

## With Our Weekly Newspaper Representatives Overseas

By Messrs. R. P. MacLean and C. J. Allbon, Official Delegates of the C. W. N. A. with the Canadian Press Party who toured the United Kingdom

### SMOKES STILL SCARCE (By R. P. Mac Lean)

If you want to do something for your men overseas send them cigarettes and more cigarettes and still more cigarettes. Every Canadian in the army, navy or air force whom we met said the same thing.

Cigarettes in England cost two shillings and fourpence for twenty of the poorest brands. Something better than fifty cents. And they are poor things now. A man living on army pay simply cannot afford to buy them and consequently the cry is for more and more cigarettes sent from home.

No man can receive too many for there are dozens who receive none at all or very few. Some of his friends are always short. Apparently most of the men refuse to sell them to their friends, but they will loan some until the friend's parcel arrives. But that means that one chap must take a portion of his newly-arrived and precious stock and repay his debt and soon he is short again.

This seems to be particularly true among men who just go over. Some time elapses before the first parcel arrives and by that time they are hopelessly in debt to their friends for cigarettes. The suggestion is that as soon as a man starts for overseas the cigarettes should start to flow after him immediately.

Most of the men I talked to felt that they received almost all the cigarettes sent to them. Some did not agree it is true, but the majority were quite content that the smokes come through with consistent regularity.

Our public relations officer put it this way: "If you can only persuade the people of Canada to send more and more cigarettes over, that alone would make your trip worthwhile. You would have done a real service to the men of the Canadian forces here. Urge them to send more and to send them regularly. Every man over here will thank you."

Well, that is the story. You have it and the rest is up to you. If you have any relative or friend overseas in whom you are even casually interested, make arrangements now to do something about augmenting his smoke supply. Remember MORE cigarettes and REGULARLY.

One chap from Kelowna told me that his greatest thrill at Christmas was to receive two parcels of cigarettes from people whom he knew only casually. He said he had appreciated the parcels from his close friends, but when he found he had been remembered by only casual acquaintances, it was a real thrill. He felt that the people "back home" had not quite forgotten him after three years' absence.

But why wait for Christmas? You can give these chaps a boost in morale any day by just seeing that they receive their cigarettes regularly. It will be appreciated and will bring you dividends through the satisfaction of giving pleasure to someone else.

In passing, it should be said that the British Columbia cigarette system is the envy of the men from the other provinces. Apparently this is working out extremely well and meets the approval of all the B. C. men who participate in it. To the people of British Columbia, I would suggest that they investigate this system of sending cigarettes overseas.

One final word—send more cigarettes and send them regularly.

### STILL THEY GET THROUGH

LONDON—The news of the battling it took to get through one of the largest convoys yet sent to Russia is a reminder that, although the U-boat menace has been beaten, it has not been removed.

The convoy had to fight its way through swarms of German aircraft and a series of U-boat attacks. Two U-boats were sunk by the aircraft of the Royal Navy's Air Arm, aided by a destroyer. There were also some 'probables.' Not a single merchant ship was lost, but the operation did cost one British destroyer.

It is clear that U-Boats won't stay beaten for one moment unless substantial naval and air forces are kept in constant vigilance, and convoys to Russia still need powerful escort.

The has been some question in the minds of sailors on the Arctic route to Russia, as to whether they prefer to make the trip in the summer or the winter. It is a choice of evils; in the winter there is the frightful cold, and the heavy weather, but there is some protection from the enemy in the darkness of the 24 hour nights. In the summer the going is a little more comfortable, but the 24 hour daylight exposes the ships to constant observation and attack from the enemy. This particular convoy seems to have had the worst of both seasons, the daylight is now getting quite long in the Arctic but the weather was reported as "murderous."

### Bernard Shaw In Reverse

BY LEWIS MILLIGAN

Bernard Shaw was born in Dublin, and he went to London in 1876, at the age of twenty, where he engaged in socialistic agitation and later became one of the founders of the Fabian Society. The Fabian aimed to bring about "the emancipation of land and industrial capital from individual and class ownership and the vesting of them in the community for the general benefit;" "the extinction of rent;" and "the transfer to the community of the administration of such industrial capital as can be conveniently managed socially."

Mr. Shaw is now in his eighty-eighth year, and he is a sadder and a wiser man regarding the sociability of Socialism. He has had an opportunity of seeing it with his own eyes put into operation in Soviet Russia, and he has recently been suffering personally from its partial application in his own country. In a long letter to the London Times, "the one-time socialist agitator and castigator of the capitalists has chewed up and swallowed his former self entirely.

"Facing an irresistible drift of economic changes from absolute private property to public property . . . to Fascist state-aided capitalism, from freedom of contract to state-regulated trade, from competition to co-operation to communism," Mr. Shaw now declares that these changes may smash up civilization. He reminds us of how the Socialists of Russia "convinced that private property in land is a baneful institution, took the successful farmer, the Kulak, by the scruff of the neck threw him into the lane to beg." The result was "weeds and desolation, and Russia began to starve." Lenin very soon had to pick the Kulak out of the ditch and put him back on the farm "with instructions to cultivate and exploit it for all it was worth until the Soviet was ready to take on the job."

This is the wiser Bernard Shaw speaking. He goes further: "And what applies to farming enterprise applies to all enterprise. Lenin had to rehabilitate the trader, just as he had to rehabilitate the Kulak." While he still believes that collective farming and trading "may come in time; meanwhile the more private farming and trading flourishes the better for everybody. Dukes are better landlords than needy freeholders."

I once heard Mr. Shaw say, in his usual oracular manner, that no one should object to paying taxes; the more taxes the merrier. He has evidently changed his mind, or he may argue that his dictum has been taken literally, and that you can have too much of a good thing. He is now calling upon the government to abolish the surtax and the excess profits tax "root and branch." There can be no doubt that the continuance of these excessive taxes after the war would put private enterprise into reverse.

Mr. Shaw has lived long enough to learn, not only from personal experience, but from current history, that you can't have Socialism and Democracy at one and the same time. He has seen that the first impulse of the socialists is to injure those who profit by the capitalist system, and, as he says, "to liquidate all its functionaries and replace them with congenial revolutionists." He warns against any attempt to repeat the Russian experiment with its "terrible" results. "Nevertheless," he says, "it seems quite probable that we shall repeat them all, and learn from experience at an appalling cost, what we are incapable of learning from history."

### WOMEN EXPERT IN COW TESTS

NEW YORK (CP)—Every cow has her day—and what day it is depends on a small group of women who are taking the lives of United States cows into their hands.

Since male cow testers have gone to war, women have been deciding whether Bossie should munch her way through a normal life span or turn into roast beef for Sunday dinner.

It's quality, not quantity, that counts when testers examine for butterfat content. If Bossie's milk isn't up to standard, off to the slaughter yard she goes.

As early as 1941, the first girl tester in New York state was deciding bovine destiny, and since then New York has acquired 20 others. Pennsylvania has 15, and New Hampshire's dairy herd improvement associations are served 100 per cent, by women. Two Wisconsin gals test 1,700 cows on 88 farms, and a Springville, N. Y., wife who took over her husband's job keeps an eye on 19 herds.

### Maybe Noah Laughed at These

Mother: "Do leave baby alone. Why is he screaming?"  
Jackie: "I'm only showing him the proper way to eat his cake."

An old lady called at the local post office and complained to the postmaster about the bad language used by two workmen while they were engaged on a telegraph pole outside her house.

The postmaster asked the workmen to make a report out and this is what he received:—

"Dear sir,—Me and my mate were repairing the pole outside Mrs. Smith's house. Bill was up the pole and I was at the bottom. Bill upset some boiling lead and it fell down my neck. 'Now, Bill, you should be more careful,' I said. Nothing more was said."

The genius of a local man had carried him to big success in business without much aid of education.

He was asked to distribute the prizes at a school, and made the usual speech of good counsel.

"Now, boys," he said, "always remember that education is a great thing. There's nothing like education. Take arithmetic. Through arithmetic we learn that twice two makes four, that twice six makes twelve that seven sevens make—and then there's geography."

"He's a finished musician, don't you think?"

"I hope so, but I'm afraid he's going to play again."

### CROPS KEEP BEST IN GARDEN SOIL

Gardeners whose kitchen refrigerators may be crowded, might remember that the best place to keep vegetables is in the ground. There's no place as good for garden crops as in the soil itself.

Hence, in picking spinach, lettuce, carrots or whatnot, cull only enough for a meal or two and leave the rest alone.

True, vegetables may become over-matured if left in the soil too long but they're much better that way than if left in the ice box for several days. Also, they're sure to be in better condition than those which have been shipped to market by truck and then held in the corner store.

Stringless beans, a warm weather crop, are started to good advantage now. The soil is well dried. Even if you've planted some, sow some more now. The old method of sowing seed in hills is a waste of space—especially for dwarf types. Sow in rows about an inch deep, and when shoots are large enough to permit transplanting, shift them to six inches apart.

Plant at ten day intervals, continuing through late July. Sandy loam is best enriched with well-rotted manure. Use one quart of seed to 100 feet. Beans produce in six to eight weeks from seed.

### WOMAN AND A NEWSPAPER

It may not be generally known that a weekly newspaper is in many cases like a woman; for instance: They both have forms.

They always have the last word. Back numbers are not in demand. They are well worth looking over. They have a great deal of influence. You cannot believe everything they say.

They carry the news wherever they go.

Every man should have one of his own and not borrow his neighbor's.—Rosetown Eagle.



So far this year, Long Distance calling is almost 10 per cent. heavier than in 1943, when toll calls set an all-time high.

So it is obvious why we must all continue to avoid needless Long Distance calls. Otherwise, pressing war business may be seriously delayed. And such delays can cost lives!

Please make only necessary calls.

REMEMBER—NIGHT RATES  
NOW BEGIN AT 6 P.M.



On Active Service

Giving Wings to Words

**CANADA'S  
Badge of Honour**

*Wear it on YOUR arm!*

Yes sir, I wear it on my arm and I'm proud of it. For, G.S. means General Service — on any fighting front anywhere in the world. It means that I want to go overseas.

Canada needs a lot of men like you and me. I know it's going to be tough, but the job has got to be done.

So, sign up as a volunteer for overseas service. Remember it takes months of thorough training to make you fighting fit.

Come on fellows — let's go!



WEAR IT ON YOUR ARM

**VOLUNTEER TODAY**

Join the

**CANADIAN ARMY**

FOR OVERSEAS SERVICE