

TRAITOR

First prize-winning short story in competition sponsored by Charlottetown Branch of the Canadian Authors Association for authors of Prince of Wales College. By Noel MacNevin, 7 Birchwood Avenue, Charlottetown (Section B 11 Year 1, P. W. C.)

Michael Andreyevich looked despairingly at the circle of bitter hostile faces, searching vainly for some faint glimmer of trust or understanding. From the stern, black bearded face of Ivan Sonokoff, the burly peasant leader of the guerrillas, to the lowliest member of his band, not one showed anything but suspicion and distrust. They were hard men these, hardened by the cruel blasts of war until they were merciless as the Russian winter itself. Not one of them but had suffered some terrible loss at the hands of the Germans, not one of them but burned with a fierce desire to avenge that loss. Love of Russia and a hatred of all who were her enemies had bound this group of farmers and professional men into a formidable fighting unit, that was a constant thorn in the German side. Michael knew their justice would be swift and sure. To them traitors were a stain on the German flag and it was as such that they regarded him. All this went over Michael in a flood of brightness as he stood in the center of the circle of guerrillas, trying, with little success to convince them that he was not a traitor. He was almost with hopeless resignation that he turned to his leader to ask, "But Comrade Sonokoff, what have I done? You know I have done nothing against Russia."

"You are the brother of Nikolai Andreyevich are you not?" "Yes." "Is he not a traitor. When the Hitlerites came to our village who welcomed them? Who served them? Who betrayed our country to them? When they wanted to loot the district who did the appointing? Always your brother has served the enemy and you wish us to believe that you are different. Your father has bred a family of traitors! You have come to spy on us, how else could you have gotten through the German lines?" A hoarse murmur of assent greeted this denunciation. Obviously this was the general feeling. With a smile, Michael thought of his trip through the German lines. How he had crept from bush to bush, from shadow to shadow, about the edges of the trenches, sneaking the most from every possibility of concealment. He remembered how he had crouched in the long grass at the side of the road like a hunted animal while the heavy footsteps of a German patrol passed by. He remembered the cold sweat on his forehead as he lay back against the cavern wall. Vaguely he heard the officers drive off and his brother clump heavily off to bed. Then as he received the horrible realization struck him with its full impact. A fierce anger welled up within him. He began to dress rapidly and silently. He would warn the guerrillas of the trap, but first he would lay back against the cavern wall. He had spoiled Nikolai's little scheme. He had spoiled the family of traitors. He had spoiled the column. As for Nikolai—he preferred not to think of him.

As he looked fully around his attention was attracted by a girl who stood about a stone's throw from the entrance. "Who is she? Is she a spy? Could it be? Yes it was! Tania! He thought that she had hid the diary before the invaders had come. How well he remembered her. She had been in the same class in school as he had. Always she had been full of mischief, laughing and skipping happily about. Michael smiled fondly at the thought of her working in the harvest fields, her bare brown arms flapping in the sun, the wind blowing through her golden hair. He could still see her smile, sparkle as she stood on the hay in the sun, her hands busy with the grain. He recalled the softness of her hair, the fragrance of some faint perfume as he held her for too brief an instant in his arms. He remembered the day when he had kissed her under the stars. He recalled the compassion in her eyes—more than a little sorry too—as she held his hand the time he had injured his ankle while threshing. That ankle that even now kept him from marching with the Red Army. Tania, too, at the first days. Tania—a thousand memories! Perhaps if things were different he and Tania could start in where they had left off. There had been no war he would be through medical school now, he and Tania might even be married. Pleasant thoughts, but what was the use of dreaming, tomorrow he would be dead. The justice of these men would be swift—no Tania, no more.

Navy League Of Canada



Picture shows David H. Gibson, C. B. E., Dominion President, (center) flanked by distinguished representatives of the Navy, Army, Air Force and Merchant Navy who recently paid tribute to the Navy League for its record of war work. They are, (left to right), Arthur Randless, Director of Merchant Seamen; Captain J. C. I. Edwards, R. C. N., Commanding Officer H. M. C. S. "Cornwallis"; Air Vice-Marshal B. O. Johnson, Officer Commanding Eastern Air Command; Brigadier D. A. Whyte, Commanding Officer Military District No. 6.

Michael would attack. His brother from his great knowledge of the country knew the place where this attack would most likely take place, and how the guerrillas might be trapped and destroyed. The Germans were jubilant about this plan which they agreed was "almost as fine a plan as that by which we trapped the old doctor. You were very clever that time Nikolai."

Michael stumbled back to bed, too sick to do anything but lie there. This was how his father had been discovered. It was his brother who had set the trap in which his father had been caught! His own brother who had sent his father to the firing squad for secretly caring for the guerrilla wounded! So Nikolai had really been helping the enemy, not secretly serving Russia as he had claimed. His father must have found out the truth from the guerrillas. Probably his father had been used to find information about the guerrillas and killed when he would not have provided that information which his brother needed to keep in the good graces of his Nazi lords. This was what his brother had learned when he was a student in Germany—to kill his own father! These thoughts pounded in the back of Michael's head as he lay almost senseless on the bed. Vaguely he heard the officers drive off and his brother clump heavily off to bed. Then as he received the horrible realization struck him with its full impact. A fierce anger welled up within him. He began to dress rapidly and silently. He would warn the guerrillas of the trap, but first he would lay back against the cavern wall. He had spoiled Nikolai's little scheme. He had spoiled the family of traitors. He had spoiled the column. As for Nikolai—he preferred not to think of him.

medical school, just a rifle shot and then oblivion. There, Tania was looking at him now, was that contempt in her eyes—It didn't look like it. Perhaps—she looks at me like she did that afternoon I hurt my ankle, but with even more than that in her eyes. Curse Nikolai and his treachery. If it were not for him I could talk with her now and find out if she has forgotten. She doesn't look as if she has forgotten.

What real difference does that make now. There is not much chance of the guerrillas believing me; they know what kind of a traitor Nikolai was. I don't blame them for not trusting me. The fact that my father was their friend will not help me. Poor father, he believed in his country, too bad that he had to have such a son. He thought that sending Nikolai to medical school in Germany would make a fine doctor of him. Instead it made a fine Nazi of him. Nikolai always was a queer sort, come to think of it, forever sneering at things. He was always suspicious though, he seemed to worship power—probably the Nazis promised it to him. No one guessed how bad he was—imagine sending his own father to his death. The miserable unnatural wretch!

Michael sat lost in these reflections until he saw Sonokoff come into the cave. Well, he thought, I suppose he has come to tell me that I will be shot at dawn—perhaps this evening. Sonokoff stepped at the mouth of the cave to speak gravely to some of the men. Then he turned and started towards Michael.

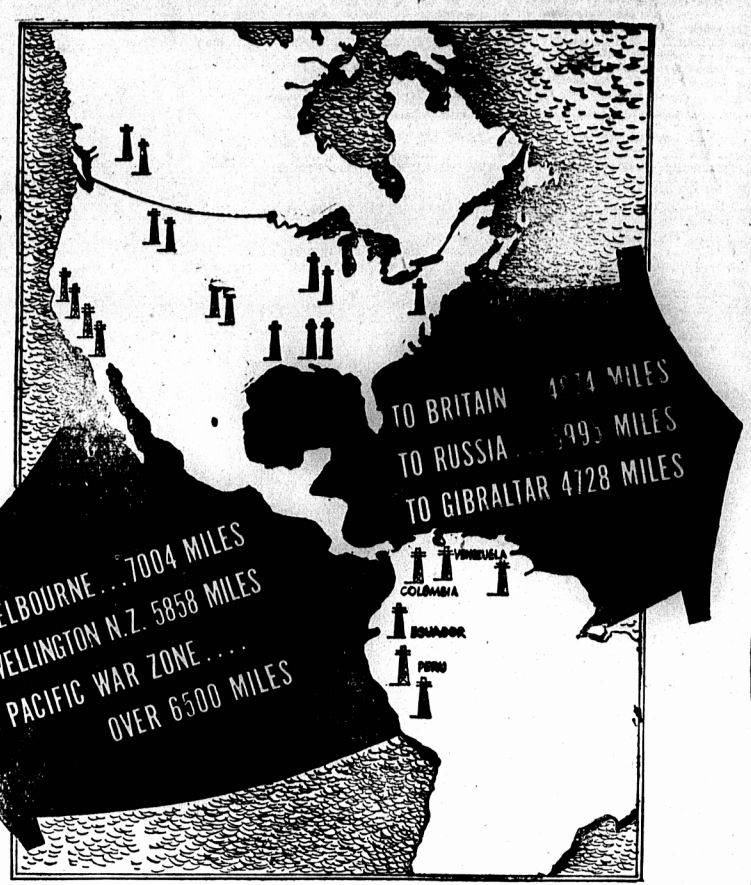
There was something almost normal in Sonokoff's expression as he came towards Michael. One would almost think he enjoyed telling a person of his death was Michael's summation. "Well, my boy," he boomed as soon as he was within earshot, "why didn't you tell us?" The news just came from the village—the Hitlerites are looking for you. The traitor was found shot through the head this morning. Evidently he had hid the diary before the invaders had come. How well he remembered her. She had been in the same class in school as he had. Always she had been full of mischief, laughing and skipping happily about. Michael smiled fondly at the thought of her working in the harvest fields, her bare brown arms flapping in the sun, the wind blowing through her golden hair. He could still see her smile, sparkle as she stood on the hay in the sun, her hands busy with the grain. He recalled the softness of her hair, the fragrance of some faint perfume as he held her for too brief an instant in his arms. He remembered the day when he had kissed her under the stars. He recalled the compassion in her eyes—more than a little sorry too—as she held his hand the time he had injured his ankle while threshing. That ankle that even now kept him from marching with the Red Army. Tania, too, at the first days. Tania—a thousand memories! Perhaps if things were different he and Tania could start in where they had left off. There had been no war he would be through medical school now, he and Tania might even be married. Pleasant thoughts, but what was the use of dreaming, tomorrow he would be dead. The justice of these men would be swift—no Tania, no more.

HIT PLANE IN FLIGHT
KILKEEL, Northern Ireland (CP)—Three young men were each fined \$1 and ordered to pay costs of \$36 for damaging an airplane by throwing a stone at the propeller and forcing the pilot to land.

COMPLETE MAJORITY
Six of the seven wildlife zones in North America are included in New Mexico.

"FIGHTING GASOLINE"

... where it comes from... and where it goes!



THERE are three basic reasons why a real and critical shortage of gasoline exists in Canada today:

- (1) The insatiable demands of modern war.
- (2) The inadequacy of existing supply for both military and civilian needs and the difficulty of discovering and developing new sources of supply—in time.
- (3) The grave shortage of oil transportation facilities.

Petroleum needs of the forces in this war are 80 times greater than in the last war. It is four or five times as difficult and costly to find new oil reserves today as it was in the pre-war period. And supplies have to be shipped vast distances, in ocean tankers compelled to travel slowly in convoy and by circuitous routes.

Look at this map. It shows how the oil resources of this hemisphere must be poured out across dangerous seas, to battle areas 4,000, 5,000, 6,000, 7,000 miles away. It shows how oil

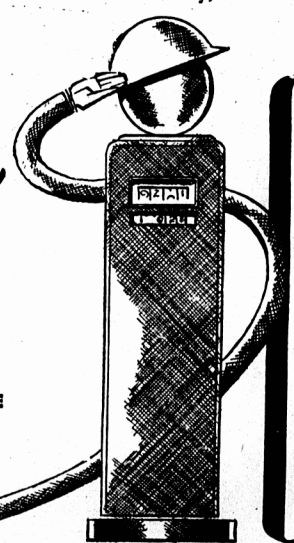
fields as far away as Colombia, Ecuador, and Peru are being pressed into service to satisfy demand. As much as 67 per cent. of the total tonnage of overseas shipping for war consists of petroleum products—more than twice the tonnage of all the men, food, planes, guns, tanks, ammunition and all such material combined!

Canada's gasoline needs add but an extra burden. We, in this country, produce only 15 per cent. of our own petroleum supplies. The rest must be shipped here from abroad. It must be taken from the common pool of the United Nations. More than 60 per cent. of it must be delivered by ocean-going tankers. Ships and men—needed to serve the fighting areas—must be risked to provide our home front gasoline.

Your ration of gasoline is an "issue" of ammunition—entrusted to you to help keep vital civilian transportation rolling. To squander it thoughtlessly, needlessly, frivolously, is to rob our fighting men.

LESS CIVILIAN GAS MEANS MORE "FIGHTING GAS" FOR THE FORCES

NO. 2 OF A SERIES OF ANNOUNCEMENTS ISSUED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF MUNITIONS AND SUPPLY, HONOURABLE C. D. HOWE, MINISTER



Answering YOUR QUESTIONS about the GASOLINE SHORTAGE

How many miles a year are travelled by tankers bringing petroleum to Canada? ... Over 2,000,000 miles. How much longer does it take a tanker to make each trip under today's war conditions? ... Double the time—because of submarines and more circuitous routes. Why do we speak of vast distances? ... Because a delivery of gasoline or fuel oil to the Pacific war zone 7,000 miles away requires a return trip of 7,000 miles for the next load. How long does it take to build a new tanker? ... Up to eight months, depending on size.

WANTED COMPANION HOUSEKEEPER

Elderly Lady residing at Marlton, N. J., who is desirous of maintaining her own home requires the services of an English speaking (Protestant preferred) housekeeper who would be suitable as a companion as well. This is a splendid opportunity for the right person as it is a new home with all modern conveniences. There is no family and wages would be excellent. Applicant would be required to supply character references and recommendations as to her ability as a housekeeper. Write "P.D." care of Guardian.



"HEY, CHUM, DID THEY TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO HESS?" This is the third in a series of invasion cartoons by Flying Officer H. Rickard, attached to the R. C. A. F. Public Relations unit overseas. Known to thousands of airmen as "Rick", through the hundreds of clever cartoons he has drawn for them during the war years, F/O Rickard makes his bow to the Canadian public with this series.—(R.C.A.F. Cartoon).

WINSLOE SOUTH SCHOOL CLOSING

Winsloe South School closing was held in the form of a picnic July 5 at Brackley Beach with 750 wards of seventy present. It was a lovely day for the occasion and an enjoyable day was had by all. Following is the list of prizes presented: Highest average in Grade X: Isabel Diamond and Enid Slackford (equal). Highest in Grade VIII: Freddie Turner. Highest in Grade VI: Roma Rodd. Highest in Grade IV: Veda Rodd. Highest in Grade II: Ernest Diamond and Ian Auld (equal). Best Nature Book in Grade VI: Roma Rodd and Olga Ford (equal). Best Nature Book in Grade IV: Athol Auld. Nearest Perfect Attendance: Roma Rodd. Best Sportmanship: Anna MacFarlane. Star Prizes: Ernie Diamond, Ian Auld, Anna MacFarlane and Ernest Sellick.

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS

Ernest Sellick. Races were run and the winners were awarded with bars. An enjoyable supper was held after which a treat of ice cream was served. An appropriate address was read by the teacher, Vera Turner, by Lillian Diamond, and a beautiful gift presented to the teacher by Enid Slackford. In the

WHAT THAT BOY'S UP TO—

JEFF'S NEVER HOME ANY MORE!

GEE! I HAD A HARD TIME GETTING HERE, TOO!

LET'S GO SPORIN' OUR SOUTH SEA ISLAND (AGAIN)!

ALL RIGHT BOYS! WHERE WERE WE ON TH' BEACH?!

WELL, CM ON! LET'S FOLLOW TH' SHORE LINE! SHOULDN'T BE DRIBBLIN' THE FEET! BEEN PIRATES HERE ONCE!

TILLIE THE TOILER—A DREAM COME TRUE!

IF MY LOVE IS DUE TO A SPELL, IT ISN'T REAL! MAYBE I SHOULD TELL AUGIE!

NO, I WON'T! HED THINK I WAS SILLY TO EVEN THINK OF SUPERNATURAL SPELLS!

HELLO, AUGIE!

HELLO, TILLIE! YOU KNOW IT'S STRANGE ABOUT YOU AND ME!

A FORTUNE! I MEAN THE LAST I MET THE GIRL OF MY DREAM!

By Edwin

By Webster