

# Widening Educational Horizons

A foreword from our Director of Education Dr. L. W. Shaw.

One again the courtesy has been extended to me to write what might be called a "foreword" to "Widening Educational Horizons." I appreciate this very much, and on behalf of the Department of Education, as well as personally, I wish to thank the Prince Edward Islands Teachers' Federation.

On the morning of every school day approximately 750 teachers enter an average of 16,000 pupils and begin the activities of the day. In comparison with all the schools in Canada these numbers are small, yet they do indicate a great amount of effort on the part of both teachers and pupils even in the little Prince Edward Island. I do not refer to the many difficulties confronting teachers, especially in one room rural schools. We have discussed them often, and in spite of them we have confidence that the great majority of our teachers are doing their work faithfully and well.

In this brief message I should like to refer to a condition which undoubtedly brings discouragement to many teachers, namely the feeling of isolation or "aloneness" in facing the many problems and difficulties that inevitably arise from day to day. Reference in the preceding paragraph to the feeling of teachers and pupils entering our classrooms each morning was made so that your thoughts might be directed to the many who are working with you rather than to yourself as an isolated and lonely worker. To feel that you are part of a large group working with upwards of 20,000 boys and girls in this province will, I am sure, give you a sense of confidence and security.

Again you should remember that a number of agencies are interested in your welfare and stand ready to give you every possible assistance. Your own Federation, under whose auspices this column is prepared and published from time to time, is organized for the very purpose of developing a sense of unity and "oneness" among those who teach. Be sure to use its facilities and, of course, contribute all you can to these facilities. Then there is your supervisor. He is not a roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour. His chief function is to assist, guide, and direct. You will find him very ready to work with you if you bring your trials and tribulations to him. The same is true in regard to all members of the Department and the Prince of Wales College. We are always glad to see teachers and to help them with their problems and to help them with their problems and to help them with their problems.

Finally, try to remember that you are part of the community in which you work. School and home must work together, hence our School and Home Organizations. You are indeed a part of every home in the district. What a busy, interesting, co-operative life the teacher lives! There is no necessity to be lonely and being one of the great workers you are constantly "widening horizons," not only for yourselves but for others as well. Thus will the teaching profession become a great profession.

To help our teachers in Prince Edward Island keep informed of what is going on in our Canadian Teachers' Federation, the "Widening Educational Horizons" will carry from time to time, news from our National Office.

This issue carries a brief sketch of Dr. L. P. Patterson our president for the coming year, 1934-35, also the report, in full, of the address given by our retiring president, Mr. John L. Prior, of Burnaby, B. C.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we record through the pages of Widening Educational Horizons, the appointment of Dr. L. P. Patterson, Montreal as President of our Canadian Teachers' Federation.

Dr. Patterson holds his B.A. from Mt. Allison University, his M.A. from Harvard, and in 1947 he received his B.Ed., from Columbia University in the field of Educational Administration. Dr. Patterson is now the Executive Director and Principal of the School for Crippled Children in Montreal.

Those of us who had the privilege of meeting Dr. Patterson recognize in him a sincere desire to further the cause of education and

feel that through his leadership our Canadian Teachers' Federation will have a year of achievement.

Address: John L. Prior, Burnaby, B.C., president of the thirty-third annual convention Canadian Teachers' Federation, Vancouver, B.C., August 11, 1934.

## LIGHT ON THE DARKLING PLAIN

From some little experience on the giving as well as on the receiving end, I know that a presidential address may be the mouse so laboriously brought forth by the mountain. Such addresses can be, and quite appropriately so, a recital of thanks, a history of personal experience, (generously paid by one's colleagues), a powerful sermon, or a final effort to leave the imprints of one's number twelve on the organization.

There are so many to whom one's thanks are due. One has only to think of home and family, of colleagues on the job, of local school authorities, of directors, of executive committee members. There are personal experiences which might bear revealing or repeating — from Yellowknife to Halifax, from Geneva to Oslo. There is the temptation to play the gladiator — "those who are about to die" — you know the rest. I believe we have a right, even some obligation, to chart a course for the future.

These possibilities I will forego. Recently, some few lines of a poem re-read gave me pause. "Those of us who struggled with Matthew Arnold (not all knowing that he served a period as school inspector), often weigh the words of "Dover Beach" —

"And we are here as on a darkling plain Full of confused alarm, Of struggle and flight Where ignorant armies clash by night."

Our days are certainly not less dark. Our age is unquestionably one of violent clash. And is there any light?

We can be thankful that teachers are no longer isolated, if we ever really were, from the world in which we live. Of late, ivory towers have been under a pretty vigorous siege. Sulphur is in the air. My own remarks will not likely "win many friends nor influence many people." At times however, it may be salutary to rattle the skeletons in the closet. If the spirit is right, I trust that the speaker is not suspect. But for what it is worth, let me first make a declaration of my devotion to teaching, my faith in my colleagues, and my desire to see our profession grow in stature.

Among reports that pile up on one's desk, I recently struggled with the latest version of the Recommendation 3 of the International Bureau of Education. This resolution was endorsed at Geneva last year by representatives of some fifty governments after a study of the status and training of primary (elementary) teachers. It consisted of one part of the "preliminary" and "the status of the teaching profession as a whole depends to a considerable extent on the profession's unity, its good relations with education authorities, the extent to which teachers are consulted in matters affecting both their conditions of work and the standards and content of education, and the freedom of teachers from direction in matters of personal conviction."

Here indeed, is food for thought. To what extent are we a united profession? First of all, let us agree that unity must not mean uniformity or conformity to a preconceived set of standards. But can we disprove the following statements? — There is incipient or open division between secondary and elementary teachers. Men and women teachers frequently publicize bitter opinions as to their relative worth. Rural and urban teachers watch one another suspiciously in the field of professional politics. The "professional-come-lately" assails those teachers who see any hope in the trade union movement. — And the list is not exhaustive.

Such divisions all too often reflect the snobbery of the degree cult, the prejudices of sex, the jealousy of the "haves" of the "have nots", the selfish realism of those who so sagely argue that the education plea, being always limited in size, more or less group must always mean less for another.

If we permit these divisive forces to embitter our professional relations and to undermine the unity of spirit essential to a profession, we must expect our status to worsen rather than to improve. Our profession is not just the total of its bits and pieces. To a large extent our status will be determined by the least well-trained section of the teaching body, regardless of the form of organization. Our status will improve as we promote understanding among our factions.

Personally, I see no basic conflict between the self-designated professional teacher and the supporter of trade union principles. Once subscribe to the principles of collective bargaining and, call your group what you will, it is performing the essential function of a trade union. From experience, teachers have decided that it is necessary to act as "unionists" in negotiating their conditions of employment. It is a sad fact that in some provinces, labour is more respectfully treated by its dustry than are the teachers by their employers. It is small wonder that in such cases, teachers might look to labor for organizational blue prints.

However, I defy anyone to disprove the basic professional attitudes of teachers as a whole. This record is full of statements which freely recognize the worth and the disinterested nature of our service. Surely not all such statements are mere lip service.

Every profession, it is true, has its peculiar characteristics. Teachers rarely dare aspire to the "closed shop" enjoyed by the respected legal and medical professions. We hardly dare visualize the day when the teachers' organizations alone will determine who will teach and who will not teach.

When teachers will set the fee and tell the fee payers that's it! But measured on any reasonable basis, a vast body of teachers — professionals or unionists — can stand a fairly searching comparison with members of the established professions.

The question is often asked, "Is it professional to strike?" Unfortunately, the word is hedged round with emotions and prejudice. It can be an elastic term or it can be given a very precise legal definition. A fairer formulation of the question would be, "Is there a point at which teachers are morally justified in withdrawing their services?" On the answer to this I believe we truly pretty well agreed. Surely the nature and the rightness of any withdrawal of services should depend upon the circumstances of each case. History is full of precedents showing that the law is not always just. How many strictly legal acts are morally questionable!

It is all too often assumed that insistence on the basic right to strike is the same as advocacy of the strike as a weapon. Let us be quite clear on this point. Teachers, and for that matter labour, as a whole, are united in their dislike of strike action. I believe that we must learn to live with a division of opinion on this and other questions. I hope that we will never get to the point where an affiliated group would say we will withdraw from C.T.F. in this situation. It would be equally disturbing for a group to say "we will withdraw from C.T.F. if it supports an affiliated group under such and such circumstances." Both attitudes make for disunity and undermine the status of our profession.

How good are our relations with educational authorities? If good relations are possible only where no differences are found, then few will say that present relations are an unqualified "good."

As teachers' organizations mature and there can be no question of rapid growth to maturity — their interests widen. In the widening of interests, it is inevitable that the organizations enter fields until lately the undivided preserve of some other education authority. Our practice has been to knock on the door. In some places, the authorities sleep rather soundly. Consequently, at times the knocking has had to be rather insistent. But new ideas do catch on. We can now detect a definite trend. We find authorities more freely recognizing the legitimate interests of teachers, and equally important, of teachers' organizations, in fields such as teacher training and curriculum. Forward looking trustees and departments are welcoming the help of teachers' organizations in a co-operative attack on educational problems. This is as it should be.

It is regrettable, however, that some educational authorities have lagged far behind industry in recognizing the vital importance of good employer-employee relationships. Relations based on master-servant concepts (and we have plenty of these) are not only out of date, but they imply the possibility of differences of opinion — sharp differences, if need be — without fear of personal recrimination. Where relations are good, even sharp differences will not interfere with the joint responsibility of teachers and trustees to pupils, parents and public. If this is a fair test of good relations, we are making solid progress in Canada. New fields of joint endeavour are opening up almost daily.

Experience in such endeavours helps us understand that educational authorities have their problems. The school trustee wants — and it is his duty — to keep a body behind the teacher's desk. He cannot be expected to advocate an increase in training standards if he fears that the present shortage of teachers will be increased, even briefly, thereby. At times, the conscientious trustee is caught between his responsibilities to education and his responsibilities to the ratepayers who elect him. He must decide the relative claims of accommodation, supplies, and salaries. Teachers who have served on school boards know that economic realities can be extremely frustrating. The trustee must suffer the sorriest trials of public office, while enjoying a few of the rewards that go with politics.

Provincial education departments, too, have their problems. Across Canada, it is a fact that education is still considered to be a minor cabinet portfolio. Public works and social services are far more politically significant. It should not be surprising, therefore, that those areas which provide quick and material evidence of governing ability should get first consideration and that education should be viewed almost as a necessary evil.

We cannot ignore these preoccupations of the authorities with whom we must maintain relations. However, we are not thereby relieved of the responsibility of advancing a cause which may strike fire. Our relations would be poor indeed if the fear of strong reaction deterred us from a course deemed right, wise and timely. Some believe that we have a long way to go. Last year Dean Neville, Scarfe of the Faculty of Education of University of Manitoba told us:

"School boards, administration officers and departments of education have too much power over teachers. The justification for so much direction and dictation is that teachers are inefficient or poorly trained. It is assumed that someone in authority — and therefore, of course, efficient — must do the thinking for the teacher. . . . If all these things are not calculated to reduce the teacher to a cog in a machine, or to make a teacher feel inferior, I do not know what is. . . . Guidance, suggestions and help there must always be, but rigid direction and subtle compulsion must surely be avoided."

Nevertheless, co-operative

relationships are increasingly evident among the education authorities. Relationships are improving. And in the improvement of these relationships, the various teachers' organizations have served as the catalyst. They remain the only real guarantee that the process will continue until a healthy and universally respected status has been achieved by all teachers.

To what extent are teachers consulted in matters affecting both conditions of work and the standards and content of education?

Consultation implies a desire to search for advice and help — a willingness to offer a share in the formulation of policy while retaining the legal responsibility for final decision. Discussions which must be pressed for do not suggest the presence of a free consultative spirit. It is regrettable that many education authorities have been slow in seeing nearly untapped reservoir of ability so close at hand. At times they have seen the need for a proper pipeline — contact through the professional organization. It is always possible to consult individual teachers. But the real indication of high professional status is the extent to which the official voice of teachers is freely consulted. When teachers are firmly united, full consultation must soon follow.

In these days of acute teacher shortage, when the shortage has become a chronic condition with malignant tendencies, far too few education authorities realize that an enlightened and voluntary approach to teachers on conditions of work would electrify the profession. Without doubt, this would be a shock. But perhaps conditions are such that shock treatment would be helpful. The growth of true consultation is unlikely to be rapid process. From steady growth will come enduring good. Even the pessimists will concede that, in Canada, the trend to consultation is unmistakable.

How free are teachers from direction in matters of personal conviction?

As I review some eighteen years in the class room, I see tremendous changes. The Canadian scene is certainly not without its patches of light and shade. But we must always remember that freedom is always relative.

It still amazes me that there are, even in Canada, communities which attempt to set one standard for themselves and another for their teachers. The parent who cheerfully puffs himself into a huge cloud who drinks himself into cirrhosis of the liver, really pays the teacher too much credit when he frowns on such liberty for the teacher on the grounds that this would be a bad example for the children. In such matters, the teacher really has more influence than the community and the parents? I think not. But the restrictive atmosphere in a host of trivial matters often turns competent and self-respecting individuals from the profession. The educator needs both security and freedom — according to the pressures of the community and freedom to be an individual or even a "character" as the president of the University of Toronto recently said. Denial of full political freedom makes a second-rate citizen. Limitation of personal freedom makes the teacher a race apart. Where such conditions exist it is any wonder that the profession is avoided like the plague?

Recently, Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, former Chancellor of the University of Chicago, discussed another aspect of educational freedom:

"Education is impossible in many parts of the nation because free inquiry and free discussion are impossible. The teachers of many subjects cannot teach without risking their jobs. You don't have to fire many teachers to intimidate them all."

When investigator and informer move in on the schools, freedom moves out.

When we really dare to be ourselves, when we really stand on principle and not on expediency, then we are on the way to a better status. Often we teachers are our own worst enemies. But courage and conviction are not lacking in Canadian teachers. I believe we will stand the test.

Not so long ago, Dr. Hugh L. Keenleyside reminded an audience of a warning made by H. G. Wells — in 1910, I believe — that the world is in a race between education and catastrophe. In these perilous times, Canadian teachers have a unique opportunity, if not an obligation, to show their professional unity. We Canadians are often inclined to assume we are a cut above others

## Died Recently In Switzerland

The man whose invention "failure" revolutionized food packaging died recently in Switzerland at 81.

Dr. Jacques Brandenberger, a Swiss chemist with a French textile firm owed his invention to a passion for cleanliness. The soiled tablecloths at the local cafe used to enrage him.

One day in the early 1900s as he watched a waiter mop up spilled soup he visualized a waterproof table cover which could be cleaned with a few swipes of a cloth.

His tablecloths were glossy and smart-looking but stiff, and the coating had a tendency to peel off into thin transparent sheets.

Brooding over his failure the chemist brightened when he looked at the transparent sheets.

For the next two years he experimented with the sheets. He came up with a product he called "la cellophane", coining it from cellulose and "phaneros" the Greek word for transparent.

At first cellophane was expensive to produce and used only to wrap luxury goods.

First large company to get the idea for packaging was a Philadelphia company. When moisture proof cellophane was developed in 1926 a large Toronto grocery chain started wrapping bacon with it.

In the next 20 years cellophane took food out of open bins into hygienic packages.

Dr. Brandenberger lived to see his unsuccessful attempt at tablecloth-making transferred into the boon of modern packaging.

In world understanding. At the same time, we indulge ourselves in some pretty fancy rough and tumble on the home grounds. In our own affairs we teachers often act as though the C.T.F. were fully expendable — worth tolerating only as a talk shop and as an excuse for subsidized travel.

Is professionalism only to be found within the provincial confines? Surely our determination to make C.T.F. a working body is a small but fundamental test of our fitness as Canadians to take the side of education in the race with catastrophe. Canada can and must assume some international leadership. Our country is the Belgium of the atomic age. On this west coast, we are particularly conscious of the implications of the recent hydrogen blasts. Perhaps we can sympathize with, even though we may not fully share the European view that, whoever wins the next war, they will be its first victims.

Presently the problems resulting from our own national divisions, we Canadians can earn the right to respect in international affairs. The difficulties of building an independent national spirit should caution us against impatience with those with even greater difficulties than ours. We must exhibit that patience which, as our Governor General recently told a joint session of the American Congress, may alone save this world from catastrophe.

In all this, we teachers must not be too humble about our role. We cannot escape it. Within our profession we may resort to civil strife — we can advertise a grievous disunity, an impatient spirit, an intolerance of differences. What an admission of defeat! The advertisement may be a small one, but it will not be unnoticed.

On the other hand, what an opportunity we have to demonstrate that unity of purpose which, while welcoming frank difference of opinion, is acknowledged as the mark of the professional!

I remember vividly the words of a theological teacher speaking on the subject of brotherhood — "The test, of brotherhood" he said, "is not your ability to get along well with those most like yourself. The test, in every true sense, is getting along well with those most unlike yourself."

Dare we, then as teachers, strike a light on the darkling plain? Here, writ large, is the test of our claim to professional status. Here, writ small, is the awesome choice faced by all mankind.

L. John Prior, President Canadian Teachers' Federation This department is conducted by the Prince Edward Island Teachers' Federation. Contributions are welcomed and should be sent to Estelle Bonness, 98 Prince St., Charlottetown.

## W.C.T.U. Notes

Joyce Burton felt more like Cinderella than ever as, followed by her brother Jerry, she sank back on the soft cushions of the new car beside the strange little man in the tall hat.

"We aren't going anywhere, are we?" she asked. "We really couldn't you know, without asking Mother."

"Just going to travel in imagination, little lady" began Sir Alcohol.

"Is that a new kind of car? I know the names of quite a number of cars, but I don't seem to have heard of that one. But Jerry will know. He knows all about cars," and she looked proudly at her twin.

"Don't be silly," whispered Jerry, hoping that the little man hadn't heard her. "He means — means just pretending we're going for a ride. Just imagine this moonbeam is a long road and we're spinning along at ever so many miles an hour past houses and trees and —"

"What if we crash into something if we're going so fast?" asked Joyce with alarm. "It would be terrible to break the glass in the windshield or one of the headlights or something before Daddy even sees his new car."

"Who's going to break, windshield or headlights? You couldn't do that in an imaginary drive, silly."

"Nor in a real one, either," interrupted the little man in front. "If you're talking about this car of ours —"

"I wish you wouldn't keep saying 'ours,'" objected Joyce. "Sorry, Miss, but as I told you, I had such a big hand in the making of it that I feel it really is partly mine. However, just as you like," and he waved his hand airily. "But, the glass in this windshield isn't going to break even if we should bump into a tree or two. I attended to it."

"You attended to it?" It was Jerry who interrupted this time. "Of course, who else? Haven't I explained before that it is my business — one of my businesses — to be a good mixer, and because of that I have to do a great many things that no one else can do."

"That sounds very conceited," said Joyce primly. "I mean it's conceited to talk so much about one's self."

"But how else can I answer your questions? I can't help it if I'm so necessary to the people who run big factories and make all the dozens of things that go into the finishing of a car, can I?"

Turning to Sir Alcohol, Jerry asked politely, "Was it by mixing things that aren't very, very mixy that you keep glass from breaking?"

"You've heard of shatterproof glass — or perhaps you haven't," said Sir Alcohol, and he looked straight at Joyce.

"Of course I have," she declared.

at once. "I heard Daddy talking about it to the man at the automobile show. And I know what it means too. It means glass that won't fly and cut people if there is an accident."

"I've been able to do something very fine for you, and for the automobile trade too, of course, in making shatter-proof glass possible. If it weren't for me, however, in the world would the glass-maker be able to dissolve his nitro-cellulose?"

"His what?" Both children spoke at once. "I never heard of such a word," said Joyce indignantly. "You're teasing us."

"Is it really a word?" asked Jerry, wishing that his sister would not be so distrustful of the little man whom he was beginning to admire. "I'm going to study chemistry some day and I know there will be many strange long words to learn and remember. Perhaps that is one of them."

"That's it Jerry. And if you're going in for chemistry some day you and I should begin now to be firm friends, for you'll find me a most useful chap about a laboratory," then looking at Joyce, he continued, "and a laboratory, Miss, is a place where the chemist or scientist does his work. When he wants to mix one thing — perhaps something solid like the new substance I mentioned that you'll know about some day — with something else — perhaps water — and they just don't mix, his business is to find something that will blend with both and just make them mix. That's where I come in."

"In the laboratory, Al?" Jerry exclaimed. "Yes, I'm a very important person in the laboratory, and all because I'm such a good mixer. Every laboratory as well as every party, needs a good mixer. But it is at a party that I am most useful as a mixer. Many people think it's just about impossible to have a successful party without me."

"I don't agree with that," retorted Joyce. "Mother read in The Christian Advocate about Margaret Truman's New Year's party, which was a great success without alcohol. I am sure if a person were shy anywhere it would be among such famous people, but you weren't needed there."

"Yes," said Sir Alcohol, "but that was a sort of government occasion you know."

"Take Shirley Temple too. She was very angry when the papers said there was alcohol at her party. She had all sorts of good eats, but no alcohol."

"It's fine that you are such a good mixer in the laboratory," said Jerry wishing Joyce would not be so hard on Sir Alcohol, for after all he was a guest.

"But mixers at parties are another matter," persisted Joyce stubbornly. "You need to be the right sort of mixer."

"Yes," he admitted reluctantly. Joyce went on: "I heard Mary Gray say once that her father was too good a mixer. He goes to the beer parlour every evening and is such a good mixer that

first one man treats him, then another, then he treats them to beer, and sometimes when he comes home he hasn't any money left and Mary and her mother can't have new shoes or clothes. No wonder they hate beer and all the alcohol and everything that goes into it. Oh, I forgot! I'm so sorry."

"Don't be sorry. It's I who should be sorry," and Joyce beamed, from this time he really meant it. "How would you feel if you knew that some girl and her mother had to go without clothes just because a man who was likeable in every other way didn't know that you were more useful outside than inside his body? You wouldn't like it either. Neither do I. I can't think why so many men like Mr. Gray begin to do it."

"I do." It was Jerry who spoke this time. "He's a truckdriver, you know, and I heard him say that a man needed a little drink after driving in all weathers. It warms him up."

"That's the greatest mistake of all," said Al, quite crossly. "Mr. Gray, had many like him, just think they are being warmed. They like to think it because they like the fun and friendliness of the beer parlour and the feeling of being good fellows. But the drink that makes them feel so warm at first really is just taking warmth which is kept up by the blood running swiftly through the body, out to the skin where it can be quickly felt. It won't last long."

"It's strange to hear you saying that, Mr. Al," Joyce hesitated over the name.

"I'd like to tell everyone, specially girls and boys, how harmful alcohol is, as well as how helpful I can be. It's their fault, not mine, when things go wrong, and they can't begin too soon to think about it."

## QUESTIONS

1. Name two things, in use every day, that are made possible by the scientific use of alcohol as a "good mixer." Value 10 marks.

2. Is alcohol a good or harmful thing to take into the body, which is kept up by the blood running through the body, out to the skin where it can be quickly felt. It won't last long. Value 10 marks.

## Sharpe Elected Winnipeg Mayor

WINNIPEG, (CP) — George Sharpe, 45-year-old city alderman, Thursday night was elected mayor of Winnipeg after a transfer of second-choice votes.

Sharpe, son of a former Winnipeg mayor, wound up with a total of 45,353 votes to finish well ahead of runner-up Stephen Juba, who had 30,544.

He picked up 14,250 second-choice votes from the other four candidates in the six-way race — Mayor Garnet Coulter, Ernest Draffin, William Kardash and Percival Brown, who finished in that order on first count.



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A SUK TRIBESMAN WEARS A COIFFURE FASHIONED BY MIXING GREY HAIR WITH HAIR FROM HIS WIVES' RELATIVES

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