must consume 3.6 grams of calcium daily.

This means that the calcium level must be about three per cent for hens consuming feed at the rate of 27 pounds per 100 birds each day.

Limestone or oystershell should be made available to the birds when there is any doubt about the level of calcium in their rations, he advises.

* * *

What about too much calcium? Chancey is reassuring on this point. He says there does not appear to be any danger of hens eating too much of it and he points out that a ration containing six per cent calcium did not cause any trouble.

* * *

Selecting breeders by performance records helps to maintain a high level of egg production in a laying flock.

The proof comes from the federal experimental farm at Indian Head, Saskatchewan, where birds of a highly selected strain were tested.

The original birds were from an Ottawa strain selected for performance over a period of many years. On one group of them the same selection methods are being maintained. The remainder are being random-mated.

* * *

Records of both groups for a span of five generations have now been obtained reports A. P. Piloski.

The random-mated flock produced 25 fewer eggs per bird by the fifth generation—an average decline of five eggs per generation.

Discontinuance of selection did not affect egg weights and resulted in only a slight increase in laying house mortality. Growth of these birds was somewhat slower on range and they were lighter when housed. By March the difference in body weights had largely disappeared. However, the slower growth caused a slight delay in sexual maturity which amounted to about one day per generation.

* * *

At Indian Head, 18 males were used each year for each flock.

For the performance-selected flock, the males were chosen on a year's trapnest record of their dams and a shorter trapnest record of their sisters and half-sisters. Pullets were used as breeders. Selection is on a family basis using their production records from the onset of production until just before mating time.

* * *

In the random-bred flock, all females were used as breeders and equal numbers of eggs were chosen from all pullets to reproduce the next generation.

For the males there was a special setting consisting of one egg from each female. From the resulting birds, 18 males were chosen at random without prior examination. All matings in the random-bred flock were made artificially with the pooled semen of the 18 males.

* * *

The experiment at Indian Head is continuing. So far Piloski says, it appears that a high-producing flock could be random-mated for two years without much loss in production. At this point, however, performance testing would have to be resumed to bring the flock up to its former peak.

* * *

An attempt to lower the costs of turkey production through exploiting hybrid vigor is the aim of a breeding program being conducted by the Canada Department of Agriculture.

M. S. Mitchell of the Poultry Division, said a number of breeders across Canada are co-operating in this cross strain program.

* * *

Cross breeding programs in swine, sheep and beef cattle have shown general superiority of the cross bred over the pure bred for size, growth rate and feed conversion. Early results of strain crossing turkeys also indicate a superiority of cross strains over pure strains.

The immediate objective is to screen available strains for combinability. The combining strains will result in lower poult costs, as well as increased meat weight for sale.

* * *

In establishing a three-way cross strain program, three basic procedures are followed. Females from one or more strains are randomly distributed into pens to be mated to males of other strains. Secondly, at least two hatches of first-cross females should be obtained and at maturity randomly selected and distributed into pens to produce three-way cross poults. Thirdly, the males producing the three-way cross should be rotated among the types of first-cross females.

* * *

This is a new approach to turkey breeding in Canada. The cooperation being shown by breeders and the wide divergence of strains available for crossing will soon lead to the development of superior commercial poults available for the Canadian turkey industry.

Uncrowned King Of The Crackpots

Of all the anarchists, atheists, Communists, socialists, vegetarians, special pleaders, eccentrics, and crackpots who sound off every Sunday afternoon at the Marble Arch corner of London's Hyde Park, tousle-haired Bonar Thompson, the son of an Ulster farmer, held a unique distinction. As self-crowned "King of Argument" and unofficial "Prime Minister of Hyde Park," Thompson offered no panaceas for the world's ills. "I have no policy," he used to say. "No program, no wish to uplift anybody, no concern for any social or political problem, no message for humanity."

What Thompson did have was a booming brogue, the gift of the blarney, and a flashing wit. His arms flailing, a wide-brimmed black hat pushed back from a lined and rugged face, Thompson crushed hecklers, outshouted competitors, and captivated audiences for 40 years. His formula for soapbox success in London's traditional stronghold of free speech he defined as "authority of manner and speech, dynamics of tone and gesture." And he added wit:

"I am famous. I am the only speaker here who has not been to Russia."

"Politicians have abolished poverty by raising their salaries. I urge you to do the same."

"I have seldom listened to a speech of mine without learning something."

"Work is an old-fashioned method of getting a living. It is high time we were shown a better way."

"If war starts, start running."

As these indicated. Thompson's own avowed aim in life was to "escape from work," at which he succeeded quite well. He managed to run through a string of jobs from railway grease monkey to newspaper columnist, but he did make money on his oratory.

Although it is illegal, Thompson collected contributions from his audiences. "Never more than £3 at a time," he complained, but enough to support him, his wife, Pat, and a collection of cats in a drab one-room flat. And there last month, at the age of 74, he died of concer and a stroke after composing his own epitaph:

Bonar Thompson
Born 1888—Died 1963
"The collection was not enough"

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren B.A., B.D.

Why Jesus Taught in Parables
Mark 3:7 - 4:34

Memory Scripture: If any man have ears to hear, let him hear. Mark 4:23.

The main point of our lesson is the introduction by Jesus of the parable in his teaching. A parable is a short simple story from which a moral lesson may be drawn. How we all love a story! Just notice the attention the speaker gets when he turns from his abstractions and begins to tell a story. See how the truth immediately comes clean.

The parable uses the known and familiar to reveal the unknown. Jesus was bringing a new concept of a kingdom that ran counter to all their materialism and nationalism and worldly dreams. He could not use definition; that would be too abstract. He could not use argument; that would arouse opposition and block thought. So the nature of the kingdom was explained by comparisons to homely, well-known situations.

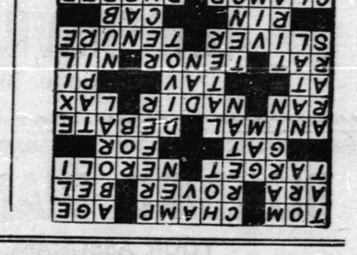
The parable aroused the listeners' curiosity. With some, this intellectual curiosity led to spiritual insights and the nature of the kingdom stood revealed. It developed their capacity to receive further spiritual truth. "Unto you that hear shall more be given." "For he that hath to him shall be given." The sad corollary of this is that "he that hath not, from him shall be taken, even that which he hath."

While some turned away on hearing the stories of Jesus, there were others who sought to gain the full interpretation. These were the ones who were selecting Jesus as their new Lord and Master. All of Jesus' listeners had some ability to respond to spiritual truth. But the initial and determining factor in the response to God is not the mind; it is the will. The very capacity to receive spiritual truth depends upon surrender of the will to God's will. When we become good receiving sets, then we will become good transmitters. The world must know the saving truth of Jesus Christ.

Our lesson tells of Jesus choosing twelve men to be with Him. They were to receive special tutoring. With the exception of Judas Iscariot, all profited greatly from this fellowship and training. In time they went out to tell the world about Jesus. It is a great privilege to receive the light of the Gospel. It leads to a great responsibility of showing forth that light to others.

Those who live only for themselves are in imminent danger of being bored to death.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking



WINTER'S MANTLE—Split logs in a woodpile covered with new-fallen snow provide the subject for this scene of wintry beauty in the crisp, frigid air.