

THE WAR - WEEK — Commentary on Current Events

THIS WAR IS A FIGHT FOR MAN'S RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES

The broadcast of an address by Field Marshal Jan Christian Smuts, Prime Minister of South Africa, to the combined Houses of the Parliament of Great Britain carried probably the wisest and most astute voice of the British Commonwealth. One of the greatest statesmen in the world, certainly no figure of our day can match his amazing and varied experience as a leader in five decades of war and peace. He illustrates in his own person that for every people all possible and practical independence and self-government is the British principle and determination, and that the British promise is sure.

A Choice of Worlds
Discussing the post-war world, General Smuts said that behind all the issues of this war lies "A deeper question than posed to the world. Which do you choose—the free spirit of man and the materialism of the modern world, or this horrid substitute, this foul obsession now resuscitated from the underworld of the past?"

"This, in the last analysis, is what the war is about. At the bottom, therefore, this war is a new crusade, a new fight to the death for man's rights and liberties and for the general ideals of man's ethical and spiritual life. "I therefore come to the question: What is the sort of world which we envisage as our objective after the war? . . . What sort of social and international order are we aiming at?"

"Certain points of great importance have already emerged. Thus we have accepted the name of the 'United Nations.' Then again we have the Atlantic Charter. Again, we have agreed on certain basic principles of social policy involving social security for the citizen in matters which have lain at the roots of much social unrest and suffering in the past . . .

"Then again, we have accepted the principle of international help underlying the mutual aid agreements."

"All these are already indications of considerable advances to a better world and richer life for mankind. To these we must add much of the social and economic work of the League of Nations . . .

"We are passing beyond ordinary politics and political shibboleths. It is no longer a case of Socialism or Communism or any of the other terms of the modern place, but of achieving common justice and fair play for all. . .

"This at the bottom is a war of spirit. Hitler has tried to kill this spirit and substitute for it some ersatz thing, something which is really its negation. He instilled into the German youth new racial fanaticism. He has sought strength in the ancient and discarded faith of the Teutons. His faith is a reversion of the pagan past and a denial of the spiritual forces which have carried us forward in the Christian advance that constitutes the essence of European civilization."

Britain Stands Test
"One occasionally hears idle words about the decay of this country, about the approaching breakup of the great world group we form. What folly and ignorance; what misreading of the real signs of the times! In some quarters, what wishful thinking!"

"But is it not standing the test? Is not this free and voluntary association, is not this worldwide human cooperation today holding together more successfully than ever before under the most searching test?"

"Knowing the dangers and temptations we have had to face, the stresses and strains imposed upon us, nothing has been more remarkable to me than the cohesion of this vast structure under the hardest hammer blows of fate."

"We have now reached the fourth year of this war and the defense phase has now ended. The stage is set for the last, the offensive phase."

"Final alignments both of the Allies and our enemies have been made. Resources have been developed and mobilized on a very large scale, our still on the increase, those of the enemy on the decline. Our manpower still is growing, that of the enemy is getting depleted, while he makes ever heavier drafts on his suffering vassal peoples."

"The specter of want, hunger and starvation is beginning to stalk through the subject countries. The spirit of unrest is rising and rising. Explosive limits of endurance are nearing."

"Once the time has come to take the offensive and to strike while the iron is hot, it would be folly to delay, to over-prepare and, perhaps, miss our opportunity. Nor are we likely to do so. Of that I feel satisfied."

"For the first three years of the war our role had necessarily to be a defensive one. That role was imposed on us by the intensive secret preparations of the enemy

ever been suffered in the history of war. . . .

Rough Passage Ahead
General Smuts said that he thought the war would continue for another two years, and he added: "The spirit flames above the blitz. The same spirit is lighting the scene in China, in Russia, the brave little nations of Europe, and last and greatest of all, America. But a rough and terrible passage lies ahead. A mortal struggle is on, and it will be more cruel and desperate as the end draws near."

Attention, Wives!
Advertising a rummage sale in Alabama: "Good chance to get rid of anything not worth keeping. But too good to be thrown away. Bring along your husbands."

Stratford Beacon-Herald.

VOICE OF THE PRESS

EVERYONE CAN HELP THIS EFFORT

Once upon a time, it did not matter so much if you forgot to turn out the light in the basement. It added a few cents to your Hydro bill and that was all.

Now, the Hydro wants you to cut down on your domestic service bills, so that power can be conserved for war industries. Instead of not bothering about the lights, people are asked to make sure they remember to turn off all unnecessary illumination.

Every little helps. Each individual can watch the lights in the home and so marshal kilowatts for war.

MARK OF GRATITUDE
A wealthy resident of California left all his money to a woman who had refused to marry him. That's gratitude for you.

REASONS FOR CHANGE
Donald Gordon has broken his own price ceiling on beef, raised it 15 cents a pound. What of it—if some good reason for the change came in the meantime? Joseph Howe once said "there was little in the world for which he had less respect than his opinions of yesterday." And a man once prayed: "Give us this day our daily opinion, and forgive us for our opinions of tomorrow."

ALL THE TRICKS
In West Virginia a recruiting officer signed on a chap by the name of Jack Queen King. If they put him in the air force and he turns out to be an ace, he will be a hard hand to beat.

STILL UNPOPULAR
"When I was a boy," father used to say, "I thought nothing of walking four miles to school and back every day." The kids of this rational day do not think much of it, either.

—Brantford Expositor.

Train Blind To Work For War

St. Dunstan's Institution for the Blind, still caring for the ex-service men blinded in the last war, is now training blinded service women as well as men for work that will make them independent.

Beginning by learning to read Braille and to use a typewriter, they are put on to other work that enables the teachers soon to spot whether the pupil is mechanically minded. If so, he is invited to take up munition work, getting at St. Dunstan's a certain amount of preliminary training on the type of machine he is likely to use. The men are delighted to be able to take their share again in war work, and virtually all of those in the factories are getting the standard rate of wage.

Several of the men come from the Libyan campaign, others are naval men who served in the East, and some of these have shown such efficiency that the Admiralty is retaining their services.

Buy Victory Bonds "SALADA" TEA

SERIAL STORY MURDER IN FERRY COMMAND BY A. W. O'BRIEN

G-MEN IN ACTION

CHAPTER IX

Inside the letter addressed to John Drexel, Clyde Dawson found a white slip of paper bearing a set of fingerprints. Accompanying it was a brief note:

"John," it stated simply, "these are Staller's prints. I believe you will find the thumb print corresponds with the print found on the fling cabinet. Paul."

Paul? That didn't take much for—Paul Drexel, the letter said. Paul Drexel had mailed the letter aboard the Caribou before departing and it had been sent to the North Sydney post office.

Outside, a siren was sounding and an auto screeched to a stop. Harried footsteps—he stepped backward again and opened the door. Four men were there, the leader a keen-eyed young man of about 28. He looked at the battered, disheveled investigator in-ly.

"Glad to see you—I'm Dawson," the latter identified himself. "Please have a man guard this fellow and the woman, send another to the storeroom at the top of the second flight of stairs, and you accompany me—I'll give you a full explanation shortly. My credentials are all at the Edgington Hotel."

The G-man followed him upstairs where Dawson led him directly to the door of the room containing the charts and radio apparatus. It was locked. Dawson probed for the keys in vain then applied his shoulder . . . once, twice . . . the third time the door gave way.

"Take a quick look around, please . . ." he beckoned, "you have my word there's a gang here you'll be interested in. Right now I'm desperately anxious to get down with you to the War Supplies Department—wherever that is—and nab the other member, a girl who seems to be missing."

The G-man made up his mind quickly. "Let's go, Dawson."

The War Supplies Department was a good four miles away and Dawson noted on a clock as they moved down Michigan Boulevard that it was 10:45.

The G-man's badge rushed him through an inquiry desk man into the Personnel Office. The manager greeted them.

"We want to see Miss Carol quickly."

"That's all right," the manager said. "She's in the office."

"Not yet . . . too many of my pals have been killed by these Hun vermin to date to leave me satisfied so easily. There's the girl, and I'm sure, several other undercover workers in the gang bent on playing havoc with the Ferry Command."

At the house Dawson marvelled to see how the place had been transformed into a hive of activity.

The filing cabinet had disclosed invaluable data including correspondence of an incriminating type with a number of persons. Wireless experts were testing the receiving set and already recording incoming messages. Two had already been received—in English from "amateur" senders. But the messages were obviously coded and decoders were breaking them down.

"Here's an interesting message we picked up, sir," one of the agents said. "Some amateur in northern Maine chatted at this wave length—we didn't even move a dial—about expecting a head-achy weekend with four old col-

lege pals motoring in this morning and three other friends having shown up the night before and, from the looks of it, wouldn't be surprised if the parade continued during the next two days. It strikes me as curious that he should so suddenly be deluged by touring friends . . ."

Dawson drew the head agent aside.

"That's an easy one to figure out. If the sender is in northern Maine he is likely spotting Ferry Commanders from Montreal . . ."

"But why would they detour over Maine?"

"You entertain a popular delusion, my friend," Dawson replied. "There's no detour entailed. Take a look at the map up on the wall and you'll note a straight line from Montreal to eastern Newfoundland across northern Maine. He's telling this 'vouch' last night, four more this morning and good flying conditions are indicated for two days . . . thus a big weekend. Right?"

"Sounds logical," the G-man affirmed. "This is really developing into something. By playing possum and leaving our men on the job around here we should eventually pick up leads to most of the organizations . . ."

Two other agents entered, half-dragging a frightened and surprised man of about 40 between them.

"Says his name is Sammy Bullock, sir. He drove up to the rear in a truck—claims he was to pick up a packing case . . ."

"Check," cut in Dawson. "There was a Sammy supposed to pick up a packing case—with my body in it. And, since the gang would hardly have entrusted such a carrying job to anybody but a trusted member of their organization, I'd suggest you put Sammy through the wringer—he'll squeak. His breed always does."

The chief agent signaled and the G-man took away the scowling Sammy.

Continued Next Week

Donate Old Furs For Seamen's Vests

"Winter on the North Atlantic is a severe and unrelenting. Seamen need all the warm clothing they can get. The furriers have a plan. They will make up without charge fur-lined vests for sailors, using all the worn or out-moded fur coats and neckpieces that the public will contribute."

"Men and women who have been saving their furs in the hope that some time something might be done with them, are assured that some time is NOW."

They are urged to bring them to their nearest furrier, assured that they will be bringing comfort to the furriers of freedom."

Toronto "Saturday Night."

SOFT-TAILORED DRESS

By Anne Adams
The "softly tailored" look is the NEW look! Pattern 4134 by Anne Adams is a stunning example. The line of the front skirt paneling sweeps up into the bodice opening; there's a buttoning at the waist. The shapely collar may contrast.

Pattern 4134 is available in misses' and women's sizes 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32. Size 20, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 3 1/2 yards 39-inch fabric. Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern to Room 421, 78 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

8,000,000 Tons of Shipping In 1942

H. Gerrish Smith, President of the National Council of American Shippers, declared that 8,000,000 tons of merchant shipping would be completed by the end of this year.

"The industry," he added, "is certain of its ability to produce not 6,500,000 tons, but 15,000,000 tons of ships in 1945."

Supporting his prediction of 8,000,000 tons for this year, Mr. Smith said that on Sept. 17, the first anniversary of the launching of the first liberty ship, nearly 500 sea-going merchant vessels of approximately 5,300,000 deadweight tons had been delivered. He described this as "an achievement which exceeds the most sanguine expectations of a year ago."

Vice-Admiral Russell R. Waeche, commander of the U. S. Coast Guard, told the conference that the strength of the Coast Guard now was well over 100,000 men and that it was operating as an integral part of the Navy, with the larger cutters engaged in convoy work.

Rub Needle With Soap
When stitching heavy fabrics, such as canvas, khaki cloth or heavy duck, the needle can be made to penetrate more easily if henna and seams are rubbed with hard yellow soap.

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Tea Biscuits, Scones and Suchlike

Now that we have just passed through that wonderful season, with nature in all her glory—and what is there in natural beauty which can surpass the resplendent colorings of the Canadian Maple—we are reminded of these favorite lines and quote:

"Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains and wheel
And while the bubbling and loud
hissing urn,
Throws up a steaming column, and
The cups
That cheer but not inebriate,
Wait on each."

So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

And in this mood, whether "the loud hissing urn" is filled with cocoa or rationed tea, one of the accompanying morsels is the tea biscuit—with variations.

Tomato and Cheese Biscuit
2 cups sifted pastry flour
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
4 tablespoons butter
1/4 cup grated cheese

1 cup condensed tomato soup
Sift dry ingredients, mix in shortening and add cheese, blending thoroughly. Moisten with the tomato soup. Roll out as lightly as possible in the usual way and cut in desired shapes.

Fruit Scones
2 cups sifted cake flour
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
4 tablespoons butter
1 1/2 teaspoons grated orange peel
1/4 cup finely chopped seedless raisins

2 eggs
1/2 cup light cream
Sift flour once; measure; add baking powder, salt and sugar; beat slightly. Cut in shortening. Add orange rind and raisins. Reserve about one-third of one egg for glaze. Beat remaining eggs well and add cream. Add all at once to flour mixture and stir until dough is dampened. Then stir vigorously until mixture forms a soft dough and follows spoon around bowl. Turn out at once on slightly floured board and knead for 1/2 minute. Roll 1/4 inch thick and cut in triangles. Place on ungreased baking sheet. Brush tops lightly with reserved egg mixture. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Turnovers
2 cups cake flour
2 teaspoons salt
1/2 cup butter
2 packages cream cheese

Sift flour once, measure and add salt; then sift again. Using knives cut in the butter and cheese. Wrap the dough in waxed paper and place in the refrigerator overnight. Roll out dough to 1/8 inch thickness and cut into squares about three inches. Drop some type of jam in the centre. Gather up corners and pinch together. Brush lightly with milk. Bake in very hot oven for 15 minutes.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are also invited. Write to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers," 22 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

DELICIOUS DESSERTS

within the budget of

CANADA'S

HOUSEHOLDERS

Delightful desserts can be made at little cost with pure high quality Canada Corn Starch. It's so easy to prepare a variety of delicious puddings that make the whole family call for more—caramel, butterscotch or chocolate blanc mange, strawberry or lemon snow.

Canada Corn Starch, with its even grain, gives each dessert the smooth creamy texture so much to be desired.

PREPARED for the excellent Recipe Booklet "32 Desserts." Write enclosing one baking or complete label from any Canada Starch product. Address: Dept. 4122, Canada Starch Home Service, 45 Wellington Street East, Toronto, Ont.

CANADA CORN STARCH

The CANADA STARCH COMPANY Limited, Montreal, Toronto

Tea-Leaf Liquid

Used For Cleaning

Don't throw away tea-leaves, they're so useful for cleaning purposes. Collect a supply for one week in a pail, pour over them a quart of boiling water, leave for an hour, then strain and bottle the liquid. This used with a soft cloth to clean mirrors, windows, glasses, will make them shine like crystal. It is also a splendid cleaner for varnished doors and furniture. Use it also for linoleum, it cleans it better than water, and if afterwards polished with a soft duster it gives a polish like beeswax, without the slippery surface.

THOUGHTS AFTER THANKSGIVING

We set apart one day each year To offer up our thanks For bounteous crops and rugged health.

And money in the banks. All other days throughout the year We fret and fume and fuss Because the many things we'd like Have not been given us.

How would it be to have one day To kick about our lot. Thank God for what we've got! —E. H. Coughlan.

Stalin's City

To Tarsitryn on the Volga in 1919 went Joseph Stalin, stubborn war commissar, Lenin's trouble man, says the New York Times. The revolution would collapse if he failed to reach Moscow and Petrograd. Tarsitryn was the bottle-neck, beset by the Don Cossacks, in revolt, by the White Russians, by the Germans in the Ukraine, and weakened by the muddling of

health.

Stalin took charge. "I was turned into a specialist for cleaning out the Augean stables of the War Department." He pushed the Red Army commanders around, fired the insolubility. "I am driving and bullying all who require it." When Trotsky wired, "Let the army alone," Stalin remarked the telegram, "To be ignored." He talked the counter-revolutionaries, completed the corn collection, saved the city. Six years later Tarsitryn became Stalingrad.

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Isn't it Strange?...

Isn't it strange that princes and kings,
And clowns that caper in sawdust rings,
And common people like you and me
Are builders for Eternity?

(R. L. Sharpe)

Can any one of us look to the heavens, think of Eternity, and not, in his soul, feel and know that nothing matters now but Victory? Buy Victory Bonds.

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OGDENS FINE CUT

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