

"Soldiers, After All, Have Souls"

WHAT "CANADA-UNDER-ARMS" EXPECTS FROM "CANADA-BESIDE-THE HEARTH".

(By GEORGE GODWIN) George Godwin, barrister, novelist, playwright and journalist, served in the Great War in the 2nd (Manitoba) Battalion, 2nd Canadian Division, and in 1918 transferred to the 2nd Battalion of the Canadian Tanks. He is author of "Why Stay We Here?" a Canadian war novel; a life of Captain Vancouver; a play about Leonardo da Vinci, and of other important works.

Men on active service have needs unknown to the Quartermaster General's department. For the profound saying that men do not live by bread alone is never more true than it is of the fighting man separated from his loved ones, and cut off from all dear and familiar things by thousands of miles of land and water.

It is under such conditions that a man is thrown upon his own mental, emotional and spiritual resources. His needs are very special needs, because his functions as a man are of necessity subordinated to the special purpose that has changed him from a civilian into a fighting man.

The Army—any army—is a complex of machines and men directed to a single end, military efficiency. To-day, it is true, the Army looks after the soldier's material needs, but it makes, perhaps, no provision for his spiritual needs.

For soldiers, after all, have souls. These needs, then, as vital to the soldier's well-being as an efficient medical service, must be met and satisfied by some organization outside, but in close cooperation with, the military authorities.

Such an organization is the Canadian "Y."

A Personal Experience Now, only men who have been through a campaign really understand a soldier's needs; that is, indeed, the writer's sole qualification for putting the case for Canada-Under-Arms to Canada-Beside-The-Hearth.

Let me then give a quite simple example of how the "Y" helped us out in the days of the old C. E. F. In the winter of 1914 I was detailed from my battalion to one of the divisional training schools which had been set up in the back areas by our then Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Julian Byng.

For three weeks we had been developed at home to the n-th degree, found ourselves disbanded as units and used as drafts, as and where needed.

There was a good deal of bitterness about that, and to add to our difficulties as junior officers, our instructions were to maintain very severe discipline and make those few weeks a period of high-pressure training.

One did not need to be a profound psychologist to realize that the army authorities behind that scheme were thinking in terms of fighting units rather than of men of flesh and blood.

For me the problem was: How to make the period tolerable without getting myself into trouble.

The Medicine of Laughter More than anything else, it seemed to me, these men needed that spiritual medicine known as laughter. I decided to try to produce in their hearts the emotions which make for laughter, and with that end in view I borrowed from the Quartermaster an old time horse and set off. My objective was a "Y" canteen, some seven miles away.

When I returned I had with me the following miscellaneous articles: Two pairs of boxing gloves, a football, a backboard and easel, and a little book of field games.

Now, you may say, that was not much, though in so saying you confess yourself without experience of active service conditions.

From that day forward my chaps did their boring work the better to get at the period I allocated for the games.

And every day I gave a talk on strategy (about which I knew very little indeed) that stimulated their interest in the great pattern of war behind the drudgery of drill and spit-and-polish.

From my little "Y" book of field games I scored my greatest success and loud roars of laughter during hours sacred to parade more than

once got me into very well worth while hot water. Even twenty-four years ago, the Y. M. C. A. was a recognized and essential part of the active service soldier's life. It extended a friendly and a helping hand at all times and everywhere.

And, please believe me, that is no empty phrase. It provided rough comfort, a chance to read and write, friendly companionship and good counsel when that was needed.

Nor did it ram religion down a fellow's throat; nor foolishly swing to the other extreme and pretend that men grown rough of speech and manners have no secret inner life that has its hungers, too.

Realism Without Fuss That, it always seemed to me, was the great strength of the Canadian "Y," its realism divorced from sentiment; and its strong sense of the actual. First and last, in those days, the Y was known and well liked for the respect because it did things for us and did them without making a lot of fuss about it.

And that was twenty-four years ago. But it was only last night, as I made my way home along the Strand, in central London, that I was given by chance an illustration of how big a part the "Y" still plays to-day.

The sirens had sounded and the guns were barking at a starry moonlit sky, when a soldier loomed up out of the shadows. He had just come out from the same station, from which circumstances I inferred that he was up on leave. He was a Canadian. He said: "Can you direct me to the Beaver Club?"

Tired and lonely, and—who can doubt it?—with that feeling of desolation that afflicts the stoutest heart at night in strange places, that soldier was fortified by the knowledge that within a few minutes' walk, warmth and a welcome, a hot bath, food and drink, companionship, facilities to write home, and where to find a clean bed awaited him.

No "Pain Smiting." That and not what soldiers in their rough way call "pain smiting," is doing something for the soul of the soldier.

But to-day the problem is completely different from that which in the Y. M. C. A. in the last war.

England to-day is an armed camp. But when men sacrifice the amenities of civilian life for the fighting forces they expect to fight, and because of the strange course of this war many men are suffering from the tedium of a waiting for action that appears to be perpetual.

In such conditions morale suffers unless thorough-going measures are taken to prevent it. The spiritual needs of the troops become a problem of vast dimensions; and the Army offers no solution.

It follows, then, that the "Y" which has never been static, and is to-day more dynamic than ever before, merits the fullest possible measure of support from all the folks at home.

It merits, too, governmental recognition and support and—not last—is proper place within the Service.

The Bread of the Spirit May I invite you to consider what the "Y" has done for the troops in England? I want to make this part clear because, when you are asked to help in a practical way, as you soon will be, you will know just to what purposes your money is being put.

Entertainment: 291 concerts to 38,580 men; 50 dances with 9,247 couples; 253 sing-songs for 31,115 men; 196 lectures and Devotional Services for 36,829 men; 4,439 athletic events with an attendance of 114,012; 4,631 occasions of personal service and personal counsel. A ten-month record only and incomplete at that.

The "Y" runs the famous Beaver Club, facing the Nelson Column; it supplies pianos, radios, cinemas and other necessary material for fighting camp boredom.

It operates a Tea Car Service with upwards of 280,000 customers; it runs a Leave Information Bureau; issues Guides and maps; and never lets down a Canadian soldier in a tight or awkward place.

Because of these things I believe the "Y" Supervisors should have commissioned rank, pay and allowances; that the "Y" should have a bigger purse and bigger personnel, and more equipment.

These things are possible only by two means: liberal financial support from Canadians and recognition of the national importance of the "Y's" work by the Government.

Nazis remain Non-committal On Roosevelt

By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

BERLIN, Jan. 7.—(AP)—Some of the most important passages of President Roosevelt's message to the United States Congress on Monday were botched out by atmospheric conditions which interfered with the broadcast heard by the foreign-er here and for that reason authorized German reaction was not forthcoming today.

It was understood that Hitler wished to take time to study the President's speech, and weigh its implications before allowing the Nazi press to discuss it.

The first version of the address was sent the public in a brief summary distributed by the N.Z. news and propaganda agency.

Impressions gained from German political quarters was that Mr. Roosevelt's words were regarded as "no different in general line of thought and attitude from his recent private talks."

These quarters took especial offense at his insistence that humanity demands aid for Britain.

One unofficial utterance heard was that the message was almost tantamount to a declaration of war.

It appeared that German reaction first of intimations to the foreign press and orders to the Nazi press. Nevertheless, the possibility was envisaged of other action besides press arguments.

Here is the reaction from other capitals: London: An official statement said the message was "regarded as an inspiration to the people and leaders of this country to pursue their struggle fully confident that no shortage of war material will delay or hamper their efforts to secure victory."

Paris: The President's message was noted that the President had reiterated his complete rejection of the possibility of acquiescence in peace dictated by regular buyers.

Rome: The Italian government itself refrained from comment, but Virgo Gayda, Fascist editor, said the President renewed the outburst "improved theme" of an Axis message to America while assuring Americans of the "material impossibility" of Axis victory.

Tokyo: The Japan Times, which is close to the Japanese foreign office, said the President's counsel to American policy "This is a policy of interference without historical sanction."

Madrid: The Weekly Review Sunday argued that Roosevelt's attitude toward the belligerent "undoubtedly will contribute to prolonging the war."

UNDER PRESSURE

Arnaldo dodged the embrace but grinned, showing a gleam of white teeth. "How much is it going to cost me?" he asked. "From the welcome I'll bet it runs into thousands."

"You've guessed it," said the minister, "but the wrong way round. Thousands for you?"

"I can't believe it! Spread the map." "Sit down and I will. It's a matter of buying off a young girl at anything up to \$50,000. You might talk her into signing for 30, 20, or 10 with your tongue and looks you might get her to do it for nothing. However you manage it the balance is yours, and no questions asked."

Arnaldo turned his head in a peculiar gesture of alertness. "Who's the girl? What's her name?" "She's a young American. Mees Joize Sewell."

Arnaldo threw out his hands and rose. "You're too late—too late by a lot of hours." "Why? What do you know about it?"

"She went to La Barranca a couple of days ago. How long would it take Dorado to cook her goose? Figure it out for yourself."

"Dorado!" gasped the minister, stifling a laugh. "Apparently you haven't read this morning's papers." He thrust forward the same newspaper clipping he had shown the Ambassador. "Cast your eye over that."

Arnaldo read the single paragraph, his expression changing at almost every line. When he reached the end he burst into a roar of laughter. "Pepe, of all people Pepe!"

"You think it's funny?" said the minister. "It's so funny I'm going to have sore ribs for the rest of my life." He folded the clipping and handed it to the minister. "And Marrietta Penasco told me the girl had gone to bed with him—to throw her off on his mercy!"

"Minister, suddenly going tense and turning forward." "There and what of it?" "The plot gets thicker," he explained. "And when I say plot I mean plot. But I begin to see the light and by it the minister of war and the minister of finance are in a case."

"Which are you for—him or me?" "You," said Adan promptly. "Now tell me what it's all about."

After ten minutes' talk the minister picked up a signed slip of paper and read aloud: "As minister of war and with the consent of my government I guarantee the payment of an amount not to exceed \$10,000 in the case of the señorita Joyce Sewell, daughter and heir of Cutler Sewell, signs a quit-claim to the property known as La Barranca and leaves the republic of Mexico within two weeks of the date hereof." He passed it to Arnaldo and asked with pardonable pride: "You notice the simple wording? Whoever brings in the quitclaim together with this order gets the money."

"I've overheard the girl has left Mexico." "Yes, yes; of course. We don't care to have the job of expelling her. But once she's across the border we'll undertake to see she doesn't come back. What about it, Adan? Doesn't it look like easy money?"

"On the face of it," said Arnaldo slowly, "it does—too easy. Where's the catch?" "For a man like you and with your resources," said the minister, "there's no catch whatever. There can't be. What's your answer? Will you take it on or not?"

Adan stood staring at the paper in his hand without seeing it. "I'll do it," he declared finally, and he started out but before he reached the door the telephone rang with such insistency he paused. A moment later the minister was holding up his hand, ordering him to wait. The conversation began with "Yes, Excellency" and ended with the same phrase. He relinquished the apparatus and sat back.

"Well, Adan, you have a rival. The ambassador is across the border, a compatriot with the strange name of Blackadder." "Good," said Adan. "Blackadder—it sounds like a snake. Then that's let me out."

"On the contrary: it doubles the importance of your mission. My thinking of you was stroke of genius, because the more gringos get mixed in this business the worse it is for us. Besides, I feel the ambassador's choice hasn't a chance of success."

"By the way," Arnaldo said suddenly, "what do I get out of it?" "I told you," Arnaldo said. "Isn't fifty thousand enough?" "That's for the girl," said Arnaldo coolly. "If I like Cecelia, I'll take her. I'll take Dorado and keep a couple of countries out of war it's going to cost you fifty thousand more. Is it, or not?" "I suppose so," said the minister after a long pause. "Do you want me to put it in writing?"

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ALEXANDRA CHRISTMAS CONCERT

On Friday evening, December 20th Alexandra School was the scene of an entertaining concert. The school was very artistically decorated with spruce, foil and red and green streamers. A prettily decorated and well-laden Christmas tree stood in the corner. The musical part of the program was assisted by Mrs. Earl Ballen at the organ and Richard Brehaut with the guitar. Mr. M. W. Wood capable acted as chairman. The following is the program which was carried out very efficiently by the pupils assisted by the young people of the district.

Recitation, Buddy Wood. Drill, Christmas Wishes by seven pupils.

Recitation, Garth MacLennan. Dance, Betty Peters (encored). Recitation, Addison McCabe. Monologue, Betty Richardson. Recitation, Sheldon Beaton. Drill, Santa Claus by ten pupils. Recitation, Owen Beaton. Duet, Dear Evelyn, by Richard and Glendon Brehaut (encored). Recitation, Betty and Roy Peters. Drill, Christmas by nine pupils. Recitation, Billy Saunders. Dialogue, Courtship Under Difficulties. Recitation, Betty Peters. Intermission. Sale of Candy by Women's Institute. Recitation, Glendon Brehaut. The Snow Bragged by six boys.

Recitation, Jean Judson. Duet, Little Brown Eyes by Agnes Wood and Betty Richardson (encored).

Recitation, Keith Beaton. Solo, You Are My Sunshine by Richard Brehaut (encored). Recitation, Earl Beaton. Patriotic Sing-Song. Roll Out The Barrel, We'll Never Let The Old Flag Fall, There's Something About A Soldier, The Maple Leaf Forever, Till The Boys Come Home, There'll Always Be An England.

and Mr. Seymour MacLennan humorous old Santa arrived to distribute the gifts.

One of these gifts is worthy of special mention was a box consisting of eleven pairs of mitts, hand knitted by Mrs. A. F. Beaton and donated to the young boys of the district. Mr. M. W. Wood of Crossroads donated a box of candy stockings to the children which was very much appreciated. The National Anthem brought a very enjoyable evening to a close.

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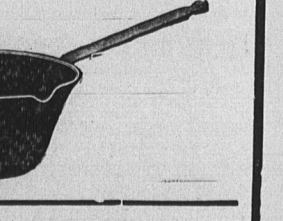
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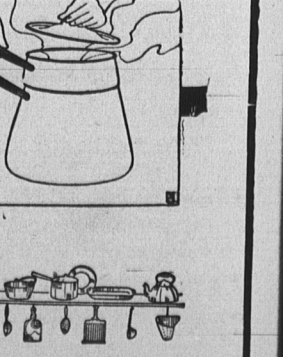
- TIN WARE: Dairy Pails, Tin Pails, Creamers, Strainers, Dippers, Funnels, Measurers.

- TIN WARE: Pie Plates, Bake Pans, Muffin Pans, Dish Pans, Range Kettles, Pot Covers.



- JAPAN WARE: Trays, Dust Pans, Cuspidors, Baby's Baths, Stove Pipe Collars, Stove Pipe Stokers, Waste Paper Baskets, Flour Tins, Bread Boxes, Cookie Tins, Pantry Sets, Coal Hods.

- ALUMINIUM WARE: Pots, Kettles, Double Boilers, Soup Strainers, Coffee Pots, Bake Pans, Roast Pans, Roasters, Fire Shovels.



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