

Guest of Honour

A talk by Eric Knight, well-known British actor—Broadcast Over CBC National Network on Sunday, March 1st, at 9:30 p.m. E.D.T.

There is only one thing worth speaking over the radio in any land at any time—and that is truth. But truth is not a positive thing—it is not absolute. Each man brings his own truth, colored by his own life, his own prejudices, his own pride, his own loves and hates. Tonight, I try to bring you my truth—that you should like it or not like it—is a secondary matter. Only believe it is a truth as I see it.

I speak, of course, about the war. I have just come over from England—I am just freshly peled off an Atlantic Convoy. I suppose, then, I should tell you something about England, about the people of London, how they carry on, but I think, perhaps, you are tired of hearing of the fortitude, the courage, the determination of the men and women and children of Britain who have stood up under the unkind and bloody rain from the heavens. You have heard it—it is old hat.

Let me tell you how you, the people of Canada this great, rich land of Canada itself looks to me. I am not a Canadian. The only right I have to speak plainly to you is because I once came here and put on your uniform and served beside your own men and saw them die in another war.

And why not let's start talking plainly. One of the troubles of our democratic front in this war is that we are not one unit. We are several countries and we have to be "Diplomatic." We have to be careful what we say for fear of offending each other. Well, here take offense at what I say if you will.

But the plain truth about this war is that Democracy has not yet got down to the business of war. We all believe somehow, miraculously that the horrors of war, by some special law of Divine Providence, can't touch us. And each one goes on believing that, until the enemy is ten miles away, his tanks cutting through soldiers armed only with rifles; his planes bombing civilians who have no air-raid shelters.

And so went France, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, Greece, Pearl Harbor each one knowing, intellectually that this war was near, but each one somehow convinced spiritually that the blood and slaughter and screaming steel could happen somewhere else—but not here.

We must learn to understand that if we are a united front when it happens to one of us, it happens to us all. Remember the line of John Donne, from which Ernest Hemingway took the title of his well-known book "Do not seek to know for whom the Bell tolls—it tolls for thee."

Remember that when a bomb falls and crushes the life from a British child—that child is your own small son or daughter who may be sleeping upstairs now. When a trapped soldier dies in a Malay or an African bush—that is your own grown-up son. When a Polish civilian treated like a slave, emaciated by hunger, falls finally into a mass grave—that is you—you who laugh now in your fine, comfortable home with your good lady Canadian dinner under your belt.

Do not be confused by this war, Canada. Do not be deceived by goose-headed thought. When the Nazi chieftain now in Lebensraum, do you think they are taking of Britain? No—where is your living room in Britain—where they would be crowded by the forty-four million people. When the paratrooper of Berlin, dream about coming to you, think they are talking about some bits of uranium, lead, or some other stuff that is made in your yard.

When the Japanese take your window, think they are going to take a dollar worth. He thinks the diamond crown is in the store.

Germany and Japan don't want your land and your people. They want you—great rich sprawling Canada, rich with her endless wheat-bearing acres, where a Herenvolk would find it over a Herenvolk.

Canada with its great size, wealth of unexploited raw material. These are the goals of Nazi war—Canada, Brazil, Russia, and the United States, vast lands that he could not have. He wants the land with living resources, the land that will allow you to become a great sort of white native to carry out his orders.

It is true, do not delude yourself. When you decide to rob the chicken-coop of a settled order, would you steal sick chickens? Ask yourself that. No, if you're going to run the risk of being a criminal, you might as well steal the plumpiest pullets and the fattest geese.

Do not think, because you are used to these things, you are not rich to the point of luxury here. You are rich in a way of living that is luxury—luxury while the war goes on. How shall I make you understand what your riches are—each one of you, sitting at home now. Perhaps I can do it through small things. Listen to me now.

Go to your window and lift your blind. That is richness; for it is an action that no man in Britain dare perform tonight. Now, look out of your window—and you see—lights. You are seeing what the richest Croesus in all Britain could not buy tonight. Tomorrow morning at breakfast, squeeze yourself an orange. You are doing what no grown-up in Britain will do today—for he has agreed that every orange in the land shall be reserved solely for the green ration books of children only.

For your child, cut a banana into a bowl of cereal. When you do, say that you are cutting up what no mother in Britain could give to her child—she couldn't buy that banana, not for a thousand dollars—for there are no bananas. Not one—not if a thousand dollars declared that child's mother and she had to feed him. He would eat it if it were not fed to him. He would eat it if it were not fed to him. He would eat it if it were not fed to him.

Put four pats

of butter on your hot cakes. Then say that you can't have any more butter for seven days—your total week's ration of butter is finished at one gulp.

You mean, as you go to work tomorrow, stop in a store and buy a packet of cigarettes. Know that you might have walked into ten tobacconists in London before you got one. When your packet is empty; throw it in the gutter. Think as you do that you were in London you would put it in your pocket, take it back to the shop so that it could be used again to pack ten more cigarettes in.

Walk into a shop. Buy yourself a suit—two suits—three. Buy warm underclothes and woollen sweaters for your children. Understand that in London you could not have bought them without counting your ration tickets for the year—think that shoes and clothes and even handkerchiefs are rationed. You housewife—go shopping in the morning. Walk into any shop you wish. And think that in Britain you could only go into the one where you are rationed. Buy a can of salmon. Then say to yourself that you have used up your points coupons on canned goods for the next two weeks. You can't have any more tomorrow or tomorrow.

Tell the grocer-man to wrap you a bundle! As you do so think that you are getting what wealth could not buy in England, for to save paper you'd have to carry home every article exactly as it is—unless you took a piece of wrapping paper to the store with you to use again and again.

Tomorrow, when you go to the butcher's ask him to show you twenty cents' worth of meat. No more—no less. Twenty cents exactly. Look at that piece of meat. Now imagine yourself going home to your husband and saying: "This is all you can have." That is his complete ration—not for just one meal. Not for one whole day. It is his complete ration for one, entire week and if he eats it all in one meal—he's eaten his week's supply at one gulp.

Get into your car, and say you will drive out into the country. Then stop and say: "No—there is no petrol. It is rationed and none goes for pleasure." Say you are tired and want to go to bed. And then say: "No, I can't sleep. For tonight is my duty night when by law, I must sit on the roof until dawn, doing my turn at fire-watching."

Do you understand? Do you see what wealth is? Do you not see that wealth is not money—but a way of living? Do you understand that every ordinary small creature of life that you accept here as routine, has died in other parts of the world—that when you say, "Give me two fried eggs"—or even one fried egg—you are doing something that people in other lands dream about, but can't do?

Why, in Canada, you give away packets of matches. Give them away. Do you know you could walk into twenty shops in Britain today before being able to buy one box? Ah, but you say, you'll be smart. You'll buy a lighter—a cigarette lighter. Yes, you'll walk into one hundred shops and not be able to buy one of those even then—they're gone.

Do you understand war a bit better now? Do you understand what wealth is—wealth is a way of life. And I tell you these things not to make you feel sorry for the British—we do not want sympathy. We want to win this war. We shall not win it until we are all fighting it.

Not long ago I stood in a training depot in England, where your Canadian boys are working in three eight-hour shifts at certain technical training phases—training like a factory on a clock-around shift. We talked about a chicken-recipe. Later, as a guest, I ate at the officers' mess. I wish I'd eaten with the men. They all had exactly the same food—but the men's food was better cooked. The officers said: "Yes, the men get along with any kind we can."

Later I talked with the General. I said: "I'll be in Canada soon. Do you want me to say anything to the people there?" He thought a while. Then he said: "Tell 'em that the British are in good spirits are high. Say we are in good heart. Say we want to get out and meet the Hun on equal terms. Tell 'em we've got tanks—but tell 'em we want more Canadian tanks." I said: "Why, Canadian tanks?" He said: "Why, damn it, because we're Canadian soldiers—and we want Canadian things—yes, tell 'em to send us Canadian tanks—but tell 'em we're alright and in good heart."

These are your own boys, people of Canada. They will not let tank and gun and plane quick enough unless you feel, each one of you, that it is your personal job to see that they get them. You will not feel it is your personal job if you are convinced that the war is something far across a sea that is never coming to your doorstep.

I tell you it can come to your doorstep. I tell you it is at your doorstep. So many people these days talk of rebuilding our world after we win this war. Of course, for the sake of what is called morale, we should all get up and tell you that we are bound to win it. We are not bound to win it. The thing to get in our heads is that we can lose it as long as we think it is something that can touch other people—but not us. Many other lands thought that—until the enemy planes were overhead and his tanks ten miles down the road—and then it was too late.

It can be too late for us. We have to stop thinking of what we can do in 1943 or some date dreamily far over the horizon of time—and understand that it is what we can do this month of April, in 1942. It can be too late if we go on supposing that because the common man and woman and child of Britain have stood up to Hitler's tanks and bombs—they will go on standing up for a couple of more years until we get ready to really fight the war. It is bad for morale to say that I think

of butter on your hot cakes. Then say that you can't have any more butter for seven days—your total week's ration of butter is finished at one gulp.

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HON. JAMES A. MACKINNON Minister of Trade and Commerce

Send in your personal items. They are appreciated by our readers.

If you work and toil in this war in that spirit, then, and then only, shall we defeat this enemy. We shall defeat him if everyone in Canada truly believes that this, this land of yours, is the "Colonies" the Nazi madmen are talking about—not a greasy spot in a jungle.

Only if you understand that Canada, no less than Greece or Norway or Poland or Czechoslovakia, can be enslaved; shall we work and fight hard enough in this war to win it and ensure that she shall be free.

Only if you understand that your way of life here is so rich and full as to excite the envy of the ordinary citizens of Europe, will you fight hard enough to see that this war is won and her growing social freedoms, her open spirit of thought, her flowering education, and her even greater economic strength.

I pray with all my heart that these things shall come true. I pray with all my heart that the people of Canada will have the clearness of vision and the firm resolve to make them come true. Only if you act in time, can they come true.

Writing in the Beagle Grain Company, Limited, official organ, H. O. L. Strang's article: "The World of Wheat," stresses the need for "Victory Vegetable Gardens" this year. We print the article herewith, as handed to us by an interested reader: "Britain is becoming greatly concerned about her supplies of foodstuffs, particularly about certain animal products—bacon, cheese and eggs, which Britain cannot supply for herself but has to import in large quantities. More and more of these foodstuffs are being sunk in transit across the ocean by submarines and by other enemy action.

The quantities of these particular foodstuffs available for export in the United States and in Canada are less than the people of Britain require. The latest idea to help beleaguered Britain is for people on this Continent to eat more vegetables, and fruits, and so less bacon, eggs, cheese and butter, in this way to make more of these precious animal products available for Britain.

This can all be done, it is suggested, if farmers and city people alike will grow a VICTORY VEGETABLE GARDEN. These, therefore, who grow more vegetables for their own table for summer use, and for pickling and preserving for winter use, will certainly be performing a most patriotic act that will help the British people to stand against the enemy; besides which, the nutritional value of the consumption of large quantities of fruits containing vitamins will certainly tend to improve the health of young and old alike."

It was also suggested, and this may not ring clear with members of the Horticultural Society, that if you are planting a garden this Spring—plant all vegetables. That is what our King is doing, so why not fill flower beds with stuff to eat—for we can't eat flowers.

Do Your Bit SAVE SCRAP METALS RAGS, PAPER, BONES



"As We See It"

By J. A. Strang

THE OUTLOOK HAS been black so often lately that we seem to be getting used to it, but when we compare our position with that of many other countries, such as England for instance, and the occupied countries, we begin to think that maybe we are not so badly off at all. But Spring is on the way right now and the tulips are showing signs of blooming once more and the birds put on quite a songfest these mornings, the birds are just waiting to go all out, and the odour of bonfires is in the air. Bonfires are short of material this spring with the salvage getting almost everything that at one time went into the spring bonfire. The mitts are laid away for another season and the bare knees are all the fashion. Many of the winter programs are going on the air for the summer heat and perhaps programs of a lighter character will replace them. The other evening, the announcer on one of the corn syrup programs after telling us to put some of his corn syrup on our morning cereal, went on to tell us to put corn syrup on our shopping list also. We wondered if the shopping list would taste any better with his corn syrup on it. Next time we have shopping lists for breakfast we must try it.

IF, DUE to war conditions, the cars disappear from the highways altogether it will seem strange, especially to the younger generation that do not recall the pre-car days at all. Cars created considerable excitement when they were first introduced. They weren't plentiful in any one community and when they did appear they usually had plenty of critics as well as admirers. The most common car of all during those early days was the Model T touring and it was the correct thing to drive with the top down. No doubt you remember the coil box that was on the dash at the driver's feet of the Model T, and the key that was in it. When the engine was running the key would be turned straight down and then the car was started to start the engine. The key was moved a little to the side. Turned to the right, the connection was made with the magneto and most of us had a few dry cells lying under the front seat and these were connected to the left side of the coil box and turning the key to the left side usually meant easier starting. Then when we had the engine running we switched the key quickly to the right for driving. Of course there were no self-starters at that time and the engine was started by cranking. At a country funeral there was only the one car and after the procession got away the owner of the car decided to start it up and follow the buggies. However, try as he might the car failed to start. As usual he had plenty of company watching him, however none of them were able to help him. After watching the proceedings for some time an elderly man that had been leaning against the car took the owner slowly, that down his way when they wanted to start, the car they usually turned that little thing on the dash to the side before starting to crank it. The man had forgotten to turn the key. We remember one time turning off the key but the engine failed to stop. A small crowd had gathered to find that out. Garages were scarce at that time and we had to grind our own valves and we can remember being very thankful that the engine would run after grinding those valves the first time. Perhaps the younger generation, that have known only modern cars, have missed something.

IF THE Stanley Cup finals are as classic a series as was the Toronto Maple Leaf and New York Rangers series, the customers should not have much to complain about. That series seemed to have everything except rough play and was notable for the severity of penalties. You would notice also that the Leafs only scored one goal more than did the Rangers in the six games. Again that extra second before the end of the sixth game so there can be no doubt about the evenness of the two teams. In the Detroit - Canadian series the two teams scored an equal number of goals, however in the Detroit - Boston series, the Detroit Red Wings, scored nine goals to the Boston team's five. Your guess would be as good as ours as to the number of goals that each team score in the Leaf - Red Wing series.

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