

About the "Maids of All Work" With the Royal Navy

(By Admiral Sir Michael Hodges in the London Listener)

I had the honour of being placed in command of all the destroyers in home waters soon after the close of the Great War, and my task for the next two years was to reorganize the destroyer service, and to embody in its training all the lessons of that war. My first connection with destroyers was when, exactly 40 years ago, I was given command of one of the type then in existence. She rejoiced in the name of Flirt.

This particular Flirt, whose activities I was to control, was a torpedo-boat-destroyer of 300-odd tons; her gun armament consisted of two 12-pounder guns, and she carried exactly two torpedoes.

What a contrast to the modern destroyer, where, in the largest class, known as the "Tribals" on account of their names, names such as the Somali, the Tartar, the Eskimo and so on, the displacement approaches 2,000 tons. They are armed with eight 4.7 and other smaller guns, and four 21-inch torpedo tubes. With their vastly improved sea-going qualities these modern destroyers are almost in fact small light cruisers.

Then, beside the Tribals, there are those destroyers whose names begin with J and K. In the J's and K's the gun armament is slightly reduced and the torpedo armament proportionately increased. Thus they have six instead of eight 4.7's, but they mount 10 torpedo tubes. Several of these destroyers have distinguished themselves in the war. Amongst them are two special cases, those of the Javelin and the Kelly, where, having had the misfortune to be torpedoed during action with enemy craft and very badly damaged, they were safely brought back into port, the Javelin with her bow and her stern shattered, and the Kelly—well, let me tell you about the Kelly.

It was 10.30 p.m. one twilight evening, windless and with banks of mist forming on the surface of the North Sea. Suddenly there was a tremendous explosion as the torpedo hit her, and a sheet of flame rose level with the bridge. The Kelly lifted bodily with the force of the explosion, which blew a large hole in her side extending downwards to the keel. The foremost boiler-room was blown open to the sea, and the ship was enveloped with steam which escaped with a deafening roar. Every one in that foremost boiler-room was killed instantly, but those in the after boiler-room and the engine-room remained quietly at their posts until ordered to deck.

In a few minutes the Kelly was well down by the bows with a heavy list to starboard. It looked as though it must be only a matter of minutes before she foundered. But the captain knows his ship, and he's not going to give up

hope. By flooding compartments on the opposite side he brings her on to a level keel, but with her decks awash. For 91 hours—that is for nearly four days—in tow of one of her comrades, the sea sometimes quite rough, the Kelly slowly made her way home. And don't think for a moment that the Germans left her alone—far from it. With her guns manned, her crews knee-deep in water, the Kelly beat off attack after attack by German airplanes.

The stories of the Kelly and the Javelin are a tremendous tribute to the excellent work which is put into the construction of our naval vessels by the shipyards, and no praise is too high for the personnel employed in this great national work.

I have lately been paying visits to all our shipyards, and at the one which undertook the Kelly's repairs I was shown photographs of both the interior and exterior of the vessel as she was at the time of her return, and I talked to the men who repaired her. I can therefore testify, not only to the magnificent effort of seamanship, combined with courage and determination, required to bring her home, but to the complicated task of repair which was so expeditiously carried out by the yard in question.

British shipyards are supreme and a perfect understanding between the men who build our ships and the men who sail them makes possible such a splendid story as that of the Kelly, who, by the way, is now back at sea in full fighting trim.

History will have many tales to tell of destroyer doings in this war, illustrating the many and varied jobs of work they may have to perform at any time. You would hardly expect, for instance, to find destroyers taking part in street fighting, but here's something that happened at Boulogne when our destroyers were evacuating the last of our troops. One of them, after forcing her way in found herself under fire from a battery of field-guns in a fort on a hill above the town. The destroyer turned all her 4.7 guns on to it, and the second salvo blew down the whole side of the fort and part of the hill, sending guns and mountings rolling down the slopes.

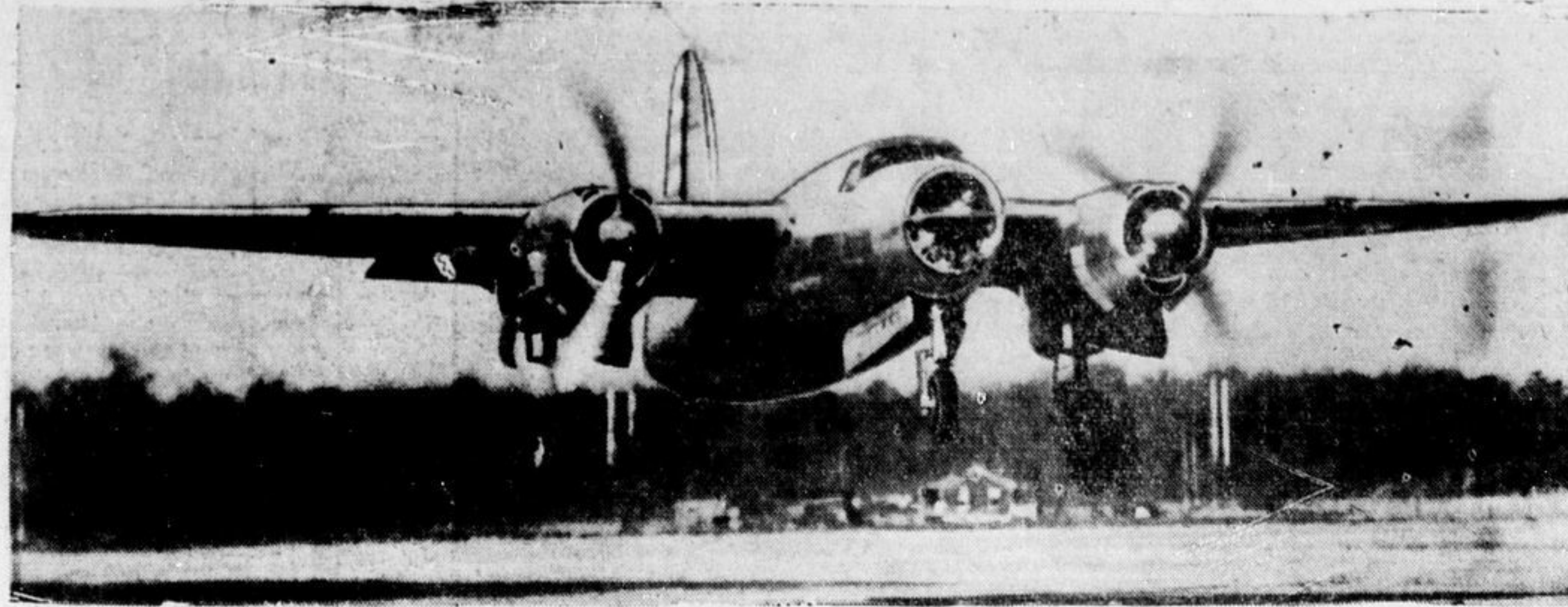
Just at this juncture on enemy detachment of motorcyclists and a car came out of the main streets of Boulogne.

A midshipman of the Royal Naval Reserve opened fire with a pom-pom blew the car to pieces and sent the enemy scattering in every direction.

The destroyer has been described as the "maid of all work" of the Fleet, and that is exactly what she is; the many and various duties she has to perform provide the finest training imaginable for both officers and men.

The command of a destroyer teaches an officer at an early age the quick handling of a ship, gives him self-confidence and many opportunities of showing initiative and accepting responsibility, all of which are of inestimable value to him when he comes

UNITED STATES TYPE BOMBER TO BE PRODUCED IN CANADA



First contracts let to Canadian aircraft concerns when production of warplanes began here were for British-type planes. Now, as U.S. firms are rushing their best planes to Britain under the lease-lend bill, these makes are gradually being put under production here. A contract which may reach \$18,000,000 has been signed by the National Steel Car to build

about 200 Martin B-26 bombers at Malton, Ont. Called the "Flying Torpedo" in the United States, it is one of the world's fastest bombers, and those built here will incorporate many improvements suggested by the Martin's in actual warfare.

to command the bigger units of the Fleet.

Destroyers form part of all convoy escorts. This convoy escort work entails long voyages in all sorts of weather, and you can imagine what this means to the officers and men of these little ships, in the North Atlantic, for example, during the winter months. Think of them, for days and days on end, always wet and cold, the ship knocking about in such a way that cooking becomes almost impossible.

Life in destroyers is a hard one. Spells in harbor are very infrequent and, when they do come, very short. But all this is most cheerfully borne by these young officers and men. Destroyers are always on the go and always ready for any emergency. Should an SOS be received, the order is invariably "Send a destroyer." And how many of our merchant ships, bombed or torpedoed, with the crew taking to the boats, or still endeavouring to save their ship, have been cheered by the sight of these splendid little ships steaming at full speed to their rescue?

Their duties, as I have said before, are endless and they call for the highest form of seamanship, courage and endurance. We can never have enough of them and, like Nelson, whose cry was always for "Frigates and more frigates," our senior officers repeat the same cry, "Destroyers and more destroyers."

They are being added to our Fleets as fast as the shipyards can turn them out, and there is no lack of realization on the part of those responsible as to their value.

Stark Realism Reigns in Broadway Theatres

There is not one romance currently playing on Broadway. A number of reasons are advanced for the starkness of the plays now offered theatregoers, and for the realism that has gripped alike playwright and producer. The inclination seems to be to put the reason for it all on the audiences.

Herman Shumlin, who is sponsoring Ethel Barrymore in "The Corn Is Green" put it this way: He says the American theatre has outgrown its "make believe" play clothes and actually has become a part of the people who themselves are realists and insist on that kind of fare.

"The present conditions in the life of an ordinary person are too exciting," Mr. Shumlin says. "You can no longer offer audiences treacle. They will spurn it, and think ill of you for the attempted deception."

"I don't say that there must be a social message in every comedy or drama," Max Gordon said. "But I am convinced that no play can succeed in these days that does not present an adult viewpoint. Audiences have been educated to the broader and sterner perspectives of life and all it holds for us socially, politically and economically."

B. G. De Sylva, producer of "Du Barry Was a Lady," "Louisiana Purchase," and "Panama Hattie," sock musicals whose books have no relation to the pattern of Elsie Dinmore, puts on his type of show with deliberate intent. Says he:

"The day of the old-fashioned love story—at least on Broadway—is over. The theatre has grown too adult to go for sticky, sentimental mush dished out in the corny plots of the 1920's; the estrangement of the lovers, and

the clinch in the final scene after a series of misunderstandings that keeps them apart from the end of act one to the last few minutes of the play.

"I doubt very much if this type of material will be accepted in the theatre again; certainly not in a long, long while. This is an age of realism in which we all have a vital interest. Events happening in all parts of the world make us keenly alive to the sternness of contemporary life."

"The attitude that only the strong survive naturally is reflected in our dramatic literature. We have become a hardboiled people who can take romance in stride. Things that were taboo as conversation twenty years ago now make the themes for our plays. I think it is all to the good and that we are better for it."

Looks on Marshal Petain as an Enigma of France

(George Glasgow in the Contemporary Review, London)

Seven months after the surrender of France, Marshal Petain, who had led the country in that historic act, had become a figure as enigmatic and as potentially important as any figure on the world's stage.

To us in Great Britain there is something still obscure and slightly odd in Marshal Petain's purpose and achievement. The enormously interesting thing is that he has surprised and intrigued many other people as well. It seems now to be proved, on the cumulative evidence of several months, that Herr Hitler is among those who are bewildered by the obstinate unexpectedness of this aged, pious soldier. Those Frenchmen of an ungodly temper, exemplified by M. Laval, are clearly no less bewildered.

Marshal Petain will live in history. His effect upon the catastrophic times in which we live is not yet worked out, nor can it be foreseen. But even at this time, there is evidence enough to suggest that he stands for something entirely unlike anything that is being done by any other political leader in the world.

Why is it that Herr Hitler's armed power has broken, so far, and spent itself ineffectively, as an angry wave, upon the rock of Marshal Petain's simple piety? The facts—for the outstanding facts can be seen and appreciated, though the underlying details be buried in the mass of lies that constitute the sum total of the world's diplomacy in wartime—are such as to force the most rash of worldly pundits to pause in their prophecies.

SUCH INDIFFERENCE

The dear old lady was knitting when in rushed her little granddaughter. "Grannie," she gasped, "there's a delayed action bomb just fallen in your garden, and it ain't half a big one!"

"My child," said the old lady, "how many times have I told you not to say 'ain't'?"—Exchange.

Haters of Hitler in Ten Countries Form a Club

(By Allen Haden, of the Chicago Daily News, in Special Correspondence from Buenos Aires)

United by common hatred of the Nazi conqueror, 24 businessmen, representing 10 countries that are or have been at war with Hitler's Germany, once a week eat a 50-cent lunch together at the English Club in Buenos Aires.

These men, members of the inter-allied co-operation committee, think, talk and dream of redeeming their countries. Their aims are two: to keep up the courage of their countrymen settled in Argentina; to debunk information distributed by the Germans.

None is skilled in swaying public opinion. But where a smart public relations counsel has ideas, these men, in a tight-lipped way, have faith in a British victory.

At one recent luncheon there were present representatives of Czechoslovakia, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Yugoslavia, Greece, Poland, Free France and Great Britain.

A craggy Yugoslav engineer sat beside a swarthy Welshman. On my left a slow Polish statistician spoke to me in Spanish. On my right was an Englishman, spare and precise with a rapier-quick mind. Down the table, the diminutive Frenchman representing General Charles de Gaulle leaned forward to hear better. A veteran of the First World War, he belongs to the famous "Gueules Cassées," the broken faces. Down the table from him sat another Englishman. As we went to table he limped. A German bullet smashed his hip at Dunkirk.

The common tongue was English, spoken by Dutchmen with German accents, by a Belgian with a French accent.

"Unity is the keyword," said a Dane whose loyalty to King Christian is unchallenged. "I think this text could be strengthened."

"Our joint strength will defeat Hitler," a Czech member asserted with some unprintable additions which did not obscure his meaning.

So the talk went: Radio programmes how to improve them and reach Argentina's 700,000 radio set owners (long-wave evidently, since only six percent have short-wave receivers); releases to the Argentine and foreign language newspapers; founding of a newspaper to contain releases not used by the Argentine press; money for a weekly pep sheet, published by the free forces of one of the conquered countries. Then the treasurer said: "Funds are low."

"If you will permit me, Mr. Chairman," said an Argentine guest who had not spoken until then. "I would like to return the courtesy of this

luncheon by subscribing the cost of two months' publication."

In the applause which followed he slipped out.

The wounded Englishman had just arrived in Buenos Aires after a trip along South America's west coast during which he visited Peru, Colombia and Chile.

"This organization is unique in South America," he said. "It will be the greatest encouragement to groups everywhere fighting German propaganda. We need to state our case to meet the German brand."

"In Britain where I have just come from, we know that we are not fighting alone. And each of the countries which have fallen to the Nazis knows also that we are still fighting for them. None of us is alone. We are all fighting together."

In that shabby and stuffy room in Buenos Aires, 24 unpretentious men are in their own way fighting for their country.

New Version of the Idea That "Man is Born to Trouble"

(From Blaimore Enterprise)

He is born. He grows a little. He has measles, mumps and chicken-pox. He goes to school and the first thing you know he is grown up. He falls in love and marries; or, he's a ground hog. He joins clubs. He buys egg-beaters, cocktail shakers, some high-ball glasses, a medium or low-priced car, several magazine subscriptions and some gold stock which is no damn good. He mows the lawn for exercise. On Sunday he plays golf. His modern children call him "George," which irritates him though George is his name. The mother of his children calls him "Daddy." This annoys him, too.

His shoes pinch; his hats don't fit him; his dress clothes smell of moth-balls. Dentists drill his teeth, surgeons dig out his appendix; his sinuses clog; his razor blades get dull; he misses trains; he fills out questionnaires; he stalls in traffic; he fixes flats on lonely country roads. His business goes from bad to worse, and on top of that there's those new excess profit taxes. He doesn't know what the world is coming to. But he suspects.

He has hay fever. When he sleeps his own snore wakes him. His hair gets cowardly and retreats; pretty soon it disappears. His dress shirts bulge. He stands around unhappily at cocktail parties, nibbling carrots. Headwaiters forget his face. Even liquor disagrees with him.

He fights in wars, if any. His own wife gives him pansy-looking bathrobes for Christmas. His secretary leaves him to get married, after fifteen years. His dentist tells him those old amalgams must come out. Mosquitoes poison him. Banquets give him acidosis. Hurricane insurance is the only kind he doesn't carry, and what do you think happens? A hurricane!

He has to act as pallbearer at funerals. He gets airsick when he flies. He takes a cruise abroad but can't get a decent cup of coffee anywhere. He finds all adventures, beyond a certain point, just like Regina. He grows a paunch; works at a gymnasium to reduce it, but nothing happens except a case of athlete's foot. Meanwhile he builds a house that costs him three times the estimate—and he never likes the house.

He serves on juries. He explains forgotten income tax deductions to ferret-faced agents from the tax department who never believe a word he says and never will. Employees sue him. Business improves, but his workmen strike. His distant relatives are destitute and write him demanding dough. His mother-in-law comes to live with him. He is a good and faithful husband all his life—or you tell one. And if he re-marries his friends

How Wool and Cotton Rags Help Win War

Ottawa (Special): That quaint song, beginning "Any rags . . ." which used to be so familiar in the streets of London Town is being given an added flavour by the intensive drive in Canada for just that commodity. The National Salvage Office reports great activity in the collection of secondary textiles for war purposes.

Woolen rags undergo a transformation that is hard to believe. But it is true, just the same. After this type of rags reaches industry, through the work of the voluntary salvage groups, the transformation begins. They are thoroughly cleaned, sterilized, and then shredded. The shredded material is next mixed with live wool. And the combination is woven into several kinds of heavy cloth which makes blankets and uniforms.

Collecting wool rags and turning them back into industry is definitely a direct contribution to the war effort.

Collecting cotton rags is no less so. White or coloured, they find their way finally to factories which make "waste" for machinery wipers. That old household that you contributed to the salvage campaign in your district may at this very moment be wiping oil and grease from a lathe that is turning out a bomb to be dropped on Berlin!

Other types of secondary textiles are interesting to the National Salvage Office. Linens, for example, are being turned back to industry to make the fine grade of paper needed for important military and state documents.

In the United States there is a business whose task is to salvage silk stockings. The articles are unwoven, and the threads that still have tensile strength are used a second time. Investigations are under way to see what can be done in Canada along this line.

Jute sacks are still another type of secondary textile having salvage value. Owing to the slow delivery of jute from India and the problem of getting shipping space, there has been difficulty in supplying the needs of the Canadian market with new bags. As a result, second hand jute bags have appreciable value. They are being disposed of locally by salvage groups collecting them.

May Ban Weekend Pleasure Driving in United States

A despatch from Denver, Colorado, quotes the governor of that state, Ralph L. Carr, as saying that pleasure trips at the week-end may soon be banned in the U.S. to conserve the rubber supply.

Home from a trip to New York and Washington, Governor Carr said an industrialist serving as a National Defence "dollar-a-year man" disclosed to him that an appeal to motorists to give up Saturday afternoon and Sunday trips is under serious consideration.

The same industrialist also told him, Carr reported, at his press conference, that speed limits may be reduced and production of white-wall tires stopped, with the objective of saving rubber.

C.G.I.T. Mother and Daughter Banquet Tuesday, May 20th

Mr. J. Lyman Murray to be Guest Speaker.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Canadian Girls in Training on Tuesday evening, Miss Louisa Mayowna announced that the Provincial Camp will take place at Waskegou on July 9th to 19th, and is open to girls from twelve to sixteen years of age.

Final plans were made for the Mother and Daughter banquet to be held on Tuesday, May 20th, when Mr. J. Lyman Murray, principal of the Timmins High and Vocational School, will be guest-speaker. Guests at the event will be the mothers of the girls, church officials, Sunday School teachers, and others. Miss Jean MacDonald outlined the programme for the evening.

It was announced that the next weekly meeting will take place on Thursday evening of next week instead of the usual Tuesday evening, as the Music Festival is taking place on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

say: "Isn't it extraordinary how much his second wife is like his first, which starts him worrying."

Next thing he knows he is old. He retires, grows deaf, though not as deaf as most people think. He feels like a patriarch and is treated like a pulsing infant. They bundle him in scarfs and earmuffs and put him out on the porch. When he falls down the cellar stairs and breaks his hip they belly-ache for weeks that they told him so, which is time enough. Then they send him off—of all places, to Victoria, to get his strength back. They get him a nurse and you would think they wanted him to live indefinitely—but he knows better.

By-and-by he dies . . . but is he glad? No, he certainly is not!

TOWN OF TIMMINS

TO ENFORCE THE COLLECTION OF TAXES

Following resolution passed by Council April 2nd, 1941, read as follows: "THAT the Treasurer and the Tax Collector be instructed to use all means authorized by Statute to enforce collection of Taxes."

By the above resolution the Treasurer and Tax Collector will collect all Taxes remaining on their books in accordance with the assessment Act as follows:

Distress and sale of goods of owner wherever found though his name does not appear in the Assessment Roll except exemption under Execution Act.

Where taxes are due upon any land occupied by a tenant, the collector will give such tenant notice in writing requiring him to pay such collector the rent on the premises as it becomes due from time to time to the amount of Taxes due and unpaid and costs; and the collector shall have the same authority as the landlord of the premises would have to collect such rent by distress or otherwise, but nothing shall prevent or impair any other remedy for the recovery of any portion thereof, from such tenant or from other person liable therefor.

Distress need not precede action. Division Court will, in most cases, be the channel to enforce collection.

Taxes not exceeding \$200.00 will be collected through Division Court, above \$200.00 to \$800.00 in District Court and above \$800.00 in Supreme Court.

In every case of persons who fail to pay their Taxes in full on or before May 20th, action will be taken according to the strict duties of the Treasurer and Tax Collector as provided by law.

1941 Taxes will be collected as above if not paid on due dates without further notice. No consideration on financial obligations elsewhere.

THE C.O. CHECKS BEFORE HER MIRROR



The London, Ont. Red Cross Corps has a nifty office administration group and the company commandant is Mrs. Marian Clark. Their new uniforms are gray with green trimmings. Note the air-force type of rank distinction on the sleeve, the smart military tie and the Red Cross insignia on the gray hat with the green band, the Red Cross being repeated on the upper sleeve of the tunic.

THE FINEST MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NORTH

MUSICAL FESTIVAL

McINTYRE ARENA

WED., MAY 14th, 8 p.m.

A True Tonic for Blood and Nerves

Invaluable at this season because it supplies the Vitamin B₁ and mineral substances so necessary to improve the quality of the blood and help the nerves. For better appetite, better digestion, better sleep and for better health use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

