VOICE OF THE PRESS

SAVE A MINUTE

Minutes make hours, hours make days, days make years and years make a lifetime. So we all try to save minutes. Some safety wizard has doped it out.

Take a man whose earning career has 25 years to go. That makes 13,148,640 minutes. (Figure it out, if you will. We did, allowing for six leap years). We dash across the street against a light. If we win, we save a minute. If we lose, we donate up to thirteen million minutes to Death. —Kitchener Record.

LIGHTHOUSE HEROINE

Speaking of heroines, we think Mrs. Harold Fraser, wife of the lighthouse keeper of Ship Harbor, N.S., deserves some recognition. She has lived on a small island for 38 ears, brought up a family of five children there and taught them herself because there is no school. And she has just visited the mainland for the first time in ten months.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

THE REASON WHY

Frederick C. Oeschener, trained U.P. correspondent just out of Germany, says the war can be ended this year by the new phase of war just opened by Britain in the air. In brief, he says, the Germans cannot take it. The Britons did, but they were British. —St. Catharines Standard.

OLD-TIME SURGERY

Dr. Allan Dafoe has a good word to say for the old horse-and-buggy days. Many a time, he says, he had to pull a hair out of his horse's tail to use for a thread in an operation. He does not recommend these practices, but says that he often had to resort to it in earlier days.—Hamilton Spectator.

WORKERS IN SLACKS

Sound reason dictates the decision by Premier Hepburn that girls in the Ontario Civil Service may wear slacks or paint their legs to simulate stockings, if they wish to do so. After all, it is not what these girls wear on their legs that counts, it is what they do with their hands and their heads.—Windsor Star.

CANADA'S FRONT

While the military experts and others talk of the possibilities of second fronts in Europe, there is a front that needs attending to right here in Canada—the Farm Front. "Crop Commandos" can meet the crisis.—Brantford Expositor.

LINGERING FOGS

Weather men claim that most fogs disappear between 8 and 10 o'clock in the morning. But we have seen some humans remain "in a fog" until well on in the afternoon.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Chicks Hatching Despite Bombing

Though Regularly Shelled Farmer Refuses to Leave

Chicks are hatching, ewes lambing and cows calving on a farm on the Dover Cliffs which is regularly shelled by Hitler's guns, only 22 miles away.

Shells have fallen in and around the farmyard, the nearest in Britain to the Nazi artillery, a barrage balloon over it has been shot down 60 times, and often all hands have had to shelter under their tractors and implements from machine-gunners in the sky overhead. But the farmer and his people stubbornly refuse to leave.

* * *

These defiant farmers, Mr. Gilbert Mitchell, his wife and sister-in-law, took over Reach Court Farm, St. Margarets-at-Cliffe, near Dover, a year before the war with a dairy herd of 34 cows. In 1939 they plowed up a large proportion of the 120 acres of permanent pasture to grow the feeding stuffs no longer so easily obtainable from overseas. Defence works were put up all round their farm, but during the Battle of Britain they steadfastly refused to leave, gathering in not only their own harvest but rescuing crops on other farms which had to be evacuated.

* * *

Further defence works have now been erected and most of Reach Court Farm is being taken over by the military. But they are carrying on with what is left, and Mr. Mitchell is managing for the Kent War Agricultural Committee an extensive area of surrounding farmland which would otherwise have borne no crop this year. His 19-year-old sister-in-law, Miss Grace Harrison, has joined the Women's Land Army, and is now driving tractors, while Mrs. Mitchell is hatching chicks in the most vulnerable incubators in Britain.

ROYAL COACH, 1942 MODEL

Britain's King George investigates the riding qualities of a U. S. Army jeep during a recent visit to American forces in northern Ireland. The jeep is being driven by Russel F. Mann, of Oxford, Ia.

The Individual Citizen's Army

By Alan Maurice Irwin

A Weekly Column About This and That in Our Canadian Army

An ingenious reporter made a tour of gasoline stations a few weeks ago an demonstrated how to buy gasoline without giving up coupons.

He wrote an article that was featured heavily in his paper and a number of readers spoke of it as a fine public service.

To the Enforcement Counsel of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board the article looked a little different.

They said: "It would have been a fine public service if the bright young man had brought the information to us so we could act on it instead of telling 200,000 readers how to do it!"

A narrow view? It wasn't that the lawyer feared 200,000 people would break the law. But he did know from sad experience that a percentage would.

It's something like those "Crime Does Not Pay" movies. You show potential gangsters and racketeers how to do something they hadn't thought of and then point a moral.

Nine times out of ten the person at whom the moral is pointed pays no heed to it. And those who do heed it don't need it!

A somewhat similar situation arose a few months ago when a racket was uncovered in one Canadian city. This one was operated by a man who took fearful chances with a drug which he administered to young men who did not want to serve in the army.

Reporters who got hold of the story admirably, from a newspaper's point of view, wanted to get their teeth into the story and uncover all the details.

When, however, it was explained to them that publication of these details not only might encourage other malefactors to start similar rackets but might also result in deaths from ignorant toying with dangerous drugs the whole story dropped from sight.

This parallel between what we civilians do, and what happens in the Army gets very strong at times, doesn't 'it?

Yes, I mean just that. The dealer in gasoline who aids a motorist to evade the gasoline regulations is every bit as dangerous to the war effort as the low character who aids draft violators to escape their duty.

A number of people with whom I have been talking recently have posed an interesting question. It is: "What is the Reserve Army going to do about men in rural districts and smaller centres who want to join but have no Reserve Army unit near them?"

A few days ago I travelled for some time on the same train as "Sam" Browne, Director-General of the Reserve Army, and that was one of the questions we discussed.

At the moment the Reserve Army is so far below strength in the centres in which units are established that the first job to be done is its recruitment up to strength and the training of men who are handy to the armories. Except in towns where there are armories it is hard to find suitable headquarters. Eventually, however, plans will be considered to moke reserve training available to as many men who are not eligible for active service as possible.

Major-General Browne was on his way to Montreal to address a meeting of the Recruiting Committee that has set itself the task of raising 10,000 men for the Reserve Army in that city.

He said that similar campaigns in Toronto and the West had been very successful and that they had reached their quotas in a very short time.

A funny thing got into the papers a few days ago. It was a story from Ottawa saying that the Army would follow the lead of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board by prohibiting uniform trousers with cuffs and pleats.

What's funny about that? Just this, that it has been in the dress regulations for a long time that officers' slacks must not have cuffs. They never have had pleats.

So, as a matter of fact, the Individual Citizen's Army, in doing without cuffs and pleats on its trousers is following the Army's lead, not the other way round.

Here's a piece of Citizen's Army slang for a change. This is to be found on invitations. It is: "B. Y. O. T." or "B.Y.O.C." or "B.Y.O.S." The meaning? Simple! Bring your own tea, or Bring your own coffee, or Bring your own sugar.

And why not? There's a war on! Best of all would be, "Come on your own feet"—there's plenty of use for gasoline in the Tank Corps.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher

"I just got a hunch!"

From Cricket Bats To Gun Furniture

A north of England factory which used to make cricket bats has now turned over to producing butts and stocks for Tommy guns and rifles, says The St. Thomas Times-Journal.

It occurred to its manager when war broke out that his machines could be adapted for making the wooden "furniture" of guns. The suggestion was pooh-poohed at first; but he won the day and got his contract.

Today, the machines, which three years ago were turning out cricket bats, are shaping four slabs of wood into rifle butts in as many minutes. Other machines complete the ninety-two processes which are necessary before the butts and stocks go into the ammonia chamber to mellow. They are then treated with linseed oil.

The craftmen who made the cricket bats maintain that today, out of a pile of other rifles, a seasoned war veteran will still choose their works for its "feel".

Cow Helps Soldier To Escape Nazis

A French soldier who escaped from a German prison camp in Silesia said that he had led a cow across most of Germany, and had been mistaken by Nazi patrols as a farmhand taking the animal to pasture. He and the bedraggled cow arrived in Amiens four weeks after he left the prison camp. He said the cow had nearly died of fatigue, and they had to rest several days in the Rhineland. He sold the cow to an Amiens butcher.

THE WAR - WEEK — Commentary on Current Events

United Nations In Agreement On Plans For Conducting War

Adolf Hitler has said "the decision lies in the East," and in that direction last week a grand German bid for advantage appeared to be shaping, according to the New York Times. A long-foreseen pincers drive toward the Middle East — the upper prong through the Ukraine and the Crimea, the lower prong across Libya and Egypt—seemed to be passing from a preliminary stage. Against the Wehrmacht's steadily mounting pressure the armies of the Allies fell back. There was no cheer for the anti-aggressor peoples in the realization that the Nazi aggressor—despite a Winter and Spring of setback and stalemate—could still grasp the initiative, choose the field of battle. But there was hope that the lines in Russia and North Africa would stiffen, that from Allied high parleys, capped by the latest conference between President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, would emerge a plan and a course of action to turn the tide.

Middle East

A Nazi conquest of the Middle East—roughly the region running from the Caucasus through Asia Minor to the Nile Valley—would have far-reaching consequences. It would: (1) gain for the German military and economic machine the petroleum sources on which the Russians and the Anglo-American forces in Africa and Asia depend; (2) win control over the Mediterranean and Red Seas and thereby cut the British Empire in two; (3) open an avenue to junction with the Japanese in India or the Indian Ocean; (4) slam the Persian Gulf door of supply to the U.S.S.R. In short, it would spell catastrophe for the United Nations, darken their prospect of victory, certainly prolong the war.

Stroke Against Germany

Against the Fuehrer's conviction that the decision in World War II lies eastward of the Reich's frontiers stands the conviction of the Anglo-American-Russian team that the decision must be sought in Europe itself by a concentrated stroke against Germany. That belief goes back many months. It was expressed in the Atlantic Charter, which held up Hitlerism as Enemy No. 1. It has been maintained despite the blows delivered by Japan since Pearl Harbor and by the need to disperse forces. It has been strengthened in talks between London, Moscow and Washington.

An offensive against the German homeland—presumably synchronized from the first front, Russia, and a second front in Western Europe—would have objectives as grand as those of Hitler in the Middle East. It would: (1) squeeze the Wehrmacht in the nutcracker of a two-front war; (2) put into play the millions of troops and reserves of materiel unused and waiting in the British Isles; (3) relieve pressure on Russia and Egypt; (4) encourage revolt among Europe's subjugated millions, the restive "third front." In short, it would be designed to knock Germany out of the war; then forces could be concentrated to deal with Japan.

Allied Strategy

The translation of the broad Allied plan into action has had to wait on time—time to gear relatively unprepared economies to total war. In a sense, the military effort of the United Nations everywhere has been a delaying battle until the aggressors' head-start in building armies and arms could be overcome. It seemed clear that last week's weighty discussions in the White House were concerned with whether sufficient time had yet been won, whether delaying tactics must still be the chief Allied strategy or whether the threat to the Middle East could be countered by the opening of the promised second front against Germany.

Allied Setbacks

The world map has turned a scowling face on the democracies during the past seven days. North Africa tells of a British disaster; the Ukraine of a savage Nazi attack that has pushed back the Russian lines; the Western Atlantic of a still unsolved submarine problem; the Western Pacific of a JaJpanese threat that hangs over every square mile of land and water from the Aleutians to New Guinea and from a point somewhere west of Midway Island to the trampled fields of South China and the rainy wilderness of Burma. Defeat lies behind the United Nations, despite the magnificent fighting of the Russians and the Chinese, the air raids over Europe and our own naval victories in the Coral Sea and off Midway. We have to be prepared for further setbacks.

Well-informed military critics know some of the reasons for these defeats. The real trouble obviously was that our side did not have enough strength at the right times at the right places. There have been failures in generalship. It may be, also, that we have been dealing with physical laws which no general, however gifted, could have overcome in the time so far at our disposal. Non-military nations may have a superior material and spiritual strength, but this does not mean that they can easily and quickly bring it to the right point of contact. To win this war we have to learn how to do this.

Coming Operations

Neither the general public nor the newspapers which try to serve it have enough information to lay down a strategy for a world war. That fearful responsibility — the duty to say yes or no to specific plans—falls largely on two men, President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill. They must decide how much strength we can join to the existing strength of China, of Russia and of several other fronts. These were the questions which they discussed in Washington, and the joint statement which they issued recently declares that as a result of their discussions the United Nations "have never been in such hearty and detailed agreement on plans for winning the war as they are today." China's critical need of aid received consideration. It is promised that "coming operations" of the United Nations "will divert German strength from the attack on Russia."

40,000 Children Died Fleeing Nazis

Free French authorities said not long ago that 40,000 children died on the roads of France in June of 1940 in the exodus of refugees fleeing the Nazi terror.

They quoted a statement made to an assembly of the French Red Cross Society held at Nice in unoccupied France.

The newspaper Petit Nicois was quoted as saying that the figures made public at the assembly "leave us dumb with horror".

"40,000 little bodies buried by the Red Cross in graves dug in the fields," the newspaper exclaimed. "How many others were killed and buried in unknown graves?"

Spitfire Pilots "Take The Cake"

Every time Spitfire pilots stationed at an airfield near London shoot down an airplane they literally "take the cake".

The Czech mess caterer bakes a special cake for every successful pilot—but not until he has assured himself that the enemy aircraft was destroyed and not just "winged".

Until recently, the Czech, whose name must remain secret because his family is still in Czechoslovakia, prepared the food for the pilots of the "ace" ustralian No. 452 Squadron, and two of his best cake "customers" have been Squadron Leader "Paddy" Finucane and Squadron Leader Keith "Bluey" Truscott.

Truscott, who has just returned to Australia, took his last cake with him to eat on the journey.

"Paddy" Finucane who is now leading another squadron based at the same airfield, received his 37th cake the other day.

REG'LAR FELLERS—That's a Help By GENE BYRNES