Have you energy for the EXTRA things?

UNA HAS . . .

Una works hard in the display department of a big store . . . earns extra money by weaving beautiful homespuns on her own hand loom. "You don't feel like running a loom AFTER WORKING ALL-DAY unless you're really *well!*" says Una. "I couldn't *begin* to fill my orders if I let myself get out of sorts. No harsh cathartics, though! Instead, I keep fit by making sure I get plenty of 'bulk' in my diet. I start *every* morning with a bowl of Kellogg's Bran Flakes. They're *delicious;* too!"

Kellogg's Bran Flakes With Other Parts Of Wheat are gently laxative, help supply valuable minerals and proteins too . . . help *keep* you fit for *extra* things!

IF YOU want to keep fit for extra things, take these two steps to health: 1. To *get* well, see your doctor; 2. To *keep* well, watch your habits. Guard against incomplete elimination. Eat Kellogg's Bran Flakes *every day*. Ask for the golden-yellow package—either the regular or the *new* Family package. Begin tomorrow. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

KEEP FIT WITH KELLOGG'S *every day in the year!*

BRITISH PARLIAMENTARIANS MEET Mc NAUGHTON BEFORE TOUR OF CANADA

To obtain a picture of the part Canada's Army is playing in the Allied war effort, representatives of the bers of the British House of Commons and House of Lords are now touring the Dominion. Before leaving Britain they met Lieut.-Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton, G. O. C.-in-Chief, First Canadian Army and watched training of the Canadian Army in England. Following their tour they will hold a conference to discuss the Empire's war effort. Shown (left to right) in Gen. McNaughton's headquarters, are Brig. R. B. Gibson of Toronto; Air Commodore Lord Stansgate; R. C. Morrison M. P.; Sir Percy A. Harris, M. P.; Gen. McNaughton, and Lord Marchwood. Lord Stansgate, Mr. Morrison, Sir Percy Harris and Lord Marchwood are among the British parliamentarians now touring Canada. (Canadian Army Photo)

Steinbeck Gives Bomber Crew's Reaction to News From Home

Men of the Mary Ruth a Little Surprised to Find Folks There Have the War About Won, Wonder if It's Same One They're In

John Steinbeck, the distinguished novelist and playwright, now on an assignment in England as a war correspondent, continues his description of the life of the crew of an American bomber.

(By John Steinbeck)

(Special to the New York Herald Tribune and Charlottetown Guardian, Copyright, 1943

BOMBER STATION IN ENGLAND, June 28 —The days are very long. A combination of summer time and daylight-saving time keeps them light until 11.30. After mess we take the army bus into town. It is an ancient little city which every American knows about as soon as he can read. The buildings on the narrow street are Tudor, Stuart, Georgian and even some Norman. The paving stones are worn smooth and the flagstones of the sidewalks are grooved by ages of strollers. It is a town to stroll in. American soldiers, Canadians, Royal Air Force men and many of Great Britain's women soldiers walk through the streets. But Britain drafts its women and they are really in the army, driver-mechanics, dispatch riders, trim and hard in their uniforms.

The crew of the Mary Ruth ends up at a little pub, overcrowded and noisy. They edge their way in to the bar where the barmaids are drawing beer as fast as they can. In a moment this crew has found a table and they have the small glasses of pale yellow fluid in front of them. It is curious beer. Most of the alcohol has been taken out of it to make munitions. It is not cold. It is token beer a gesture rather than a drink.

The bomber crew is solemn. Men who are alerted for operational missions are usually solemn, but tonight there is some burden on this crew. There is no way of knowing how these things start. All at once a crew will feel fated. Then little things go wrong. Then they are uneasy until they take off for their mission. When the uneasiness is running it is the waiting that hurts.

They sip the flat, tasteless beer. One of them says, "I saw a paper from home at the Red Cross in London." It is quiet. The others look at him across their glasses. A mixed group of pilots and A. T. S. girls at the other end of the pub have started a song. It is astonishing how many of the songs are American. "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To," they sing. And the beat of the song is subtly changed. It has become an English song.

The waist gunner raises his voice to be heard over the singing. "It seems to me that we are afraid to announce our losses. It seems almost as if the War Department was afraid that the country couldn't take it. I never saw anything the country couldn't take."

Falls Behind on News

The ball-turret gunner wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. "We don't hear much," he says "it's a funny thing, but the closer you get to action the less you read papers and war news. I remember before I joined up I used to know everything that was happening. I know what Turkey was doing. I even had maps with pins and I drew out campaigns with colored pencils. Now I haven't looked at a paper in two weeks."

The first man went on: "This paper I saw had some funny stuff in it. It seemed to think that the war was nearly over."

"I wish the Jerries thought that," the tail gunner says. "I wish you could get Goering's yellow nose and them damned flak gunners convinced of that."

"Well anyway," the waist gunner says, "I looked through that paper pretty close. It seems to me that the folks at home are fighting one war and we're fighting another one. They've got theirs nearly won and we've just got started on ours. I wish they'd get in the same war we're in. I wish they'd print the casualties and tell them what it's like. I think maybe that they'd like to get in the same war we're in if they could get it to do."

The tail gunner comes from so close to the border of Kentucky he talks like a Kentuckian. "I read a very nice piece in a magazine about us,' he says. "This piece says we've got nerves of steel. We never get scared. All we want in the world is just to fly all the time and get a crack at Jerry. I never heard anything so brave as us. I read it thee or four times to try and convince myself that I ain't scared."

Something to Walk Home On

"There was almost solid red flak over Bremen last Thursday," the radio man says. "Get much more and we can walk home over solid flak. I hate that red flak. We sure took a pasting Thursday."

"Well, we didn't get any,' says Henry Maurice Crain, one of the gunners. "We got the nose knocked off of our ship, but that was an accident. One of the gunners in a ship high on head tossed out some shell casings and they came right through the nose. They've got her nearly fixed up now."

"But anyway,' the first man says doggedly. "I wish they'd tell them at home that the war isn't over and I wish they wouldn't think we're so brave. I don't want to be so brave. Shall we have another beer?"

"What for?" says the tail gunner, "this stuff hasn't got even enough character for you to dislike it. I'm going back to wipe my guns. Then I won't have to do it in the morning."

They stand up and file slowly out of the pub. It is still daylight. The pigeons are flying about the tower of an old Gothic church, a kind of architecture especially suited to nesting pigeons.

The hotel taken over by the Red Cross is crowded with men in from the flying fields which dot the countryside. Our bus drives up in front and we pile in. The crew looks automatically at the sky. It is clear, with little puffs of white cloud suspended in the light of a sun that has already gone down.

Looks like it might be a clear day,' the radio man says. "That's good for us and it's good for them to get at us."

The bus rattles back toward the field. The tail gunner muses, "I hope old Red Beard has got a bad cold,' he says. "I didn't like the look in his eye last time."

(Red Beard is an enemy fighter pilot who comes so close that you can almost see his face.)

Pilots of a Royal Canadian Air Force fighter unit operating in the Aleutians have lived up to the slogan which hangs above the front door of an American fighter pilot mess, shown in the upper picture. The American fighter command has recognized the Canadians' qualities after their participation in daily bombing and fighter sweep over Kiska. In the lower photo, beside one of their Kittyhawk fighters, are three members of an R. C. A. F. squadron. Left to right: Pilot Officer G. R. Blair, Shawinigan Falls, Que.; Warrant Officer W. D. Peacock, Noranda, Que., and Flight Sgt. J. L. Sabourin, Montreal. (R.C.A.F. Photo)

The Other Man

By RUBY M. AYRES

FINAL CHAPTER

Dennis left New York by the afternoon train. He had wired to Pauline, paid his bill, and departed. He hardly knew what he felt, or if he felt nothing at all, but he was conscious of a burning desire for the sun to cease shining. He felt like a man who had been absorbed in watching some unreal drama on the stage and who now walks out again in the sane light of day.

He tried to analyze himself and failed.

He supposed that other men had imagined themselves desperately in love with some woman other than their wives and had paid as he was paying. Imagined! Had he imagined it? Or was it real? Was it still real? He had not found the answer he sought when the train stopped, and Pauline was there at the window.

"Darling." She rushed in the car and hugged him; she poured out all in a breath how happy she was to see him again, how awful it had been without him. "Really awful, Dennis!"—and how she was looking forward to being back in her own home.

"Mother's fine, and Daddy's back, so-to-morrow I think we might go, don't you?"

"Yes — anything you like," said Dennis.

"And Barbara? How is darling Barbie?"

Dennis was taking his bag down from the rack. "She's all right. I saw her this morning—just to say good-bye."

"I wrote to her the day before yesterday," Pauline said. She was watching him with bright eyes. "Did she tell you, Dennis?"

"No. What did you write to her about?"

Pauline smiled mysteriously. "I'll tell you to-morrow — when we're back in our own home"; and then, with a tug at his hand, "Oh, Dennis, it's like heaven to have you back again!"

She was such a child, Dennis thought, as he listened to her chatter.

Her eyes danced, and she leaned her cheeks against him for a moment.

"I believe you're really glad to have me back," she said.

"I am — very glad."

They were on the porch now, and the cab they had taken from the station was driving away down the road. Dennis put his arm round little Pauline and kissed her.

"Have you ever loved anyone but me, Pauline?" he asked.

She did not notice the little accent on the second word, she was too eager to clamour her reply. "Never, Dennis darling, never! and never shall."

• • •

They went back to their own home the following day. Pauline was very quiet on the journey, and when they arrived she went from room to room looking at everything with eager pride before she took off her hat and coat.

"I feel as if it's years since we went away," she said. "Does it seem like that to you, Dennis?"

"Yes." Pauline had discovered some letters on the mantelshelf.

"Here's one from Barbie," she said eagerly. "How sweet of her to write and welcome us home."

Dennis did not answer, he was looking out of the window at the bleak garden.

Pauline, absorbed in her reading, suddenly gave a smothered cry. "Oh—Dennis! What do you think?"

"Barbie is going to be married—and who do you think it is?"

"I don't know."

"To her husband—to Douglas Stark again! I can't believe it; she hated him—oh, poor Barbie! Oh, I wonder what has become of the other man — the one she really loved."

"Do you think she did ever love anyone?"

"Of course she did. I know her so well—there was someone she simply adored, Dennis."

O'Hara said nothing, but he was thinking again of that day on the road when he and Barbara were motoring together — of the moment when he struggled out of unconsciousness to the broken voice—"Oh, my dear, Dennis, Dennis."

He moved abruptly. "Take your hat and coat off, Pauline, and let's have tea."

"Very well, I won't be a minute."

Dennis sat down by the fire. It was good to be at home again— he found himself wondering why he had ever gone away. And yet—if he had the time over again he knew he would do the same thing."

And now Barbara was going back to Douglas Stark! Why, in God's name? He shut his eyes and tried to picture her face—the face he had loved. Did he still love her, or had he never loved her? Or was it possible for a man to love two women at the same time? Did she love him? If so, why had she told him the truth about Barnet and so sent him away?

"Tea will be ready directly," she said. She sat down on the rug at his feet and snuggled up against him.

"Happy to be home?"

"Wonderful." She took his hand and kissed it, and Dennis hated himself because the sudden thought came to him that if he had been here with Barbara—he would have kissed her hands — her beautiful hands.

"I want to tell you something, Dennis, darling."

"What is it? Are you in debt? Can't pay the butcher or something?"

She pretended to be offended. "How dare you? I'm a wonderful housekeeper."

"So you are." He kissed her and leaned back again. "Don't strangle me, my child—what is it?"

But she hid her face against his coat while she told him by asking a little question that wavered between happy tears and happier laughter.

"Dennis — would you like to have a son?"

It was some time later over the tea and hot toast that Dennis said, "This wonderful secret—does your mother know?"

"Not yet—only you, darling—and Barbara."

"Barbara?" The blood rushed to his face. "What made you tell her?"

And Pauline answered happily: "Because she is my best friend and because I love her."

There was a little silence, then Pauline said, "But I'm sorry about one thing."

"What is that, Tuppenny?"

"Barbara said in her letter, 'Don't ask me to be godmother—I'm not the right sort to bring up a child in the way it should go'—I'm so sorry about that, because I know she'd bring him up most beautifully, bless her."

"Him?" said Dennis with raised eyebrows and a very softened look in his eyes.

"Of course it will be a him," Pauline said dreamily. "And I should like him to be just like you. Of course, if it is a girl I shall call her Barbara whether she'll be godmother or not."

"Oh, I shouldn't do that," Dennis said hurriedly.

"But why not? It's a lovely name."

Yes, it was a lovely name. Once, for a little while of madness it had been the most beautiful name in the world to Dennis O'Hara, but now—

"Pray God I never see her again," was his passionate thought as he sat there so still in the firelight and listened to his wife's chatter.

It was after tea, when Pauline was bustling about the house that Dennis got up from his chair and went over to the mantelpiece where Barbara's queer wedding present stood. Somehow it had never meant very much to him until now—he had been rather impatient of its obvious sentiment — but to-night it seemed to appeal to him almost as if it had been a message from Barbara herself.

"Love locked out."

What had she intended it for—for him?—for herself—or just for nothing at all?

He turned away impatiently.

Why had it been allowed that he should love her—and where would they have drifted but for Barnet?

The dream was ended. He was a married man with a wife who adored him—and perhaps soon the nursery of which he knew Pauline had dreamed so many dreams would be a reality. A son of his own.

Upstairs he could hear Pauline moving about, singing happily, and with a sudden sense of loneliness he went to the foot of the stairs and called to her, "Pauline."

"Yes, my precious."

"Come here, I want you."

• • •

It was some months later that Stornaway, up in town again for one of his flying visits, charged across Jerry Barnet in the bar of a West End restaurant.

Jerry was very much the worse for drink, but he recognized Stornaway and came up to him and smacked him on the back.

"'Member me?" he demanded. "Can't 'member your name, but knew you long time ago with O'Hara."

"Oh, yes." Stornaway offered his hand. "And how's the world been using you?"

The world, it appeared, had been using Jerry badly—damned badly! He had lost all his money again and had been forced to borrow.

"Never been the same since Barbie Stark chucked me,' he bemoaned his fate. 'Never been the same since she went back to Douglas, that him! Awful!"

"Of course." Stornaway remembered Barbara vividly—indeed, few people, especially men, ever forgot her. "Very fine woman," he said.

"Fine!" Jerry was almost in tears as he explained how fine, how damned fine she was. "I love that woman,' he said, leaning heavily on his counter. 'I'd 'ave—I'd 'ave died for her and she chucked me. I want to see her," he asked wistfully. "Want to 'pologize, say I'm sorry for what I told that chap O'Hara."

"What did you tell him?" Stornaway was not interested, he wanted to get away, but Jerry had him by the lapel of his coat.

"I told him disgustin' thing," Jerry said heavily. "Thing so man who's gentleman should say 'bout any woman, specially when it's not true. I was jealous of O'Hara, yesh, I was. Always with Barbie at one time, always! Not fair, he'd got pretty little wife of 'is own."

"I don't expect O'Hara minded, whatever it was," Stornaway said. "He's not the chap to remember a thing or bear ill-will."

"Would this 'though,' Jerry sighed and ruffled his hair. "He was keen on Barbie, I know." He leaned forward and whispered something in Stornaway's reluctant ear—"that's what I told him," he said ponderously. "Just that — and it was a lie—damned lie!"

Stornaway moved restlessly; he wished Jerry Barnet and his unsavoury confidences at the bottom of the sea, but Jerry still persisted.

"Often thought I'd like t' see him and tell him! Make honorable amends. Can't bear think I told a lie. Awful. Barbie was the best—best in the world, and I'd like 't tell O'Hara." He dragged Stornaway closer to him. "Here—if you were me, what'd you do? Would you tell him? You say, and I'll do what you say. Would you tell him if you were me—as one pal to 'nothir, now?"

Stornaway looked away from his companion's flushed face, and for a moment he visualized Dennis O'Hara as he had last seen him, in his own room, waiting restlessly downstairs, while in the room above.

Then when he—Stornaway—had come down to tell him "It's all right—a boy—fine youngster"—Dennis's face. Dennis was very fond of his little wife, and Stornaway knew it.

Jerry bombarded him again: "If you were me would you tell him?"

Stornaway shook his head.

"No," he said decidedly. "No, I don't think I should tell him."

THE END.

Public Warned

Complaints received from wholesalers in Charlottetown have prompted M. F. Graves, Rationing Superintendent for Prince Edward Island to issue the following warning to retail stores throughout the province.. 'In no circumstances should five-pound canning sugar coupons be gummed on the same sheet as ordinary sugar coupons worth one-pound.

Considerable confusion and a great deal of extra work for understaffed wholesale houses, have resulted from laxity in this respect on the part of storekeepers in the province. When large bundles of the regular sugar coupon sheets are sent in with the special canning coupons mixed in, the supplier is burdened with a lot of extra work which could have been avoided by a little extra care on the part of the merchant.

In times like these when the wholesaler is handicapped by a shortage of manpower and is carrying on in the face of wartime difficulties, it is the patriotic duty of every retailer to co-operate as much as possible, Mr. Graves points out. One way to do this is to keep those five-pound canning sugar coupons on separate gummed sheets which are supplied on request by Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

Nazi Party Chief Killed In Holland

LONDON, June 27—(CP)— The Berlin radio said tonight that Fritz Schmidt, Regional Chief of the National Socialist Party in the strife-ridden Netherlands and Commissar-General of the rebellious occupied country, had "met with a fatal accident" while on an official tour through France.

The broadcast, recorded by the Associated Press, said Hitler had ordered a party funeral for Schmidt, the fifth Nazi official - - German or Dutch - - stationed in Holland to be killed in less than six months.

In spite of Schmidt's high position, details on his career were not known to observers here.

War—25 Years Ago Today

(By The Canadian Press)

JUNE 29, 1918— Monte di Val Bella captured from Australians by Italians with aid of Allied troops. British bombed industrial factories in Mannheim. Nine German planes destroyed and eight disabled by British fliers. Railway station at Lille bombed.

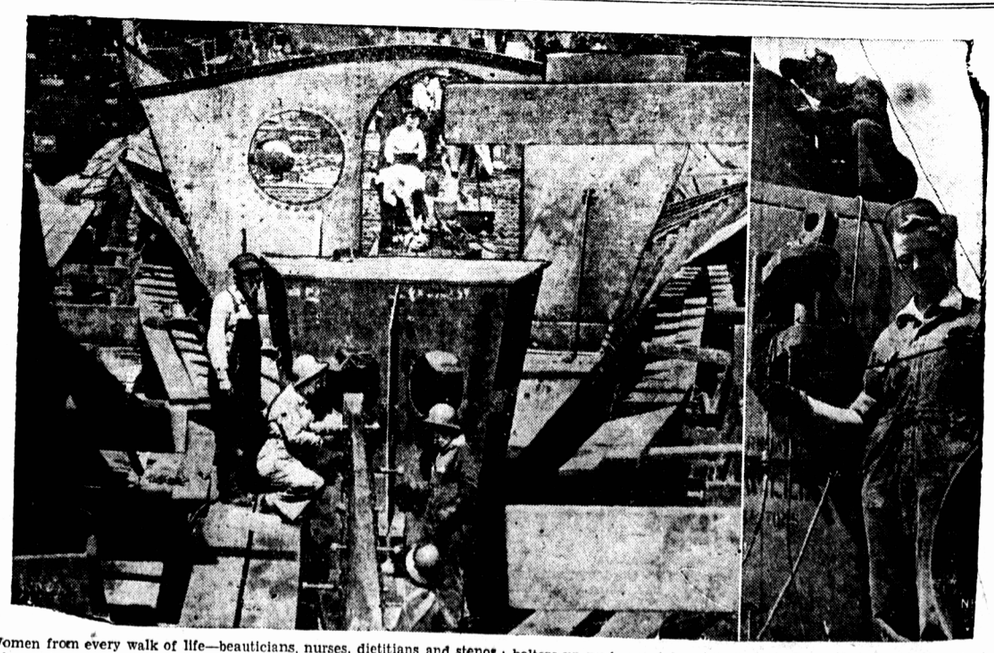
CONSUMER'S RATION COUPON CALENDAR — JULY

COUPON VALUES

Sugar Coupon (Red) - - - - - One Pound
Tea Coupon (Green) - - - - - Two Ounces
or Coffee Coupon (Green) - - - Half Pound
Butter Coupon (Purple) - - - - Half Pound
MEAT COUPON (Brown, Spare A)
Group A - ½ pound; Group B - ¾ pound;
Group C - 1 pound; Group D - 1¼ pounds

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURSDAY	FRI	SAT
Tea-Coffee and Sugar Coupons remain valid until declared invalid. Canning Sugar Coupons marked June and July are good during July.			June 30 Butter Coupons Nos. 12, 13, 14 and 15 and Meat Coupons Pairs Nos. 1, 2, 3 expire.	1 Meat Coupons Pair No. 6 valid.	2	3
4	5	6	7	8 Butter Coupons Nos. 18 & 19 are valid. Meat Coupons Pair No. 7 valid.	9	10
11	12	13	14	15 Meat Coupons Pair No. 8 valid.	16	17
18	19	20	21	22 Tea-Coffee and Sugar Coupons Nos. 11 & 12 are valid. Butter Coupons Nos. 20 & 21 are valid. Meat Coupons Pair No. 9 valid.	23	24
25	26	27	28	29 Meat Coupons Pair No. 10 valid.	30	31 Butter Coupons Nos. 16, 17, 18 & 19 expire. Meat Coupons Pairs Nos. 4, 5, 6 & 7 expire.

NOTE: Meat Coupons (Brown, Spare A) become valid weekly, as shown above. Butter Coupons (Purple) become valid in pairs every two weeks, as shown above. If valid before the 15th of the month, both Meat and Butter Coupons expire at the end of the same month. If valid on or after the 15th of the month, they expire at the end of the following month.



Women from every walk of life—beauticians, nurses, dietitians and stenos—have given up peacetime pursuits and taken vital war jobs in the shipyards of British Columbia to relieve the manpower shortage. Above, girl bolters-up work on victory cargo ship. Verna Rennie, former, (top) and Mollie McPherson measure cowl vent fitting.