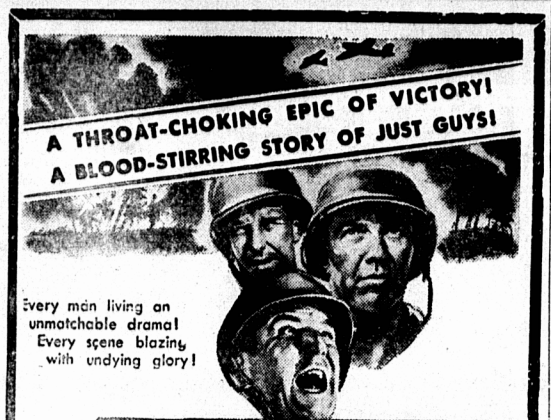

RICHARD Tregaskis' GUADALCANAL DIARY

with

Preston FOSTER • Lloyd NOLAN
William BENDIX • Richard CONTE
Anthony QUINN

EXTRA ! ! — NEWS
CARIBBEAN ROMANCE

TODAY
BUDDY O'CONNOR
PEGGY RYAN
IN
"CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK"

ALSO — NEWS — CARTOON
MARCH OF TIME
SHOWS 2.30 — 7.00 — 9.00

"PRINCE EDWARD"

COMING—MON.--TUES.--WED.

TODAY
EMPIRE
SHOWS 2.30—7—8.45

STARRING
BOB LIVINGSTON
AND SMILEY BURNETTE

ALSO CARTOON
COMEDY — SERIAL
TRAVELOGUE

TODAY ONLY — ACTION GALORE
"BOMBER'S MOON"
SHOWING AT 2.30 — 7.00 — 8.45
CAPITOL
3-DAYS — Starts MONDAY

PENNY SINGLETON • ARTHUR LAKE • LARRY SIMMS
ANN SAVAGE • JONATHAN HALE • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

EXTRA — LOOK TO THE NORTH (Canada Carries On) NEWS — Snapshots

WEST KENT SCHOOL

Honor Roll for March:

Grade X: 1. Joan Large and Jane Rundle, equal; 2. Barbara Pickard and Donald MacLeod, equal; 3. Evelyn Stewart.

Grade IX: 1. Kenneth Yeo; 2. Walter Conrad and James Bentley, equal; 3. Shirley Vessey and Charles Howatt, equal.

Grade VIII: 1. Joan Munro; 2. Leith Douglas; 3. David Jardine.

Grade VIII: 1. Elaine Bourke; 2. Harold MacPherson; 3. Gertrude MacRae.

Grade VII: 1. Hilda Pickard; 2. David Hurst; 3. Donald Thompson.

Grade VII: 1. Philip Jardine; 2. Joan Wood; 3. John Court, Jackie Howatt and Janet Ives, equal.

Grade VI: 1. Heather Lantz; 2. Betty Dunning; 3. Phyllis Cutcliffe.

Grade V: 1. Douglas Cameron; 2. Barry Beers; 3. Rosamund Edwards.

Grade V: 1. Suzanne Palmer, Bobby Nelson and Karl Reardon, equal; 2. Stella Pickering; 3. Barbara Dick and Mary Beth Harris, equal.

Grade IV: 1. Johanna MacDonald and Joan Marie MacGuire equal; 2. Tommy Scantlebury; 3. Bobby Hambly and Audrey Horne, equal.

Grade IV: 1. Briar Chandler and Murray Carmody, equal; 2. Nancy Hyndman; 3. Carolyn Nelson and Lea Windsor, equal.

Grade III: 1. Billie Batt; 2. Allan MacLeod; 3. Barbara Johnson and Rory Lantz, equal.

Grade III: 1. May Russell; 2. Desmond Connolly; 3. Donald Haynes.

Grade II: 1. Donald Cobb; 2. Joyce MacLeod; 3. Blair Anderson.

Grade II: 1. Gordon Tweedy; 2. Jean MacKie; 3. Frederick Seller.

Grade I: 1. Jean Isabel MacDonald; 2. Gayle Jamieson; 3. Avis Graves and Dianne Phillips, equal.

RESTRICT HOTEL MEALS

NEW DELHI —(CP)— In order to prevent the extravagant use of food, a law in Delhi province now prohibits the serving of any meal of more than three courses in any hotel or restaurant.

IN MEMORIAM

JOHN ARCHIBALD MacDOUGALL

There passed away in Canoe Cove an esteemed citizen in the person of John Archibald MacDougall. He was born on the farm on which he died, and was the son of Archibald MacDougall and Sarah MacEachern. On July 22, 1908 he married Margaret Ann MacLaughlin of New Argyle. For the past three years he had not been able to carry on his work. Two weeks ago he was smitten down with pneumonia and passed away on Tuesday evening in his 77th year and notwithstanding all that medical skill could avail and tender nursing.

He was an outstanding farmer and by his industry and application built up a magnificent property which is a credit to the community. As a neighbor he will be greatly missed far and wide. He was favorably known and looked up to as attested by the large gathering that came to the funeral service. He was a devoted member of Canoe Cove Church which he served and supported furthering every good cause to the best of his ability.

As a young man he associated himself with Derry Lodge L. O. L. Canoe Cove and for 56 years was a consistant and faithful member having occupied the Master's chair for a term. A large number of brother Orangemen from different lodges attended the funeral in a body.

He leaves to mourn his wife and adopted son James Newman Hall, Mrs. Hall and their daughters Doris Margaret and Verdis Eileen, to whom he was greatly attached.

The funeral service which was held at the home and Canoe Cove Church was conducted by his pastor Rev. T. W. Goodwill, who also officiated at the grave. A large parade of Orangemen took part in the service at the grave which was under the auspices of Derry Lodge and was presided over by Bro. Roderick MacNevin as Worshipful Master and Bro. Hector MacNevin as Chaplin. Bro. James MacDonald ably acted as marshal.

(Patriot please copy)

4-1-1i

Card Of Thanks

Mrs. John Archibald McDougall and Mr. and Mrs. James Hall and family wish to thank their neighbors and friends for their kindness shown them in their recent sad beareavement. Also those who sent flowers.

4-1-1i

AUTHOR ON THE SIDE

REGINA —(CP)— Pte. Charmain Jansen, C.W.A.C. has taken up short story writing during her spare hour. Pte. Jensen now stationed at Dundurn Military Camp as a clerk in the C.W.A.C. orderly room, had her first story accepted and printed in the February issue of the Canadian Home Journal.

Gift Appeciated

Mrs. James Parsons, Bradalbane, has received the following letter in thanks for socks sent through the Red Cross.

Lyness, Orkneys
7th March, 1944

Dear Mrs. Parsons, You will think that no one ever intended to write and thank you for the socks you knitted, but actually I only received them yesterday. Parcels and letters take a long time to transit the Atlantic nowadays.

I was most surprised to find that they had come so far and to Wrens. I also had no idea where P. E. Island was except that I knew it was a Canadian possession. However I hope you receive this letter.

For your information I'm a Wren at ——— you've no doubt heard of this recently in the news, with regard to the Scharnhorst action in which the Home Fleet played the major part.

I've been here nearly a year now. There's nothing here to write about, also we cannot write much as our letters are heavily censored. There are no streets, shops, or houses so there's nothing to spend money on and no-where to go in your spare time.

We have a R.N. Cinema here and that supplies all our news (except for the wireless at certain hours) and a great deal of our entertainment. The only other form of entertainment we have here is dancing, we go to quite a large number of dances which I thoroughly enjoy.

To come back to your socks for a minute I'm using them as sea boot socks inside my sea boots and they are lovely and warm. Its just what I needed for this ghastly weather we are having. Its been snowing heavily for about a week or more and its freezingly cold most of the 'matelots' and wrens go around in extremely large and heavy oil skins and souwesters.

We've had to walk to the C.C.O just lately, because the buggy's aren't running and its jolly hard work panting and blowing up that hill at midnight when its snowing best part of the time, and just to cap it all Mother wrote to me the other day to say that she was enjoying the lovely sunshine ther were having. I live in England, Kent but am serving here. If you reply, which I hope you will do, I should be obliged if you'll write to my home address. This is it: 30 Inglewood Road, Barnehurst, Bexleyheath, Kent, England, because I don't expect to serve here longer than a year and my year will be up by the time you receive this letter, and I don't suppose it will get forwarded on.

I like it here though very much because in no other base in the United Kingdom are Wrens so much a part of the Navy as they are here. I've been on board a number of ships during last summer and incidentally should we need or wish rather to go shopping we have to go by sea. I love steering the drifters across the snow to Kirkwall our only small town in Orkney. They're awfully easy to handle, much slower reaction than a car tho'.

Well I really can't think of anything else to say at the moment but ask any questions you like and I will endeavour to give you an adequate answer, and tell me what Canada is like, too, please, because I've never been abroad at all, and tell me if you have any Canadian Servicemen or women here.

All the best and thanks again for the socks, they couldn't have come to a better place.

Yours sincerely,
DOREEN ANDREWS.

P. S.: I'm 20 years of age, 21 in September and I'm a teleprinter operator (teletypewriters you call them).

S. D. U. SCOUTS AUXILIARY CORPS

At the second last meeting of the Scouts Auxiliary Corps for March a considerable amount of Scout work was accomplished.

There are seven boys to be invested shortly who are: Morrison MacDonald, William MacDonald, Leonce Gallant, Paul DeRaspe, Elmer Murnaghn, Georges Oullette and Richard Savard. Although these boys were in Scouts before, for various reasons they had not been invested. Also, there are several boys in the Corps who have almost completed their Second Class Tests and a few who will soon have finished their First Class.

At this time we wish to express our hearty thanks to Reverend P. Wood for having accepted the position of Chaplain in the Corps. Father Wood is well experienced in Scouting having taken a course at Halifax a few years ago.

At the last meeting a number of new applications were read, one of which was accepted. The new member is Jacques LaRouche from Quebec. It was decided at this meeting that no more applications would be considered after March 31st.

Two bowling teams from the Corps were formed to play on Thursday afternoons if possible and two new officers were appointed. They are: Howard Shea, Librarian and Paul DeRaspe, quarter-master. As there was no further business the meeting was closed until after the retreat for the students.

The above notes were submitted by the reporter of the S. D. U. Scouts Auxiliary Corps which is now fully organized and going strong. It is felt that this body of keen Scouts and Scouters will be of invaluable help to their communities when they return to take up their work.

TROOP AND PACK NEWS
First Charlottetown (Basilica) Troop

Regular weekly meetings of the First Troop are being held in Holy Name Hall with the usual Scout activities taking place. Inspections, Investitures, games and Scout Yells are regular items, while Instructions in Signalling, Compass and Tenderfoot Tests are progressing very favourably. Assisting with the Troop are Frank Costello and James Trainor who have had extensive experience in Scouting over a period of years. The future of the First seems to be in good hands.

First Charlottetown (Basilica) Pack

The First Pack also is advancing along the Jungle Road of Cubbing in a remarkable manner. Attendance each week is almost perfect and the young Cubs are taking to the programme with an abundance of keenness and energy. Mainly, the meetings consist of Jungle Openings, Investitures, Stories from the Jungle Book, Tenderpad and First Star Work well interspersed with vigorous and also quiet games. The pack is showing a great interest in its Totem Pole and Progress Chart, and it is hoped that several Cubs will have attained the rank of First Star in a short time.

"GOOD HUNTING CUBS".
"GOOD SCOUTING ALL!"
"Tall Timber."

Ballots For Men In Armed Forces

OTTAWA, March 30 — (CP) — Candidates listed on ballots to the armed forces for the next federal election will be identified only by their Christian names, surnames and party affiliations, the Commons election committee decided today.

Previously, service members of the House had asked that the Candidate's occupation and service rank, if any, should be included to aid sailors, soldiers and airmen in judging the qualifications of the men running.

TO SAVE WHEAT LANDS

CAPE TOWN —(CP)— A State plan to conserve wheat lands of Cape Province by encouraging suitable crop rotation of which lucerne is most important, is announced. For 10 years the government will subsidize lucerne seed in areas where winter cereals are part of established farming.

LONDON —(CP)— An old English silver Queen Anne kettle engraved with a coat of arms, with the lid shaped like a minaret, was sold for $6,750 at an auction here. It was made in 1708.

Starts MONDAY

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LEAVE

Much can happen in twenty-four hours. What would you do if you were given just that much time to decide your future happiness? Cherry Pyecroft takes a chance and marries Simon, her best friend's husband, although there is some doubt in her mind as to whether Denise was really killed in a railroad accident while Simon was returning to London after a long absence. You will be on tenterhooks to follow the unfolding of the plot. Do not miss a single instalment!

THE GUARDIAN
Starting MONDAY

A Few Drops
Up Each Nostril Quickly Relieve
Stuffiness of Catarrh

Specialized Medication Works Fast Right Where Trouble Is!

Soothing relief from stuffy, painful distress of acute catarrh comes fast as Va-tro-nol spreads through the nose, reduces swollen membranes—soothes irritation, relieves congestion, helps flush out cold-clogged nasal passages. Makes breathing easier—try it! Follow directions in package. VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

ASHES OF LIGHTING

By VINCENT CORNER

CHAPTER XXV
PROFIT AND LOSS

Already the high adventure, the fears and the strange endurances of those days had passed. Moreton, in retrospect, cast up their total of gain and loss.

Carol, of course, was the central wonder of them all. Had it not been for that period of mingled misery, rebellion and revelation which came to him, when he had to leave with Fanshawe for London—that torturing time when he had to leave her, lost, to follow the behests of his Service — he might never have realized how deeply he loved her. It was then that the glory shone.

When he took her in his arms, terrified, after her experience on the windowarch of the Priory, he knew that the glory was enduring. He had been old in his youth. His hazardous and responsible work had killed sentiment, or, rather had encased it, for war's grim season. Now the trammels had broken; he was free, glittering. This youth, he felt, would out-last age—then, with one final return of the old cynicism, he remembered that such was the stuff with which all lovers wind their nests . . . Then he laughed, at all cynics.

Of loss there was Calthrop. He missed the pleasant brown face, the patient mien, and the quiet doggedness of his friend. Roger was down near Bristol. His chief concern, these days, was to evade those people who looked at the new ribbon on his tunic and inquired what he had been doing to merit it.

Of loss—the unfortunate Baines, and Letty Smithers' broken and lacerated leg. It was plain to be seen, now, that the mysterious explosion behind the bench had been a mis-timed effort to rid the world of Carol and himself. "Flanagan" and Helme had noticed his concern in the growing tale of sabotage. They had also wondered how he came in possession of those "ashes of lightning" in the tube he had placed by the mug of tea. And the traitors had planned his liquidation, careless of Carol Gilroy's fate.

Of loss, too, the oddly happy days of effort in the Lowood inspection bays, with Fruity Flintoff singing his ridiculous jingles and with the others rallying, joking, and sometimes wrangling, all to one end; production.

The light were gone, for him. The surge and screech of machines; their wines, their throbbings, their proud and ceaseless songs of power, were no longer of his life. The wearisome and monotonous routine of testing thousands of differing components; the niggling problems of calculation when tolerances were defined as "plus nothing," "a minus 002"—the weight of steel, the cut and shimmering mirror-grind of it, the very icy smell of it—even these he would miss.

And Banni . . his spaniel ways and slow little chuckling jokes were lost, forever. But, Moreton wondered, had not Banni gained? Tortured to rags in a concentration camp; bereft of all his family and belongings; homeless, helpless, and unutterably tired — if death had not come to Ludwig Banni as a gravely smiling friend, then no verities existed, under Heaven.

Of gain, there was that immensity of achievement which had resulted in the complete annihilation of the company of saboteurs, together with the seizure of all their secret arms, their radio-transmitting and receiving sets . . . and their supply of those terrible, incendiary tubes.

For good or ill, Moreton's tactics in informing "Flanagan" that he would soon cease to be a machine-shop superintendent, and his deliberate allowance of Helme's eavesdropping, had brought matters to a crisis. Moreton liked to believe all had worked together for good. The two traitors had realized that they were in imminent danger of arrest — the singular loss of their works' identity cards helped to that conclusion —and they cut painters.

"Flanagan" acted with instant viciousness . . . He laid out a ring of wired tubes and fired the moors. More than likely, Helme actually switched the power into the deadly things—what time "Flanagan" radioed for the squadron of bombers to complete the hellish task of blotting out Lowood works.

Inspection of the secrets of that lurking place in the ruins of St. Mary's Priory had made everything terribly clear.

In a tiny chamber, a long-forgotten turret room at the top of the pile, much was discovered. A portable wireless transmitter and aerials were there. A box containing a highly geared hand-generated magneto was also there —as were thirty more of the "ashes of lightning" tubes and coils of fine flex and cylinders of magnesium-electron. Enough incendiary gear, in fact, to duplicate the moorland fires, if necessary.

The Y-shaped prominence, which Jenkinson had first noticed, was a reinforced duraluminium contrivance which permitted a fine silken net—something like twin rope ladders—to slink down the ruined masonry following its every curve, so providing a means of exit and approach to the turret room. Since the Priory was guarded by tall railings and rarely visited, and, since the silken laddering was no thicker than twine and dyed a natural grey, there was little fear of "Flanagan's" device being discovered, ordinarily.

Moreton sickened at the thought of Carol's ascent of that dizzy ladder . . . infuriated by the Hunnish cruelty which had driven the terrified girl up those swaying loops. For "Flanagan," following on her heels, had literally flogged her aloft with that dog-leash. When she had reached the turret room he flung the heavy-ended thong out to the darkness.

And, by its twisting around the lamp standard, its presence led to his capture.

Another gain; a marvellous one—Carol's life! "Flanagan" intended her death, whether or no he got free. From the moment he attacked her he told her that. He had planned to that grim end.

Leaping out of the darkness near the pillar-box he had lashed the setter, Rollo, across the head with a piec of rubber tubing filled with lead shot. He dealt a similar blow to the girl. While she was half dazed he put adhesive plaster across her mouth, and dragged her to the ruins. Everything was accomplished in a few minutes, even the ascent of the silken steps.

As Carol sturdily said, she would have mounted those without him having to use the leash . . . in hope that, when she got to the top, she could kick back at him and send him hurtling down. But, the cunning German had foreseen as much! He forced the girl to stand well away from the laddering before he left its loops for security on the stonework.

Then Aitcheson's remarkable shot!

They had transformed the man. He had gone as a sergeant to other employment—for, queerly enough, his fellow soldiers, while trained for war, could not stomach the glacial marksman who seemed to have obtained a long-abiding satisfaction out of his killings of Helme and "Flanagan". He pondered so, and purred above his thoughts.

Moreton was not so squeamish. He thanked God for Aitcheson's deadly skill . . . Gilroy, as his thanksgiving, had given the man a cheque which altered his satisfaction into an excited and red-faced publiation.

And now the days grew less for Famanda and Doctor Ulric von Siefert, both late of Germany. Before them was that eternal nothingness to which their country's sinister service had doomed them.

Von Seiferts round golden head had achieved a near-miracle in its creation of those incendiary tubes. So far as British chemists could determine, his device consisted of a potential of energy—a radio-active substance — suspended in heavy oil for security, as sodium is suspended in rock-oil, or phosphorous in water.

Transmitted electrical energy, or even a slight rise in ordinary temperatures, caused the infinitesimal granules of this stuff to whirl like needles of lightning, growing enormously from latency to fury, as temperatures rose. On bursting through the quartz in which it was contained, the released force created fire—fire which, like thermite, needed no oxygen to support its combustion.

And, the awful stuff had another property. Wiped, with its safeguarding oils, on steel, a system of disintegration was begun. Hence the ruin of those sun-wheels, during the break for the Lowood Feast, had explanation. The metal had been "rotted" throughout, until it flaked and grew soft.

Yes, Moreton pondered, as he got up to search for tea, Siefert, the genius of flame, had planned well—sabotage in excelsis!

NO TIME FOR DALLIANCE

Carol, sweetly conscious of the glinting stone on her engagement finger, poured tea and handed it to her father and Giles Moreton. Hannah had contrived another perfect little repast, Moreton noticed — honey, scones, muffins, and cakes with currants in them; blessings on Hannah the Gaunt!

"Well, Giles, and what have you been thinking out this time? Another brains trust session, I notice!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry, darling! As a matter of fact it won't occur again but, I've just been totting up my profit and loss account."

"That's the way, Giles!" Mr. Gilroy fed a piece of scone to Rollo. "Always keep the books straight, even amid the manifold distractions of love!"

"Daddy!"

Giles Moreton laughed. "The gain, I find, is most tremendous. Achievement in arms, kudos — and you, Carol."

With sparkling eyes Carol surveyed the pair. Then, gravely, she said:

"I've got my release, dear. I — I couldn't go back to Lowood." She paused. "I wonder what would you say, Giles, to my going into the Army?"

Giles Moreton made a little whoop, and put down his cup.

"Say? Say, Carol? Magnificent! That — that determines me, too! I don't like my job any more . . . I'm all for a quiet life, too. If you go—I go. What do you say to that?"

There was a quiet time . . . a time for thinking . . . then Carol, her eyes brimming, but her lips tremulous with her brave smiling, whispered that she thought the idea a good one.

"If I might make a proviso," said John Gilroy.

"Why—of course, daddy."

"Certainly, sir."

"Then," the old lawyer soberly remarked, his eyes on both of them, affectionate and proud, "let there be a honeymoon first. Our times are not the times for waiting, are they?"

Carol stood at his life side, Giles at his right hand. Across his grey head they looked and smiled.

"No," they said as one voice. "There shall be a honeymoon."

THE END)

CUT PRICE SPECIAL

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Special Representative
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Layer Felt MATTRESS and SPRING
27.95 Cash Price

Choice of a wide variety of springs with wooden frame and a better quality layer felt mattress with serviceable cover. Sizes: 48" and 54" only. Shop early.

FIRST AID CLASSES

Mr. D. W. Kyle, Regional Supervisor of First Aid for the Canadian National, will open a class on Tuesday evening, April 11th at eight o'clock at the C.N.R. Depot, Charlottetown, and at Borden on April 10th.

For the first time classes will be open to the public. Railway employees wishing to enroll contact Mr. E. W. MacKinnon, Superintendent, others Dr. J. J. Blake or Red Cross.

Good Strategy!

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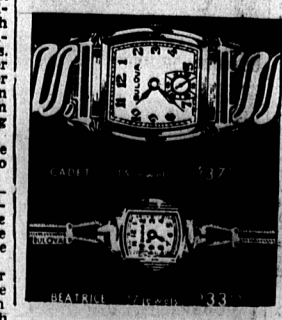

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