

**Holiday Greetings**



**NOVA SCOTIA TEXTILES LTD. WINDSOR, N.S.**

**Strange But True**

By F. H. MacArthur

White raspberries are not white, they are ivory in color, and the so called white ant is brown in color and belongs to the order of "orthoptera."

All trees are protected by nature. But in Brazil, where the rubber trees grow, the boring beetle is poisoned by a juice which the tree manufactures. The juice fills up the hole made by the beetle and the tree keeps on growing.

It is interesting to note the way rubber is gathered. (It comes from the tree in the form of a milky juice). Armed with a tomahawk-like axe called a "macheadino" the natives cut into the tree almost to the wood. A little cup is then

fastened to the tree with a piece of soft clay, and the juice runs into the cup. Some of the larger trees have 90 cups and their average yield is 10 pounds of rubber in the harvesting season.

New tappings have to be made every two hours as the first flow ceases after that period. One man can tap 100 trees in a forenoon and then cover the same ground after dinner.

When sufficient latex is gathered it is boiled until a rubber "biscuit" weighing about six pounds is formed. Nowadays more up to date boiling methods are used. But this is the way crude rubber first went to market and the way it comes today.

Vulcanization was not discovered till 1839.

The sandwiches which we enjoy so much at picnics are named for the Earl of Sandwich who always ate his meat between two slices of bread.

The phrase "quick as a cat can wink her eye" originated in an old play from a description of one of the leading characters in the play, "John Cat Eye Wink."

About half of all the newspapers published in the world are printed in Canada and the United States. It was customary in the days of the single sheet papers to print the points of the compass at the top of the page. Why? To indicate that happenings from all over the globe were recorded.

Every trade, organization, profession and science now has its representative journal, besides the actual newspapers and magazines of literary character.

A person five feet tall, standing on the sea-shore, is able to see 2 3/4 miles away — toward the skyline. If he were six feet tall he could see a quarter of a mile further. But if he climbed onto the roof of a building 100 feet high he would be able to see 13 miles away on a clear day, and a 42 mile view may be enjoyed from the peak of a mountain 1000 feet high. The pilot who flies one mile above the earth is able to see 96 miles away and the farther up he goes the larger the earth's circle becomes to him.

Long before our scientists harnessed and controlled sources of boundless energy, our school teachers accomplished the same results in kindergartens — Burton Hills.

When Germany's poet, Hans Wilhelm Von Thumme died his body was laid inside a giant oak which the poet admired in life. That was in 1824. The tree still stands; and the poet's ashes and dust have been kindly hidden from the eyes of passers as the cavity or tomb, has gradually healed. It is the only tree in Germany to have entombed in its heart the remains of a human.

Hidden under the Golden Temple in Benares, the Holy City of India, is the Brahma pyramid, wrought in plates of pure gold, each plate or disc fitting into its fellow like the disks of a cream separator. This unique pyramid is still unfinished though the Brahman priests have worked on it for 3,000 years.

Local tradition says that the god Siva has charged the priests with the task of taking the pyramid apart and replacing it on another stand, the divine will being that its 64 discs must be put either on an empty peg or on one which a larger disc had been placed before. It's worse than our jigsaw puzzles for according to mathematicians, a total of billions of change overs will be necessary before the job of transferring the pyramid to a second peg will be accomplished. The rub — and there is a rub, is that every disc is a different size.

**BULLETINS FROM BIRDLAND**

WINIFRED E. WILSON



**WINTER FIELD TRIPS**

A winter field trip often brings the bird watcher a most unexpected thrill. It may be a flock of Redpolls flying low in the sun, shine, then coming to rest on a snowy road where weeds are poking up their heads; a pair of gorgeous Cardinals at a feeding tray; a flock of Golden-eyes resting on a pebbly shore beside fast-moving, blue water; or a majestic Hawk soaring overhead.

Some fortunate people live in a locality where different types of country join; but rarely has anyone the opportunity on one excursion of seeing birds of the forest, birds of the meadow, and water birds. So today let us choose the uncleared land, and start off suitably equipped for a snowy walk.

Let us enter the forest quietly, with eyes and ears alert. Pale sunshine slants between bare branches, but mixed with elms and birch there are some fir trees. We hardly reach the outskirts before we are greeted by a hoarse voice shouting, "Hello!" This is followed by a whining noise, as made by dog. Just then we spy the fairly large bird, which by this time is saying to us in a confidential tone, "Ka-ya? Queck, queck, kwa-wa." A front view presented to us, we fancy the bird is mostly white. Then, as it shifts its position on the low branch to come nearer us, we get a side view for a moment, and discover that it is mostly grey. The startlingly white, high forehead is off-set by black at the nape of the neck. Cheeks, collar, throat and breast are also pure white. Of course, this is a Canada Jay, down from the north on a spree.

We hate to leave so unusual a visitor, but a nasal "yank-yank" announces that a Nuthatch is not too far away. No sooner have we moved forward than a flash of brilliant blue crosses our path, and a Blue Jay shrieks, "Jay, Jay," so close to us that we jump. This rumpus will never do, we must stand still until all is calm.

Then deep in the woods we come upon an old pine, and there, twenty feet up, sits a large dark object. As we gaze intently, the Great Horned Owl opens one eye to look us over, and when we circle the tree that eye follows us. But we must leave him in peace and turn homeward before the sun begins to sink. In a few hours he will be lively enough — too lively to suit the neighboring squirrels. No wonder they run at the sound of his deep-toned voice. He is their deadly enemy.

Do City Sparrows migrate?

**BURGESS BEDTIME**

Continued from page 2

he had cut for himself in a certain dead tree in the Green Forest it was getting dark, and he knew a storm was on its way. He didn't worry in that snug bedroom of his. He was warm and dry and very comfortable. Rough Brother North Wind might roar through the Green Forest all he pleased, and it would not disturb Drummer in the least, or so Drummer thought.

When he awoke in the morning,

**Banfill-MacPherson Wedding**

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Alex MacKinnon, Arlington, Mass., on Oct. 27th, 1951, when Evelyn Irene MacPherson, daughter of Mrs. Lauchlin D. MacPherson and the late Mr. MacPherson, Kinross, P. E. I., was united in marriage to Walter Harold Banfill, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Banfill, Laconia, New Hampshire.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. George L. Murray, D. D., of the United Presbyterian Church, Newton, Mass.

The bride was attended by Mrs. Phemie Bartlett and the groom was supported by Mr. Leslie Bartlett.

Mr. and Mrs. Banfill left on a short honeymoon trip to New York. They are residing in Boston, Mass.

He was still warm and comfortable, but his crop was no longer full. Right away he began to think of breakfast. Where should he go this morning? It would be useless to go where he had worked yesterday. He must go in another direction. For a little while he lay there lazily trying to make up his mind which way to go. Finally he started up for his little round doorway, a doorway just big enough for him to slip through. That is the kind of a doorway Drummer likes best. It won't let anyone bigger than himself in.

But what had happened to that just-right doorway? It was closed. Yes, sir, that doorway was closed, all but a small hole near the top. It was closed with ice. Of course this was the work of Jack Frost. Wet snow had filled the doorway, and then Jack Frost had turned it to ice.

Drummer was a little startled, but at first not really frightened. Opening that door meant just a little extra work. This is what he thought and being a good worker he didn't mind that little extra work. He pecked lightly at that ice in the doorway. It was hard. It was harder than wood. That stout bill of Drummer's was of little use against such hard ice. When he was cutting any hole in wood, he took out a tiny chip with every blow. Now he couldn't do that. Little by little as he worked uselessly, he began to understand what had happened. He was a prisoner in his own home. Yes, sir, Drummer was a prisoner.

He gave up trying to cut away that ice to open his doorway. He went down to his bed, and tried to go to sleep. He couldn't go to sleep. No, sir, Drummer couldn't sleep. Worrying and sleeping don't go together, and Drummer

was worrying. "I'm a prisoner," whispered Drummer to himself. "I'm a prisoner, and I cannot help myself. What shall I do? What can I do?"

But there was no one there to

tell Drummer what he could do; no one at all. He was Jack Frost's prisoner, and Jack Frost wouldn't give him anything to eat. If only he had food there he would not have been so worried. But there

was no food. There wasn't a scrap of food. Drummer was meal-eater. He must find a way of getting out, or he would starve to death. He must help himself, for there was no one else to help him. Poor Drummer!



**HAPPY NEW YEAR**

When the bells peal out across the City tonight and the wings of the old year, departing, shadow the moon, accept please our best wishes for a happy 1952. May it be a full twelve-months of peace and prosperity, of satisfaction and accomplishment, of joys both spiritual and material, for you and for all of us.

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