

PETER AMONG THE ESKIMOS

HOW THEY LOOK AT
THINGS

One Knife Worth Five Foxes

GOOD MANNERS

Peter Freuchen abandoned his medical career in Denmark because he found civilisation too cruel.

For years he lived and worked among the Eskimos in Greenland and came to know them well. At first their ways, so often the opposite of ours, puzzled him, but when he understood the reasons for them he found them sensible.

For example, they do not say "Thank you" on most of the occasions when we should. Peter learned why the day he was lucky enough to help to bring in a walrus. The division of the catch is fixed by old custom, according to the part each man plays in landing it. Peter was entitled to second choice, the right forepart of the animal. When his great portion of meat was given him Peter said "Thank you," and later the hunter took him aside and told him of his breach of good manners.

When Not To Say Thank You

"We don't like to hear thanks for helping each other," he said. "If I get something today you may get it tomorrow. Some men are not lucky, or may not be able to run or row as fast as others. They would feel unhappy to have to thank their fellows all the time. The big hunter's pleasure would die if others were constantly humbled by him."

The Eskimo's idea of bargaining also is quite different from ours. Peter's customers used to tell him how little their pelts were worth and beg him to accept them as a gift. Then Peter would turn over the key of his warehouse to his customer and beg him to seek in it some souvenir of his visit.

One old man who had brought five fox skins selected a knife as his souvenir. "No," said Peter; "a knife costs less than one fox." But the old man had seen people starve before a great walrus for lack of a knife; he had seen men freeze for want of a knife to cut blocks of snow for a house. "You cannot know that for one year I am without a big knife," he said, with dignity, and insisted on paying the five skins for it. In his view the value of a thing depends on how much you need it, and only you can know that. Therefore the buyer decides the price.

No Goodbye When Parting

A husband and wife never say goodbye when parting, and if a man is away on a hunting trip his wife must never mention his name. To appear concerned is extremely bad manners. Peter tells how this came home to him in these words:

"The year after my marriage Knud and I made a journey across the North Greenland icecap in the hope of finding the lost explorer Mikkelsen. We were fortunate to come through ourselves, for it was a journey never before accomplished. We had been absent many months, but when I entered my house there was no Navarana!

I yelled "Navarana, I am home." Her voice came from above: "What of it? Somebody is cleaning a few skins."

Not until everybody had gone would she come to greet him. She had feared to embarrass him, she said.

A RARE METAL

One of the most valuable of all metals is rhodium, which costs £25 an ounce.

Nearly allied to platinum, it can be put to many uses, but one of the best of all is for the making of metal reflectors for high-powered cinema projectors. This new metal will withstand the heat of the carbon arc, and white-hot sparks of carbon do not damage its surface.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE BBC

Not So Much Miserable
Crooning

At last the BBC has decided to do something about this miserable crooning, as they call the gurgling noise we hear so often.

Instructions have been issued to band leaders to limit the number of vocal pieces that are broadcast.

It is stated that in the past these dirges have been broadcast once in every two pieces, so that if we listened to twenty songs in a programme we should hear the miserable outpourings of the crooner ten times. Now the BBC has altered this to one vocal piece in three. Apparently Broadcasting House, which in most things is so splendid, is beginning to realise that the listening public is heartily sick of all this unpleasant business.

These whining mockeries of singers, by people apparently afflicted with advanced nasal troubles and obsessed with moon and June, have been allowed to enjoy their reign on the wireless much too long, and it is the best news we have heard for a long time that the first step toward their extermination has at long last been taken.

We may all now begin to pray for the day when the voice of the crooner is heard no more in the land.

COME TO GLASGOW NEXT YEAR

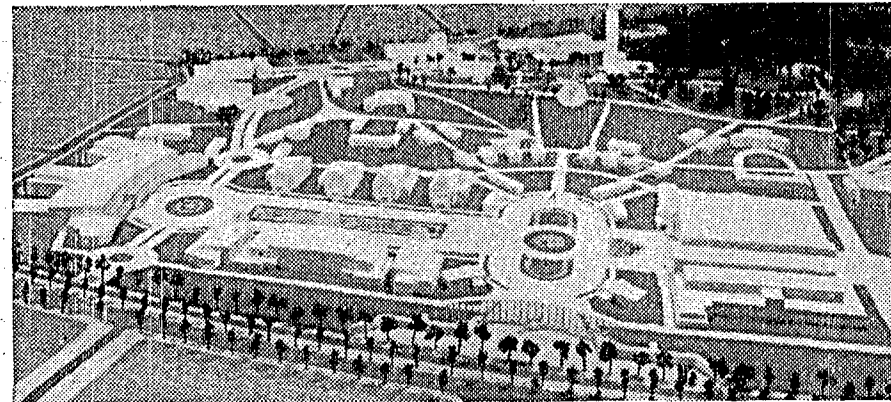
Empire Exhibition of 1938

Glasgow has begun betimes to make ready its Empire Exhibition in Bellahouston Park for King George to open next year.

Glasgow's last big exhibition in a Victorian day was held in the precincts of the city. This one is to be in beautiful parkland, three miles from Sauchiehall Street, and offering the surroundings of 150 acres for the Exhibition buildings.

All Scotland is joining to make the Exhibition a success. Glasgow gave £25,000 to the guarantee fund. Edinburgh, the capital city, put the national seal on the venture by following with £10,000. Aberdeen, Dundee, Perth, and other municipalities will be there with handsome cheques, and the cautious Scottish banks have contributed £40,000. Big industrial concerns are, like spring, not far behind. The Exhibition is not being run for profit, but in living memory no Glasgow exhibition has ever failed to pay its way.

The Exhibition aims to be an Empire affair, to which the Dominions, India,



The Shape of Things To Come—The model of part of next year's Empire Exhibition at Glasgow

and the Colonies are invited to contribute examples of their foodstuffs and raw materials, and so to compete with the Home Country's industrial exhibits in disclosing the potentialities, social, industrial, economic, of Greater Britain.

The invitation to come to Glasgow in 1938 is joined to the hope of fostering trade and goodwill among the British Commonwealth of nations, and of showing the world that its ways are ways of peace.

KING COTTON'S LOST EMPIRE

Lancashire's Rivals in
the East

It seems incredible, but it is true, on the word of a leading cotton master, that the British cotton industry has lost 275,000 workers (operatives, as the trade still calls them) since 1925.

In the old days King Cotton reigned in Lancashire with an empire that extended to the three corners of the world. The industry actually exported, in 1913, £124,000,000 worth of cotton yarn and cloth. Last year its exports were worth £61,500,000, or half the 1913 figure.

The loss of Indian and Far Eastern trade has been a catastrophe. The Indian import figures are not only bad, but India now exports in competition with Lancashire.

At the annual meeting of the Cotton Trade League the other day a speaker pointed out that the textile trade of Lancashire with India will be extinguished in three years at the present rate of shrinkage. The latest figures are the worst of all: In January 1935 61 million yards; in January 1936 43 million yards; and in January 1937 33 million yards. Costs of production in this country have increased 20 per cent since September, and American cotton has risen. Neither of these extra costs is encountered by the Indian mill-owners.

So we get one of the strangest changes in industrial history. The Indian market was one of Lancashire's mainstays; now India is a serious competitor overseas.

The trade calls on the Government for help, but it is almost impossible for the Imperial Government to rule India in the matter.

In the home market there is not much to complain of. Against exports of cotton goods worth 61 millions our imports are under six.

THE BLIND DOCTOR OF CROOKES

Hundreds of Sheffield people are mourning the passing of one of the most remarkable men the city has ever known. He was George Joseph Brennie, always known as the Blind Doctor of Crookes.

Although he was not a qualified practitioner, Mr Brennie had a marvellous natural gift of healing. Men and women in every walk of life attended the funeral at Eccleshall, for he helped rich and poor alike, and never spared himself. He was healing others only an hour or two before his end came, and often his day's work was not finished at ten at night. George

HALF A LIFETIME WITH FATHER THAMES

Lord Desborough's Great
Work

Lord Desborough, who has been 40 twice, as somebody said the other day, has for 42 years been Chairman of the Thames Conservancy, and at last has been allowed to retire.

Three times he has tried to go and has been prevailed on to stay. Now at last he lays down the staff of an office which governs the Thames from Cricklade to Teddington Weir. When first he was Chairman of the Conservancy Board he had charge also of the tidal Thames from Teddington to the Estuary, holding responsibility for navigation and dredging from the Pool of London past all the docks to the sea. Nearly 30 years ago the Port of London Authority took charge of the lower river, leaving the Conservancy to preserve the safety, purity, and welfare of the upper river.

Cleaning Up the River

That has been Lord Desborough's constant care. It is his task to see that the Thames is not polluted; and when he took over the precaution was very necessary, because the London Thames between bridges and below was in an almost dangerous state from the filth borne backward and forward in its tides. It grows cleaner every year, and that is Lord Desborough's work. Especially has he taken care of the river between Teddington and Chertsey, where the reservoirs taking water from the river are the chief source of London's water supply.

That is one side of Lord Desborough. The other is the man who has been a Thames lover since he was William Henry Grenfell, who played cricket for Harrow and rowed for Oxford. He has rowed on it, swum in it, fished in it, and punted on it. He learned to punt from Abe Beesley, who, some 60 years ago, was professional champion as long as he pleased to be, and who imparted his skill to young Grenfell.

Grenfell was amateur punting champion for three years, and then resigned in order to give others a chance. We have a lively recollection of seeing him when he was umpiring the Amateur Punting Championship. He borrowed a punt and a pole, and without taking off his coat easily kept up with the punters racing in the final.

Climber, Fencer, and Swimmer

He was mountain climber and fencer, twice swam Niagara, and once stroked an eight across the Channel. He was a special correspondent in an Egyptian campaign, an M.P., Chairman of the London Chamber of Commerce, Mayor of Maidenhead, and Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. The activities of this splendid old Thames Father of 82 are almost too numerous to mention.

London, which has known him in so many capacities, has recognised him best of late years as the authority who tells them, in times of drought or flood, how many million gallons an hour flow over Teddington Weir. But by all who dwell by Thames-side he has always been held in great affection; and when 20 years ago the cruel war took away from him his two sons, Julian and Billy Grenfell, all hearts went out to him.

Of Julian Grenfell it was said, as of Sir Lancelot in the Morte d'Arthur, "he was the gallantest man I have ever known and the gentlest"; and that tribute might well be paid to the great English gentleman and public servant, his father, who has survived him.

Your Share of the Peace of the World

For its a year you may send the
C.N. each week to any child on Earth.