

### With Our Weekly Newspaper Representatives Overseas

By **Thomas R. F. MacLean** and **C. J. Allen**, Official Delegates of the C.W.N.A. with the Canadian Press Party who toured the United Kingdom

#### THE NEW BLEND

By **R. F. MacLean**

I wandered into a very small tobacco shop in London, one morning. The proprietor was absent. He did not think he had the beard I was looking for, and did not act as though he cared. Finally I said: "You're pretty pessimistic this morning." He agreed: "I am pessimistic. These raids are getting me down."

I argued with him "I cannot understand it. Not after the way you British have taken the blitz. Where do you live?" "I live over the shop," said the proprietor.

"Look," I said, "have you ever figured out what the odds are on your being hit in this little shop. Why, it's thousand to one."

"Don't talk to me about odds," answered the pessimist. "I won the British Sweepstake."

That little incident seems a good introduction to an attempt to answer one of the questions most frequently asked since my return to Canada: "What about the air raids?"

First let's try to describe one and then talk of the why's and wherefores. Not that I have the hope of even giving a faint idea of what an air raid is like. Words are not quite suitable, especially my limited supply and combinations. Nor is radio, nor a movie camera, nor any reproduction unit known to man. You need sound and you need color and you need words and you need vision and above all, you need something to create impressions.

Especially the feeling of helplessness. For above all that is the main emotion experienced in an air raid. They are up there over your head. They are dropping bombs, and there is just not a thing you can do about it. If a bomb comes your way, you must just stand and take it. The people of London must be all fatalistic today. One day during a raid, I remember thinking that the old Presbyterian idea of pre-destination wasn't such a bad one.

We experienced between eight and ten raids. At first we were very annoyed because during our first week in London Jerry only came over on those nights we were out of the city. We were beginning to wonder if he was deliberately avoiding us. It may have been just a coincidence, but following the day we thumbed our noses at him from the middle of the Dover Strait, he satisfied our curiosity in simple measure.

We were living on the top floor of one of London's swank hotels just across a famous thoroughfare which runs along an equally famous park. My room was a corner one, and so from it we had an almost unobstructed view of the southern half of the city.

Usually the alarm went between 9 and 10 and we congregated in my window until the all clear went about an hour and a half later. I found the panorama of the raid something like the waters of a whirlpool, fascinating, drawing you to it. I seldom left the window.

One night early in the raid a chandelier suddenly appeared in the sky just a little to the left of the window and very close. The several lights attached to a parachute lighted the district for blocks around so that it was possible to read a newspaper.

As we watched we noticed it was drifting towards us and presently it looked as though it would either come right in our window or land on the roof of our hotel.

At just about that time I suddenly recalled that the purpose of the chandelier was to light up the target, and it was the mark upon which the planes would drop their bombs. And I did not feel happy. And about that time there was a terrific explosion and a fire on the other side of the light. And another one not too far from us.

At about that time too, we—I mean our defenses—started to lob what looked like a big ball of red wool at the chandelier. At first we thought they were trying to hit the lights and it seemed a futile effort, but we soon discovered it was for a different purpose. And then, presently, smoke began to appear near the lights.

As I watched, within a period of fifteen seconds, I saw four large explosions on the perimeter of the southern horizon. Flames and black, angry smoke billowed heavenwards. The fires burned long.

Constantly the ack-ack shells were bursting in the moonlight sky, their thousands of flashes dimming the very stars themselves.

But even these were dimmed when the rocket guns were fired. Their bursts eclipsed the Toronto Exhibition fireworks display a hundred fold. And through it all the long, white fingers of a hundred search lights probed the heavens, sweeping back and forth searching for the raiders. Occasionally one could pick a plane

up and quickly twenty or thirty other beams would focus on the trapped plane and the lights would form a cone. At the tip of the cone the plane looked like a cottage huddled in a dancing around in a sunbeam, or a moth beating against a light. It would twist and swoop and wobble to escape from the light and evade the ack-ack shells which quickly commenced bursting around it. Once we saw a plane hit and it burst into flames as it passed from vision on its earthward dive.

To all this must be added the fires burning on the horizon—and moans, groans, angry cries, and hisses in the night, following pillars of smoke hove upwards.

And one must add the noise. First the low rumble of the distant thunder of the city. Then the sharp cough of the moor batteries. (Stick your head out of the window and feel the concussion sharp as a slap on the face.)

There is no word to describe the noise of the "Z" or rocket guns. It is something of a swish and whirr, but those words are too puny, much. Imagine, if you can, a million of the largest skyrocketers you can picture. And imagine the noise these would make if they all went off at the same moment. That is as near as I can tell you what the rocket guns sound like. It is terrifying; you never get used to it, and it is difficult to think of such a sound as being friendly. The ack-ack tank things, of course, had the rocket guns are terrifying, menacing, evil.

Occasionally there will come a lull in the crescendo of sound and now, the roar of the houses on the street below as they pass about their business, paid or unpaid. And a new sound is difficult at first to identify. Little bells? No. Hailstones on a tin roof? That is what you think of but it cannot be that. Suddenly you realize it is our own tank fragments of the ack-ack shells our batteries have hurled skywards, falling on the pavement of the famous street below.

Periodically a volume of unexpected shouts drift to you from the batteries across the park. Suddenly, all activities seem to cease. The guns stop, the searchlights are not so bright, and there comes the roar of a bomber crossing in the city. A German bomber. The thought isn't a pleasant one and you cork your ears in an attempt to judge the direction and the distance. You remember that it is AFTER a bomber has passed that the bombs come. A new striller note is heard and you realize that THAT is one of our night fighters searching for the enemy plane.

By this time, the chandelier has drifted across the park and darkness is once again coming to your area. As you stand watching the flow, you hear the welcome sound of the "All Clear." You fix the blackout curtains on the window; turn on the light and go into the sitting room, wondering if you were looking as unshaken as you would like to feel.

(Another article dealing with the why's and wherefores of the London raids will follow next week.)

### Victory Gardening Possible When Away

BY THE CANADIAN PRESS

Simply because a family is in the country or near the beach for the summer, it does not follow that gardening is an impossibility.

On the other hand, it is practical to start a victory garden at the summer place. Not only will you be aiding the war effort but you will be saving money and having your own fresh vegetables.

Care must be taken, however, to grow only short-season crops, vegetables that will bear quickly from seed or seedling.

It is wiser to buy started plants, but if seedlings are not available, sow seeds. Remember, though, the seeds must germinate quickly so the plants will grow rapidly.

In starting new vacation gardens, set seeds deeper than if you were sowing in the spring, tamp the soil down firmly, and give the soil a thorough soaking. When the seedlings appear, hoe regularly, to loosen the soil. When seedlings are big enough to move, thin them to about four inches apart.

Beets, carrots, turnips and kohlrabi are among vegetables that do well in a short season.

#### A BUST

Auctioneer: What am I offered for this beautiful bust of Robert Burns? Man (in crowd): That's not Burns—that's Shakespeare.

Auctioneer: Well folks, the joke's on me. That shows what I know about the Bible.

### Governmental Care Urged For Mothers

Australian Hospital Matron Thinks It Would Solve Many Maternity Problems

SYDNEY, Australia (CP)—The matron of the largest public maternity hospital in Sydney suggests that a minister for motherhood should be appointed to care for expectant and nursing mothers. If this were done, she says, the present problems of motherhood could be solved to a great extent and the birthrate would increase.

The matron said that from 1922 to 1928 G. McGee was minister for motherhood in New South Wales. She was the only man in the world to have held such a portfolio and he came to be known to nurses affectionately as "Mother McGee."

Many young women who refused to have children under present conditions would change their minds if they knew there was an efficient government department to which they knew they could turn for help, the matron said.

### WILL KEEP EGGS STRICTLY FRESH

EAST LANSING, Mich. (CP)—

Scientists at the Michigan State college experiment station have developed two methods of treating eggs which they predict would keep them "sterile fresh" for months.

One method gives the eggs an oil coating to which a small amount of preservative has been added. The other, the scientists say, freezes the eggs for home use, preserving them indefinitely.

#### LOONDON—The Dominion Prime

Ministers are now back home from their meetings in London. Their task is generally regarded as that of reconciling unity and leadership with the sovereign equality of the member nations. They have a great record of success to look back upon.

### The Week at OTTAWA

BY DONALD GREEN Canadian Press Staff Writer

OTTAWA (CP)—The administration's manpower policy long a target for criticism by members of opportunity parties, is expected to be the central issue in the next general election.

Prime Minister Mackenzie King last week told the Commons that there will be an election before July 22, 1945. Recent criticism by opposition spokesmen indicated that they will devote considerable attention during the campaign to the fact that the government has not yet seen fit either to send call-up troops overseas as reinforcements or, alternatively, to channel them back into civilian employment and so relieve the labor shortages from which industry and agriculture now are suffering.

C. F. McTague, national chairman of the Progressive Conservative party, made it clear during a press conference at Ottawa, that when he called for immediate government action in making Canada's home army available for overseas service in a speech at Quebec, Ont., June 18th, he was expressing his party's considered opinion and not only his own view.

In the Quebec address, when he accepted nomination as Progressive Conservative candidate for Wellington South, Mr. McTague said Canada's national honor demanded immediate passage of an order-in-council making men called up for service in Canada available for overseas duty as reinforcements.

#### No Relief in Sight

Arthur MacNess, director of National Selective Service, warned recently that no alleviation of the present shortage of manpower was in sight and that it would in fact become tighter in the next few months. He expressed the view, however, that with co-operation between employers

and employees Canada would "get by" the peak period of scarcity.

The Liberal government declaration will have its chief appeal in its effect on the conduct of Canada's war effort but will also stress its plans for reconstruction and social security.

Other organizations have criticized family allowances on the ground that the payment of adequate wages to workers would render them unnecessary and so relieve the treasury of considerable outlay.

John Braden, national leader of the Progressive Conservatives, was asked to test by Prime Minister King last week because of his view that the government's proposed children's allowances constitute a "hoax."

Mr. King took occasion also to reiterate his previously expressed opinion that party leaders should not speak in the House of Commons—as a reference to the fact that Mr. Braden has not as yet taken a seat. The prime minister said, too, that he would refer later to Mr. Braden's position.

The view that any post-war program should start with agriculture was expressed by Dr. E. J. Archibald, director of the Experimental Farms Service, in an address before the annual convention of the Canadian Society of Technical Agriculturalists at Toronto last week.

He said that Canada's future "could not stand periods of unemployment and idled hands," and that because the handicap lies to the country in the manpower was "unusable" it would be necessary to develop a program which would be economically sound and which was capable of being used as needed in national development.

#### Budget Brink Open

Criticism of the proposed family allowances also came from Earl Ross, Progressive Conservative member for Dufferin-Simcoe, who opened opposition criticism of the Budget budget. The allowance, he said, appeared to be a "reckless political bid for power" made by a political party as a "piece of callous cynicism."

Mr. Ross also said that govern-

ment policy had been reversed and the "hoax" lifted from inflation.

The old policies of "pay-as-you-go" and "balanced" budget and the control of ordinary expenditures which were adopted for the war—now are discarded for inflation.

This Budget government may lift the lid from the inflation it has long since fought, in a last desperate bid for election at any cost.

Mr. Ross moved an amendment to the motion to go into committee on the Budget resolutions, asking that the House suggest to effectives action be taken to amend the law which had been taken to grant tax relief to men and women in the business bracket by raising the exemption in income tax from \$500 to \$200 for single persons and from \$1,200 to not less than \$1,000 for married persons.

#### NAZIS 'PREPARE' TO THE LAMBETH WALK

In a recent dispatch of Norman MacDonald's broadcast on short waves by the BBC, the story of a Danish camp was revealed. It described how on the previous Sunday night performances at twenty of Copenhagen's leading cinemas were suddenly interrupted. Then the puzzled audience found itself watching a British film, centering Hitler and other Nazi leaders. They reacted to and saw on the screen and did familiar Nazi atrocities in the time of the "Lambeth Walk." Once the people in the cinema grasped the situation they laughed hilariously. When recalled anti-Nazi speeches accompanied the picture their enthusiasm increased. When this unmethodical performance came to an end, the cinema audience shouting German films had to close down.

What had happened was that Danish patriots had forced an entry into the projector rooms and compelled the operators to substitute the anti-Nazi film. When the patriots departed, they took with them the reels of the German film. None of the patriots were caught. As a reprisal, the Germans ordered all cinemas in the Danish capital to shut.



# "I guess it's up to me!"

Now that I can go I'm not going to stick around and let the other fellows do it.

Bill and Jack went over last week, and Fred's been over there a year. Now it's my chance.

It's going to take months of training before I can get fighting-fit, so I'd better get moving today.

Yes sir! I'm going now, to tell Dad and Mom that I'm on my way to sign up.



## VOLUNTEER TODAY

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