

## RADIO CHARTS PLANE ACROSS BARREN LANDS

FORT McMURRAY, Feb. 19—Snow squeaks under own mucklids and the silence booms in our ears as we leave the plane and climb the hill to MacKenzie Air Service's office.

It's noon. Yesterday we had lunch at Cameron Bay, 900 miles to the north. Last night we slept at Fort Smith, where Royal Canadian Signals turned out en masse to say hello.

It was snowing yesterday at Great Bear Lake. The snow almost blotted out the parka-clad figures of dog-team drivers mulling in from the mines to have Sunday lunch at the Bay. It obscured the hills and made funny-looking mushrooms of the food caches high on their log stilts.

But it was the kind of weather that gave Pilot Marlowe Kennedy, flier of the Northwest's biggest airplane, his chance to demonstrate the precision and caution and safety that guide every flight in this barren land that is full of treachery and cruelty.

It was no flying weather. Clouds muffled the tops of the hills that soar 1,300 to 1,600 feet around the Bay. There was plenty of time to stroll up to the cafe, where caribou steak, mashed potatoes, creamed carrots, big wedges of apple pie cost \$1.50 a throw.

And then Pilot Kennedy said: "Now we get the weather. Let's go up to the wireless station."

It sounded incredible. Fly in this weather? Fly in this weather in this vast country, where thousands of square miles of empty nothing waited to smash a lost plane into a blot of Northland humor? In this country where a compass is worse than useless and spins foolishly behind its glass face?

Sergeant Larkin sat at his desk, his earphones on. The day before, he and Kennedy, radio and aviation, had combined to give a performance of bringing a plane into port. Kennedy had sailed at 6,000 feet over this spot with nothing showing below us but a sea of gilded clouds. He had made very wry faces and laughed at it.

Because he had radio. He had clamped on his earphones, switched on his transmitter dynamo, began to search for Cameron Bay. And back came Cameron Bay strong and clear.

Slowly, very, very slowly, Kennedy began to drop down. In wide circles he banked, always slowly so his altimeter could keep up to his descent, show how high he was. As he circled he talked to Sergeant Larkin. Like this:

"Kennedy calling Cameron. Three thousand feet. Overcast and no visibility. Let me know when you hear me. If I find a hole, I'll be down. If not, I will head out again. Come in, Bill."

And Bill would come in thus:

"Cameron calling Kennedy. Got you fine, Marlowe. You are slightly west of here. You just crossed a minute ago. Ceiling about 1,000 if you find a spot. Try from the east, it looks better. Come in, Marlowe."

And so they chatted as we stood at the portholes and gazed at the white sea beneath. Slowly Kennedy let the big ship down, always with a nice margin of safety from the hills that reached up from below. And then came his break. Wooded slopes and a patch of white snow-covered lake or bay.

Down we slid through the hole and

the world came up clearer, mistily. We were under the ceiling with Cameron Bay a mile ahead of us. We circled in a sharp bank, zoomed down bumped swiftly, then slowly to a little crowd gathered on the ice.

So, yesterday we stood in the office and watched Larkin as he tapped at his typewriter. Thus: "Cambay, clear. North wind twenty miles. Unlimited. (Signe?) Fort Rae." Kennedy read the message calmly, turned and said: "Eat your lunch fast and get your sleeping bag. We're leaving in half an hour."

And we left. Snow still blotted out the hilltops. But we roared across the bay, slid upwards with a ton of Eldorado concentrates and a load of outgoing passengers. It was breathtaking. The world was vague and lost, a hazy pattern through the snow and first thin clouds.

But to Pilot Kennedy, ex-Air Force flier, it was safety and precision. He knew where he was going. He knew what the weather was outside this tempest in a tea pot. He talked with Sergeant Larkin as he left.

And suddenly we all knew he was right. There was sunshine around us and everything was lovely. Muscles relaxed and stomachs went back into place as Pilot Kennedy turned sideways and grinned. From the co-pilot's seat it suddenly seemed simple.

He hung up his radio phone and dropped his right hand to the wireless key near his right knee. His shoulders lurched slightly as he worked. Larkin at Cameron Bay. Half an hour later, just as the last of the clouds vanished and the barren lands came into view beneath us, he was saying "Kennedy calling Rae," and Rae was contacting him. And not till then did he sign off Cameron Bay.

Four hours later we nosed down from six thousand feet and saw Fort Smith twenty miles ahead, one of the few outposts that is visible from afar because of its big hospital. And Pilot Kennedy was saying: "In a couple of minutes, Redge. And would you mind calling the hotel and telling them to have it ready, because we're hungry. And tell them to have six rooms ready, because we're sleepy, too. See you later Redge."

Then he wagged his wings and Engineer Gordie Thomas glanced up from his magazine, nodded, and then wound up the wireless antenna.

According to a report received by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics from its correspondent at Buenos Aires, shipments of wheat from the Argentine during January amounted to 25,504,000 bushels, maize 38,901,000 and linseed 5,280,000 bushels. The nearest previous approach to those record figures was in January 1928.

The report says: "The movement of wheat overseas has been of record volume for the month of January. Everything contributed to this, the dry weather put the grain in excellent condition; the country roads were in good shape, facilitating the hauling to the railways, where the former congestion has been relieved somewhat; and in the ports ample tonnage was waiting to receive the grain on arrival. Fully half of the exportable surplus of wheat has already been sold; in fact, some grain men put the figure as high as two-thirds."

## IT LOOKS LIKE RUBBISH, BUT IRON WORRIES OTTAWA

### Sale of Scrap Iron Abroad Has Increased So Largely That Government Urged to Put Embargo on Exports.

OTTAWA, Feb. 19 — Scrap iron would scarcely be considered an important commodity by the average person, yet there is such a big demand for it in this age of steel that the Government has been urged to place an embargo on the export of Canadian scrap iron or at least to control and regulate shipments abroad. It seems that exports of Canadian scrap iron have increased to the point where there is not sufficient of the commodity left in Canada for domestic requirements and the situation is represented by iron and steel manufacturers as acute.

#### Sales to Japan

In the past year exports of scrap iron totalled 224,160 tons, an increase of virtually 100 per cent. over the preceding year. The principal customer is Uncle Sam who buys Canadian scrap for his big steel plants and other industrial enterprises at Cleveland, Detroit and Buffalo. But the fact that Japan is also a very large customer is taken to indicate that Canadian scrap iron is being used not only for making implements of peace but is also being utilized in the manufacture of machines of war.

Toronto is one of the largest centres in Canada for the production and distribution of scrap iron and the two big piles which wayfarers may notice along the waterfront of the Queen City are actually worth a pot of gold.

The Department of Trade and Commerce has just undertaken a survey of the scrap iron situation with the idea of finding out just what is doing and how much of the commodity is sold by ordinary scrap iron dealers in addition to the scrap iron and steel and copper handled by the large industrial plants.

There is some prospect of a conference between Canadian iron and steel interests and the Department of Finance with reference to the advisability of export restriction.

#### Battle on C.B.C.

Conservative members of Parliament are sharpening their swords for a field day on the Canadian Broadcasting Commission. They apparently believe the Government is vulnerable in connection with the beheading of officials appointed by the Bennett regime and their replacement by executives of the Liberal persuasion.

Members of the Opposition do not complain of the treatment meted out to Lieut-Colonel W. Arthur Steele, M. C., technically trained member of the original Canadian Radio Commission, who, in his early forties, was able to retire from the Government service with a pension of around \$3,600 a year for life, which is estimated to be equivalent to a lump sum payment of \$100,000 provided Colonel Steele lives to be three-score years and ten.

But there is a feeling in the Opposition ranks that more generous treatment ought to have been accorded Hector Charlesworth of Toronto, late Chairman of the Commission, who was retired with one year's salary. The grievance is that Mr. Charlesworth four years ago relinquished the editorship of an important weekly review to assume the direction of the nation's broadcasting facilities.

#### Gave Up Editorship

He could have remained as editor of Saturday Night, so it is said, as long as he desired to do so. But he gave up his life work at the personal request of former Prime Minister Bennett for the purpose of putting Canada on the radio map and providing for Canadian radio listeners an adequate national service.

It is felt by his friends that Mr. Charlesworth's exceptional knowledge of music, drama, art and national affairs might very well have been utilized by the reorganized Canadian Radio Commission. Mr. Bennett is taking a personal interest in the changes that have occurred at Ottawa since the former Commission was ousted by the present Government and there is every prospect of a lively tussle in the House of Commons when the radio estimates are discussed.

Papa Dickenson being a mining engineer whose profession takes him to all parts of the world, daughter Jean Dickenson, NBC's young coloratura soprano, did a lot of travelling before settling down to a career as a singer. She was born in Canada while her parents were en route from Alaska to India. After four years in India the Dickensons came to America, and Jean was educated in San Francisco and Denver. In the latter city Jean made her musical debut and since then Mr. and Mrs. Dickenson have continued their migrations with her.

The community would not have a chance if legislation did not keep abreast of modern methods of business.—Florella La Guardia.

## WEALTH FLOWS SOUTH AS CIVILIZATION WINGS TO NORTHLAND

EDMONTON Alta., Feb. 20—Wings of the North have opened up a new world that is waiting to pour a vast flood of new wealth into old Canada.

Here, at the threshold of the land of the midnight sun, time and distance no longer exist. Here is the hopping-off place for the most unusual fleet of aircraft the world has ever seen. Here is the gateway to vast riches that aviation has made available to Canada at a time when Canadians need all that natural wealth can give them.

It is 26 below zero, but the frosty air carries clearly the triumphant roar of a powerful engine that has just brought the Northland to civilization. It is Gil McLaren of the MacKenzie Air Service, who zoomed out of the sky trails a few minutes ago, bringing a couple of outboard miners. Wednesday he will soar into the blue Alberta sky to carry civilization into the mines country.

#### Civilization?

In the office of W. Leigh Brintnells flying service, where Ian Innes-Taylor is busy answering telephones, Eastern Canadians might well stand and gasp. There are two telephones, and they have been busy for two hours. Telegraph and wireless messenger boys have been dashing in and out with messages. This office is the nerve centre of the North.

"One Canadian badminton guide book. Two right-hand hockey sticks, finest quality. Two dozen shuttle-cocks."

That was an order that came in via the wireless from a remote Northern post a few minutes ago. Robert Service sang the song of the icy trails when men struggled and died or were maimed for life in their battle with the North. This order, exactly as recorded here, came in via wireless from a man in Goldfields. I watched it carefully copied down.

That is civilization in the barren lands. At my elbow there lie three big bundles. They are addressed to Mrs. Phillippe Lafferty, Fort Rae, Northwest Territories.

Eldorado lies 1,200 miles to the north. Ten years ago it was unknown it did not exist. Billions in potential wealth were lying in a barren wilderness, guarded by nature. For three hundred years men had tried to beat it, had fought and lost to snatch its glittering richness. Then came aviation.

Edmonton's airport ranks with the greatest on this continent. There are 25 planes operating out of here. The most of them are serving dozens of recently born mining developments that have sprung into existence in the last four years. Most of these developments are just in the early stages. None of them would have been touched but for the flying Canadian Airways, United Air Transport and others.

Glance at the map of this country. A chain of waterways leads from the end of the railway into the north. Over these water routes men could carry the things they needed to make mines. The rivers and lakes were well linked together. But they lay in the land of the frozen north.

Transportation could carry on for three months of the year. Then the north was closed to the rest of the world. It is a country of vast dimensions.

## BRITISH HUNTERS SPEND MILLIONS

LONDON, Feb. 19—Chasing the fox or hunting him, to use more orthodox terms, costs more today than at any time since it became a popular pastime in Britain toward the end of the seventeenth century.

According to some authorities on hunting, the annual outlay on this form of sport cannot be below \$50,000,000 but \$60,000,000 is the estimate of Major Vivian D. Williams, a former master of foxhounds, who is chairman of the Institute of the Horse and Pony Clubs. He contends that expenses may reach as much as \$7,500 a day for a really high class hunting establishment which hunts four times a week. But it is also argued by him that the sport has benefitted the health of the nation and its animals. There are some who say it has become an industry which shows benefits upon many even who are remote from hunting country, but particularly upon farmers, farriers, horse dealers and saddlers, hunt servants and scores of others.

At the opening of the present fox-hunting season no fewer than 220 packs of hounds were ready to take the field, and 41 women had become masters or joint-masters of hounds, double the number of only two years ago. The British Dianas acquisition of authority, due partly to the high cost of the pastime, has led to prophecies that in another decade she will be in control of the hunting field. In fact the numerical superiority of girls in most pony clubs is said to portend a commanding role for Diana in the years just ahead.

The straight path of reason is narrow, the tempting byways many and easy of access.—Jos. Jastrow.

## Here's Simple Way to Curb a Cold



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The "Aspirin" you take internally will act to combat fever, cold pains and the cold itself. The gargle will act as a medicinal gargle to provide almost instant relief from rawness and pain. It is really marvelous; for it acts like a local anesthetic on the irritated membrane of your throat.

Try this way. Your doctor, we know, will endorse it. For it is

quick, effective and ends the taking of strong medicines for a cold.

• "Aspirin" tablets are made in Canada. "Aspirin" is the registered trade-mark of the Bayer Company, Limited, of Windsor, Ontario. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every tablet.

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