

The miracle
that saved our
child's mind

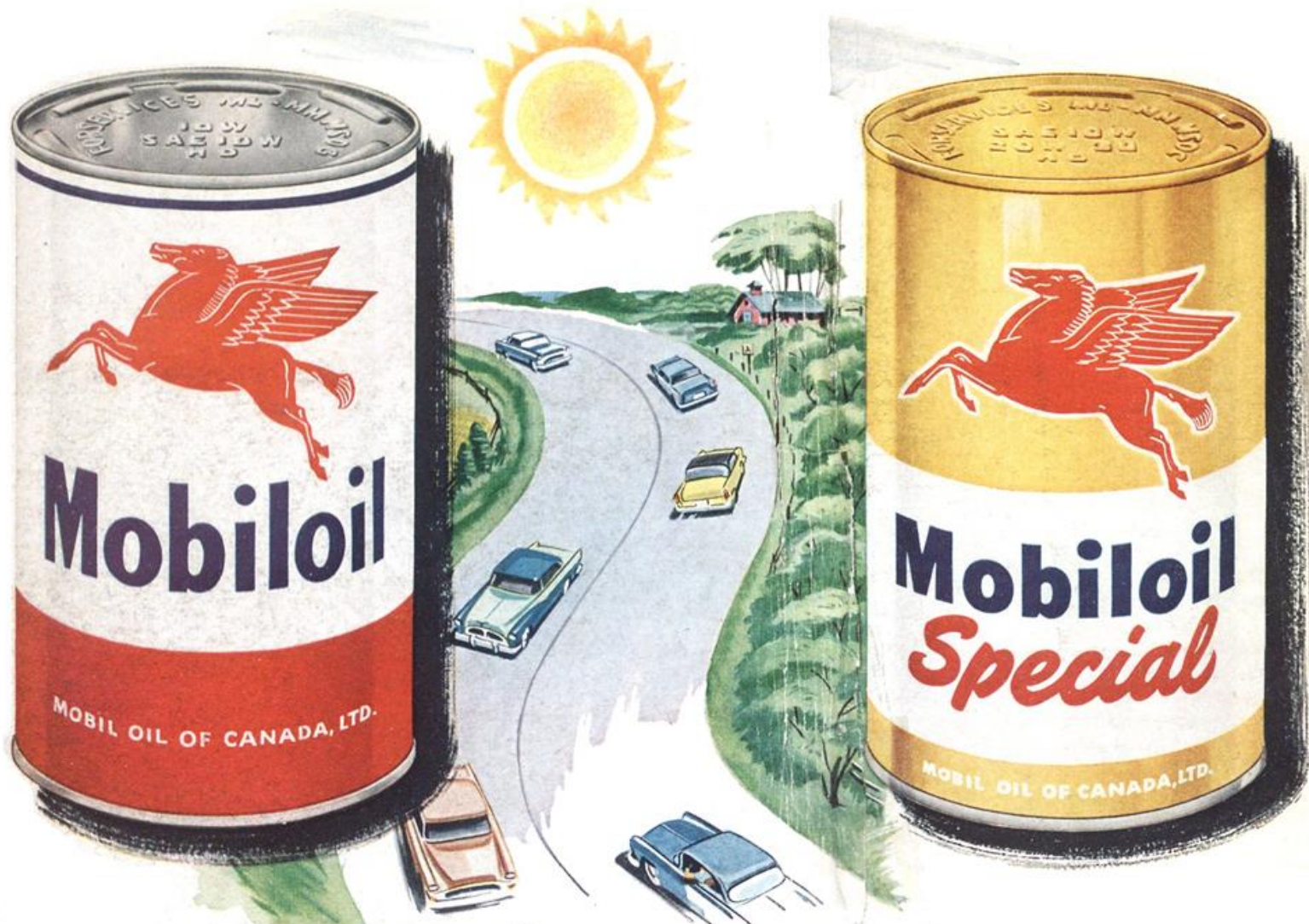
ALSO

A report on Rock 'n' Roll

MAGLEAN'S

JULY 1956 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





summer heat can't beat this extra engine protection

for improved performance in all cars

— all summer long — depend on the famous name in motor oil . . . MOBIL OIL! No matter what car you drive, you can count on 1956 formula Mobiloil for finer performance, and *extra protection that heat can't beat*. It has *doubled* wear-fighting action; dramatically cuts the wear of stop-and-go driving. Its high viscosity index means fast starting, with an instant flow of lubrication to vital parts—means, too, a tough, protecting oil film that stands up under punishing heat and the challenge of long, hard driving on your summer trips. Special properties reduce sludging and engine deposits, and mean a *cleaner* engine under all driving conditions. Mobiloil is available in grades to protect *every* engine under *every* weather and operating condition. Change to Mobiloil now and thrill to finer performance from your car—with extra economy, too!

SOLD BY IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED AND

Products of
**MOBIL OIL
OF CANADA,
LTD.**
Makers of the
famous "Mobiloil
Family" of
modern lubricants

for top performance in late design cars

— Mobiloil Special is the man who wants the very finest, these six advantages.

- The cleanest engine you've ever had.*
- Greatest protection against sludging.*
- Best protection against wear.*
- Longer spark plug life.*
- Split-second starting.*
- More gasoline mileage.*

For more than a year, thousands of Canadians have found these special advantages add up to more power, long engine life, greater economy. Change to Mobiloil Special—it's the *finer* oil for the finest cars on the road. You *feel* the difference!

OTHER LEADING DEALERS EVERYWHERE

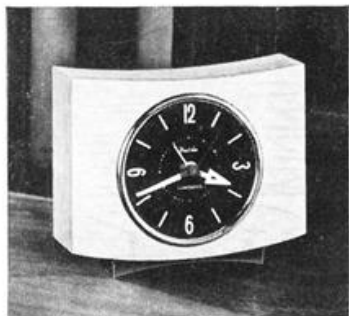
more and more people choose

WESTCLOX

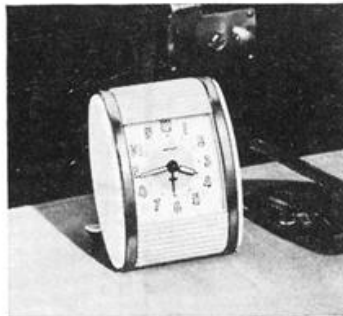
For more than 50 years, the name Westclox has meant "dependable time" to millions of people all over the world. Fine craftsmanship, smart styling, dependability, and a wide selection of models—all at popular prices. Be sure and see the complete line of Westclox spring-driven and electric clocks, wrist and pocket watches. They make wonderful gifts for your friends and yourself too!



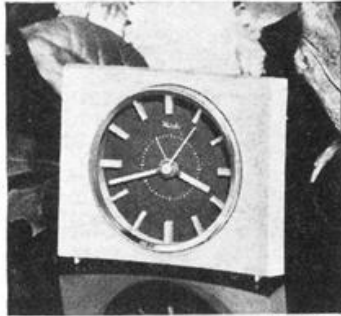
CLOCK OF TOMORROW. The finest, most unusual spring-driven alarm by Westclox. Quiet, quiet tick, chime alarm, luminous dial. In white or black, gold coloured trim. \$14.95.



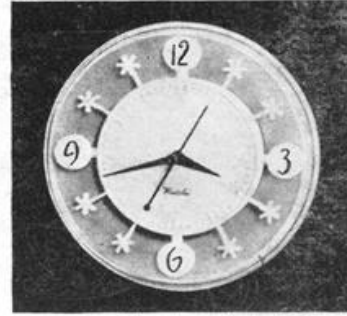
PITTSFIELD. Electric alarm. Attractive styling in rich wood case. Blond or Mahogany finish. Pleasant bell alarm. \$10.95. Luminous dial, a dollar more.



TRAVALARM. Spring-driven. You can take it with you. Closes like a clam; tucks into corner of bag. Ivory or walnut finish. Luminous dial, \$9.45.



BRANT. Electric alarm. 1956 N.I.D.C. Award Winner. Grey plastic case, high styled dial, gold coloured trim. Luminous, \$7.95. 60 cycle only.



SNOWFLAKE. Electric wall clock. Fresh and charming. New, three-dimensional dial. Non-breakable crystal. Red, pink or charcoal \$7.95. 60 cycle only.



KIM. As dependable as it is handsome. Sweep second hand. Non-breakable crystal. \$9.95. **WRIST BEN.** New! Completely re-styled. Shock resistant, anti-magnetic. \$7.95. Luminous, \$8.95.



JUDGE. Water, dust and shock resistant. Luminous, \$12.95. With metal expansion bracelet—\$13.95. **TROY.** Small, smart and sturdy. Gold coloured case. \$10.95.

Spring-driven or electric
WESTCLOX*
 the makers of **BIG BEN*** keeps you on time!

Western Clock Company Limited, Peterborough, Ontario

*Reg'd. Trade Marks

Editorial

Only a new Commons can repair the damage to Parliament

The important question before the people of Canada is not who should have been allowed to own a gas pipeline, or when or even whether this useful project should be started. The important question is whether, and how, authority and self-respect can be restored to the Canadian Parliament.

All parties must take some blame for the breakdown of last month. Opposition as well as Liberal MPs resorted to the booing and braying, the childish tantrums and cheap posturing that brought Parliament during the pipeline debate to its lowest pitch in history. All parties made use of any sharp practices they could devise within the rules, and the Opposition made no attempt to conceal the fact that its motive was obstruction.

But there were two critical moments which, on reflection, can be singled out as starting points of Parliament's collapse. For both the Government alone was responsible.

First was the notice of closure served before debate began.

In theory this decision is defensible. It is true that the Opposition had already threatened a filibuster that would make last year's fight against the Defense Production Act "look like a mere skirmish." It is true that strict control of debating time is commonplace in the British Parliament and that nothing in the letter of the Canadian rule forbids it.

Nevertheless the decision was a piece of bad judgment so gross as to be immoral. Closure so ruthless and summary had never been imposed before. It was being used on a measure that, in important respects, was a complete surprise to Parliament and people. It had been a surprise to the Government itself only two or three weeks before. Thus a debating time that would have been adequate for most bills seemed rather short for this one. But to make matters much worse, the Government's action had the appearance of an attempt to change the

rules after the game had actually started.

The second critical decision is indefensible even in theory. This was the action of the Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe on May 24. Mr. Howe was the first to speak on clause 1, ordinarily the occasion for general debate at the committee stage. He uttered two sentences containing about fifty words, and then moved: "That further consideration of this clause be postponed."

From that moment the authority of the chair, the general respect for its integrity and impartiality, and therefore the very foundation of parliamentary government was destroyed. No sane man would have introduced such a motion unless he were able, and knew himself able, to rely on the chairman's compliance. No matter what can be found in the fine print of the rule book to justify it, there was an obvious probability that any impartial chairman would reject such a motion as frivolous.

Mr. Howe evidently knew that the Liberal chairman would rule that his motion was in order and that the Liberal majority would run a steamroller over any appeal and thus put the seal of finality on a manifest defiance of common sense. The breakdown of Parliament followed, inevitably, this revelation.

We do not suggest that Mr. Howe intended to degrade Parliament with his motion. In any case it is a poor defense of a government to say it failed to perceive the consequences of its own acts. Moreover, there is a kind—and a dangerous kind—of arrogance in the very obtuseness that this incident revealed: in the blind unawareness that there was any impropriety in the Government's thus getting its own way.

Whether all this called for a new election or not is another secondary question. Whoever constitutes or leads it the next parliament will require a full four years of responsible conduct to repair the damage done by this one.

Ralph Allen
Editor
Pierre Berton
Managing Editor
Blair Fraser
Ottawa Editor
Gene Aliman
Art Director
Leslie F. Hannon
Associate Editor
Desmond English
Asst. Art Director
Ian Sclanders
Associate Editor

Assistant Editors
N. O. Bonisteel, Robert Collins, John Gray, Eric Hutton, Ken Johnstone, Sidney Katz, Keith A. Knowlton, David MacDonald, Herbert Manning, Barbara Moon, Peter C. Newman, McKenzie Porter, Janice Tyrwhitt

Editorial Assistants
Barbara Dobbie, Joan Doty, Lois Harrison, Carol Lindsay, Anne McCordick, Joan Weatherseed

Hall Linton
Business Mgr.
Stanley L. Hutchings
Advertising Mgr.
R. Douglas Myles
Circulation Mgr.
B. Wes Spicer
Advertising Production Mgr.

Douglas M. Gowdy
Manager, Maclean-Hunter Magazine Division
EDITORIAL, CIRCULATION & ADVERTISING OFFICES
481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2, CANADA

Contents

VOLUME 69 JULY 7, 1956 NUMBER 14

Articles

The Rothschilds' fabulous stake in Canada: Peter C. Newman	11
What you don't need to know about rock 'n roll: Barbara Moon	14
Just look at the old ice-cream parlor now! Trent Frayne	16
The great cross-Canada hike: A Maclean's flashback. Andrew Walter Roy ..	18
The alarming truth about Konrad Adenauer: Blair Fraser	19
How to handle your kids in the holidays: Robert Thomas Allen	22
The miracle that saved our son's mind: Frank R. Barkey	24

Fiction

When every woman looked like Regina Lee: Blanche Howard	20
---	----

Departments

Editorial	2
For the sake of argument: June Callwood	4
London letter: Beverley Baxter	6
Backstage at Ottawa: Blair Fraser	8
Maclean's movies: Rated by Clyde Gilmour	26
Jasper: Cartoon by Simpkins	58
Mailbag	63
Parade	64

Photographs in this issue

Walter Curtin (4), Miller Services (6, 11, 19, 54, 60), Wide World (11, 13, 19), John Sebert (12), Underwood and Underwood (13), Topical (13), International Graphic (13), Fox (13), Toronto Star (14, 15), Toronto Telegram (14, 15), Ed Hausman (16, 17), Peter Croydon (24, 25), Culver Service (54), Bettmann Archive (54).

Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited, Horace T. Hunter, Chairman of the Board, Floyd S. Chalmers, President, Donald F. Hunter, Vice-President and Managing Director, Thomas H. Howse, Vice-President and Comptroller, Editorial, Circulation and Advertising Offices: 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada, Publishing Office: 1242 Peel Street, Montreal 2, Canada, U. S. A.: Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, 522 Fifth Ave., New York 36, 79 West Monroe Street, Chicago 3, Great Britain: Maclean-Hunter Limited, 125 Strand, London, W.C.2. Single copies 15c. Subscription prices: In Canada, 1 year \$3.00, 2 years \$5.00, 3 years \$7.00, 5 years \$10.00. All other countries \$6.00 per year. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Contents copyright, 1956 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. Characters and names in fiction stories appearing in Maclean's are imaginary. Contents may not be reprinted without permission. Manuscripts submitted to Maclean's must be accompanied by self-addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The publishers will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph.



MACLEAN'S

Smile, gentlemen!

Eighty-nine years ago a number of far-seeing gentlemen got together around a table and declared Canada in business. Artist Peter Whalley felt the well-known painting of that historic event had unexplored possibilities for humor—and he proved it too.

iced tea



easy to make...
exciting to serve

Hot tea made double strength and poured into ice-filled glasses gives you iced tea in a jiffy. Just add sugar to taste and serve with lemon.



man...that's

Cool!

When you sip a tall, frosty glass of iced tea, you get a refreshing pick-up and a deep-down cool feeling that lasts . . . Wonderful! Just try it!

It's a good thought to keep iced tea on hand for thirsty members of the family and for guests who drop in. Here is a tested recipe you will want to try out:

A Quart of Iced Tea

Pour half a pint of freshly boiling water over 6 teaspoons of tea or 4 tea bags. After five minutes, pour the liquid into a quart container and make up to capacity with cold water. Made this way iced tea will hold its quality and flavour for 3-4 hours. To prevent clouding it is better not to refrigerate the tea—serve in ice-filled glasses. (If clouding should occur, just add a little boiling water to clear.)

Cut lemon in wedges or slices and serve on the side. Add sugar to taste.

For those special occasions, a sprig of mint in the glass gives a touch of glamour and adds an exciting new flavour.

Clip and keep this useful recipe



TEA COUNCIL

new and softest
ever *

New Kotex with Wondersoft covering
- the most comfortable, *
most absorbent napkin ever designed

Only Kotex has Wondersoft* covering . . . the new open-mesh covering that's incredibly light and gentle. Only new Kotex* napkins with this Wondersoft covering can give you: softness you thought you'd never have; complete open-mesh absorption that never fails; and a perfect fit that can't ever pull out of shape.



"So much better"

**For Utmost Comfort and Security
Kotex Wonderform* Belt**

Your choice of white or pink in soft-stretch elastic—strong, light-weight, non-twisting, non-curling. (Why not buy two for alternate use?)

*Reg. Trade Mark



KOTEX IN
3 SIZES: REGULAR,
JUNIOR, SUPER

FOR THE SAKE OF Argument

JUNE CALLWOOD SAYS

Let's end the battle of the sexes

In recent years the human race has been preoccupied as never before with earnest attempts to understand itself better, hoping piously that from better understanding will spring better relations. Still unresolved, but under optimistic scrutiny, are the problems of black man versus white, Communism versus free enterprise, East versus West and such social imponderables as juvenile delinquency, television, automation, alcoholism, calories and crime comics.

In search for answers to these and similar questions, mankind has established foundations, endowed universities, deified philosophers and statisticians and stocked libraries. But the problem that currently is least intelligently discussed is the oldest one of all: Man versus Woman. The conflict is so elderly that it no longer interests anyone but cynics, crackpots and participants in late-evening intellectual discussions. Recently I set out, with serene dispassion, to investigate this chestnut. Beginning simply with a balancing of the differences between men and women, my research soon developed a startling thesis—that men and women have much more in common than most people suspect. The attitudes, fears and misunderstandings that drive men and women apart are largely their own creation, a senseless legacy handed down through centuries.

What makes us different

It might seem that men and women are no longer even members of the same species. Modern men and women in North America have different occupations, different pressures, different illnesses, different standards of behavior and even different life expectancies. A baby boy, for example, can expect to live sixty-six years, but a baby girl has a life expectancy of seventy-one. Although men and women begin their lives with equal intelligence, according to surveys in schools, men fill the ranks of the professions and women predominate among those who take dictation, wait on tables and sell across a counter. Men suffer from heart failure and stomach ulcers, both diseases of stress, but women suffer from the diseases of frustration, neurotic complaints and waspish tempers. Men can lift heavier weights, but women have equal or surpassing endurance, a fact borne out by the number of women Channel swimmers.

A male child is expected to be interested in sports and fairly adept at several forms of athletics. A boy who

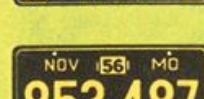
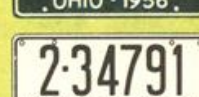
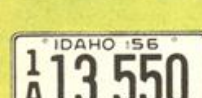
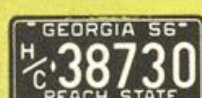
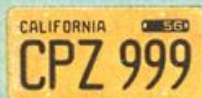
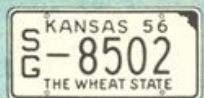
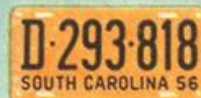


June Callwood, one of Canada's most active writers, is happily married to another busy writer, Trent Frayne.

doesn't accomplish this doesn't belong and suffers from a sense of failure. Except for a few more graceful sports, such as swimming and figure skating, a girl is expected to be neither interested in sports nor adept at them. If she can knock the cover off the baseball, she makes her family uneasy and feels a sense of embarrassment. Boys are not permitted to cry once they reach adolescence because tears are unmanly, but teen-aged girls on the rack of puberty are urged to cry it out. Growing to manhood, boys rarely look forward to marriage and fatherhood with any sense of delighted expectancy. Women, on the other hand, plan two careers. One is marriage, which is a social necessity for a woman and is therefore devoutly to be desired, and the other a career, preferably one allowing little opportunity for advancement lest she be suspected of being ambitious. Any hint of forceful drive will hurt her chances of being married, and without a husband a woman is a failure. This is clearly borne out by the character of "old maid" jokes, which depict the single woman as pathetic and ridiculous, and by the attractiveness and desirability that surround the word bachelor.

Women are not permitted, under North American house rules, to commit adultery, although the ancient reason—that women have a greater responsibility because they are child-bearing—has been largely dissipated by modern methods of birth control. Promiscuity is not inexcusable in men and even has such value for prestige that it is a major topic for exaggeration and description in locker-room conversation. Women drunks are despised but a male drunk has amusing qualities, suitable for comedy. In cartoons and vaudeville skits, the drunks are always

Continued on page 58



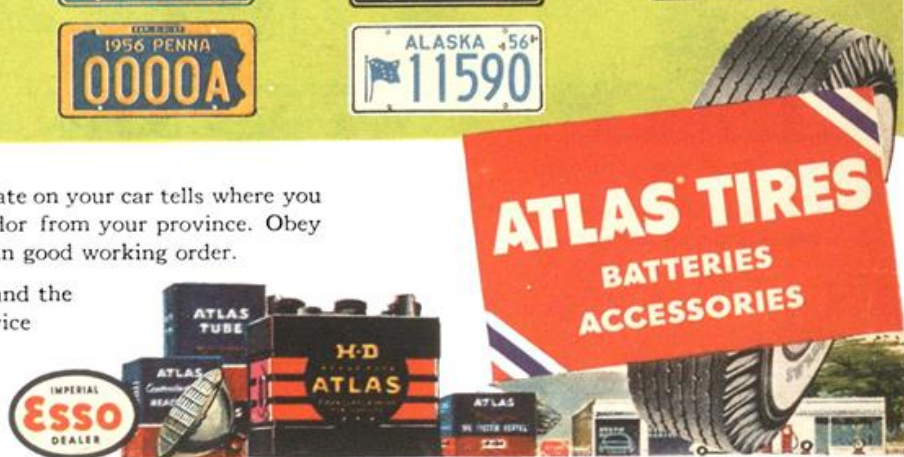
↑ Windshield sticker validates plate for 1956

*TRADE MARK REG. COPYRIGHT 1961, ATLAS SUPPLY COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

Wherever you drive—the license plate on your car tells where you come from. Be a safe driver... a good-will ambassador from your province. Obey local traffic rules and make certain your car is always in good working order.

Remember: there are 38,000 Atlas dealers in Canada and the U.S. ready to supply you with Atlas products and service to help keep your car in safe, dependable operating condition. Each one will honour the famous Guarantees on Atlas tires and batteries.

EVERYWHERE IN CANADA • ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE





Father Risks Death to Save Son's Life

Bystander Protects Their Future

A Confederation Life man saw this near tragedy. Later, he discussed it with the father who wondered about his family's future *had* he been killed. So they checked the father's insurance plan and found certain weaknesses.

The two men sat down together and made these changes:

<i>Present Protection</i>	<i>Revised Protection</i>
\$20,000 Payable in Cash	Income For 20 Years— \$105.40 per month
	Total Payable—\$25,296

A 25% guaranteed increase in the amount received *from the same policy*.

Every man has an estate. If yours includes life insurance, your family's future is determined by the estate plan you set up *now*. To get the most out of every dollar, we invite you to make use of Confederation Life's long experience in estate planning.



*For more information
send coupon today.*

MAIL THIS IMPORTANT COUPON TODAY

**Confederation Life Association,
321 Bloor Street East, Toronto**

I would like further information on how my estate plan can be arranged to get the most for my insurance protection.

NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ PROVINCE _____



London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

The spy thriller Eden wouldn't solve

It was eight o'clock in the evening, a time when normally the debating chamber of the House of Commons would be sparsely attended. But on this occasion the public gallery was crammed and even the peers who usually go home early were packed uncomfortably into the special space reserved for them in the lower house.

The first debate from 3.30 p.m. to 8 had been on Cyprus. Two young Cypriots had been executed in spite of appeals and threats from many sources but Eden, as prime minister, had refused to give way. More than most men he has an understanding of youth and there must have been a cruel conflict in his mind.

The socialists had denounced the execution as barbaric, stupid and sterile. Why make martyrs of two boys? Would the Tories never learn? In view of the complete bankruptcy of government policy Gaitskell moved a virtual vote of censure and the MPs went into the voting lobbies to record their votes.

With the shadow of weariness on his face Eden came back from voting and took his seat on the

from the voting lobbies and Eden is studying his notes let us take off time from this narrative to explain that in Britain we have two branches of the Secret Service, and the prime minister alone is responsible for both. No other minister but him can answer for the mysterious doings of the cloak-and-



Lieut.-Com. Lionel Crabb. His disappearance put secrets in peril.

dagger men and questions are hardly ever asked.

There are two branches of this very silent service—Military Intelligence (known as MI5) which concerns itself with enemy espionage. The other is MI6 which in turn conducts espionage in enemy countries. When I tell you that the treasury vote last year for MI6 was five million pounds it will be realized that activity is on a considerable level. These sums are always voted in parliament without discussion. The Secret Service is strictly secret.

But at last the barrier of silence had been breached. A frogman with the suitable name of Crabb had suddenly become a front-page sensation as well as a presumed corpse. More than that he had become an acute embarrassment to the shaky Anglo-Russian concordat that Eden reached with Messrs. Bulganin and Khrushchev. Something had to be done. Mr. Gaitskell, as Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, felt that nothing would meet the situation but a full-dress debate on the subject in the House of Commons.

The Secret Service was to be stripped of its mystery. It had broken its code by being found out. *Continued on page 34*



Russian cruiser Ordzhonikidze. Do its men know where Crabb went?

front bench opposite the historic dispatch box. There was no respite for him, no dinner interval. As soon as the figures of the Cyprus vote were announced he had to face a situation of such delicacy that normally it would never be a subject for debate at all. In other words Gaitskell, breaking with tradition, was to arraign Eden as the minister responsible in the house for the Secret Service.

While the MPs are returning



For more family fun —
Drive More ...
it gets cheaper by the mile!



Copyright by McKague — Toronto
 Stratford's famous Shakespearian Festival (June 18 - Aug. 18)
 is visited every year by thousands of motorists.



Here's something to add to your motoring enjoyment!
 By driving more — using your car for more family picnics
 and good times together — you can have a barrel of fun
 and at the same time cut your driving cost *per mile!*

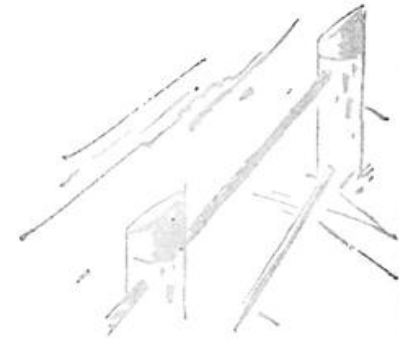
As you are well aware, certain costs of car ownership
 (depreciation, license fees, insurance) remain the same
 whether you drive your car a little or a lot. So, the more you
 drive, the less your *overall* cost (including gasoline and oil)
 per mile.

In fact, over the year, your cost per mile for 15,000 miles
 is only about half what it is if you drive only 5,000 miles.

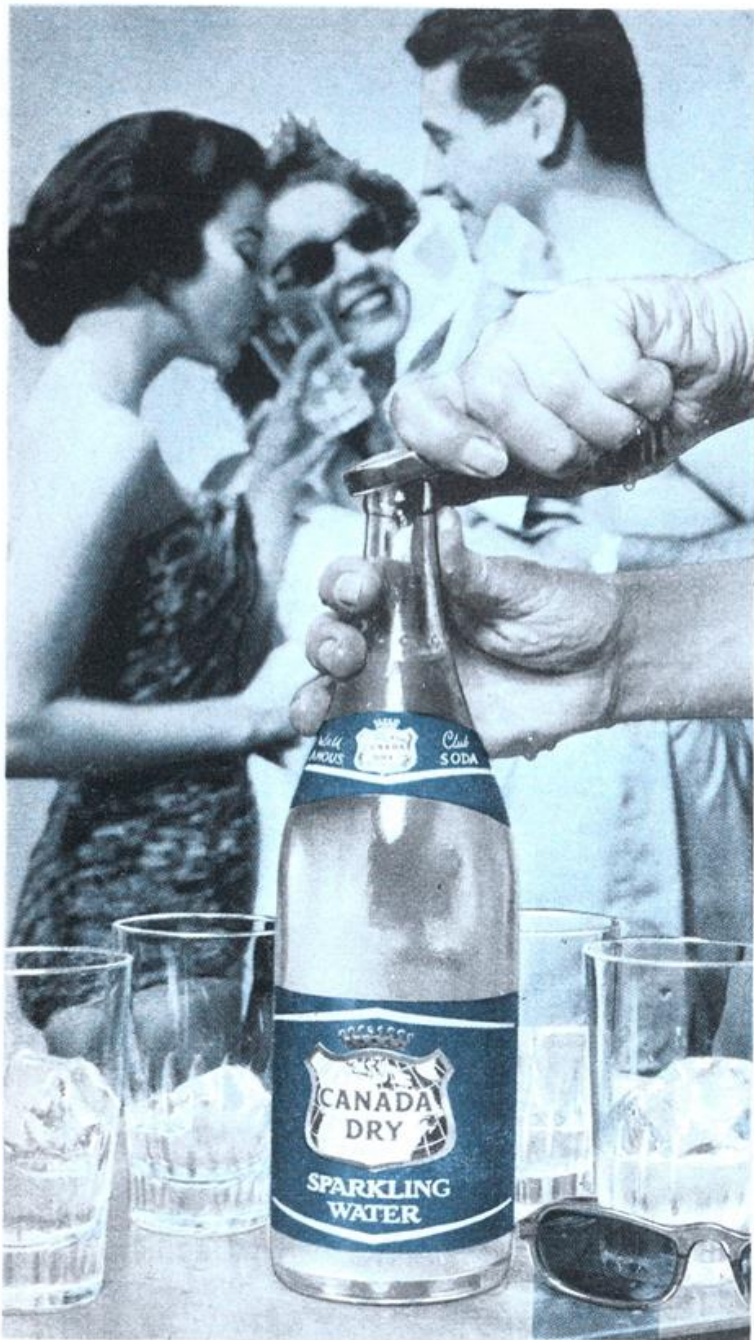
Naturally, as you drive more, you'll use more gasoline and
 oil, but competition among Canadian oil companies has
 held prices so low that extra mileage costs comparatively
 little.

So enjoy more family fun — and get greater value from your
 car — by taking more motoring trips together. Remember,
when you drive more . . . it gets cheaper by the mile!

AT YOUR SERVICE. Wherever you drive with your family, Canada's oil
 companies and the friendly business men who sell their products are
 always ready to help you.



ETHYL CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED



The secret of good hospitality!

Whether you've been lounging in the sun or taking a dip in the lake, it's good to come back to a properly mixed drink. And a good host *knows* you mean a drink made with famous Canada Dry Sparkling Water—a blend of 14 different ingredients specially prepared to bring out the best in any liquor. Whenever friends drop in, you'll be glad you have plenty of Canada Dry Sparkling Water on ice—it has an international reputation as *the important 4/5ths of any drink.*

CANADA DRY
Sparkling Water



CD-706



Backstage at Ottawa

WITH BLAIR FRASER



Cartoon by Grassick

The government didn't like any alternative but Howe was fighting time.

How the Grits' power play backfired

If the Liberal government is beaten at the next election — a prospect less unlikely now than it has been for twenty-one years — this session of parliament will appear in retrospect as a *Gritterdämmerung*, or Twilight of the Grits. Political historians may well conclude that the Liberals fell, not because of any one policy, and certainly not a pipeline policy of which the average voter knew little and cared less, but because they failed to observe the proper limits of power.

They had an obedient majority which would vote as it was told. They knew that given sufficient time, and firm agreement within their own cabinet, this majority could pass any reasonable bill the cabinet wanted. They believed, probably rightly, that the general public hadn't much interest in the complexities of the pipeline bill.

From these quite sensible premises the Liberals drew a dangerous conclusion—that they could do as they liked with parliament. Already, events have shown that the conclusion was more than dangerous, it was wrong.

It was late April before anybody knew that Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Ltd. would need any more help from the Crown than the building of a "bridge" line through the empty wilderness of western Ontario, which Ottawa had already promised to do in co-operation with the Ontario government. But then, when the bill to build a "bridge" line had already had

some preliminary debate, the government suddenly learned that this help would not be enough to start the pipeline job this year.

The Trans-Canada company discovered, or revealed, that it could not raise the eighty million dollars to build the western section, from Alberta to Winnipeg. This news confronted the Liberal government with three unpalatable alternatives.

First alternative: to give up all idea of starting in 1956 and postpone the whole thing for at least a year. This was the course the Trans-Canada people recommended, but the government turned it down. Alberta's need for a gas market, Winnipeg's need for cheap fuel, Ontario's impending power shortage—all argued against delay. Moreover, the Liberals wanted the pipeline started and its western leg completed before the federal election.

Second alternative: to buy up the assets of the Trans-Canada Pipe Lines—its options for pipe, its contracts for gas, its franchise and its right of way—and build the pipeline as a state-owned public utility. Trans-Canada Pipe Lines is said to have been willing if not anxious to sell. The government said no, it didn't want to go into the gas business.

The third alternative was the government's own idea. Since the banks were unwilling to lend Trans-Canada eighty million dollars until the whole project was farther along toward certainty and solvency, **Continued on page 56**



Pepper 'n spice, 'n everything nice—

—that's what Swift's Braunschweiger is made of! Fine Swift's selected meat, chopped and ground, blended with just the right amount of seasoning.

Enjoy zesty Braunschweiger and other Swift's Premium Spreads . . . Liver and Bacon, Liver and Cheese, Sandwich Spread. Get all four—today!



More than 100 Swift's Premium Table Ready Meats are made **FRESH** daily in local Swift Kitchens and rushed to your store.

SWIFT CANADIAN CO., LIMITED.

Flight into anywhere

The smooth and wondrous driving comfort, the pulsing, lifting power of the new Buick Roadmaster is seemingly as effortless as flying—without wings but with all of the untroubled, soaring ecstasy of graceful flight. Savor for yourself the enchantment of your own personal Flight into Anywhere—the escape on winglike, velvet-clad power into the great, golden distance—with the magnificent new Buick Roadmaster.



A General Motors Value

Buick Roadmaster, 2-door, 6-passenger Convertible

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT

Buick

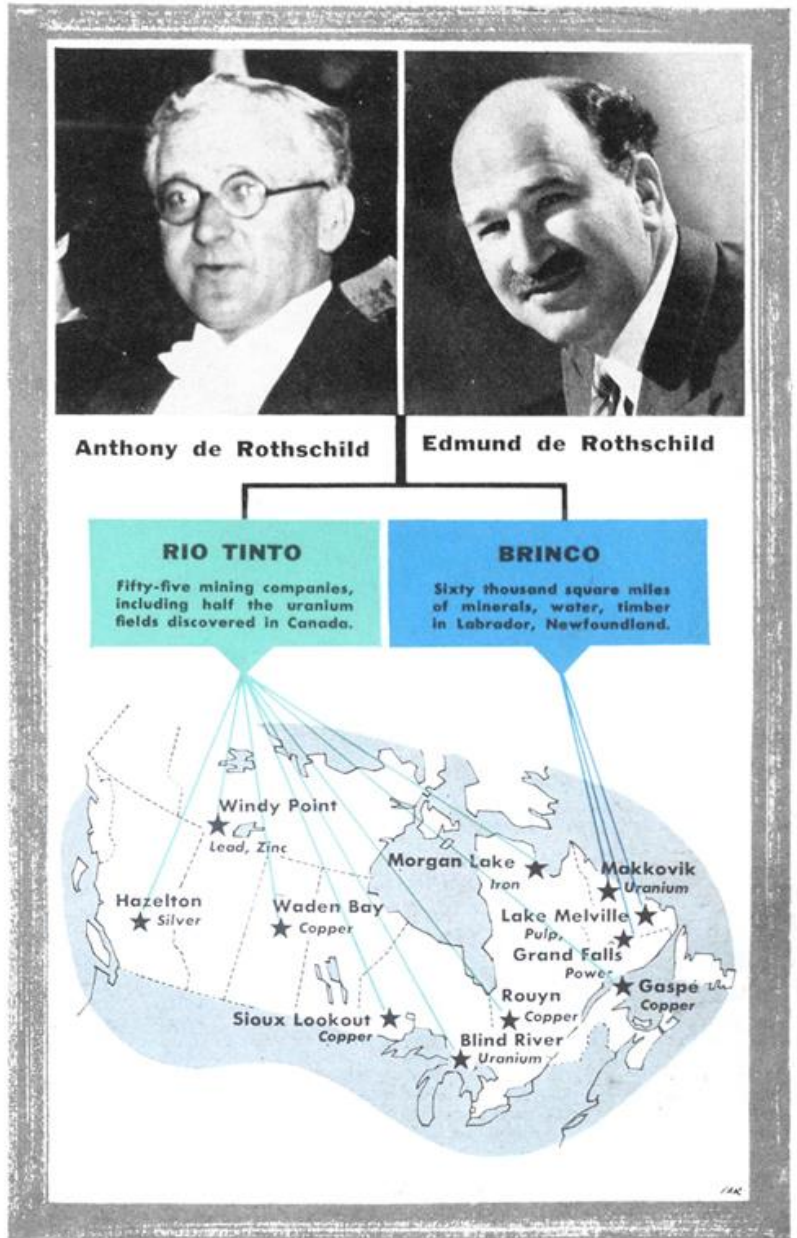
WILL BUILD THEM

The Rothschilds' fabulous stake in Canada

By Peter C. Newman

SAYS ANTHONY DE ROTHSCHILD:

"There was the De Beers diamond mine,
then the loan that helped
Disraeli buy the Suez. Now this.
This could be the biggest of them all"



The map shows the extent of the Rothschilds' natural-resources interests in Canada. But they're also in real estate, insurance, money lending and many other enterprises.

LAST WINTER twenty Quortok Eskimos and two bearded prospectors herded ten husky-drawn sleds loaded with six tons of iron ore through northern Quebec's numbing cold from Morgan Lake to an inlet off Ungava Bay, just below the 60th Parallel. Like thousands of other Canadians who do not realize it, the members of this Arctic caravan were working for N. M. Rothschild & Sons, the world's most powerful private bank, which has during the past four years cautiously and secretly acquired a huge stake in Canada.

The ore was being brought out from deposits owned by Oceanic Iron Ore of Canada Ltd. for trans-shipment to metallurgical laboratories in Montreal after spring breakup. Oceanic is a subsidiary of Technical Mine Consultants Ltd., which in turn is owned by Rio Tinto Mining Co.

Continued on next page

Where the Rothschilds are building their new empire



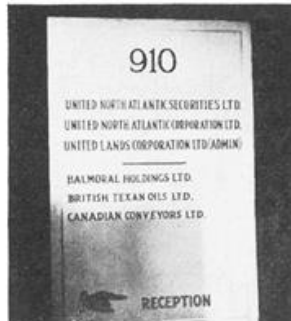
Northern Quebec

Eskimo dog teams freight iron ore for testing. Rothschilds have mines or mineral rights in eight provinces.



Clarkson, Ont.

Rothschild money will build up a new town of 3,000 homes here.



Toronto

Investment firm pours millions into enterprises across Canada.



Labrador

At Grand Falls they plan the world's biggest hydro-power plant.

of Canada. The Rothschilds stand at the top of this corporate spiral by virtue of holding the largest single share of Rio Tinto's English parent company.

The Canadian empire of the Rothschilds now includes:

- An area bigger than England and Wales containing nearly all the unstaked mineral and lumber resources of Labrador and Newfoundland. Uranium deposits which could be the continent's largest have already been found in this area. Among its other riches is a waterfall twice as high as Niagara; when fully harnessed it will produce more power than any existing power installation in the world.

- A substantial interest in the Rio Tinto group of fifty-five Canadian mining companies with shafts and claims in seven provinces. These

properties include three quarters of the Blind River district's known uranium reserves, and mills that may eventually produce one million dollars worth of uranium a day.

- A cluster of companies across Canada, which sell Canadians fire and casualty insurance, lend money to Vancouver car buyers, roll steel in Edmonton, and make barrel hoops at Mattawa, Ont.

- Nine hundred acres just twenty miles west of Toronto City Hall on which Rothschild money is building an entire new town.

The Rothschilds do not associate their name with any of these enterprises. Few if any of their Canadian customers are aware that they are dealing with the same family that financed Britain's purchase of the Suez Canal and underwrote Cecil Rhodes' development of the prodigious

De Beers diamond fields in South Africa. Originally insignificant money lenders, then blockade runners and international financiers, the Rothschilds emerged by 1818 as history's most influential bankers. They had Europe at their feet in a way Napoleon never had. In fact, Rothschild gold financed the ambitious emperor's defeat.

The Rothschild invasion of Canada had its genesis four years ago during a luncheon in the private dining room of the family bank in London. The host was Anthony de Rothschild, the firm's senior partner. The guest of honor was Joseph Smallwood, who was stumping Europe for risk capital to develop Newfoundland and Labrador. Six months of negotiation followed. Smallwood offered to close all remaining crown lands in the province to prospectors so that the Rothschilds could choose a fifty-thousand-square-mile concession out of the seventy-one thousand unstaked square miles of Labrador and half of Newfoundland's unstaked twenty thousand square miles. This would give the Rothschilds first choice in an area considerably larger than the combined size of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

All mineral, power and lumber resources of the concession (which would gradually decrease to one third the size as useless ground was explored and discarded) would belong to the Rothschilds. In return, Smallwood demanded that the Rothschilds spend five million dollars exploring the territory over a period of twenty years and pay the provincial government an eight-percent royalty on profits.

The offer granted domain over three times as much territory as is held in Labrador by the Iron Ore Co. of Canada, which is now developing iron-ore deposits at Knob Lake. It was taken up by a syndicate made up of thirty of England's largest companies and a few Canadian investment houses, headed by N. M. Rothschild & Sons. Assets of the partners in the bold new enterprise, called British Newfoundland Corporation (and soon nicknamed "Brinco") exceeded five billion dollars—more than the Canadian government's entire annual budget. Smallwood claimed it was "the biggest real-estate deal on this continent in this century." Sir Winston Churchill called the scheme "a grand imperial concept."

While Malcolm Hollett, member of Newfoundland's Progressive Conservative opposition, was still attacking passage of the bill to authorize the huge concession, Brinco was setting up exploration headquarters at North West River, a small settlement near Goose Bay. Canada's greatest game of geological hide-and-seek was under way. During the next twenty-four months Brinco engineers picked their concession outlines from a desolate rock-and-lake-strewn land that ranks among this continent's least explored territories. At first they had little more to work from than wall-type maps.

During the summer of 1953 the company's float-equipped Beavers ferried survey parties on more than a thousand sorties. Aircraft crammed with geophysical equipment criss-crossed the region in the winter. During the summer of 1954 a Bell helicopter and the BRINCO, a forty-six-ton motor launch, joined the search. To make sure no likely mineralization areas were being overlooked, the company hired Claude K. Howse, Newfoundland's top geologist who had been provincial deputy minister of mines, to guide its 228-man prospecting corps.

By the end of 1954 boundaries of the Brinco concessions were established, and so was their future importance. Ten miles southwest of Makkovik, a missionary outpost on Labrador's

How the Rothschilds' wealth and whims became a legend



James

He spent fortune on horses. Another Rothschild sponsored Paris actresses.



Third Lord Rothschild

No banker, he won medals in war, joined Labor Party, played jazz.



Lionel Walter

He quit the bank to study rare bugs and drive his four zebras in London.



Maurice

His social life was news in Thirties, but family business is usually secret.



Renée

Many Rothschilds marry Rothschilds; Anthony's daughter wed an outsider.



Baron James

He's a pillar of French branch. The family also flourishes in England.



Louis

When Nazis captured him Rothschilds got him free for \$21 million.



Mrs. Anthony and children

They're also part owners in the world's biggest, richest private bank.

east coast. Brinco geologists traced a radioactive occurrence eight miles wide and eighty-five miles long that Premier Smallwood predicts will eventually outrank the Beaverlodge and Blind River uranium strikes. Brinco crews also uncovered significant iron-ore, titanium, copper, lead, zinc, nickel, asbestos and colubium deposits, and outlined nearly twenty million cords of virgin timber—the basis of a possible pulp-and-paper industry at Goose Bay, fed by a new railroad opening up the Labrador interior.

But the prize asset of Brinco's northern kingdom is the foaming Hamilton River, which drops seventeen hundred feet in its wild cascade from the upper Labrador plateau into Lake Melville, at Goose Bay. About two hundred miles from its mouth the stream is broken by a succession of steep cataracts, finally plunging over a 302-

foot vertical precipice into Bowdoin Canyon with a roar audible fifty miles away.

This is Grand Falls, the site of one of the world's largest hydro potentials. Brinco engineers are now working on plans to divert the Hamilton through artificial lakes and retaining dykes that will allow a full 1,050-foot head to be harnessed in a single power plant, producing an ultimate four to five million horsepower. (The largest existing power installation is the Grand Coulee dam on the Columbia River in the northwestern U. S. It produces a peak load of 3,102,000 horsepower.) "If Grand Falls had been in some of the developed areas of Canada," says Senator C. C. Pratt, of St. John's, a Brinco director, "it would probably by this time have become the greatest power aid to industry in the world."

A report by Brinco's consulting engineers predicts Grand Falls can produce electricity at the lowest per-horsepower cost in Canada, partly because the main dam can be built entirely of rock from nearby pits. "The generators," the study states, "will be larger than any now in existence." The main problem will be selling the huge power load. An aluminum smelter is being considered. Power-short Montreal is only seven hundred miles away. Brinco is now building a hundred-mile access road to Grand Falls from Mile 286 of the Quebec North Shore Railroad. And the corporation recently said it would build a 250-mile transmission line from Grand Falls to Seven Islands.

The investigations leading up to the decision to develop Grand Falls underlined the cautious course followed

Continued on page 54



What is it? Even the inventor, Bill Haley, isn't sure.

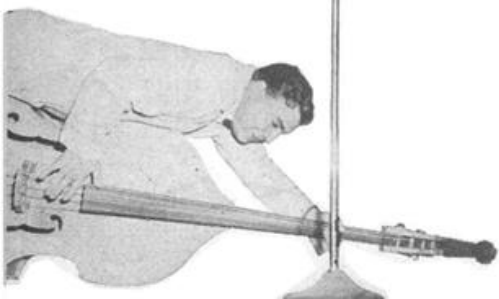
**WHAT
YOU
DON'T
NEED
TO
KNOW
ABOUT**



It's partly visual as singer La Vern Baker illustrates.

rock 'n roll

The other day we asked our Miss Moon to find out all about the latest musical craze. Here is her somewhat confused report



**"It works
on man's
emotions
like
the music
of the
heathen
in Africa"**



"Go, Go, Go, Go!" Teen-agers — some 13,000 of them — whoop it up at a rock 'n roll rally in Toronto.

BY BARBARA MOON

NOT LONG AGO a Toronto eighteen-year-old was fined fifty dollars for riding his motorcycle with his hands in the air. "A car radio was playing a real gone rock 'n roll song," he defended himself. "I just had to keep time to that sound."

"That sound" is the latest teen-age craze. And in the two years since it became epidemic rock 'n roll has been responsible for more than mere careless driving. It has, for example:

- + Packed the biggest available arenas in the biggest cities of the continent for some of the biggest gross revenues in entertainment history.
- + Pitchforked a raucous-voiced hillbilly named Elvis Presley into overnight stardom.
- + Stimulated snake dances, cop-baiting and outbursts of vandalism and mayhem in many centres. (Teen-agers in Brooklyn tore up a subway car after a rock 'n roll jamboree; in Min-

neapolis they pelted police with empty beer tins.)

- + Caused Variety to call it "the most explosive show biz phenomenon of the decade." The trade journal of the entertainment world added ponderously, "It may be getting too hot to handle."
- + Induced amnesia in many adults; their alarm is such that they forget all inconvenient earlier parallels for the fad.
- + Saturated the continent with songs whose hit-parade ratings vary according to their decibel ratings. One deafening litany, called Blue Suede Shoes, invites the hearer to knock the singer down, step in his face, slander his name, burn his house, steal his car and drink his liquor as long as he, the hearer, stays off his, the singer's, blue suede shoes. Ten thousand copies of Shoes were sold in one month in Ontario alone.

For such reasons as these I was assigned recently to investigate the phenomenon for Maclean's. "What is it and why is it?" the editors wanted to know.

Casting around for a ground scent I put in a call to Elwood Glover, a CBC disk jockey in Toronto who is supposed to be abreast of such movements.

"What exactly," I said, "is rock 'n roll?" "Oh dear, oh dear," said Glover. He paused, then offered, "All I can say is it's the most exhibitionistic form of music today. It removes all inhibitions. Amazing thing."

This vagueness was excusable, I discovered, after learning that Elvis Presley himself is quoted as saying: "It's somethin' a lotta people like, somethin' that just gets into yuh. I can't rightly tell yuh any better than that . . ."

I went next to *Continued on page 51*

Just look at
the old
ice-cream parlor
now!



Car-hops direct traffic in four-hundred-car parking lot at the Stoney Creek (Ont.) Dairy.

With flashing lights, car-hops and spectacular sundaes, the quiet cozy rendezvous where grandpa courted grandma is a booming drive-in now . . . like George Dawson's, where twelve thousand may drop by on Sunday



22 flavors are a treat for kids, and at Christmas, plum-pudding ice cream too.

By Trent Frayne

PHOTOS BY ED HAUSMAN



On peak days dairy sells twelve hundred gallons of ice cream in many mixes, colors.



Super sundaes include "superduper," which towers above glass, costs forty-five cents.

It's a good bet that almost every Canadian past the age of forty has a nostalgic memory of the old-fashioned ice-cream parlor, a reigning social institution in the dewy youth of the century. It was there that scrubbed swains held hands under wire-legged tables with blushing maidens while they stared calllike at each other over tall enchanting glasses. It was there that young lovers walked of a summer evening in the early days of the horseless carriage. It was the invariable destination after a band concert in the park, a boat ride in July or a five-cent movie. It was there that the young blades assembled after a dashing game of croquet or a rousing set of tennis, and it had such grace and dignity that its tables were never barnacled with blobs of chewing gum.

The ice-cream parlor was the shrine of the age—where juvenile virtue was rewarded with peaks of strawberry, chocolate and vanilla, capped with cherries and whipped cream. But, alas, it has gone the way of the Model-T and the frilly pantaloons.

Yet just as the Tin Lizzy and the frills have been replaced by peach-colored convertibles and sleek nylon, so has the old ice-cream parlor been superseded by a modern counterpart: the sprawling drive-in with more asphalt than a service station, a twenty-foot illuminated sign shaped like an ice-cream cone, a bevy of car-hop waitresses dressed almost entirely in skin, and huge chains of roadside outlets like the Howard Johnson restaurants in the United States that serve twenty-eight (count 'em) twenty-eight flavors.

In Canada the new kind of ice-cream parlor has reached its apex in the unlikely little town of Stoney Creek, Ont., a historic fruit-growing community in the Niagara Peninsula. The busiest place in town, day and night, is a low, rambling, red-brick-and-stone collection of additions and more additions called the Stoney Creek Dairy. But it is not a dairy at all—it is the old ice-cream parlor in modern dress. Here, on a hot and humid holiday, six uniformed young men with crewcuts are employed to direct cars that roll, often bumper-to-bumper, into the dairy's black-topped parking lot from all over the peninsula. They come principally from Hamilton, which is just a few miles west, but they also come from Buffalo, fifty miles south, and from Toronto, forty-odd miles east. On such a day twelve thousand people will pour through the little town of 3,451 residents and will buy twelve hundred gallons of ice cream, four hundred pounds of bananas, six hundred quarts of milk, ten gallons of sundae syrups, thirty-five pounds of nuts and four thousand cherries. Of the twelve hundred gallons of ice cream, a good five hundred will be in bulk, generally half-gallon cartons for home freezers.

"People figure we're exaggerating when we quote them these figures," remarks the dairy's owner, a plain, blunt, forty-nine-year-old ex-farmer named George Dawson. "Well, we just let 'em look for themselves."

It's an arresting sight. The cars line up side by side in long rows as they're directed into a parking lot that can accommodate four hundred cars. Fathers climb out from behind the wheels and line up in winding queues before wide windows of block glass from which, at night, diffused colored lights glow. They give their orders to high-school girls in white nylon uniforms, as many as forty-five of them working over long rows of ice-cream containers in a wide spotless booth on the parking-lot side of the dairy. Then the customers carry aluminum trays back to their cars, carefully balancing double-decker cones or lavish sundaes.

The parking lot is spotted with sections for outdoor tables under multicolored



Continued on page 36

The great cross-Canada hike

With wolves sometimes snapping at
their heels, through snow
and storm, five people walked from
Halifax to Vancouver. Mile by
bitter mile, here's the footrace that
stirred all Canada back in 1921



In the cold, high mountain passes and rock cuts of British Columbia five strangely assorted figures—four men and a woman—plodded wearily and determinedly westward on the first days of June 1921. They had come a long way. Their faces were tanned and burned by the sun and wind. They were thin, leg-weary and footsore. Their nerves were worn, and their minds bitter. To people they met in the small mountain railway towns they made angry accusations against the other walkers, calling them cheats and liars.

They were miles apart as they walked—four of them in teams of two and one man by himself. At every whistle stop telegraph keys excitedly chattered the news of their progress. All over Canada thousands of people anxiously called newspaper offices and asked: "Who is ahead now?" . . . "How far to go?"

For this was one of the most memorable treks in Canadian history—an almost incredible hike of 3,645 miles from Halifax to Vancouver, across Canada, in about four and a half months. It was started as a lark by two young men with a feeling of wanderlust and nothing better to do. It ended in a grueling, bizarre and bitter race as five people wore themselves to exhaustion satisfying a clamorous country-wide guessing game as to who could walk farthest and fastest.

From Saint John, N.B., to Vancouver they all followed the same route along the railway tracks of the CPR. They walked through winter blizzards in the Maritimes and Quebec, snow- and rainstorms in Ontario and the cold and muddy spring of the prairies. One team got on the wrong track and walked a hundred miles the wrong way. Others were pursued by wolves and fought them off with guns. They slept in Canada's best hotels and in trackside shanties. They were lionized by politicians and by socialites eager to share their limelight. They paid their own way by selling postcards to the thousands who came out to see them in cities and hamlets. They suffered frostbite, blisters, hunger and exhaustion, and in wild stretches of mountain or bush they were sometimes afraid for their lives. In return, they were widely acclaimed.

Their fame and success ended as abruptly as it began—almost the moment they reached Vancouver—after they had walked from January to June. The long hike left none of them rich or lastingly famous. Today only a frenzy of old newspaper records commemorates their effort. But they were the real Canadian pioneers in the freakish field that later witnessed such sadistic demonstrations as marathon dancing, flagpole sitting, goldfish swallowing and long-distance swims.

Like these others, the great cross-country hike originated in one man's idle whim. The man was Charles Burkman, born in Port Arthur, Ont., but who, in the winter of 1920-21, found himself in Halifax and out of work. He had a friend, Sid Carr of Halifax, and one day, footloose and thinking of adventure, Burkman suggested they start walk- *Continued on page 46*

Frank and Jennie Dill walked 3,645 miles in 131 days to win the longest race held in Canada. Her breeches shocked everyone.

"Far from being indispensable he has become the biggest single menace to a stable pro-Western policy in West Germany."



BLAIR FRASER, back from Germany, reports on

The alarming truth about Konrad Adenauer

We call him a friend but this Grand Old Man of Germany is really a threat to pro-Western policy, an autocrat who rules alone and who could lead West Germany to political chaos or worse

FOR SEVEN years, ever since the Federal Republic of Germany emerged from the rubble of Hitler's Reich as friend instead of foe, one of the half dozen most important men in the world has been an elderly, scholarly, irascible Rhinelander whose highest previous eminence had been the lord mayor's chair in a middle-sized German city.

Konrad Adenauer, in the eyes of millions at home and abroad, has been both architect and symbol of the new, free, friendly Germany. He has appeared as the strongest, if not the only, link that binds West Germany to the free world. He has been friend and confidant of a succession of Western statesmen: Churchill and Truman, Eden and Eisenhower and Dulles, Schuman of France and Spaak of Belgium—everyone who stands for the unity of Europe and of Christendom. The more Germany grew to strength and prosperity, the more her amazing recovery made her a cornerstone of the whole Western alliance, the more Konrad Adenauer stood forth as Europe's indispensable man.

Adenauer is eighty years old. He won't discuss or even allow discussion of a successor. It's natural that many people should be afraid that when this towering figure does disappear, as he must in the course of nature before very long, the result in West Germany will at best be political chaos, at worst a disgruntled neutralism or even defection of Germany to the Soviet bloc.

So it was a surprise to find, in recent talks with German politicians, that they look to Adenauer's retirement with no alarm at all, no apprehension whatever about the stability of Germany either politically or economically. Indeed, a better case can be made for precisely the opposite fear: that Konrad Adenauer, far from being the indispensable man, has become an actual obstacle to a stable pro-Western policy in West Germany.

Adenauer's party, the Christian Democratic Union, is wholly committed to firm co-operation with the West and refusal to make any separate deal with Soviet Russia or East Germany. In the present German parliament the Christian Democrats have a clear majority—251 of 487 seats. But even the Christian Democrats themselves have no hope of another

such majority after the federal election next year. A coalition is inevitable.

If the Christian Democrats are part of the governing coalition they will dominate it. The strongly pro-Western Dr. Heinrich von Brentano will still be Germany's foreign minister, if indeed he has not taken Adenauer's place as chancellor. *Continued on page 60*

"Germany's other political parties are united on one point: 'We cannot and will not work with Konrad Adenauer.'"



"He's eighty years old yet he won't discuss or even co-operate in the discussion of a successor."

"We have this much in common with the Communists . . . we too have the problem of getting rid of the Cult of Personality."



END

THE LIBERAL STRANGLEHOLD ON OTTAWA!

NOW YOU TOO

can look like beautiful

REGINA LEE!

Vote for

THE SCIENCE

PARTY

and give yourself a lift!



BODY BY *Oscar*

They say the Liberal Party has been in power a hundred years now.

But they're not telling the truth.

Why don't they admit it? Because they're ashamed, that's why. They'd rather forget

When every woman looked like Regina Lee

By Blanche Howard

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

I guess everyone in Canada knows that this is the year we celebrate the Liberal government's hundredth consecutive year in office. Just think of that! The Liberal Centennial. Hardly seems possible, does it?

Well, it isn't possible. Oh, I know — I know what you're going to say. In Halifax they're lining up the whole Canadian Navy and decorating all the ships that have been around for the entire hundred years, and in Toronto the churches are going to have a special evening service every night for a week. Out in Saskatchewan they're sending two rocketloads of people to the moon (mostly folks who still hanker for the CCF and don't want to stay around anyway), and in Alberta they're giving away an oil well to every one born in 1935, the year the Liberals started this hundred-year run. In Vancouver they're unveiling a totem pole of all the Liberal prime ministers during the hundred years, Mackenzie King being on the bottom. Even the CBC is composing a lively piece for the occasion, called *The Hundred Year Liturgy in G-Flat Minor*, for Harpsichord and Glockenspiel.

"One hundred years—we have no peers"—that's the slogan. It should be some celebra-

tion! I'll bet those people on the moon will wish they'd stayed here; but then I guess a lot of the ones here will wish they'd gone along to the moon, at least for a day or two.

But what I'm saying is, it's a lie. And what's more, pin them down and you can make them admit it, even though it's not in any of the official books, either here or south of the border. You'd think the opposition party would really play it up, wouldn't you? I mean, about this centennial celebration—a hundred years of steady democratic Liberal government—being just so much hogwash. Especially when the opposition were the ones who came into power for six brief months, when I was a boy. Well I'll tell you why they aren't mentioning it—they're ashamed. And I'll tell you why they aren't mentioning it in the United States—they're ashamed too. And I'll tell you why the Liberal Party doesn't need to mention it—they figure nobody who remembers it is going to feel like talking about it, and everyone is perfectly happy to forget all about it.

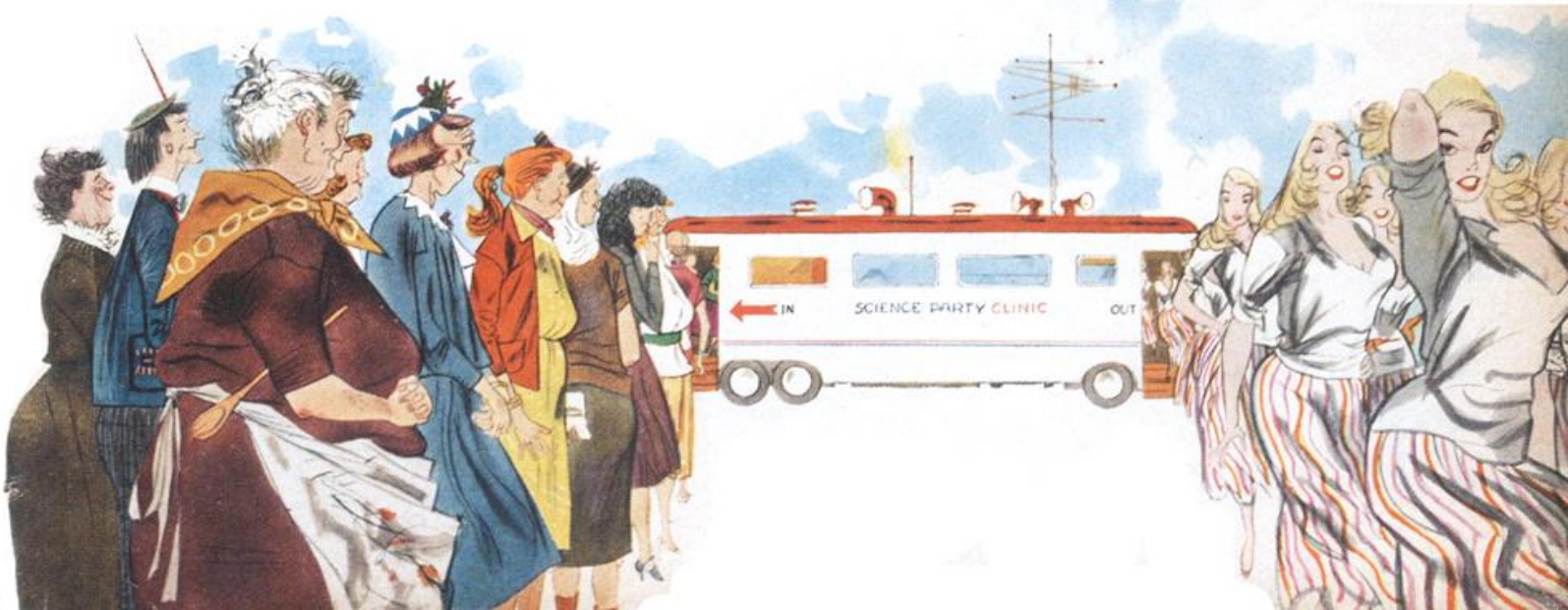
Everyone except me. I'm still pretty mad about the whole thing. I know there's lots of folks my age—I'll be seventy-seven next birthday—but most of them feel that the sooner they forget all about it, the better. But me, I've got a grudge against the Liberal Party. I'm never rightly going to forget.

You see, most of the rest of the people in this country lived a lot farther south than Dad and I did. In fact, you couldn't live much farther north—little place called Eskimo Landing, north of the Arctic Circle. We used to trap furs up there. In those days women wore fur coats and jackets and such things to keep warm in winter and also because they were considered very stylish. It was kind of lonely work, but when we'd see pictures of elegant ladies dressed up in their lovely furs, it made us feel as though we were doing our bit for mankind. You don't get that feeling with these modern glass things; life is getting so mechanized.

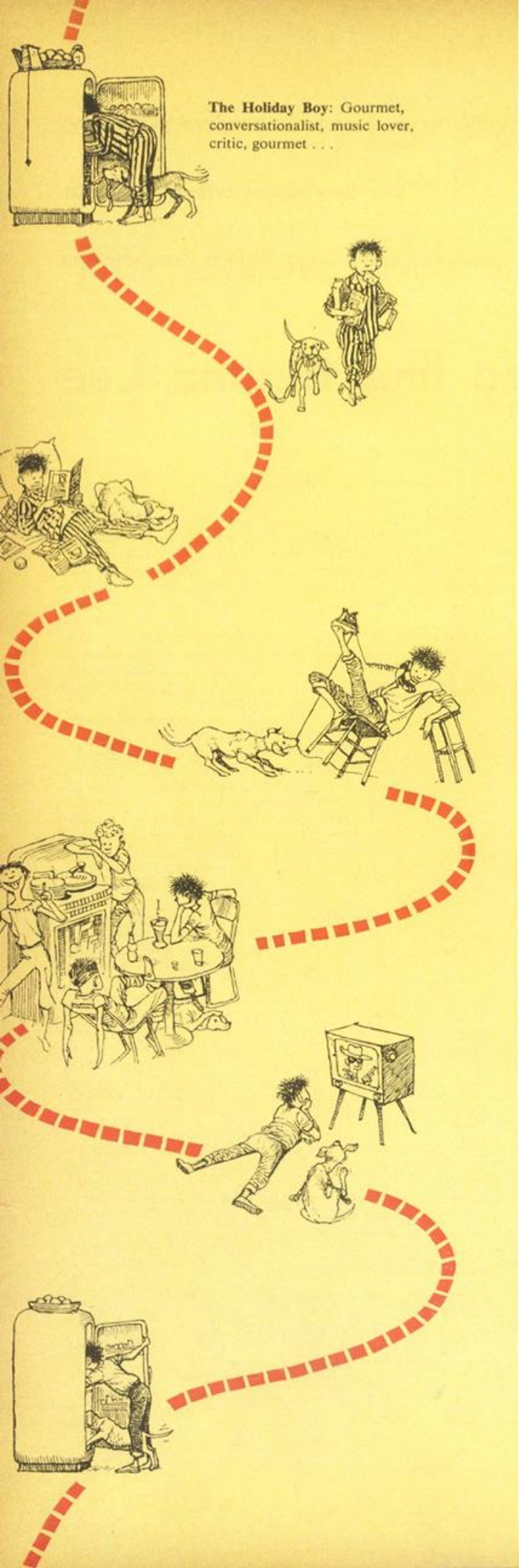
Well, times do change and you can't stop progress I guess. But that was the style back in 1973. At that time, the Liberals had been in power steady for thirty-eight years, and everyone was getting a little tired of it. Even the Liberals were getting tired of it. In fact, they were getting so tired of it that they introduced a bill in parliament that year offering financial support to other parties so they could get their campaigns organized. The truth is, everyone in the government was fed up with Ottawa in winter, and wanted to be free to go to Hawaii. Of course they didn't say that; the reason they gave was that democracy depended on the two-party system, so please, why doesn't some other party get to be the

Continued on page 42

Clinics were set up in every major Canadian city and soon the streets were filled with platinum wenches.



The Holiday Boy: Gourmet, conversationalist, music lover, critic, gourmet . . .



ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN TELLS

How to handle your



The minute school closes they begin to get bored and to drive you crazy. Should you lock the door? Have a nervous breakdown? No! Here's what Bob suggests

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

kids



in the holidays



Kids go to seed with too much holiday leisure, says Bob. His plan: put them to work.

Pretty soon now the kids will arrive home. They drop their books, pencil boxes, drawings of tulips, report cards and class photographs somewhere between the front door and the bread box, and begin their summer holidays. For the next two months they'll slam in and out of screen doors, make sandwiches, leave refrigerator doors open, pester their parents for cones, shows, swims and transportation, and wander around in utter boredom, chanting, "What'll I do-o-o-o-o-o?"

Their mothers will give them a variety of answers, from, "Why don't you weave a basket?" in July, to, "Get lost," in late August, when their nerves have been frazzled by the two months of the year toughest for women.

Perhaps, before long, society will come up with an idea for an organized summer period for children. In the meantime parents can make things a lot easier on themselves during the two months the kids are home if they observe a few rules. One of the first is that children should have some planned work to do. Children can't stand endless leisure any more than adults can, but they don't realize this. They chant, "No more pencils, no more books . . ." just as ecstatically

as if they meant it, but within a few hours they'll be lying around looking as if they'd been tossed there from an upstairs window. They'll sprawl face down across hammocks, sing Christmas carols to ants, balance glasses of milk on their chests, sit on bottom steps holding their spaniels' ears up straight and stare into their eyes, and generally look as bored as people waiting for a late bus.

Last summer I watched in fascination while one little boy, obviously unhinged by suddenly being freed from doing arithmetic, jumped eight hundred and sixty-nine times on his pogo stick until his pants started to come off and my head was going up and down with him. Some people might call this play, but during the whole chore his expression was as sad as if somebody had just turned off the TV. This kid wasn't playing; he was afraid to get off his pogo stick and face the utter lack of purpose in life.

The fact is, children can get just as bored and unhappy as adults, and look worse doing it because they can do it in more positions. They should be given enough to do to help them retain a bit of zest for their free time. But that isn't the only reason for putting them to work.

Kids, suddenly released from the order and discipline of school life, will go to seed unless held to certain forms and customs. Giving a youngster some work to do is like making a man dress for dinner in the jungle. A kid on summer holidays is inclined to think that fall is as far away as old age, and completely lose track of time and responsibility.

I knew one little boy who, for ten months of the year, used to step out smartly for school with a headful of brisk plans for the day, but who, during July and August, had no more moral fibre than a popsicle. He'd wake up in the morning, yawn, blink at the sun, scratch himself and come downstairs, looking, somehow, as if he needed a shave. He'd ask what day it was, make some toast and slop back to his bedroom to read comic books for the day.

He probably would have stowed away on a schooner in the fall if his father hadn't been an hour late leaving for work one morning and watched, with his orange juice poised in one hand and the morning paper in the other, in horrified silence while his only son passed a few feet away without seeing him. The father exploded to his wife, "For

Continued on page 57



"We were able to gamble our son's life and we won." Ruth, Peter and Frank Barkey after the operation that changed all their lives.



A sudden violent illness left our "perfect baby" on the dim edge of consciousness, his body wracked by convulsions, his brain a shattered blank. This is the story of that ordeal and

The miracle that saved our son's mind

BY FRANK R. BARKEY

PHOTO BY PETER CROYDON

IS it possible for a human being to live a normal, productive life with half a brain? For more than a year my son, aged nine, has been living the answer to this startling question.

Eighteen months ago Peter survived hemispherectomy—removal by surgery of one of the two major lobes of the brain. First reported by Dr. Krynauw, a South African neurosurgeon, this rare surgical feat has been attempted only in a limited way.

Four years ago at the age of five, Peter was committed to an institution, hopelessly retarded mentally, physically crippled, and the victim of as many as twenty convulsive seizures each day. Today he has the memory of a fearsome journey to the rim of the unknown and of return, a huge white turban concealing the great scar arching across his head, evidence of a surgeon's genius. One amazing fact has already emerged. His mentality, crippled at the age of sixteen months, is expanding and probing for knowledge, absorbing ideas like a starved sponge. His convulsive seizures are gone and a completely new personality operates on a higher intellectual level, still climbing. The shadow of an institution grows dimmer.

The first part of Peter's story is not unique. Estimates place the number of mentally defective children in the United States and Canada at nearly two million. Behind this figure lies untold heartbreak, sacrifice, smothering financial burdens. For six years we were members of a great host which moves across the land seeking relief, only to find disappointment and frustration. We were fortunate. We were able to gamble the life of our son—and we won. Today the mind of an intelligent boy is slowly emerging from the chaos left in the wake of an unnamed, brain-scarring disease difficult to diagnose be-

cause of its close resemblance to another destroyer called encephalitis.

In Canada each year a small number of children have encephalitis. Not easily recognized, encephalitis appears in a number of forms and strikes without warning. It is caused by a number of viruses, few of them isolated, which invade the central nervous system and the grey matter of the brain. No known method exists to detect the virus before symptoms appear and then it is too late. First symptoms may seem as colorless and insignificant as a simple cold. Or they may appear as raging fever, convulsions or vomiting, and terminate in deep coma. Another group of children, like Peter, have a convulsion that, for no apparent cause, continues for hours and also terminates in deep coma. These children, those who survive, are left a terrible legacy of mental deficiency, paralysis, convulsive seizures, defective vision or any combination of these. Peter was left with all of them. Damage to the brain results in the formation of scar tissue over the affected areas. The function of these areas becomes erratic or stops, like an intricate electrical switchboard that suddenly develops many short circuits.

In the hospital, age sixteen months, a twisted little body lay motionless except for an arm waving vaguely in the air. Eyes stared fixedly, unseeing, unrecognizing. Nothing aroused any sign of mental response. We stood in a deserted

hospital corridor looking through glass at what was left of our son. We were long past tears. A grey, vacant numbness surrounded our consciousness like a protecting wall. We drew closer together, mother and father, as if for protection against an unseen scourge.

One morning, three weeks previously, we had wakened to the crying of our son.

Continued on next page

"IT HAPPENED TO US"

This is one of a new series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's . . . stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For publishable stories Maclean's will pay its regular article rates.

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

The Catered Affair: Ernest Borgnine plays a taxi driver who is badgered by Bette Davis, his headstrong wife, to squander their life savings on a wedding reception for their daughter. Paddy Chayefsky, author of *Marty*, also wrote the television play on which this Bronx domestic comedy-drama is based. It's not as good as its predecessor, but it's well worth seeing just the same. Miss Davis is visibly out of her element but often brilliantly effective. As the bride, Debbie Reynolds displays a new-found maturity and skill.

Bhowani Junction: A fretful Anglo-Indian beauty (Ava Gardner) and a brusque British colonel (Stewart Granger) are the lovers in a long, loud and richly atmospheric CinemaScope version of the John Masters novel. Rating: fair.

Lucky Kid: Although pictorially vivid, this is a complicated and over-arty British drama in which a small boy in a London tenement imagines his pet goat is a magic unicorn.

The Revolt of Mamie Stover: A dull and distasteful yarn about a money-mad "entertainer"—but you know what she *really* is—who amasses a fortune in Honolulu. With Jane Russell, Richard Egan.

23 Paces to Baker Street: Hollywood-financed, British-made, this is a longish but better-than-average suspense mystery. It has to do with a blind playwright (Van Johnson) who stumbles into a sinister London conspiracy. With Vera Miles, Cecil Parker.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Alexander the Great: Spectacle. Fair.
An Alligator Named Daisy: British comedy. Fair.
Anything Goes: Musical. Good.
Autumn Leaves: Drama. Good.
The Benny Goodman Story: Jazz music-biography. Good.
The Birds & the Bees: Comedy. Fair.
Bottom of the Bottle: Drama. Fair.
Carousel: Music-drama. Good.
Cash on Delivery: Comedy. Poor.
Come Next Spring: Drama. Good.
The Conqueror: Historical melodrama. Fair.
The Court Jester: Comedy. Excellent.
Crime in the Streets: Drama. Poor.
The Dam Busters: Air war. Excellent.
Diabolique: Horror mystery. Good.
Five Boys From Barska Street: Polish drama. Fair.
Forbidden Planet: Science-fiction. Good.
Geordie: Scottish comedy. Good.
Gys and Dolls: Musical. Excellent.
The Harder They Fall: Drama. Good.
Hilda Crane: Drama. Fair.
Hot Blood: Gypsy drama. Fair.
I'll Cry Tomorrow: Drama. Good.
Johnny Concho: Western. Good.
Jubal: Western drama. Good.

The Ladykillers: Comedy. Good.
The Last Hunt: Western. Good.
Let's Make Up: Fantasy-musical. Poor.
The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit: War-and-business drama. Good.
The Man Who Knew Too Much: Crime and suspense. Excellent.
The Man Who Never Was: Espionage thriller. Excellent.
Meet Me in Las Vegas: Comedy with music and ballet. Excellent.
Mohawk: Pioneer drama. Fair.
On the Threshold of Space: Factual science thriller. Good.
Patterns: Business drama. Good.
Picnic: Comedy-drama. Excellent.
The Prisoner: Drama. Excellent.
Ransom!: Suspense drama. Good.
Richard III: Shakespeare. Tops.
The Rose Tattoo: Comedy-drama. Good.
The Searchers: Western. Fair.
Simon and Laura: Comedy. Good.
The Swan: Romantic comedy. Excellent.
The Tender Trap: Comedy. Good.
Three Bad Sisters: Drama. Poor.
Touch and Go: Comedy. Good.
A Town Like Alice: Drama. Fair.
Trial: Drama. Excellent.
Tribute to a Bad Man: Western. Good.
The Trouble With Harry: Comedy. Good.
World Without End: Fantasy. Fair.

Five minutes later his body arched cruelly in the first of a series of convulsions. Our frantic call brought our family physician running, flapping shoelaces threatening to trip him at every step. For three hours, as Peter's temperature soared to 106.5 degrees, he did everything possible to halt the malignant, recurring seizures. At length came deep coma, a frenzied taxi to the hospital.

From farther down the corridor a white-coated doctor approached us. "I am sorry," he said quietly, "but there is nothing more we can do."

Almost inaudibly Ruth, the mother, asked, "You mean he will go on—just like that?"

"No," the doctor replied, "one of two things will happen. Frankly, he may not rise from this coma and will pass away. But I feel that having survived for three weeks he will come out of it. It is possible that familiar surroundings at home would help. Would you care to take him home?"

Within the hour we carried the limp little body from the hospital. Nothing was real nor could we imagine anything beyond that particular moment.

We learned to live the days one by one and each day revolved around Peter. Things normally taken for granted, like eating, became major problems. There was no mental reaction to any type of stimulus; therefore the idea of feeding with a spoon was impossible. But the instinct of self-preservation is a powerful animal drive. When the nipple of a bottle was placed between his lips it set up an automatic reaction of great, noisy gulping which eventually succeeded in emptying the bottle of its contents.

In my diary for this period I find a typical entry: "There is no movement of the right arm or leg. Right side of the face drawn. There is no head movement. No apparent mental reaction. Eyes open but not moving. There seems to be no control of eye muscles, turn Peter on his side and the eyes slide down to the corners. There is no attempt to move them back. Periodic seizures which jerk his whole body to the right, gradually subsiding."

At my office about three weeks later, I picked up the phone to hear Ruth's excited voice. Almost hysterical, she babbled, "Peter tried to smile! He tried to smile for me! Can you come home? Can you get away?"

In three minutes flat I was in the car. Sure enough, when I stood in front of his bed an elusive suggestion of a smile tickled one corner of his mouth. His eyes didn't move but, impossible as it is to describe, I knew he was at long last aware of his mother and myself.

The next three years were a kaleidoscope of bitter frustration, wild hope, abysmal despair as we became part of that lonely, lost host who, seeking relief, some fragment of peace, trek from doctor to doctor with crippled, maimed, mentally ill children, never giving up, searching, waiting, hoping. I was asked to resign by the managing director of my firm. It was very polite but also very final. It seemed my division of the company was being absorbed by the parent firm, there was no room for a surplus manager. I had planned my future with the organization and now the rug was jerked from under my feet. Bitterly I decided to forsake executive ambitions and took a job as a skilled technician in another city.

Peter gradually recovered a degree of intelligence and physical ability. Daily exercise, physiotherapy and massage helped him to walk again, although hemiplegia, a form of spastic paralysis, caused him to drag his right leg and affected his

sense of balance. His right arm remained immobile and drawn tight to his side. His smile was a crooked, one-sided grin. For some time damage to his mental processes was not too apparent. He pronounced words easily but as time went on we found his conversation going round in little circles. He would repeat the same broken sentence again and again until his mother spoke to him, jarring him from the rut.

Cause and effect did not exist and no amount of teaching, or experience, made the slightest impression. One evening he sat on my knee to hear a favorite story book. Suddenly he reached for the burning tip of my cigarette. The burn was slight but brought a cry of pain. After he had been comforted and fussed over we settled down again, when he immediately reached for the glowing cigarette—with the same finger. Every conceivable type of instructive toy was tried in the hope of adding to his small store of manual skills, little games designed to foster mental and manual development. He advanced at his own rate but it was despairingly slow.

As he grew in stature his convulsive seizures increased in intensity. Ten, fifteen, twenty times each day he came out of a seizure gasping for breath as he slowly won release from the diabolical force that held him in its grip. Its sudden onslaught was like a hammer blow, resulting in more face and head scars than the average man collects in a lifetime. Our house became innocent of loose ornaments and sharp objects. It became instinctive to keep him away from the corners of furniture; steps, even the sides of his bed were padded. In spite of all precautions it was impossible to prevent injuries. On one occasion his head struck the smooth wall with sufficient force to put a three-inch depression in the solid plaster.

A sad parting with Peter

Every modern test was given, intelligence tests, tests for manual dexterity, electroencephalograms. He was examined, probed, fitted with surgical braces, X-rayed. At the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto I watched an electroencephalogram being made of Peter's brain impulses. Under the influence of anaesthetic he lay on a hospital cot, electrodes taped to various points around his head from each of which a wire led to the recording apparatus. Eight pen-like points on this fantastic machine, each responding to a minute electrical brain impulse, traced a wavering pattern on a slowly unrolling strip of paper about twelve inches wide. Evidence of brain damage was clear even to my untutored eye. Four pen points traced a quite active pattern. The remaining four showed no activity, tracing a string-like, inert line. Suddenly all eight points developed acute jitters, swung wildly, then settled back to their former patterns, four alive, four inert, only to repeat the exaggerated swing a few moments later. It was uncanny to realize that the forces activating those swiftly moving pen points were little-known life forces deep in the brain of my son. Every doctor and specialist gave the same hopeless answer, "My advice to you is to put Peter in an institution. Have another child."

There came a time when, finances gone, in debt, physically at the end of our rope, we put Peter into a government hospital. He was five years old. Every second Sunday we drove two hundred miles to be with him for a few hours. During the summer and at Christmas we brought him home for short periods. On these visits the effect of institutional life, coupled with loss of a sense of security, became



For just a few dollars down, you can put your family in the movies! Ask your dealer about easy terms

Now! Kodak brings you a Brownie Movie Camera at the lowest price ever—only \$36.95!

It's a precision-built camera that makes beautiful, full-color movies just as easy to take as snapshots! Finest value ever offered by Kodak!

Incredible price? You're right! Yet it's an incredibly fine 8mm movie camera.

Kodak's new Brownie *f*/2.7 Model 2 gives magnificent color movies—movies so sharp and clear you'd think they were taken with a far more expensive camera.

And it couldn't be easier to use. In fact—it loads and operates as simply as a snapshot camera. A new type of exposure guide tells you just how to set the lens. Then aim and shoot. That's all!

You can get wonderful movies the very first time—outdoors or indoors!

Your travels, your holidays, your children's growing-up years . . . you can save them *all* for as little as thirteen cents a scene! Why not get started this week-end?

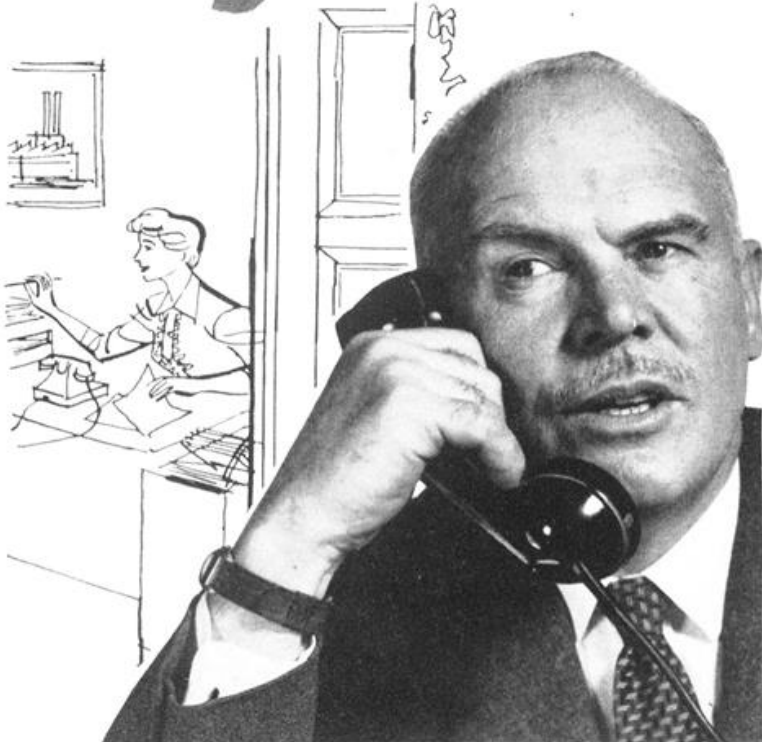
Free Booklet! For the full story of home-movie fun, ask for "How to Choose and Use Your Movie Outfit." At your Kodak dealer's, or write to Kodak.
(Camera price is subject to change without notice.)

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario



Kodak
—a trade-mark since 1888

Long Distance



costs less than you think*
...use it often

A long distance call is the quickest, friendliest way to keep in touch with out-of-town customers . . . to arrange appointments . . . expedite business affairs.

In fact the personal touch of long distance is the next best thing to being there! It's so easy . . . so fast and inexpensive! Use it often.



***TYPICAL LOW RATES**

Halifax to Winnipeg.....	\$2.50	Regina to Toronto.....	\$2.20
Montreal to Halifax.....	\$1.40	Winnipeg to Fredericton.....	\$2.35

Above rates in effect 6 p.m. to 4.30 a.m. station to station daily and all day Sunday.

Trans-Canada Telephone

SYSTEM

NATION WIDE Telecommunication SERVICE

"'There's a chance if we operate,' the doctor said. All at once I felt as tall as a house"

quite apparent. On arrival his manner was quiet and apprehensive, expecting refusal to any request. But after a few days he became aggressive with a desire to inflict pain, pinching and slapping in his reaction against those who had betrayed him. Even his pet cat was not immune.

There came a day, however, when we arrived at the hospital to find him ill with fever, intensely lonely, pitifully anxious to return home. All at once our acceptance of the institution was swept away in a flood of remorse. We decided that the future would have to take care of itself, difficult though it might be. An institution would have no place in that future. We brought Peter home to stay.

At the hospital teachers had found him able to absorb training in some things but because of his seizures he was not allowed to attend classes. Even maximum doses of sedative drugs like phenobarbital, dilantin, mesantoin failed to achieve control. Now at home, poorly qualified as we were, the problem of teaching had to be attempted. It was frustrating. At times a spark of genuine mental keenness would flash forth, but an attempt to fan the spark into a little centre of light met with failure.

Shortly after this our final avenue of hope was barricaded when a famous neurological hospital told us that damage to Peter's brain was too extensive to offer hope of any corrective treatment. We had reached the end of the road in our long trek. Everything possible had been done. Everyone qualified to express an opinion had done so. All had come up with the same hopeless answer. Unless he took the impossible road back to an institution someone would have to be with him every waking moment for the rest of his life, to dress him, supply his wants, protect him from injury. The long search had produced nothing but voluminous dossiers scattered about in doctors' offices and hospitals.

As Peter passed his seventh birthday the seizures reached frightening intensity. Screams were forced from his throat and he was released gasping and spent from the grip of the demon. Watching, helpless to protect my son, the impotent rage of a maddened animal blurred my sight. Prolonged nervous tension, day after day, had its effect on Ruth's health. Relief of some kind had to be obtained—and soon.

We made an appointment at the outpatient clinic of the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto where Peter had undergone extensive tests several years before. Little did we know that their records contained the seed of an idea destined to germinate in the mind of a man perhaps best fitted to bring it to full development. This man would appear comparatively young in any gathering of neurologists. He is pleasant but reticent. During an examination his eyes are quick and penetrating, his questions pointed and quietly spoken. One gets the impression of a scalpel-sharp mind which cuts away the superfluous leaving a bare, solid framework around which to mold his opinions and determine his actions.

We entered his office in the hospital to find him immersed in a voluminous file folder. Glancing up, he nodded a brief greeting, then turned back to the folder in front of him. The crackle of quickly turned paper was loud in the silence. Without looking up he asked quietly, "How long since Peter was here last?" "Three years," Ruth replied.

"Were you not told to bring him back?"

"No."

Again silence, except for the rattle of paper. At length he looked up. "Can you leave Peter in hospital now?" As Ruth opened her mouth in surprise he continued, "I would like to do some further tests to see if an operation could be done. There is a possibility."

All at once I felt as tall as a house.

Peter, as if he knew the importance of the occasion, allowed a nurse to lead him gaily away to a room on the sixth floor where he was dressed in pyjamas and settled in a padded cot. During the next two weeks he became a major research project while doctors studied, probed, X-rayed, tested every reaction, mental process and physical characteristic. Hemispherectomy might be considered the ultimate in present-day major surgery, involving as it does not only the patient's physical future but his mental and intellectual fate as well.

In a case such as Peter's, hemiatrophy of the brain causes intractable convulsive seizures little affected by drugs. Each seizure, it is thought, contributes to further brain damage. The damage from encephalitis takes the form of scar tissue, just as burns or other injury result in the formation of scar tissue on the body's surface. But surface scar tissue, though fibrous and inelastic, functions with some degree of efficiency. Cerebral scar tissue, on the other hand, destroys the intellectual function of the affected brain sections and interferes with normal operation of the rest of the brain. If lesions are general no corrective measures are possible, but if confined to one side of the brain the surgical miracle of hemispherectomy offers some hope.

The brain may be said to carry spare parts in that it is divided into two sec-

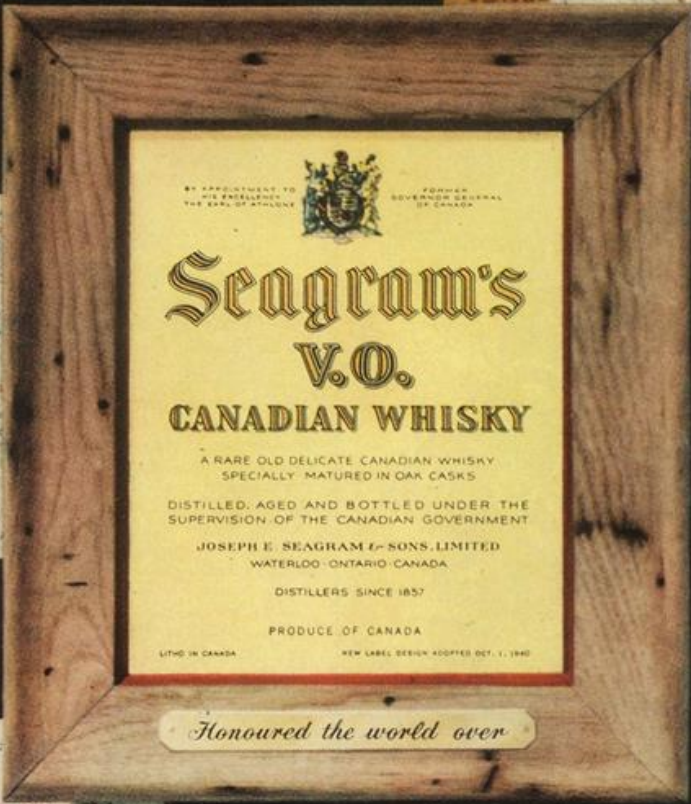
What Peter's brain operation did

The operation described in this article is of value to a very small number of children with a very specific disability. It is of no value whatsoever to the great majority with mental deficiency or cerebral palsy.

The children in whom this operation is useful have had such extensive destruction of one side of the brain that it is of no functional value. Consequently on the opposite side of the body they are partly paralyzed and have extensive sensory and visual disturbances. In addition, because of the irritative effects of the scar tissue in the brain, they have uncontrollable seizures, considerable mental retardation and behavior problems. The improvement to be expected is for the seizures to stop, the behavior to improve, and, in some cases, the intelligence to rise.

This disability is very uncommon and the operation consequently seldom performed.

John Stobo Prichard, MA, MB, MRCP (Lond.), neurologist, Hospital for Sick Children.



Throughout the world
more people buy Seagram's V.O.
than any other brand of whisky
exported from any country.

U.S.G.S. RULES TO GOVERN
The Course will be played at all times. Members who do not appear during will be reported to the Green Committee and are subject to suspension.

LOCAL RULES
Out of Bounds: Anywhere outside of property lines.
A ball coming to rest on a Putting Green other than that of the hole being played, must be lifted and dropped not nearer the hole.
Out of Bounds and Lost Ball: Loss of distance only.

Winged Foot Golf Club
Mamaroneck
EAST CO.



ROYAL DUBLIN GOLF

Hole	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	Total	
1	282	4	72																	
2	485	4	4																	
3	426	4	4																	
4	156	4	18																	
5	492	4	7																	
6	180	4	17																	
7	354	4	4																	
8	470	4	7																	
9	180	4	16																	
Total	3126	36	98																	

REGLES LOCALES

Signature of Marker _____

Comptroller _____

Winn _____ Gross _____

Lost _____ Handicap _____

Brush _____ Net Score _____

GUAYAQUIL GOLF C

Hole	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	Total	
1	5	7	5	6																
2	4	6	4	7																
3	4	5	4	4																
4	4	5	4	6																
5	4	5	4	6																
6	3	5	4	4																
7	5	5	6	5																
8	3	4	4	5																
9	4	4	5	5																
Total	44	45	44	44																

STOCKHOLM GOLF
REVINGE

CARACAS GOLF
BERT BRISLEY PROF

Hole	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	Total	
1	4	4	4	4																
2	4	4	4	4																
3	4	4	4	4																
4	4	4	4	4																
5	4	4	4	4																
6	4	4	4	4																
7	4	4	4	4																
8	4	4	4	4																
9	4	4	4	4																
10	4	4	4	4																
11	4	4	4	4																
12	4	4	4	4																
13	4	4	4	4																
14	4	4	4	4																
15	4	4	4	4																
16	4	4	4	4																
17	4	4	4	4																
18	4	4	4	4																
Total	72	72	72	72																

SCORE CARDS FROM INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS GOLF COURSES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD



"Honey,
that foreman
is mad at us!"

now will
you reline with

Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining!"

DON'T GAMBLE with worn-out or inferior brake lining! Records show that *three out of every five* fatal automobile accidents are caused by high speed and faulty brakes.

When your brakes need relining, you can rely on the quality of Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining for safe, dependable stops.

Since the earliest days of the automobile, J-M has pioneered in the development of highest quality brake linings. Using *selected* grades of asbestos fibre, Johns-Manville produces brake linings for every make of car and truck on the road. Precision made for long life, they are not affected by temperature changes or moisture conditions.

For standard brakes



For power systems

You can get J-M Brake Linings especially designed to fit your car, including the newly developed PB sets that are power-built for power brakes. For safety's sake, have your brakes inspected soon. When they need relining, for your protection, tell your serviceman you want Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining. He can get it for you.

Canadian Johns-Manville Co.
Limited, 565 Lakeshore Road
East, Port Credit, Ontario.



Johns-Manville
THE OLDEST NAME IN BRAKE LINING

T-449

**"The surgeon spared us nothing. He said simply:
'If he survives the first twelve days he'll live' "**

tions, or hemispheres, each of which controls one side of the body. If one side of the brain is damaged or destroyed, it may be possible for the undamaged hemisphere to take over some of the duties of its defective counterpart, providing there is no interference from the damaged side. Hemispherectomy prevents interference by removing its cause — the complete hemisphere.

The doctor's heroically simplified explanation of the problem pointed up the reason why extensive preliminaries must be carried out. The extent of brain damage must be accurately known. To do this, the opinions and findings of neurologist, neurosurgeon, psychiatrist, psychologist and radiologist must be studied and correlated with the electroencephalogram and arocephalogram. The arocephalogram involves the introduction of air into the spaces around the brain and permits X-rays to picture areas not normally shown. From this mass of evidence one of Canada's top neurosurgeons would decide to operate or not to operate.

Back home with Peter we waited, living in a vacuum. Spring grew into summer. Through the hot summer days Peter's hide took on a coffee hue. To build up his general health we did everything but eat and sleep outdoors. Each night he was put to bed in the hope that tomorrow would bring a signal to end the waiting. The torture of watching the neighborhood kids at play was less acute than before. We now had hope and could say to ourselves, "Perhaps, one day . . ."

The question of money was a paralyzing nightmare. Our bank account had a number, nothing else. Everything we owned had been mortgaged long ago. Through the early summer I traveled up myriad blind alleys in search of financial help only to come up against the blank wall of failure. One morning I found myself putting in a long-distance call to my wartime squadron commander whom I hadn't seen in twelve years. I explained my predicament; he said he'd see what could be done. Shortly thereafter, through his efforts, the road on which I found myself was not a blind alley but a smooth

path paved with assurances of financial aid from benevolent funds, societies, clubs. It was a heart-warming experience that will never be forgotten.

On a September morning Peter was wheeled into the operating theatre. Six hours later he was wheeled out, head swathed in a white cloud, the great-grandfather of all black eyes spreading over the side of his face and down his neck to the shoulder. The surgeon spared us nothing as he stated simply, "If he survives the first twelve days he will live. At the moment I cannot go farther than that."

The battle for life in the quiet of a hospital room is like no battle in war. Just as grim, just as soul searing, its weapons are blood transfusion, slim gleaming needle, blood transfusion, tubes, bottles, blood transfusion. The battleground is a thin, wasted body with the grey pallor of death already on it. Its only sound a thin whimper which somehow gurgles because of a tube in the throat. The quiet battle goes on for days and nights, an endless procession of needles until thighs and arms become hypersensitive, blackened. Bottles are emptied, replaced, flesh wastes away until skin stretches tightly over huge, grotesque joints. Covering all, a wet sheet soaked with alcohol stirs in the breeze generated by a cooling fan. The breeze blows endlessly, monotonously; then transformed to a wind of victory it carries the grey pallor from the battlefield, taking tubes, bottles, needles into a best-forgotten limbo. Nearly a hundred days and the first battle is won.

We brought Peter home, a wasted skeleton, light as dandelion fluff and helpless to move. But soon his appetite developed truly noble proportions, his weary eyes appraised with a more intelligent gleam. He began speaking in a lucid, connected manner. Later, propped in a wheelchair, he gradually learned to hold up his head, to sit straighter, to laugh. Seven months after the operation a teacher from our school for retarded children began a course of home instruction. Three months later Peter made his first venture into the social life of school children and loved it. Nearly nine years old.



"Would you mind stepping out to the street —
we're conducting a 'man-on-the-street' poll."

MACLEAN'S

for the first time in his life our boy became part of a group. Last week he won the gold star as top pupil in his class.

What of his future—will he be able to hold his own, become self-supporting? To answer that question we can only compare the former Peter to the lovable character who inhabits our house today. Two years ago at every opportunity I asked him the question, "Why?" For example, every morning Peter followed a set routine, repeating, "Want breakfast, want breakfast, want . . ." until a word was interjected to stop the merry-go-round.

Every morning at my question, "Why do you want breakfast, Peter?" he returned a blank look eloquent of complete ignorance. The other morning he began detailing what he wanted to find on the breakfast menu. Tongue in cheek I broke in, "Why do you want breakfast, Peter?" Surprised, he tossed me a look, then commented acidly, "Because I'm hungry, of course."

His conversation today is a far cry from the parrot-like repetition of a single phrase. Surprises are becoming commonplace but recently the whole family was startled. While playing on the floor with his fleet of taxis, one of them took an unscheduled trip under the chesterfield, out of reach. From the next room I heard, "Daddy, come here for a minute." As I entered the living room a grimy little finger pointed under the offending furniture. "That car is always going under there. It's so exasperating!" Exasperating? It was wonderful.

An exceptional memory is perhaps his outstanding characteristic. In his personal library are about one hundred story books, some of which run to twenty-five pages. Choose a book at random and he will quote it word for word with surprising expression, changing voice with each character and expressing the appropriate emotions where required. He knows the make, year and color of all the neighbors' cars—which is more than I know. For a recent school concert he was to recite a poem. His method of memorizing it? I read the poem once aloud, closed the book, and heard him repeat it verbatim. Three days later at the concert he recited beautifully.

It is difficult to be objective about one's child but, at the same time, a parent is in the best position to recognize changes in character, personality and capacity to reason. Intellectually, Peter has advanced farther in the past twelve months than in the first eight years of his short life. At eight years of age an optimistic assessment could conceivably place his mental age at four years. Already, his teachers say, he has advanced beyond the first grade in some departments. An intelligent question now brings an intelligent reply. Already the seed of ambition is sprouting.

"Do you know what, Daddy?"

"What, son?"

"When I get strong and healthy I'm going to be a fireman."

Next day he is going to be a policeman or a postman. About once a week he is going to be a hydro man "so I can climb those poles."

Physically our son remains handicapped. Hemiplegia—spastic paralysis—still affects one arm and leg. Walking unassisted remains hazardous. But convulsive seizures are forgotten. His strong desire to be like other boys, plus massage, and therapy, will go a long way toward achieving physical recovery. We recall the remark made by one of the surgeons as we said good-bye at the hospital: "He will be playing baseball before you know it." Perhaps he was trying to bolster our courage at a trying moment, but we half believe he may have meant it. ★



When a fellow needs a fan...

An Electrohome fan is an instrument of pure pleasure.

From the moment you turn on its mighty motor — it is truly your friend. It calls up a friendly breeze that blows away heat and embraces your body in a moving blanket of cool, clean air.

It is quieter than ice cubes melting in a tall glass. And so powerful that it would actually *stop* another fan facing it.

Before heat stops you — put a stop to heat with an Electrohome fan. We make small fans, big fans, fans on wheels and floor models. Most of them are shown along the bottom.

Happily each one is powerful — good looking and guaranteed for one year. Go get one — or two — or three. Keep cool with Electrohome. Prices range from \$8.95 to \$89.95.



Electrohome of course!

LONG-LIFE FANS



16" WHEELED PEDESTAL FAN — \$89.95



10" OSCILLATOR — \$22.95



14" WINDOW FAN — \$44.95



6" FAN — \$8.95



12" HASSOCK — \$59.95

ELECTROHOME, KITCHENER, ONTARIO



YOUR Rexall DRUG STORE

Look for the orange and blue sign. This distinguishing mark of your Rexall druggist means that he recommends and sells guaranteed Rexall drug products for your every need.



**Save
\$1.03
ON YOUR
PICNIC JUG!**

CAPE COD OUTING JUG WITH SHOULDER SPOUT (128 ounce size). Keeps liquids hot or cold. \$5.50 value.

NOW ONLY.....**\$4.47**

CAPE COD SPOUT JUG (64 ounce size). Self-attached spout cap. Can't get lost. \$3.50 value.

NOW ONLY.....**\$2.67**



"E-Z-CITE" SUN GLASSES

Anti-glare lenses. Attractive—sturdy. Ladies' newest styles in assorted colors. \$1.75 value.

NOW ONLY.....**\$1.37**



Rexall Hydrogen Peroxide (U.S.P.), 10 volume. For minor cuts and scratches.

8 oz. reg. 45¢, now.....**2 for 67¢**

20 volume type (B.P.) 8 oz. reg. 47¢, now **37¢**

Rexall Calamine Lotion. Soothing relief for heat rash, chafing, skin irritations.

4 oz. reg. 29¢, now.....**27¢**

8 oz. reg. 49¢, now.....**37¢**

Tiffany Fluffy-type Cleansing Cream. A gentle and efficient cleanser for the most delicate skins. 8 oz. jar reg. \$2.50. Now.....**\$1.97**

Glendale Writing Pads. Smooth, vellum finish. (Letter or folio size). Reg. 25¢. Now.....**17¢ each**

Glendale Social Envelopes. 20's. Reg. 10¢. Now.....**2 pkgs. 17¢**



MORE SUPER SPECIALS

Ladies' and Men's Leather Wallets. Splendid assortment of new imported leathers, styles and colors. \$4.00 Value. Now **\$2.77 each**

Rexall Zircon Poison Ivy Ointment. Relieves pain, reduces swelling. Also used for Bee stings and Insect bites. 1 1/2 ounce tube, reg. \$1.00. Now.....**77¢**

Rexall Sunburn Cream. Relieves itching and burning. Cools and soothes. 3 oz. bottle, reg. 69¢. Now.....**57¢**

Rexall Hista-Rex Capsules. 25 mgm. Relief from summer colds, Rose or Hay Fever. Bottle of 36, reg. \$1.25. Now.....**87¢**

Rexall "622" Insect Repellent Cream. Lasting protection from mosquitoes, black flies or sand flies. 1 1/2 ounce tube, reg. 59¢. Now **47¢**

Zipper Nylon Sports Bag. 18-inch size... light weight... attractive trim... in smart colors of navy or brown. \$4.95 value. Now only.....**\$3.77**

Rexall Worm Powders. Used to destroy and expel worms in children or adults. Package of 12 reg. 75¢. Now.....**57¢**



LUCKY

EVERY PRICE IS

These special prices effective

JUNE 26th,



REXALL MINERAL OIL (Heavy American)

Extra heavy, colorless, tasteless, non-fattening.

8 oz. bottle reg. 50¢. NOW **37¢**

Save 13¢

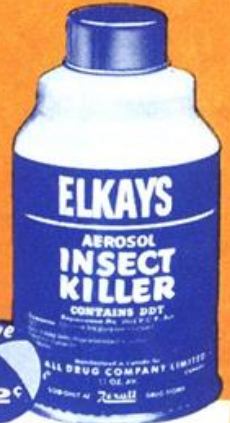


REXALL AEROSOL SUNBURN CREAM

Film-forming foam soothes pain, relieves itching.

5 oz. reg. \$1.49. NOW **\$1.17**

Save 32¢



Save 22¢

ELKAYS AEROSOL INSECT KILLER

(Contains D.D.T.). Guaranteed to kill flies, ants, roaches and spiders.

11 oz. tin reg. \$1.49. NOW **\$1.27**



REXALL DELUXE TOOTH BRUSHES

Long-lasting bristles. 5 head styles. Soft, medium, hard. Medically approved. Each tooth brush packed in a transparent sanitary container.

Reg. 59¢ each. NOW **2 For 77¢**

Save 41¢



REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA (Plain)

Pure, mild and creamy-smooth.

20 oz. bottle reg. 65¢. NOW **47¢**

Save 18¢

THERE'S A BARGAIN HERE FOR EVERY



Save 12¢

REXALL "622" INSECT REPELLENT LIQUID. Keeps away Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Sandflies and other insects. Reg. 59¢. NOW **47¢**



Save 31¢

REXALL REXADENT TOOTH POWDER (Fluorinated). Cleans and removes stains quickly without scratching. Tin, reg. 59¢. NOW **2 for 87¢**



Save 8¢

REXALL BACHELOR SHAVING CREAM. Rich foam for quick, slick shaves. Tube reg. 55¢. NOW **47¢**

Thermo-Keep Town and Country Insulated Formula Bag. Keeps food and bottles hot or cold... 2 spacious zippered compartments... ideal for trips or outings... adjustable shoulder strap... assorted colors, \$4.75 value. Now only.....**\$4.17**

Monogram English-Made Clinical Thermometer. (Oral Type). Easy to read... in bakelite case. Reg. 85¢. Now.....**77¢**

Rexall L.P.C. Nose Drops. Quickly relieves stuffed-up nose due to colds or hay fever. 1 oz. reg. 85¢. Now.....**57¢**

Rexall Multi-Vitamin Formula 10 Tonic. Pleasant-tasting tonic helps prevent iron deficiency anemia. 16 oz. reg. \$2.95. Now **\$1.47**

Elkay's Aerosol Insecticide (Non-DDT). Kills ants, roaches, moths, flies and mosquitoes. 11 oz. reg. \$1.69. Now.....**\$1.47**

Rexall Cherosote Cough Syrup. Time-tested, pleasant-flavored remedy. 8 oz. reg. \$1.00. Now.....**77¢**

Rexall Tiny Tot Cough Syrup. For babies and young children... harmless and effective. 3 oz. reg. 50¢. Now.....**37¢**

Rexall Penetrating Liniment. A family favorite for minor muscular aches and pains. 3 oz. reg. 50¢. Now.....**37¢**

Rexall Motion Sickness Tablets. Avoid nausea when travelling in cars, trains, boats or planes. 12 tablets, reg. 89¢. Now.....**77¢**

Rexall L.P.C. Athlete's Foot Powder. Gives fast, effective relief from itching, burning discomfort. 3 oz. tin, reg. 75¢. Now.....**57¢**

Rexall Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Relieve acid-upset stomach, act as effective laxative. Bottle of 250, reg. \$1.25. Now.....**87¢**

Rexall Medicated Skin Cream. Antiseptic... Antibiotic First Aid dressing for minor cuts, burns or sunburn. 1 oz. tube reg. 89¢. Now **77¢**

Rexall Lin-a-Septic Liniment. For sore aching muscles and minor pains. 10 oz. reg. \$1.39. Now.....**97¢**

Rexall Tiny Tot Laxative. Pleasant tasting; gentle and effective. 3 oz. reg. 50¢. Now **37¢**

Rexall Gypsy Tan Oil. Gives a beautiful golden tan without the burn. Reg. 65¢. Now.....**47¢**

Rexall Optine for the Eyes. Soothes, relieves tired irritated eyes. Reg. 60¢. Now.....**47¢**

Rexall Multiple Vitamin Tablets. 50's Reg. \$2.50. Now.....**\$1.77**

Rexall Perco-Cod 100A and D. An excellent source of Vitamins A and D. 50 c.c. reg. \$4.25. Now.....**\$3.17**

Rexall White X Liniment. For all muscular aches and pains. 4 ounces reg. 40¢. Now **27¢**

Rexall Calamine Cream with Antihistamine. Relieves itching and burning due to Poison Ivy or Oak, insect bites or minor sunburn. Greaseless... will not stain. Reg. 89¢. Now.....**77¢**

REXALL DRUG PRODUCTS ARE GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

7 SALE

A REDUCED PRICE

through JULY 7th.



REXALL GYPSY CREAM LIQUID
A soothing, cooling, greaseless lotion for prompt relief of sunburn. 8 oz. reg. 95¢—
NOW 77¢



CARA NOME LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO
For normal, oily or dry hair. So gentle and easy rinsing.
12 oz. reg. \$2.00. **NOW \$1.47**



REXALL BISMA-REX ANTACID POWDER
Prolonged relief from acid indigestion and upset stomach. It acts fast.
4 oz. reg. \$1.00. **NOW 77¢**



TIFFANY DEODORANT CREAM
An efficient anti-perspirant and deodorant. Preserves after-bath daintiness for hours.
Large jar reg. \$1.50 **NOW 97¢**

MEMBER OF THE FAMILY



Save 38¢

SWEET N'ETS Eff. Saccharin Tabs.
Bottle of 500 (1/2 grain) reg. \$1.25. **NOW 87¢**
Bottle of 500 (1/4 grain) reg. \$1.10. **NOW 77¢**



Save 32¢

REXALL A-SA-REX TABLETS—200's. Fast, effective relief from headaches.
\$1.19 size. **NOW 87¢**

Rexall Tiny Tot Teething Aid. Gives quick relief when freely applied to baby's gums. 2 ounces reg. 50¢. **Now 37¢**
Rexall Polymulsion for Children. Pleasant orange-flavored Multi-Vitamin emulsion. 16 ounces reg. \$3.95. **Now \$2.97**
Purse Kit. Contains pocket-size hair brush and matching comb. In plastic case. 59¢ value. **Now 57¢**
Rexall Toxal. Antiseptic and Disinfectant... cleanses while it disinfects. 4 ounces reg. 43¢. **Now 37¢**
Rexall Quik-Swabs. Three-inch size... sterilized cotton-tipped applicators. 200's. Reg. 49¢. **Now 47¢**
Rexall Universal Cleanser. Takes out grease spots... safe and satisfactory. 4 ounce bottle reg. 39¢. **Now 2 for 67¢**
Tiffany Cream Shampoo Tube. Floats away dirt and dandruff. Handy for travelling. Reg. 75¢. **Now 57¢**

Tiffany Cream Shampoo. Leaves hair sparkling clean and lustrous. 3 ounce jar, reg. \$1.00. **Now 87¢**
Adrienne Spray Hair Net. Keeps hairdo "picture-perfect". 11 ounces reg. \$1.98. **Now \$1.47**
Planet Playing Cards. In red or blue... bridge size... single pack... in truck case. 65¢ value. **Now 57¢**
Writing Pad "Ruled". Letter size for easy letter writing. Reg. 25¢. **Now 17¢**
Rexall Nasal Spray. Helps relieve that stuffed-up, congested feeling. 1/2 oz. reg. 98¢. **Now 77¢**
Elkay's Aerosol Rose and Plant Spray. Kills aphids, thrips, spider mites, whitefly... on Roses, Dahlias, African Violets, Ivy, Indoor and Outdoor plants. 11 oz. reg. \$1.49. **Now \$1.27**
Tiffany Face Creams. Liquefying Cleansing—3 oz. jar. Fluffy Type Cleansing—3 oz. jar. Reg. \$1.25—your choice—**now 87¢ each**



Your Rexall Druggist will take advance orders now, to be picked up at any time during the Lucky 7 Sale.

BIG LUCKY 7 SPECIALS

- TERRY FACE CLOTHS**—Choice of 4 colors. Size 12" x 12". Made of finest quality cotton. Reg. 3 for \$1.05. **3 for 57¢**
- BABS RUBBER-TIPPED BOBBY PINS**—They hold the hair better. 24 on a card. Black or brown. Reg. 10¢. **7¢**
- REXALL REXADENT TOOTH PASTE**—Leaves teeth clean and sparkling. Reg. 65¢ tube. **2 for 97¢**
- REXALL CHILD'S TOOTH BRUSH**—3 rows of nylon bristles. Cellophane wrapped. Reg. 15¢ ea. **2 for 17¢**
- TIFFANY LIPSTICKS**—Long-lasting—in choice of SIX glamorous fashion shades. Reg. \$1.50. Your choice at this Lucky 7 price, ONLY... **97¢**
- FAMILY PACKAGE OF 5 COMBS**—Pocket Comb; Bobby Comb; 2 Curl Combs; Dressing Comb. 50¢ value now **17¢**

The above Lucky 7 Specials sold at prices shown if you mention this advertisement at the time of purchase.

BIG SAVINGS ON EVERYDAY NEEDS

- Adrienne Eau de Cologne.** Refreshing summer fragrance—in easy-to-use deaerator bottle. Reg. \$1.75. **Now \$1.27**
- Adrienne Eau de Cologne.** Regular bottle. Dainty, lingering fragrance for summer. Reg. \$1.00. **Now 77¢**
- Ballardvale Olive Oil.** For medicinal purposes or use in cooking and salad dressings. 3 1/2 oz. reg. 39¢. **Now 2 for 67¢**
- Rexall Dental Fix Powder.** Non-irritating. Holds false teeth. 3 oz. reg. 69¢. **Now 57¢**
- "365" Bay Rum.** A bracing after-shave lotion or hair tonic. 15 oz. reg. \$1.25. **Now 97¢**
- "Blue Hyacinthe" Face Powder.** 3 shades. Fine, smooth texture. Reg. \$1.00. **Now 77¢**
- Dainty Deodorant Cologne.** Gives long-lasting protection. \$1.00 size now... **77¢**
- Gardenia Eau de Cologne.** A favorite summertime fragrance. \$1.35 size now... **97¢**
- Rexall Nylon Dressing Combs.** 8 inch, coarse and fine. 50¢ value now... **37¢**
- Roxbury Absorbent Cotton.** Pound size—for home or hospital use. 98¢ roll now... **87¢**
- Monogram Gauze.** Sterilized—good quality—1 yard. 2 1/2 package now... **27¢**
- Rexall Mi-31 Antiseptic.** Ideal mouth wash, gargle. 8 oz. bottle reg. 65¢. **Now 47¢**
- Adrienne Hand Lotion.** Smoothing, softening. 3 oz. bottle reg. \$1.25. **Now 87¢**
- Rexall Mi-31 Tooth Powder with Sodium Perborate.** Works wonders on smoke-stained teeth. Cleans quickly—neutralizes acids. Does not scratch. Reg. 55¢ tin now... **47¢**
- Rexall Plastic Quik-Bands Adhesive Bandages.** Made with PRO-CAP adhesive tape. Fresh color—stick quickly—stay securely. Metal box of 33 reg. 50¢. **Now 47¢**
- Rexall Quik-Bands Cloth-type Plain Pad.** 17 assorted in metal box. reg. 65¢. **Now 57¢**
- Rexall Sterilized Quik-Snips.** Miniature plastic bandages. Box of 48 reg. 50¢. **Now 37¢**
- Bachelor After Shave Lotion.** Masculine fragrance—refreshing, cooling, after-shave "pick-up". Reg. 85¢. **Now 67¢**
- Bachelor Deodorant Cream.** Preferred by active men—highly effective and long-lasting. Reg. 55¢ jar now only... **47¢**
- Rexall Rexadent Mouth Wash.** Actually kills contacted germs while sweetening your breath. 16 oz. reg. \$1.25. **Now 87¢**
- Rexall Klenzo Antiseptic.** Ruby-red mouth wash and gargle. Kills contacted germs fast. 16 oz. bottle reg. 98¢. **Now 77¢**
- Bachelor Cream Hair Tonic with Lanolin.** Won't dry out hair. Reg. 75¢. **Now 57¢**
- Rexall Tiny Tot Baby Soap.** Contains Lanolin. Ideal for baby. Reg. 20¢. **Now 17¢**
- Gardenia After Shave Lotion.** Pleasant to use—brisk fragrance. Reg. \$1.35. **Now 97¢**
- Dainty Deodorant Powder.** Easy to apply—preserves after-shower freshness for hours. Reg. 60¢. **Now 47¢**
- Rexall Denturex.** Self-acting dental plate cleaner. Reg. 69¢. **Now 57¢**
- Lorie Hair Oil.** For day-long good grooming. 3 oz. reg. 50¢. **Now 37¢**
- Silque Hand Lotion.** Non-sticky, fast drying; smoothing and softening. Reg. 85¢. **Now 67¢**
- "My Night" Face Powder.** Choice of THREE lovely shades. Reg. \$1.00. **Now 77¢**
- "Silky" Plastic Sponges.** Ideal for household and cosmetic use. Reg. 19¢. **Now 17¢ each**
- "Deb" Krinkle Krepe Shower Beret.** Long-lasting. Reg. 89¢. **Now 67¢**
- Tiffany Lily of the Valley Cologne.** A delightful new fragrance—so refreshing for summer. 6 oz. reg. \$2.50. **Now \$1.77**
- Tiffany Hand Cream.** (Medicated). Helps keep busy hands looking their best. 3 oz. jar reg. \$1.25. **Now 87¢**
- 3 oz. jar reg. \$2.50. Now \$1.87**
- New Tiffany Perfumed Deodorant Lotion** (in new 2 oz. Plastic Squeeze Bottle). Anti-perspirant for long-lasting protection. Reg. \$1.25. **Now 97¢**
- Rexall Nerve Tonic Tablets**... for treatment of nervous irritability. 75¢ size. **Now 57¢**

Bathing Caps Newest Colors Extra lightweight— better-fitting.

Moulded Aviator— Ring-type water seal—chin strap with slide fastener. Reg. \$1.25. **Now only... 97¢**



Penguin— Natural rubber, watertight, with ear pockets and chin strap. Reg. 85¢. **Now only... 67¢**



TIFFANY SPRINGWOOD LOTION
Prevents red, rough skin and hands. Rubs in quickly. 6 oz. Reg. \$1.00. **Now... 77¢**



REXALL SHAVING CREAM
Produces abundance of easy-shaving lather. Reg. 43¢ tube. **Now 2 for 77¢**



PLASTIC MULTI-PURPOSE SHOPPING BAG
Size 13" deep, 14" wide. 2 handles—zippered top—plaid designs—smart colors and trim. \$2.50 value. **Now only... \$1.97**



BABY BRUSH SET
Crystal back, nylon brush with matching comb. \$1.00 value. **Now 87¢**



FABRIC WEAVE BOXED WRITING PAPER
(4 different tints). Contains 60 flat sheets and 36 bordered envelopes to match. Reg. \$1.50 box. **Now... 97¢**



ROXBURY HOUSEHOLD RUBBER GLOVES
Durable, long-lasting, snug fitting. Reg. 69¢ pr. **Now 57¢ pr.**

Gardenia of Southern France Talcum. Delightfully fragrant—soft and absorbent. White or Gent's Shade. Reg. 60¢. **Now 47¢**
Tiffany Deodorant Cream. Small jar. Reg. 75¢. **Now 57¢**
Pocket Combs. Modified teeth, assorted colors, 10¢ value. **Now 7¢**
Defender Bath and Shampoo Spray. Reg. 98¢. **Now 87¢**
Nail Clippers with Folding Nail File. Reg. 29¢. **Now 27¢**
First Quality Nylons. 51 Gauge, 15 denier. Smart Shades. \$1.19 value. **Now 97¢ pr.**



YOU CAN DEPEND ON ANY DRUG PRODUCT THAT BEARS THE NAME

"He slipped into the oily water and made for the Russian ships . . . Then frogmen went over the side"

No wonder the galleries of the Commons were packed, and no wonder Eden's face was shadowed in resentment.

There are times when real life outstrips the lurid imaginings of a Hollywood director. Thus on the day before the arrival of Bulganin and Khrushchev at Victoria Station and while Grace Kelly was marrying into the casino aristocracy of Monte Carlo the Secret Service men were taking up their vantage points in the Victoria Station vicinity.

By contrast Waterloo Station was just its ordinary, grey, draughty self and no one paid the slightest attention to two men who boarded the train for Portsmouth. Nor was there any welcoming committee when they arrived at their seaside hotel.

The man with the lined, weather-beaten cheeks and bushy eyebrows was Lieut.-Commander Lionel Kenneth

more expensive naval issue. When he had finished his preparations he slipped into the oily water and made for the Russian ships.

What followed is not clear. Watchers on the shore—long before they realized the tragi-drama that was being played—saw Russian frogmen appear on the cruiser's deck and go over the side. The Russians have claimed that they saw a frogman surface for a few moments at a position between the cruiser and the destroyers.

Back on the lonely strip of shore the mysterious Mr. Smith was keeping his vigil. Time went on until he knew that Crabb's supply of air must have expired. But still he waited. Then at last he made his way to the hotel where he asked for the bill for both of them because they were checking out that night. Smith then took the next train to London.

The B. and K. visit to London was in full swing when the news reached MI6. Where was Crabb's body? Could they pretend that nothing had happened? Then they remembered the telltale register at the Portsmouth hotel. A telephone call instructed the Portsmouth police to tear out the relevant page and bring it back to London.

The hotel manager contended that it was illegal to destroy a register but the police were not to be put off. For some reason that no one can explain they tore out four pages of the register—perhaps on the basis that whatever's worth doing is worth doing well.

Comedy and tragedy are old companions and certainly there is an element of both in this absurd seaside-hotel incident. To tear out four pages of a hotel register in the pursuit of secrecy is to invade the realm of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Ten days passed by. The silent service of the Navy and the Secret Service of Whitehall made no statement. It looked as if they had achieved the impossible. But Crabb's employer was asking questions. So was his landlord. A friend, also a lieutenant-commander, called at the Admiralty for news.

It became impossible to suppress the story any longer. Everybody in Portsmouth was talking about the mangled register, and the newspapers were bound to get the story. Therefore, on the tenth day—the day after B. and K. had departed from these shores—a terse announcement was made that Lieut.-Commander Crabb was missing, presumed drowned, following trials of secret equipment in "Stokes Bay."

That story stood up for about two hours and then the newspaper hounds of Fleet Street tore it to pieces. In a flash Crabb had become a world figure. Here was melodrama piled on drama. Here was irony wedded to tragedy. Here was a brave, pitiful story of a furniture salesman who survived the dangers of war only to be beaten by the dangers of peace.

But was he dead? Or was he a prisoner? Had there been an underwater battle with the Russian frogmen? Horror was piled upon horror as imagination cut loose.

Everyone had something to say. Newspaper editors, confronted probably with

Weak Streaks

I've never been a squeamish man;
No dentist or physician can
(With drill or knife!) undo me.
But shrieking chalk will make me pale.
The piercing screech of fingernail
On glass will go right through me.

WALTER APPEL

"Buster" Crabb who was awarded the George Medal for distinguished underwater service in the Mediterranean during the Hitler war. But such is the fading quality of glory that he had reverted to the role of furniture salesman in civil life, although still holding a commission in the Naval Reserve.

His unknown companion signed the register under the name of Smith.

Portsmouth was agog with excitement, but not about Messrs. Smith and Crabb. The Russian cruiser and her destroyer escort bearing the mighty leaders of Moscow were about to arrive. But Smith and Crabb did not seem unduly excited. In fact they went to bed early and did not linger with their friends in the bar.

Next day the Russian cruiser Ordzhonikidze, escorted by two destroyers, steamed into harbor. The cruiser came up to the dock and the envoys of peace and goodwill stepped on British soil. The destroyers lay outside the harbor.

There is no trace of what Crabb and Smith did during the day that Bulganin and Khrushchev arrived. But in the evening they gathered with old pals at the hotel to talk of the piping days of war when life was an adventure and the selling of furniture was as remote as the Himalayas.

Early next morning they left the hotel. Crabb wore a tweed overcoat and carried a suitcase. They walked to a secluded part of the shore where Crabb slipped off his coat, opened his suitcase and took out his flippers and oxygen diving equipment. Incidentally it was ordinary civilian equipment available for amateur divers and much inferior to the



makes the difference



The difference, you happily discover, is that "Vinylite" just naturally takes to water, sun and splashing fun! Colourful wading pools . . . bulging-with-humour inflated toys . . . underwater swimming sets . . . and a multitude of beach playthings keep their sparkling colours season after season. Junior size wading pools are light . . . yet durable, as only "Vinylite" can make them. Family size swimming pools bring years of beach fun to the back lawn . . . only "Vinylite" through a laminate of two thicknesses can stand up to the stress of air pressure and the wear of rough handling that add the value-plus advantages to outdoor fun . . . strong construction . . . remarkable colour fastness . . . durability!



"Remember, gauge thickness is your measure of durability", says Catherine Paige. "You'll find small inflatable toys in 6 to 12 gauge. Wading pools in 8, 10 or 12 gauge . . . the large pools made of "Vinylite" run as high as 20 gauge."



Upholstery



Closet accessories



"Vinylite" Laminates



Sportswear



...in outdoor **FUN!**



THERE IS NO
SUBSTITUTE
IT'S
"VINYLITE"
ONLY WHEN
IT'S MARKED...

MADE
OF
Vinylite

Registered trademark of
CANADIAN RESINS AND CHEMICALS
LIMITED



Rainwear



Sprinklers



Garden Hose



Nursery Items



Clothesline

CANADIAN RESINS AND CHEMICALS LIMITED
600 Dorchester St. W., Montreal



The Actor says:

for a perfect
gin and tonic
just memorize
these lines—

there's no gin like
Gordon's

Imported from LONDON, ENGLAND
available in various bottle sizes



the first real frogman story of their careers, demanded someone's head on a charger. The socialist party, still smarting over the ghastly failure of their dinner to B. and K., demanded a parliamentary debate.

In the moves and countermoves and in the general noise of the conflict only one thing was forgotten. A gallant officer was dead. He had taken on this final act of service with the sure knowledge that success would bring no praise, no glory, and that failure could mean only one thing—death.

Moscow sent a note to the British government asking for an explanation of the activities of a frogman near the Russian naval squadron in Portsmouth. Next day Moscow radio stated that the British government had expressed regret for the incident. The British note stated that Her Majesty's Government had expressed regret for the incident. Commander Crabb's presence "occurred without any permission whatever."

Now let us return to Westminster. Mr. Gaitskell as leader of the Opposition opens his speech against the government but obviously he is not too pleased with his task.

Like a boxer in the opening round of a fight he pays tribute to Commander Crabb. He admits that Britain regrettably has to maintain a Secret Service. Further than that he agrees that it is the automatic duty of a prime minister to shoulder the blame for a subordinate's blunder.

It was a skillful yet ineffective speech. Obviously Gaitskell felt that it would be dangerous to hit Eden so hard that it would rally sympathy to him. Yet as leader of the socialist pack he had to

give them at least a sniff of blood.

There was a mighty roar from the Tory benches as Eden rose to reply. Obviously he was angry and perhaps hurt. Certainly his face showed signs of strain.

In the first two minutes the House realized that something dramatic was afoot. The prime minister had no notes or else he had decided to discard them. For ten minutes he gave a survey of the new relations between Britain and Russia, expressing the hope that a real understanding would be reached.

Then with a sudden flash of anger he leaned across the dispatch box and said to Gaitskell: "The national interest is of first importance to us in the House of Commons, but there is also in this business a very important international interest, and all I care for is that the outcome of our discussions with the Soviet leaders should in truth prove to be, as I have said, the beginning of a beginning. I intend to safeguard that possibility at all costs."

He paused for a moment and then delivered his ultimatum. "It is for that reason that I deplore this debate and will say no more."

We waited for the deluge. Aneurin Bevan would be certain to say that Eden was treating the House with contempt. Gaitskell would have to say that a twelve-minute homily in place of a statement of policy was an insult to Tories, socialists and Liberals alike.

But it did not happen that way. Eden's outburst had killed the debate. Members began to stroll out of the house to the libraries. The peers' gallery emptied. Eden had in effect refused to debate the Secret Service, and the House knew that he was right.

The frogman's story was ended. ★

M4M

Old Masters
in the Art of
Gracious Living



With characteristic zest and resourcefulness, the Dutch have always cultivated the lively arts of leisure.

And as you would expect with men born to the sea, their talent at making ship travel a joy is virtually unrivalled. Ask someone who has travelled Holland-America. You will be regaled with an account of palatial lounges, distinguished clubs, incomparable cuisine—the sports and convivial luxury that speed time all too quickly.

All things considered, it is no wonder that so many knowing ones go Holland-America not once, but many times.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Holland-America Line

IT'S GOOD TO BE ON A WELL-RUN SHIP

MONTREAL: Dominion Square Bldg., 1010 St. Catherine St. W.
WINNIPEG: Room 405, Royal Bank Bldg.
TORONTO: 159 Bay St. • VANCOUVER: 540 Burrard St.

Frequent sailings to IRELAND, ENGLAND, FRANCE and HOLLAND for ALL EUROPE
Choose the luxurious flagship NIEUW AMSTERDAM
The twin thriftliners RYNDAM and MAASDAM
The one-class motortwins WESTERDAM and NOORDAM

SPECIAL HOLIDAY SAILING FROM HALIFAX—MAASDAM, NOV. 22
Tourist Class from \$165, with virtual run-of-ship privileges.

Just look at the old ice-cream parlor now!

Continued from page 17

The motor age has awakened the ice-cream parlor.
The leisurely waitress couldn't hold a job now

umbrellas, green lawns with garden chairs and spare young trees nodding gently in the summer breeze. Dawson planted every tree on the property and under them sportshirtd customers sit staring across the apple, peach and cherry orchards at the broad outline of the Niagara Escarpment against which Stoney Creek nestles.

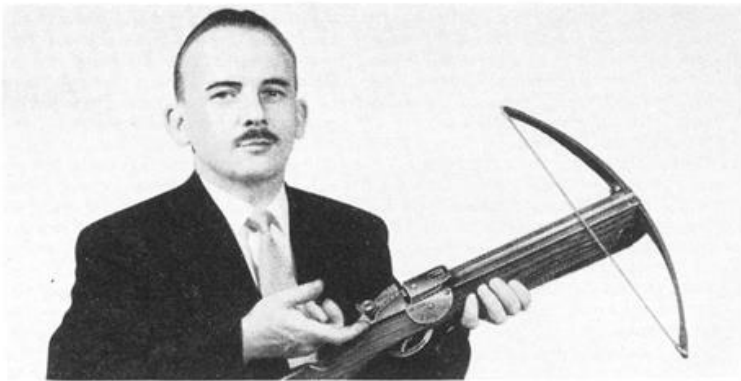
This is the ice-cream parlor as it looks today. In an age when there's an automobile to every six Canadians, it's within reach of every motorist, just as its counterpart early in the century was within reach of every walking customer. The evolution of the ice-cream parlor into big-volume outlets like George Dawson's at Stoney Creek is a story as engaging in its own way as the story of the evolution of the very automobile that now takes its Sunday thousands to Dawson's door.

Right after World War I costs began to climb—rents, labor, ingredients and the cost of such standard equipment as long-stemmed glasses, elaborate mirrors behind the counters and even the sani-onyx tabletops that resembled marble and were veined in numerous colors. Inevitably, the price of ice cream went higher and the days of the ten-cent banana split and the five-cent strawberry

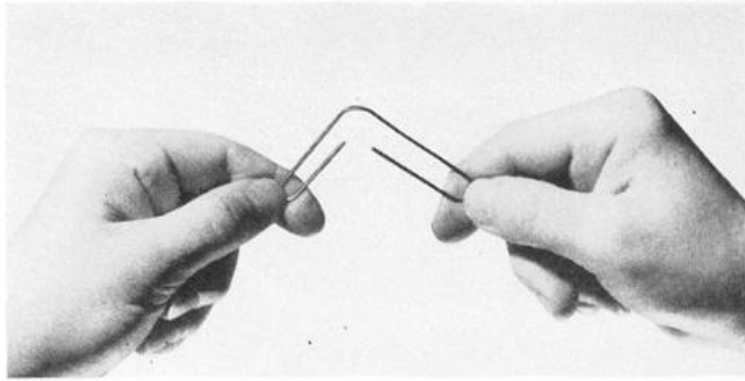
sundae were gone forever. Zooming overhead produced a competitor that helped topple the ice-cream parlor that mother used to know: the dairy bar.

In the middle Twenties the dairy bar, a forerunner to mass-production outlets like Dawson's rambling affair, was a small, high-volume low-cost operation that did away with almost everything that was sacred about the ice-cream parlor. Sani-onyx tables and wire chairs were replaced by counters and stools. The elegant long-stemmed glassware that required careful handling was replaced by cheap, disposable paper disks that fitted into aluminum containers. The ice-cream-parlor waitress who used to stroll leisurely to a table of customers with paper napkins, glasses of water and a tastefully turned-out menu was replaced in the dairy bar by one girl standing behind a counter. Behind her on the wall was a single, large-printed menu. On the counter was a pile of self-serve paper napkins—they were later placed in aluminum dispensers—and the glass of water was eliminated. The counter girl could handle five times the volume of business of her ice-cream-parlor counterpart, in half the time.

The advent of soda fountains in drug-stores in the late Twenties also took a

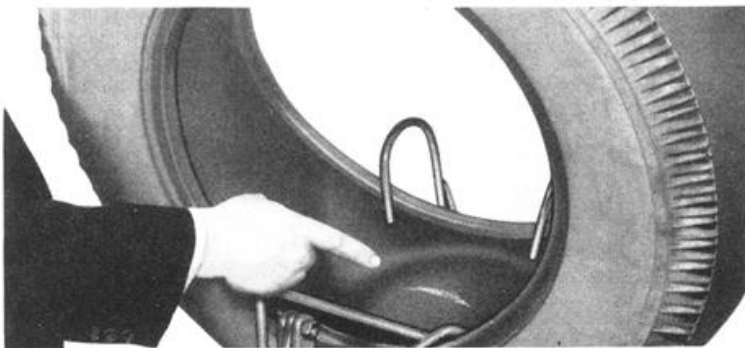


1 Here's a crossbow made from an automobile spring. Every time it's fired, the spring snaps back with terrific power. That's because the spring is *tempered steel*.



2 When you bend an ordinary paper clip, it weakens—gives way—doesn't snap back into its original shape like the spring steel in the crossbow. That's because the paper clip is not tempered.

TEMPERED 3-T CORD MAKES CAR AND TRUCK TIRES SAFER, TOUGHER



3 The cord fabric in *ordinary* tires is like the paper clip—it may break and rupture as in this tire. Ordinary fabric weakens, gives way, under the constant flexing it must take as the tire rolls. This results in shorter tire life—less mileage—fewer recaps—costly let-downs.



4 Goodyear's exclusive 3-T process *actually tempers tire cord, both rayon and nylon, much as steel is tempered*. This 3-T cord is far more resilient—stands up far better to the pounding a tire gets in service. You get *safer* tires—more mileage—more recaps—more all-'round value.



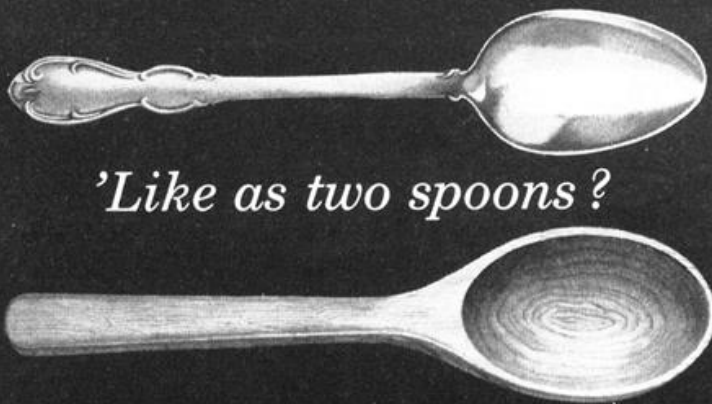
5 Goodyear scientifically designs many different truck and car tire treads for specific operations. Ask your Goodyear Dealer's advice on what tread design is best for you. Each one is tough and husky, proved in thousands of miles of service.



6 Remember this one fact: only Goodyear Tires, rayon or nylon, can give you all the many advantages of 3-T cord fabric. Why be satisfied with anything less than the best? **Buying a new car or truck? Be sure you get Goodyear Tires.**

GOOD YEAR

TIRES FOR CARS AND TRUCKS MADE WITH  CORD



'Like as two spoons?'

*There's a great difference
in Vermouths, too!*

In vermouths, the "hallmark" is the Martini label — signifying subtleties of flavor and aroma found in no other vermouths in the world.

Imported from Italy in the 35-oz bottle

FOR DRIER MARTINIS USE

MARTINI

EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH

Lighter in color . . . not quite so bitter.
If you like your martinis *drier*, you'll always use
Martini "Extra Dry" vermouth.

USE

MARTINI & ROSSI

SWEET VERMOUTH

As an aperitif
neat, or on the rocks
with twist of lemon peel.
As a long drink
with mixer and ice.

For a new taste thrill,
try Martini sweet and dry vermouths half
and half — on the rocks. It's delightfully
light . . . and downright delicious.
For matchless Manhattans

L. PAUL CHARTRAND • OFFICE GENERAL DES GRANDES MARQUES • MONTREAL, QUE.

whack at the ice-cream parlor. One executive of the National Dairy Council, Jack Lawrence, recalls that in 1925 there was not a single drugstore selling ice cream from London to Windsor, one hundred and twenty miles to the southwest. Lawrence was then manager of the ice-cream department of the old Walkerside Dairy in Walkerville, Ont. (now a part of Windsor). His firm installed eighty-five soda fountains in the last five years of the 1920s. Most ice-cream manufacturers underwrote the cost of the fountains for dealers, installing them for only a little down and collecting the remainder of the money in regular payments.

The early Thirties brought another blow to the ice-cream parlor. This was the invention of the double-decker ice-cream cone which, actually, was an optical illusion served up in wholesale lots in the dairy bars and drugstores. People thought they were getting two dips of ice cream, but what they were really getting was a delicious flavoring of air. Food and drug standards did not govern ice-cream manufacture then as they do today, so it was possible to inject compressed air into a normal mixture of ice cream and blow it up to twice its size. The trade called this "over-run," meaning less ice cream than met the eye. Today a gallon of ice cream must contain a minimum of 1.9 pounds of food solids.

Ice-cream parlors, already staggering under the growing competition, received a blow that prevented any kind of recovery during World War II when the industry as a whole was placed on a *status quo* basis by the federal Department of Agriculture. The ice-cream industry was restricted early in 1942 to the same ice-cream volume in gallons that it had produced during the year ending March 31, 1941. This restriction, aimed at conserving sugar, was not lifted by the department until April 1, 1947.

But if the parlor is no more, ice cream has never known the popularity it enjoys today. In 1955 Canadians ate 32,672,000 gallons of the stuff — a per-capita consumption of 16.07 pints, second in the world only to the warmer United States. The fact that ice cream was declared a food by the Department of National Health and Welfare in 1947 has encouraged people to use it as a dessert, and the development of home freezers has enabled them to buy it in bulk and store it for future use. And that means increased business for producers like Dawson. His Stoney Creek Dairy can turn out as many as twenty-two varieties of ice cream and find a steady market for them now that customers can store their purchases at home.

The publicized fact that ice cream has a low caloric content has also stimulated its sales, according to Walter Fetterly, the recent secretary-treasurer of the Ontario Association of Ice Cream Manufacturers. One quarter brick of ice cream contains two hundred and ten calories, as compared with an ordinary serving of apple pie which contains three hundred and seventy calories, a two-inch slice of chocolate layer cake which has three hundred and fifty, a piece of lemon meringue pie which has two hundred and eighty, or a half-cup serving of rice pudding, which has two hundred and fifty.

These facts have helped swell George Dawson's business but they can hardly explain why he serves twelve thousand people on a busy Sunday. Indeed no one is precisely sure why four times the population of Stoney Creek beats a path through the quiet little town, but almost everyone agrees it's a combination of things. For one, the town's historical background is a drawing card. Stoney

Creek was a bloody battlefield during the War of 1812 and a concrete spire commemorates a British victory there.

One hot August afternoon eighteen sight-seeing buses rolled up to the Stoney Creek Dairy while nine hundred and seventy-nine beribboned women climbed down for nine hundred and seventy-nine dishes of ice cream. They were delegates to a Toronto convention of Associated Countrywomen of the World, representing twenty-five countries, and intent on viewing the landmarks from Queenston Heights to Stoney Creek.

But a towering war memorial alone can't be responsible for the mass invasions that Stoney Creek residents have come to regard as commonplace. Burton Corman, a fruit-farmer who has been reeve or deputy reeve for thirty-five years, says Dawson's dairy provides at least three good reasons.

"George doesn't scrimp; you get measure for your money," he says. "The girls behind the counter are spotless;



MACLEAN'S

they can smile and they make you feel they're glad you came."

Bank Manager Walter Scott feels Dawson's location is a major factor in its success. The dairy is close by two main roads leading from Hamilton. Sunday drivers need only turn off one, stop at the dairy for a refresher and then swing back to Hamilton on the second road for a brief and inexpensive family outing.

Twenty-one-year-old Arleen Gulliver, daughter of Tom Gulliver, one of the town's three policemen, has worked as a part-time waitress at the dairy for five years, Dawson, she says, seldom is caught napping. A few years ago, when the dairy lacked the facilities it has now, there were long line-ups at the front entrance. One afternoon while she was on duty, Arleen recalls, people began dropping out of line and turning back to their cars. Dawson dashed up.

"Tell everybody who looks impatient that if they haven't their orders in three minutes they can have 'em free," he told Arleen.

People smiled and many of them stayed on, just to time him. Dawson went behind the counter himself, worked on orders and actually did serve most of the orders within three minutes.

Arleen's father, Tom Gulliver, the cop, says Dawson succeeded because he was never afraid of hard work.

"I worked for him in a little two-man milk business back in the early Thirties."



PHOTO BY KARSH

Backyard rescue on a hot afternoon

Saved in the nick of time by a cool, *cool* Brading's Ale! *Light, mellow* Brading's really refreshes. Try a case . . . you'll see!

SLOW-BREWED FOR MELLOW FLAVOUR



he recalls. "He'd be at it eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, buying raw milk from the farmers, bottling it, delivering it and then spending half the night in a door-to-door canvass for more customers. He coaxed me to go into partnership with him, but I couldn't see it. I never dreamed it'd be such a business. Now he's got another gimmick—every Easter Sunday he gives a rose to the first two thousand women customers. They flock to the place. George never lets up."

Dawson is an unostentatious man who

looks a good ten years younger than his forty-nine years. He has brown, slightly wavy hair, blue eyes and a preoccupied expression. He dresses plainly, wears a grey fedora indoors and out and rarely puts on a topcoat, even in the winter. Half a block from his business Dawson has built a twenty-five-thousand-dollar stone house with a basement recreation room large enough to accommodate a regulation-size howling alley — which it does.

Dawson uses the house for frequent staff get-togethers and planning meetings

with George Hirst, his general manager, and Russ Ralph, the manager of the ice-cream division. Every year for the last eight years Dawson has made a major alteration or built an addition to the dairy. Recently he declined an offer of four hundred thousand dollars for the business.

Born on a farm in Lincoln County, south of Stoney Creek, Dawson curiously enough has no particular recollection of a special fondness for the product that was to make him a reasonably wealthy man. "I suppose I liked ice

cream all right," he says in his solemn way, "because most kids do. But I can't remember any particular ice-cream parlor, or spending any money I made on sundaes."

Until 1946 George gave no thought to ice cream; his ambition all those years was to own a dairy farm as his father had done before him. By 1929 he'd saved five thousand dollars and was able to buy a dairy farm near Smithville, southeast of Hamilton, and began supplying Borden's dairy with raw milk, as his father had done.

"I tried bottling milk myself, too," he recalls, "and landed a few customers. I took a two-quart call from Borden's, and when they heard about it they cut me off. I was left with nothing but the twenty-six customers I'd drummed up on my own."

Twenty-five years ago, door-to-door calling was possible because there were no government pasteurization laws and raw milk could be bottled and sold. It was delivered at thirteen cents a quart (or eight quarts for a dollar). A milk war between the big companies forced the price down to twelve cents. Dawson and his wife, the former Gwen Ducker, of Toronto, worked eighteen hours a day but they couldn't make a go of it and lost the farm. For three years Dawson worked in a Hamilton coal company, then returned to the milk business. He rented a tiny house and garage for eighteen dollars a month, and set about building what was to become the Stoney Creek Dairy on the vacant lot next door. He did all the work himself. Again he bought milk from nearby farmers, bottled it and in three months had two hundred customers.

Is a \$20,000 loan too high?

He needed money to expand the business and turned to a neighbor, an old gentleman named Oliver Nash. Dawson asked for three thousand dollars. Nash fixed him with a silent stare. After an eternity, as Dawson recalls it, Nash replied. "All right, George," he said. "Just give me a note."

Dawson kept working and his milk routes kept growing. In 1946 he put in a counter, tables and chairs, hoping he'd attract people to buy ice cream who would then become acquainted with his milk business. He bought the ice cream wholesale from Silverwood Dairies. When *that* business began to catch on he realized he couldn't make a sensible profit unless he made his own ice cream.

So he went to see Walter Scott, the bank manager, and convinced him that a loan of twenty thousand dollars was a good risk and was not excessive. He installed his own ice-cream-making equipment. During the first winter he closed the ice-cream section. In 1947 there was sufficient business to warrant staying open during the day in winter. The next year the ice-cream bar was kept open in the evenings until nine, and since then it's been open until midnight the year around. In zero weather people drive out to the dairy, hustle their orders out on an aluminum tray stamped "Stolen from the Stoney Creek Dairy" and sit in their cars, the heaters whirring, as they eat a Dawson sundae.

Dawson figures he loses two thousand dollars worth of trays and glassware a year to souvenir hunters, and has found that stamping his trays "stolen from" hasn't deterred brash visitors. He picked up the idea for the stamp from a curb-service hamburger stand in Cleveland and used it himself, hoping to cut down his losses. When it failed to have any effect, he philosophically continued to



— Facsimile of letter received by the stewardess on a Boston-Halifax flight

Splendid new planes... old-fashioned hospitality and helpfulness



"As a traveller on many of the great airlines, I was tremendously impressed by what I saw of TCA system and personnel. Everything right on the button! The office folks had a smile, and the stewardesses were simply perfect!"

— (U.S.) Passenger Citation
(Cleveland to Toronto)

"When delayed in Gander on the flight of another line, we were all picked up by TCA and flown across. Your stewardess, steward and crew were superb... really outstanding. Thanks for having them in your employ!"

— (U.S.) Passenger Citation
(New York to Paris)

"I have done a lot of flying but this is my first trip by TCA. I was very much impressed by the very high standard of alertness, efficiency and courtesy. Stewardesses very energetic and efficient."

— (British) Passenger Citation
(Montreal to London)

TCA's fleet features the most modern aircraft... the world-famous Viscount and the latest type of Super Constellation. Along with these TCA strives to render a passenger service that features good old-fashioned hospitality and helpfulness!



TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES
ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT AIRLINES

stamp the trays, reasoning it was at least good advertising. Recently he had reasonable proof he was right. He was driving home from a dairymen's convention in Atlantic City and stopped at Buffalo for a snack. When the waitress took his order she stood looking at him thoughtfully.

"I know you," she said, her face brightening. "You're the man at that ice-cream place at Stoney . . . at Stoney Creek. I've got one of your trays."

As the town's reeve, Burton Corman, observed, Dawson does not stint on the size of the cone or sundae he serves, nor does he stint in its quality. He buys cream, eggs and milk from the district's farmers one day and, because of his large turnover, is able to serve these fresh products in his ice cream the next. Fifty-four farmers within a twenty-mile radius of Stoney Creek are called on daily by Dawson's milk trucks, which bring all the milk they can supply to the dairy for pasteurizing and processing.

"Our idea mainly is to provide the kind of sundae you can eat and still want more," he says.

Dawson's biggest seller is his banana-split sundae and he is a dreamer if he thinks an ordinary mortal can cope with one and want to take on another. This overwhelming confection contains three large scoops of ice cream, two vanilla flanking one strawberry. Crushed pineapple is heaped on one vanilla scoop, and crushed-strawberry syrup on the other. Whipped cream, topped by a dash of rainbow coconut and crowned with a cherry, smothers the middle strawberry scoop. Two long slices of a quartered banana complete the thirty-cent dish.

Ice-cream cones are served in every conceivable flavor, two huge scoops on a cone for a dime, or one big one for a nickel. Flavors include the inevitable vanilla—it constitutes 55.09 percent of all the ice cream sold in Canada—chocolate and strawberry, the next most widely consumed in this country. In addition there are maple, orange, fruit, buttered pecan, chocolate-ripple, black raspberry, banana, butterscotch-ripple, coffee, grape, pineapple, peppermint-chip and lemon-and-lime.

On special days, such as Christmas, Dawson brews up a confection called plum-pudding ice cream, which includes figs, prunes, raisins, currants, chopped nuts and rum flavoring. His Halloween special features pineapple, orange and chocolate in judicious mixture.

The most popular flavors, or at least the largest sellers, at Dawson's are vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry, in that order. The manner in which these three flavors dominate sales throughout Canada is a trifle misleading as a yardstick to their popularity as flavors, however, because a good percentage of their majority is accounted for by the fact they are the basic flavors in ice cream sodas, milk shakes and sundaes. In other words, when a man asks for a banana split or a milk shake, he's also wordlessly asking for two scoops of vanilla ice cream.

Similarly, when supermarkets and chain stores began handling ice cream in bulk some seven years ago, and began stocking ready-mix syrups in cans, they provided customers with all the ingredients for homemade ice-cream sundaes. Here again, the basic flavors are vanilla, chocolate and strawberry. Thus, sales of those three flavors constitute close to seventy percent of all ice cream sales in Canada.

But no home can manufacture a sundae as overwhelming as one Dawson calls

his "superduper." A superduper starts out with an innocuous ladle of pineapple syrup in the bottom of a tall glass. But then it starts to get serious. A scoop of vanilla ice cream is plopped into the syrup. Then a heaping of whole walnuts. Then a mound of strawberry ice cream. Then a ladle of strawberry syrup and another heaping of vanilla ice cream. A quartered banana is propped, points down, into the four corners of the glass, and whipped cream is piled on top. Chopped coconut is sprinkled on the whipped cream and a cherry tops

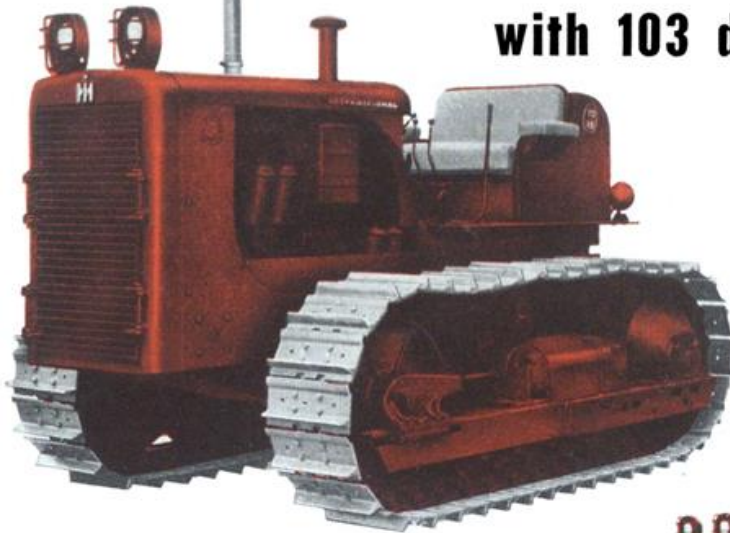
the whole awesome challenge. The price of this sundae, which protrudes a full three inches above the top of the tall glass, is forty-five cents, and anybody who can eat two of them should consult his physician.

For such delicacies, and others like them, the caravans keep pouring through Stoney Creek. The one curious note about the evolution of the ice-cream parlor is that with all the changes—in volume, in refrigeration and in numbers of customers—there has really been no basic change at all. Forty-five years ago

It was the fashion to stroll to the park for a band concert or to take your best girl to a movie and then top off an inexpensive day with a sundae at the ice-cream parlor. Today, for fifty miles around Stoney Creek at least, it's the fashion to take the family for a drive—and top off an inexpensive day with a sundae at George Dawson's ice-cream supermarket.

Essentially, under its flashy exterior, the new ice-cream parlor is pretty much like the old. It's just that it's done up in asphalt. ★

the 1956 INTERNATIONAL TD-18 with 103 drawbar H.P.



**will do more work per hour
for Canadian contractors
than any tractor
in its power class!**

This 1956 TD-18 is not just another tractor with a few new frills. It is a tractor designed and built with you, the contractor, in mind. Look at the cost-saving features built into this TD-18. Features that mean less downtime, more on-the-job working time for the tractor:

Ceramic engine clutch facings.

Reduce hand lever pull up to 50%. Assure power-holding grip. Heat resistant. Prolong clutch life and extend periods between adjustment.

Power steering. Simple. No internal adjustments. Operator fatigue cut 75%.

Heavy-duty transmission delivers 103 drawbar hp.

The strongest track frames in its power class.

Wide open deck area for free operator action.

Swing door radiator guards for easy servicing of hydraulic system.

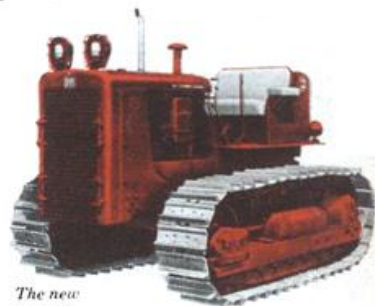
134 net engine horsepower when used with International Drott Machines.

See this 1956 TD-18 at your International Industrial Distributor now. Ask him for a demonstration of its job-designed features on your contract.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
Hamilton Ontario

35-56-09R

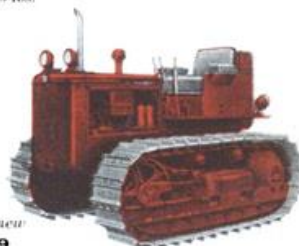
INTERNATIONAL



The new

TD-14

78.5 drawbar hp.; 95 net engine hp.; weight — 21,095 lbs.



The new

TD-9

54.5 drawbar hp.; in International Drott machines — 75 net engine h.p.; weight — 12,000 lbs. (5 roller model).



The new

TD-6

41.5 drawbar hp.; in International Drott machines — 55 net engine h.p.; weight — 8,890 lbs. (5 roller model).

SEE THE COMPLETE NEW
LINE OF INTERNATIONAL
CRAWLER TRACTORS



"You're going to look like Regina Lee!" said Joseph, split with laughter. "Stop!" said Mrs. Joe, and sat on him.



When every woman looked like Regina Lee

Continued from page 21

DON'T

face another summer without Tampax

Remember how hot it was last Summer? Remember how you sweltered and suffered, and how—when it was time-of-the-month for you—all your discomforts seemed multiplied a thousandfold? Don't face another Summer without Tampax internal sanitary protection. It's the coolest thing you can wear—actually, you can't feel it when it's in place. And because it's both "invisible" and protective, you can even swim while you're wearing it!

Tampax, of course, can't do anything about the weather. But it can and does prevent chafing and irritation. It can and does eliminate belts, pins and pads. It's easy to dispose of (nice when you're visiting). It's so made that the wearer's hands need not touch it at any time. And several "spares" can tuck into your purse without anyone ever seeing them.

Get Tampax at any drug or notion counter now. Choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Economy size gives an average 4 months' supply—carries you through the whole Summer.

Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ont.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION Limited, Brampton, Ontario

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name (Please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____ MAC/150

other party and make us the other party?

But, of course, folks were just too happy with the Liberals. Time was, I'm told, when the Liberals were slow about social reforms; but they soon saw that the socialists might get powerful, and it wasn't long before they out-socialized the socialists. Then there was a party representing the farmers—that was before this craze for algae, when we used to eat a lot of wheat—so they quickly looked after agriculture. Then there was the Science Party, which advocated living in a scientific manner so everyone had a nice warm house at little cost, and the latest gadgets to put in it. Well, it didn't take the Liberals long to see the benefits of that, so they soon out-sciented the scientists.

But I'll say this for the Science men—they didn't give up that easy. They had it figured with one of their electronic brains that the Liberal Party was going to call an election in 1973, and they were prepared. They got some big surprise ready to use for their campaign. I can see the headlines like it was yesterday:

SCIENCE PARTY PROMISES AMAZING NEW ADVANCE

They didn't say what it was though. I can still remember when we were setting the trap lines, me and Dad, and we hailed Eskimo Joe in the distance. He waited till we caught up.

"Well, Joe," says Dad, I'll say this for Dad. He treated everyone like his equal, and an Eskimo was just as interesting to Dad as a white man. "What do you think this here Science Party has up its sleeve?"

Joe blinked and looked away at the midnight sun, which was just dipping down. He had kind of an undernourished-looking physique. Most people think of an Eskimo as being a great big muscular man, but Eskimo Joe wasn't like that. He was skinny, and kind of pale, considering, and he wore glasses.

"My analysis of the situation is that the forces of reaction, i.e., the Liberal Party, have antagonized a deep-seated psychic urge in the common, or garden, man; and in so doing, have set in motion powers that may ultimately destroy their reactionary front."

Eskimo Joe had a PhD, but he didn't hold that against Dad any. He treated everyone like his equal too.

Dad thought a long time about what Eskimo Joe had said. I kept wondering what a garden man was, but then, I never could understand Eskimo Joe. We worked along in silence for about an hour, and all you could hear was the crunch, crunch as we struggled across the hard-packed snow, and the blowing sound as

Dad tried to thaw out his fingers after fixing the trap.

Finally Dad spoke. "Figure maybe you're right, Joe. But what deep-seated urge is there in the common man?"

"Women," said Joe.

"What about the garden man?" I figured a question like that would impress Eskimo Joe, but he didn't answer. In fact, that's all he would say for the rest of the trip. Eskimos don't talk much, even PhDs.

Well, it turned out Joe was right. The Science people had gathered up all the statistics about what people had, and what they would like to have, and what they didn't have, and then they fed the statistics into one of their new electronic computers, along with the question. "What do people want that could make us win the election?"

Back came the answer: "They want all the women to look like Regina Lee."

You've never heard of Regina Lee? Well, let me tell you—she was the sort of woman that could make a man set a trap line in forty-below weather without his parka on, and never feel the cold. She was the kind of woman that got the northern lights off course once, and kept them sparking over Toronto till the Ontario Hydro had to ask her to move along—and six hundred Hydro engineers went, too, to keep her company on her journey west. She was the kind of woman that made sedate Calgary oilmen suddenly throw up their Stetsons and buy themselves a wild horse to carry them through the streets of the city in her honor. In the Okanagan Valley they lost the fruit crop that year; it just scorched and shriveled right on the trees. They say there wasn't an orchardist who didn't think it was worth it. And when Regina Lee got to Vancouver, she gave them something new in weather: it stopped raining, and just steamed.

Well, to get back to my story, Regina Lee was a Canadian born and bred, from Prince Edward Island, if you want to know, but she volunteered to leave because of the traffic jams which blocked the causeway. She was putting Canada on the map, as far as movies and television were concerned. In those days, the movie centre of the whole world was in a place called Hollywood, outside Los Angeles, in the States. Well, of course, they just fell over themselves trying to get Regina to come down there, and get movies back in the profit bracket again; but she just stuck that beautiful chin in the air, and shook down her platinum hair, and sang O Canada right in their faces. That's the kind of girl Regina Lee was, and there wasn't a red-blooded

Canadian girl who didn't want to look just like her. What's more, there wasn't a red-blooded Canadian man who didn't want his red-blooded Canadian girl to look just like her.

So you see that electronic brain was plenty smart. But it was pretty hard to see how an answer like that was going to do the Science men much good. Still, there was no doubt that they had something up their sleeves. The next day, the Toronto Star said:

SCIENCE MEN PROMISE HEAVEN TO EVERYONE

and the Vancouver Sun headlined:

YIPPEE, MEN, THIS IS IT!

and even the Klondike Kalender, which we got a month old, said:

SCIENCE PARTY TO WARM ARCTIC

The Science Party was promising something pretty wonderful, it seemed, but they still hadn't come right out and said what it was. Excitement throughout Canada reached a fever pitch, and even Eskimo Joe was finding it hard to concentrate on his revised translation of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason.

Finally, after they'd kept the nation in a state of suspense for nearly a month, they set a day for the announcement. What a day that was! They say that in Edmonton—that was the nearest big city to us—they had to declare a civic holiday because no one would work anyway. And when the three o'clock deadline for the announcement neared in Toronto, the CBC had to give up their recital of the little-known works of the unknown composer Abner Ebenezer Louks, because the place was jammed with taxpayers demanding the news.

And what news it was, when it finally came! The front page of the Toronto Globe and Mail had nothing on it except this blazing headline, which occupied the whole page, in red and orange type:

SCIENCE PARTY PROMISES THAT EVERY WOMAN IN THE COUNTRY TO LOOK LIKE REGINA LEE ! ! ! !

And out west where they aren't so sedate, the Calgary Herald simply put one diagonal headline across its front page:

YAHOO ! ! ! !

In Victoria, the distinguished commentator, Peter Higsby, upon reading the news from the teletype, forgot himself so far as to utter an unrehearsed statement of personal feeling. "I say, isn't this corking! Imagine Mrs. Higsby looking like Regina Lee!" In Montreal the slogan became, "La vie—c'est Lee!" And in Quebec, there were so many candles lit in reverent thankfulness that a church burned down. But nobody cared anyway—except the good curé. He found it hard to enter wholeheartedly into the spirit of the thing, but when he endeavored to remonstrate with his flock and speak to them about spiritual values, they tipped their hats and said politely, "Oui, padre," and then hurried off as fast as they decently could to join the dancing in the village streets.

Dad and I had traveled down to Ak-lavik to hear the announcement. It didn't mean much to us, as you can imagine. We didn't have any woman to look after, or to look after us. So we didn't have much spirit when we carried the news back to our camp, and we were unprepared for the reception it got there. We told Eskimo Joe about it, in an off-hand way. He looked at us and stopped chewing his whale blubber—in fact, his jaw fell open and the blubber tumbled out—and then he slowly turned around and looked at Mrs. Joe, squatting over

“All I know is that Lord Calvert pleases me more than any other whisky. Maybe that’s because it’s a little drier...or a little smoother. But, whatever the right words are, all I really know is that Lord Calvert has a taste, a flavour — call it what you will — that I can find in no other brand. It’s somehow lighter and more mellow and...but, look, there’s only one way for you to know what I mean. Try Lord Calvert yourself! Taste that indescribable something that makes it — for my palate at least — the *finest* of all whiskies. Just taste it, and *then* you’ll understand what I’m trying to say.”

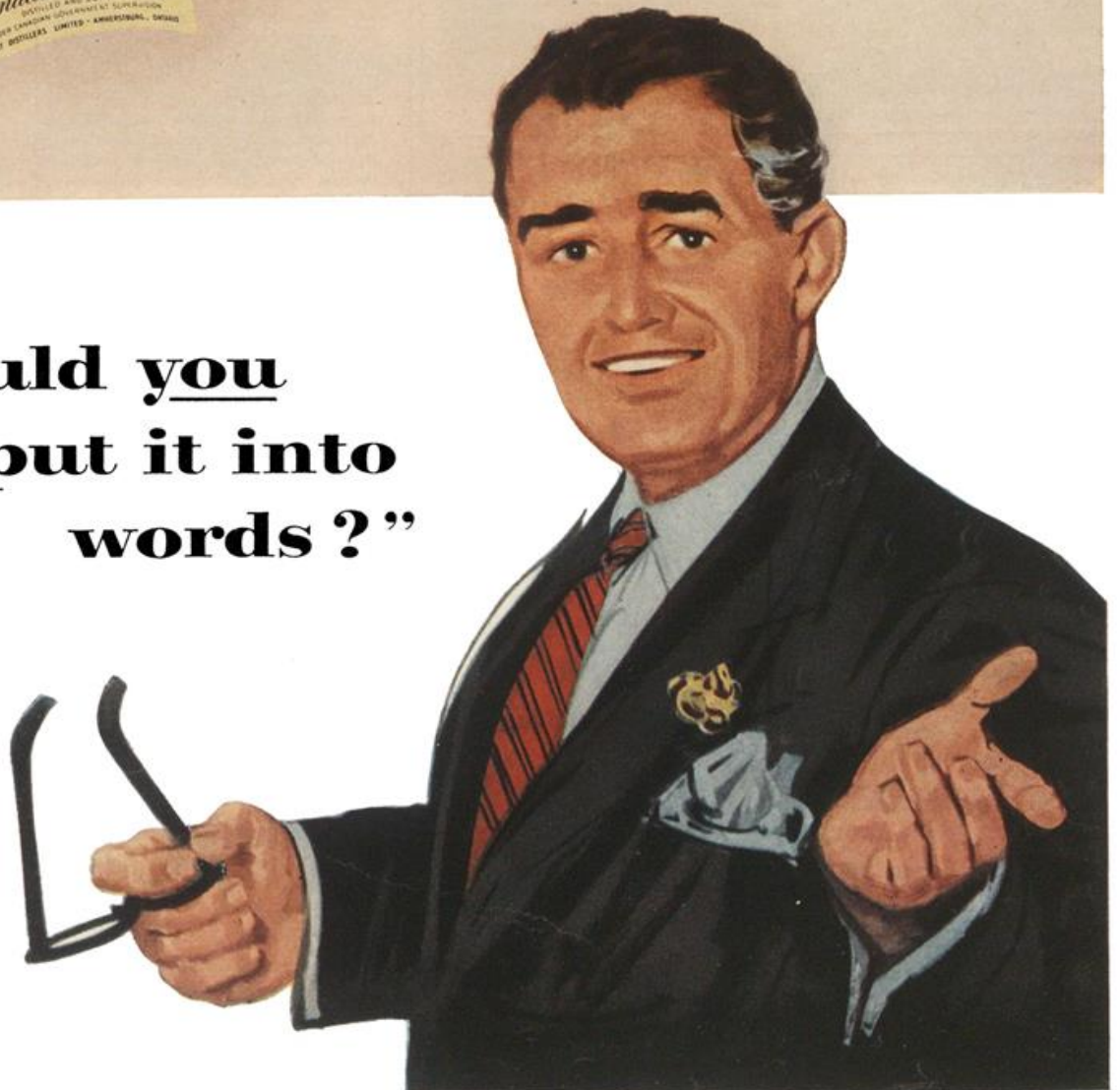


LORD CALVERT

Canadian Whisky

CALVERT DISTILLERS LIMITED, AMHERSTBURG, ONT.

“**Could you
put it into
words?**”



CANADA'S INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS FOR BOYS



- Are non-profit educational trusts
- Work closely with their respective Provincial Departments of Education
- Have small classes and take a personal interest in each boy

- Emphasize the importance of hard work and high standards
- Give maximum attention to all-round development
- Provide Religious instruction and the opportunity for daily worship
- Require every boy who is physically fit to take part in games and School activities
- Exercise careful supervision with discipline
- Stress good habits and provide a vigorous and interesting daily life.

For further information, write to the Headmaster of any one of the Schools listed below, each of whom is a member of the Canadian Headmasters' Association.

Appleby College, Oakville, Ont.
 Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.
 Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.
 Hillfield School (Day), Hamilton, Ont.
 King's College School, Windsor, N.S.
 Lakeland Preparatory School, Lakeland, Ont.
 Lower Canada College, Montreal, Que.
 Pickering College, Newmarket, Ont.
 Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.

Rothsay Collegiate School, Rothsay, N.B.
 St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ont.
 St. George's School, Vancouver, B.C.
 St. John's-Ravenscourt, Winnipeg, Man.
 Shawnigan Lake School, Shawnigan Lake, B.C.
 Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
 University School, Victoria, B.C.
 Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont.

Come and get it!

WINETTE is a light sparkling low-alcohol wine —with a flavour you'll enjoy. Try it once —you'll ask for more! Each carton holds 6 bottles and each 13-oz. bottle costs so little! Pick up a carton soon!



It's NEW!

It's DIFFERENT!

You've never tasted anything quite so refreshing, as this low-alcohol light sparkling wine. You'll buy it in the 6-bottle carton you can tuck under your arm — and each 13-oz. bottle costs so little!



Bright's fine Canadian Wines SINCE 1874

"She didn't believe in equal rights for men and women. Men being slaves should keep their place"

a steaming mess of whale soup.

Then he smiled. It was a slow smile, starting from the middle of his lips and stretching cautiously outwards to the corners of his mouth, then opening his mouth to show the two shiny rows of perfect teeth. Then the smile bubbled over into a giggle, and the giggle became a laugh, and the laugh became a delighted roar, and Eskimo Joe was holding his sides and dancing helplessly around the little hut, pointing to Mrs. Joe, with tears streaming down his face and his hands clutching his sides, as bellylaugh tumbled over bellylaugh, and we just stood and stared. We'd never even seen Eskimo Joe smile before, because, as he sometimes explained to Dad, he was a Stoic. Dad always said privately that if he had a wife who looked like Mrs. Joe, he'd darn well be stoical too; but of course Eskimo Joe said that his reason was based purely on philosophical speculation.

OF COURSE, now that we thought of it, Dad and I, we could see that it would be quite a thing if Mrs. Joe could be made to look like Regina Lee. Mrs. Joe was very fat, and even in Eskimo terms she was no dresser. She wore a very plain, old seal jacket, without even a fringe, and the laces were broken on her moccasins. Her very straight black hair was tied back with a bit of whale gut and it never held, so that part of it hung over her face. Not that this was any disadvantage, but there was still part of her face showing, and that was bad. Her dark skin was very greasy, and although most of the young squaws had taken to lipstick, Mrs. Joe always dismissed it, saying,

"Such frivolous adornments to the exterior not only nullify the fine old standards of our race, but they tend to dissipate any tendency on the part of the individual to develop in the line of spiritual strength."

Mrs. Joe was a PhD too.

So when Eskimo Joe danced around the hut, helpless and doubled up with mirth, Mrs. Joe pulled herself up to her full height of five feet one, and said in a commanding tone,

"Joseph! Stop that this instant."

But Eskimo Joe couldn't stop. He was snorting so hard still that he could only gasp weakly.

"You're going to look just like Regina Lee!"

Then he'd go off into another paroxysm, until we feared for the poor man's health.

Mrs. Joe just looked at him in a frozen sort of way. Then she walked over, took his weak and helpless hand between hers and, in two lightning jerks, threw him over her head and sat on him. Now we really feared for his health, for Mrs. Joe weighed a good fifty pounds more than he did. I guess Joe kind of saw the light too, or else he realized that if he didn't straighten up, he'd never live to see the remarkable transformation. At any rate, he quieted down, and managed to gasp,

"Very well, Loona. Just get up, and I'll promise to behave in a more satisfactory manner."

Mrs. Joe got up with as much dignity as it is possible to muster when you weigh two hundred pounds and are only five feet one. Then she turned slowly to Joe, and spoke in measured tones,

"I trust, Joseph, that you do not expect me to enter into any such foolish

and childish expressions of materialism as this political party suggests."

Joe's face dropped. The laugh had faded to a grin, and now the grin went down to a smile, and the smile faded from the outside in, and then his mouth sagged at the corners, until finally Eskimo Joe's expression would have made a starving wolf look like the Laughing Cavalier.

Now Dad wasn't one to interfere with other folks' marriages, but Eskimo Joe was his friend; and besides, when Eskimo Joe was down, he could be an awful man to be with for two months of cold arctic winter on the trap lines. And it looked an awful lot like Eskimo Joe was sure going to be down.

"Now just a minute, Loona, ma'am," said Dad, touching his cap.

Loona looked at him coldly. She didn't believe in equal rights for men and women; she thought men were the slave race and should know their places.

"What is it?" Her voice sounded like an icicle dipped in the Arctic Ocean at sixty below.

"Well, ma'am, beggin' your pardon, but don't you think you might be going against democracy, if you don't go along with this?"

Eskimo Joe saw a glimmer of hope.

"He's right, Loona. If you set yourself up in a minority position like that, refusing to do what the rest of the nation wants, for purely personal reasons, you are placing yourself in the position of a petty tyrant."

Now if there's one thing Loona prided herself on, it was her democracy. And besides that, deep down underneath, Loona was feminine enough to want to look like Regina Lee, but no one but Dad ever would have guessed it. He told me later that the only reason he knew was that one day he'd come into the hut quietly and Loona hadn't seen him, and there she was trying on every lipstick ever invented. And you can believe this or not, said Dad, but they all looked worse on her than her natural color, so that's why she never wore any such trivial trapping.

"Perhaps you're right," said Loona, and she threw an extra onion into the whale stew, which showed that she was really happy underneath.

As for Eskimo Joe, he was a changed man. He threw Kant into a corner that night and went out and got drunk, and what's more took Mrs. Joe along, and they danced and sang just like any silly young couple. The next day we started out on the trap lines, but Eskimo Joe had kind of a bad head.

"In view of the changed world situation," he said, "I suggest we go straight to Aklavik, and see what's going on, by television."

SO we headed for Aklavik, and found that things were really shaping up. It seems that the Science Party had found two powerful hormones, one of which would reduce a woman to any weight you wanted, all in the correct proportions, and the other would make her look exactly like Regina Lee. They had done this by getting some blood from Miss Lee under false pretences, and extracting and distilling it for a couple of months. Then they fed a few sample questions about it to the electronic brain, but the brain lit up in every tube, and blew a fuse. Eventually they got the thing repaired, and the next time they led up to it gradually,

one query at a time, and finally they got the answer. They tested it on one of the lab technicians, and she promptly quit and went to work as Miss Lee's double, at twice her former salary.

Well of course the election was never in any doubt. The Science Party swept in with only fifty dissenting votes across the nation. They say even the Liberal members voted them in, and I guess they must have, because some of them had very plain-looking wives. They didn't go to Hawaii either, like they'd been planning; they stuck around to see the fun.

The Science men and their electronic computers had everything well organized. In every major city they set up clinics, and took the women alphabetically. Some of them only took a month to make the changeover, but a few stubborn ones took up to six months. Of course it was complicated dreadfully by the tremendous influx of American immigrants. We'd always been looked upon as the little neighbor to the north, but things began to change so rapidly, that we were soon being friendly to our small cousin to the south. Things looked a bit shaky for awhile when the president of the U. S. demanded to know what law prevented him from emigrating to Canada while in office; and the Science men only avoided an international situation by offering to make the president's wife an honorary citizen for three months, or in other words, for just long enough to make her look like Regina Lee.

Gradually every city became beautified and the program began to spread to the outskirts. We went down to Edmonton about the time they had been operating for a month, and believe me, Edmonton was a sight to make me wish I was older than fifteen. As for Dad, he took one good long look along Jasper Avenue, down which three shapely platinum wenches were walking just like Regina Lee, even in their thick parkas and snowboots, and he took my hand and headed back to the airport, muttering something about keeping the young and old out of temptation's way.

When the news got back to Eskimo Joe, he and Mrs. Joe had another celebration. By this time Mrs. Joe was beginning to look good even without treatments. She had taken to fixing up quite a bit and had sewn beading on her clothes to be ready for the change, and she had taken on such a happy look that she was getting to be pretty attractive without even looking like Regina Lee. As for Eskimo Joe, he was a changed man. He waltzed Mrs. Joe around their hut and laughed and joked like anyone else, and never once mentioned how superior ancient Greece was to modern Canada.

I must admit, Dad and I were getting excited too. The idea of Mrs. Joe undulating around like those platinum blondes we'd seen in Edmonton would fire the imagination of anyone. It got to be our main topic of conversation, and kind of warmed up the lonely hours working over the trap lines.

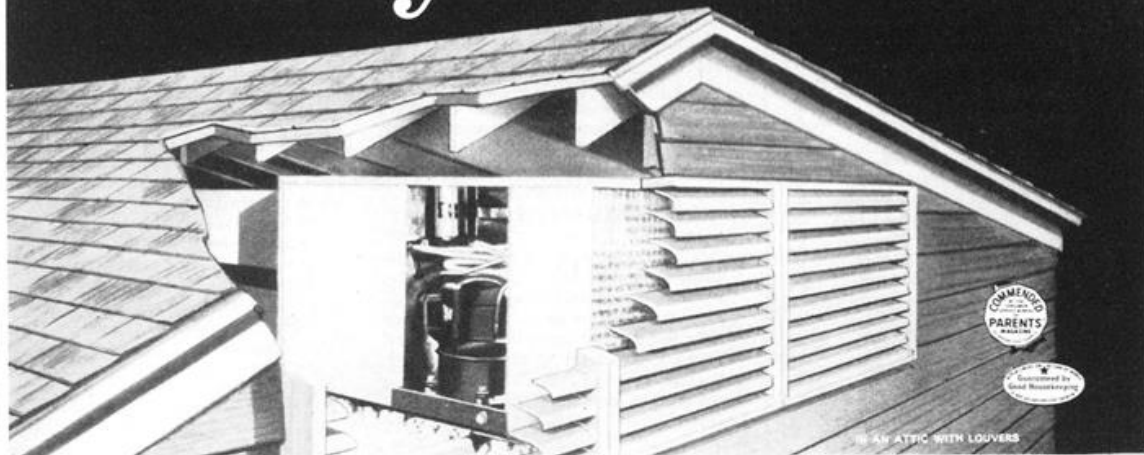
"You know, son," Dad used to say, when we'd been discussing the matter for awhile. "I'll die a happy man, when my time comes, if I see Mrs. Joe turned into Regina Lee. It isn't every generation that lives to witness those kind of miracles." Dad was solemn about this, and I got to realize how it was history in the making.

Finally the clinic opened at Aklavik, and excitement began to mount. It couldn't be too long till they got to Eskimo Landing. Joe and Mrs. Joe had another little celebration. When Dad tried to get Joe to come and help with the lines, he said he and Mrs. Joe were just taking a day off, but of course the days are quite long up there in the summer.

NOW...FROM LENNOX...WORLD LEADER IN HOME COMFORT...

a whole-house air conditioner only \$799*

*Complete two-ton
pre-wired unit.
Ductwork and
installation extra.



OUTSIDE OF CRAWL SPACE



ON A FLAT ROOF



IN A BASEMENT WALL



AS A HIP ROOF DORMER

No matter how your home is designed...no matter how you heat it, you can economically install the new Lennox Stowaway Air Conditioner

Lennox, leader in the development of home comfort systems since 1895, announces one of the great engineering achievements of our time — a high-quality central air conditioner that costs just \$799.00. Unexcelled in operating economy, it actually consumes up to 40% less electric current than many other air-cooled air conditioners of the same capacity.

Any middle-income family can now enjoy and afford whole-house air conditioning with this new Lennox Stowaway unit. It requires no plumbing, no water tower, no expensive wiring. Every style of home has a place for it — either inside or outside, upstairs or downstairs. For it's so compact that it can be neatly "stowed away" most anywhere — to cool and dehumidify the air throughout your entire home. And it's amazingly quiet.

No matter how you heat your home, it's economical to install this revolutionary new Lennox air conditioner. Your existing ducts will do, if you heat with forced warm air. If you have hot water, steam or radiant heat, a space heater, wall heaters or floor furnace, the simplest kind of ductwork is all you need.

Your Lennox dealer-expert will give you a free estimate on installing a Lennox Stowaway Air Conditioner, available in 2-ton, 3½-ton, and 5-ton sizes.

*SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE

BUY NOW ON THE EASY PAY PLAN!

See your Lennox dealer-expert, listed in the yellow pages of your phone directory under "Air Conditioning" or "Furnaces." He can bring you whole-house cooling this very summer on liberal financing terms. A member of the biggest and best trained dealer organization in the air conditioning industry, he's fully equipped to survey your home accurately; to install and service equipment expertly—for he represents Lennox, world's largest manufacturer of indoor comfort equipment.

MORE FAMILIES BUY

LENNOX

THROUGH MORE THAN 5,600
HOME COMFORT SPECIALISTS

Lennox Industries (Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Montreal, Calgary. In the United States: Marshalltown and Des Moines, Ia.; Syracuse, N.Y.; Columbus, O.; Ft. Worth, Texas; Los Angeles, Calif.; Salt Lake City, Utah; Decatur, Ga.

**TRAVEL IN LUXURY
... LIVE IN PRIVACY**



The finest in Mobile Homes. Built, styled and designed with you in mind. The only complete line of mobile homes.

7 models—12 floor plans.

For FREE catalogue and name of nearest dealer,

write today to:

Dept. M, GENERAL COACH WORKS OF CANADA
LIMITED
HENSALL ONTARIO

COOL SMOKING
SLOW BURNING

For a
Satisfying
Pipe

**Old
Virginia**

SMOKING
TOBACCO



**JUST ADD
MILK
AND HEAT**
FOR A DOWN
EAST TREAT

Connors OF Course!

CONNORS BROS. LIMITED
Black's Harbour, N. B.

SEND FOR FREE RECIPE BOOKLET



SIX months had almost passed by now since they had started changing the women, and kind of a funny thing was happening. The people who had come up from the States were going back. They didn't say why—just said they guessed they were getting old. In Montreal the whole population traveled out for a look at a *habitant* family that lived so far in the backwoods they hadn't heard the news, so that the wife still looked just like a French-Canadian backwoods woman should look.

And in Alberta they found an isolated family way north of Cold Lake, where the girls hadn't been changed yet; and each of those girls landed herself a handsome TV contract, although actually they weren't much better looking than Mrs. Joe, now that she had started to brighten up. Funny thing, wasn't it? As for the Science government, people were beginning to mutter, and some said certainly Mackenzie King never would have changed the women. Regina Lee had sued the government for her fabulous salary for the next fifteen years, because obviously no one was going to look at her when everywhere there were women exactly like her. And all the cabinet ministers from the former government packed their bags and went to Hawaii.

The climax came on August 24. I'll tell you how I remember the day so well: that was the day they promised the clinic in Eskimo Joe's village. Every day for a month we said to each other—well, only thirty more days, and then, well, only twenty-nine more days, and so on. When it got down to seven more days, Eskimo Joe and Mrs. Joe started a big celebration, and when August 24 finally came, Mrs. Joe looked like only a miracle could change her into Regina Lee.

August 24! Everything blew up that day. All of a sudden from coast to coast the press set up a terrible clamor. At Ottawa, the government asked for a vote of confidence, and they didn't get it, and that was the end of the Science government. All the former cabinet ministers had barely had time to adjust their *leis* when they had to turn around and come home, and form a new government.

You see, everyone else in the country was tired of looking at Regina Lees, nothing but Regina Lees, everywhere they looked. But what about Mrs. Joe? And what about Eskimo Joe? And furthermore, what about Dad and me, who had been waiting impatiently for this transformation for months?

Well, I'll tell you what about all of us. Eskimo Joe had become so ensnared by Mrs. Joe's newly acquired charms that he wouldn't have cared if she'd looked like—like Mrs. Joe, Mrs. Joe, in spite of her PhD, had learned that the ways to make a man happy don't hang too much on looks.

But Dad and me. The day Dad died he cursed the Liberal government, and I'm carrying on the tradition. It's got so people don't vote much nowadays; fact is, the last few times I've been the only voter in this riding. Kind of exciting—a plane-load of TV cameras following me right up to the polls while I cast my secret ballot. Yup! For fifty-five years now, I've sent the only Science member to parliament.

Oh, I know Mrs. Joe is dead and gone, and one of these days I'll be too old to care how the rest of the women look. But while I'm still young enough for ideas—well, there's no harm in trying, is there? So as far as I'm concerned, there'll be one person who won't be joining in this centennial celebration, and that'll be me. I'll still be casting my vote for the Science Party. ★

The great cross-Canada hike continued from page 18

**In her breeches, high boots and mackinaw jacket
Jennie shocked the ladies and became a sensation**

ing westward and perhaps find a job. "How far?" Carr asked.

Burkman hadn't thought about that. "Maybe to Vancouver," he said. And so the idea jelled, and grew stronger. In early January Burkman and Carr walked into the editorial offices of the Halifax Herald and the Halifax Mail and announced their plan to walk across the country—on the CNR tracks to Saint John, N.B., and then they would follow the CPR tracks. They had arranged to have postcards printed, showing their picture and telling of their hike, and they intended to sell these to pay their way.

The newspapers seized on the stunt and offered to pay Burkman and Carr for reports on their walks, to be sent by telegraph from railway stations along the route. The Herald suggested they carry a letter of greeting from the mayor of Halifax to the mayor of Vancouver.

On Monday, Jan. 17, 1921, Burkman and Carr appeared on the steps of the Halifax city hall to start their trek. In a chill rain and fog several hundred people had gathered. Hurriedly, Mayor J. S. Parker wished them good luck and handed Burkman a letter to be delivered to the mayor of Vancouver. Then the men set out, many of the crowd on their heels. One admirer, carried away by visions of the adventure, begged them to let him join the trek. Mile by mile, his pleas grew weaker until, after five miles, he sat down on a stone and waved them farewell.

A shower of new boots

Burkman and Carr planned to walk about fifteen miles a day until the weather improved. Then, in the spring, they intended to step up the pace to thirty miles a day. They had calculated that it would take them seven months to get to Vancouver. If they had any idea that the trip would be a mere stroll for pleasure, it vanished on the third day, when the temperature dropped to ten below zero. Frostbitten but cheerful, they walked all day to reach Truro, Nova Scotia's rail hub, by evening. They had completed sixty-four miles.

The next morning Truro turned out in hundreds to see the two men. They were showered with boots, clothing, food and cigarettes by Truro merchants. The postcards, at ten cents each, sold by the dozens. It was noon before they got away, and more than a hundred people followed them through the railway yards and along the track.

Most of the Maritimes newspapers had taken up the story, and the accounts of how Burkman and Carr were being acclaimed on their route acted as a magnet to other walkers. In Dartmouth an energetic postman named John Behan read them and decided to start out after the Halifax pair. He wrote to the Halifax Herald and proposed a father-son walk: Behan senior, forty-four, and Clifford Behan, twenty-four, would walk to Vancouver in six months—a whole month less than Burkman had estimated. They would pass Burkman and Carr before Montreal, they promised.

Thus the pleasure stroll became a race. The Herald agreed to accept stories from the Behans, who fortified themselves with postcards, as Burkman and Carr had

done, and started out. Although in middle age, John Behan had been an oarsman and was fit for the walk. Both he and his son had served overseas with the Halifax Rifles. Since Dartmouth and Halifax, across the harbor from one another, are constant rivals, the entry of the Behans into the trek gave Dartmouth a chance to crow. The Behans were given a civic send-off in Dartmouth, pocketed a letter from Mayor Simpson to the mayor of Vancouver, crossed the harbor by boat and started walking.

Then, unexpectedly, the casual odyssey became a three-way contest when a well-known Maritimes foot-racer named Frank Dill threw his hat in the ring with that of his wife, Jennie. Dill, from Windsor, N.S., had enjoyed some local prowess as a runner; he worked in a Dartmouth iron foundry. He and his wife were fellow sports; they fished and hiked together. They had decided to head for Vancouver too, they advised the Halifax Herald, which by now had found itself a sort of official starter.

The Herald welcomed the entry, for, in addition to the fact that Dill was a public name, Mrs. Dill had women's interest. Although an angler and hiker, she was by no means mannish, but quite small, dark, feminine and piquant.

Thus, three teams were in the race, and when the fact that it was a race became known to Burkman and Carr, the first of a long series of emotional crises appeared. Burkman and Carr, plodding along the right of way, were friendly enough. But when the Behans began to press on their heels, and then the Dills, that was another thing.

"I won't be forced into racing across Canada," Carr insisted. And so, at Petitediac, fifteen miles west of Moncton, N.B., he got on a train and went back to Halifax. Burkman went on alone, after a group of Halifax sportsmen, in the throes of civic pride, collected five hundred dollars to spur him on.

As January ended, Burkman was at Welsford, N.B., the Behans were at Dorchester, having walked through a blizzard. They had gained a day and a half on Burkman, and were still confident they could pass him before Montreal.

Frank and Jennie Dill appeared on the stage of the old Majestic Theatre in Halifax the last evening in January. They made a big hit, Jennie in particular. The next morning two thousand people met in front of the Halifax Herald building to see the couple make their start. Jennie created a sensation dressed in riding breeches, boots with high leather leggings, and a mackinaw jacket and cap. In 1921 it was unheard-of for women to be seen in men's clothing. The iron foundry had given Frank Dill's fellow employees the day off and they turned out with banners and horns.

The popularity of the Dills far exceeded that of the others. At Shubenacadie the Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian Church insisted that they stay at the home of one of its members. In Truro their reception surpassed even the arrival of a circus. They were met by a parade of school children. They sold more than two hundred postcards and left Truro loaded with dimes.

The Behans arrived at Saint John, N.B., on Feb. 4, having walked forty-five miles

in one day. They had been royally received everywhere, except at Norton, N.B., where the station agent unexplainedly harangued a crowd to incite violence against the hikers.

By Feb. 6 Burkman was well into Maine—halfway to Montreal. He was traveling on the Maine Central rails, over which the CPR had running rights. He had been caught in a snowstorm and thought he would have to seek shelter, but a snowplow came along and Burkman fell in behind it to cover thirty miles that day. The train crew pleaded with him to get on and ride but he refused. This happened to all the contestants many times.

The night of Feb. 6 the Behans reached Fredericton Junction, N.B., while the Dills made Amherst, N.S., after walking all day up to their knees in slush. All through the next week there were heavy snows in New Brunswick and Maine. The Behans one day made only eleven miles, the Dills ten miles.

By Feb. 15 Burkman had arrived at Sherbrooke, Que., having walked 650 miles in twenty-nine days. The Behans were at Longpond, Me., 531 miles in twenty-one days, while the Dills were at Saint John—275 miles in fourteen days. The Behans announced that they had given up hope of passing Burkman before Montreal, but said they would pass him in northern Ontario.

Walking in wild country, all five contestants often feared they would be attacked by animals, but then shrugged it off as unlikely. Suddenly, on Feb. 15, the Behans had a taste of what was ultimately to confront all of the walkers. Pacing along a desolate stretch of track, they heard growling in the bushes to the side and three wildcats bounded out. Jack Behan drew a revolver. The wildcats crouched a few yards away, crawling slowly. Then one leaped. Behan fired. The cat, wounded, prepared to leap again. Behan fired twice more and the wildcat fell dead. Its companions vanished like wraiths into the bushes.

No wildcat, but a policeman, stalked the Dills outside Saint John. He took them for tramps and walked up to arrest them for trespassing on railway property.

"This one," he said, placing a firm hand on Jennie Dill's shoulder, "can come along with me."

"Meet the wife," said Frank Dill.

The policeman looked at Jennie and then his face broke out in a grin.

"Why, it's Jennie Dill," he said, as he recognized the face from newspaper pictures. He escorted them into Saint John.

Women flocked to see Jennie Dill, and her charm won everyone's heart. Before starting, Jennie had listened to friends plead with her to give up the trip. Some said she would not last to Truro. But here she was 275 miles later and feeling better than when she started.

On Feb. 19, crowds lined Montreal streets to see Burkman arrive. He stayed at the Windsor Hotel where kings had stayed before him, and was host to scores of reporters. He had made sixteen changes of boots along the way, but found a broad-toed, heavy pair of shoe-packs most comfortable. He had a few blisters—most of his trouble was caused by socks. He said the toughest part of the walk was over, and thus proved himself a poor prophet.

By the time Burkman left Montreal on Feb. 21, the Behans were at Sherbrooke, and coming fast. It had taken Burkman thirty-four days to cover the 760 miles to Montreal, while the Behans did their 650 miles to Sherbrooke in twenty-six days. The Dills were at Lambert Lake, Maine, 385 miles from Halifax in nineteen days.

Burkman lost time on the walk from Montreal to Ottawa. The maze of railway tracks put him off, and by mistake he got on the Grand Trunk line instead of the CPR. At the time he should have been in Ottawa, he found himself at Chesterville, Ont.

On Feb. 25 he finally reached Ottawa. He was taken in hand by P. F. Martin, MP for Halifax, and was introduced to members, cabinet ministers, the leader of the Opposition, and to Prime Minister Arthur Meighen. Burkman was a likeable young man who made friends easily, and

in Ottawa he received hundreds of letters of encouragement from all over Canada.

As February ended the standing of the contestants was:

Burkman at Renfrew, Ont., 926 miles in 42 days

Behans at Plantagenet, Ont., 859 miles in 34 days

Dills at Lowelltown, Me., 577 miles in 27 days

The Behans arrived in Ottawa on March 1. They had had hard going, especially in Maine, where they had hit the

worst of the storms. At one place they had to crawl over a railway trestle on their hands and knees, for fear of being carried away by a gale. The Behans also made the rounds in Ottawa, met the prime minister, attended Commons debates.

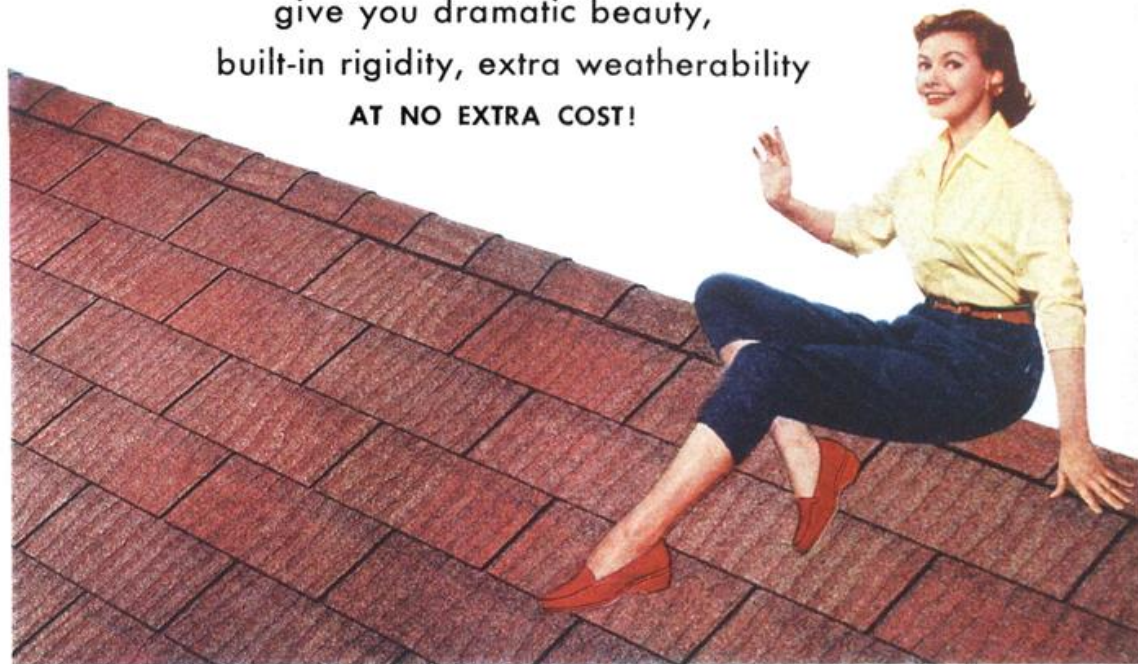
On the road again, they were pursued by animals, this time wolves. They did not have to defend themselves however, and spent a night sleeping in a barn. They suffered greatly from the cold, and had to get up and walk around to get warm.

The Dills' walk had been uneventful,

Glamour for new homes and old...

new **ROOFMASTERS***

give you dramatic beauty,
built-in rigidity, extra weatherability
AT NO EXTRA COST!



Entirely new, completely different B.P. ROOFMASTER Asphalt Shingles bring rugged beauty, appealing character and individuality to any home—whether you're building a new house or re-roofing an older one.

Building Products Limited has added something extra to the ordinary square butt shingle—and thus created the colourful ROOFMASTER. First, a lane of dark-coloured granules is incorporated in the underlay surface to form an eye-appealing, continuous shadow band. Then an EXTRA LAYER of asphalt and rock granules is built-up on the "finished shingle"

to produce a unique grained pattern. The exclusive shadow band and grained pattern transform the ordinary shingle into one of unprecedented beauty—the patented B.P. ROOFMASTER Asphalt Shingle.

The extra layer also adds built-in rigidity, extra weatherability—and thus, increased protection. And yet, amazingly, ROOFMASTERS cost no more than ordinary shingles! See samples of ROOFMASTER'S exciting modern colours at your B.P. dealer's, or write for a free colour chart to: Dept. M30, P.O. Box 6063, Montreal, or P.O. Box 99, Winnipeg.



ROOFMASTER
Asphalt Shingles

A Patented Product of
BUILDING PRODUCTS LIMITED



*It's twice the
drink with*

Gilbey's is the full strength gin
—smooth yet lively. Your favourite
recipe will take on a new authority
when it's made with Gilbey's. Costs
no more than ordinary gin!

GILBEY'S
in the famous square frosted bottle



up to St. Philippe, Que. There the station agent was just closing up. They asked him to send a telegram for them to the Halifax Herald.

"Can you speak French?" he asked.

"No."

"Well you'd better keep on walking," he stated, slamming the door.

The Dills had seen nothing more dangerous than a deer on their travels, but they had one near mishap in Maine. They were walking, one on each rail, with a stick between them for balance. The track was downgrade, with a sharp curve. Suddenly they felt the rails vibrate beneath them. Glancing back they were shocked to see a locomotive bearing down on them. They jumped just in time. The engine had been coasting downhill and the engineer could not see them for the curve.

Back in Halifax, interest in the race was intense. One Halifax man bet a thousand dollars the Behans would catch Burkman by March 12. It had become known that Burkman was having foot trouble. He had reached North Bay by March 8, but his boots were in bad shape and he lost a day getting new boots.

The Behans arrived in North Bay on March 10. Nothing was heard of them for several days and it was believed they were taking a short cut to pass Burkman. But they were merely keeping quiet so as not to inform Burkman how close they were. They failed, however, to overtake him by March 12.

On March 13 Burkman finished a sprint in which he walked seventy miles in two days. He had made himself a roller-skate contrivance which he placed against one rail while he walked on the other. This gadget had a couple of rods with handles, and by leaning against it to maintain balance Burkman could walk along the rail at a steady clip.

Necessity was the mother of this invention as the rock ballast on the tracks in northern Ontario was so coarse that to walk on it was almost impossible.

While the two leaders were neck and neck, the Dills had reached Ottawa. As almost everywhere else, their reception surpassed anything experienced by their rivals. The women of Ottawa flocked to see the little woman who had taken on a man-sized walk.

Then on March 14 the Behans overtook Burkman at Azilda, Ont. Burkman, passing through Chelmsford, had arranged with the telegraph operator to wire him at Azilda if the Behans, on their arrival at Chelmsford, planned to carry on farther that day. The Behans talked the operator into believing they were staying in Chelmsford for the night. Then they quietly slipped out. Burkman, getting word that the Behans were spending the night at Chelmsford, decided to spend the night at Azilda. The Behans arrived in Azilda late at night and went to the same hotel where Burkman was staying.

About 2 a.m. the hotel proprietor awakened Burkman and told him the Behans were there. Burkman dressed at once and started out. The Behans rose at 4.30 and took after him. They caught up to him at Larchwood, a few miles along the road. The men shook hands, and they walked along together. They covered fifteen miles before stopping for breakfast.

For the rest of the day they walked, neither able to pass the other. The railway was double-tracked; each took a track, and they raced abreast.

The middle of March saw the positions as follows: **Burkman and the Behans at Pogma, Ont.**, Burkman after fifty-seven days while the Behans were on the road forty-nine days. **Dills at Ottawa**, 871 miles in forty-two days.

The third week of March saw heavy

storms in northern Ontario and the hikers had to work for every mile. The Behans and Burkman struggled on together for three days, neither able to gain a lead. On March 18 Burkman finally gave his opponents the slip by getting out ahead at Woman River.

Then followed three days that the Behans were silent. Were they using their strategy of not giving their position away? The truth was that they were lost. They had been told by an Indian guide that a side track, which ran through logging country, joined up again with the CPR and would cut off one hundred miles. Instead, it ended at a camp fifty miles in the bush. The only way to get back on the CPR was to retrace their steps. They walked an extra hundred miles and wasted three days.

They loudly blamed Burkman, saying that he had put the Indian up to tricking them to take the short cut.

Meanwhile, mile by mile, the Dills were gaining. They were not without thrills either. On March 22 they were walking along the track near Rutherglen, when a wolf came bounding behind them. Jennie Dill had a revolver in her belt. As the wolf sprang at Frank, she drew the gun and fired. The bullet stopped the wolf. Frank killed it with another shot.

By the time the Behans got back on the main line the Dills were at North Bay. Burkman had kept silent for four days, but on March 26 the Behans again overtook him at White River, 1,497 miles from Halifax.

Now, as the Behans and Burkman fought for the lead and the Dills began to press on their heels, an element of intrigue was added to the other fantastic trivia of the cross-country sideshow. Mrs. Dill caused a flurry when she revealed that she had received two letters from Charlie Burkman. She claimed her husband was jealous—he thought Burkman was holding back so the Dills could catch up to him.

A gift from the duchess

At King, Ont., Burkman again gave the Behans the slip. He moved out in the middle of the night when the Behans were sleeping. The temperature was eleven below zero, and he thought this would discourage them from trying to catch him, but when he was ten miles out he was surprised to hear Jack Behan hail him. They walked together the rest of the day and stopped that night at Huron Bay.

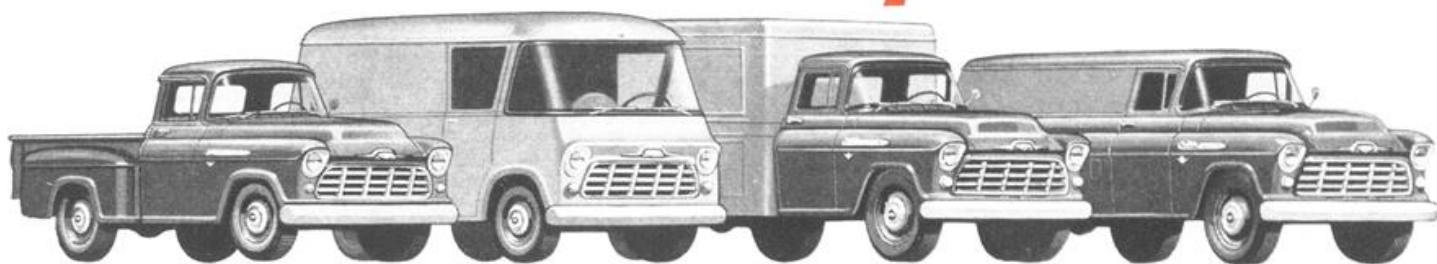
The next day the Behans turned the tables and slipped away on Burkman. About one mile out they had their first glimpse of Lake Superior and at Peninsula they were told that the special train of the Duke of Devonshire, governor-general of Canada, was due in ten minutes.

They waited, and when the train stopped they asked to see the duke. They were gruffly refused, but Jack Behan slipped aboard and saw the duke's secretary, who became interested in his tale and arranged for the duke and duchess to receive the two men. The governor-general autographed their books and they received gifts from the duchess.

The end of March saw the Behans leading at Jackfish, Ont., 1,596 miles and sixty-five days out of Halifax. Burkman was a short distance behind, and the Dills were at Woman River, 1,310 miles and on the road fifty-eight days.

The first of April brought another intense storm. The station agent at Middleton warned the Behans but they disregarded his advice. They made only sixteen miles that day, and the storm was so bad they again had to crawl over trestles. Burkman was not heard from after this

Packing the biggest power punch in history!



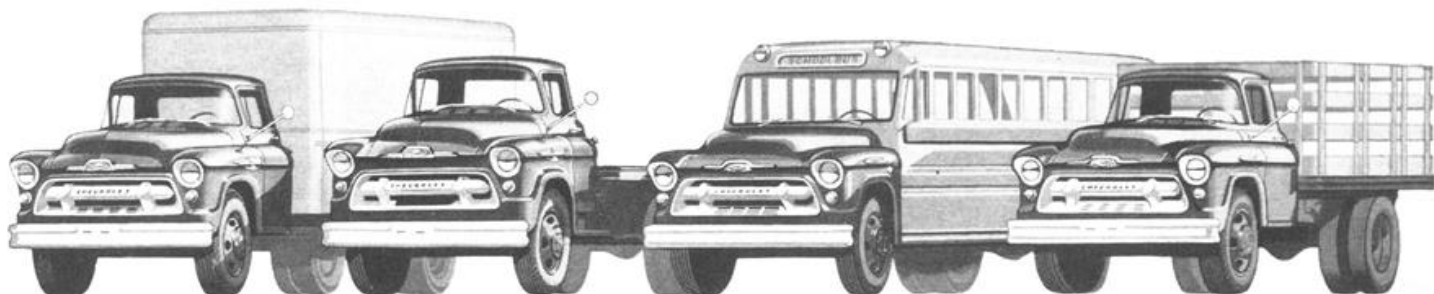
New 1300 Series truck, Model 1314

New $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton Forward Control chassis, Model 1457

New 1-ton truck, Model 1433.

New 1-ton panel, Model 1435.

NEW LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPS !



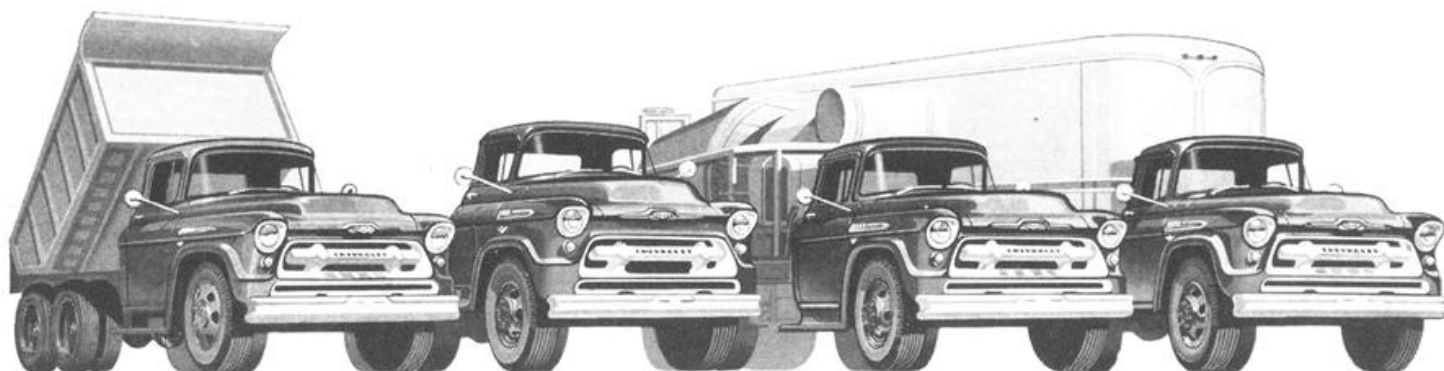
New 1600 Series truck pictured with van body.

New 1800 Series L.C.F. with platform body.

New 1600 Series school bus chassis.

New 1500 Series stake truck.

NEW MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPS !



New W1900 Series truck with Triple-Torque tandem.

New 7000 and 9000 Series L.C.F. (Low Cab Forward) cab.

New 1900 Series truck illustrated with concrete mixer unit.

New 1700 Series model shown as tractor with semi-trailer.

NEW HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPS !

Great new choice in power plants —
Carrying capacities boosted!

A modern, short-stroke V8 for every model — and four famous 6-cylinder engines with higher horsepowers than ever. Seven brilliant engines in all! New front axle rated at 7,000 lbs. on heavy duty series—new rear axles rated at 18,000 lbs. And a trucking "first"—revolutionary Triple-Torque Tandems with more advanced features than any other tandem on the market.

New wider choice in transmissions —
automatic and Sychromesh!

Now — a work-saving, engine-saving automatic for every series! The range of Hydra-Matic models has been expanded, and Chevrolet proudly introduces an exclusive new heavy-duty 6-speed automatic—Powermatic, with the Hydraulic Retarder that saves service brakes! There's also a complete line of Sychromesh transmissions for every model!

Anything less is an
old-fashioned truck!

CHEVROLET Task-Force TRUCKS



Europe and platypuses, too!..

If you are going to Europe, you ought to think about coming home the interesting way, via the Middle East, Australia (where platypuses are), the South Seas. It doesn't cost all that much more, and think of what you'll see! Catch a Qantas Super Constellation in, say, London or Rome, and fly in admirable comfort on through to San Francisco. In the process you will have gone around the world. Ask your travel agent about this or other Qantas flights, First Class and Tourist, across the world to five continents.

AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE



QANTAS



storm and fears were felt for his safety. However he suddenly walked up and slapped the Behans on the back in the post office at Cavers, Ont.

Meanwhile, the Dills were making good time. They did sixty-two miles in two days to reach Woman River, and they were doing over thirty miles on most days.

The three men in the lead were walking together on April 4 when they were attacked by wolves. It was near Ruby, Ont., and they were still going after dark. They heard wolves howling behind them, and the men held them off by shining flashlights.

Someone had told the Behans there was a shack about four miles along the track, and they made for there, the wolves at their heels. At the shack they barred the door. There was little sleep as the wolves howled all night.

This was wild, sparsely settled country, but the Lakehead cities were near. On April 6 the hikers reached Port Arthur. Hundreds were at the station to greet Burkman, while the Behans were met by former Nova Scotians who took them to Fort William.

While the leaders were at the Lakehead, the Dills reached Franz, Ont., having struck warm weather. Fair-complexioned Frank Dill was suffering from sunburn.

On April 8 the Behans passed the half-way mark of the journey. This was Savanne, Ont. Burkman was about eighty miles behind, while the Dills were at Peninsula, after doing forty miles in a rainstorm. They were making better time than any of the others. The Behans now had a two-day lead on Burkman, who nevertheless had a two-day rest and was eager to pass his rivals.

On April 13 the Dills lost time getting boots repaired. They were entertained at a party given in Cavers. When they left Cavers the wives of the telegraph operators motored to Gurney, eleven miles along the route, cooked dinner in the open, and had it ready when the Dills arrived. This is typical of the kindness of the people through northern Ontario.

About this time the Behans began to have trouble with blistered feet. On April 14 they walked only seventeen miles. Burkman was not heard from for four days. It was rumored he was injured falling from a precipice on a short cut. He finally turned up at Raith, having been injured when he slipped on a rail and sprained his hip.

On April 20 the Behans reached Winnipeg, eighty-four days after leaving Halifax. The same day Burkman walked forty-five miles to reach Kenora, while the Dills finished the day at English River.

Past the halfway point in their trek, the walkers began to exert even greater efforts, and the strain told on all of them. On April 28 Burkman walked all night, and covered fifty-five miles before stopping to rest at Portage la Prairie. In Winnipeg two days earlier, he had stopped only long enough to pick up summer underwear.

On May 1 the Behans were at Elkhorn, 2,351 miles in 103 days, and the Dills were in Winnipeg, 2,170 miles in 88 days. By May 5 Burkman started traveling at night to avoid walking in the heat of the day. His first night he walked forty-eight miles.

Then on May 5, a sandstorm caught all the hikers. The Behans however made Regina; Burkman was at Virden, forced again to get new boots, and for a few days he was again slowed down.

On May 9 all Canada thrilled to hear that Frank and Jennie Dill had caught

up with Burkman at Broadview, Sask. The Behans were at Ernfold, 161 miles ahead.

The record of the hikers up to this point was:

Dills, average 25 2/3 miles per day;
Behans, average 25 1/2 miles per day;
Burkman, average 21 2/3 miles per day.

The middle of May saw all contestants driving themselves grimly. The Dills were only a day and a half behind the leaders. Burkman, who was suffering from sore feet, was falling behind. At almost every town the Dills were besieged by photographers and reporters. They put on a sprint to Calgary and walked fifty-two miles at one stretch, which cut the Behans' lead to forty-one miles. However they now lost a day in Calgary which they greatly regretted later. So many easterners wanted to entertain them that they found it hard to refuse. The Behans thus gained a day's walk.

By the night of May 27 the Behans reached Lake Louise. They had suffered from nosebleeds, caused by exertion and the fact they were unaccustomed to higher altitudes. They slept on the station platform at Lake Louise, and this

Book passed

The novels that I met and loved
On classical excursions
Somehow do not transport me with
Their quickie televisions.

PHILENE HAMMER

almost cost them the race, for Clifford Behan caught a chill.

The pressure began to tell on the walkers' nerves too, and when Jack Behan heard that the Dills had walked fifty-two miles in a day he was not only skeptical, but outraged.

He claimed it was impossible for a woman to perform such a feat. He said the world's record for walking for a woman was forty-seven miles in one day, held by an American woman. Jennie Dill, however, proved capable of even more.

Behan was beginning to show the results of the long grind. He had lost fourteen pounds and was constantly tired. The Dills now were really driving. They left Morley on a Saturday morning and made Banff by night, having walked forty-two miles. Jennie was so exhausted she couldn't even talk. However, the next morning they left Banff and actually arrived in Field, B.C., a few hours after the Behans had left.

May ended with the race drawing near its end. The Behans were at Glacier, 3,225 miles in 125 days; the Dills were but a few miles behind, being on the road 118 days; Burkman was at Banff. Clifford Behan's back had been bothering him since the cold sleep on the platform at Lake Louise. The pain became so severe he could hardly move. Clifford insisted that his father keep going. He said he would go to Revelstoke by train and seek medical attention.

When Jack Behan arrived in Revelstoke he found his son in bed in the YMCA. A cold had settled in the muscles of his back. But he insisted on getting up, going back by train to where he had abandoned the hike and then walking to Revelstoke to catch up with his father. Thus the Behans pressed on, and by June 4 they were back in their stride. That day they walked fifty miles in fifteen hours to Kamloops. Burkman

likewise was now fired with ambition to catch up and he walked a hundred and forty miles in three days.

When the leaders were at Spatsum, the Dills were at Kamloops, forty-seven miles behind. Burkman was at Sicamous, eighty-eight miles behind the Dills. At this point Jennie Dill accused the Behans of cheating. She claimed that according to the times the Behans reported being in each town, they must on one occasion have walked thirty-three miles in four hours. The Behans made no reply to the charge.

When the Dills reached Spatsum they were a day behind the leaders. Had it not been for dallying in Calgary, they might have taken the lead.

June found the Behans at Haig, with only eighty-nine miles to go. The Dills were at Kanaka, with 149 miles remaining, with Burkman reaching Kamloops on that day. On June 12 the Behans by an all-night hike arrived in Vancouver and nosed out the Dills. They walked sixty-one miles in twenty-two hours, and were exhausted to the point of collapse. The Vancouver Sun reported that the hike had left its mark and "It was hard to determine who was father and who was son."

The time of the Behans from Halifax to Vancouver was 3,645 miles in 136 days. The Dills arrived on June 14 and were declared the winners. They had gained five full days on the Behans. Burkman was still eighty-one miles out and he arrived in Vancouver on June 16.

Jennie Dill was terribly thin at the end of the hike, and all the hikers were deeply tanned. None had an ounce of surplus weight. This was the end of the great cross-Canada hike, but it wasn't the last heard of the intrepid hikers. Jack Behan took his defeat hard and challenged Dill and Burkman to race from Montreal to Halifax. He claimed that he was the fastest walker, that Dill had been held up by his wife, while he had been held up by his son.

The others took him up, and in Montreal and Halifax interest was intense. Sportsmen in Halifax put up a thousand dollars to be awarded as prizes. The start was set for ten o'clock the morning of July 5, but the previous evening Burkman decided to withdraw. Behan and Dill were still hurling challenges so it was decided that the two of them would race.

The weather was the hottest Montreal had seen for years. At the start on the morning of July 7, the temperature was over a hundred. The hikers walked along the streets to the tracks of the Grand Trunk Railway. They walked thirty miles to St. Johns, and both men were nearly prostrate with the heat. The next morning they started out, but at Foster, Que., Dill collapsed. The temperature was 104 degrees. The doctor refused to let him continue. Behan readily agreed to give up the contest.

What became of the contestants in this grueling test? Frank Dill died in Halifax in 1928. Jennie remarried and died in Halifax in 1941. John Behan now lives in Arlington, Mass., and his son Clifford is living in Cambridge, Mass. Burkman had a ticket from Montreal to Halifax, but never used it, and probably stayed in Montreal.

John Behan, now nearing eighty, still claims he and his son were the only ones who walked all the way, and he's sorry today that they did.

"We came home broke," he says, "our families in debt, and we couldn't get work. We had to move to the U.S. to pay our debts." Like all the walkers, Behan's fame ended when he stopped walking. ★

Continued from page 15

a teen-ager I know. He described rock 'n roll as "music with a beat." What kind of beat? "If you feel it you don't need to describe it," he said scornfully.

I headed for a record store. The clerks didn't know what rock 'n roll was, but they seemed to know which. Among the items so classified were a rock 'n roll waltz, a rock 'n roll mambo, a rock 'n roll polka and several rock 'n roll versions of Chopin and Tchaikovsky. Almost every performer except Helen Traubel seemed to have recorded something in the field. Vaughn Monroe, for instance, is currently conducting his thematic race with the moon on a Rock 'n Roll Express.

I have to report that I could find no common denominator in my samplings. In subject matter they ranged from cowboy ballads to blues. In style they ranged from Rock Around the Clock, which is a pep rally backed by a whole jazz band, to The Great Pretender, which is a tortuous lament tamped down by a single incessant piano chord.

I did, however, make five more or less unrelated observations:

1. Few rock 'n roll records are purely instrumental; almost all have some sort of accompanying chant.

2. Most of these chants are crude, in the sense of wanting finish. Almost the entire burden of Tutti Frutti, for instance, consists of the curious phrase "tutti frutti, all rooty."

3. Many of the lyrics are crude in the other sense. One exhibit: Somebody Touched Me in the Dark Last Night.

4. A lot of vocalists seem able to get from one syllable to the next only by a series of shunts, as in "hi luh-huh-huh-huy you-hou."

5. I had played Rock-A-Beat-in-Boogie, and See You Later, Alligator was on the turntable when I discovered it was beating out a solid background on my notebook with my pencil.

Armed with these impressions I tackled Elwood Glover, the disk jockey, again. "What about the beat?" I said.

Glover said it was the thunderous beat that created the mass hysteria. He said, "If you listen to it alone it sounds ridiculous. But in the presence of hundreds of people who are mesmerized like you are, if you feel like clapping your hands, you do — just like at the old revival meetings."

To this Rev. W. G. McPherson, minister of the Evangel Temple, Toronto, snorts: "It isn't like the old revivalist music where people were moved upon by the spirit of the Lord. This music works on a man's emotions like the music of the heathen in Africa."

Glover also said: "It's not just an auditory thing; it's visual, too. There's a choreography that goes with it. Look at Presley's antics."

Presley, who has the Marlon Brando-type face — mean — and an unabashed voice, handles his guitar as though he snatched it at just as he was sinking out of sight in quicksand. He helps with his hips. It was this uninhibited technique that helped catapult Presley, a twenty-one-year-old ex-truck driver from Mississippi, into a contract with RCA Victor that's expected to net him a quarter million dollars this year. (A canny public-recording-booth manager recognized him as a genuine earth-shaker when Presley strayed in one day two years ago to try cutting a record for his mother.)

Rock 'n roll was beginning, by now, to sound like a mystical experience. I decided the next step in my discipline was

a dancing lesson. An impeccably helpful young person at the Arthur Murray Studios agreed, for ten dollars, to initiate me into rock 'n roll and forthwith taught me the "magic step" that would enable me to dance to anything. However, his attempts to coax from me the pelvic embroideries that transformed this into

rock 'n roll were a failure. Beyond garnering an impression that "rock" meant an unspecific bob to the rear and "roll" a highly specific sideways wiggle, I departed as baffled as I came.

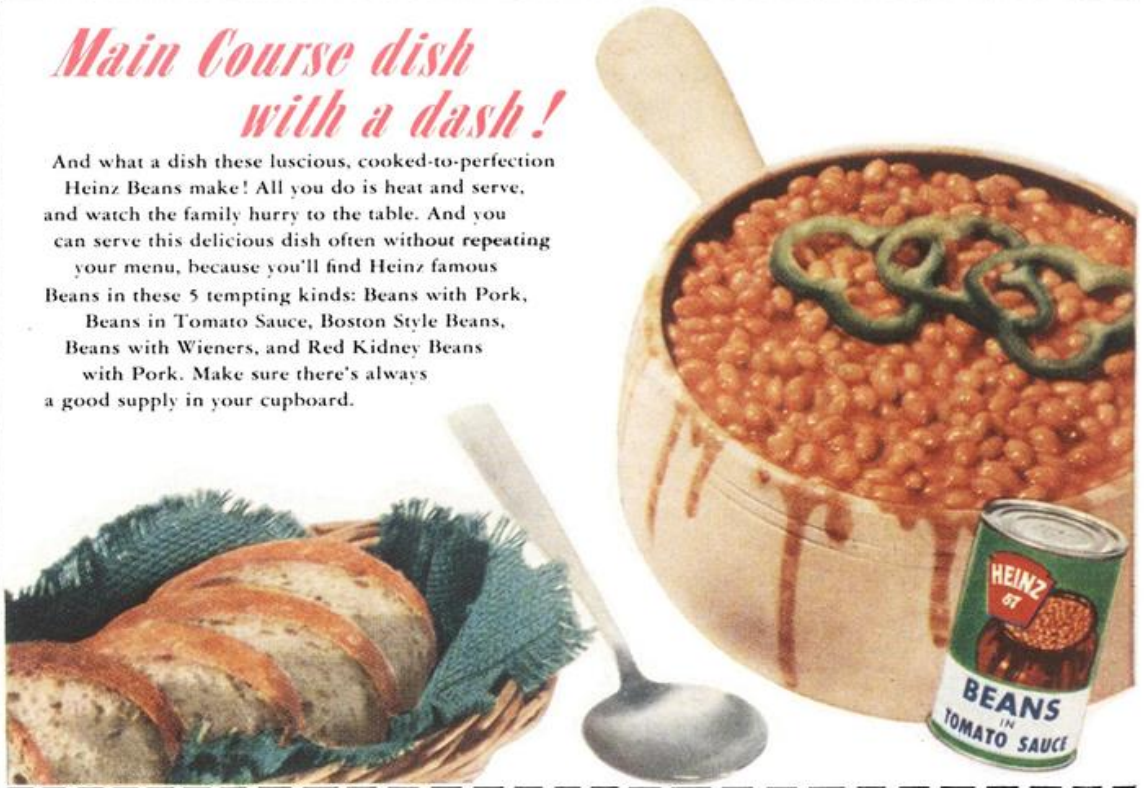
In this moment of stalemate I got a break. It was announced that the Biggest Rock 'n Roll Show of '56 would soon arrive in Toronto. This was a mammoth touring package show presented by Super Attractions and starring Bill Haley, the man who wrote Rock Around the Clock, Shake, Rattle and Roll, See You Later, Alligator, and Crazy, Man, Crazy.

Sales of each of these recordings have passed a million. Haley, now twenty-eight, is a soft-voiced Detroit-born guitarist who's been a musician since he was fourteen. He and his group, called the Comets, star in a full-length Columbia film, called Rock Around the Clock, crammed with such inflammatory musical goodies that theatre managers are refusing to book it or, if they book it, call in extra police protection.

To prepare for the Haley show, which would undoubtedly pierce the final veil of the mystery, I redoubled my research

Main Course dish with a dash!

And what a dish these luscious, cooked-to-perfection Heinz Beans make! All you do is heat and serve, and watch the family hurry to the table. And you can serve this delicious dish often without repeating your menu, because you'll find Heinz famous Beans in these 5 tempting kinds: Beans with Pork, Beans in Tomato Sauce, Boston Style Beans, Beans with Wieners, and Red Kidney Beans with Pork. Make sure there's always a good supply in your cupboard.

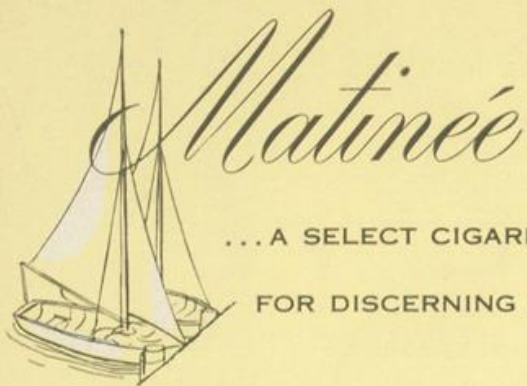


Family Favourite ready in a flash!

Minutes! That's all it takes to heat and serve delicious Heinz Spaghetti in Heinz own mouth-watering tomato and cheese sauce. And you better make sure there's some left in the saucepan, because sure as anything there'll be shouts for 'seconds' when you serve this family favourite. Good idea to have some Heinz Spaghetti with Meat, Heinz Macaroni with Cheese Sauce and Heinz Macaroni in Tomato Sauce on hand too! They're always popular with family or guests.



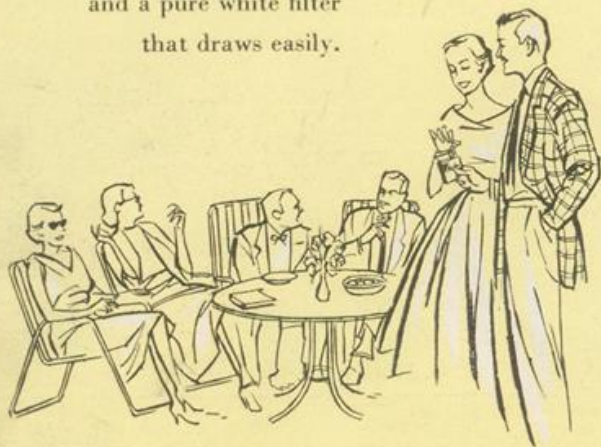
Watch "I Love Lucy" on TV, Wednesdays, 8.30 p.m.



... A SELECT CIGARETTE

FOR DISCERNING PEOPLE

Discerning smokers
are discovering that Matinée
has all the refinements they look for
in a cigarette . . . quality,
mildness, good taste . . .
and a pure white filter
that draws easily.



THE CIGARETTE
WITH THE "Magic Tip"

efforts and realized anew that rock 'n roll rites could not be taken lightly. For instance Frank Tumpene, a Toronto Telegram columnist who had started an Elvis Suppresley club for rock 'n roll anti-fans, said he was convinced the craze had a strong sexual basis. He also complained that he'd been flooded with a lot of abusive mail from Presley fans. His correspondents, it seemed, had called him "an old-fashioned classical music lover," as well as "a dried-up toad."

A newspaper story reported that Presley fans in the U.S. like to carve his name into their forearms with pocket knives. Presley fans in Toronto haven't gone that far yet, but one of them wrote him a poem that read:

Elvis Presley—what a doll!
Six foot two, boy he's tall;
Dreamy eyes, wavy hair,
I'm tellin' you, he's all there.

I heard that Jack Wasserman, a columnist for the Vancouver Sun, had offered a Frank Sinatra long-play recording for the best letter that completed, in fifty words or less, the following sentence: "I hate Elvis Presley because . . ." One typical letter went: "Presley's appeal is sensuous, directed toward a generation of juvenile automatons who respond to only two things, lust and the whip." Another more practical letter read: "I do not like Elvis Presley because I want to win the Frank Sinatra album."

Halifax radio station CJCH banned Presley's records as being a "bad influence." In Alabama, the official magazine of the North Alabama Citizens' Councils linked rock 'n roll with sin, degradation, anti-segregation and communism.

Jane Scott, a Toronto Telegram religious columnist, was roused to address a possible teen-age audience thus: "I have met a lot of young people, and older people too, who have learned the three Rs—Rock, Roll and Regret . . . Have you ever felt that way after a session of rock 'n roll? When you tried to get to sleep, you couldn't because deep down in your heart you felt that the whole business of pleasure-seeking and self-indulgence was a mockery and a sham . . . Sorry, young reader, I can't promise you that there is any easy way out of this situation."

Carrying Miss Scott's column as a counter-charm for sin, sensuality, knife-sculpture and communism I finally presented myself at Maple Leaf Gardens for the mammoth rally.

There were twelve acts, twenty extra policemen on duty and 12,764 young people in attendance. They seemed to be a cross-section, everything from black-leather windbreakers to Harris tweeds and from tight jeans to tulle frocks. Proceedings began at 8.30 and took two and a half hours with a truce at halftime to remove the wounded. The smattering of adults included a skinny grey-mustached man sitting beside me with a young girl.

My notes on the first part of the show are confused. A succession of Negro quartets, quintets and solos replaced other Negro quartets, quintets and solos. The men wore jackets buttoned so low and so loosely that when they bent forward you could count the pleats at the top of their drape pants. They bent forward frequently. They also shuffled in lockstep or boxed the compass with their shoulders or rolled their knees as if they had ball bearings. Red Prysock and his Rock 'n Roll Orchestra provided the accompaniment. There were frequent screams—if a singer hiccupped, or wiggled, or swooped, or paused deliberately—but my own feeling was that the audience was forcing it a bit, so far.

In the constant groundswell of noise I could distinguish nothing except a muffled thump-thumping in 4-4 time, as if

someone in an upstairs apartment were playing a monstrous phonograph.

Just before intermission I recognized snatches of one number. Why Do Fools Fall in Love? It was sung by a quintet fronted by a slight, grinning boy with a high idiot tenor. I noticed that the middle-aged man beside me was clapping in a restrained sort of way. He caught my eye and grinned sheepishly.

At intermission I struggled out to a guard, gave him my credentials and got him to conduct me backstage. There was no sign of Haley, the star of the show, but I finally pinned down a dusky girl with a springy, brick-red coiffure, who introduced herself as Zola Taylor, of the Platters. The Platters were featured in the Rock Around the Clock film and are responsible for a hit rock 'n roll record, The Magic Touch. I asked her for a definition of rock 'n roll. She said pertly, "Rock 'n roll is boogie with voices," and winked at a male Platter. Then she said, "Rock 'n roll is good dance music," and smiled vivaciously; then she tossed her head and said, "Rock 'n roll is good exercise for the children."

A big Louis Armstrong of a singer was already onstage when I got back to my seat. He sang like Armstrong too: gut-bucket. The crowd had already picked up the beat with feet and hands. He sang longer than the earlier acts, and by the time he'd finished a whole row of youngsters in front of me had linked arms and were swaying heavily from side to side.

The air in the Gardens seemed to have warmed and thickened. There was a continuous roar from all over the hall, very like the blast from a furnace . . . spontaneous bursts of screaming . . . the pounding of thousands of feet.

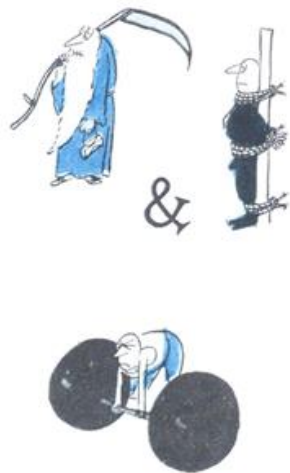
Two youths near the stage slid their knees in the aisle and began devotions of some sort. Guards touched them on the arms and they returned quietly to their seats.

Five minutes later the Platters appeared and sang The Great Pretender. They were greeted by a crescendo of screams.

PETER WHALLEY'S Silly Saws

Can you guess the famous saying that is concealed in these drawings? It's as familiar as "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

Check your answer below.



NINE AND WEIGHT FOR NO MIN

One section started shouting, "Go, Go, Go, Go!" The whole hall took it up. It was like being in the dark throbbing hold of a liner.

Bill Haley and his Comets bounded on next in pink drap jackets and dark drape pants. The "Go, Go!" chant, which had carried right through, was ruptured by frenzied shrieks which, in turn, became a pile-driver cantata: When the Saints go Rockin' In. It was Haley's first number and the whole hall knew the words.

The skinny middle-aged man beside me had sweat on his forehead and was bawling the words as Haley and his group played and sang.

Then I noticed a couple rocking and rolling in the middle aisle. Guards started toward them.

I was suddenly aware that everyone in the hall was watching. Haley chopped off Rock Around the Clock. He had played only one chorus.

Now everyone was on his feet, up on the seats, in the aisles, milling about. Haley played a chorus of See You Later, Alligator. There was no room to dance, so everyone stood around and chanted it. Then the Comets bowed, grinned, ducked, kissed their hands and bounded off.

The show was over. With the house lights on the air seemed thinner and cooler. Backstage, Bill Haley had traded his pink jacket for a sober grey sack suit and proved to have a boyish, egg-shaped face, lank blond hair and an engaging air of practicality.

"I'm sitting on a powder keg"

Haley told me he was the one who'd invented rock 'n roll. He'd done it on purpose, he said. After the postwar passing of the big-name bands the teen-agers had no music of their own to dance to. (You can't dance to progressive jazz.) So Haley took an informal poll of Pittsburgh high-school assemblies and found that teen-agers liked (1) hillbilly music, (2) hot licks, (3) Dixieland, (4) Negro blues, (5) anything with a good noisy beat. When he put them all together they spelled R-O-C-K (a hit number Haley performed in Rock Around the Clock).

I asked if Presley's recordings were true rock 'n roll.

"Presley?" said Haley. "This is a hillbilly. He's not in the same field. But he's playing it with a beat. So it's being called rock 'n roll."

I asked him about riots attributed to rock 'n roll. "These kids aren't juvenile delinquents," Haley said. "This is the music they asked for and they love it, no matter what you or I think of it. But I know I'm sitting on a powder keg. You're bound to when you play to this many people, no matter who they are."

"I have a little trick," he added. "I can't see what's going on beyond the footlights, but I watch the cops. If I see them start moving I cut it off just like that." He snapped his fingers crisply.

Then he reflected, "Two years ago they were calling rock 'n roll a flash-in-the-pan. So now it's a national menace?"

"Is rock 'n roll a national menace?" I asked several psychiatrists, including Dr. Angus Hood, of the Toronto Mental Health Clinic, and Michael Humphries, of the University of Toronto department of psychology. All of them said the music wouldn't disturb youngsters if the youngsters weren't already disturbed. Dr. Louis Gilbert, a psychiatrist on the staff of the New York Roosevelt Hospital, said: "I don't think parents need be more alarmed about rock 'n roll than they were about jazz and swing."

Gilbert's remark sent me to the history books. And there I found a chronicle of

recurrent musical crazes that might well discomfit the most fiery member of the Elvis Suppresley club. Here, for forgetful adults, is a partial list of early precedents for every facet of the rock 'n roll phenomenon.

Public alarm: At the turn of the century the U. S. went mad for a dance called Salomé. A dancer named Miss Deyo did a Salomé in Pittsburgh and the WCTU passed a resolution calling on all its members to pray for her soul for a solid week.

Hiccoughing vocals: In 1891 a minstrel called Eddie Leonard had a style that

Variety calls "wah-wah singing"—"One morn-orn-ing whan-an the morn-orning wahah break-ahn-ing." His boss told him to cut it out because it "sounded foolish," but the audiences loved it.

Double-talk: The year 1909 produced a musical exercise titled Whoop Daddy Ooden Dooden Day.

Risque lyrics: In 1910 Chicago courts had to ban Her Name was Mary Wood But Mary Wouldn't, and a Sophie Tucker special known as Angle Worm Wiggle.

Suggestive gestures: The Shimmy She-wabble, a craze in New York in 1918,

was so indecent that the Police Department threatened to revoke the license of any dance hall that permitted it.

Impossibility of definition: An expert witness in a music plagiarism court case (1916) was asked: "What are blues?" "Blues are blues," he said. "that's what blues are. See?"

Which reminds me: last week I ran into Elwood Glover, the disk jockey, on the street. Just as he got past he called back with a pitying grin. "Say, did you ever find out what rock 'n roll was?"

Well no, Mr. Glover, not exactly. ★

For refreshing relaxation...

LOOK INTO CRYSTAL

ANY TIME you want to relax, there's no pleasanter way of doing it than with Labatt's Crystal Lager Beer. Better than ever, it refreshes you—with a cool, clear sparkle that sends glorious freshness right down to your toes. Then it encourages you to lean back and feel that life is good. And how can you feel otherwise, with the clean, enjoyable flavour of Crystal on your tongue.

Labatt's **CRYSTAL** LAGER BEER



◀ First Rothschild "house" was this Frankfort shop ...



... where old Meyer Amschel made loans and sold old coins ...



... His son Nathan founded the English house and set pattern for the bank business.



... His son Lionel continued tradition of high finance, put up cash to buy Suez Canal.



... He also brought the family into prominence when he entered the British House of Commons in 1858 under Disraeli.



... Today the House of Rothschild stands sedately in St. Swithin's Lane in London with coat-of-arms but no nameplate. ▶

"They built Europe's railroads and an African gem empire. Now they rule forty million acres in Canada"

The Rothschilds' fabulous stake in Canada

Continued from page 13

in most things by the Rothschilds, who are investors, not gamblers. They even had their engineers weigh possible acts of God. The reports they received showed that a power plant at Grand Falls would be immune to earthquake damage because it would be imbedded in the Canadian Shield — North America's most stable rock formation. Brinco physicists also studied the incidence of lightning, landslides and avalanches. None of these natural phenomena were found likely to defy the power of the Rothschilds.

Besides holding the huge Labrador and Newfoundland concessions, the Rothschilds have an equally significant, though quite separate, interest in the Rio Tinto Co., of London. This huge U. K. mining trust formed a partnership with Joseph Hirshhorn's gilded Canadian mining ventures to establish the Rio Tinto Mining Co. of Canada, a sixty-three-million-dollar group of uranium, gold, copper, silver, lead and zinc mines, with important properties in many Canadian mining districts.

The deal with Hirshhorn took four months of trans-Atlantic bargaining. At the four-hour signing-over ceremony in the sombre board room of the National Trust Company in Toronto, Hirshhorn signed his name twenty-five times and happily warbled: "This is the biggest deal in my life. What a break for Canada!"

The contract gave Hirshhorn, a florid promoter from Brooklyn, five million dollars cash and more than thirteen million dollars worth of securities. It also made him a partner in Rio Tinto, whose chairman was the late Earl of Bessborough, Canada's governor-general from 1931 to 1935, and whose shareholders are rumored to include Britain's royal family. Rio Tinto was formed by the Rothschilds and other financiers in 1873. Its assets of nearly two hundred million dollars, include copper mines in Rhodesia, a large uranium producer in Australia and interests in the Rand gold fields of South Africa.

With customary British reserve Rio Tinto won't discuss its future plans in Canada, but the company has budgeted a million dollars a year for the next twenty-five years on Canadian mineral exploration. Its engineers are probing some of the properties transferred to Rio Tinto through the Hirshhorn deal. These include: a group of 1,019 claims at Windy Point, on the northwest shore of Great Slave Lake, where traces of important lead and zinc showings similar to the huge Pine Point find on the lake's

south shore have been found; a suspected copper-zinc-gold-silver ore body ten miles northeast of Rouyn, Que.; a copper prospect near Sioux Lookout in northwestern Ontario; the silver values found thirteen miles east of Hazelton, B.C.; a copper discovery in Gaspé's Holland Township; the five-hundred-million-ton Oceanic iron-ore body on the western side of Ungava Bay; and a three-million-ton copper deposit at Waden Bay, on the northwest side of Lac la Ronge, in northern Saskatchewan.

Through their separate holdings in Brinco and Rio Tinto, the Rothschilds now have a major interest in nearly forty million acres of Canada's most promising mining country. That's an area almost twice the size of Canada's total 1956 wheat acreage. But the family's influence on Canada is confined neither to the future nor to the exploitation of natural resources.

Canadians have since 1892 been buying casualty and fire insurance from the Rothschilds through the Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver branches of the Alliance Assurance Co. of London, a subsidiary of their English insurance operation. While not ranking among Canada's largest insurers, the company now covers risks in Canada worth more than five hundred and fifty million dollars.

Three years ago, with other European investors and some private Canadian capital, the Rothschilds established a Montreal investment company called United North Atlantic Securities Ltd., which has since funneled millions into a variety of Canadian enterprises. In Vancouver, United set up Consolidated Finance Company, a car-financing operation. At Edmonton, the company built Premier Steel Mills—Alberta's first steel-rolling plant. In Hamilton it financed the new factory of Canadian Conveyors Ltd., which makes mechanical handling equipment. At Mattawa, Ont., and Scotstown, Que., the Rothschild-backed firm bought out Guelph Plywoods Ltd., a plywood processor and barrel-hoop manufacturer.

A United North Atlantic subsidiary is building a new town called Park Royal on nine hundred acres near Clarkson, Ont., on the Queen Elizabeth Highway, twenty miles from Toronto. Construction of the three thousand homes, churches, schools, a park, and community and shopping centres will be completed by 1960. Last April the Rothschilds incorporated another Canadian investment company, called Five Arrows Securities Ltd., after the design on the family's coat-of-arms. This coat-of-arms is a

reminder that there were originally five Rothschild banks—in Frankfort, Vienna and Naples, as well as the still-functioning London and Paris houses. The new firm has an initial capital of eight million dollars, comprising investment by Dutch and French financiers, including Baron Guy de Rothschild, of Paris. There is speculation that this company will provide some of the funds for the further development of the power and mineral resources held by Brinco in Labrador.

There is speculation also that the Rothschilds may help develop a gold market in Canada. Long-standing restrictions on private gold trading were scrapped in Finance Minister Harris' last budget and anyone can now buy, keep and sell gold. As gold-sales agents of the Bank of England (the exclusive clearing house for the South African gold output) the Rothschilds are the world's most influential private gold dealers. They employ two hundred in their own mint at London, which can refine a million pounds' worth of the precious metal a day.

Horse-race results too

But gold traffic is only a subsidiary passion with N. M. Rothschild & Sons. Besides being investment counselors to wealthy Englishmen and bankers for such world-wide organizations as the Bowater newsprint trust, the Rothschilds specialize in "financing foreign commerce"—a vague term that covers their Canadian activities. The bank operates as a closed partnership, all its shares held by the Rothschild family. Only the clients it chooses to accept are allowed to open accounts. The bank has never published a balance sheet, but London financial pundits set its current reserves at around thirty million pounds, though it controls assets of perhaps ten times that amount.

The bank sits unobtrusively at the end of a small, cobbled courtyard in downtown London, yet secluded from the city's turmoil. It is built of inconspicuous grey-white stones, its calm Georgian architecture unmarred by identifying signs, except an oval shingle with five fading golden arrows. The hush in the portrait-filled lobby is broken only by two tickers—one for stock-market quotations, the other for horse-race results, which now ticks only for tradition. Anthony de Rothschild, the bank's sixty-nine-year-old partner, sold his final string of ten brood mares for forty thousand pounds in 1940.

Anthony and his thirty-nine-year-old nephew Edmund, the bank's junior partner, conduct all their business from "The Room," an imposing office dominated by a large marble fireplace, its paneled walls checkered with ancestral portraits. Twenty-nine-year-old Leopold, an-

other nephew, is the only other Rothschild currently with the firm. The bank's basement is packed with historic archives and at least one stack of evidence that the Rothschilds have been studying Canada for a long time: copies of *The Financial Post* dating back to 1910.

The firm's one hundred and fifty employees are served free lunch, coffee and cakes at eleven, tea and fruit at four. But no one can go out to eat without the office manager's permission. It is seldom requested and seldom granted. The staff gets no overtime pay, but everyone receives a turkey for Christmas and the privilege of buying wine (bottled by Baron Philippe de Rothschild near Bordeaux, France) at cost. Employees are seldom dismissed. If one leaves, the shock spreads to the partners.

All important visitors are screened by Edmund de Rothschild, a quick-witted, friendly financial wizard who is tremendously interested in Canada and eagerly questions businessmen from this side of the Atlantic about this country's prospects. He visited Newfoundland in 1952 and Montreal in 1953, and has since made semi-annual inspection tours of the bank's Canadian properties.

Few proceed past "Mr. Eddy" to the marble desk of Anthony Gustave de Rothschild, a frail-looking, white-haired introvert who rules the bank with despotic finality. "He has a personality on rubber soles," says a friend. "He speaks rarely, but tell him something once and you never have to repeat it." He was educated at Harrow and Cambridge and his initial ambition was to become a Cambridge history don. His only hobby is art. At his country home in Buckinghamshire he has one of the world's most valuable collections of Oriental pottery, a pair of tripod Chippendale tables and paintings by Hogarth, Rubens and Holbein. When Princess Elizabeth married, he gave her a forty-four-piece Sevres tea service.

As senior partner of N. M. Rothschild & Sons, Anthony has maintained the firm's financial eminence. But the bank's current influence on world affairs is only a dim reflection of the power it held during the nineteenth century under the rule of Nathan, Anthony's great grandfather, who operated a private Marshall Plan with a twist. He floated loans to needy nations aggregating billions of dollars, but charged "attractive" interest rates.

The Rothschilds' dealings formed the basis of many well-known facts and legends about this fabulous business dynasty. Rothschild money built most of western Europe's railroads, their banks controlled a petroleum, diamond, mercury and copper empire of incredible proportions. They backed Cecil Rhodes when his De Beers Mines acquired most of the fabulous Kimberley diamond field. Roths-

child banks were the exclusive financial agents for the Russian Empire, the Vatican, Brazil, Chile and half a dozen other countries.

Many modern financiers have tried to reconstruct the forces that inspired the unmatched money-making instinct of the Rothschilds. Part of their success was based on the progressive methods they introduced to the primitive banking system of their day. They were the first to use widely the now-taken-for-granted procedure of remitting funds from one country to another through letters of credit, without the physical transfer of coinage. In all their dealings the Rothschilds followed the same principle: they imposed a strict limit on the profits from a transaction and did not strain for uncertain extra gains.

The typical reaction of a Rothschild receiving private news likely to raise the price of a stock was to rush into the Exchange and sell all his holdings. As the news spread that Rothschild was selling, brokers quickly followed his example, sinking the issue's price. Meanwhile agents secretly employed by Rothschild bought up the shares at their ebb quotations, to resell them when the market reacted to the favorable news Rothschild knew was on the way.

Could Napoleon lose?

The success of such manoeuvres depended on being the first to receive important business information. Because mail moves at the same speed for everyone, the Rothschilds set up their own carrier-pigeon network and operated speedy trans-Channel packets, whose captains had strict orders to convey important messages regardless of weather.

Much of the Rothschild fortune was a by-product of this news service. A private agent waiting at Ostend, Belgium, for the outcome of the battle at Waterloo rushed across the Channel in one of the bank's boats with news of Napoleon's defeat. The British government had been previously informed that the French were winning. Word had leaked to the London Stock Exchange, brokers stamped to sell. Nathan Rothschild reported his news to the Foreign Office, but wasn't believed. Meanwhile his brokers had bought up the securities panicked investors were throwing into the market. When news of victory was confirmed quotations sky-rocketed.

The Rothschilds still rely on private agents they appoint in every country. Their chief Canadian agent is Ronald D. Smith, an intellectual walrus-mustached Englishman who runs a small Toronto brokerage house. He trades stock for the Rothschilds and their customers and reports on Canadian business trends. "The Rothschilds have been more prominent in realizing the investment potentialities of Canada than any other firm in London," says Smith. "I know of no other country where they have such a large new interest."

Another ingredient of Rothschild success has been the family's policy of intermarriage. This, according to the Rothschild creed, is good economics. You don't have to share secrets that way—and dowries and bequests stay in the family. Besides, only a Rothschild, they claim, is really fit to bear a Rothschild. Of the fifty-eight marriages contracted during their first century of prominence, exactly half were between first cousins. When the daughter of Wilhelm de Rothschild, son of the Italian line's founder, married her cousin Edmond, genealogical experts confirmed that on her father's side she belonged to the fourth generation, on her mother's to the fifth, while

she was marrying into the third. "It's not that we're clannish," Victor, the present Lord Rothschild, once explained, "it's just that Rothschild men find Rothschild women irresistible."

Besides choosing brides from their own clan, the Rothschilds seem to prefer their ancestors' names. Seven English Rothschilds have been called Nathan, after the first of their line. Their surname comes from the German *Rot Schild*, describing the red shield that hung over the entrance of the ghetto house in Frankfurt, Germany, where Nathan was born in 1777. His father Meyer Amschel Rothschild was a junk dealer with a part-time money-lending and rare-coins business. The family's annual earnings rarely exceeded two thousand dollars, but profits increased as old Rothschild built up his lending business. He eventually became financial agent for a local prince who helped spread his influence.

The family separated in 1798. While Amschel, Meyer's eldest son, stayed to look after affairs at home, Nathan went to England, Carl to Italy, James to Paris and Solomon to Vienna. Each established a bank to co-operate with its brother organizations in building up the most powerful private banking complex in financial history. Carl became financial adviser to the Pope, but closed his branch in 1861. The charter house at Frankfurt was closed in 1901. The Viennese Rothschilds became influential but Hitler's 1938 annexation of Austria permanently closed the business. Baron Louis, great grandson of the Austrian dynasty's founder, was jailed by the Nazis for fourteen months until his British and French relatives ransomed him—for twenty-one million dollars.

Among the Paris family's main achievements were construction of many French and Belgian railroads and the historic guarantee of the five-billion-franc debt to Germany after the war of 1870. After the fall of France in 1940, Baron Edouard de Rothschild, head of the French bank, arrived in New York carrying a satchel containing a million dollars' worth of diamonds which he described as "a mere bagatelle."

If their operations had been confined to Paris, Vienna, Naples and Frankfurt, however, the Rothschilds would have quickly been forgotten. But in 1804, Nathan Meyer, the third son and genius of the family, established N. M. Rothschild & Sons in London. This bank's transactions (which now also include the huge Canadian investment) first pushed the family into the highest league of international banking, and have kept up its leadership through four generations.

Nathan's initial capital consisted largely of the six hundred thousand pounds sent to England for investment by Wilhelm, the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, at the advice of his financial counselor—Nathan's father. His first major deal was the smuggling of a million pounds' worth of gold into Spain past Napoleon's continental blockade, to provide (at a handsome commission) the Duke of Wellington with funds to provision his troops. The House of Rothschild matured quickly, specializing in foreign loans, a then unexploited, risky but profitable business. Nathan eventually became England's richest citizen. He hired Mendelssohn to teach his daughter music and bought her a harp of pure gold.

Nathan's son Lionel tamed the bank's functions, but demonstrated typical Rothschildian boldness in 1875, when Prime Minister Disraeli had found out that Khedive Ismail Pasha, the debt-ridden ruler of Egypt, was trying to sell his 177,602 shares in the Suez Canal

It's stainless...
It's beautiful...
It's **Oneida!**

In fine services for your table, two names are Canada's favourites by far . . . COMMUNITY Silverplate and HEIRLOOM Sterling.

Now comes a third great name . . . ONEIDA Stainless.

Here is contemporary design at its best in many beautiful patterns (3 shown) and three price ranges depending on weight and pattern . . . Canada's best value at any price. Open stock, place settings or "family sets" of 16 to 52 pieces.

when you choose stainless

...choose

Oneida*
STAINLESS

TRADE MARKS
OF ONEIDA LTD.

MADE IN CANADA BY ONEIDA SILVER CRAFTSMEN FROM WORLD-FAMOUS CANADIAN STAINLESS STEEL

Dry... Dry
Extra Dry
G & W
LONDON DRY GIN

Sultry summer days call for the cooling magic of your favorite gin drink . . . made **EXTRA** refreshing with the **EXTRA DRY GIN . . .**

FOR PERFECTION IN ANY GIN DRINK, ALWAYS USE
G & W LONDON DRY GIN • IT'S EXTRA DRY
A product of Gooderham & Worts • Canada's Oldest Distillery

Company. French financiers also wanted to buy the stock. Disraeli had no time to call parliament to sanction expenditure of the necessary four million pounds. Rothschild was eating grapes in his office when Monty Corry, Disraeli's secretary, burst in to ask for the loan. Lionel ate one of the grapes, spat out the skin, and said: "You shall have it."

Lionel's son Alfred, uncle of the present partner, traveled to his holiday castle in a private train and stirred his tea with solid gold spoons. He amused his guests by conducting his private orchestra and performing in the ring with his own animal circus, dressed in a blue frock and lavender kid gloves. His estate at Halton was so big that when he turned it over to the government in World War I its grounds were used to house and train twenty thousand men.

Except for their charity projects, the Rothschilds did little to gain popularity. One of the Austrian Rothschilds scandalized the courts of Europe by shaking his jacket on the floor of palace ballrooms, just to see the ladies of the court diving after the pearls and diamonds that fell from it. Their riches did little to ease the Rothschilds' entry into aristocratic society, which could not forgive their ghetto origin. The Austrian government, frantically trying to retain its precarious solvency, saw the opportunity of gaining loyalty of the rich bankers. On September 29, 1822, Emperor Francis II called Solomon Rothschild to his palace at Schönbrunn and broke his country's tradition of not conferring titles on Jews by raising the whole Rothschild tribe to a perpetual baronage. The Rothschilds changed the German "von" to the smoother-sounding French "de."

His hobby was actresses

Only Nathan, first of the English Rothschilds, scorned the title. He considered the family name superior to other distinctions. His grandson, Nathaniel, however, was elevated to Britain's peerage in 1885 as the first Lord Rothschild, in recognition of his bank's aid in empire affairs.

Lionel Walter, the second Lord Rothschild, was the first Rothschild to rebel against banking. He disgusted his father by driving around London in a cart pulled by four zebras. Baron Henri, one of the French Rothschilds, became famous with his books on infant diseases. Abyssinia was explored by one Rothschild, whose expedition, wags of the day claimed, was financed by his parents to lure him away from his other hobby: Parisian actresses.

The third and current Lord Rothschild lasted exactly one week at the London bank. He now lives near Cambridge conducting experiments which he describes as dealing with "the love life of the frog." He is a doctor, of biology and won three medals for his work in World War II with military intelligence. In 1946 he shattered family tradition by joining the British Labor Party. His hobby is as revolutionary as his politics. He plays a hot piano and is a friend of jazz pianist Teddy Wilson.

Anthony, the present banking power of the Rothschilds, alone knows exactly how many of the family's millions will eventually be committed to Canada. He is an unemotional, ultraconservative banker who seldom makes predictions. But referring to his Canadian investment through the British Newfoundland Corporation, he has said: "There was the De Beers diamond mine, then the loan that helped Disraeli buy the Suez Canal. Now this. This could be the biggest project of them all." ★

"The Liberals lost sight of the line dividing what a government can do from what it cannot"

the government's own pipeline company would do the lending. From the hundred and thirty millions it was getting to build the "bridge" line in northwestern Ontario, it would take eighty millions for a short-term loan to start construction on the western leg. Somewhat dubiously, Trans-Canada agreed.

But by this time it was May. Trans-Canada couldn't undertake to build as far as Winnipeg this year unless it began not later than July 1. Three weeks would be required to move the pipe from where it was being rolled in the United States to the Canadian prairie. This meant that Trans-Canada had to have the eighty million dollars by June 7, and so its agreement stipulated.

To have a bill pass three readings in the Senate and receive royal assent by June 7, the House of Commons had to pass it by June 1. Thus when the Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe rose on May 14 to open debate on the resolution stage of the pipeline bill, he could allow a Commons debate of only three weeks less one day.

It was this time squeeze, not the pipeline bill itself, that made the government's position untenable.

The bill was hardly sensational. Its eighty-million-dollar loan carried a built-in, iron-clad security—either Trans-Canada would repay the money by next April with interest at five percent, or the government would take over all its assets for ten percent less than their cost. It was about as safe a deal as the taxpayer could hope to get, if he was to be involved at all.

Much of the outcry against it was hysterical. It's preposterous, for example, to suggest that Canadian sovereignty was in danger because Trans-Canada Pipe Lines is mostly American-owned. There may be cause for real worry in that practically all the gas Trans-Canada will carry from Alberta, and most of the eastern industries it will serve, are owned by American companies. But the pipeline itself will be under strict control of two Canadian authorities—the Alberta conservation board and the federal Board of Transport Commissioners — so the nationality of its ownership makes less difference than in almost any other enterprise.

Perhaps because the real issues were thus obscured in a fog of twaddle, the Liberals lost sight of the fine line that divides the things a government can do from the things it can't do.

A government can prevent a minority from frustrating the majority's will by implacable interminable obstruction. A government can't prevent Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition from holding up legislation long enough to make sure that the people understand what it's about, or at least have a fair chance of doing so. Time merely to put the case against it is not enough—all the points for and against most measures can be stated in an hour or two. Time must also be allowed for reiteration, time for letting the people know that a major battle's afoot.

A government cannot prevent this. The Liberals know, because they tried.

They went beyond all precedent at the very outset, by serving notice to cut off debate before the debate had even start-

ed. This alone they might have got away with, had they done no more. But when the bill got to the committee stage for clause-by-clause study, the Liberals produced a new device—"closure within closure," the Opposition called it. As each clause was called, the Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe described it in a few brief sentences, and then moved that "further debate" on the clause be postponed.

It was then that the Liberals learned how much a government relies, under the parliamentary system, on the tacit support of the Opposition. The Opposition can't block indefinitely any single measure on which a government and its majority are determined. But when the Opposition believes that parliament itself is being flouted, the Opposition can bring the whole machinery of parliament to a dead stop.

It was no accident and no fit of temper that led Donald Fleming, the Conservative MP from Toronto-Eglinton, to defy Chairman W. A. Robinson on that tumultuous afternoon in May. Fleming was "named" and suspended, as he obviously intended to be—but it took the House an hour and a half to put him out: eight minutes longer than the time for which he was actually suspended. From that moment it was obvious that something would have to give.

A deadlock of this kind could have been broken in any one of several ways, none of them attractive to the government.

For one, the Opposition may give way of its own accord. When it does so, it's persuaded that the fight has been adequately carried to the people and that further obstruction might swing public sympathy back to the government.

For another, the government may back down and withdraw or amend the legislation. This is what it did last year with the Defense Production Act; two such abasements, two years running, make a poor prelude to an election campaign.

But an election campaign is, of course, a third way out and the most obvious of all. Normally it's the threat of an election, which the government can call at any time, that keeps both sides of parliament in line: MP's don't lightly risk the effort and expense of a campaign, not to mention the danger to each man that he may lose his own seat.

This time, though, from the very start the Opposition parties have clamored for an election that the government had no wish to call.

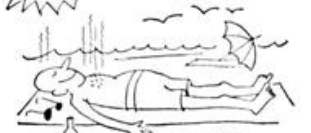
On paper the Liberals had no reason to fear an election. The Gallup Poll still credited them with the support of about half the electorate, the Conservatives with only about a third. But they know better than anyone how fast these proportions could change.

They must know, too, that nothing since the conscription crisis of 1944 has been so likely to change public opinion as the government's tactics in the pipeline debate. Normally, in this civil-service town, the government tends to have more friends than enemies—most people, probably far more than in other parts of Canada, agree with its policies most of the time. But if the Liberals have a single defender on this issue, I haven't happened to meet him. ★



"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE

For **Sunburn**



THE FIRST AID KIT IN A JAR



Now Many Wear
FALSE TEETH
With Little Worry

Eat, talk, laugh or sneeze without fear of insecure false teeth dropping, slipping or wobbling. FASTEETH holds plates firmer and more comfortably. This pleasant powder has no gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Doesn't cause nausea. It's alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.

Mothersill's

The fast-acting aid in preventing and relieving Travel Sickness. for Adults & Children
THE WORLD OVER



rying out loud! That kid is beginning to look like Bozo Snyder." He gave instructions that his son was to polish the car, cut the grass, hoe the garden, and clean up the garage, and left his wife to figure out how to get him to do it.

There's no point in this kind of sudden decision. To suddenly tell a boy who thinks he's on a permanent retirement plan to go polish a car isn't discipline; it's a nasty surprise that can not only demoralize the boy but can end up with the whole family being demoralized.

Children feel that to be suddenly ordered to do something is a gross imposition, which they resist with all the intensity of those who feel that they are fighting on the side of justice, decency and self-respect; but they will do the same work without serious protest if it is presented to them as a planned schedule. It isn't the work they mind; it's the sudden interruption.

Besides having work to do around the house, children should have some planned activity away from home. Last summer mothers in one Toronto district went on shifts, taking groups of four or five children away for the day on trips to such places as the observation tower of a downtown building, the zoo, the museum, and the site of a new excavation. Everybody enjoyed it, including the guide for the day; and each of the mothers left at home had three days' perfect bliss before her turn came up.

Some parents have slight guilt feelings about wanting to get rid of their children. They reason something like: "It's normal for a mother to have her children around; I can't stand having them around, so I'm not normal." This is as logical as standing on a cliff saying, "I am smarter than a bird; birds can fly; so can I," and often ends up about the same way. Long summer holidays were devised so that children could pick berries, help with the harvest, drive the team and do chores. But times have changed, and to turn the kids loose in today's high-strung civilization of TV, six-lane traffic, power mowers, nerve pills and rapidly changing neighborhoods is like turning them loose during a brain operation and nobody needs feel guilty about wishing they'd go away.

The congestion of today's way of life alone is enough to make children's summer holidays a vital sociological problem. The last place I lived was in a picturesque community built on a hill. The houses fought for space, sunlight and top position with sundecks, raised patios and terraces. My neighbor and I managed to create an illusion of privacy with vines and high hedges, but everything everybody said was completely audible in both houses. On Saturday morning we knew when each other's kids got their allowance, how much, and when our wives didn't.

Four adults could get along this way indefinitely by walking a tightrope of tact and understanding, but my neighbor had a plump little girl with bangs, who was a good friend of my youngest daughter. During July and August the two of them would appear at different levels each morning, scrubbed, braided, full of orange juice, whole-wheat germs and technological knowledge that would have made their great-grandfathers think they were little people from Mars. Right off they'd start short-circuiting the whole

A Tribute

to some good friends of yours

It's the life underwriter's job to make your dreams become realities—but folks don't always make it easy for him to do this job for them. Indeed, it must often seem pretty discouraging to him—this job of protecting dreams. At times, he's sure he's the last person in the world you want to see (and he's sometimes right!). What keeps him going?

He knows these things.

Well, he knows he is the *first* person your widow will want to see, and that the life insurance provisions he helped you make for her will be a solid, lasting comfort. He knows, too, there will be times *you* will want to see him . . . when you're sick and not sure you'll get well. Or when you're laid up in the hospital and want his comforting assurance that your bills will be paid and you'll have a disability income until you've recovered.

Or when you've at last matured that endowment policy at age 65—you welcome him with open arms as he delivers the check. He doesn't even mind when you tell him, as you often do, "Why didn't you *make* me buy a bigger policy? I could have paid for it!"

No "For Sale" signs here.

He knows a family in your neighborhood whose home doesn't have a "For Sale" sign on it because life insurance money paid off the mortgage when the breadwinner suddenly died. He can tell you of the young college senior who graduated this June because his Dad cared—through life insurance. He knows all the homes where the mailman delivers a life insurance income check every month that keeps the wolf away from the door every day.

He sees his handiwork in other places, too. That house next door or across the street was financed with a life insurance company mortgage. So were thousands of others in Canada. A life insurance company may own the building where you work, and lease it back to your firm. Every time the life underwriter hears a train rumble by, or a factory whistle toot, or construction tools clatter, he knows their oper-

ation was probably made possible by life insurance money—*your* money, held in trust and carefully invested to earn you interest until the time your policy calls for it to be paid out to you or your family.

Through the Life Underwriters Association of Canada whose golden anniversary we salute, your life insurance man sets and observes some high business ideals. Thus banded together with his fellows, he's an alert, vigorous guardian against forces that would weaken or endanger the ideas and ideals of the life insurance that protects you. He encourages other able men into the business while he discourages the ill-qualified. His Association fosters a strong professional educational program, the Life Underwriters Association Training Council, which is one of the few examples, if not the only one, of competitors sharing their most useful ideas for the benefit of their clients.

He works for your community, too.

Meanwhile, this life underwriter somehow finds means to devote many days of his working time each year to the important activities in his community—Red Cross, Community Chest, schools, charities and all the other worthwhile things that must be carried on by volunteer workers.

All in all, he's a pretty good citizen, this life underwriter, and a mighty fine man to have in your corner. You need him just as you need a good doctor, and lawyer, and minister or priest. If you don't have a good life underwriter working for you, get one—*today!* You owe it to yourself.

H. W. BROWER
President



**Occidental
Life**

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE: LONDON, ONTARIO

June marked the 50th anniversary of the Life Underwriters Association of Canada. It's a good opportunity to point out these facts about this organization and about the 7,800 men and women—your life insurance agents—who are its members.

district. Neither family could ignore what the kids were saying, because we both knew that the other had heard it.

"Our TV is broken," one would call. "We keep getting You Were There on the Pabst Blue Ribbon fights. It's the picture tube, or the signal is getting bounced off a jet, or my father broke something. He says he fell down on the payments."

"Why don't you all come over and look at ours tonight?" the other would call.

The mother of the one doing the inviting would let out a cry from inside the house. "Come inside a minute—*dear*."

The kid would go in, come out again, close her eyes and bellow the wrong message. "My mother says she'd be glad to have you, but we're moving today."

"That is not what I said!" her mother would yell from inside. "I said we had to move the television. We're getting jammed by Mr. Green's power tools."

During a lot of these exchanges my neighbor was jamming other people's TV with a power mower that was either making a noise like a DC7 or suddenly stalling. He always used to cut the grass when we had friends in for a barbecue, and we'd sit around our backyard trying to talk to one another in sign language. One time when the kids were shouting wrong messages, and their mothers were trying to get them inside without showing themselves, the mower stalled, my Mary screamed to her mother in the dead silence, "I'M GLAD YOU DON'T LIKE KATHIE'S MOTHER AND FATHER, I DON'T LIKE KATHIE EITHER."

Getting children away from home seems about the only way to solve some of these situations. But getting them away takes planning, because it's getting more and more difficult for the kids to get away themselves. Oddly, in these days of rapid transportation kids have less chance of getting anywhere than they did when everybody rode bicycles. Fifty years ago, when a kid wanted to be alone, he just wandered down to the creek. Twenty-five years ago, even a boy in a big city could be in the country, on foot, in half an hour at the most. Today he'd be lucky if he reached the first new manufacturing district in an hour and a half, and if he tried crossing some of the speedways that cut him off from the old creek, he'd be smeared from Happy Heights to Paradise Acres.

In short, treating children on holidays with the unconscious attitude, "Let the little rascals go down to the creek with a bent pin and some worms," can, in this rapidly changing world, cause a lot of trouble. Today we are giving children's schooling more and more scientific attention. We're concerned about teaching them adjustment, group co-operation and responsibility, the duties of a citizen—yet for two months of the year we just turn them loose with the vague conviction that, to make them completely happy, it's just necessary to let them out of school. We still tend to think of them sitting around in the summer making daisy chains, instead of sitting around singing commercials for Cadillacs. We overlook the fact that they get bored and that completely carefree childhood exists only in the minds of adults with short memories.

In fact, in a recently published encyclopedia of child care, over a thousand pages long and requiring a table of contents of eleven pages, boredom isn't listed, implying that it's something as remote from childhood as second mortgages. Actually, it's not nearly as remote from childhood as some of our ideas about children's summer holidays. ★

Have North Americans set their ideals too high?

male; the female drunk is only hilarious if it is well established that she has become intoxicated as a result of her first encounter with liquor.

Women traveling alone cannot enter a good restaurant without alarming the headwaiter about their intentions; a man alone is a matter of indifference. The rules of modesty are different: women cannot undress before other women without a sense of acute discomfort; the male lack of concern over nudity is reflected in the cubicle-less design of locker rooms and the absence of bathing suits in YMCA and YMHA pools.

Men and women use their intelligence differently. In keeping with male vigorosity, a man's intelligence adapts to accomplishments of a tangible variety, to constructive planning and coherence. Women, trained to be onlookers, develop powers of observation and sensitivity. Women therefore are better factory inspectors than men, with a better eye for detail. They are also more easily insulted than men; they hear nuances of disapproval that apparently are pitched too high for the male ear. This faculty, since it involves a weighing of hints and symptoms, is also known as female intuition.

Men must be tall, forceful

Another difference in the behavior of the two sexes is reflected in the fact that it isn't necessary for a woman to have any desire in order to engage in sexual intercourse, but it is a requisite for a man. For this reason sex criminals are almost invariably men and prostitutes are almost invariably women. For every woman in penitentiaries, there are forty men. For every woman alcoholic, there are six men alcoholics.

It seems possible that the uneven behavior of men and women may not be caused entirely by some innate difference, beyond the physical ones. Many people suspect that the difficulties are rooted in North American culture, which compels all men to be tall, strong, forceful, immune to pain and fatigue and therefore willing to work beyond their capacities, and which compels all women to be small, weak, passive, indecisive and therefore willing to work below their capacities.

From the time of birth North American men and women are cast in these molds, blue for boys and pink for girls. The molds can only fit by warping the human inside of it. Few men are capable of a life of heroic achievement; few women are content with a life of supine indolence. Nevertheless, to these majestic ends the twigs are bent.

For example, a little boy of five can throw a ball farther and with more grace of movement than a little girl of five. Because of this, many people casually accept that girls inherently have little aptitude for sports. This fails to take into account five years of conditioning, when fathers play more roughly with their sons than with their daughters and concentrate on such forms of play as rolling a ball toward the boy before he is even able to walk.

Similarly, society has decided to its own satisfaction that women are poor engineers. There are twenty-three women engineers in Canada and more than thirty-one thousand men engineers. Is this because women intrinsically cannot

comprehend the science of engineering? Or is it because little boys are given building sets at Christmas and little girls are given dolls?

Women's inner vision of themselves through their girlhood is that they will spend their adult lives adored by their husbands, enriched by children whose noses never run and wreathed in sunshine as they move about their cottage homes. Men see themselves as bulwarks, with muscles like cables, moving mountains and swaying mobs with eloquence. Neither dream is realistic enough to come true, except in momentary fragments. The oddity is that the dreams basically are incompatible with co-existence, unless a man and woman recognize one another's inner need and bolster it with sincere-sounding flattery. Mental and physical breakdowns occur when women find themselves discontented with motherhood and men find they cannot move mountains. Both must find substitutes, or be destroyed.

The modern preoccupation with images of the ideal man, virile, lusty and sweating, and the ideal woman, sweet-faced and ringed with children, allows no tolerance for the man who is gentle and the woman who is zestful. The ten-year-old girl who climbs trees and the ten-year-old boy who spends his time day-dreaming are already on their way to being outcasts; by the time they mature, a woman foreman in denims and a man content to putter at no particular occupation, they are scarcely acceptable.

The tragedy of the cast-iron images is that they fail to take into account that every man contains some so-called female characteristics and every woman is partly what is known as masculine. The Taoist symbol for male and female is a circle, half black and half

white; in the middle of the black half is a white dot and in the middle of the white half is a black dot. Every doctor knows that in the first three months of life all human beings have organs of both sexes, equally developed. After the third month, one set of sex organs begins to wither and the other continues to flourish. Since every human being is composed of infinite variations of male and female qualities, it is not surprising that women find it so impossible to live up to the feminine ideal and men are unable to fulfill the male ideal.

Women are taught in their childhood that a sense of glorious achievement will accompany marriage and motherhood. For this reason the unmarried woman is marked as an unsuccessful person. She may perform brilliant surgery, discover a new galaxy or fly through the sound barrier, but she is diminished in her own and society's estimation if she isn't married. Unless she is extraordinarily brilliant, her advancement in her job is almost certain to be blocked by a man. A woman may be a nurse, but she is discouraged by quotas in medical schools if she wants to be a doctor. She may be a teacher (women teachers outnumber men 77,493 to 27,795 in Canada) but she is rarely a college principal or professor (men outnumber women 4,610 to 812 in these occupations). She may be an outstanding secretary, understanding the workings of the office better than her boss, but when he leaves she will get a new boss—another man. She therefore suffers from two frustrations: the lack of opportunity for promotion and the lack of a husband. The latter is by far the greater, since she is imbued with the conviction that the unattained home, husband and babies would solve most of her emotional problems.

The married woman who has accomplished what is held to be woman's finest goal, licensed motherhood, is even more shattered to discover that this is insufficient for her own pride in herself. On one hand society insists that women be feminine and look forward eagerly to

JASPER

by Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"How would they like it if we made a fire in their backyard?"

homemaking and babies; on the other hand, society has depreciated housewives, placing them in the same category as those citizens who have no occupations, using the word housewife as a synonym for low intellect, gullibility and poor taste. Newspaper accounts of women who write books, design bathing suits or shoot golf in the high seventies invariably express astonishment if the feat has been accomplished by "an ordinary housewife."

In a desperate search for some status, many ordinary housewives today are leaving their homes. This horrifies the same group of people who believe that housewives are some substratal form of life. Finding a job actually is a positive and healthy form of the search for status, and so is useful club membership, handiwork, fine cooking or other such substitutes as may be accessible. The negative search for status is sometimes expressed in the cannibalistic destruction of a husband. The wife convinces herself that her own importance will increase in direct proportion to her husband's advancement. She nags and complains, finds fault and whines when he fails and in time succeeds in breaking his confidence in himself.

A man's disappointment when he arrives at the promised land of maturity is even more devastating. The attributes of courage, agility and vigor, on which such a premium was placed in his youth, seem designed for another existence. He has been conditioned to hunt tigers but he finds himself instead locked in a traffic jam. He is part of a savagely competitive free-enterprise system whose ideal isn't sportsmanship at all, but money.

His income will determine his general appearance, his wife's rank with her girlhood friends, the size of his family, his address, his recreations, his kind of transportation and his friends. He works frantically hard to improve his income, suffering ravaging humiliations rather than risk losing his job, worrying about promising juniors, hating himself for flattering his boss, being ruthless when the occasion demands it and pressing his talents to their screaming point in order to succeed. Often he works at a job he loathes, a job that is monotonous or degrading, because it has the advantage of regular pay.

Lists of the causes of death, by sex, show clearly that men are wearing out faster than women, almost certainly because they bear the crushing weight of economic responsibility. A contributing factor may be that women are preserved by their early indoctrination. Little girls, more regularly than little boys, are admonished to be cautious, to keep immaculate, to be fussy about their health. Boys are expected to be reckless, more roughly groomed and tolerant of aches and pains. A Canadian Sickness Survey conducted five years ago revealed that although men more often are ill unto death, they admit it less often. Sixty percent of the women queried reported they had been ill during the year and only fifty-six percent of the men; fifty-two percent of the women went to bed to recover but only forty-four percent of the men stayed in bed even one day. This same quality is demonstrated in women drivers, who infuriate men with their caution.

The irony of the lack of balance between men and women is that there is considerable evidence to prove that so-called male and female characteristics are whole pieces of fiction, self-perpetuating myths. The distinguished anthropologist Dr. Margaret Mead studied three tribes in New Guinea and reported on their three cultures. The first culture had men and women sharing the

tasks of cooking and caring for the children, both sexes gentle and loving. A forceful dominant personality was out of place and suffered acutely from maladjustment. Another tribe, this one cannibals and head-hunters, also had men and women with identical personalities. Both sexes were treacherous, vicious and cruel to their children. The women showed no instinct to love their babies and the discovery of pregnancy enraged both parents equally. A third culture studied was dominated by women, who did the fishing and farming. The male

role, in this tribe, was an artistic one. While the women worked, the men occupied themselves with painting masks, presenting theatrical dances and regarding one another with jealous suspicion.

Dr. Mead's research illustrates that all men, purely because of maleness, are not necessarily brave leaders and that all women, purely because of femaleness, are not naturally maternal keepers of the hearth. A culture might just as reasonably decide, comments Dr. Mead, that all blue-eyed people are passive and all brown-eyed people are purposive. It

appears that definitions of male and female need to be overhauled, in order to save the lives of men working beyond their strength and enrich the existences of women working beneath theirs. As a start, we might do away with those pink and blue booties. In the end, through the use of tolerance, a control of bias and a fair distribution of responsibility, men and women might learn to live together without suspicion and misunderstanding. I personally believe it is possible. After all, some of my best friends are men. ★

**Try a true
Canadian
Ale with a
real Canadian
Flavour...**

O'Keefe's

O'Keefe's
EXTRA OLD STOCK
ale

say OK for
O'Keefe's

Do the Catholics really want to reunite Germany?

So far as policy is concerned there is no insuperable obstacle to a Christian Democrat coalition with either wing of its present opposition, just as the Liberals in Canada could, if necessary, coalesce with either the CCF or the Conservatives. But the other German political parties, sadly divided about many things, are united on one:

"We cannot and will not work with Konrad Adenauer."

One member of the Free Democratic Party, a conservative group that until a few months ago was part of the Adenauer coalition, told me grimly, "If Adenauer doesn't get a majority, he's out—and he won't get a majority."

Thomas Dehler, Free Democrat leader and onetime member of the Adenauer cabinet, said, "We've lost faith in Adenauer personally. Our differences with the Christian Democrats are not so much policy differences—the things we want are mainly what they say they want too. But we think Adenauer is not doing enough to achieve these ends."

Dehler admitted that an even stronger objection to Adenauer is the old man's dictatorial temperament. Germans are supposed to like being ordered about, and maybe the ordinary citizen does (though I doubt it). But there's no question that party leaders and cabinet colleagues don't like it a bit.

"He won't even inform coalition partners of what he intends to do," Dehler complained, "let alone consult them. He does whatever he likes and then tells us about it afterward."

This resentment of Adenauer's autocratic ways is not confined to opposition or coalition parties. It exists among Christian Democrats too. At the annual meeting of the party in Stuttgart in late April, a Christian Democrat delegate told a friend of mine, "We have this much in common with the Communists: we too have the problem of getting rid of a Cult of Personality!"

The Stuttgart meeting brought to Adenauer the only public snub he has ever received from his own party. The occasion was trivial enough—a move to increase the number of party vice-chairmen from two to four. Proponents of the scheme wanted to create a prominent party office for Karl Arnold, who had lately been ousted as the provincial premier of North Rhine-Westphalia when a coalition there broke up. The downfall of the coalition was not Arnold's fault; the men who overthrew him not only admitted, they loudly declared that the foe they wanted to hit was not their good friend Arnold but his master, Konrad Adenauer. Perhaps because of this background, Adenauer opposed the motion to create two more vice-chairmanships.

To the astonishment of most people, including Adenauer himself, the Christian Democrats ignored their leader's command, passed the motion and elected Arnold to one of the new vice-chairmanships. It was a small revolt but a significant one. Jubilation, not quite open but widespread, was noted among rank-and-file delegates.

"I don't give a damn about the vice-chairmanships, in fact I was against the idea," said one to a visiting diplomat, "but I'm delighted to see Konrad Adenauer brought down a peg."

It's hard to tell whether German voters too have lost confidence in *Der Alte*,

the Grand Old Man who led his party to such a decisive victory in 1953. A Free Democrat who still keeps in touch with his former colleagues, the Christian Democrats, told me that Adenauer's party strategists had lately conducted an unpublished opinion poll. It showed, he said, that Adenauer's personal popularity had slipped two points below that of his party, whereas three years ago it was half as high again. The previous poll gave Adenauer the support of 62 percent of voters, his party only 42 percent. Now, according to this report, the party still had 42 percent, but Adenauer only 40. However, German public-opinion polls are notoriously unreliable, and few bets are placed on the strength of them.

Whether or not the old man is slipping with the voters, no Christian Democrat would dare or even wish to challenge him for the party leadership. He has said he would lead the party through the 1957 election if his health remains good, and this can be taken as final. The question is: what then?

Regardless of leadership the Christian Democrats are almost certain to remain the largest single group in West German politics. The reason is simple. West Germany is almost half Roman Catholic. Both the big opposition parties are strongly Protestant and anticlerical. Christian Democrats do not get all Roman Catholic votes; some go to splinter parties, and some Catholics are anticlerical themselves to the extent of wanting to keep the clergy well out of politics. But broadly speaking, the Roman Catholic vote goes to the Christian Democratic Union or to Roman Catholic splinters like the Zentrum (Centre) which is allied with the Christian Democrats. So the Christian Democrats can count on about forty percent of the West German vote. Only a major economic crisis would be likely to alter this, and that seems remote in the smiling, prosperous Federal Republic.

But if Adenauer remains as Christian Democrat leader and the other two big parties refuse to work with him, his party could be sent into opposition by a governing partnership of Social Democrats

—Germany's labor party—and the Free Democrats who get their backing from rich industrialists.

This coalition of rich and poor is not as unlikely as it sounds. It is already a working fact in the provincial government of North Rhine-Westphalia, the Ontario of West Germany, a big industrial province that has almost one third of the West German population and more than half of its wealth. Social Democrats and Free Democrats have several things in common, none reassuring from the Western point of view.

One, and the deepest, is anticlericalism. The religious feud in Germany is as old as Martin Luther, and its bitterness goes back beyond the Thirty Years' War. It makes Protestants suspicious, not only of the men around Adenauer (all but one of his leading ministers are Roman Catholic like himself), but also of their policies.

One doctrine of the Christian Democrats is European unity, and to North Americans it sounds like the plainest, most enlightened common sense. But Germans have long memories. To them it brings echoes of the Holy Roman Empire in its heyday, when the Protestants of the Low Countries were subject to the bigoted kings of Roman Catholic Spain, and when the more devout and more ambitious of the emperors dreamed of a Christendom united under the empire and the Vatican.

Decision rests with the East

Not that anyone seriously believes that this dream has been revived into an actual threat. But the idea of co-operating Christian Democratic governments in Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium, France and Italy, however attractive in the context of the twentieth century, stirs up feelings in Germany that date back to the sixteenth.

Religious prejudice also has a bearing on another and much more important issue—the reunification of Germany.

For eleven years about one third of Germany's area and a quarter of her people have been captive in the Soviet bloc, ruled by a Communist puppet regime. All Germans without exception want this artificial split removed and Germany reunited under one sovereign government.

But all Germans know this can only be done by consent of the Soviet Union, obtained either directly or through an

agreement of the great powers. All therefore admit that this is a supremely difficult problem. No West Germans, and probably very few East Germans, want reunification at the price of slave-membership in the Communist bloc.

"Even the people of East Germany would rather have things as they are now," said a Christian Democrat MP. "Now the East Germans have at least a way of escape. They know that if life under the Communists becomes really intolerable, they can get away to Berlin and from there to the West and freedom. No Pole, no Czech, no Hungarian has that privilege. It's a tremendous advantage; it makes life in East Germany bearable."

So Adenauer and his Christian Democrats have taken a firm stand against direct negotiation with the Soviet Union or its puppets in East Germany. They say her alliance with the West is Germany's only strength, and that this is the very reason why the Russians inveigh against it. They say Germany can't bargain with the Russians because she has no bargaining power—nothing to offer except her own freedom. Therefore, they say, we must leave the problem of reunification to our Western allies, and trust them to get it for us as soon as it can be got on acceptable terms. They alone are in a position to make a deal with Russia.

But however reasonable this may be, it amounts in practice to a do-nothing policy. In any country a do-nothing policy is hard to defend, particularly when it means putting trust in foreigners. In Germany it also means patience in the face of a terrible urgency, because every passing year makes the problem of unification more difficult: more young people grow up who know nothing but the Communist faith; more workers have vested interests in collective farms and state-owned factories; more differences between the two fragments of Germany become accepted as part of normal living.

But all these difficulties are increased and further complicated by a suspicion that grows out of the religious feud. It's the doubt whether a predominantly Roman Catholic government is really wholehearted in its effort to unify Germany.

A united German democracy would be about two thirds Protestant, and Roman Catholics would be politically feeble except in Bavaria, the German Quebec. But that part of Germany now captive in the Soviet bloc, and thus subtracted from the free German electorate, is almost entirely Protestant. This subtraction leaves West Germany nearly half Roman Catholic.

Because the Protestants are divided and the Roman Catholics relatively solid, the Roman Catholic fraction is the dominant one in West German politics. Protestants sometimes wonder, therefore, whether German Roman Catholics really yearn as they say they do for a unification that would destroy their political advantage.

I asked Thomas Dehler, the leader of the Free Democrats, if he suspected Adenauer and his Roman Catholic ministers of deliberate foot-dragging on the problem of reunification.

"No," he said. "I don't suggest any such conscious intention. I do say there is a lack of energy and enthusiasm, a neglect of opportunities to press for reunification. Maybe the religious factor contributes to this lack of enthusiasm."

An official spokesman of the Social Democrats told me, "Foreign affairs, not domestic, are the biggest political issues in Germany today."

"We see the present world situation as a deadlock which must somehow be broken," he continued. "To talk of free elections in East Germany is not realis-



They lead the fight against the Old Man

Erich Ollenhauer heads Social Democrats, next in strength to Adenauer's Christian Democrats.



Dr. Thomas Dehler leads Free Democrats. He and Ollenhauer may combine to defeat Adenauer.

No...you needn't be an "expert" to be sure of **A GOOD USED CAR**

IF YOU DON'T KNOW
HOW TO LOOK...
KNOW WHERE TO
LOOK INSTEAD, BY
ASKING YOURSELF
THESE *three*
key questions



1. HAS THE DEALER ANY INTEREST IN ME AFTER I BUY?

Your Ford-Monarch Dealer's interest continues—not ends—when you drive away in one of his A-1 used cars. You see, he's in business *to stay* . . . and depends on the *lasting goodwill* of used car buyers. After all, he hopes you'll be a *new* car buyer one of these days.

2. ARE HIS CARS IN REALLY TIP-TOP SHAPE?

Ford-Monarch Dealers employ skilled mechanics and have all the essential equipment to put used cars in A-1 condition! Every car that rates the A-1 sticker has to measure up to carefully laid-down standards before it merits this famous seal of approval.

3. WILL I GET THE CAR I WANT AT THE LOWEST PRICE?

Your Ford-Monarch Dealer does not depend on used-car sales *alone* to pay his overhead—so he can afford to sell for less! And he's got to keep his used cars priced right . . . *moving fast* to keep pace with his new car sales.

*Look for the signs
you can trust*

Your Ford-Monarch Dealer
invites you to see his selection
of trustworthy A-1 Used Cars and Trucks





When does gossip become a vice?

If you are intelligent, and at all interested in the world around you — you're likely to be a gossip. But is gossip really as "innocent" as a lot of women think it is? In a significant article in July *Chatelaine* you'll learn how gossip can affect the happiness of you and your family — how gossip spreads — and most important, how to stop gossip about yourself. Be sure to read this revealing article in *Chatelaine*. It's one you'll remember for a long time to come.

THE WOMEN OF TORONTO

Who are they? What do they do?

Meet the most extraordinary landlady in Toronto — the entertainer who was hired for two weeks and stayed six years — the girl behind the mike — the woman most Toronto women would like to be entertained by — and many more "Women of Toronto". Don't miss these exciting four pages of photographs and stories. Exclusive in July *Chatelaine*.

PLUS:

- "Do We Really Dislike the Americans?"
- "A Summer Cookbook of Easy Complete Meals"
- "7 Ways to Tell a Good Buy"
- Chatty Chipmunk for the young ones

JULY

Chatelaine

for the Canadian Woman

PICK UP YOUR COPY TODAY



A MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLICATION

tic. Everyone knows that nine out of ten East Germans would vote to join the West, but everybody knows that Russia won't allow that. Neither would the Western allies allow West Germany to go over to the Soviet bloc, even if she wanted to—which of course she doesn't.

"Evidently then some other course, some middle way, must be found to the reunification of Germany. We think West Germany ought to take the initiative in trying to find it."

How? By direct talks with the Russians?

"In our view Germany can only be unified as part of a general European settlement. We would try to achieve one. We would find out what Russia considers her minimum security requirements to be — on what terms, if any. Russia would tolerate a free and united Germany."

"Of course we would not abandon the North Atlantic Treaty. We spoke and voted against it in parliament, that's true, but now it is a signed treaty and we'd respect our country's word."

Christian Democrats are contemptuous of talk about direct negotiation with the Russians. They say it is either naïve or dishonest, and possibly both. They say no German government in its right mind would go to Moscow empty-handed and expect to come back with a deal favorable to Germany. They have not the slightest doubt that either Social Democrats or Free Democrats, in coalition with Christian Democrats, would forget about talking to Moscow and fall in with the present policy of standing firm by the Western alliance.

"Keep them weak and divided"

But in coalition with each other, the opposition parties might have to act differently. Direct talks with Moscow will be a major campaign cry for both, and one of the few they will have in common. In power together they could hardly avoid some gesture toward carrying out this campaign promise.

With what result?

Certainly not the defection of Germany to the Soviet bloc. Erich Ollenhauer, the Social Democrat leader who would be chancellor in such a coalition, is an elderly, orthodox, old-line trade unionist who is as firmly anti-Communist as any Christian Democrat. "He's even more conservative than Clement Attlee," an American in Bonn remarked rather sourly.

Nor is it likely that German reunification would be brought any closer. It's been a major topic at almost all meetings of the great powers in recent years, most notably at the second Geneva conference in the fall of 1955. Soviet Russia has refused, implacably, even to discuss the restoration of Germany to both unity and freedom. In London this spring, Nikita Khrushchev, the Communist leader, asked Sir Anthony Eden:

"Why do you want to unify Germany, anyway? Why strengthen the people who attacked both of us a few years ago? You ought to co-operate with us in keeping them weak and divided."

But Russians do not talk that way to Germans. East Berlin, the German Communist capital, is plastered with red-and-gold signs like, "Long Live a United Germany." Another favorite is, "Germans at One Table"—an appeal for direct negotiation between the Federal Republic in the West and the Communist regime, which West Germany has so far refused to recognize.

It's all too easy to imagine the exchanges of minor concessions that the Russian apostles of coexistence might offer to a helpless Germany. Not reunification, of course—but why not an

expansion of trade? Why should a free and sovereign Germany lose money by refusing to sell the so-called "strategic goods" that are banned by NATO? And why should Germany go to the vast expense of rearming, if, for instance, the Russians offer to reduce the forces of East Germany?

A shrewd American observer in Bonn summed up: "I don't think a socialist government would denounce the North Atlantic Treaty; I think they'd just stop doing much about it. I don't think they'd dissolve the new German army; I think they'd just freeze it at the hundred thousand or so it might have in uniform by election time. The Western alliance wouldn't exactly collapse, it would just rot."

That is the danger in a coalition of the German parties now in opposition. According to spokesmen of those parties, such a coalition is probable if not inevitable so long as Konrad Adenauer leads the Christian Democrats. But if the obstacle of Adenauer's personality were removed, there are at least four Christian Democrats who could lead a new coalition with either the right or the left wing of the present Opposition.

Dr. Heinrich von Brentano, Adenauer's foreign minister, is the one most often mentioned. He is by far the best known abroad, and seems to be best known at home. In a recent public-opinion poll on who should be Adenauer's successor, Brentano got three times as many votes as his nearest competitor. He's a bachelor of fifty-two who hates Communism as a work of Satan. One of his admirers said, "Brentano is certainly the leading candidate today to succeed Adenauer, but I am not sure he will make it. He is too shy and too timid to fight for it."

Fritz Schäffer, the minister of finance, is also a lawyer and also a Roman Catholic, but there all personal resemblance to Brentano ends. He is not shy, he is not timid, and he is certainly not conciliatory. Schäffer is probably the only man in Germany whose stubbornness is equal to Adenauer's own.

Almost single-handed Schäffer has kept German taxes high and German credit tight, at a time when everybody—even Adenauer, at one point—was clamoring for an easier policy. He was finally forced to give way on the tax rate in this election year, when the German parliament unanimously voted a reduction.

Ludwig Erhard, minister of economic affairs, is the man who gets most credit for Germany's astonishing economic recovery. He had more than anyone else to do with the currency reform of 1948 and with the bold gambles on free enterprise that have kept the German boom rolling ever since. Erhard is a popular figure but seems not to be regarded as a leading candidate for the chancellorship.

Karl Arnold, the trade-union leader who headed the provincial government of North Rhine-Westphalia until a few months ago, is often mentioned as one Christian Democrat who could lead a coalition with the Social Democrats, his fellow labor men. His record as a provincial premier is good, if unspectacular.

Compared to the towering figure of Konrad Adenauer, especially as he has been built up in the eyes of his allies abroad, none of these men look impressive. None has the look of a Strong Man, none could even try to be a demagogue.

But maybe that's the most cheering thing of all about the new German democracy. For the first time since Bismarck's day the Germans—busy, prosperous, healthily disgruntled with their politicians but not too dissatisfied on the whole—don't seem to want a Strong Man anymore. They feel strong themselves. ★

Mailbag

Wanted: a woodshed for teen-agers

Frank Tumpane in his article, Stop Pampering Our Smart-Aleck Teen-agers (May 26), has exposed an alarming situation. We must give serious thought to the degree to which teen-agers are allowed to roam the streets late at night, watch TV until midnight; and to their insolence when reprimanded.

These undisciplined youths have a champion in those who, not having the courage to make a decision, maintain that we behaved in a similar manner during our adolescence. They forget that when we did transgress we were smacked down to size. Good parents will continue to do this despite cheap advice by pseudo-psychologists. Believe me, the woodshed treatment still gives beneficial results. C. W. SMITH, PICTOU, N.S.

• So the younger generation is still going to the dogs! Why should teen-agers be considered children with regard



to their right to speak and have opinions, but be considered young adult criminals who should not be treated as children when they get into trouble? Generalization about teen-agers is dangerous and misleading. The group should not be condemned on the basis of the blatant minority. MRS. JOAN MCGUIRE, TORONTO.

• The only question Tumpane didn't answer was how we can convince these people that they behave like morons. D. J. MACFARLANE, LONDON, ONT.

• From beginning to end, every word was true. MRS. B. ANDERSEN, CALGARY.

• We are sick of the moral cowardice of adults who allow these teen-agers to behave in the way they do. The time has come for reform. MAUD WATHERSTON, TORONTO.

• Mr. Tumpane feels that the years between thirteen and nineteen are no longer the years of preparation for manhood. He is wrong. You cannot make a child into a "yes sir, no sir," book-wormish teen-ager and expect to produce a man. A weak-kneed teen-ager today is a weak-kneed man tomorrow. JEAN GORDON, WEST VANCOUVER, B.C.

The pros and sportsmanship

Roderick Haig-Brown is to be congratulated for the article, Why Must the Pros Spoil Every Sport? (May 12).

The lack of true sportsmanship in professional sports is a matter of morals—specifically of honesty and dishonesty,

greed and generosity. Where there is lack of appreciation of these there is inevitable decay in all departments of life, personal and national. H. W. S. SOULSBY, VICTORIA, B.C.

How to build a college

Bill Stephenson's article on Sir George Williams College (The College that's for Everyone, May 12) was a lively presentation of a lively institution. . . . Students would have liked Stephenson to have mentioned Professor Neil Compton who is successfully fighting polio and keeping in touch from his hospital bed. Until recently, the college was a ramshackle collection of rooms, labs and auditoriums. Under these conditions we worked hard for our *esprit de corps*. But not in vain. Professor Compton's devotion inspired students to raise over fifteen hundred dollars toward a new building to bring the students under one roof. JOSEPH COLUCCI, MONTREAL.

The fate of our northland

Ralph Allen's article, Will Dewline Cost Canada Its Northland? (May 26), is indeed humiliating reading for any Canadian who values his country's independence. . . . Mr. Allen has not mentioned one of the most serious aspects of the situation: by going into partnership with the United States in this project we have surrendered our freedom of action in case of war. No country at war with the United States would respect our neutrality. L. F. GRANT, KINGSTON, ONT.

• What is that thing called the RCAF Standard doing beside the U. S. national



flag? First, it's the Union Jack, then the Red Ensign, then the White Ensign, and now the Standard. . . . How can we blame the Yanks if they think we are a pretty mixed-up bunch, when we keep flying such an assortment of flags!!! G. B. KENNEDY, PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

Another role for father

It's Time Father Got Back in the Family (May 12) presents John Nash's thesis convincingly. Conspicuous by its absence, however, is any mention of another important function better performed by men than women, namely Sunday-school teachers of boys' classes. W. S. BATE, SARNIA, ONT. ★

Best Seller!



SHE ALWAYS BRINGS DAD
A COOL, DELICIOUS
KINGSBEER

SINCE 1910—CANADA'S FINEST LAGER



FARM IMPLEMENTS



SUMP PUMPS



WATER SYSTEMS



CORONA HEATERS



MINNITOYS



MINNINGSWINGS



FOLDING FENCE



BOAT TRAILERS

YEAR AFTER YEAR

You'll be glad you bought
an OTACO Power Mower

Quick-starting . . . smooth running . . . dependable operation summer after summer—that's the OTACO power mower story told by thousands of users coast to coast! The GRASS MASTER with 2 cycle, 1.6 H.P. engine gives you full 18" cut; T-shaped "hang-up" handle with rubber grips; push button shut-off; spark plug guard; close trimming on BOTH sides and many other convenience features. If you prefer a 4 cycle engine, the LAWN KING has all these features plus a powerful 4 cycle, 1 1/2 H.P. engine with recoil starter.

When you buy be SURE! See these budget priced Otaco mowers now at your hardware or department store.

THE OTACO LIMITED, ORILLIA, ONT.

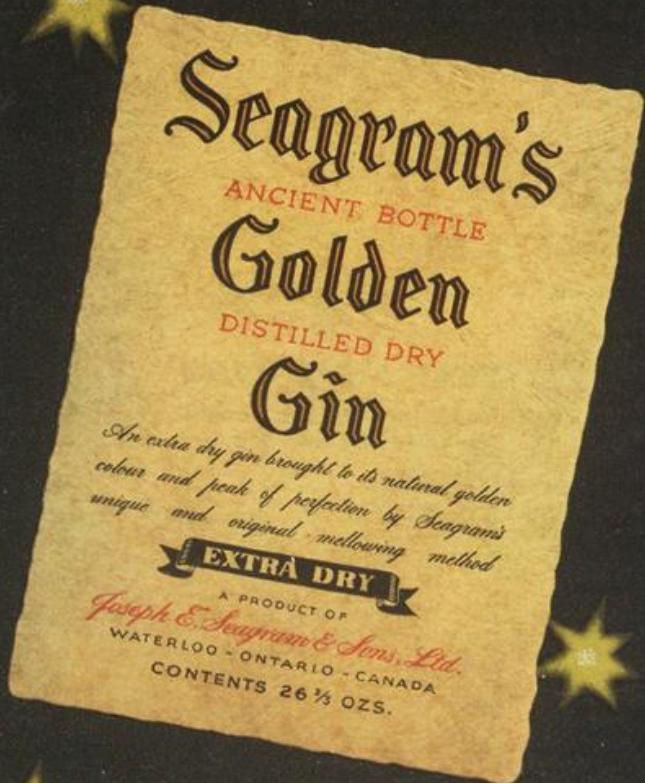
WHEN IT'S MADE BY

OTACO

IT'S MADE RIGHT!

Aged to the Golden moment of Perfection!

The natural golden colour and rare dryness of Seagram's Golden Gin are the result of careful ageing in selected oak casks to the exact golden moment of perfection.



Say Seagram's and be Sure

Perils of a summer bachelor

The dog days are upon us once again and summer bachelors all over the land will soon be envying their fellow sufferer in Montreal who last year had the means and the desperation to advertise as follows in the Gazette:

SOS
Westmount husband with wife in country, needs lady to cook and keep house.
No children
No pets
No floorwashing
Electric dishwasher, garberator, washer, drier, Mixmaster, refrigerated air conditioning, radio, television, hi-fi phonograph and swimming pool.
Must be good cook and not too attractive.

When police tried to arrest a rowdy in Listowel, Ont., and heave him into the cruiser he put up such a struggle the cop got the man's head in the door but couldn't push him any farther. A bystander suddenly opened the opposite door, shouting, "Hey, Mac — come on out this way." The prisoner made a leap through the cruiser but the conscientious citizen slammed the door in his face — by which time the cop was in after him and had him firmly pinned down in the back seat.

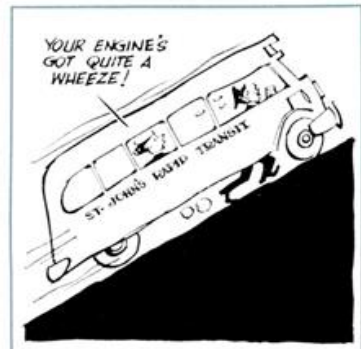
Family man in Montreal thought the children would get a big thrill out of a trip to the city's famous wax museum, but mother was entirely against it. She was sure their youngest, a boy of six, would be terrified by the scenes of the Romans throwing Christians to the lions. Well, father won this argument, insisting that the experience would be both interesting and inspirational for all the children, though mother was still mighty reluctant as they set off.

When the big moment came the young lad stared long and silently, then, sure



enough, in spite of all sorts of advance warnings and explanations about the scene being so much make-believe, he burst into tears. Father instantly got the 220-volt "I told you so" look from his wife as he gently picked the little fellow up and asked him what was the matter. Wildly waving toward the far corner of the cage, the boy sobbed, "One of them lions haven't got a Christian."

Public transportation in St. John's, Newfoundland, has been a constant headache to the city fathers ever since the war, with one system after another being tried to give city residents satisfaction. The latest was unveiled when the mayor called in the press to announce, according to one paper, that "in future new buses

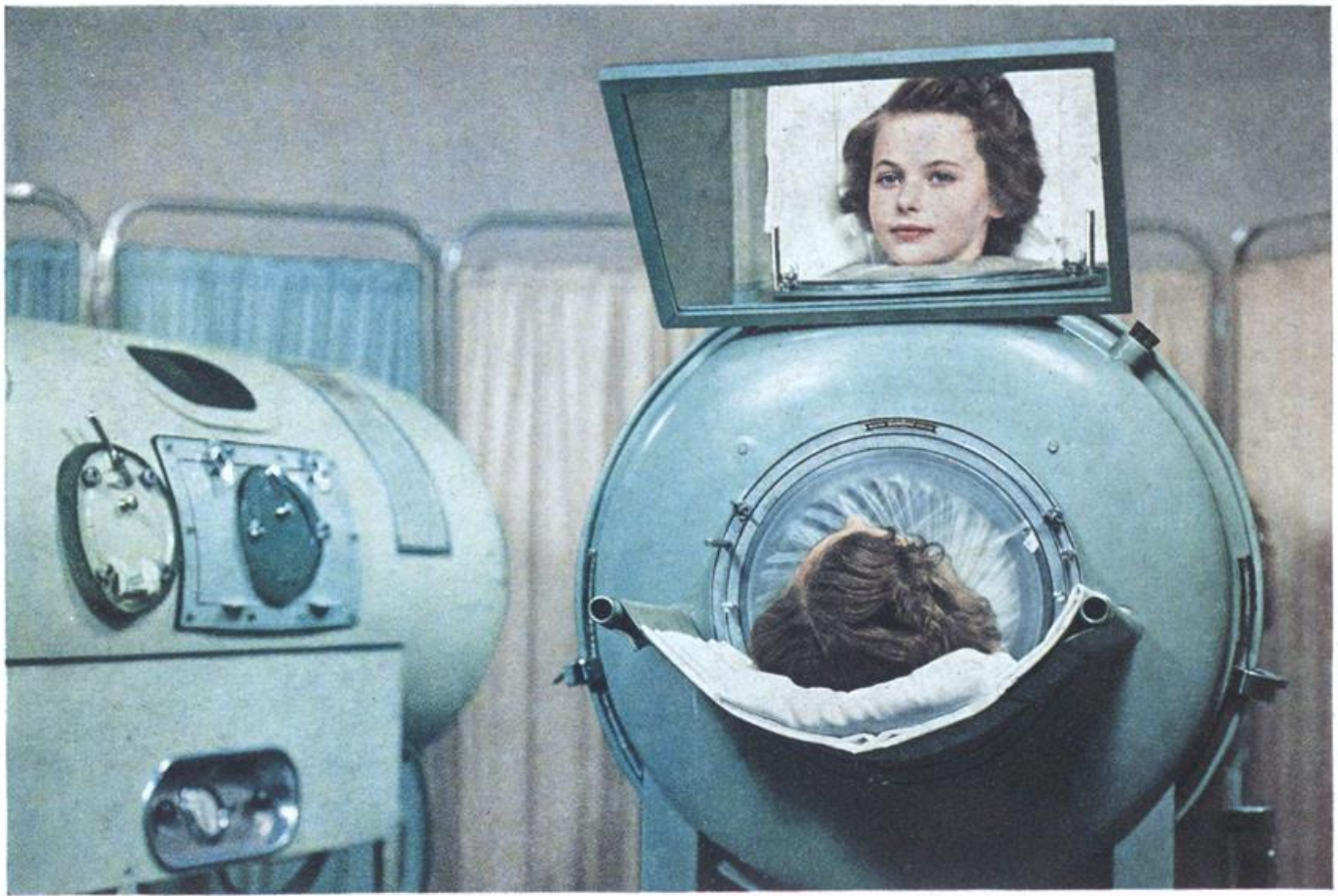


operating in St. John's will have engines to enable units to give far better service in St. John's with its hilly terrain."

The Winnipeg family whose sleep was disturbed for weeks by the chirping of the world's noisiest but most elusive cricket, is catching up on its slumbers again, thank you. The problem was solved by a television show featuring a summer night's sequence that was filled with such authentic cricket songs that the sleep disturber popped out of hiding—and father was on him in one pounce.

The thousands of candid-camera fiends at this moment trying to catch Mother Nature's photogenic creatures off guard may take heart to know that professionals have their troubles too. This one was on safari in one of our national parks, accompanied by his wife, tracking down likely travel pictures for the tourist bureau back in Ottawa. Not a creature was stirring, so he decided to set up his camera by the roadside and get a shot of the first American car that came along, against a backdrop of breath-taking mountain scenery. But not a tourist was stirring either, as luck would have it, so finally he pressed his wife into service to snap the shutter as he drove his own car into the picture. Just as he drove slowly into range a deer ambled delicately across the road directly in front of him, setting up the perfect shot. "Did you get it?" he fairly screamed, after the deer had vanished again. "No!" retorted his wife angrily. "That darn deer was in the way."

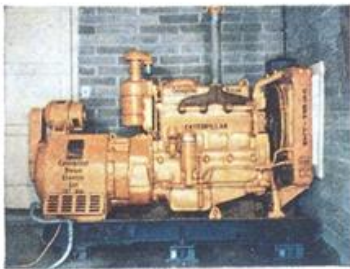
Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



90 IRON LUNGS THAT KEPT ON BREATHING

The Canadian province of Manitoba suffered one of the worst polio epidemics ever recorded in 1953. Yet, though a large number of the 2300 reported cases were stricken with respiratory paralysis, fatalities were kept surprisingly low.

At Winnipeg's King George Hospital the most seriously affected pa-



tients—many of them children—were placed in 90 electrically operated iron lungs. Suddenly, in the midst of the crisis, hospital authorities thought of the tragedy that might happen if a storm should cause the power to fail. They had no standby source of electricity!

Answering their frantic call, the local Caterpillar Dealer rushed a Cat Diesel Electric Set to the scene. Throughout the epidemic this engine stood ready and waiting at a few seconds' notice to supply power to the iron lungs.

In many instances Caterpillar Diesels have saved lives during power interruptions. One California hospital has a record of 46 hours of emergency operations when all elec-

tric current was supplied by a Cat standby set!

There is a feeling of real security in the knowledge that, whatever happens, electric power will be available. To gain that security, not only hospitals all over the world but airports, ships, refrigeration plants, defense units and whole communities have turned to Caterpillar Diesel Electric Sets. There is one main reason for their choice: the sure-starting, steady-running dependability that is built into every Caterpillar product.

Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

CATERPILLAR
Registered Trademark

LEADERSHIP
IN ACTION

DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS • EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

That Great Taste of Coke makes life more fun

(so delicious—even the bubbles taste better)



gives a bright little lift to everyone

(so refreshing you feel the difference when it's Coca-Cola)



for extra refreshment, extra zest...



Coca-Cola puts you at your sparkling best

"COKE" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK

COCA-COLA LTD.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JULY 7, 1956