

MRS. FRANCES KANNOVSKI PARK superintendent, writes as follows concerning the cannon formerly mounted in Central park, and which hadn't missed: "Your column recently mentioned the cannon at Central park. A couple of years ago they were given to Major Heber Edwards of the National Guard, who placed them in the museum in Bismarck, a better place for them than the park. They were Civil war cannon, made of cast brass, and we had many offers for them from the local "junk" men, who could have sold them for a pretty penny no doubt. Major Edwards valued them for their historical interest, and the board thought it an excellent disposition of them.

DURICK, CENTRAL PARK caretaker, says they each weighed 1260 pounds, and when they were first placed in the park, cannon shells were set around them, as an added part of the so-called decoration. The cannon each held five large shells when loaded, and the charge was set off from an opening in the side.

MY FORMER COMMENT RELATED to the suggestion which I had seen that cannon and other objects of metal now displayed in public places where they are neither useful nor decorative, be collected and the metal be made available for military purposes. I thought, and still think, the suggestion was a good one. It does not follow that the country should be stripped of all such objects which have artistic, historical or sentimental value. That would mean a loss far greater than

could be compensated by the utilitarian use of the metal. On the grounds at Bismarck there are the remains of an excellent museum where objects may usefully be displayed permanently. But a cannon cannot be stuck in a park where it doesn't belong, and to which it is not even remotely related, is a different thing,

THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago Sun noted that Senator Nye of North Dakota did not join in the applause which greeted Premier Churchill of Great Britain on his appearance before the American congress last Friday. And the New York Post of December 22 had the following editorial comment on matters relating to North Dakota's two senators:

NEW YORK POST. December 22, 1941. Senator William Langer of North Dakota apparently is to be denied his seat in the senate on charges involving acts of moral turpitude. We must confess to a thrill of hope at the news, but apparently the other senator from North Dakota, Gerald P. Nye, is to pass unchallenged. That is the way the law works, and there is no kicking. Mr. Langer did, or did not, engage in some bond and land transactions to his own profit while governor, and he is to be ousted. There's no doubt whatever that Mr. Nye, for his part, served the aims and designs of Adolph Hitler for the past three years to the vast disadvantage of the United States as of this moment, and he's still simon-pure. We can only leave him to the voters of North Dakota.

IN MIDDLE LIFE A FELLOW IS just one of a crowd. There are thousands of others just about like him, in age, physique, occupation and so forth. To attract attention he must do something unusual. But as we slip imperceptibly from one year into another, we who have reached our eighth decade, or thereabouts, find ourselves in the enviable situation in which mere existence confers a sort of distinction. And whereas at one time we had to hustle to keep up our end and hold up our end among our fellows, if we do anything at all there comes the admiring comment "How marvelous!" One thinks in that connection of Dr. Samuel Johnson's remark about the dancing dog, which the good doctor didn't admire at all. "The remarkable thing," said the doctor, "is not that the dog dances well, but that he dances at all."

CITIES ALONG THE WEST COAST have been blacked out many times since the attack on Pearl Harbor, and there is need for them to be prepared for raids which may be made up on them at any time. Along the Atlantic coast there is less reason to expect air raids, but the possibility exists, and precautions are necessary. Therefore there have been numerous test blackouts in that area. And even interiors have been experimenting with blackouts so as to be ready for immediate action in case of danger.

ACTUALLY ALL OF US IN THE northern hemisphere have been going through blackouts for about two weeks, and we have scarcely thought about it. We have been passing through the darkest period of the year. We may think of the days becoming shorter until December 21, and immediately thereafter becoming longer. Actually it does not work out quite that way. For a day or two before and after the winter solstice there is a little less light at one end of the day and a little more at the other, so that there is practically no change in the duration of sunlight. And for a little longer at each end of the period the change is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible. Hence, to all intents we have had a celestial blackout for something like two weeks, with daylight lasting about nine and a quarter hours each day. Now, after the turn of the year, we shall soon notice that the days are growing longer, a change that is always welcome.

WE THINK OF THE SUN BEING farther away from us in winter than in summer. But although it certainly looks farther, it is really nearer, so the astronomers tell us, and they know. Although we are nearer the sun now than in June, our end of the earth is colder now because it is tilted away from the sun and receives fewer of the sun's rays per square foot. At the same season our far southern neighbors are nearer the sun and also have the benefit of the tilt. It's all very interesting, and some of it is quite confusing.

THOSE WHO HAVE FOLLOWED the war dispatches have noted that cavalry is playing an important part in the Russian campaign. In many engagements mounted men have served effectively in combat. One mounted Cossack outfit broke up and captured or scattered a German mechanized command, and one gets an impression of wild men of the plains, riding at full gallop, brandishing lethal weapons, and shouting the battlecries that have come down to them through many generations of fighting men. The machine is thus far only a partial substitute for the horse.

ONE WOULD EXPECT RUSSIA, more than most other nations, to rely for many purposes on horsepower. Much of the country is one of vast open spaces, with few railroads and ever fewer good highways. And while under good conditions trucks can travel several times as fast as horses, there are conditions in which trucks cannot move at all, but in which horses can still get through. In many of the conditions met in a campaign horse-mounted units are much more flexible than those dependent on trucks.

RUSSIA IS CREDITED WITH HAVING in service a million horses and mules, 200,000 in the cavalry arm and 800,000 used for draft and pack purposes. Somewhat surprising to most of us, perhaps, is the estimate which comes from the same source that Germany has in her army 960,000 animals, almost as many as Russia, although Germans is much better served by railroads and paved highways, as is most of the territory contiguous to Germany, in which her armies would be expected to operate at least in the initial stages of a campaign.

THE JAPANESE ARMY IS CREDITED with 375,000 animals, and the dispatches have told of the use of horses by the Japanese in their campaign in the Philippines. Contrasted with the facts respective to other powers, we are told that the American army has only 50,000 animals, of which 25,000 are used for cavalry, 12,000 for draft and pack purposes, and the rest for administrative and miscellaneous purposes. In the American army the truck has almost entirely supplanted the draft animal. Several of our experienced military men believe that in this substitution we have gone too far, and that for many reasons we should utilize more fully the power that we have in the millions of horses and mules on our farms.

MORE THAN 20 YEARS AGO THERE lived in the city of Groningen in The Netherlands a young university student, Arthur, a rather shy and very polite young man with the bluest of eyes, the blondest of hair and a soft, rosy, almost girlish complexion. His father was mayor of Groningen and later became governor of the province of Groningen.

Within two blocks from his house (although we do not speak of blocks in The Netherlands) lived two young high school girls, inseparable friends, Riek van Lessen and Riekje Beukema. Their first names were identical, and to avoid confusion (as they belonged to the same classes), the teacher called the smaller one Riekje, which is a diminutive.

FOR RIEK VON LESSEN YOUNG Arthur was Prince Charming, and Riekje Beukema well remembers the girlhood "crush" her school friend had on the handsome student. Little did the three dream in those carefree days that in the not too far away future they would live on three different continents! Yes, we did learn of the "yellow peril" in our schooldays, but it seemed unreal then and very remote.

Riek van Lessen, married now, but not to her Prince Charming, still lives in Groningen, which is now temporarily under the Nazi heel.

ARTHUR'S FULL NAME IS JONKheer A. W. L. Tjarda van Starckenborgh Stachouwer, governor-general of The Netherlands East Indies, married to an American lady from Baltimore. For him the "yellow peril" has become very real indeed. He mobilized The Netherlands East Indies forces, who are now doing such a grand job against the Japanese traitors. His official announcement on radio NIROM in Batavia, Java, on December 7, 1941, to the 70,000,000 subjects of Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina, of the recognition of a state of hostilities between The Netherlands government and the Japanese empire came shortly after the first radio reports of Japanese attacks on Pearl Harbor and preceded the formal American and British declarations by 24 hours.

I ALMOST FORGOT TO SAY—BEING carried away by the grim reality of war in the Pacific and by the tremendous task facing our friend, Arthur,—what became of Riekje Beukema. Well, she is now an American citizen and lives in our own city of Grand Forks. Some of you may know her as Mrs. Paul Nuss.

GAZING FROM THIS POINT OF OBServation at Los Angeles, O. A. Webster, for many years engaged in business in Grand Forks, and brother of Mrs. R. B. Griffith, makes the following predictions for 1942, and may they all prove correct:

1. The withdrawal of the German army from Russia is not a voluntariy withdrawal but a defeat which will soon become a rout as disasterous as that of Napoleon more than a century ago. These reverses will break the morale of the German people who will repudiate Hitler and Hitlerism and will sue for peace on the best terms obtainable.

2. Italy, already war weary, will throw off Fascism and form a representative form of government. It will lose its colonies and suffer great economical losses.

3. The French African army and the French fleet will join the Free French movement now headed by General Charles DeGaulle. France will be restored under its former boundaries.

4. The Japanese will realize that their war is hopeless as soon as their axis partners quit. They will ask peace along the line suggested by President Roosevelt before the beginning of hostilities but will be farther penalized. China will become the dominant in the Orient.

5. The occupied countries of Europe will be restored along their old boundaries.

PERHAPS IF I WERE A MILLIONaire I might attend one of those New Year's eve affairs in New York where the minimum charge is \$20 just for putting in an appearance. I might do it, just once, but I'm sure that once would be plenty. I have attended lesser affairs, where the price wasn't so steep but the congestion must have been as great. To me one of the most pathetic sights is that of a lot of people just milling around and making a noise and trying desperately to convince themselves and other people that they are having a wonderful time. I don't wonder that they do a lot of drinking. I think I should. Seems to me I'd need something to take my mind off the flatness of the whole performance.

HERB HITLER COMPLAINS THAT the Russians lack intelligence and that they are too stubborn to do the sensible thing. Didn't he "annihilate" their armies regularly every week all through the summer, leaving nothing but a little mopping up for the Germans to do? Certainly he did. But the stupid Russians, not having sufficient sense to know that they were destroyed, kept on fighting, making the business of mopping up impossible and delaying Hitler's capture of Leningrad and Moscow and his entrance into the Caucasus until winter set in. Then, as Hitler began, as any sensible person would have done, to withdraw his forces preparatory to going into winter quarters, the perverse Russians wouldn't let him. They still kept on fighting, and their conduct was so exasperating that Hitler found it necessary to fire his top general and take charge of the campaign himself when he had a lot of other things on his mind to which he wanted to give immediate attention. It must be very annoying. Herr Hitler's predicament seems to resemble that of the private in another war who, when ordered by his sergeant to "Come along and don't stand there all day," replied, "But I've caught a Tartar." "All right," said the sergeant, "Bring him along." "But he won't come," said the soldier. "Then come along without him." "He won't let me."

THOSE WHO USE AUTOMOBILES, which includes most of us in one way or another, are to be subjected to restrictions which will be embarrassing, and which in some cases are bound to work hardships. No new tires may be purchased except for vehicles directly related to defense work or which are indispensable in the transaction of business. That few can qualify in the latter classification is indicated by the fact that the first apportionment of tires for North Dakota is only 438. Sale of new automobiles is not only restricted, but prohibited, at least for the present. Plans will be worked out which will make possible the purchase of a few new cars for essential purposes.

NO MATTER HOW CAREFULLY THE regulations are made, no matter what pains are taken to disturb the activities of those engaged in essential work, some hardships are inevitable. No set of regulations can be provided which will cover all cases with exact equity. The inequalities which will result will be part of the burden which war imposes on us, a burden from which there is no escape, and one which the good citizen will accept, with some grumbling, perhaps, but nevertheless, in good spirit. We are in the war, all of us, until it is over, and we cannot afford to waste energy in magnifying unwelcome incidents which are inevitable.

EVER SINCE JAPAN LAUNCHED her treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor and other American outposts Japanese occupation of the Philippines has been considered a strong probability, and for some time the fall of Manila has generally been accepted as certain. The only question was how long the Americans and Filipinos could hold off the invaders and how much punishment could be given them meanwhile. The defenders have made a gallant fight against tremendous odds. They have kept occupied and away from other areas large enemy forces. Time has been gained for the movement of the American fleet and for the transportation of planes which will be actively engaged later on. And the invaders have sustained severe losses in men and in materials. General MacArthur and his men have done all that could have been expected of them, and in delaying the enemy and hampering his movements they have made a priceless contribution to the winning of the war.

THE LOSS OF MANILA DOES NOT of necessity preclude the expulsion of the Japanese from the Philippines in the near future. Whether or not that is to be attempted in the early stages of the war is at present a military secret. It may be that we shall never undertake a direct assault against the Japanese in the islands. This is not a war for possession of particular islands or other territory. It is a war for destruction of the enemy, and there are other theatres than the Philippines in which, perhaps, our forces may be more usefully employed. When the war is completely won, if not sooner, the American flag will again fly over Manila. But for the Japanese the capture of Manila is merely an incident in a campaign which they wage for a much greater prize. Their hope is to seize the Dutch and British East Indies, and the key to that vast and rich territory is Singapore. To the extent that possession of any part of the Philippines aids in their campaign against Singapore, possession of Manila is important. But while they have been fighting for Manila the defenses of Singapore have been strengthened and preparations have been made for the offensive which is sure to be launched against Japan, and which will strike at her most vulnerable centers.

COMMENTING ON NEW YEAR'S eve celebrations an eastern writer remarks that three years ago one could still sing "Auld Lang Syne" in a French restaurant in London, while a party of convivial Germans joined in at the next table and raised their glasses to a group of Polish diplomats celebrating across the room. And representations of most of the other nations might have joined in. What a difference there is in such a short time!

A NEWSPAPER picture shows a street scene which would be very suggestive even without caption or inscription. The scene is a street in Middleton, Ohio, the center of a prosperous Amish settlement. In the foreground are two well-groomed horses, each with a trim, comfortable-looking buggy attached. The scene just breathes quiet, substantial prosperity, and the suggestion conveyed is that there are places where restrictions on purchase of automobiles and tires will not trouble the people at all.

THE AMISH OF THE STRICTER sect believe automobiles are inventions of the devil, and they abstain religiously from using them. Those Amish do not move quite as rapidly as some of the rest of us, but they do not seem to mind. They have plenty of time. And they are happy, happier than some others who speed along the highways more swiftly. And in the matter of material goods, probably there is in all this land no other group of equal numbers whose members are so uniformly prosperous. The horse-and-buggy is a symbol of their life and character, modest, sturdy and dependable. Probably those of us who have become accustomed to the automobile will not revert to the horse and buggy. It might not be a bad thing for us, however, if while we are restricted in our use of some of the things which we have come to regard as necessities, some of the quiet virtues of the Amish, which are latent in us, but which may have become somewhat stunted or over-grown, should spring into new life.

ON THE BODY OF A JAPANESE airman killed in Luzon was found a talisman such as many of the Japanese wear to protect them from misfortune. It is a bit of cloth which is woven in intricate design 1000 stitches. Japanese women make those talismans for their soldiers, just as our women made things for our soldier boys. What a monstrous thing it is that the brutishness of a few men should cause tokens of love to be sent on missions of hate and destruction.

IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK there has just gone into effect a law affecting the use of automobiles which in some respects is the most drastic of any law involving responsibility for the use of automobiles on the highways. Massachusetts has a compulsory auto insurance law which has been in operation for several years, and which has been the subject of much controversy, but some of the provisions of the New York law go far beyond anything that has been attempted in Massachusetts.

UNDER THE NEW YORK LAW ANY owner of a car involved in a highway accident, no matter what the cause of the accident, nor who is to blame for it, must immediately (1) show that he carries ample and satisfactory insurance, or (2) post a deposit of \$11,000 or its equivalent in bonds, or (3) forfeit his driver's license and keep his car off the highways. That would apply even to the car which is legally parked and which is rammed by another.

THE IDEA IS THAT ANY CAR, AND the owner thereof, affected by an accident, no matter what its nature, shall be deprived of highway privileges pending investigation unless the owner can demonstrate that he has taken steps to provide indemnity for injuries in an accident for which he is responsible. The New York authorities will require evidence of financial responsibility first and will investigate afterward.

IN HIS RADIO ADDRESS ON SUNDAY Anthony Eden, Britain's foreign minister, who has just returned from a visit to Moscow, talked, among other things, about Russian temperatures. To reach Moscow he traveled by the roundabout route, around Norway's North cape and through the Arctic. Going by rail to Moscow he traveled in temperature that reached "58 degrees of frost," other wise, 26 degrees below zero. That is just two or three degrees lower than the Grand Forks temperature over the week-end.

Here we know something about low temperatures, and we get along quite well in weather where the thermometer register far below zero. We live in houses that are thoroughly protected from cold. Even the flimsiest shacks are well banked and protected against cold. For outdoors we wear warm clothing, and usually it is only during brief periods that outdoor work is attempted. Moreover, at least thus far we are neither seeking an enemy to kill him nor being sought by one who seeks to kill us. That makes a difference.

OVER ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT they are very much at war, and Eden described the warm clothing worn by the Russians whom he saw, and the unsuitable equipment worn by German prisoners whom he interviewed. Those prisoners, most of them boys, he said, wore clothing no warmer than is ordinarily worn in England, and among other things they had no gloves. Fighting under such conditions can't be very attractive.

IT IS DIFFICULT FOR MANY OF US to get an accurate impression of European latitudes as compared with our own. Leningrad, for instance, is some 700 miles farther north than Grand Forks. Its latitude is that of the middle of Hudson's bay, far north of any but a few scattered settlements on this continent. The most furious battles in the European campaign are being fought around Moscow, which is about 500 miles farther north than Grand Forks. Sevastopol, at the southern tip of the Crimean peninsula, has almost the exact latitude of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Knowing of these latitudes we can gain some conception of the meaning of war in a Russian winter.

OUR SOLDIERS IN THE CAMPS ARE not doing much gardening these days. They have other business on hand. Nevertheless, gardening is being done at and around the camps—quite a lot of it.

Homemakers with back-yard gardening problems or shady lawn obstacles to grass growing are not the only American citizens pouring over seed catalogues during the early days of 1942. Army camp authorities as well as the individual soldier are getting successful and extensive beautification programs under way at many of the cantonments.

DESPITE THE INTENSIVE TRAINING incident to war effort, the landscape scars and barren areas left by the camp construction program are being beautified. In some instances, this camp improvement drive has the utilitarian purpose of preventing soil erosion. Rye seed has been introduced at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, to hold back the earth topping from the smooth, muddy waters of the Mississippi river flowing beside this camp. Soldiers are planting grass seed on their encampment sites in the sunny South. The post utilities and the quartermaster corps are cooperating at Camp Stewart, Georgia, for an unusually ambitious scheme of beautification.

TRANSPLANTING TREES, PALMS, flowers and shrubbery indigenous to this locality, the Camp Stewart agencies have laid emphasis on the native flora. Thousands of square feet of sod, dozens of palmettos, casino berries, cedars, bay trees and magnolias were found in the woods and placed on the military reservation in keeping with plans previously drawn up. The trees and ferns were spaced along miles of thoroughfares to get the best effect and the sod lines the drainage ditches to take care of erosion. Flower beds were laid out, the requirements for these running to 5,000 red cannas, 1,000 jonquils, 4,000 narcissus bulbs, and hundreds of pansy plants, calendulas, portulacas, gardenias, marigolds, daffodils, hydrangeas, roses, gladioli, cyclamen and jasmine.

MARGARET BONFIELD, FORMER minister of labor in Great Britain and veteran trade union worker, told a New York audience the other day that British experience during the war demonstrated clearly the unwisdom of attempting to achieve maximum production in industry through over-exertion of labor. In this country her statement has been quoted in opposition to the suggestion that the work week of 40 hours be lengthened. But another part of the statement on the same subject is less often quoted by opponents of the longer work week. Miss Bonfield also said: "Fifty-two hours for women and 56 for men have become the established weekly schedule considered as best calculated to maintain output and keep up efficiency."

EFFECT OF FOOD RESTRICTIONS on British health was also discussed by Miss Bonfield. Food in Britain is rationed, some of it very strictly. Many articles of food heretofore considered necessary, have been placed in the luxury class. When Winston Churchill ate his first breakfast in Washington he spoke of the novelty of having two eggs at a meal, and of the possibility of having them as often as one wished. At home he gets one egg a week, that being the rationed allowance, and the prime minister observes the regulations just as any other person does.

PROBABLY MANY PERSONS WERE surprised to hear from Miss Bonfield that health conditions in England had been greatly improved by food rationing, which has tended to curb overeating. In former years much has been written both in Great Britain and in the United States about impairment of health due to malnutrition. This condition was said to be alarmingly prevalent in both countries. Some commentators on the subject explain the present relatively good condition of public health in Britain on the ground that the people are still living on the energy derived in the years before the war made rationing necessary.

THAT EXPLANATION DOES NOT seem quite convincing. Certainly it is not consistent with alleged poor health conditions before the war. If the people were in poor health from malnutrition when food was relatively plentiful, how can they be in better health, or even in tolerably good health now that food is scarce?

ALWAYS THERE IS MALNUTRITION. Much of it is quite unrelated to economic condition. Probably most of it is due to lack of intelligence in the use of available food. Children from some of the "best" homes are undernourished, not because of lack of wholesome food, but because of senseless eating habits. And in many homes of the low-income group there is malnutrition merely because the money available is spent for things that tickle the palate rather than for cheap and wholesome foods that are obtainable in wide variety.

HERE I AM QUOTING A GRAND Forks housewife: "Just ahead of me at the desk of a local food store a few days ago a woman was paying for her purchases with food stamps. Evidently she was on relief. The six or eight items which she had bought were spread out for checking, and couldn't help noticing them. One of the purchases was a dozen eggs, and that was the only item of substantial food in the entire list. I remember that there was a pound of mixed candy, which I thought might be well enough in a mixed bill of goods for a family. But there was a pound of shelled pecans, and I remember a can of some expensive fish which is used only as a relish.

"MY HUSBAND IS A MECHANIC who is employed only most of the time. Our income is small, and we have to manage carefully to make ends meet. But we have never been on relief, and we will never be on relief so long as I can sew a few rags together to cover us and can buy the simplest kind of food to keep soul and body together. At the grocery store I saw the other woman turn in her stamps to pay for stuff that I can seldom afford to buy. Then I paid cash for my few purchases of staple foods—not shelled pecans nor fancy canned fish. And I came home wondering a little about what it all means.

IN ORDER TO PREVENT THE enemy from obtaining valuable information we are prohibited from publishing more than sketchy information about the weather. I suppose, however, it is permissible to express the hope that the kind of weather that we had over the last week-end will presently reach the Germans on the Russian front, and that it will gain in intensity until it reaches them.

MRS. B. WANTS TO KNOW:—"WHY is it that here in the heart of the Red river valley, where there are grown potatoes at least as fine as are grown anywhere in the world, it's next to impossible to buy a peck of decent potatoes? The other day I paid a quarter for a peck of potatoes, which is at the rate of a dollar a bushel. The grocer said they were the best he could get, and I believe him, for I have looked around myself. Out of that peck I got just seven potatoes that were fit to bake. All the others were culls, either small, knobby, cut in handling or otherwise defective. We do raise good potatoes here, but it seems that the good ones are shipped out and the culls are left for local customers.

"I SUPPOSE IT'S BECAUSE OF THIS practice of shipping out all the good potatoes and working off the discards on the home trade that potatoes from Idaho and Washington are sold in Grand Forks stores. What an absurdity! Shipping potatoes a thousand miles right into the center of this famous potato territory! Sometimes I buy those western potatoes. I don't like them. In quality they don't compare with our own good potatoes, but when we can't get good home-grown potatoes, what are we to do. I'm not blaming the grocers. They have to take what they can get. But if they keep it up those responsible for keeping good potatoes off the local market are likely some day to find that the local market has got away from and that Red river valley consumers will just refuse to buy Red river valley potatoes because they can't get good ones."

FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE I can sympathize with Mrs. B.'s complaint. I shall be strongly tempted this year to grow my own. I understand that residents of California who are not in the orange business voice similar complaints. They say that the good oranges are shipped out and the scrubby ones are worked off on the local market.

PROMPTLY DURING THE FIRST week of the new year blanks have been distributed for state and federal income tax returns. For those whose income is less than \$3,000 a table is provided which simplifies the matter considerably for the taxpayer. All he has to do is figure his gross income, subtract his deductions and exemptions, then turn to the table and there is stated in its proper place the amount of his tax. All that remains is for him to write his check and send it. This year's blank has a space for surtax which didn't appear last year, but for the small income person the table takes care of both normal and surtax. We will have from now until March 15 to get the thing figured out. The tax will be higher this year than last, but there will be a bigger boost next year. It takes money to run a war. The sensible thing will be to put forth the greatest possible effort right from the start and get it over as quickly as possible. And, of course, there is only one way to finish it, and that is to win complete and overwhelming victory.

WHEN GENERAL GRANT WAS BEFORE Fort Donelson and things there had become uncomfortable for the Confederates, the southern general Buckner asked for a meeting to discuss terms of surrender. Grant's historic reply was "No terms other than immediate and unconditional surrender can be considered. I propose to move immediately upon your works." Buckner surrendered, immediately and unconditionally. Some day peace overtures will be made to Hitler. It will be well, then, to have Grant's reply in mind.

ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST OF THE year's seed catalogues is a reminder that there will be another spring, and that it is on the way. That is a cheering thought when the thermometer is down in the minus twenties. Fireside gardening is almost as pleasant as the outdoor kind. And it has some advantages of its own. One can go through the book and lay out the most wonderful color schemes without blisters on the hands or crick in the back. There are no mosquitoes to bother and no weeds to choke the real garden plants. It is well that this type of gardening can be undertaken just now, but it is just as well, too, that it doesn't last too long for there comes a sort of hankering that can be satisfied only by the smell of fresh earth and the feel of the warm southern breeze. But just now there is time to do a lot of indoor gardening.

THAT THE LIFE OF THE ACTOR IS necessarily a hard one, and likely to be terminated by early death is a popular belief of long standing. That belief is based largely on the experience of the actor "on the road, with long jumps to be made at unseasonable hours, cold dressing rooms and draughty stages, and numerous other inconveniences and discomforts. It is quite true that some actors "enjoy" poor health and some die young. But many of our famous actors have lived to robust old age, and have continued their work long after the time when many others would have thought it necessary to retire.

OTIS SKINNER, WHO DIED A FEW days ago at the age of 83, was one of the examples of longevity in his profession. Through a long life of stage activity he had shared all the varied experiences of the road, and he made at least one tour of the continent at the age of about 75. Many years ago he appeared in Grand Forks in "The Liars," a pleasant comedy. One bit in that play fixed itself firmly in my mind. Skinner, in the hero's part, had quarreled with his girl, and everything between them was ended—so he thought. One scene showed him, angry and resentful, alone in his room, throwing things into his trunk preparatory to leaving for Africa, where he could forget faithless women. As he packed he stormed back and forth, denouncing the girl who had treated him so badly. Calling her faithless, frivolous and heartless, he said "I'm through with her! I never want to see her again! I wouldn't marry that girl—" He paused, then wilted. "Oh", he said, helplessly, "what's the use of lying when you're all alone?"

OTIS SKINNER WAS A GREAT actor. Some seven or eight years ago he toured with Maude Adams in "The Merchant of Venice." He gave a fine interpretation of Shylock, but Miss Adams was less fortunate in her part. The audience was more conscious of her own delightful personality than of the character of Portia.

AN INTERESTING AND SIGNIFICANT step has been taken by the Scottish Education department toward promoting mutual understanding between the peoples of Britain and of the United States. The department has issued a memorandum suggesting that more attention be given to American subjects in Scotland's schools, and showing how this may be done within the limits of existing curricula. In this field, says the memorandum, the schools have the opportunity to perform a most useful work.

UNDOUBTEDLY CORDIAL RELATIONS between the inhabitants of different countries can be promoted by better knowledge on the part of each group of the history and ways of life of the other. Much depends, of course, on the manner in which the information is presented. The Nazi theory is that only such facts shall be presented to youth as tend to support the Nazi philosophy. The object of Nazi teaching is not to acquaint children with facts or to train them to think, but to fill them full of a particular set of prejudices. British and American schools do not follow that practice, but in some cases they have committed errors in a similar direction.

IT IS ALWAYS DIFFICULT TO DETERMINE how the period of study shall be apportioned to the history and the current life of one's own country and to the affairs of the rest of the world. That the American student should be familiar with the history of his own country goes without saying. But if he knows nothing of the history of the world in general he becomes narrow and provincial, and he can have no proper knowledge of American history unless he understands how it is rooted in the history of many other nations.

I SUPPOSE THAT AS A MATTER OF fact there is greater knowledge of British history in this country than there is of American history in Britain. That is quite natural. Several million of our American families are of British origin, and for them British history is something in which their antecedents played some part generations ago.

BRITISH HISTORY AND CULTURE have influenced much of the great literature with which every educated person must be familiar. The British student is less likely to feel the need for a knowledge of American history. None of it comes to him as an inheritance, and in many cases it is overlooked altogether.

MAYOR LaGUARDIA OF NEW YORK is on the spot. As chief magistrate of the nation's largest city he has done a good job. One of his achievements has been to rid his office of all suspicion of graft, which is no small accomplishment in view of the scandals of past years. In no responsible quarter is it suggested that the "Little Flower" is not scrupulously honest. With the valuable quality of honesty LaGuardia combines irrepressible energy. His activity is amazing, and the extent of the ground that he covers is unbelievable. But he has also some of the defects of his good qualities, and it is often complained that his super-abundant energy leads him to waste time on details which might better be referred to subordinates.

IN SO FAR AS THOSE THINGS affect administration of affairs in New York they are of but minor interest to citizens of other communities. But when Mr. LaGuardia accepted the position as head of civilian defense he became a national figure, with responsibilities to the entire nation, and in that capacity he has not been a success. He holds two positions, each of which demands the full time and effort of a capable organizer and efficient administrator, and when one man tries to spread himself over two such jobs, one is certain to suffer. Whatever may be said of the business of New York, it seems pretty certain that the work of civilian defense has suffered at the hands of its present head.

ENTHUSIASM AND ENERGY ARE valuable in public service, but they are not satisfactory substitutes for the steady, calm, orderly procedure which is essential in the organization of the communities of the United States to meet the problems involved in civilian defense. And as defense administrator Mr. LaGuardia seems to have expended too much valuable energy in running around in circles and making a noise.

ALMOST EVERYONE SEEMS WILLing to have prices regulated so long as the prices in which he is particularly interested are not affected. Cost of labor is one of the basic factors in establishing the cost of products of every kind, and therefore in fixing the minimum price at which those products must be sold. But representatives of organized labor object strenuously to the inclusion in the price control bill of any provision subjecting wages to the control which is to be applied to other prices. The present prospect is that there will be no such provision in the law to be enacted. There will then be presented to some government agency the problem of controlling prices of goods when there is no control over the labor cost of producing those goods.

IN THE SAME CATEGORY IS THE demand of certain agricultural interests that all farm products be exempted from price control. As one alternative to that exemption it was proposed that the secretary of agriculture be empowered to fix maximum farm prices. Still another was that any limit on farm prices fixed by the price control administrator shall be invalid unless approved by the secretary of agriculture, and the secretary has taken his stand on this last proposal, against which the president himself has made a strong protest.

WHAT A HOWL THERE WOULD BE if prices of industrial products were made subject to the approval of the manufacturers who make them! Is one price any more sacred than another? Is there any good reason why we should make fish of one and flesh of another? The purpose of price control is to prevent runaway inflation, which would be disastrous to the whole nation, and to prevent individuals or groups from making use of a national emergency to line their own pockets. And the same agency that deals with one price ought to have equal authority over all the rest.

IF NO NATION EVER THREATened the peace and security of another we should have no need for armies and navies, and there would be no bombers or fighter planes roaring through the air. Also, if there were no lawless characters in any of our communities we should have no need for policeman patrolling our streets or for locks on our doors. But the fact is that we do have need for policemen, and locks, and prisons. And we shall have need for armies, and navies, and armed air forces for a long, long time.

MRS. H. E. FRENCH HAS RECEIVED letters written shortly after the Japanese raid on Hawaii by her brother, Paul H. Townsley, who is co-ordinator of civilian defense on the island of Kauai. With the letters are enclosed several copies of the island's only newspaper, the Garden Island, which is ordinarily published weekly, but which since the raid has been issued as a miniature daily in order to keep abreast of war developments.

MR. TOWNSLEY writes that on the Saturday before the Japanese attack he and his family had gone to the mountains for the week-end, and that they knew nothing of the attack on Pearl Harbor until Sunday noon when a neighbor who had a battery radio told them the news. Over the same radio also came a call for the provisional police. All of this seemed to the mountaineers like a test mobilization and caused no particular concern. The full significance of the call was not realized until the family were on their way home when they were accosted by police and ordered to get home as quickly as possible and get their car off the road.

AMPLE PREPARATIONS HAD Evidently been made for local defense, for Mr. Townsley describes in considerable detail the manner in which defense units were swiftly got to their stations, taking complete charge of the situation, both for prevention of panic and to deal with enemy action whether from the outside or from fifth columnists. Native Japanese, who are by virtue of birth American citizens, are described as thoroughly loyal and helpful in all the work that is undertaken. Japanese of foreign birth were, of course, taken into custody or placed under surveillance. Movements of planes were thoroughly checked. Mention is made of one case on which four reports were made of the appearance of a plane of unknown nationality, and by means of these separate reports it was possible to plot exactly the course of the plane, which was found to be an American army ship.

NIIHAU, A SMALL ISLAND ABOUT 30 miles from Kauai, was the scene of a minor Japanese invasion on the Sunday of the raid on Pearl Harbor. The island is privately owned and is operated as a cattle ranch, and as it has no radio the inhabitants knew nothing of the war which had suddenly broken out. A Japanese plane landed and in doing so was damaged so that it could not take off. The ranch foreman disarmed the pilot and took away his papers and side arms. Later, with the assistance of two treacherous aliens the pilot forced the foreman to restore his weapons and to deliver the ranch papers, which included a map of the neighboring island, Oahu. The three men then took the machine gun out of the plane, mounted it and rounded up all the inhabitants of the little village. That night six Hawaiians slipped away in the darkness, got by the machine gun, although a shot was fired at one of them, who was not hit, mounted horses and rode away. Launching a whale boat they made their way to a neighboring island and told their story to Mr. Townsley, who relayed it to the army command.

MEANWHILE THE JAPANESE Pilot, realizing that his mission was ended, set fire to his plane. Other Hawaiians of the ranch force surrounded him. One of them, Kanahale, rushed him, but although he was shot three times, Kanahale, a powerful fellow, knocked the pilot's gun from his hand, and with the assistance of his (Kanahale's) wife, dashed the pilot's head against a stone wall until he was dead. One of the pilot's aides committed suicide. The other, who was taken into custody, said that he had been forced to carry out the pilot's orders.

THE LITTLE DAILY PUBLISHED ON Kauai contains many recommendations to the inhabitants for their safety. Digging of trenches as temporary shelters is urged. Conservation of food is urged. Fresh vegetables are said to be plentiful, but housewives are advised to can tomatoes at home so that none may be wasted. Housewives are asked to use no butter for cooking. It is expected that potatoes will be plentiful as soon as the new crop comes in. Some concern over the food situation was shown during the early days, as there was no way of knowing when shipments from the mainland could be received. One order or request is that owners of horses or cows do not permit them to be loose on the roads at night, but it is suggested that if the animals cannot be kept at home they be painted white.

CONSIDERATION OF THE LANGER case by the senate awaits completion of preparation of its report by the committee. The majority report is well under way, but a minority report is also expected. The case may not be presented to the senate until February. Then some time will be consumed in the usual formalities, and debate on the main question may be intermittent for days, or even weeks. If the senate's decision is unfavorable to Langer an interim appointment will be in order, the appointee to serve only until the position is filled regularly at the primary election in June, with the possibility, of course, that the appointed senator may also be elected for the remainder of the term. If, by any chance, the senate should be so occupied with other matters that consideration of the Langer case should be delayed a little longer, Governor Moses might be spared the embarrassment of having to name a senator in case the seat should be declared vacant.

THUS FAR THREE NORTH DAKOTANS have been appointed to the senate to fill vacancies. The first two appointments were made by Governor John Burke. M. N. Johnson, who had served as a member of the house almost since statehood, was elected to the senate to succeed Senator Hansbrough, whose term expired in March, 1909. Senator Johnson died before the regular session of the senate in December of that year. Governor Burke, a Democrat, appointed F. L. Thompson, also a Democrat. Mr. Thompson resigned because of ill health, also because political life did not appeal to him. The governor then appointed "Doc" Purcell, a prominent Democratic politician, who served until he was succeeded by Senator Gronna.

THE THIRD APPOINTMENT WAS Gerald P. Nye to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Gronna. Until the ratification of the constitutional amendment providing for the direct popular election of senators the governor of a state had the right to appoint a United States senator to fill a vacancy. The seventeenth amendment provides:

"When vacancies happen in the representation of any state in the senate, the executive authority of the state shall issue writs of election to fill such vacancies; provided, that the legislature of any state may empower the executive there of to make temporary appointments until the people fill the vacancies by election as the legislature may direct,"

THE NORTH DAKOTA LEGISLATURE had neglected to take the action prescribed, nevertheless, Governor Sorlie made the appointment. The seating of Mr. Nye was opposed on the ground that his appointment was not legal. The senate committee to which the question was referred considered the appointment invalid, and so reported, but the senate itself rejected the committee recommendation and seated Mr. Nye. At its next session the North Dakota legislature corrected its former oversight and empowered the governor to fill senatorial vacancies by appointment. The governor now has the option of making an appointment to run until the next general election or of calling a special election to fill the vacancy.

SWITZERLAND, SO A PRESS DISPATCH tells us, has begun growing poppies on a large scale, not for the beauty of the blossoms, but for the seed. War conditions have made it impossible for Switzerland to obtain in sufficient quantity the vegetable oils such as she has heretofore imported, and poppy-seed oil is being substituted. The oil expressed from the seed is said to answer the purpose quite well.

THIS DOES NOT MEAN THAT THE Swiss are becoming addicted to the opium habit. It is well known that opium is obtained from the poppy plant, and many believe that the seeds are full of the drug. They are not. Opium is obtained from the seed pods, not from the seed. Poppy seed is used in cookery in several of the countries of central Europe, and in the Bohemian settlements in this country, as that around Tabor, Minnesota, a patch of poppies may be seen in summer in almost every garden. Seed from those plants is used in garnishing and flavoring cakes and several other excellent viands.

IN A MAGAZINE COLUMN ON DOMESTIC relations this question is asked: "Should the wife receive from her husband a definite percentage of his earnings, to be paid to her regularly in cash, and if so, what should that percentage be, and what expenditures should such sum cover?"

Readers of the column are invited to reply, stating their own opinions.

THE CHANCES ARE that there will be a whole flock of replies, and that not one of them will solve a problem that has perplexed many persons, and which has, sometimes been the subject of bitter controversy. If the question related to a particular couple, a fairly satisfactory answer might be given by some wise and sympathetic person intimately acquainted with them, familiar with all their surroundings and understanding thoroughly the character, habits and temperament of each of the parties. And even then such a person would be assuming considerable risk in tendering a reply.

IF, ON THE OTHER HAND, THE question is intended as a general one, applying alike to all families, no human being could give the right answer, for there is none because the question relates to intimate personal relations which cannot be treated in the mass. Sometimes I have seen the statement that the cook and the housemaid receive wages, but the wife, who works harder and has a more responsible position than they, goes unpaid, the conclusion being that she should be paid a salary. Any wife has a right to resent such an argument, which assumes that she is merely an employe of her husband.

IN THE AVERAGE FAMILY IT IS the husband who brings in the income. That gives him no special rights as to its disposal, for the relationship of husband and wife is not that of master and servant. Neither is it merely a business partnership. It is rather one in which both persons are equal members of an indissoluble home, and the manner in which the affairs of that home can best be administered depends on a multitude of conditions peculiar to each particular home and to its individual members.

IN ONE FAMILY THE HUSBAND pays all expenses and the wife handles no money except such as she needs for her own personal needs. In another the husband regularly turns over his salary check to his wife, who manages all the financial affairs of the home. In still another there is a division of funds and of duties, each member being responsible for certain definite outlays. Following each of those methods, and their infinite variations, are families whose members live happily and congenially, and who would be annoyed and embarrassed by the adoption of any other method.

OF ALL THE WAYS OF DEALING with family income the one which, it seems to me, would be least likely to be satisfactory, is to make a jack-pot of the family income with the members at liberty to dip into it as they please. Yet that is the system, or lack of it, which was followed in the family of Robert G. Ingersoll, according to Ingersoll's account. The family funds were kept in a desk drawer, and when any member of the family wanted money he or she went to the drawer, and took what he or she wanted, if it was there, or went without if the drawer happened to be empty. And Ingersoll reported that the plan worked perfectly.

IT'S A FAR CRY FROM BOB INGERSOLL to the doctors Mayo, William and Charles, but according to the statement of their biographer the two famous doctors followed exactly the Ingersoll plan in handling their joint bank account. Either drew on the account as he pleased, without consulting the other. And during their lifetime association they never saw any need to adopt a different system.

"I WISH THAT ST. LOUIS HOTEL, would burn down, or that Hitler would drop a bomb on it, without hurting anybody, of course, or damaging anything else." That's what I thought when I woke up this morning, after what seemed several uncomfortable hours, for I had been dreaming about a St. Louis hotel which has cost me hours of good sleep off and on these twenty years or more. And the queer thing is that I never spent an hour in a St. Louis hotel in my life. Nearly forty years ago I spent a couple of weeks in and around St. Louis, but I lived in a suburb and had nothing to do with city hotels. Yet, time after time in the middle of the night I find myself in the same old St. Louis hotel, and whenever I am there things go wrong.

THAT HOTEL IS AS REAL TO ME as if I had actually lived in it. I could draw a diagram of it, but I won't, for I hate it. But I have a clear picture of it, office, corridor, and dining room, for some reason, on the second floor. In my waking moments, I never saw a hotel just like it, and why I should locate it in St. Louis is something for the psychiatrists to figure out. It's beyond me.

BUT THERE THE THING IS, A seemingly inescapable part of my dream life, and associated with it there are none but disagreeable memories. As a dream-guest of that dream-hotel I have been without money to pay my bill, and have wondered how I could square myself with the management. At other times I have had on hand important business transactions which had gone or were about to go flooey, leaving me dead broke. I have had all sorts of miserable experiences in it.

LAST NIGHT, WHILE I HAD THE usual uncomfortable experience, there was left a ray of hope. I found the hotel sadly run down. The place hadn't been redecorated for years. Plaster was dropping off the ceiling. Furniture was rickety. And the dinner that was served! Boiled fat pork with lukewarm potatoes swimming in grease! I can taste the stuff yet. But the hopeful feature is that a place that is so far gone can't last much longer. Then, perhaps, the incubus will be removed. Or will they start another imaginary hotel in some other place where everything will go wrong, as usual?

I SUPPOSE THE FREUDIANS would readily trace those miserable dreams to some of my unrealized desires, and I've no quarrel with that, for I have had lots of them, but why should they center around a hotel that never existed, in St. Louis, which I haven't seen in a generation?

DREAMS ARE CURIOUS THINGS, and most persons have many of them. Contrary to the experience of some, I have never had a dream which could be interpreted as in any sense prophetic. If I lost anything, no dream ever helped me to find it, and nothing ever "came to pass" which I had foreseen in a dream. I should be a poor witness in support of theories of telepathy, clairvoyance and prophetic vision, but my experience, or lack of it, with those things doesn't prove anything. I am perfectly satisfied that those who believe in such things shall continue in their faith. But I have often been tempted to make a special trip to St. Louis to see if there is anything in the town resembling that confounded hotel of mine.

A FORMER UNIVERSITY STUDENT now living in New York writes to a Grand Forks friend that she is doing her best to convince her New York friends that there is more loyalty per capita in North Dakota than in New York, and that Senator Nye does NOT represent the spirit of North Dakota. More power to her!

IN A PARAGRAPH RELATING TO the filling of senatorial vacancies the other day I got the names of two senators confused. Senator Nye was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Ladd, not Senator Gronna, as was stated.

MOST RESIDENTS OF THE UNITED States who think of Kodiak island at all think of it merely as a rather large island somewhere off the coast of Alaska, and that is about all. Some of them have read of the island as being the home of the largest species of bear in the world. Until recently few have thought of the island in any other connection. War developments, however, have directed some attention to Kodiak and we are beginning to learn that it is quite a place. It has a considerable settlement of white people, has a newspaper of its own, and is described on printed letter heads as "Alaska's oldest settlement and largest naval air base.

"**WORK ON THE AIR BASE, WHICH** has been in progress during the past two years or more, has been speeded up of late, and a letter received by Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Mitchell, 1314 University avenue, from their son Neal tells how news of the bombing of Pearl Harbor was received in that distant settlement. Neal Mitchell, former University student, is an auditor for the navy, and last September he was transferred from Seattle to Kodiak. Following are excerpts from letters written to his parents December 15 and on subsequent dates:

"**WHEN THE NEWS REACHED ME** that Pearl Harbor had been bombed I had just come down from Monument mountain, which is just on the west side of the town, when a fellow told me that I was wanted back at the base right away. Not thinking he was really serious I walked into a store which was vacant except for the clerks. They remarked: 'He really means business.' This remark applied to a soldier carrying a rifle who had just left the store in his bus, rounding up all army men. News had been received that Pearl Harbor had been bombed!

"**AFTER CHECKING MY CAMERA** which, of course, is not allowed on the base, I caught a cab. Everyone was being hustled back to the base. With bombing a possibility labor gangs were out, and there was an unbelievable change in morale. Shortly after the 6:20 meal had begun the marines ordered all lights out. In the bachelors' officers quarters one of the men was playing martial music and marching up and down the hall in the darkness, the only light being the glow of cigarettes. Someone was usually outside listening for the drone of a plane.

"**IN THE EVENING WE HEARD** that the whole west coast had been blacked out and that some 60 unidentified planes had been heard about 20 miles from San Francisco. Our trucks drove along in the dark with only small green or blue lights on when meeting other trucks. Didn't sleep very well. Everyone was keyed up, and at a very early hour in the morning the whistle stuck, which is what I realized must have happened. The signal for an air raid is given in a certain way so that when one hears the whistle he is on the alert. Of course, the stories about the Alaskan bases being raided are absolutely untrue, also about the Grant being sunk.

"**NOW ALMOST ALL WORKMEN** are on a 10-hour day, 7-day week schedule. When there is a low ceiling one could hardly tell that there is anything at all here at night. All windows and skylights are painted black. After a day of rain-like this one—one may step into a pothole almost anywhere, up to his ankles. Friday the girl who came here to marry a chap named Joe Scharf was unable to have her wedding at the theater as planned because it was filled with people being issued gas masks and told how to use them. I did some of the instructing and demonstrating. To look down on all those people with those fantastic contraptions on was quite a picture. Almost 3,000 masks were given out in two days. I had a picture taken with the mask on, beard and all. Word has been given out that beards must be shaved off because the gas masks may not fit with them on, so when I came back I had mine shaved off. It was three weeks old.

"**MOST OF THIS MORNING I SPENT** distributing evacuation notices to the women and children who will be on the same boats that carry this letter and other mail. Almost all women and children will have left—about 900 of them. The women who have been ready to leave within four hours' notice the past week were relieved to learn when they actually were going. Several are expecting babies and some have just had them. The men hate to see them go, yet expect them to be safe.

"**ABOUT MAIL—DON'T WORRY IF** you don't hear from me for some rather long stretches because it will be difficult to get mail in and out. A censor board is being set up and we are urged to send out nothing except what is absolutely necessary. Unless there is a confirmed report from Washington you can feel sure that I am fine in the midst of a lot of interesting activity, and perfectly all right. Even if there is a report, take it with several grains of salt. Nothing has happened here yet. I think the reports of planes being 300 miles to the south some time ago were false."

IN AN EARLIER LETTER SENT TO a local friend Neal gives some interesting descriptions of Kodiak island itself. Excerpts from that letter will be given in another issue.

A BLUEPRINT OF RIGHTS TO which all persons are held to be entitled and toward the realization of which it is held that the thought and effort of all good people should be directed has been prepared by the national resources planning board and submitted to the president, who has forwarded it to congress. The list of rights and opportunities consists of nine items, beginning with the right to work, and including the right to food, clothing, shelter and medical care, the right to security, and the right to education, rest, recreation and adventure. The list is in a way an expansion and itemization of the president's list of four freedoms which he proclaimed a year or so ago.

IT IS IMPORTANT THAT THE basic rights of human existence be recognized, but there are some highly desirable things which do not become rights until they have been earned. And several of the "rights" enumerated by the board are rights only in that conditional sense. It may be well enough for a great national board and the congress of the nation to concern itself with the enumeration of rights, basic or conditional, just at this time when the nation is girding itself for the destruction of a monster which menaces the existence of everything that makes life worth living, but if that is done it might be well for those in charge to pay some attention to duties and obligations as well as to rights.

WE HAVE A RIGHT TO PEACE, FOR instance, but unless we are ready to make whatever sacrifice is necessary to preserve peace we forfeit the right to its enjoyment. The child, incapable of fending for itself, has a right to food, but when the child becomes a man, strong and competent, that right is no longer inherent, but conditional. He is entitled to food only if he earns it. And the fact that society does not willingly permit indigent old age to suffer want does not remove from the individual the obligation to make the best provision for his own old age that he can make by industry, thrift and self-denial. A little emphasis on duty occasionally may help us to a clearer conception of rights.

NOW IS THE TIME WHEN THE dollar-a-year man is on the carpet. A senate committee has just made a report from which the conclusion will be drawn that the dollar-a-year men are a bad lot. Some of them, it appears, have entered the government service, not for the purpose of helping the government, but that they may be in better position to act as lobbyists for the business concerns with which they were formerly associated, which association they expect to resume when the war is over.

THE PICTURE IS NOT A PRETTY one, nor does the story make pleasant reading. The statement needs to be studied with some care and with balanced judgment. During the former war many highly-paid executives entered the service of the government, expecting and, desiring no compensation whatever. They were placed on the government's payroll at a dollar a year. They gave up for the time the business positions which they had held, together with the salaries which they had received. Doubtless there were cases in which dollar-a-year men sought to make use of their positions for dishonorable purposes. Doubtless there are now some, as the senate committee, who are following a like course. To that extent the criticisms are just, and all such persons should be ruthlessly weeded out.

THE UNFORTUNATE THING IS that the committee's report is likely to be accepted as a general indictment of all dollar-a-year men, than which nothing could be more unjust. Just as there are innumerable men of humble station who are willing to risk their lives in the service of their country, so there are men occupying high positions in the business world who are willing to serve the nation in any capacity, to place their talents and their experience at the service of the government without thought of compensation or any form of personal advantage.

SELECTIONS OF MEN FROM HIGH business positions for war emergency work have not always been happy, even though the motives of those men have been beyond question. Not always have they fitted well into the positions for which they were chosen. Under the best conditions selection of men for important administrative positions is largely a matter of experiment. But very largely the conduct of a war is a matter of business, and where shall the personnel be found to operate such a gigantic business machine except in the ranks of business?

WRITING TO A GRAND FORKS friend Neal Mitchell thus described his trip to the island of Kodiak and some features of the island itself:

"The trip north through the 'inside passage' enabled me to see some of the finest scenery in the world, icebergs, wooded island bays and islets, stops at Ketchikan, Orangel, Petersburg and Juneau, the last port was entered at night when the lights outlined the streets running up the hillside and that part of the city which occupied the bowl, like area. There I saw everything from the fine modern Baranof hotel to the honky tonk dance spots where the natives were dancing to the latest juke box tunes. The contrast between old and new almost slaps one in the face.

"AFTER LEAVING JUNEAU WE headed out across the Gulf of Alaska where we encountered an unusually rough sea. On the second day out we were riding a crest, hitting a trough, occasionally plowing into a wave which would wash right over 'B' deck and send water and spray clear over the bridge on 'A' deck where I was located. The morning of that particular day a total of 20 individuals made their appearance at breakfast, at which time an old gentleman fell backward from the table and a child pitched out of a high chair. Neither was hurt. I Was one of the few not vomiting sick, and I only escaped a similar fate by hitting the horizontal most of the time between meals.

"THE MOUNTAINS HERE REMIND one very much of Wyoming and Montana. Friday they were transformed from their bare, brown state to one of dazzling beauty by a 10-inch fall of snow. Soon there will be some fine skiing and skating. The yearly rainfall is 65.5 inches, as compared with Seattle's 35 inches and the 250 inches of Baranof island on which Sitka is located. In the Alaskan interior the annual precipitation is as low as 10 inches. On the island of Kodiak the average temperature is about 40, with a recorded low of -12 and a high of 86. There is about 30 inches of snow a year. The breezes that blow out of the bays in a gusty manner are called Willawaws. Gales sometimes reach a velocity of 80 or 90 miles an hour. One of the better books on Alaska is that by Merle Colby, but it, too, needs revision because of recent activity. The region around Mount Katmai is called the "Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes,' and was shown in the pictures of Father Hubbard, the "Glacier Priest" from Santa Clara, whom you will remember.

"A NIGHT SCENE ON KODIAK IS wonderful—stars shining bright and the air refreshing. As one walks along the road from the barracks toward the guard station the sound of stones rolling down from the cut may be heard, the moonlight brightened by the glare of an approaching army truck, the night's mystery made real by a hulking figure shrinking in the shadow of a building.

DOWN THIS SAME ROAD A FELLOW met his death not long ago plunging over the edge of the grade down the rocks into the water. Who knows what his thoughts were as he saw that death was inevitable, what visions crowded in upon his consciousness—his wife waiting for him to return with the stake which would put him on his own feet, and his children, or, was he an adventurer who laughed as he saw himself cashing in his chips and said, It's been a hell of a lot of fun while it lasted.

"ON THIS SAME ROAD MAY BE seen the volcanic ash which fell after the terrific explosion of Katmai volcano in 1912, a mountain bursting open and filling the air with darkness and the hell of noise—sending natives into their huts to huddle together fearfully, causing the old Russian priest to utter his prayers with redoubled sincerity, cutting off every living bit of greenness and starving the beautiful creatures now suffocating in their own forest, bringing the mighty bears down to the once clear river to gulp a drink with the taste of sulphur from a sea of sand.

"ALONG THIS ROADWAY ONE views the sea with its bays of bluest hue and open stretches whipped to froth and whirling whitecaps. Brown and barren in the autumn, covered later with a crown of white, every hollow, gorge and gully etched in ermine darkened with shadows, high above the roadway rise the peaks. And when the Willawaw brings warmth and springtime melting snow and ice, a morning will break, bringing greenness and blossoms plucked as by a genii from out of space."

IT SEEMS THAT I AM NOT ALONE in having annoying and embarrassing experiences in a dream hotel. One good friend has repeatedly had similar experiences in a hotel of his own imagining, but his hotel is in Chicago. Another has a house, not a hotel, to which a similar curse is attached. His house moves about from place to place, but it is always the same house. One of his experiences while making that imaginary house his headquarters was to find himself addressing a public gathering and then discovering that he was less than half clothed. A correspondent at Edmore who wishes to remain anonymous submits the following:

"I SUPPOSE EVERYONE WHO READ your column about your recurrent dream will be reminded as I am of personal dream experiences.

I have a persistent dream which invariably finds me seated at the piano before a select group only instead of stage fright I play beautifully, which is somewhat the reverse of such dreams, and a little remarkable in my case as I do not know one note from another. This would be a rather pleasant dream except while playing I suffer from the fear that I will suddenly lose my newly found technique. I account for this dream in that I have always wanted to be able to play the piano and it is probably a frustrated desire at work while I am asleep.

"MY FATHER USED TO INVARIABLY dream of being pursued by a bull and sometimes in the dream he would be badly mauled, and then he would moan and thrash around and in those dreams my mother was a co-sufferer. He always felt a little sheepish about it the next morning and it may be that the dread of such a dream is the father of the dream itself. We all know what slight incidents are necessary to set us in a dream of many phases and ramifications.

"ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO I attended high school in Lewistown, Montana, and while there I had a dream for which I have never found a satisfactory explanation.

"My English teacher persuaded several of us to enter a statewide extemporaneous essay contest. I wasn't overly enthusiastic about it and agreed only because I thought it would not hurt my averages. I mention this only to show it was not on my mind a great deal.

"The night before we were to write the essays I dreamed about it and during the dream I wrote an essay on old clothes, basing my essay on how attached we are to certain garments because of their pleasant memories and associations. I recall how I elaborated on an old fishing hat festooned with hooks in the band.

"The next morning on awaking I immediately recalled by dream and could remember whole paragraphs of it word for word, although I attached no particular significance to it.

"WHEN THE LISTS OF OPTIONAL subjects on which we could write (and the lists were in a sealed envelope opened only when we sat down to write) I found heading it, 'Old Clothes.' It was as if my dream partner did not want me to miss it. "I wrote the essay exactly as I recalled the dream and as quickly as I could place it on paper. I know I handed in my entry long before some had chosen the subject to write on, and I think my teacher had some misgivings about my speed herself.

"A WEEK OR SO LATER I WAS INFORMED by her that I had won second place and needless to say she was very well pleased as doubtless it reflected favorably on her teaching ability. I was a bit troubled about it myself not being entirely satisfied of the ethics of the proceedings and feeling that I should have stated on my essay I was merely acting as an amanuensis to a dream. However, when I saw I was basking in a certain glory I decided to say nothing about the dream part of it."

DREAM EXPERIENCES ARE NOT always disagreeable. The Edmore man's essay dream worked out very well. Then there was my grandmother, a dear old lady, who told of a dream of hers while she was a young woman. She dreamed that she saw coming toward her on a country road a strange young man whose form, features and dress impressed themselves clearly on her memory. Not long afterward while fully awake she looked down the same road and saw approaching her the identical young man of her dream, and she recognized him instantly. The young man, whom she had never seen before, lived in an adjoining county and had an errand near her home. He came again and again. The young people became acquainted and married. Ultimately they became my grandparents.

WHILE THOROUGHLY SYMPATHETIC to a good romance, I have thought that the similarity between the young man of my grandmother's dream and the young man whom she married may have been due in part to the lively imagination of a young girl, but I never suggested anything of the sort to her.

ON WEDNESDAY OF LAST WEEK the Herald published a portrait of Donald Nelson, who had just been appointed supreme boss of the new war production board. The picture is that of a man of middle age, with a firm mouth and chin and penetrating eye, a man w h o m the adjective "hard-boiled" would fit exactly, and one from whom might be expected the sort of statement made by Mr. Nelson immediately after his appointment:

"We need to be cracked enough, if you please, to try to do things that sensible men would not try to do under any ordinary circumstances." On that same day the New York Times published a portrait of Donald Nelson. The picture is that of a benign-looking young fellow, who might be a divinity student or almost anything other than the tough autocrat that we expect Mr. Nelson to be. The Times picture is undoubtedly a genuine one of Mr. Nelson, but they inadvertently got hold of an old picture. The interesting thing is how facial expression will change in a few years.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE CONFUSion that has existed in Washington, with boards and bureaus being created right and left, with executives having nothing to execute and administrators uncertain what to administer, is suggestive of the moralizing of Don Alhambra in Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers." The Grand Inquisitor sings of the sad experience of the king who . . . wished all men as rich as he (And he was rich as rich could be) So to the top of every tree Promoted everybody.

THE PLAN HAD ITS DISADVANTages, some of which are shown in this stanza from the Grand Inquisitor's song: Lord Chancellors were cheap as sprats, And Bishops in their shovel hats Were plentiful as tabby cats—

In point of fact, too many. Ambassadors cropped up like hay, Prime Ministers and such as they Grew like asparagus in May,

And Dukes were three a penny. On every side Field-Marschals gleamed, Small beer were Lords-Lieutenant deemed,

With Admirals and ocean teemed All round his wide dominions.

THE CONCLUSION REACHED BY the Grand Inquisitor, in which the two chief Gondoliers concurred, was: In short, whoever you may be, To this conclusion you'll agree, When every one is somebody, Then no one's anybody!

THROUGHOUT THE NORTHERN states and Canada the "January thaw" is a tradition of long standing. I have no idea where the idea originated that in a normal winter there is a thaw in January and not so probably in the other winter months, but somebody started it, and there it is. Without looking up the records I should say that there is thawing weather in most Januaries; also in most Decembers and Februaries. And we are about as likely to have a thaw—or to have none—in one of those months as in another. The recent thaw was somewhat more pronounced than most of the thaws that we get in January in this particular corner of the world, and coming after a stiff spell of suz-zero weather it was decidedly welcome. Som say that we shall make up for every spell of fine weather by more severe weather afterward. I'll take my chances. I can enjoy good weather thoroughly without mourning over what may or may not come later on.

ARTHUR, DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, who died last week, lived to a great age; he lacked but a few months of being 92. His life is likened in an interesting way with that of another famous personage, the duke of Wellington. At his baptism he was held in the arms of the hero of Waterloo, and his first name, Arthur, was given him in honor of his distinguished godfather. Usually we think of the battle of Waterloo as being exceedingly remote, and of Wellington, Napoleon and their generals as belonging to ancient history. Yet the man who died just the other day had been fondled as an infant by the victor at Waterloo. One or two lives may span a lot of history.

AS IS CUSTOMARY WITH ROYALTY, the duke of Connaught bore several names, Arthur William Patrick Albert. His mother, Queen Victoria, told how the name Patrick came to be given the child. Some time before his birth she and her husband, Prince Albert, visited Ireland. Driving through an immense crowd she was accosted by an old woman who cried, "Oh, Queen, dear! Call the next one Patrick and all Ireland will die for you!" And Patrick it was.

CANADIANS REMEMBER THE DUKE of Connaught with affection, for he was governor general of Canada during the early years of the former World War. Not only was he the first member of the royal family to hold that office, but his personal qualities endeared him to the Canadians. It was his daughter, the princess Patricia, who was sponsor of Canada's famous "Princess Pat" regiment. The duke, however, was not the first of his family to be welcomed to residence in Ottawa.

SOME THIRTY YEARS EARLIER THE marquis of Lorne, of the famous Scottish house of Argyle, was appointed governor general of Canada and came to Ottawa with his young wife, the princess Louise, daughter of Victoria. In aristocratic circles, it is usually considered an honor for one of less than royal rank to marry in to a royal family, but a good old Scottish lady of the last century had a different idea. The house of Argyle is one of the most distinguished in Scotland, and on the day of the marriage of the young marquis to the royal princess this good lady exclaimed "Ah! but her majesty will be a proud woman this day!" And why not?

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE MADE himself at home among his Canadian friends. At a social gathering one evening he appeared in kilts, with the appropriate Argyle plaid, and danced a highland fling. It was said that he danced it very well. A cartoonist, I think Bengough, of the Toronto Globe, thought the occasion merited a picture, so he drew one. It showed the governor general, with kilts flying and knees bare, executing one of the most spectacular steps of the fling. Generally the picture was received with grins, but there were some who shook their heads at what they thought was an act of disrespect toward title and position. But it was a good picture.

SEVERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S children lived to a ripe age. The princess Louise died only two or three years ago, and the princess Beatrice, her sister, is still living. The duke of Connaught was every inch a soldier. He began his military career at the age of 16, and he became recognized as an exceedingly competent officer. On several occasions in the fluctuations of European politics thrones were offered him, to be rejected. He preferred the career of a soldier. He lived to see his elder brother Edward, his nephew George and his grand-nephews Edward and George become successively kings of England.

ON A FADED CLIPPING FROM A Grand Forks Herald of unknown date sent in by Mrs. Aasen of Alexandria, N. D., is presented an account of a Burns dinner given by Dr. J. D. Taylor at his home on south Fifth street to a dozen of his Scottish - born friends. The article explains that though Dr. Taylor was not born in Scotland, his parents were, and he had always entertained a feeling of warm affection for the land of his ancestors. Invariably he observed the Burns anniversary in some appropriate manner. On this occasion his guests were the following, all born in Scotland: Mayor John Dinnie, A. C. Mather, Robert Green, James McCallum, W. C. St. Clair, Malcolm St. Clair, Thomas Nisbet, William Budge, John Budge, A. C. Craig, J. A. McPherson and James Thompson. Mr. Thompson read the following poem, written a few years earlier by Dr. J. M. Brydon of Chicago, and which is as appropriate on a Burns anniversary this year as it was then:

AN ODE TO BURNS. The natal day again returns
When Scotia's sons foregather To honor poet Robbie Burns
Far frae their native heather. Ae nicht on Janwar twenty-fifth
Lang syne, but not forgot, The bairn was born we now revere
In humble plowman's cot.

The auld gude wives sae doose and keen
They bustled but and ben, With swadlings clad the wee bit wean,
Fra cauld they did it fen! They little thought this wally boy
E'er he to manhood grew Would gallop up Parnassus' height
On gowans wet wi'dew.

When in the field he turned the clod
The daisy bield had given
His thoughts transcend the laverock's
note
High in the vault of heaven;
How feelingly he viewed the mouse Whose nest he had upturned,
Compassion for the timorous beast Within his bosom burned.

All nature was a book to him,
Well studied through and through, Heard music in the whistling wind,
Or screaming gray curlew, Saw beauty in the blade of grass,
And in the milkwhite thorn, As weel as in the bonnie lass
Who with him shore the corn.

He dearly loved his native land,
Of mountain, stream and fell, With thistles on her craigy hills
Where blooms the heather bell; One hundred years have near been gone
Since death put on its seal And wiled him frae Parnassus' height
Unto his land sae leal.

Auld Scotland's sons in mony lands
Far, far away frae hame, This night will drink a right gude waucht
In toast to Robbie's fame. Some nations keep their honored dust
Sealed tight in storied urns; But warm within the Scotchman's breast
Shall live their Robbie Burns.

THE DATE OF THIS PARTICULAR dinner is not given, but it must have been in one of the earlier years of the present century. On a later Burns birthday Dr. Taylor gave a dinner in the Hotel Dacotah to about 100 guests. On that occasion A. C. Mather was toastmaster, and I recall that among the speakers were Dean Brannon of the U. N. D., and Dean Bruce, of the University law school.

THE "J-I-G" IS UP

When Colonel C. R. Stribling, of the Missouri Military Academy, heard about America's declaration of war, he made this remark: "It's plain as A-B-C-D that the Jig is up." Then the Colonel explained. Plain as A-B-C-D—America, Britain, China and the Dutch East Indies—the so-called A-B-C powers. That the jig is up, he said, means "J-I-G, Japan, Italy and Germany. You can mark that down as an alphabetical prophecy." — Versailles, Ind., Republican,

THERE ARE TWO WAYS bringing about an agreement between persons of divergent views and attitudes. One is by what amounts to application of force. It is sometimes possible to bring the reluctant party into line by convincing him that unpleasant consequences will follow his contued refusal to yield. That may bring results, and sometimes there is no other way. The other way is by the use of persuasion in such a tactful way that the reluctant one may yield with good grace and without being placed in an embarrassing and humiliating position.

AT THE PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE at Rio Janeiro there have been represented some two dozen nations, each independent and each jealous of its prerogatives, and in many cases with divergent local interests. It was desired that there should be unanimous agreement among those nations to sever diplomatic relations with Germany, Italy and Japan. The purpose of that course was to present a united hemisphere front in opposition to the Axis powers. Clearly an agreement of that nature brought about by the use of compulsion would have defeated its own purpose, for while there would have been unity on paper there would have been disunity and resentment in fact. Clearly a tactful approach to the problem was indicated.

ARGENTINE AT FIRST REFUSED to join in the compact favored by the other nations, then indicated conditional willingness to assent to a somewhat modified statement. Then came flat refusal. We may form our own conclusion as to the effect on the Argentine position of Senator Connally's expressed hope that Argentina's acting president, Castillo must change his mind or that Argentine people would change their president. But such a statement, made at such a time by the chairman of the senate foreign relations committee, was offensive, inept, and directly calculated to antagonize rather than conciliate the objector. There is a time to speak and a time to keep silent, and Senator Connally would have served the United States better by holding his tongue.

PROPOSALS FOR CONSOLIDATION of the two great labor organizations made by John L. Lewis are not making great headway. Involved in the situation is a vast network of organization politics, and leaders whose ambitions Lewis has opposed and sometimes thwarted, see in his proposal a plan to strip them of their powers. There are others who have no private axes to grind, and whose interest in labor organization is to make it a real and permanent contribution to public welfare, who hope that something better can be brought out of the present chaotic situation than a gigantic organization dominated by a man whose course has been antagonistic both to the real interests of labor and to the allied interest of the nation itself.

GERMAN ARMIES THAT SEEMED to be about to capture Moscow' have been driven back until they are now in the vicinity of Borodino, a name that has a familiar sound to those who remember what they have read of the Napoleonic wars. Borodino was the scene of one of the great battles of that period. It was fought, however, not while Napoleon was retreating from Moscow, but while he was advancing. The battle was one concerning which both sides claimed victory, and those conflicting claims were still made for many years by writers whose views were affected by their sympathies.

IN THAT BATTLE SEVERE losses were sustained by both sides, and neither side was in a position to continue the fight. The Russians retired on Moscow, which they abandoned later. Napoleon was able to continue his advance, but Borodino had so shattered his army as to leave it broken and confused, and after brief occupancy of Moscow the tragic retreat began.

WHATEVER MILITARY LESSONS are to be drawn from Borodino or from Napoleon's retreat must be largely modified by the vast differences between the war on the Russian front in 1812 and that in 1941-42. Napoleon's march on Moscow was his principal, almost his only major operation at that time, and it covered a relatively narrow front. The present front extends from the Baltic to the Black sea. Instead of hundreds of thousands, there are, now armies of millions. Mechanization has transformed much of the art of war.

ADDED TO THESE FACTORS it must be remembered that while the German armies are retreating, they are retreating toward their own country, of which they have complete control, and the Nazis are likewise in control of the industries and the natural resources of a continent. It will not do to suppose that because Napoleon's Russian invasion resulted in his being sent to Elba, Hitler's attempt will similarly result in his collapse. There is a lot of hard fighting to be done yet, and there must be no slackening of our effort to perform our full share in whatever arena we can be most effective.

AS WAS THE CASE IN THE FORMER war, there will be extraordinary demands for some kinds of food during these war years. Our armed forces will have first call on whatever foods they require. Already the government has arranged to take over the entire product of some canning factories. No matter what the demands of the army and navy may be, however, there is no prospect of hardship being imposed on the general public because of the enormous capacity of the country for production of foods. If foods in some classes are scarce, acceptable substitutes can readily be found. This time, contrary to former experience, there is no prospect of shortage of wheat or wheat products. The need abroad for wheat is as great as it was then, but the possibility of delivery is restricted. Our wheat surplus is so large that the government is continuing its restrictions on wheat acreage and seeks to encourage the production of other foods which are less plentiful.

HOME GARDENING WILL BE URGED, as it was before, and many families will be producing in their own gardens an appreciable share of their own vegetables. That was the case 25 years ago. It is to be hoped that there will not be a repetition of the mistake that was formerly made of digging up beautiful public lawns and turning them into poorly productive gardens. If all the lawns in our big city parks were turned into gardens and the gardens were perfectly tended their product would make a scarcely perceptible addition to the food of those great populations. Outside of the big cities there are unused lands a-plenty, within easy reach of almost everybody, which are available for garden purposes.

EARLY IN THE WAR, IN ORDER TO increase the supply of food, the British government urged the people wherever possible to raise pigs. The family pig, it was pointed out, could turn into pork scraps from the kitchen which could not be used to advantage in any other way, and many a family could keep a pig which could not keep a cow. Moreover, pigs are more prolific than cattle and I reach the stage of edibility much earlier.

THE SHORTAGE OF TIRES AND automobiles ought to solve the parking problem. But if we have no tires and no automobiles we shall not want to park, so that will take the joy out of it.

QUEER HOW THOSE UNPRONOUNCEABLE and useless geographical names that one learned in childhood, and then forgot, crop up in the day's news. That seems to justify the practice of hoarders of junk. No matter how useless a bit of metal or a gadget may be, keep it, hang onto it, store it away. There is no telling but that in the course of a lifetime it may come in handy. Not that those names are handy. Most of them are as unpronounceable as ever. And another thing, they have tangled up both spelling and pronunciation until they are scarcely recognizable. Having learned them once, now we have to learn them all over again.

AS A WAR MEASURE IT IS PROPOSED to dispense with the cuffs on men's trousers. I am heartily in favor of that, not only because several acres of cloth will thereby be saved for the clothing of the armed forces, but because I have no use for those cuffs, anyway. Their only use, so far as I can see, is to catch, grass clippings in summer, snow in winter, and a miscellaneous collection of odds and ends all the year round.

I AM LESS ENTHUSIASTIC, though, about the shortening of women's skirts. It seems to me they are about right the way they are. Emphatically, they should not be shortened as they were some years ago. That was an awful period, when those who had rested comfortably in belief of the divinity of the human form were rudely awakened to shocked realization of the fact that many human forms are anything but. That may not be the best way of expressing it, but perhaps you'll get the idea.

A CALIFORNIA PAPER ANNOUNCES the appointment of Colonel W. G. Doane as chief air raid warden of Berkeley. Colonel Doane will be remembered as military instructor at the University of North Dakota, and he made many war m friends during his residence here. He is a veteran of the Spanish-A m e r i c a n war and World War I, and he also served on the Mexican border. Retired for some time from active service, he has maintained his interest in his army associations. During his residence in Berkeley he has taken a prominent part in civic affairs.

AT THE BIG LOCKHEED AIRPLANE plant in Los Angeles the night shift celebrated New Year's eve by working as usual. Arnold Birkeland, who was at that time one of the night shift, has sent his sister, Mrs. Glenn Carr, a copy of the following letter to the Star, which speaks for itself:

Editor, The Star:

On the evening of Dec. 31, when more than one Swing Shifter thought of the whoopee being made on the outside of the plant to welcome the New Year, there appeared on a bulletin board in Dept. 32, Vega (Major Jigs), this little jingle in pencil, on a piece of scrap paper. "AIN'T GOT NO TIME FOR YIPS AND YAPS, GOT TO BUILD MORE PLANES TO LICK THEM JAPS." Whether this was original or not it served to remind the boys why they were in there working on the traditional American "big evening." I only wish it had appeared in big print all over the plant and also a framed copy sent to the Mikado (wrapped around a 500-lb. bomb)! Delivered via Vega Ventura.

If you have a spare corner in the Star somewhere I would like to see it stuck in there so everyone in the organization could see it. The English is a bit crude but makes up for that in effectiveness. I believe it is the average working man's answer to "Pearl Harbor" and Manila. Resp. DON SIMMONS, Gr. Head, Swing Shift, Major Jig Insp. Dept. 46.

MISS FLORA CAMERON BURR OF Bottineau, has received a letter from Mrs. Nora L. Cummings, of Belt, Mont., asking for help in finding the authorship of the following line:

"Tar paper taint in the spice of the pine scent."

Miss Burr has forwarded the request to me. The quotation is strange to me. Can any reader identify it? The mingling of "tar paper taint" with the "spice of pine scent" suggests, of course, the prairie claim shanty, built of new pine boards and covered with tar paper. And how that mingled aroma did fill the air! I never cared much for the odor of tar paper myself, but I have loved the fragrance of fresh pine ever since, as a child, I scraped pitch off the ends of sawlogs in the sawmill yard.

PEOPLE ASK ME "DID YOU EVER see a winter, like this?" And I always answer "No." Then everybody is satisfied. Actually, when one has seen many winters there is a tendency to get them all mixed up, and for all I know our two solid weeks of balmy January weather may have been duplicated. But there's no use getting into an argument about it.

AN OLD ENGLISH BIT OF DOGgerel on the weather contained these lines:
"The blackest month of all the year Is the month of Janiveer." It may have been that way in England long ago.

NOTWITHSTANDING SHORTAGE OF tires and cars, there will still be travel on the highways, and from some forgotten source I have received this:

THUMBS UP

When you're gliding down the highway
In your coach or limousine And you see by the road and byway
Standing straight and strong and clean, A fellow dressed in khaki, or in the air
force blue.

Just remember that he's wearing that uniform for you.

Don't argue 'bout the danger If you stop and give a lift, He will pay for that ride, sir,
With his blood and youth—a gift That you, friend driver, might appreciate
some day,

If these boys weren't now in training— and the Nazis had their way.

Oh, the uniform he's wearing
Is proof that he's no shirker. So brother don't start swearing— He's no ordinary thumb-jerker! Put your brakes on, Mr.
Driver, and open
up your door,
And let this fellow know YOU'RE worth fighting for.

HEADED "HERE'S TO MARIE," AN article in the Chicago Tribune's column, "Front Views and Profiles" pay this tribute to Miss Marie Youngberg, formerly of Grand Forks, and niece of Alderman Benson: "Whenever the Chicago boys at Camp Forrest have a chance to drink a toast, some one is sure to cry, "Well, here's to Marie, God bless her." Chicago boys in 118 other army, navy, coast guard, and marine posts, from Annette Island Landing Ford in Ketchikan, Alaska, to Fort Kamehameha, T. H. and Fort Stotsenburg, P. I., feel the same way about her, we are told, for she has helped them all. "All of this prompted us to make a social call on Miss Marie Youngsberg at the Red Cross headquarters here where, since 1937, she has directed its military and naval welfare service, and if you ever wonder about your next-of-kin in any war zone, just call her. If any one can find out, she can.

"MISS YOUNGBERG IS BLONDE with soft burnished hair and friendly blue eyes. Right now she is a very weary woman, for her telephone hasn't stopped ringing since December 8. A year ago she handled about 200 inquiries a year, all directed to Europe, and in November she handled 870 in her role of guardian angel for Chicago boys scattered over the world, but December brought her 4,885, most of them directed to the Pacific area. And suddenly she is so busy that she has a teletype machine in the little office where she maintains 24 hour vigil.

"TO GIVE AN IDEA OF HER WORK, a Chicago boy was wounded at Pearl Harbor, and the war department couldn't locate his only relative, a sister somewhere in Evanston. The Evanston address was wrong, but Chicago had a street with a similar name. After having futilely scoured the street, Miss Youngberg's aid walked into a restaurant and asked its proprietor if he knew of a girl by that name. She was a waitress there.

"THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES, ONLY it-goes all the time. We tell you all this because, by sad paradox, after locating men for hundreds of Chicago families, she has been unable to learn anything of the welfare of her own brother—a businessman in Manila."

AN ARTICLE SIGNED "A LOCAL taxpayer," and evidently intended for publication, has been received by the Herald. The letter does not bear the sender's name. The rule of this paper, and of most others, is to disregard communications, no matter on what subject or what their merit, which come from unknown sources. If the writer's name accompanies the communication and there appears to be good reason for withholding it, a request to that effect will be given due consideration, but the management must know the source of whatever it publishes. Occasionally an effort is made to evade that rule by signing a fictitious name. Such attempts are rarely successful, because there are telephones, city directories and other sources of information which can be used in checking.

KENNETH GRACE, 622 UNIVERSITY avenue, has just received a letter from his brother, Leonard on the U. S. S. Astoria stationed in the Pacific, and inclosed a menu showing what the sailors' Christmas dinner consisted of on that particular ship. The menu follows: Roast young turkey, Giblet gravy, oyster dressing, cranberry sauce, green peas, apple pie, fruit cake, bread, butter, mashed potatoes, ice cream, mixed nuts, Christmas candy, coffee, cigars and cigarettes.

And on the back of each menu the following poem appeared:

NAVY'S JOB.

"Twas the night before Xmas and all
through the ship The midwatch was hunting for coffee to
sip

Twere nothing like Xmas for sailors at sea Twere no colored light or evergreen tree

We've a big job to do the leader explained
and For this poor Xmas the Japs can be
blamed

They've attacked our possessions our
strength they do doubt It's high time we show them what it's all
about

We'll shoot out the old and ring in the
^{new}
Slinging our shells into Japs ships anew

Be no rest for us till this job is done And the Pacific has swallowed the last Rising Sun."

E. J. Taylor, SM3C.

LEONARD GRACE HAS BEEN IN the navy two years.

If this rubber shortage had happened in the good old days it wouldn't have affected transportation because of Old Dobbin but it certainly would have brought about a collar shortage.

I HAVE JUST READ A REVIEW OF the book "Botany Bay," by Nordhoff and Hall, authors of that best seller "Mutiny On the Bounty" and its successors. I read "Botany Bay" when it was published serially, and I agree heartily with the reviewer's favorable comment on the book now that it has been issued in permanent form. The authors are good story-tellers, and they have made a good story of this, and told it well. Rather curiously, just when "Botany Bay" was running serially, there was published a book dealing with the same period and subject, the establishment of the convict colony on the eastern shore of Australia. The setting is the same, and some of the same real people are introduced, but I consider "The Timeless Land," by Eleanor Dark the better book of the two.

MRS. DARK, A NATIVE OF AUSTRALIA and wife of a well-known Australian writer, has told a story that is replete with incidents sufficient to hold the reader's attention if the book were only a story. But it is much more than that. It is a study of conflict between races ignorant of each other's traditions, outlook and ways of living, and of the manner in which both whites and blacks have yielded to the powerful and mysterious influence of the "timeless land," Australia. Without sentimentalizing the author invests the primitive black with a dignity of his own and treats his customs and beliefs with understanding and sympathy. There is also an impressive description of the moral degeneration of one of the natives who is unable to adjust himself successfully to the white man's ways.

FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON, there has come to my mind a bit of verse whose origin I do not know, but which was brought by my grandfather from England. It is all of 70 years since I first heard him repeat it, and I have never heard the lines spoken by any other person. It runs like this:

Some go to church to take a walk; Some go there to laugh and talk; Some go there to meet a lover; Some go there their faults to cover; Some go there to sleep and nod; And some go there to worship God.

With the old gentleman going to church was serious business, and he had no patience with any frivolity connected therewith.

ONE OF THE REASONS ADVANCED for daylight saving is that it will reduce the consumption of electricity. That seems to have been the principal factor that caused the president to recommend the change. Peak consumption of electricity, we are told, is just as it begins to grow dusk when residence and store lights are turned on and additional current is required in many industrial plants. The argument is that although workers must rise an hour earlier, and, some additional current will be required at home, the work will not actually begin until daylight, and the day will be over before lights must be turned on. It will be interesting to see how it works out.

IN THIS COUNTRY WE HAVE never had daylight saving in winter. When it was nationwide, as in the former war, I enjoyed it, not that it gave me any more daylight, for in this latitude there is more daylight in summer than anyone can use. The difference, was that the working day began and closed an hour earlier, and the time outside of working hours came all together in the late afternoon and evening instead of being broken into two periods. A fellow could go to his distant garden after the jig was up and could hoe and dig until dark without having to rush home and change in the middle of it.

ONE OF THE NORTH DAKOTA men who served in the Philippines after our war with Spain, when the Filipinos had the mistaken notion that they were to be left to their own devices, was a tall young printer named Andrew Bertramson. He was a competent workman, and for some time he had been employed by the Grand Forks Herald. He felt the urge to get into the war, and, as Company F of Grand Forks was out of business, he enlisted in the Wahpeton company. As a member of that company he served until the war was over, returning to the Herald to take his place as foreman of the composing room.

WHILE ON SOME ERRAND through the woods of Luzon Andy found tacked to a tree a paper covered with writing. The writing, though quite legible, was in a language which he did not understand, but at the bottom was a name which was unmistakably "Emilio Aguinaldo." Aguinaldo was the organizer and head of the independence movement which kept the islands in a ferment for several years. It will be remembered that he was ultimately captured by Funston in a spectacular adventure. Bertramson removed the document from the tree and brought it home with other souvenirs of his Philippine experience. At the University the document, which was in Spanish, was translated. It was a proclamation to the Filipinos, urging them to remain steadfast in their struggle for independence, and expressing in admirable terms, devotion to the cause of freedom. Its text was published in the Herald, and someday I may dig it up and reproduce it.

BERTRAMSON PICKED UP A HOMEstead claim somewhere near Edmore, and there for several years he spent his summers, returning to the Herald composing room each winter. Then he abandoned printing altogether and devoted himself to farming. He married, bought more land, and prospered. Later he moved to Saskatchewan or Alberta, where good land was still cheap. WHEN I last heard about him he was still prospering, as he deserved to do, for he was a fine fellow. I never knew what became, at last, of the Aguinaldo proclamation.

SINCE THE JAPANESE ATTACK ON the Philippines there has been a revival of interest in the character of the Filipinos and their attitude toward the United States. They have disappointed the Japanese in that they have not welcomed the invaders as the invaders seem to have expected. On the contrary, they have fought and are fighting manfully to hold the Japanese at bay.

MOST OF US HAVE FALLEN INTO the convenient error of grouping all the inhabitants of the archipelago under the name "Filipinos." That, of course, is , wrong. The inhabitants of the islands are divided into many, tribes, of whom the Filipinos are one. Theirs is the dominant tribe in the area of which Manila is the center, and they have exercised leadership in most of the territory except in the great island of Mindanao, whose 600,000 Mohammedan Moros have often been in fierce conflict with their Filipino neighbors. The Moros have always opposed separation from the United States, and while American legislation provided for complete independence within a few years, the Filipinos, its strongest advocates, have been much less enthusiastic for independence of late than they were formerly. Events of this war seem likely to result in demand among the native peoples for continued association with the United States.

THERE ARE MANY FILIPINOS IN the United States navy. They are regularly enlisted men, but on shipboard they have usually been assigned to special duties as messengers, room stewards, waiters, and so forth. Naval officers told me some years ago while I was aboard a battleship that the Filipinos were preferred for such services to any others. They were described as quick, intelligent, efficient and willing. Once in the middle of the night as I passed down a corridor of the battleship, I heard the click of a typewriter coming from some unseen source. Presently I came to a little alcove just off the corridor, and there, seated on the floor, were two young Filipinos, one pecking away at a typewriter which stood on the floor between his legs, and the other reading to him from a book. They were on call, ready to respond to a signal, and were improving themselves in what would otherwise have been idle time. I was told that this was typical of them, and that many of the Filipino boys, when their term of service was over, returned home with substantial cash savings, with enlarged knowledge, to engage in business and be admired by their fellow country-men as experienced world travelers.