

## VOICE OF THE PRESS

**YOUNG MEN DOING BIG JOB**  
Bill Kaseberg is a 27-year-old young man whose name is not familiar to many Canadians. But he is the superintendent of the 15,000 Bomber Aircraft plant on the island at Vancouver. He is just one of the young men engaged in directing production of warplanes at that base. Officials of the company say all the men who "carry the load" are under 30 years of age.

Young men smart enough to study aerial engineering a few years ago are finding their way into aircraft manufacturing today. Their services are valuable because more and more warplanes are needed by the United Nations. Without those planes our combat arm cannot meet the enemy on anything like even terms.

Other young men will fly the completed planes. These gallant pilots and other men are the individuals who offer their lives that we might live.

—Windsor Star

## TWILIGHT OF THE GODS

It isn't funny any more, but merely a little shocking, to read the East Asia telling how the Japanese god of the sun and the winds as fellow-symbols of pure Aryanism, linking Germany and Japan in a supernatural bond. The appalling thing about all this twaddle is not merely that it is faked, it is that millions of people have been induced to act on the orders of the kind of mind that produced it.

That, too, is what we are fighting—Kitchener Record

## THINK IT OVER

Chinese die out roads with their rifles and fire into a warplane. Australians elude at bullet-torn throats while some Canadians, living better than they've ever lived before because of war work, won't invest in Victory Bonds until they've paid a cost-of-living bonus!

—Windsor Star

## SCORCHED EARTH

The Russians blew up their great \$100,000,000 dam, and Pechel River, which cost close to \$1,000,000, is badly smashed, and the Dutch burn up \$100,000,000 of oil wells, and Singapore, which cost \$500,000,000 is practically ruined. This war is making the last look like a mere skirmish.

—Ottawa Journal

## "BAD MEDICINE"

The "Bad Medicine" carries a 35-45 rifle, 400 rounds of ammunition, five days of rations, food, and medicine—a tin hat, a gas mask, and a bottle of White Man. You can't fool with that sort of guy.

—London Free Press

## THAT BONUS

Trying to figure out what the cost of living bonus means, who doesn't get it that should, together with the problem of whether anybody gets it and when, is a new game that has taken the place of the crossword puzzle.

—Peterborough Examiner

## PLEASURE DRIVING

What do you mean by "pleasure driving" when Junior wants to go with the baby car and his still drowsy mother? Is it a new game that has taken the place of the crossword puzzle?

—Windsor Star

## GOING NOWHERE NOW

All this extra daylight isn't going to mean much with no place to go and nothing to do in next summer.

—St. Thomas Times-Journal

## A WAY OUT

When they start eating less sugar maybe the women won't need the rubber girdles they may not be able to get.

—Sherbrook Record

## ROD BOUNCES BACK

Premier Rod calls China a spoiled child—but is having a tough time giving it a licking.

—Kitchener Record

## Norwegians Rode To Work In Style

Sixty-five workers were ordered transferred from Oslo to German ships near Bergen. They were handed money for "travel" expenses and told to be at a catch a certain train.

Only three of the sixty-five showed up; the others had vanished.

When the three reached Bergen, they found three buses waiting to transport them to the working place.

To the great amusement of spectators, each of the three boarded a separate bus and rode off to the new jobs in style.

## The Individual Citizens' Army

by ALAN MARSHALL and IRWIN

A Weekly Column About This and That in The Canadian Army

In the Great War of 1914-18, a common pleasure was to suggest that if a man was a blacksmith in civil life he made him a cook in the army. Actually, I thought there were times when a blacksmith in the army made a good blacksmith. There is no doubt, however, that the army earlier days, in common with private business, was a very different place because it didn't know the capabilities.

"Then days have gone for ever."

Today, the individual citizen's army is a composite of specialists and other employed in his proper sphere.

And this doesn't happen by accident. Before very long there will not be a single instance of a square peg in a round hole from the ranks of the army. We can go even further than that—from Private to Field Marshal.

I am not sure whether psychology is an art or a science. Probably the psychologists are not sure either, but personal managers in industry—and don't forget your army—is the biggest single industry in Canada today—long ago found out that psychologists could improve down waste of materials, man-hours and man-power by testing the capabilities of applicants for employment.

This is what the army is doing today through the Directorate of Personnel selection which applies the capabilities of men to the ranks in order to determine their fitness for their present job, their responsibilities, their aptitudes for instruction in their specialties.

Bar, of C. Chisholm, M.C. and some selection directors, he has gathered to serve with him the outstanding men of the Dominion. They arrive at their conclusions by the combination of an interview and what is known as an "M" test.

Those of you who are familiar with general knowledge tests carried out periodically by "Time" magazine will have some idea of

what these tests are. There is a difference, however, in that the "M" test, developed after experience conducted with more than 10,000 Canadian soldiers, is so designed that it discovers the capability of the subject rather than just his general knowledge.

And its conclusions, sometimes combined with other special tests, determine the potentialities of the man tested regardless of his educational standing.

When it was first announced that every member of the Canadian army would undergo this test, considerable trepidation was expressed. There was apparently a sort of tribal fear of the arts of the medicine man. This has now been dispelled, largely because many of the men who might be tested are already familiar with the modern equivalent of "foot-dragging" test, as the result of the "M" test, has been trained in one of the many specialties required in a modern army.

For the benefit of this column, I am permitted to take this test. I can't tell you what it consists of, but there are thousands more yet to try it, but I can tell you that I am assured by members of the Personnel selection staff, that my reaction is a pretty good one, and that it is interesting, informative, and a very pleasant experience—in fact, when this job is finished, I would like to be able to copyright some of the tests and collect royalties from them as excellent prior games.

Each test is led up to by a short sample which is carefully explained by the examining officer and no man is allowed to guess the test. The nature of the test is about to undertake, it does not show if he is capable of learning. The tests are carried out by a group of not more than fifty and there is no examiner for each fifteen men.

To us, the individual citizens who employ the individual citizen's army, the "M" test is an assurance that when the Canadian army has an opportunity to get down to it, the right man will get down to it, the right place and the right result may be confidently expected.

—Ottawa Journal

## WINTER CONVOY

By LIEUT. E. H. BARTLETT, R.C.N.V.R.

Around a table six men were gathered.

They were no uniforms, did not look like fighting men, but they had felt four ships torpedoed beneath him.

Another had felt the blast of both torpedoes and bombs.

A third had stood to his post on his ship's bridge while shells struck him, and had lived to be captured by the German raider and to be rescued by British divers.

A fourth, his ship disabled for many anxious hours, had rolled within striking distance of Italy as he told of how the "Eyetes" were afraid to come out "into their own blooming Mare Nostrum."

These were not men matching tall tales, but captains of ships on the eve of sailing once again into the war zone, in friendly company, and the job which lay ahead was now all that mattered.

From their talk, though, their stories were gleamed.

The story, at a start, of the captain four times torpedoed.

His son was sailing with him in one ship, an 18-year-old boy who already had qualified as an able seaman, and already could be called a veteran of the Battle of the Atlantic.

The captain was on the bridge when his ship was hit by a German raider and he had lived to be captured by the German raider and to be rescued by British divers.

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and son are back at sea again... but not in the same ship. There's a limit to the strain a ship's captain can stand.

The second captain is very proud of his ship.

She is brand new, 10,000 tons of cargo carrier built despite Hitler's boasts that he would blast the Old Country's shipyards to shambles. The ship, short and spare but of sturdy, tips the scales at 122 pounds!

Behind him is an encounter with an enemy surface raider. Ten minutes later the sea-gate caught the Zanzibar, and the came up to his ship in the pitch dark of a night. 24 years afterwards to the day, when he first was torpedoed in the original Great War.

Outlined in the blazing search-lights of the raider, his ship was an easy target. The first salvo sent his funnel crashing to the sea, and he was left with a damaged funnel, a face as solemn as an owl's, but the torpedo with your number on it appears to have arrived."

The captain chuckled.

"I won't longer after that when we got hit," he continued. "My steward came to the cabin just as I was leaping out of my bunk."

"Excuse me, sir," he reported, "with a face as solemn as an owl's, but the torpedo with your number on it appears to have arrived."

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where torpedoes might have been numbers were on their way to the ship.

The next day they sailed.

This Duck Was A Friendly

The return of a friendly duck to a friendly ship was a friendly ground near Victoria, B.C.

In 1937 by a fisherman, feeding diving ducks in a pond area, and after a few weeks birds came in answer to a call.

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## Have You Heard?

Mobs can't grow big because they eat only holes.

In Holland they use water-power to drive their windmills. Silence is what you don't hear when you listen.

Compliment is when you say something to someone which he doesn't expect.

Double-dealing is when you say something to someone which he doesn't expect.

An antique is something no one would be seen with if there were more of them, but which everyone wants when no one has any.

A Scotsman was leaving on a fortnight's business trip and called back as he left home: "Goodbye all, and Katherine—dinner forget to make!" "Dinner