

U. S. Praises Our Price Control Law

New York Financial House Commentator, Says Galt Reporter

Even if there are some features of which they do not quite approve, Canadians generally endorse the government's price control system.

It is of interest to learn that this appreciation is shared by those who know something about finance in New York City. This is what the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, in its monthly publication, says: "No other feature of the Canadian wartime regulation of the national economy, perhaps, is so widely commended by competent observers within and without the Dominion as is the new venture in comprehensive price control. This pioneering measure evidences recognition of the inevitable lameness of any general attempt to control commodity prices directly if changes in prices labor costs are left unrestricted, as they are now in the United States."

In another place, the publication says: "Increasingly, it appears, opinion in the United States manifests a conviction that, not only in the field of price control but in others as well, our Canadian neighbors, repeatedly revising procedures in the light of experience, are learning practical lessons that we can profit by in the organization of our own war effort alongside theirs."

QUEEN'S BROTHER



David Boves-Lyon, brother of England's Queen Elizabeth, arrives by clipper as a representative of the British Ministry of Economic Warfare.

Britain Boosting Farm Production

Robert Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, said in the House of Commons that when this year's ploughing is completed the United Kingdom will have approximately 6,000,000 more acres under cultivation than before the war.

"The harvest of 1942 might well be a critical factor in the future history not only of this country but of the world," Mr. Hudson declared.

He said tens of thousands of small farmers whose land did not exceed 150 acres, constituting 80 per cent of Britain's farms, are working as hard as anyone in the country, many of them making little more than, if as much, as a farm laborer.

The Minister said the present number of vegetable garden allotments is nearly 1,750,000, or almost double the pre-war figure, and said that "at a very conservative estimate they can produce vegetables to the value of \$44,500,000."

Mr. Hudson gave these 1941 acreage figures for the country as compared with 1938 and predicted a further increase in them all this year: potatoes more than 1,000,000 compared with 700,000; vegetables 4,000,000 compared with 2,500,000; oats 4,000,000 compared with 2,500,000. He said the country is aiming at a record of 405,000 acres of sugar beets this year.

"We have now, taking the country as a whole," he went on, "pretty well reached the limit of tillage acreage that we can manage with such supplies of labor, machinery and fertilizers that are in sight. Our main task from now on is the much more difficult one of improving the general management of farms and increasing the yield of existing arable and remaining grass."

He said the United States has sent over a drainage expert to determine what technical machinery assistance could be given. He announced that plans have been made for using on farms all possible supplementary help, including school boys and girls, more Italian prisoners as they become available, and voluntary land club members.

Predicts Drop In Britain's Population

Great Britain will be populated by "old folks" after the war, according to Sir Henry Brackenbury, writing in the British Medical Journal.

"Nothing can prevent this during the next thirty or forty years," Brackenbury's article said.

"Unless effective measures can be taken to increase the number of births and the size of families, similar results will follow during the subsequent generation."

It has been estimated that the total population of England and Wales will decline by 3,540,000 by 1965.



Moving along a frozen Russian plain, without benefit of apparatuses of modern war, a unit of the French Legion fighting for Adolf Hitler on the Eastern Front pass a ruined homestead. They fight to win for France a place of distinction in the New Order. Their liquidation is proceeding.

VICHY LEGION: DISTINCTION OR EXTINCTION

Churchill's Pre-War Rhetoric

(A Syndicated Article in United States Newspapers, by Tom Treanor.)

The political wolves are after Mr. Churchill.

The accusations are being made that he hypnotized England with rhetoric and drugged her with phrases.

I have no axe to grind for Mr. Churchill. I have never met him, nor have I visited England since the war, nor am I a particular admirer of the English.

However, if England had permitted herself to be hypnotized by Mr. Churchill's rhetoric a little sooner, if she had drugged herself with his phrases 10 years earlier, she would not be where she is now.

It is obvious to anyone with a grain of sense that England's defeats at Singapore, Crete, Norway and Dunkirk were not due to lack of planning by Mr. Churchill.

They were due to England's fall—ordinary warnings during the 10 years before he came to power.

He has only inherited the vast load of failure against which he warned England so vigorously year after year in the face of abuse and ridicule.

It must make him laugh, if a man can laugh at a time like this, that he, Winston Churchill, is being blamed for the defeats.

Those to blame have gone and in going they passed their load of failure on to this gallant old man who told them again and again what would happen.

And it has happened with a vengeance.

...

Surely no reader believes for one instant that Mr. Churchill was so stupid that he did not think to protect Singapore with aircraft.

Not Mr. Churchill who preached for 10 long lonely years the dominant role that aircraft would play in war.

Not Mr. Churchill who knew before any of us what aircraft meant.

He didn't get aircraft to Singapore because he couldn't. He was too busy repairing the damage which his political enemies did many years ago when he had no power and when he was treated with cold disdain as an unwanted outsider.

As he said, during the past months he has had Germany at his throat and Italy at his belly.

He was hard put not to lose North Africa.

As he said, it took him four months to get a ship to Egypt and back, carrying planes.

How long would it take then to get them to Singapore? And where was he to get the ships?

The longer the trip to Libya took, the fewer ships he had to spare for Singapore.

As to the stupidities and the failures in the actual defence of Singapore, those are not Mr. Churchill's. Those are the inevitable consequences of a hopeless situation.

Demoralization precedes the certainty of disgraceful defeat.

...

I will give you a few samples of Mr. Churchill's "rhetoric," prior to the war. This "rhetoric" was used by his detractors in the sense of hollow phrases. See how hollow this phrase is:

"For all these reasons we ought to decide now to maintain, at all costs, in the next 10 years, an air force substantially stronger than Germany, and that it should be considered a high crime against the state, whatever government is in power, if that force is allowed, even for a month, to fall substantially below the potential force which may be possessed by that country abroad."

For which, or for similar remarks, he was attacked in this vein by his opponents:

"He comes forward," said Mr. Herbert Samuel, "and tells the nation that we ought straightaway to double and redouble our air force four times as big as we have now. That is rather the language of a Malay running amok than of a responsible British statesman. It is rather the language of blind and causeless panic."

And they are blaming Churchill that Singapore didn't have enough airplanes!

Both these statements, Churchill's and Samuel's, were made in 1924.

And is the following the sort of phrase that would drag the British?

"We are a rich and easy prey. No country is so vulnerable and no country would better repay pillage than our own. With our enormous metropolises here, the greatest target in the world, a kind of tremendous, fat, valuable cow tied up to attract a beast of prey, we are in a position in which we have never been before, in which no other country in the world is at the present time."

That was also in 1924.

He was accused of being caught unaware. But it wasn't unaware that he was caught. He was caught helpless to act because in "the years that the locust hath eaten" his political adversaries beat him back.

Does the following sound like a man who would be caught napping?

"Beware, Germany is a country fertile in military surprises. The great Napoleon in the years after Jena, was completely taken by surprise by the strength of the German army which fought the War of Liberation. Although he had officers all over the place, the German army which fought in the campaign of Leipzig was three or four times as strong as he expected. Similarly, when the Great War broke out the French general staff had no idea of the reserve divisions which would be brought immediately into the field. They expected to be confronted by 25 army corps; actually more than 40 came against them. It is never advisable to underrate the military qualities of this resourceful and gifted people, nor to underrate the dangers that may be brought against us."

This was in 1935.

In the same speech he said:

"The Lord President asked me and us all not to indulge in panic. I hope we shall not indulge in panic. But I wish to say this: It is very much better sometimes to have a panic beforehand and then to be quite calm when things happen, than to be extremely calm beforehand and to get in a panic when things happen. Nothing has surprised me more than—I will not say the indifference, but the coolness—with which the committee has treated the extraordinary revelations of the German air strength relative to our country. For the first time for centuries we are not fully equipped to repel or retaliate for an invasion. That to an island people is astonishing. Panic indeed! The position is the other way round. We are the incredulous, indifferent children of centuries of security behind the shield of the Royal Navy, not yet able to wake up to the woefully transformed conditions of the modern world."

...

The only great failure of Mr. Churchill was his inability to drive these thoughts through a lot of thick skulls—our own homegrown skulls among the thickest.

Britain To Reduce Wastage Of Milk

To Save 3,000,000 Gallons A Year From Waste Water

Britain's nursing mothers and children will have another 3,000,000 gallons of milk a year as the result of a new method of dealing with waste water in dairies and milk-receiving depots.

An enormous quantity of water is used for washing out churns, lids and troughs, as well as for cleaning down floors on which milk has been spilt, and this waste water frequently carries away from 0.5 to 1.0 percent of the milk handled. Thus, if the quantity of washing water is about the same as the quantity of milk dealt with, a milk depot handling 10,000 gallons of milk a day may also discharge each day 10,000 gallons of waste-water containing from 60 to 100 gallons of milk.

In addition to this wastage there is also the trouble caused by the effect of the polluted water on streams into which it has been discharged. Experiments carried out in the laboratories and on a large scale show that these waste waters can be purified by filtration in percolating filters.

Root Is Helpless Without The Tip

All Powers Located In First Quarter Inch Of Root's Length

The most important part of any root is its tip, Henricks Hodge writes in Natural History. This is the portion we seldom see, for when a plant is yanked out of the ground most of the finer roots with the tiny tender tips are broken off. It is in the tip—the first quarter-inch of a root's length—that all its powers are located, for if one slices off this segment the root is helpless.

The tip is the centre of growth—of elongation. Here are located the root's "nose" and "sense of touch," which enable it to turn toward the greatest moisture, the best food, the most favorable temperature, or, on the other hand, to avoid toxic substances and to creep around physical impediments.

Root systems are long—longer than most people realize, for this underground ramification is always larger than the part of the plant growing above ground. If it doesn't look so when a garden weed is pulled up, it is only because all the finer rootlets have been broken off.

The root system of a single oat plant, though occupying but a cubic yard of soil, was found to measure well over 450 feet in length. At that rate the roots of a giant sequoia would have to be measured in miles!

ATLANTIC CONVOY

By LIEUT. E. H. BARTLETT, R.C.N.V.R.

They are "Convoy Commodores," in whose ranks are admirals who once commanded battle fleets in the Seven Seas.

Today they command fleets of comparatively slow, lumbering merchant ships.

Their years of sea experience made them invaluable when war broke out, and the call to service once more brought them gladly from retirement to serve afloat again.

Time and again they take their fleets through the danger areas. They sail in merchant ships—but they get their share of gunfire and of action; know what it is to see their fighting escorts seek out and engage the enemy; and know, too, the responsibility of maneuvering fleets in battle again—this time the Battle of the Atlantic.

They have no staff officers. A few naval signalmen now compose their "staff," just enough men to maintain constant signal service to the rest of the fleets from the merchant ships which bear the commodores. Their quarters are generally cramped, sometimes uncomfortable—but the commodores who once paced their Admiral's Walk, ignore their changed roles as they glory in their active participation in the war at sea.

There were three such commodores in the mammoth fleet which this writer accompanied, in an escorting Royal Canadian Navy corvette, to sea. Three commodores, for at a certain point the fleet was to divide into separate convoys, each bound for their own ports in the war areas.

Naval terms followed the commodores into the merchant fleet. There was the senior commodore, whose ship was to take the head of the line when the fleet set sail. He had his Vice-Commodore and the Rear-Commodore, each to lead his own division.

Their badges of rank showed no differentiation. Each, on his sleeves, bore the broad gold ring of commodore's rank in the Navy. Above the ring was the small circle of cross-convoy braid which denoted the convoy appointments. In the Navy they would have worn the regulation "executive cut" of straight lace. The cross-convoy lace, the same as that used by the Naval Reserve, gave them yet another link with the merchant service in which they now sail.

The commodore was himself of the Naval Reserve, had commanded liners in peacetime and warships in conflict. In the last war he "bagged" a submarine, but disclaims any special merit in the feat.

"Just chased her into a minefield, you know," he explains, with a rather diffident smile. "Heard her blow up, and that's all there was to it. Only problem was not to get too close to the mines ourselves, tricky things they are."

It is on record that he "bagged" two submarines this war, before he was transferred from his fighting ship to sail with the merchant fleets. But of these two he tells nothing, as is the way of the Silent Service.

When it comes to talking of the merchant ship captains, then it is a different matter.

He holds them in the highest esteem, and does not hesitate to say so.

There is a Norwegian captain for whom he has an especially high regard. He tells of how this captain, in a tanker full of fuel oil, kept his ship in line although two torpedoes had struck home. One, hitting amidships, had set her afire. The other, hitting her stern, should have—but did not—send her to the bottom. An escort ship stood and helped the tanker fight her fire, and then escorted her as she struggled back into position in the convoy.

"I signalled to find out whether the tanker could keep up," the commodore recalls, "and was told that she could, but she 'couldn't stand any weather.' I should jolly well think she could not. Why, her bulkheads were going one by one and I don't know how she managed even to reach port."

"You know," he added, "that captain must have been very much of a man. His ship was spreading a slick of oil from her leaking tanks, and he signalled me to ask if he should leave the convoy at all if he should leave the oil would give away our position to the submarines. Of course, I refused to let him go, he would have been sunk as sure as fate if he had left our protection. But just think of it—two torpedoes already and he was ready to go off and commit suicide in order not to bring danger to us."

The convoy commodore could see how the Norwegian captain "was quite a man." He did not seem to think that his own decision to keep the ship under his protection in itself told a tale!

He has a sense of humour which, however, rather deserted him one day when, having brought through a large convoy which had been under incessant attack, and which had seen eight ships torpedoed, five of which had been sunk, he was ordered to Gibraltar.

He told his wife, vaguely, the general direction in which his new duties would take him.

"You know," he says, "she said to me 'well, it looks as if you will be in the thick of it, now.'"

"In the thick of it," he repeated, "wonder what she thought that last convoy was?"

With his sense of humour is an understanding of his fellow-men which makes him many friends.

We escorted him to his ship, a stub-nosed cargo-carrier whose captain was waiting at the top of the gangway to receive him.

There were no shrilling pipes or sideboys in ceremonial salute. Instead there was the greeting of two friends, a broadly smiling welcome from the ship's captain, and a firm handshake.

"Not a very comfortable bunk for you, commodore," the captain warned.

"Don't worry, old man, I never take my clothes off on this job anyway," was the reply. "Let's just get on with it."

His signalmen made their way to the bridge, and a flaghoist rose on the hullheads. The captain gave a brusque order or two, and the anchor windlass clanked into action. In a matter of minutes the ship was under weigh—the commodore and his fleet were "getting on with it."

The vice and rear Commodores were similarly engaged. The Vice (he had been an admiral) was rather proud of the fact that he had "drawn" an oil tanker for his Atlantic crossing.

"Most comfortable ships these, you know," he had drawled. "Very good accommodation, it's a pleasure to sail in 'em."

"Most comfortable"—"good accommodation"—yes, but his signalmen tell, too, that their "old man" doesn't take his clothes off when he seeks his bunk or settee for his sleep. At any minute of the day or night he is ready for instant action, which is another good naval trait.

They are "too old" to command fighting ships, now, but still they take their ships into the fight. Once they hoisted their flags in mammoth battleships, and directed fleets of fighting craft. Now they are pleased when they "draw" a tanker, and their skill is bent toward shepherding lumbering cargo carriers.

And, in the experience they gained in fighting ships, and the skill they have brought to directing merchant ships, lie one of the reasons why the convoys are "getting through."

Which is all these commodores, who once were admirals, ask.

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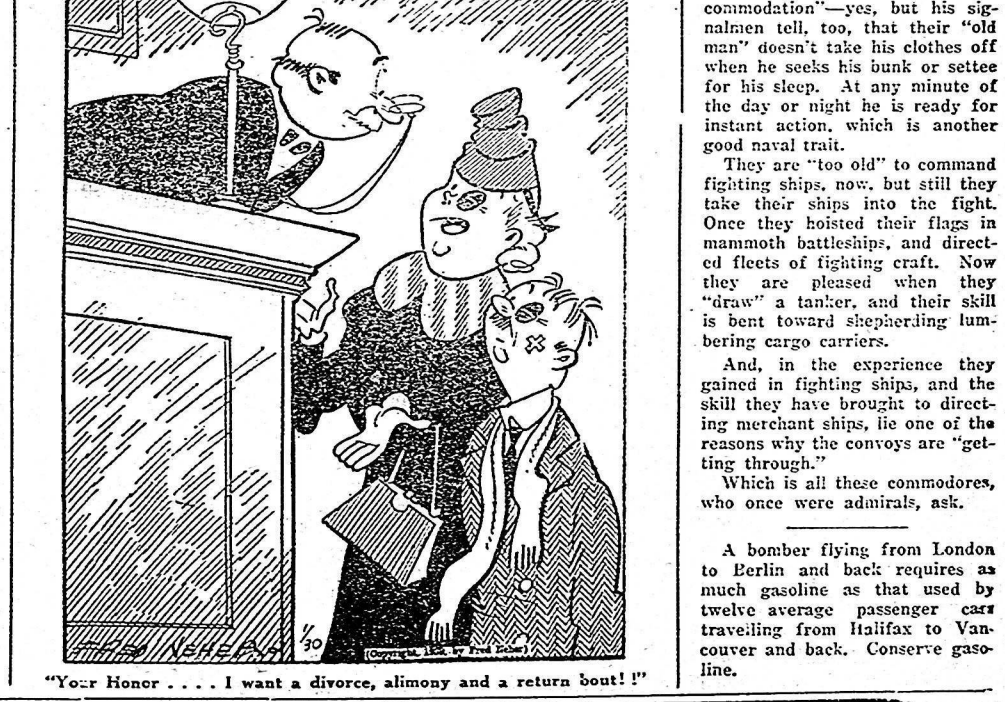
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LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By Fred Neher



"Your Honor . . . I want a divorce, alimony and a return bout!"

Red Rains Follow Raging Dust Storms

When dust storms have been raging in Australia's dust bowl, which takes in most of the inland area, red rain is common—rain which falls through the dust pall overhanging the country.

When a really big storm blows up inland, 11,000,000 tons of valuable top soil is swept into the air, experts estimate. Some of it comes down on the coast, some settles in the Tasman Sea and helps to thicken the red sediment which coats part of the seabed there, while some carries on and paints a pink tinge on the snow of the New Zealand Alps.

Wind erosion has affected 10,000,000 acres of Victoria alone. The State Rivers Commission spends \$100,000 a year on clearing sand out of its irrigation channels, trains are derailed and roads covered. But the dust goes on piling up. Loss of productivity is estimated at \$500,000 a year.

British Call Planes By Fighting Names

We trust it is not unpatriotic to say that in the matter of finding good names for fighting planes the British have it all over us of the United States. According to newspaper accounts, General Knudsen arrived in Des Moines in a "61-passenger army transport." The same issue carried a story about Lieut. E. H. O'Hare shooting down six Japanese bombers in his "fighter plane."

The British, on the other hand, have given names to their plane types.

We refer to one plane as a Lockheed P-38; the British call it the "Lightning." A plane which we call Consolidated B-24, they call "Liberator." They say "Catalina" for our Consolidated PB-5.

As for British-made machines, who has failed to be thrilled by the mere sound of Tornado, Whirlwind, Spitfire or Defiant? Must we battle for freedom and human rights in Consolidated PB-5s?

It is probably a small matter, but we should like "Knockouts," "Cyclones" and "Eagles" better.

Japanese May Have New Fighter Planes

According to the New York magazine "Newsweek," the Japanese Air Force, which has already been a surprise to the Allies, may spring two new surprises—a pair of superfast fighter planes. Information obtained before the Pacific war, but only now available, discloses that the Japs have long been at work on both planes.

One, the AT-27, has twin liquid-cooled motors of 1,250 horsepower each, a claimed range of 1,250 miles, and a speed of 410 miles an hour. The other, the Suzukaze 20, has two 1,200 horsepower radial engines with a fuselage similar to the U.S. Gee Bee racer. Its alleged speed is 478 miles an hour. There is no indication that either plane is yet in service.

REG'AR FELLERS—The Gadders

