

portcaster.
is Lieut. Colonel C. C.
V.C., who took part in the
Dieppe raid. A few years ago Canadian-
born Lord Beaverbrook was melted down
and remodeled into Danny Kaye.

Jet Debut

One morning last week, Toronto's Mayor Hiram McCallum drove out to Malton Airport, donned an Indian headdress and lighted a pipe. Handing the pipe to Pilot Don Rogers, the mayor said: "I hope this will still be glowing when you reach New York." Because the airport is twelve miles outside of Toronto, Mayor McCallum was still driving back to City Hall when Pilot Rogers whooshed over New York's Idlewild Airport and gently eased his silver-and-yellow Avro Jetliner into a landing. Elapsed flying time: 59 min. 56 sec., about half the time it takes piston-engined air transports to make the 365-mile Toronto-New York run.

After Pilot Rogers delivered the still-glowing pipe* to a representative of New

* A foresighted member of the party had thoughtfully doused the tobacco with turpentine to make sure that it would keep burning.

TIME, MAY 1, 1950

York's Mayor William O'Dwyer, officials of A. V. Roe Canada Ltd., manufacturers of the Western Hemisphere's first jet transport, scurried around to do some old-fashioned selling to any likely-looking customers. Their main points: the four-engined, 40- to 60-passenger, pressurized Avro Jetliner cruises at 450 m.p.h., 100 m.p.h. faster than the swiftest piston-engined transports now in service. Passengers find it rides more quietly; the jet plane has less roar and vibration than propeller-driven aircraft. Flying at 30,000 ft. it can avoid a great deal of soupy weather. The Jetliner's low-slung shape makes ground maintenance easier; the use of kerosene-type fuel instead of high-test gasoline lessens the danger of fire.

Although Avro estimates that the plane will sell for about \$850,000, the firm is more cagey about giving out figures on operating costs. But the plane's performance looked impressive enough to interest some U.S. operators. Said Fred Smye, Avro's assistant general manager: "Representatives of five big [U.S.] airlines are coming [to Toronto] in the next two weeks to ride in the plane and test it themselves. That is the only way to judge a plane's worth."

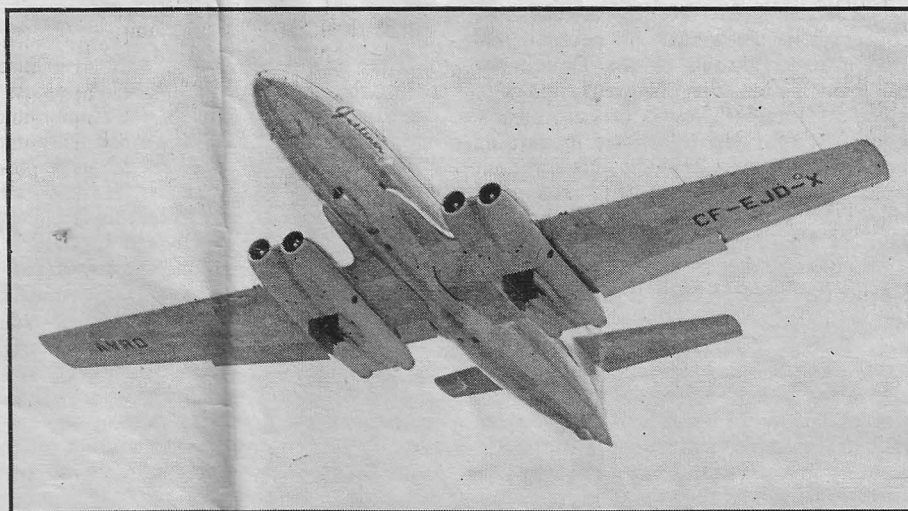
From nearby La Guardia Airport, where Colonial Airlines was celebrating 20 years of flying without a fatality (it has carried more than a million passengers some 300 million air miles), came a sour note. Said Colonial's President Sigmund Janas: "Jetliners are newsworthy, but prudent operators see them only as rays of hope." Janas' suggestion: no new type of airplane should be used for passenger traffic until it has had at least 3,000 hours of solid operational experience as a cargo carrier.



STANLEY WOODWARD
Tips for the President.

TIME, MAY 1, 1950

CANADA



AVRO'S JETLINER
Turpentine for the tobacco.

The New York Times

Etiquette Expert

Unofficial reports in Washington last week indicated that President Harry Truman planned to appoint personable Stanley Woodward, Protocol Chief of the State Department, as the new U.S. Ambassador to Canada. He would fill the post left vacant when Laurence A. Steinhardt died in a plane crash near Ottawa last month.

Born to a well-to-do Philadelphia family in 1899, Woodward joined the State Department in 1925, and worked his way upward through the diplomatic ranks (with time out for a three-year stint as a Philadelphia park commissioner). Chief of Protocol since 1944, he has settled questions of diplomatic precedence and provided guidance on the elaborate formal etiquette involved in relations between sovereign nations.

In spite of their disparate backgrounds, Philadelphian Woodward and Missourian Truman have struck up a warm friendship in recent years. No political crony, Woodward has entertained the President on his Virginia estate, played poker with him, and earned his esteem in a job where he sometimes had to give the President tips on what to do and what to avoid doing in social matters.

ONTARIO

Whodunit

Farmer Joseph Lusk of Eardley, near Ottawa, likes to exhibit his nine well-groomed horses at the county fair. This year it looked as though several of the horses would have to miss the show; their flowing tails had been mysteriously barbered down to shaggy stumps. One morning last week Farmer Lusk solved the mystery. Another of his horses had been shorn overnight. But this time Lusk arrived on the scene in time to see a 1,200-lb. cow moose serenely munching on horsehair. The horse did not seem to mind.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Violent Anti-Violence

On the map, the grubby little Doukhobor community in British Columbia's Kootenay Mountains is listed as Krestova, but many of the 1,000 Sons of Freedom who live there call it Christ's Village. Their name for the place seemed especially incongruous last week. Nude men & women stood together chanting and praying in Krestova's muddy streets. Bands of them trooped into one house after another, methodically sprinkled gasoline, then set their own houses afire. Weary policemen arrested batches of arsonists and nudists until the district's jails were jammed. The authority-hating Sons of Freedom were on another of their perennial sprees of violence—as a protest against the force and violence of the rest of the world.

Outbreaks by the destructive Freedomite sect have been plaguing Western Canada almost steadily since the original members of the Doukhobor religious cult arrived from Russia in 1899. Soon after their arrival, the fanatical Sons broke away from the main Doukhobor group, claiming that the others did not have the true Doukhobor disdain for property and man-made laws.

Smiling Martyrs. To prove their own bizarre faith in lawlessness, the Sons have burned down or dynamited more than two million dollars worth of schools, railways, business places and homes. Sometimes they raided the property of law-abiding Doukhobors. Just as often, they tore off their clothes and burned their own homes. Hundreds of Sons have been sent to jail, but even the stiffest penalties failed to do any good. They surrendered as smiling martyrs, served their time, then came out to terrorize the countryside with new raids.

For four quiet months before the latest rampage, British Columbia's harried provincial government had been hopeful that the Sons were at last settling down. After a series of dynamitings on the Canadian