



They must have been expecting excitement or something around the time of the Throne Speech because the galleries circling the House have been filled continuously. It looked to me as if the big majority of ring-sitters were from out of town. Attention has been to stop people more than usual from leaning their elbows on the gallery rail, which apparently is against traditional regulations. It also shows that visitors there were not looting back and forth. Parliament has really been stirring up for the start of the session and it looks as if it's going to be one of an accomplishment. The Prime Minister seems to be pleased that it's business before pleasure because in one statement to the nation that Parliament is really "doing something" instead of "holding the office before the eyes of the people."

Seen around the Capital: (Cont'd) of interest in the fine new Post Office here is the new-fangled Mail-Mat, a machine that saves you from handling at the wheel trying to figure out how many times and how you want. All you do is set the required amount for stamps in a slot in something which has all the car meters of a gum-vending machine, turn a magnet and away goes your letter small and everything. It's the first of the kind in Canada, although manufactured in Stamford, Connecticut. The Post Office Department is trying it out on the public here and it may be the same day we'll have one in every P. O. so the postmaster will be able to go hunting and cutting when he wants to. After it tried it once I wanted to write everyone in the country in letter form so I could mail it in the Mail-Mat.

Anyone who feels inclined to do a little harmonized grinding on someone for railing and controlled distribution will surely be interested in the figures I got from the Wartime Prices and Trade Board in connection with parcels sent to our prisoners-of-war in enemy countries. The Red Cross western packing centre has already despatched its millionth parcel to Canadian boys in Germany and Japan. Do you ever wonder what goes into one of those parcels? Well, they have already sent out a million pounds of butter, a million pounds of jam, half a million cans of sardines and half a million pounds of sugar. Besides this, thousands of pounds of tea and coffee, biscuits, and other rationed goods. All parcels, they tell me, have included chocolate bars, marmalade, tinned meats, soap. This all adds Canadian dollars that have to be a woman for some shortages and rationed distribution.

With the recent news on petroleum, Germany's industrial machine by over-producing oil, it is worth to keep in mind that the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan is greatly responsible for putting the punch into the big attack. And it was put over in Canada, which is something we should be proud of. You know, the first class had 649 pupils in it, and today we have about 100 schools alone, twice as many as

originally planned. Ten thousand training planes flow an average of two million miles daily, just an example of force of 30,000 air crew graduates, enough to man 10,000 combat planes, as well as training 10,000 in ground crew trades. We've trained Canadians, Aussies, New Zealanders, British, Belgians, Czechs, Netherlands, that more than 60% were our own boys. The first plan had the finishing point March 31, 1943, and in the agreement Canada was to pay 150 million dollars of the 250 million total cost. But a new agreement has to extend the plan to March 1945, with Canada paying half the estimated cost of a billion and a half, and the United Kingdom standing the other half.

If you ever come to Ottawa to see Parliament and all the big stuff in action make it a point to be in the main corridor of the building just a few minutes before 3 p.m. to watch the Speaker's parade. It is one of the few wartime restricted manifestations of traditional ceremony still to be seen. On the day, slowly up the corridor come three uniformed attendants, then the big glittering Mace, behind that the dignified Speaker in his robes and a couple of the clerks trailing. The little processions would be way to the House of Commons chamber. You'll have to uncover, to watch, or else.

Women are keeping the home fires burning, sure, but they're also playing a big part in the industrial picture. In December, 1940, one woman in each 186 in Canada was in industry. Last December (1943), the ratio had dropped to one in 221.

With the "Horoscope" A new revelation from the hearts of the armful soldiers allows nursing sisters to acknowledge in salute by a mail of the hour, or should we say in love. That will still most probably because it will surely be accompanied by a smile such as suits a nursing sister's uniform. . . . 10,000 free copies of a pint-sized edition of one of Canada's well known magazines, Madam's has gone overseas to those who are fighting for us. It gives a condensed but even more adequate Canadian picture in its pages, which number 26 that without fail. This innovation, which got the good wishes of the leaders of our services, will probably be greatly appreciated by those far from home. The famous Time magazine has been doing this for some time now. . . . That this is primarily a fact that Major Power, Minister of National Defence for Mr. Armstrong, the younger follows with better confidence in the RCAF, are being brought back to Canada to fill fighting posts. A definite plan of retirement for older men, who have done a good job, is also being adopted. . . . Besides the smiles you take one something year long the Bookshop fund in 1943 sent over 22,000,000 magazines — a quarter of this amount coming from the Canadian Legion and Canadian clubs.

Out in the smaller places everyone seems to have enough coffee to satisfy but the other day in a restaurant in Ottawa at 7:30 p.m. I was told by the waitress "No more coffee. We've used up our quota for the day." If you could see the crowds pouring out of the offices at meal times you'd wonder how they ever had enough coffee till now.

Come and get it: While Finance Minister Ealey said the government may consider the taking off of most rationing, Agricultural Minister Clark has pointed out that stock surpluses are due to lack of shipping space at this time, so it appears that as the opportunity presents itself Britain is to get as much of the extra meat as it is possible to send to them. . . . and the Prices Board announces a 10 per cent increase of tomato juice will be

on the shelves during February and March, more vitamins. . . . A price ceiling parallel where possible that in the United States, will be on 40 kinds of important fruits and vegetables, including asparagus, lettuce, parsley, cukes, celery, apricots, cantaloupes, cherries and tangerines.

(It repeated by authorities, again an urgent appeal is sent out to the highways and byways of Canada that Halifax is terribly overcrowded; that hospitals etc., of course (personnel) try to "stay put" where they are. Halifax population has skyrocketed from 65,000 to 115,000.

If you want to get dizzy, here are some figures of Canada's bank account. They show that for the fiscal year 1943-44 our non-war appropriations at over \$702 million are up \$54 million over the previous year; that war appropriations are down \$240 million from the estimated \$2,930 million. Our national income for 1943, however, jumped up 17.3 per cent to \$2,900,000,000. More movement up: excise, customs and income tax collected federally in January, 1943 was 233 millions, an increase of 63 millions over the month a year before that. An added touch: the cash income of the Canadian farmer was up 11% in 1943 — to a new high — estimated returns from sale of farm products being \$1,300,000,000 in total of \$282 million over 1942. All provinces shared in the increase.

P. O. W. Dance Band

The dance band from a prisoner of war camp recently broadcast in a BBC News program. All the members had been in Stalag VIII B, in Germany. It was formed with four members, later increased to a sextet, by Lance-Corporal Jimmy Howe. A number of them were amongst the prisoners lately repatriated to Britain. On the last evening of their time there managed to find substitutes for the absent ones.

Most of the players had been Army bandmen before the war and were repatriated as stretcher-bearers. All were taken prisoner in France in the spring of 1940. After capture they were marched from Southern France to a camp in Germany over a hundred miles distant. They had to average thirty miles a day. They prefer not to dwell on the details of that march — one that would be hard on the feet of men even under good conditions. Life in the camp, too, was hard at first; overworked, dirty, foul food. But conditions are better now, the men say.

The band started in October, 1940. A Polish prisoner arrived, bringing with him a small accordion. Howe borrowed it and played it in the barracks room. The music started men were found in their appreciation, though the instrument gave little beyond squeals and grunts. Finally, after several requests, a German officer allowed Howe to form a band, and even let them have some instruments. Though these were very good, they were better than nothing. Between meals, soap dishes, bottles, and pots and pans were used to make up the rhythm section. Later the British Young Men's Christian Association — "Young Men's" — the men say of them — sent them some instruments and the Red Cross sent them just what was needed, with just as important, music and manuscript paper. "The band became very popular and played not only in the central camp of Stalag VIII B, but in the outposts, where there were small working parties of some hundred men, who got little entertainment."

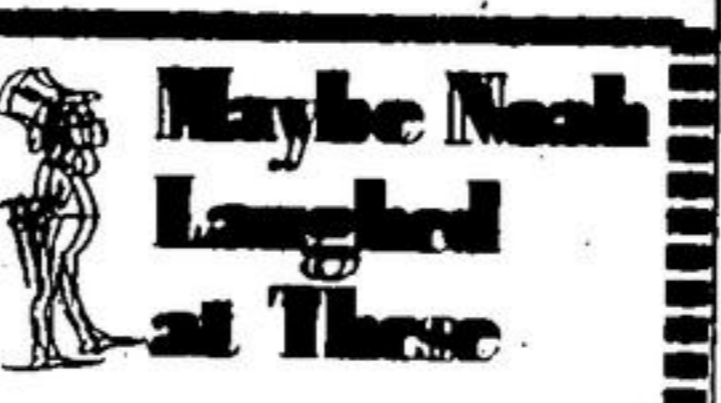
As its signature tune the band adopted "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise." And back in Britain after time and a half years they are travelling into their playing for those actually fighting the spirit with which they cheered their fellow prisoners.

THE SPIRITUAL MAN

Sometimes we hear good men complaining that goodness is so powerless: the effort to do right and to keep a pure soul and to live by the highest standards is dishonored and despised, we hear. All such complaints are utterly unworthy of a good man. There is nothing more refreshing and magnificent in the whole world than the satisfied good man, the man who does to do right, who is entirely above such weak complaints and meagre dreams of making them.

In the first place, he is too busy, too perpetually occupied with the enthusiastic struggle of his life, to think whether he is powerful or not. He is a being in himself, and if he can so bear this life of his that God shall see it and approve it, and he able to fall in with it, he must be satisfied. But then, if he does lift up his eyes and look about, he cannot count himself powerful. Either he is overwhelmed and oppressed by the power that he carries. For is he not the judge of all things.

Oh, my dear friends, it must be that a truly spiritual man has nothing to complain of in the world. It is not that he must struggle on in misery and despair until he gets to heaven, and only there be happy and content, but now, here, all that is best in life is his. Let him not degrade the high dignity of his lot, nor make it less tempting to other men by talking of its sorrows or disgraces. He that is spiritual is already the king of the world. — Phillips Brooks.



Teacher: "How many miles a day?"
Pupil: "Twenty."
Teacher: "How many miles a month?"
Pupil: "Twenty four."

The fellow who thinks that the whole world is against him never seems to realize that possibly the world doesn't even know who he is.

"It was terrible," said Mrs. Murphy. "There were 30 flowers and an Italian man killed in the work!"
"Incest!" said Mrs. Murphy. "The poor man!"

Teacher: "And do you see children, how is the one thing you can give in abundance and still have plenty left?"
Jimmy: "How about the moles?"

Bill: "These are the miles of a cattle built by William the Conqueror."
Woolly Aunt: "Was that why on earth did the built it so far from the railway station?"

Small Boy: "Father says please can you lend us your radio this evening?"
Mother: "With pleasure. Are having a party?"
Small Boy: "No, we want some sleep."

Teacher to class: "I will use my hat to represent Mars. Now are there any questions before I go on?"
Jimmy: "Yes, is Mars inhabited?"

The last man if he was taken to the hospital.
"What's the matter? Why that man if that was nothing for living without a license?"

James had obtained a position as a butler and had become very friendly with the other servants of the house.
"In my last place I used to take things fairly easy," he said.
"Well, it is different here," exclaimed one of the servants. "They keep everything locked up!"

"My doctor told me it should have to end less mind."
"Did you laugh him to scorn?"
"I did at first; but when the word in this bill I found he was right!"

Standing while you talk may cause a disasterous reception. It also prevents your completely understanding the speaker's ideas. It also shows that you are not listening.

If you want to really know your telephone, call on your telephone. It will tell you the name of the person who is calling. It will also tell you the name of the person who is being called.

A well set table is a good thing, but it is not a good thing if it is not set for the right people. It is a good thing if it is set for the right people, but it is not a good thing if it is not set for the right people.

Use clean, modern, comfortable, always ready to go. It is a good thing if it is set for the right people, but it is not a good thing if it is not set for the right people.

Help The Red Cross
"SALADA" TEA



Engineers designed the mouthpiece of your telephone to give best results at a distance of one inch from the lips. When your lips are further away than this, your voice is transmitted less strongly.... less clearly.

Follow the instructions shown on simple facts accounts for the great majority of "trouble" requests.

They would needless waste checking, and at the same time that those you talk to hear you without strain. That's reasonable: Talk clearly, normally, directly into the telephone, with your lips just one-quarter of an inch from the mouthpiece.

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THE NEED GROWS AS VICTORY NEARS
\$10,000,000 NOW!

This is the year of engagemnt effort, the year Red Cross will be needed in more than 100,000,000 people. And we are all our victory drive gains momentum, we cannot by any means, we the success of our spread with and with danger, this need will grow.

We need you now more than ever before. The fighting men are every day, the gallant Merchant Navy, the wounded and maimed in British and Canadian hospitals, Prisoners of War, the homeless war orphans all Britain and the suffering millions of Europe.

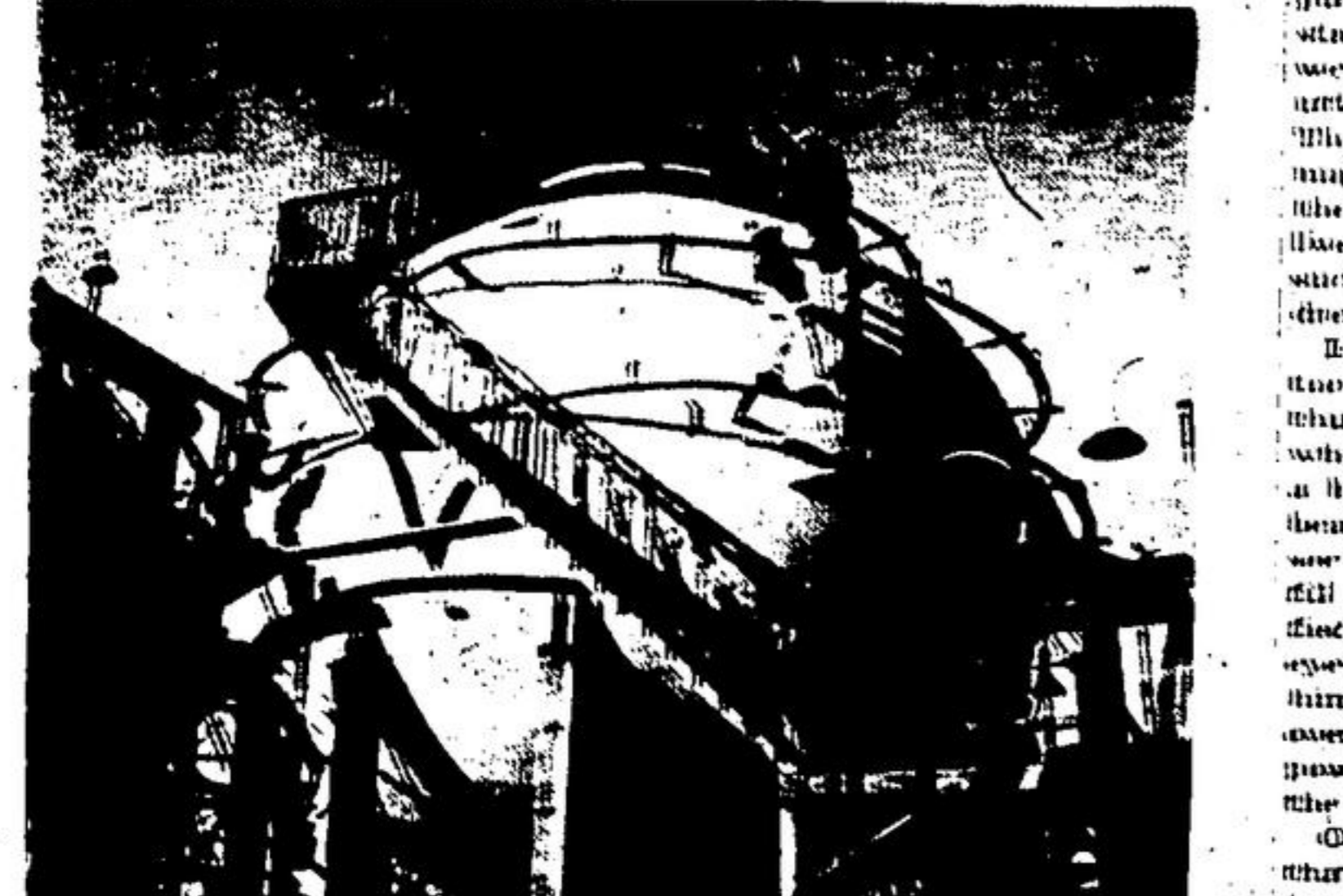
Only the Red Cross can give them the relief they need. We need you now more than ever before. The fighting men are every day, the gallant Merchant Navy, the wounded and maimed in British and Canadian hospitals, Prisoners of War, the homeless war orphans all Britain and the suffering millions of Europe.

What is why we cannot wait: why we ask you to open your hearts and purses, giving to the limit of your ability. Remember, Victory will be the change the need most this ahead.

Local Office Building, Action TELEPHONE 25

CANADIAN RED CROSS

Synthetic Rubber Made Near Samia



These specified quantities of oil, coal, salt water and soap, plus in shorts-sphere with hydrazine, polymerize into interlocking molecules and what do you get? Rubber. That may be double-talk to the average person, but at the government-owned Polymer Corporation, near Samia, it's ordinary conversation. From the aforementioned materials

The Polymer workers actually produce Canadian synthetic rubber, 24,000 tons of buna-S and 2800 tons of styrl each year. The picture shows one of the 23 human spheres at Polymer, some of them 55 feet in diameter, some 22,000 barrels of hydrazine under 50-pound pressure. It's all part of the synthetic rubber production.