

Feared Enemy of Dope Peddlers Bluntly Accuses Guilty Country

Russell Pasha, Commandant of Cairo Police, Calls Egypt Devil's Clearing House for Narcotics.



By T. C. WATSON
Central Press Canadian Writer

London, Eng.—The implacable enemy of all dope peddlers is now spending a few days of well-earned holiday.

In London he is known as Thomas Wentworth Russell, a grandson of one of the Dukes of Bedford. In Cairo, where he operates, he is Lewa T. W. Russell Pasha; Lewa being the Egyptian equivalent of major-general.

Russell Pasha's main job in Cairo is commandant of the Cairo city police. He is one of the few remaining Englishmen holding important executive jobs under the new Egyptian administration.

Ever since he took this job, Russell Pasha has tried his hardest to offset the gangs which unload all their dope into Egypt, making it a devil's clearing house for narcotics.

He tried hard to do it through the League of Nations Narcotic Bureau in Geneva, but the league red tape irked him to exploding point. So five years ago he formed the Central Narcotics Intelligence Bureau with ramifications everywhere.

Whenever a load of drugs is dumped into Egypt it is not long before the Intelligence Bureau knows when it came. Then Russell Pasha descends upon the League of Nations with all his facts available and pounces on the unfortunate delegate of the country from where he knows the narcotics have been shipped.

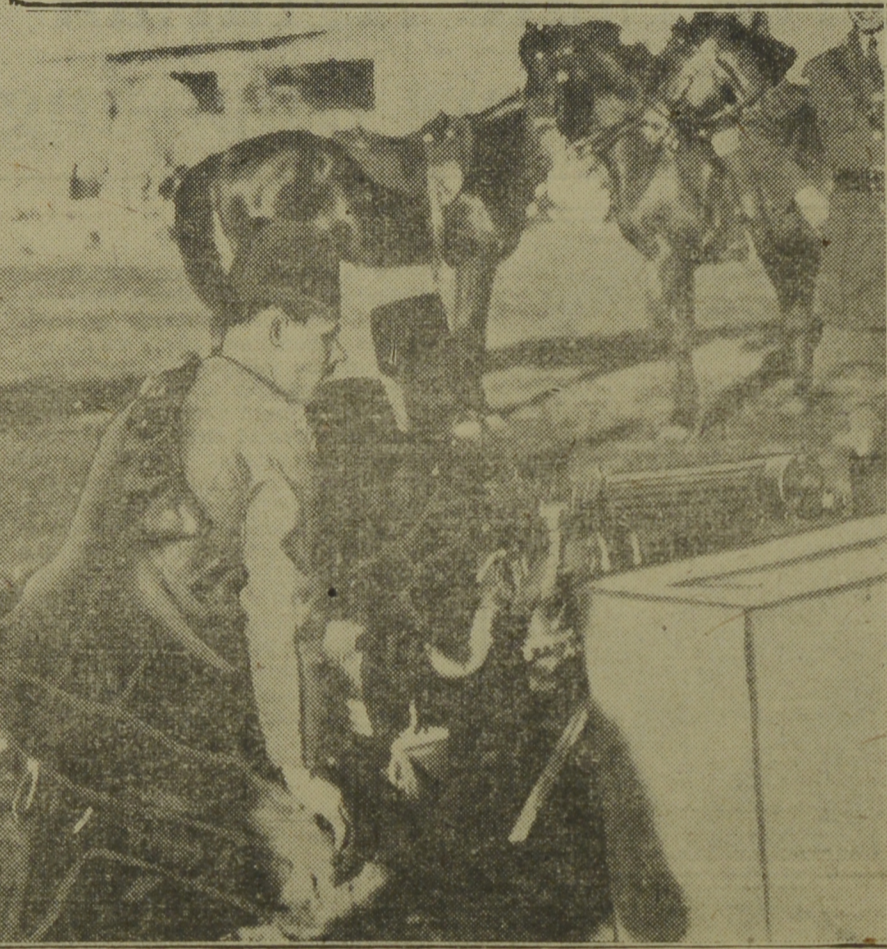
Russell Pasha doesn't dally or become suave and diplomatic; he bluntly accuses the country.

Russell Pasha talks bluntly: "Unless you know Egypt well, it is almost impossible to understand the extent to which the people were being demoralized by drugs a few years ago. The illicit traffic was tremendous. We arrested traffickers in hundreds, then in thousands, but still the trade increased.

"As then, graft is still the secret of the wholesale illicit drug traffic today. Profits are so tremendous that the smugglers are able to buy their way across frontiers, through customs, and do almost anything they like with impunity. They are clever, too, and police efforts to catch the

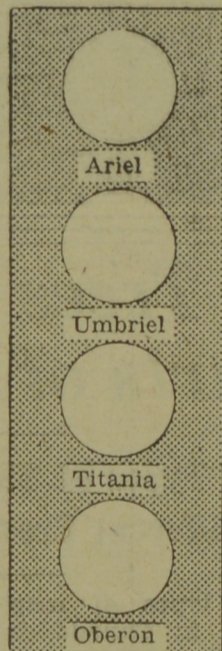
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Regarded as among the most efficient in the world, these machine gunners of the Egyptian army work closely with the police in seeking to curb the abuses of the dope traffic, called the scourge of Egypt. Here they are shown practicing under the eagle eye of KING FUAD, who takes a keen interest in their proficiency.

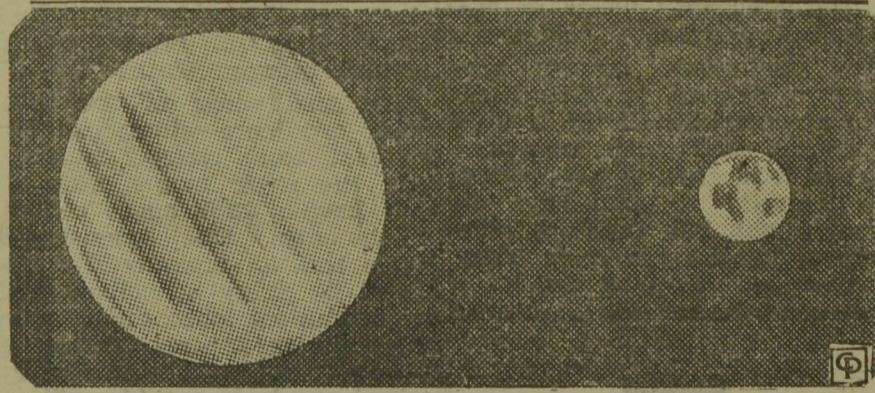
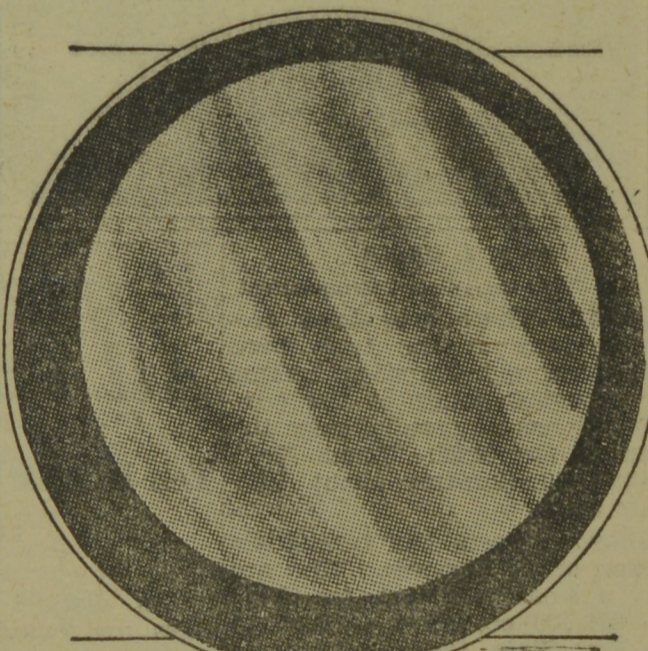


An Accidental Planet

URANUS IS COLD, DARK WORLD SPINNING AROUND SUN FAR OUT IN SPACE



The four moons.



URANUS COMPARED WITH THE EARTH

By RICHARD BAYLIS
Central Press Canadian

Uranus might be called the accidental planet.

For, although it is a giant as compared with the earth, it was discovered accidentally in 1781 by Sir William Herschel. He happened to be looking through his telescope on an evening of that year with nothing else in mind than to find something interesting, and as a matter of fact he first thought that the object he had observed was a comet.

After several months of observation, however, it was established that what Herschel had discovered was a hitherto unknown world spinning on its own orbit around the sun far outside the orbit of the planet Saturn.

A Giant

Uranus has a diameter of 31,000 miles being approximately four times as large as the earth, and is 1,782,800,000 miles distant from the sun. As a consequence

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Flying Bishop of the Arctic Sleeps On a \$20,000 Couch

Rev. A. L. Fleming Sets Record for Travel in Covering Diocese.

By JAMES MONTAGNES
Central Press Canadian Writer

Toronto.—A new record in Arctic travel was set by Right Rev. A. L. Fleming, Bishop of the Arctic for the Church of England, when he covered practically all the western and central Arctic regions in three months this summer. Using every modern means of transportation possible, the bishop travelled 8,710 miles by train, 4,062 miles by aeroplane, and 1,650 miles by water, a total of 14,422 miles in that time.

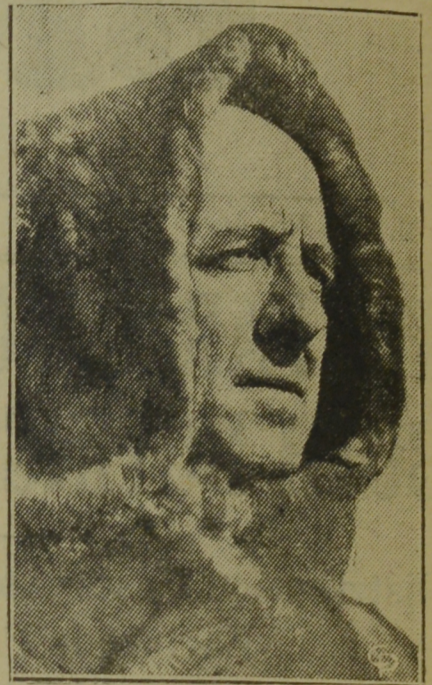
Every year Bishop Fleming visits some part of the Arctic, but this is the first time that he has been able to cover so much of the region in so short a time. Visiting missions, schools, hospitals, fur trading posts, is the reason for his annual trips.

Canada's flying bishop found that all was not plain sailing. From Aklavik, 120 miles north of the Arctic Circle, he set out in a motor boat to Shingle Point, about 110 miles distant, where a school for Eskimo children is located.

"There was a lot of snow on Shingle Point, and it was surrounded by unbroken ice," Bishop Fleming explained. "We could not approach it on account of heavy seas and the wind which had increased. We could find no lead in the ice, and so we put down anchor within twenty yards of a small island. I got very little sleep that night. In the morning an Eskimo and I went ashore in a canoe. We looked around and an hour later followed the ice till we found a lead which took us into sight of the school."

Another time, while travelling by air with Pilot W. R. "Wop" May, R. J. Cromie of Vancouver, and a mechanic, the plane was forced down on a small lake in the Great Bear Lake area by fog.

"We made a record trip one day of 1,301 miles," Bishop Fleming said when explaining that air travel has speeded up the entire northland. "We left Aklavik at 5.16 a.m., flew over the Arctic Ocean at a height of two miles, ran into a snow storm at 6.45 a.m., landed at Fort MacPherson and found only the Indians awake at 7.45 a.m. Our stay lasted forty-five minutes, then we hastened to the Arctic Red River, then to Fort Good Hope. At 1.10 p.m. we arrived at Fort Norman and headed for Cameron Bay



BISHOP A. L. FLEMING

which we made at 5.10 p.m. In an hour's time we left for Coppermine, where I preached to the Eskimos in Baffin land Eskimo. We left Coppermine at 12.45 a.m. for Cameron Bay, where we arrived at 2.15 a.m. Pilot May told me that was a record trip for one day."

After his western Arctic trip Bishop Fleming came to Toronto, then took the train for Churchill on Hudson Bay, and by motor-powered sailboat travelled to Chesterfield and Baker Lake. While travelling back from Chesterfield to Churchill the sleeping accommodations of the small boat were so crowded that the bishop with two other passengers had to put their sleeping robes in the hold.

"I spread my sleeping robe on top of seven bales of fur, valued at \$20,000. It was the most valuable couch I had ever slept on, but I cannot claim it was comfortable, for the fur in bales is tightly packed and I always had to lie on a hard lump."

"The depression has been felt by the Eskimos," the bishop replied to a question regarding the economic position of the natives. "Many of them have lost their schooners, because with the drop in fur prices they were unable to keep up their payments. Now instead of one family to a schooner, it is common to see three or four families on a schooner."

"The Eskimo remains a cheerful fellow, always greeting you with a hearty pumping of hands, a smile and a song. He is full of enthusiasm. He can adapt himself easily to new conditions, because he has had to for generations in that difficulty country."

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