

### Typical Britisher Writes of Typical British in the War

#### Says Statues Will be Set up to "The Unknown Citizen."

(From an article by David Low, the distinguished British cartoonist, in the New York Times Magazine.)

LONDON. The surprise with which the world has received the behavior of the British under bomb raids is itself rather surprising. How were we expected to behave? Ask the Irish Ambassador to convey our congratulations to Goering? Fly a bedsheet from Buckingham Palace flagpole? Or just run around in circles, moaning? There are evidently a lot of people, even among the friendly Americans who have the British wrong.

To begin with, they put altogether too much emphasis on the English. They persist in calling Britain, England and tend to regard all its inhabitants as Englishmen, to the sporadic indignation of the Scottish and Welsh, quite distinct (and alternately dominant) tribes in the island; not to mention the remaining Irish, even more distinct. They ignore the Danes, Saxons, Normans and Huguenots in our melting pot, and they make no allowance for the new foreign blood, as well as the old, processed by different climate and experience, from the Dominions. No race-purity humbug about us.

I once tried to work out what a race

purge would mean to Britain and I gave up when I got myself, a primitive Celt, standing, the sole survivor, about to commit suicide at Beachy Head. Britain is a damned good argument against race purity.

British character, fusing the stolidity of the English, the obstinacy of the Scotch and the volatility of the Welsh and the Irish, emerges as fundamentally mild but capable of sustained indignation, especially about cruelty to dogs and children. The British won their present measure of individual freedom and independence the hard way, but they use them neither to adventurous nor violent ends in everyday life. They plod. They have a shyness which makes them readily conform socially in clothes and conduct.

And arising out of this, as might be expected they have a defensive ridicule of the non-conformed and the strange. Despite this, they have a sound sense of the intrinsically ridiculous, though they are slow on the uptake.

There facts about British character being clear, its reactions to the war become more understandable.

In war as in other things, it is the unknown that is most terrifying. There had been no actual fighting on British soil since our own civil war in 1646. Napoleon gave us an invasion scare at the beginning of the last century, but the event did not come off. Up till this year all we know about the ravages of modern bombing we got from newsreels and photographs of China, Poland and Northern Europe in the picture papers.

Naturally, there was anticipatory uneasiness at the beginning of the war. The thing was an infernal nuisance; no one felt particularly warlike. There was a great flurry about protective A lot of people had their dogs "put to sandbags, steel shutters and gas masks. sleep and children were sent to somewhat arbitrarily designated "safety areas"

There was definitely a bit of a scatter last May, when it seemed that Hitler would arrive at any time. One learned with some suddenness who among one's friends had real guts and who hadn't. There was a confidential comparing of vest-pocket prials of morphia and other varieties of happy despatch suitable for use in the worst emergencies. At least two politicians I know toyed with the idea of crossing the Atlantic in a motorboat. And last September I won't say that I myself was unmoved, crouching all night for the first time under the grunting of

Nazi bombers without any A. A. guns to disturb their aim.

But that was long ago. Since then we have had experience. And the normal human absorbs experience and unconsciously adjusts experience and tets of fact, gets busy over what car be done about it all and, for the rest, grows a fatalistic calm.

The result is that a surprising number of people, including many who were rattled at the unknown of last May are now prepared solemnly to die in their tracks to stop Schickelgruber.

Heroism? After this war there will be, of course, statues of the Unknown Citizen with a bucket in one hand and a sandbag in the other. There will be epic poems about Mr. Smith squirting out the Fire of London. Well, it is not for me to deprive history of the purple passages or to minimize the glory of my fellow-citizens' monumental achievements. But I shall have to revise my estimate of the boy who stood on the burning deck and the heroes of Thermopylae. Heroism is evidently a matter of circumstances and opportunity, the normal reaction of the average self-respecting man—or woman—with red corpuscles, when he or she is up against it.

Knowing the worst, we take the situation not with less resolution but with more lightness of spirit; even compensating ourselves with our exclusive "secret weapon" of defence, the aforementioned British sense of humor.

Often the attitude becomes bravado, as when a bomb hit a hotel and a customer blown on to a roof was found miraculously unhurt, loudly demanding his lost beer. (The caustic blowing up of pubs, by the way, has created even more bitterness against Hitler than the burning of Wren churches.) But more often the reaction is matter of fact. For instance, when bomb craters, exploded and unexploded, appeared on my golf course, the committee made a new local rule.

Take the case of the boy who delivers his milk. He arrived apologizing for his earliness one morning. He explained that he had been lying on his bed fully dressed, asleep, when a H. E. exploded near by, blasting the house and blowing him clean out of the window on to the cabbage garden. Being fully dressed and disliking fust, he just went off to work as usual.

It is perhaps true that while the wisdom of statesmen may guide human progress, major change is primarily the natural evolution of circumstances. We sleep together in shelters or in one another's houses. We eat together. We travel together. We are looking after one another's children. It is impossible to be reserved or snobbish when we are jumping through one another's windows to put out one another's fires. We work together, we telescope our business together. It is difficult to maintain the competitive spirit against your business rival when he has lent you a desk in his office because you have been bombed out.

The social and economic transformations during the last eighteen months are already sketching outlines of future change in our ideas and ways of living. It has been discovered to the surprise of the dimwits, for instance, that the country air is doing the town children a power of good and we talk of moving all the schools out permanently.

The air training scheme for boys under 16 revealed the extraordinary attraction of flying for the rising generation. One hundred and fifty thousand boys signed up in quick time. It looks as though we will have plenty of civilian flying in the future. Evidently airplanes have come to stay.

Meantime, all this makes a strange world. Where the customary salutation is "Hullo, still alive?" where a Home Guard sentry who challenges you turns out to be a famous King's Counsel and the insignificant lad who used to deliver your papers bobs up as pattern of bravery hung with medals; where clean hands of women are held to be a sissie; where the glass is not in the windows but underfoot; where respectable dentists, clerks, poets, vice-admirals, grocers, barristers, actors and retired gentlemen find themselves out among bombs and guns in their suburban night, fighting a world war with tin hats, whistles and stirrup-pumps. . . . What the devil am I doing here? Zoom-zoom . . . zoom-zoom . . . Here they come—off we go! We can do no other.

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### Winston Churchill in His Adventures Has Charmed Life

(By Percy Ghent)

Through actual escapades and adventures that are as thrilling as the most imaginative pages of fiction. Providence has preserved the life of Winston Churchill for his high destiny. In the superb English of his own writings; in articles and biographies of others, stories of miraculous escapes from death unfold with impressive frequency. In barest outline they can scarcely be crowded into a column.

Ireland was the scene of Winston's first adventure. His grandfather, the Duke of Marlborough, was Viceroy in the Emerald Isle at the time, and the Duke's son, Lord Randolph Churchill, his secretary. "Winnie" was then four years old. It was while the child was riding a donkey, led by his nurse, Mrs. Everist, that a number of men in dark uniform appeared. Mrs. Everist thought they were Fenians, and panicky fears of kidnapping arose. She became agitated. So did the donkey. Winston was thrown and sustained a brain concussion. He made a speedy recovery.

#### Close Call in Cuba

Adventure number two was in "England with Churchill as a young schoolboy—in an exciting game of Indians he was the relentlessly pursued paleface, with two bigger boys—his customers—as the redskins. Midway across a rustic bridge he was trapped, for a willing warrior was at either end. Rather than surrender, he jumped from the bridge and tried to grab the branch of a nearby tree as he made the jump. Missing it by an inch, the wild leap landed him on stones thirty feet below. It was an invitation to death, but Winston merely fractured a shoulder.

Late in 1895 Churchill, a sub-lieutenant of 21 in the Fourth Hussars, had ten weeks' leave. There was a rebellion in Cuba and to Cuba he went. It was a private expedition for purposes of observation. Observation, sometimes, at close quarters. Once, while at dinner with Spanish officers, bullets from unseen rebels shot over the table. All the officers jumped away in excusable panic. Churchill did not budge. He was too busy eating a cold leg of chicken. For better tacking of the drumstick, he lowered his head. At that instant—ping!—a bullet sped over him and missed by a hair. Just luck, or a miracle?

#### India and Soudan

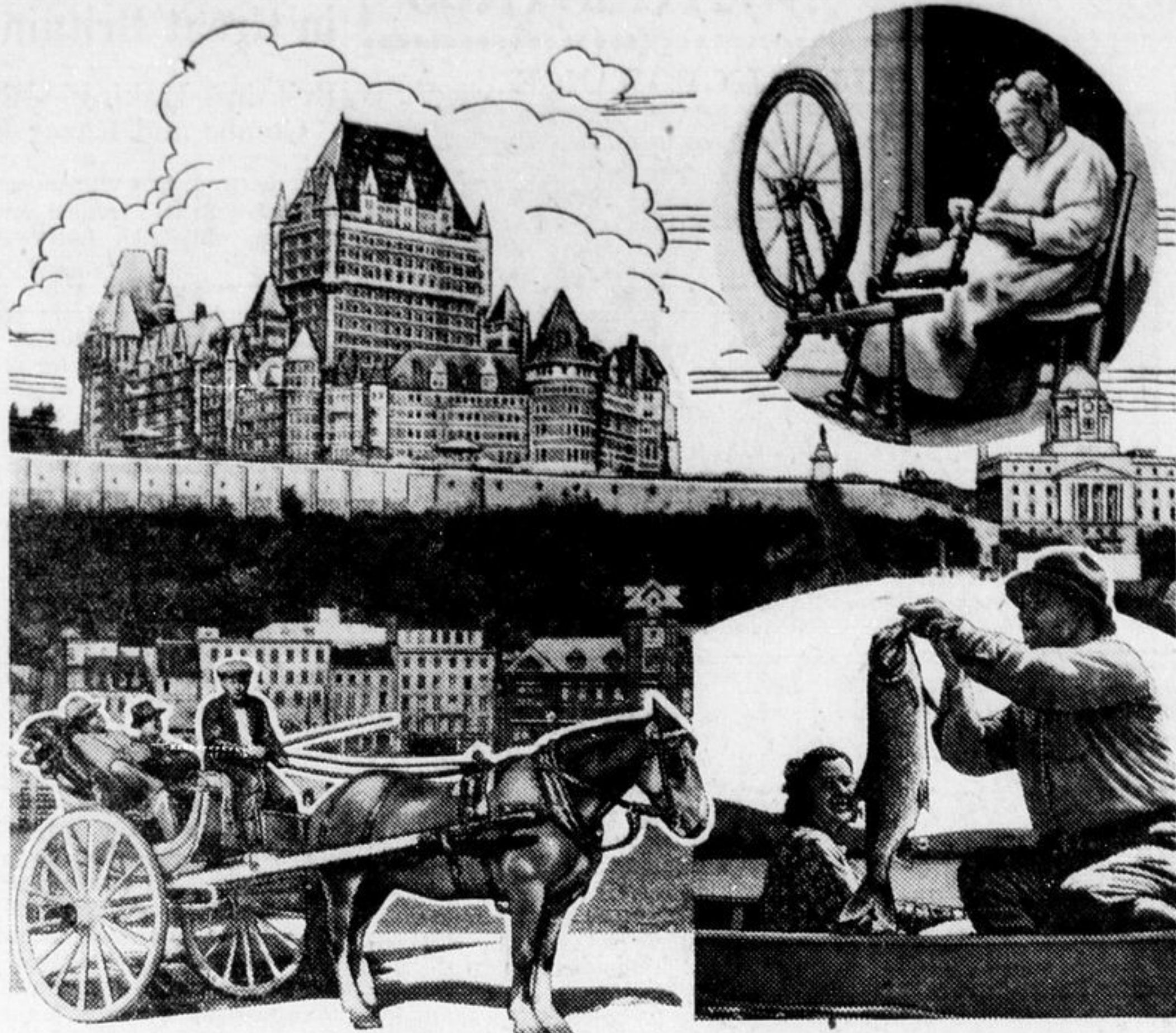
At 22, he was in India with his regiment, playing polo, reading the classics, signing for action and excitement. There was excitement enough on the frontier where Pathan tribesmen were in revolt. Churchill was "permitted" to go there as a favor, and was soon in the scrap. Pathan fighters invariably mutilated the British wounded who fell into their clutches. That is why Churchill tried to drag a sorely wounded soldier down a hillside. A Sikh who relieved him of the burden was shot through the head. Then the regimental adjutant was killed. Four soldiers who tried to carry his body away were attacked by bellowing Pathans. Minutes later, Churchill faced the wild tribesmen alone—and his revolver balked. But miracles do happen. A party of Sikhs charged up the hill, and the lieutenant was rescued. He borrowed a rifle and more than one fleeing Pathan dropped as he fired.

At Omdurman in the Soudan campaign of 1899, the 21st Lancers made a charge that became famous. Churchill was in it. In India a second shoulder injury had slowed up the swing of his sabre arm. To offset this, he became an expert marksman with a revolver. No blade, however sharp would have saved him, when during the charge he became isolated from his own men and in the midst of Dervishes. But he shot his way out when every bullet counted. Another bit of luck, that damaged shoulder.

#### Wanted Dead or Alive

With the possible exception of the strange flight of Rudolph Hess, no "escape" story ever created such universal interest as that of Winston Churchill's daring escape from the Boers. So familiar is the story that it need not be retold. But emphasis for a moment, please, on one phase of it. All night he rode away from Pretoria among empty coal sacks in a railroad car. All next day, from dawn to dusk he hid in dit-

### Vacation Delights In Old World Setting



Tourists who previously found the time-mellowed cities of Europe the answer to their vacation problems are today enjoying those same old world delights on their own side of the Atlantic—in old Quebec City where practically every vacation sport and pastime, including golf, tennis, fishing and hunting, combined with the most up-to-date accommodation, awaits the visitor in a mediaeval setting unique on the North American continent.

Easily accessible by Canadian Pacific rail lines from Montreal, New York, Boston, and other large eastern centres, Quebec is experiencing one of the liveliest seasons in its 300 years of his-

Plains of Abraham, the Citadel, the ancient city wall, the Great Gates, numerous monuments and other interesting landmarks.

Further afield the tourist is drawn to the picturesque Isle of Orleans, where farmers still sow by hand, plow by oxen, reap with the scythe and thresh with the flail, while women ply ancient hand-looms and spinning wheels. Other nearby attractions include Wolfe's Cove, Quebec Bridge, the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, Montmorency Falls and Kent House, while northward lies the famed Laurentides Park, a vast area of virgin lake, forest and stream country where vacation delights await at every turn.

ches and under trees with only a bit of chocolate to eat. Darkness brought no train to jump. He walked for miles through the night. Then the lights of a little mining settlement were seen. Hungry and exhausted, he knocked at the door of a house. "Who are you?" rang the challenge through an inch of open doorway. Churchill's quickly concocted yarn explained that he was a burgher who had fallen from a train in the darkness while on his way to join his commando. He had damaged a shoulder. He was very hungry and very weary. Inside the house a grinning Englishman placed a cold leg of mutton on the table: "Help yourself, Mr. Churchill!"

Throughout the country it was known that for Churchill, dead or alive, there was a reward of twenty-five pounds. And Winston had wandered into the only house for thirty miles in which help could be counted on. Here is luck surely, with a phenomenal sense of direction.

#### Smoking Brought Luck

Now the scene shifts to Great War number one. He is in the front line with the 6th Royal Scots Fusiliers. A message for Major Churchill: Corps Commander So-and-So wishes to see him at Merville. There's a car waiting at the crossroads. But no car was found—there had been a blunder somewhere. Churchill returned in a huff. A sergeant met him: He was so sorry, but the major's hut had been moved to another dugout. Five minutes after he had left for the crossroads, a whizzbang blew the first dugout to bits.

There is just room for the brief tale of one more lucky break. Mrs. Churchill thinks her husband smokes far too many black cigars, and often tells him so. His favorite defense is that smoking saved his life while serving in France. "If I hadn't turned back to get a forgotten box of matches in the dugout, I would have walked straight into a bursting shell." Then follows a burst of smoke from the cigar. And that is a gentle intimation that he is smoking only from a sense of gratitude.

ed for war purposes. Donations go to the Red Cross and other war charities. Donations may also go to the Department of National Defence, for direct war use. In the latter event they purchase an airplane, or a mobile kitchen, or a mobile dental clinic, or an ambulance, or some other piece of war equipment.

Until recent date that was an end of the matter, but your reporter has learned of a new development. The Government has hit upon the bright idea of keeping the group or organization apprised of what is happening to the equipment it has donated to the cause of Democracy.

So, have you heard what your airplane did today? Did it fight off the Nazi Messerschmidts over the Channel, or was it on a bombing foray to Berlin? Or perhaps it is a mobile kitchen you have sent off to war. What is it doing in the Battle of Britain? Was it down serving tea and hot food to the gallant fire fighters in the London dock area.

But perhaps it was an ambulance that you sent to relieve suffering and save lives. Did you hear what it was doing today? Was it swishing over the sands near Sallum, taking casualties back to base hospitals? Or was it standing by while the bombs were whistling down on Liverpool, ready to snap into motion and rescue civilians caught in the Nazi barbarism?

The idea of the reports is splendid. Too many Canadians are remote from the war, remote emotionally as well as in distance. That remoteness sometimes results in complacency. It should not. It must not.

The Wellington bomber, Spitfire, ambulance, or mobile kitchen, in which you have a share, will be right in there at the fight. And you will get regular reports on what your contribution has accomplished.

"Total" war is brought home in all its realism.

Salvage activity, which enables every Canadian man and woman and child to participate in the war effort, raises funds for combat equipment. It is your combat equipment. You will be able to say: "I have directly helped to fight this war—and win it!"

#### NICE AT ANY TIME

It was her first day at the job, and the new maid was a bit slow in answering the bell. So the master of the house strode into the kitchen. He found her scrubbing the floor.

"You're pretty dirty," he remarked, eyeing her soiled apron.

"Yes, sir," she replied coyly, "but I'm prettier clean."—Exchange.

### Value of Canada's Salvage Estimated at Million a Month

Ottawa (Special)—Your reporter got the surprise of his life last week when he learned the potential value of Canada's salvage. It is estimated that it will run to a million dollars a month. Needless to say, the surprise was pleasant.

The huge figure comes from noting the effect and working out the result of efficient salvage operations in an average Canadian town. The town is Dundas, Ont.

After a month of work there, under the guidance of the municipal council and the leading citizens, the books were tallied up. Rags, metals, paper, and the like—just the ordinary run of secondary materials usually wasted in every Canadian home—were collected, sorted, baled and packed, and sold to the nearest dealer handling the various items. The net money income for the month was \$650. There are 1,200 households in Dundas, which works out at 50 cents each.

That is what Dundas can do. The 2,000,000 households across the Dominion are expected to do the same, making the grand total of \$1,000,000 a month, \$12,000,000 a year. Salvage is decidedly worth while. The money thus raised is being us-

### Is Rudolph Hess of Any Importance in the War?

(New York Times)

What is now happening on the other side of the thick curtain that has thus been dropped between Rudolf Hess and the outside world? It would make a fine chapter in history if events should reveal that more important than anything that has been going on in the Mediterranean around Crete, or in Mesopotamia, or in the water off Greenland, are the developments in the immediate vicinity of Rudolf Hess somewhere in Scotland, if that is his place of residence today.

Has he been talking? Has he been in good spirits? What do the alienists say who examined him?

Hess may turn out to be more important than the battle of Crete or he may conceivably be of very little importance. His flight may have been the expression of widespread Nazi discontent or it may have been a sudden personal impulse. The probabilities are that Hess is important. This would be suggested by the very completeness with which he faded from public view.

#### RATHER MERCENARY

Mrs. Malnache (sentimentally)—I declare, darling, you hold the umbrella over me just as carefully as you did in our courting days—more carefully, if anything!

Mr. Malnache (prosaically)—I did not have to buy your millinery in those days, Myrtle!—Globe and Mail.

### HOW ELDERLY WOMAN ESCAPED BACKACHE

Many people think that backache is a trouble that comes naturally with advancing years, but this woman of 71 proves that it is not. "I suffered for a long time from backache," she writes, "but put it down to my age (71). Reading your announcement, I thought I would try Kruschen Salts. I have been taking it for some time and have found great relief. I thought you would like to know it has done me a world of good."—(Mrs.) E.R.

When pains in the back are caused by inactive kidneys and failure of the digestive system to throw off poisonous impurities, Kruschen Salts will give real help in settling the matter right. Because Kruschen has a diuretic action which helps to flush your kidneys and liver. After that, your blood throws off all impurities; you get happy relief from pain.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1941  
Bargain coach excursion tickets will be valid on Train 46, Thursday, June 19. Passengers will arrange their own transfer to North Bay C. P. Depot and take C. P. Train No. 8, leaving 12:55 a.m., Friday, June 20th.  
Tickets are valid to return, leaving destination point not later than C. P. Train No. 7, from Montreal 8:15 p.m., Sunday, June 22, to connect at North Bay with our Train No. 47, Monday, June 23, 1941.  
Tickets will not be honored on Trains 49 and 50—The "Northland"  
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