

TIMELY NOTES ON TOPICS CONNECTED WITH Silver Fox and Mink Farming

Silver fox prices were 12 per cent down from the previous sale at the Norwegian fur auctions held in Oslo March 2nd, according to reports received from London. On the first day silver fox was 89 per cent sold at an average price of \$25.00. On the second day selling silver fox was 95 per cent sold with the average \$26. Blue fox was neglected. It is the same story both in the United States and Europe-Norwegian blue fox is neglected. The Norwegian blue fox is not the same as our pearl platinum or so-called Canadian blue fox. It is a mutation with Greenland blue fox in its ancestry. The Norwegians have counted heavily on it to take the American markets by storm and at first it did, but there is too much sameness to it and recent sales have shown poor demand or low prices when sold, so we may expect that mutation to gradually peter out or at least the production of that type of fox to be greatly curtailed.

A report of the Canadian Fur Advertising Committee has been sent out by D.O. Stewart, Acting Executive Secretary, and we presume ranchers who have contributed towards the advertising fund have received it. It is well worthy of a careful perusal because it rates a lot of hard work by the committee laboring to help in bringing silver fox back to the recognition which was accorded it up until a few years ago. The purpose was a good one and it is pleasing to know that cooperation has been given by auction houses, seed manufacturers, breed associations, Canadian National Silver Fox Breeders' Association, P.E.I. Fur Pool, Ltd. and individual ranchers. The total contributions amounted to \$54,860.00, and \$23,500 of this was allotted to the National Board of Fur Farm organizations, U.S.A. for joint promotional advertising.

Fox fur garments were purchased totalling \$4,438, and mink furs \$719. These made up the big hit at the Basle Fair, Switzerland, and have since been shown in the principle cities of Canada. Sundry mink advertising and promotion in Canada cost \$2,738, and the expense of showing furs at the Basle Fair and Toronto Fair cost \$1,977. Office expenses, supplies and circulars to ranchers have made up but a small part of the total expenses. That part of the costs have been kept down quite well.

There are many reports of distemper among dogs in Charlottetown and we understand it is a quite deadly form of the disease. We trust that ranchers in the vicinity of Charlottetown will take every precaution to guard against stray dogs making contact with their premises. It is over three years since a dog suffering with distemper was brought by a shipman from Montreal and that started the disease among fox ranchers which has continued ever since. It was many years prior that a previous attack of distemper struck the Province, we believe around 1932. It cleaned out some of the most valuable breeding stock but was confined to a couple of areas. The present distemper epidemic has travelled far and wide and although remedial measures such as distemper vaccines have been used yet it continues to be a potent menace.

Going through some of our old papers we found a Sunday pictorial which featured "Mons" and his Platina descendants. At that time Norwegian Platina fox furs were arriving in the United States and creating a sensation not only because of their beauty but also because of the high price received for them at auction. One sold for \$5,000.00 and it was a genuine sale. Just what lady it adorned afterwards we have no record of. The story of the Platina fox began in February, 1933, when a poor Norwegian fisherman named Evertsen decided to augment his small income by fox breeding. He mated two silver foxes and waited anxiously for the litter. When Evertsen in 1933 saw his new fox litter he was disgusted for the largest pup in the lot was a mongrel - more bluish grey than black, as a silver fox should be at birth.

Evertsen needed every krona he could get, but who would want the off-color pelt of a mongrel fox? The poor fisherman little knew that fate had performed a miracle for him. He might have destroyed the mongrel at once had not members of his family insisted on him keeping it as a curiosity. As it grew Evertsen noticed that the mongrel was much healthier and stronger than his brothers and sisters and as the autumn approached the coat was glossier and more lustrous. The neighbors talked incessantly about Evertsen's mongrel so he began to throw out his chest a bit. He called the animal "Mons", because the neighbors had referred to the pup as little Mons - which in Norwegian means "great little fellow."

In November 1933 he tucked "Mons" into a crate, put him aboard a fisherman's motor boat and headed for the fox show in Tromsø. His great hopes withered before the scorn of the breeders gathered for the Exhibition. Whoever saw a fox like that? It is no silver fox. It has no right among these choice examples of the breed. Evertsen appealed to Brager-Larsen, who had been appointed by the government to promote with publicity and diplomacy the Norwegian fur industry. He asked him, don't you think this animal is a beauty? Truthfully, Brager-Larsen did not think much of "Mons." His eyes and thoughts were still filled with the shows prize silvers but he did not want to hurt the feelings of the eager fisherman. It is quite nice, but what is it, he hedged?

Larsen described the markings and origin with Hans Kier, a far-sighted breeder. Kier studied the mongrel and then singled out Evertsen and offered kroner amounting to \$175.00. That was more money than Evertsen had ever seen in the world. He closed the sale and Kier carried back his purchase to his ranch. He searched for a mate for "Mons" of similar color and markings. There was none. At last in desperation he selected a lovely young silver fox for "Mons" wife. Then he waited anxiously through the fifty-three day period of gestation.

In the Spring of 1934 "Mon's" first offspring arrived. They were seven in all - four pups, two males and two females were colored and marked exactly like their father. The other three were a poor grade silver. At that time Norwegian breeders believed that foxes were monogamous, that one male remained with one female for life, but Kier decided to experiment with "Mons." When the mating season came around he offered "Mons" to three females. Twelve pups were born and the ratio was six of the pups pure Platina, which he christened them after noting their Platina color, and six were poor grade silver foxes. At the age of ten months the Platina foxes from the first litter and then from the second were mated to fine silver foxes. Still the fifty-fifty ratio held with the silver foxes in each mixed litter invariable of poor grade. It appeared that the Platina pups took all the best points from both parents leaving nothing for their silver fox brothers and sisters. By this time other breeders became interested and purchased Platina foxes from Kier.

In 1935 Mrs. Agnes Kackellin, well-known to Prince Edward Islanders, from whom she purchased many foxes, brought a package to Brager-Larsen's office at Oslo. She opened the package and laid the skin before the fur advisor. It was a Platina. She asked Larsen, Isn't it lovely? Again he hedged - I don't know. He kept the pelt in his office several days and the more he looked at it and studied it the more he appreciated it. Finally he was ready to agree that the skin was really lovely - beautiful in fact.

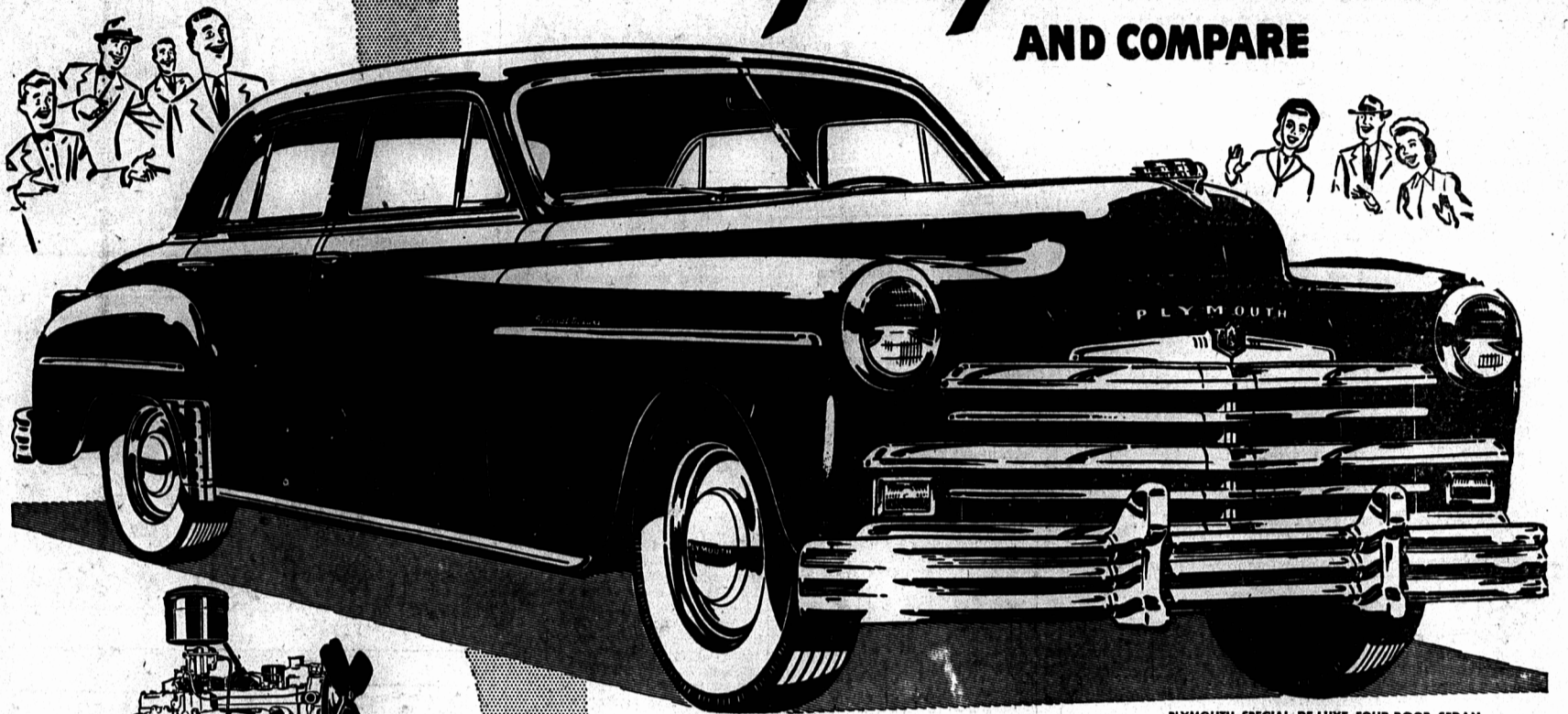
He decided to see what other people thought. He took it to Paris and showed it to famous dressmakers and told them it was not for sale. It was just an exhibition piece, what did they think of it? Would they be willing to buy some skins? The answer he got convinced him that Platina fox raising could be developed into a new industry. If an added spur was needed it came on December 13th, 1937, at a public sale in Oslo when nine Platina skins were put up at auction, they were snapped up at \$300 apiece by Marcel Kummer of Buenos Aires.

Excitement travelled through Norway like electricity and everyone who had not a Platina fox endeavored to buy one. Prices shot up into the thousands. A few years later Brager-Larsen arrived in the United States with the first consignment of Platina foxes ever to be shown in New York City. The story is well known, how one pelt sold for \$5,000, and dozens of others brought over \$500, apiece and the whole consignment was disposed of in quick order.

Not long after the LaForest type of Platina fox made its appearance and while different from the Norwegian it, too, had its beauty and appeal. In a few years Platina foxes were being bred on many Canadian and American farms and so great did the production become that prices have continuously dropped until the average for good quality Platina weeks ago was in the vicinity of \$17.00. Many ranchers have given up breeding Platina foxes for the reason that the silvers in the litters are usually of a lower quality than the pure silver litters, but there is still a place for Platina foxes. It once can produce the right types and the quantities on the market are limited. We wonder as we write this whether that fisherman Evertsen is still carrying on fox farming and whether he eventually profited much by being the first man to breed a Platina fox?

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Dorothy Dix Says—

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swept off their feet and realize that they have never really known what love was before, and that all they have felt for the party of the other part has been as water unto wine.

In such a crisis it is hard to know what to do. Many men and women through pride, through sympathy, through a sense of honor, go on with the wedding for which they have lost their desire. But I think this is a terrible mistake, and that if they are on the very steps of the altar they should turn back if they realize that their love is dead. For there can be no fate so horrible as trying to simulate a passion that is dust and ashes and pretending to feel a love that is nothing but an enforced duty. So my earnest advice to you is to have a frank talk with your fiancé and, if your intuitions are right, as I think they surely are, break off your engagement. Set him free to marry the woman he loves. It is the only way in which you will ever find peace and happiness.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: We have some women friends who bring their children when they come to visit us. Two of the children's behavior is deplorable and their mother is worn out correcting them. Finally she threatens to spank them good when they get home. That makes them let up for a while and then they start all over again. Shouldn't the mother administer the spanking then and there, instead of waiting? Another mother says that all the talking to in the world does not seem to help in correcting her two incorrigibles, but if she gives them a good spanking when she feels they need it, it makes them behave. She does not promise them a spanking when they get home, but lays it on immediately, company or no company. What is your opinion? Are you for spanking or against it? M. E. M.

ANSWER: As I have no children, my theory on the spanking problem is without bias and depends upon when and where the corporal punishment is to be administered. If the children are mild and gentle little creatures and mind their manners when they go visiting with Mama, I think their mothers should be very patient with them. But if the children are little hellions who tear up the house and make it look as if a cyclone has passed through, I'm all for strenuous methods and plenty of spanking on the spot.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: Would it be proper to invite a divorced couple, who are not on speaking terms with each other, to the marriage of a man and woman who are friends of both of them? What complicates the situation is that both parties are very close friends of the couple who are to be married and, therefore, play a very important part in the wedding. SUE

ANSWER: Undoubtedly your wedding guests will all be civilized ladies and gentlemen who will know how to conduct themselves. There is no necessity for kissing one's ex-husband or ex-wife when one meets them in public.

Legends

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ing creature he had ever seen in his life. His form towered above the tallest trees, while right in the center of his head was a single eye of such size and luster as to give the appearance of a full moon.

This most extraordinary-looking chap was wearing an ill-fitting coat of many colors. In his left hand was held a great glittering sword that bore the mark of fresh blood stains. On his head was a Scotch bonnet decorated with a black feather several feet in length. For the first time in his life the wizard was frightened, and the words he wanted to speak froze on his lips.

"Hello!" said the stranger. "I see that you do not recognize me. But names do not matter. I am hungry and cold, and they tell me that here in this cave of yours there is food and warmth."

"Who are they?" asked the wizard, finally mustering enough courage to say his say.

"Why, the inhabitants of this Island, of course. Their crops have failed, their live stock are all dead, and the people are sorely in need of food."

"You have been misinformed," said the other. "Indeed you have, sir; for I am but a poor man myself, with only this lonely cave to give me shelter. As for having food to spare, sir, I may truthfully say I was just this moment on my way to buy a crust of bread, when I heard you knocking on my door."

"That's a fabrication," said the stranger. "Stand aside, fellow, so that I may enter and eat."

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!

CHOLERA WAS QUITE A PROBLEM CHILD AS A LITTLE GIRL... HER PARENTS WERE PLENTY WORRIED ABOUT HER DIET...

"I'M AT MY WITS END WITH THIS CHILD. SHE JUST WON'T TOUCH ANYTHING. LOOK AT HER! SHE'S JUST SKIN AND BONES."

"MAYBE SHE NEEDS A TONIC TO TUNE UP HER APPETITE."

"CHOLERA, PUT DOWN THAT DESSERT! AREN'T YOU FAT ENOUGH? HOW DO YOU EVER EXPECT TO GET A BOY FRIEND UNLESS YOU LOSE WEIGHT?"

"I NEVER SAW ANYBODY EAT LIKE HER! HER TAPENWORM MUST HAVE TAPE-WORMS!"

Thank you to MARK LEWIS, INDIANA HARBOR, IND.

WELL, SHE'S GROWN UP NOW AND THEY'RE STILL WORRIED ABOUT HER DIET!

When he opened his eyes some minutes later, the cave and the mold and the extraordinary-looking creature had all vanished.

The wizard crept, shivering and horror-struck, into the heart of the forest and was never seen or heard from again.

The next story: The Bug On The Ceiling.

By Fagaly and Shorter