

A Feature Page

NEWS PARADE

By G. McO.

A LETTER FOR OVERSEAS

If your husband, son, brother or sweetheart is overseas, it is your duty to write him often. Tell him what is going on in the home-town; for that is the news he is most interested in. You say you haven't time to write so often? Well, here is some news the boy might like to read. Clip it out, send it to him . . . or better still subscribe for the home paper so that he can get all the news.

You wouldn't know the old town now, Pal. Things are mighty quiet on Main Street . . . Especially now that there are no more open nights on Wednesday . . . It's quiet in the day-time too . . . Half the townfolk are on war work at Malton, or Long Branch, or elsewhere . . . There are more lunch boxes being packed just now than ever before . . . The white collared jobs are disappearing . . . Even your scribe has to dig in and get all smeared with printer's ink . . . Three of our boys are in the services and printer's devils are scarce . . . But we must keep the Herald going over there.

Yes, we have a dimout here too . . . just a miniature compared to your blackout I guess . . . but it makes us realize a little more just what you boys are putting up with, that we at home may enjoy some of the comforts of life . . . But we all can't go . . . so we are doing the next best thing . . . buying Victory Bonds and War Savings Stamps, that you will be better equipped when you come to grips with the enemy . . . There's no store window-shopping at night either . . . Window lights are on the black list, and the street lights, well, they do show a bit after losing some of their candlepower!

Hockey prospects are not bright for this winter either . . . You know most of our boys over there were our sportmen over here . . . And the golf course . . . you should see it . . . I think there were sheep there this summer, but the hay is pretty tall, and I'm not sure.

The farmer has been on double duty too . . . more wheat for bread, more beef for meat . . . but just for the boys in the army . . . we civilians get little meat these days . . . but we don't care . . . There's a big apple crop this year . . . and local citizens are doing their darndest to get them in . . . For no apples, you'd have no pie.

And believe me Pal, you meet so many strange faces on the streets these days . . . it's a changed town . . . you would think the town had been taken over. However, I suppose industry must be kept on going no matter where the people come from . . . but there're a great lot . . . and there is still plenty of room for you boys when you get back . . . and we hope it's soon . . . It's kinda lonesome you know.

The gasoline rationing has really cut out the cars. You can travel for miles on the highway these days without meeting a car . . . We got our AA book to-day, but we're not grouching, just telling you . . . We can put up with a lot more yet . . . You boys are the only ones making a sacrifice.

Don't worry about Christmas, Pal. The Post Office is literally jammed with girl friends and mothers getting parcels off to you . . . and organizations are busy packing boxes, too . . . Hope you are home for next Christmas . . . We miss you.

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HE BELIEVES IN SIGNS



One of the colored troops of the United States Army now working on the highway to Alaska is shown lettering maps for the new road. Known as the "Alaska Highway," it is already in use as a supply line to Alaska.

back to his base safely. A good portion of the plane's fuel supply has already been used and the chances are that the tanks do not provide for a night-seeing jaunt to Greenland or Cape Cod. What the navigator has to do is to set a course which will bring the bomber right over his home aerodrome. Probably night has fallen in the mountains and there is a fine drizzle of rain. It is still up to the navigator to find exactly where he is and how to get from there to where he wants to be, quickly and accurately. Between his present position and the base the plane may run through fog or heavy clouds which under winter conditions will lead miles of ice on its wings in a matter of minutes. And a heavily loaded plane will require more fuel for flying back over the mountains. The pilot may find that the weather has closed in so it frequently does not cross backward it is impossible to come back to the navigator has to help select an alternative field perhaps 600 miles away and provide a course which will get the craft there before the gas tanks run dry.

Little wonder, then, that the navigator rates very highly in the Air Force's book. In a pinch he must be able to man the guns, and on occasion to help with the plane's controls. For all this he has the unenvied praise of his fellow crew members and the satisfaction of knowing that the pilot must rely upon his store of specialized knowledge.



R. B. FOULIS who again leads the Payroll committee in Georgetown's Third Victory Loan. He is superintendent of Production Paper, Ltd.

thinking of them and of their brilliant ability, way wherever we read of some in a scheme. They have caused a division in the public mind between the 'we's and the 'they's until we forget that we the people and 'they' the people can still run things whenever we decide to do so. We cannot afford to be confused and play into the hands of these scheming bureaucrats who rule by this dividing and conquering. We could do a great deal for them, perhaps 'point out' would be good. The terminology would then become 'we the people' and 'policy'.

If we do not like the way the gasoline situation is handled, we should speak out and say so, and little by little we will make adjustments until we are satisfied that we have done the best that we know how. If we think gasoline fitting is in terrible hands and that matters should be changed, we should say so, and finally force the bureaucrats to accept our will.

To some, this pushing and shoving and greiving and hawing may seem a most inefficient way to win the war in which we find ourselves. But history shows that in these seemingly muddling processes of democracy, the best and the most efficient eventually force their way to the top and overcome the false efficiency of the dictators. The system of the dictators seems more efficient only because it lops off the heads of the opposition. In the long run, the democratic way is the more efficient, which is why it has always finally triumphed all down through the years.

That we and the 'they' in America are still Americans. Sometimes we forget this fact, (as do the polecats too), and in the forgetting we make ourselves unhappy and give our enemies within and without cause for rejoicing. It would be better if we kept this thought constantly in mind for the duration. Then, the way they handle the gasoline situation becomes part of our responsibility. We must ourselves to remedy our situation. It is our tax bill, our tire shortage, our problem our country. Let's keep it that way.—Rural New Yorker.

'We' and 'They'

In reading over an exchange paper we noticed this very interesting article from the "Rural New Yorker". The contents of the article could easily apply to Canada, and one has to stop and think as we peruse the item.

'WE' AND 'THEY'

They ration sugar and we don't like it. They ration gasoline and we object. They tell us there is a shortage of rubber, and we dislike the way they handle the situation. They are talking higher taxes and overlook excellent chances for economy. They put price ceilings on items we want to sell. In short they do all the things a lot of us don't like. But who are they?

We still live in a democracy and we still have the ability to control our destinies. We have a voice, no matter how small it may seem, in shaping the policies of our government. And collectively we can move things in the direction we want them to go. This is by the people, and for the people, by the people, and for the people. In short, they are we, and when we criticize them, we are only expressing our desire for improvement in what we are trying to do.

Too true, the bureaucrats and the cheap politicians have so often gotten hold of things and make us so fighting mad that we instinctively get to

Poetry

LITTLE TODDLER

Come here little toddler, it's evening now,
The sun has dropped down over the west,
You're tired and weary and worn with the day,
You're tired and weary and worn with the day,
Come struggle in mother's lap—rest.

The day has been long, you've had trouble and care,
As well as some pleasures and joys,
You've tumbled and fallen, you've bruised and hurt,
You've lost and you've broken some toys.

There's a little blue spot on the side of one knee,
That tells of a bump on a chair,
There are two little streaks down your soft baby cheek,
The track of a tear that was there.

Snuggle down little babe, and close your eyes tight,
Mother'll tell you a story that's true,
To-day is a sample of many more days,
That will come to all toddlers like you.

No matter how old you may be little dear,
There will always be tumbles and tears,
There will always be some little sorrow or care,
That will bring you some heartache or fears.

There will always be pleasures, and there will be tears,
To cheer you and brighten your way,
And there will be sunshine and happiness, too,
A mixture of both every day.

So sleep, little babe, and forget all your cares,
Tomorrow a new day will bring;
And while there'll be tumbles and bruises and hurts,
There'll be something to make your heart sing.

RALPH H. GORDON
628 Crawford St., Toronto.

AN EVENING REVERIE

As I sit before my fireside
On an Autumn evening cool,
Oft I wonder what has happened
To the friends I knew at school.

Some of them I have encountered,
They have settled somewhere near,
Others I have never heard of,
They have wandered—I stayed here.

When one thinks of all the changes
In our lives that do take place,
Need we wonder that life's journey
Has been likened to a race?

For years pass by so swiftly,
First there's youth, then middle age,
Then a few more seasons' vanities,
And we end our pilgrimage.

When the evening shadows lengthen
And our strength begins to wane,
Tis then we think of good we'd do
If we could but live again.

Let's be wise and use each moment
In a way God would commend,
For regrets are always futile
When it is too late to mend.

So along life's fateful journey,
If we seek our Father's will,
He has promised that He'll guide us,
And His word he will fulfill.



By Flight Lieutenant T. C. McCall, RCAF.

You don't have to badge off this country to find a part of it that is at war. It's all around you, and on a round-the-clock basis.

And, if you can't see where a Bomber Reconnaissance Squadron is stationed and what its mission is, you will find a good number of signs that the war which has already engulfed most of the earth is already right on the North American doorstep.

It is a little tough to see four hours a day by but, from your own home town, they live in remote outposts along our coast, do their jobs quietly and effectively and succeed in helping to maintain the lifelines from the New World to the Old.

They move out in the glory that accompanies their brothers overseas. There are few communique about their work, but you'll find morale and spirit as high as anywhere in the world. These chaps know that they're doing a manly job and doing it well. They're hitting a bull where it hurts him the most—supplying the carefully laid plans of the last ten years to destroy Britain, and her Empire by cutting her supply routes.

This Bomber Reconnaissance Squadron is just one of the Royal Canadian Air Force units engaged in the vital task of searching out sea raiders and protecting shipping from the scourge of submarine wolf-packs. Its planes—huge, twin-motored craft range far out over the North Atlantic every day and night. Bad weather, poor visibility, extreme icing conditions mean little to these lads. When the seagulls are thumping rides, the planes of this squadron are still in the air looking for subs.

They find them, too. Security does not permit revelation of details of attacks and the results achieved, but when the record of this war is written some pages will be devoted to the exploits of this group.

Visit the Squadron at their base and you'll be struck very forcibly by one fact. A bomber crew is not a collection of individuals but rather a well-coordinated team. It is in many respects like a football team. The pilots are the lads who carry the ball. They get most of the gallery's applause and share in all the spectacular plays, but they are the first to admit that without the best efforts of the other members of the crew, their own work would be useless. There is a "Tail-end Charlie", the wireless operator-air gunner or plain air gunner. He does the blocking for the team, fights off the opposition, outguesses his opponents and is generally indispensable. And there is the air navigator who calls the signals, acts as boss a good part of the time and steps modestly aside when the kudos is being handed around.

In a bomber reconnaissance squadron which works hundreds of miles from its base, the navigator is probably the number one man, if any man in the outfit can be considered more important than the rest. Here is why:

In the first place, the aircraft must reach its objective which in this case might be a hundred-square-mile area of ocean over which a "sweep" is to be carried out. This particular region may be three hundred miles off the coast. It is the navigator's job to see that the plane gets there by providing the pilot with a course which will take into account the constantly changing speed and direction of wind as well as atmospheric conditions which might build up along the wings.

Assuming that the patrol area is reached without difficulty and that the "sweep" is carried out, the next task of the navigator is to get the aircraft



You Can Help Decide

There is not enough power for our war industries and for our homes. . . . The use of electricity in our homes must be reduced—must take second place—if we are to keep our war plants working at full speed.

Unless you cut your power consumption by at least twenty per cent—you're not saving enough.

THE DEPARTMENT OF MUNITIONS AND SUPPLY
Montreal, C. D. HOWE, Minister