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America's Alert Youth

A great variety of discord has broken out about our young people who gathered hundreds strong over the last week-end at Washington, attending the Congress of Youth which functions very much like the national congress.

A lot is being said about the young people being Communistic and showing signs of falling into the hands of unworthy preceptors. There is some alarm as to where youth is headed and they were warned by the President himself to be careful how they "resolve," lest they express themselves on matters on which they have only a smattering of knowledge.

We rather doubt if the indictment about youth being Communistic is to be taken seriously. What youth is probably paying for is the new system of public education which seems to lay greater score on civics and wordy theses on the differences between Fascism, Communism and marginal populations than is laid on syntax, grammar and the rudimentary things which go to give maturity and stature to the adolescent mind. Nearly all of the school systems these days appear to be bent on producing young men and women who, when turned into the engulfing tides of life, will know more about the various developments in social evolution than they do about expressing their thoughts cogently. But this is not the only reason, for youth is certainly more alert, more determined to do some fact finding of its own, and more insistent on being vocal on current issues than it ever was before.

The tendency, after all, is not to be deplored entirely because the enquiring mind is a symbol of mental orientation valuable in education, but it is unwise to lay too great emphasis on whether the boy or girl of today is thoroughly familiar with all the cross-currents which are moving world thought.

Probably the worst feature of the American Youth Congress was the spectacle of the President himself openly campaigning for a third term, inasmuch as he sought to justify the legendary figures of federal patronage under his administration and the equal determination on the part of John L. Lewis to see to it that American youth does not follow too closely the path of Roosevelt persuasion by trying to knock the Roosevelt argument off its props.

There is nothing the matter with American youth, but there will be if a studied effort is made to sweep it into the vortex of the "isms" and to force it into the role of adult citizenship before it is ready for it.

John Buchan's Dual Life

Lord Tweedsmuir, governor-general of Canada, who died on Sunday was a man of dual personality whose life was divided into two distinct chapters. Most of the world remembers him as John Buchan, the author, who wrote fifty novels and biographies and whose book on The Battle of the Somme, written after the first World war where he was a liason officer was one of the best pieces of graphic writing that came from that struggle.

His second phase of life was administrative in which he showed many fine qualities, as for instance his regime in Canada. He was a strong proponent of Anglo-American relations and he had taken his appointment to Ottawa more seriously than any of his predecessors. Determined to get a first hand knowledge of the domain, two years ago he made a 12,000 mile tour which carried him to the outposts of Empire on a voyage of discovery and of consolidation.

Last Tuesday, he either had a light stroke or fainted at the governor's mansion and, in falling, struck his head causing a skull injury. Only ten days before he had faced his first major crisis with certain political elements questioning Canada's participation in the war and causing Lord Tweedsmuir suddenly to throw the whole question into the lap of the voters.

He was a man of many capacities and of broad intellect probably enjoying life more as a publisher's reader under the shadow of St. Paul's cathedral and to whom many a struggling author owes his thanks after being "spotted" by him for later fame.

Mr. Welles' Difficult Role

A double inference is to be drawn from the decision of President Roosevelt to send Sumner Welles, under-secretary of state abroad to visit the capitals of France, England, Italy and Germany in the role of an observer.

The most important deduction is that the United States is laying the ground work for the role it eventually will be called on to play in striving to bring belligerent nations together when they have exhausted their war effort. The second deduction is that President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull are not at all sure that they are getting the right kind of information from the foreign capitals through the usual diplomatic channels.

It will be a most delicate undertaking. Mr. Welles will, in the first instance, be suspect wherever he goes.

There are many things puzzling Washington. One of them is the persistency of reports that despite the availing of every opportunity in Paris and London to emphasize the solidity of the bonds between those countries there is a large section of public opinion in France showing hostility to England. There is the more or less constant uncertainty whether Germany is well heeled for a long war or whether her people already are beginning to waver in their total subscription to the German war policy now that want is striking them on every hand. Again, there is the inability to read clearly between the lines of the Italian policy which is steeped in deception, a marked desire in Washington to know her intentions in the Balkans and how far she will go towards carrying them out. And there is a desire to feel the pulse of empire in London better than it can be felt at this distance.

Sumner Welles has been a modest but outstanding figure in the state department for a long time. He is a man of courage and of tact and is a premier trouble-shooter. He understands the American point of view and he is an apostle of that brand of diplomacy which has made America respected because it is honest and forthright. Mr. Roosevelt could not have sent a better man to gather up loose ends in a firm hand, or to lay the groundwork for future peace.

News Behind The News

(By PAUL MALLON)
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WASHINGTON, Feb. 13.—The long invisible hand of congress was upon Chairman Jerome Frank's shoulder when he wrote the New York court his securities and exchange commission had decided not to try to run the great electric utility, Associated Gas and Electric, as trustee.

Mr. Frank swallowed hard before he wrote. He and his associates really planned and wanted to take over the utility as Treasury Secretary Morgenthau and Attorney General Bob Jackson suggested. You can imagine the temptation confronting the New Dealers in getting their hands on the 50 to 60 operating companies in A. G. and E.—a formidable segment of the private utility empire.

But House leader, Sam Rayburn, and SEC friends in congress threw inside fits, when they heard what was up. They forcefully informed Mr. Frank et al that demands for a congressional investigation of SEC were growing in congress. If Frank's agency stepped out of its regulatory role and attempted to go into the utility business, an inquiry could not be avoided, they said.

One other event completed their resolution. Federal District Judge Leibell had warned SEC and all prospective trustees he would hold them responsible for the management, and the utility baiters did not relish the idea of being responsible to a court.

Planning: Not shoes but ships are the primary surplus war materials Mr. Roosevelt is moving to sell. Practically all of his White House conferences with Secretaries Edison, Woodring, and Hull was taken up

(Continued on back page)

With Other Editors

OUR SECOND BIGGEST PROBLEM
(Winston-Salem Journal)

By common consent unemployment is problem No. 1 in the United States. Both major political parties agree on that fact. And this no doubt will be one of the paramount issues in the 1940 campaign.

But there is another problem which runs the problem of idle men a close second. That is idle dollars.

Latest reports reveal an aggregate of five billion dollars in the banks of the country—dollars that nobody is using.

In New York, we are told, state banks and trust companies are finding it so difficult to invest their record deposits that upward of 50 per cent of their total resources are held in the form of cash.

There is a close connection, we think, between idle men and idle dollars. If we could find a solution to our problem of unemployment, we would no longer be faced with the serious question of what to do with the savings of the country.

When idle men and women go back to work it won't be any trouble to find jobs for the idle dollars.

JUVENILE READING
(The Pathfinder)

Modern children prefer animal stories to fairy tales, and fact over fiction, a survey of the reading habits of children between 9 and 18, conducted by the American Library Association, revealed. Up through the fourth grade animal stories are most popular, the only fairy tales desired being ones like "Snow White" and "The Wizard of Oz" which have been made into movies.

IT'S THE LAW!
(Lyman E. Cook, in Talks)

In Portland, Maine, it's against the law to tickle a girl under the chin with a feather duster.

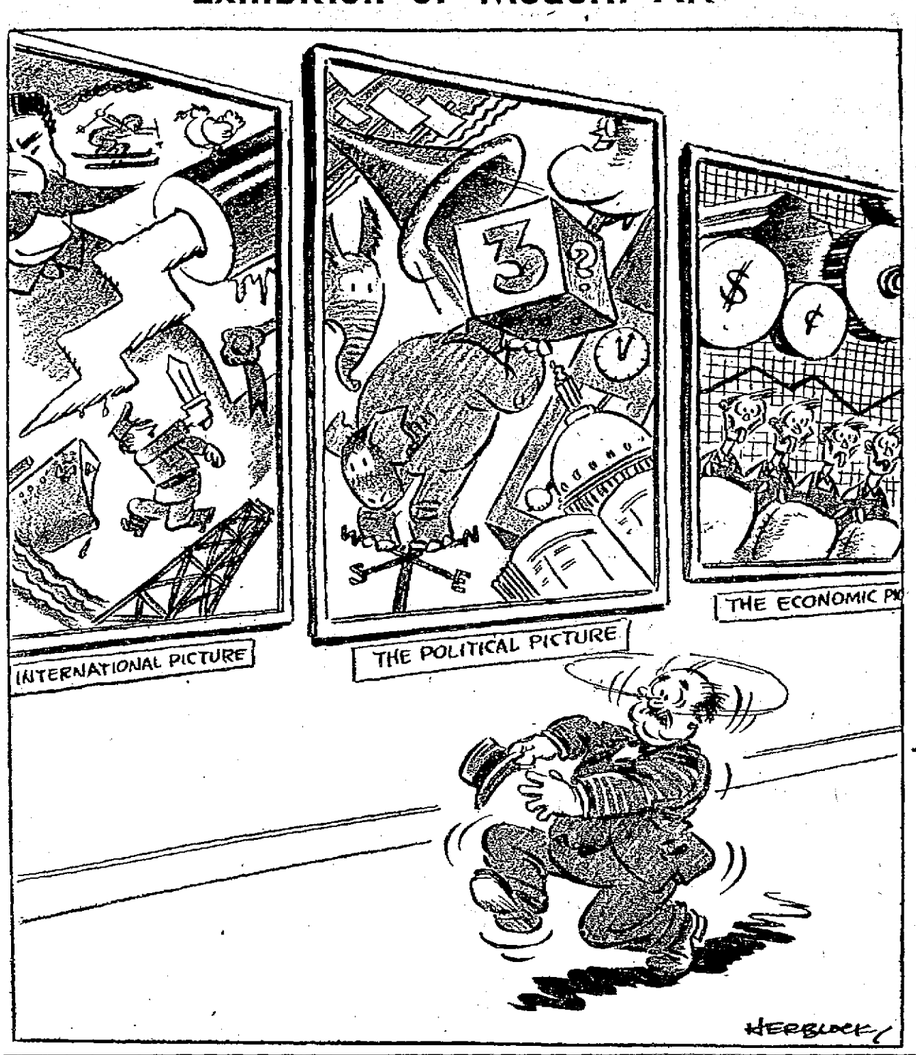
The funniest law in my collection, I'd say, is this one: A Kentucky statute which provides that "No female shall appear in a bathing suit on any highway within this State unless she is escorted by at least two officers; or unless she be armed with a club." Later, an amendment was proposed, as follows: "The provisions of this statute shall not apply to females weighing less than ninety pounds nor exceeding two hundred pounds; nor shall it apply to female horses."

AN EXCHEQUER WITH A VIEW
(Richmond Times-Dispatch)

The list of contributors to the treasury of the Citizens Road League of Virginia which was published in The Times-Dispatch yesterday morning, afforded an excellent view of those business organizations in Virginia which were ready to do their part in assisting an organization dedicated to the promotion of the public highways of the State. They are by no means the only companies interested in the development of the State highway program. Farmers and business men alike, and citizens in all walks of life in the State—including the pedestrians—have a stake in the road program.

Members of the committee which is to investigate the sources of the league's funds, say that the list furnished is not inclusive enough, and, naturally, the committee desires to know the amount of money contributed by various donors. The officers and directors of the Citizens Road League would be the first to admit, we imagine, that their organization is "affected with a public interest." It is actively engaged in the promotion of a legislative program, and the public, therefore, has a right to know something about its intramural affairs. We have never understood why the league could do anything but welcome the fullest sort of inve[illegible] and any of its bookkeeping matters that might interest the General Assembly.

Exhibition of Modern Art



● SERIAL STORY

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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CHAPTER XIX

Mike Donovan and Tommy Ryan collided in their rush to board the La Parte barge.

It was 5 o'clock Friday afternoon. Mike had left Dan, completely broken at home. He left because he could not stand to see his boy suffer.

If Dan wanted this crazy girl, hang it, let him have her, in spite of what her father said. He must be an old fool anyway. There ware more ways than one of hanging a goose. Mike Donovan hadn't engineered business deals for nothing.

Besides since last night he hadn't been so sure of his choice for Dan Above everything he hated a managing woman. All women were probably managers, but he liked them to be clever about it. A man didn't like to know he was being maneuvered about.

Lynda had revealed her tactics several times during last night's dinner and Mike resented it. Long before he'd decided to take James Martin home and give the two young people a chance, Lynda had attempted to achieve the same thing.

"Why didn't she come right out and say it?" mumbled Mike, chewing on a dry, black cigar as his car rolled down the East River drive.

It had taken a good deal of stifling of his pride for Mike to return to Pier Six, but once his mind was made up he didn't waste time with regrets. Where Dan was concerned, nothing was too hard.

Tommy also was prepared to eat crow. So grim was his determination he almost knocked Mike in the water when the two jumped to the deck of the Molly.

* * *

Mrs. La Porte had been through so much this week that nothing surpriser her.

"I suppose you want to see Mr. La Porte," she said apathetically, looking out the hatchway. She gave an equal impersonal nod to each man.

Bat turned a choleric red when he saw the visitors. Dropping the society page, which he had been studying in detail, he jumped to his feet.

"And now what do the two of you want?"

"I don't know about this young fellow," said Mike, "but if I could sit I might explain my case better."

At the temper in Bat's voice Mike scowled but he kept himself under control. He wasn't going to lose his temper if he could help it. He knew from experience that was no way to put over a deal. Taking the chair Mrs La Porte put forward, he sat down.

"You go ahead," he remarked to Tommy. "I'll talk later."

He had learned, too, that it was better to let the other fellows get their ideas out first.

Wary as a cat of strange ground, Bat stared suspiciously at the pair.

"Did you come together or separately?" he inquired curiously.

"Separately," answered Mike promptly, resting his hat on a shelf while he loosened his coat.

At sound of the voices, Marie had stepped in from her alcove. Instinctively, she smiled at Mike. She liked his face.

"I take it you're Marie La Porte." He rose from his chair. "I'm Dan's father. My boy has spoken of you." There was a twinkle in his eyes.

Doubtfully, Bat stepped aside to let Marie pass. He wasn't going to let anyone outdo him in manners.

"Marie's got sense as well as rearin," he said. "The first she got from her mother and me. The second from Our Lady of the Rosary School down on the Battery. We're proud of our girl," he declared, almost defiantly.

Mike didn't argue the point. Nodding affably, he gave his chair to Marie had reached for another.

* * *

Mrs. La Porte stirred uneasily. Tommy Ryan hadn't said a word. She felt, with these three men in one small cabin, that she and Marie were sitting on a volcano. She didn't like it.

Nervously, she glanced about, thankful the place was in order. The books were neatly stacked on the stand near the radio, the curtains had been freshly washed and she had mopped the floor at noon. She fidgeted at sound of her husband's voice.

"Well Thomas Ryan, what have you to say?"

Tommy flushed red, twirled his cap in his hand and looked at the floor. "I'd rather not say it now, with so many here."

Bat snapped his thumb, enjoying Tommy's embarrassment. Ees it something so very private?"

The boy leaped to his feet. "No. Bat, I guess it isn't. Everybody knows how I feel about Marie. You keep the poor girl down so, she doesn't know her own mind." His chest filled out and his chin set at a cocky angle. "If she did, she'd marry me."

Bat rose slowly from his chair. "You're telling me, her father, what is good for his own daughter." His fist tightened.

Mrs. La Porte and Marie caught his arms.

"Sit down, Papa," pleaded Marie. "Tommy's just a kid. He doesn't know what he's saying."

Tommy swung around to Marie. "You'd make me out a liar, would you?" His mouth trembled. "What do you suppose I sat up all night for, driving like a fool to Albany, if I didn't love you?"

Mike, who'd been an interested listener, asked Mrs. La Porte if she would object if he lit a cigar. She shook her head. It was the first time a man had asked her such a question. Mike offered one to Tommy and Bat, but each was too occupied to do more than grunt a refusal.

Puffing on his cigar, Mike relaxed. He'd let the two fight it out. This interlude gave him a chance to study the girl Dan was determined to marry.

Mike found himself admiring her. She had a frank, more impulsive face than Lynda, and certainly she was prettier.

"Nobody asked you to drive to Albany," put in Bat, glaring at Tommy. "You'd be a wreck if you went in that old truck of yours."

Tommy stuck his face in Bat's. "You leave my truck out of this. It took your direlict of a barge a day to cover the distance my truck made in two hours."

"Take him out, take him out," Bat yelled. "Why did you let him in here in the first place?"

He pushed Tommy toward the hatchway. The boy made a lunge for him, Bat side-stepped and came back with a left. Tommy staggered up the steps.

"Now get out and stay out," yelled Bat.

In the excitement, Mike had chewed his cigar to shreds. He grinned. "There was a time when I liked to fight too."

"Well I don't like fights and never did," Mrs. La Porte spoke grimly.

Marie, sitting quietly, had a hopeless expression.

Bat returned to the group. He faced Donovan.

"And now, Mistaire Donovan." His tone was ominous. "What is your business."

"Your girl and my boy . . ." Mike got to his feet.

Bat's black eyes snapped. "Last time I saw you, you said my girl was not good enough for your boy." He shook a fist under Mike's nose.

Mike spoke testily. "That was Wednesday. Good day, Mr. La Porte," he said shortly. "I may be seein' ye again and I may not, it depends on future events."

(To Be Continued)

McKENNEY ON BRIDGE

Not All Card Players Are Crazy—But Card Games Help Cure Insanity

By WILLIAM E. McKENNEY
(America's Card Authority)

The use of card games as an aid in treating certain types of mental cases has received considerable publicity in recent years. But history shows that this use of cards is almost as old as cards themselves. In fact, one of the oldest written references to playing cards in Europe concerns the cost of painting a deck for that poor, mad king of France, Charles VI. The reference is found in the register of the Chambre des Comptes for 1392, and states that 56 soles Parisis were paid to one Jacquemin Gingonneur for painting three packs of cards "in gold and diverse colors, ornamented with many devices, from the diversion of our Lord, the King."

* * *

In today's hand West, with his four clubs and the ace-queen of hearts, was justified in doubling the five-club contract, but the declarer made the hand with the following play.

North: ♠ A 10 3 ♥ 8 7 5 4 3 ♦ 6 ♣ Q 10 8 2
West: ♠ J 7 2 ♥ A Q 9 6 ♦ 8 7 ♣ J 9 6 5
East: ♠ K Q 9 8 6 5 ♥ J 10 2 ♦ A J 10 3 ♣ None
South: ♠ 4 ♥ K ♦ K Q 9 5 4 2 ♣ A K 7 4 3
Dealer South. Duplicate—Neither vul.

South	West	North	East
1 ♦	Pass	1 ♥	1 ♠
2 ♣	Pass	3 ♣	3 ♠
5 ♣	Double	Pass	Pass

Opening—♠ J. 13

He won the opening lead with the ace of spades in Dummy, and led the singleton diamond, which East won with the ace. The spade return was trumped by declarer, and a small diamond ruffed in dummy. A low club was played, and East showed out Declarer won and led diamonds, forcing West to trump. Dummy overtrumped, the queen of trumps was cashed and a small heart led.

West won with the ace and returned the queen, but South trumped, picked up the last trump with his ace, and all of the diamonds were good.

NEXT: Why Ireland still refers to the six of hearts as "Grace's Card."

A husband arriving home and giving his wife an Errol Flynn kiss would probably send her hurrying to the lawyer. She would suspect her husband of practicing elsewhere.
—Director Michael Curtiz of Hollywood.

A Thought

Thou shalt not curse the deaf, nor put a stumbling block before the blind, but shalt fear thy God: I am the Lord.—Leviticus 19:14.

* * *

Fear guides more to duty than gratitude.—Goldsmith.

NATIONAL WHIRLIGIG

By RICHARD WALDO and GABRIEL VOGLIOTTI

LAUNCHED—Whatever the European accomplishments resulting from President Roosevelt's naming Under Secretary Welles as ambassador-at-large, to suspicious G. O. P.-ers it means the third term drive has shifted into high.

The wrinkled brows among the Republicans have long expected that the European war would be used by the new deal to strengthen the maxim about changing horses in midstream. They say it would be political strategy of the first order provided an incumbent president could really convince the electorate that his peace negotiations were so far advanced that a change in leadership would wreck the chances of world peace. The Welles mission now has them convinced. Within the State Department no other figure—possibly not even Secretary Hull excluded—has the international prestige of the ascetic under secretary. To Europeans Welles is THE American diplomat; on the domestic scene insiders know that the Welles-Roosevelt understanding is much stronger than the Welles-Hull variety. So far as capacity goes—despite his single-minded admiration for British Empire policies—Welles is prima facie evidence of serious intent on the part of the administration.

But war aims of the two belligerent camps being what they are, it is doubtful whether any one big man can do more for reconciliation than has been done by equally big men in Europe. In any case, a protracted study of the European mess my diplomats on the job can be stretched to convention time—with the appealing argument that a historic settlement is just around the corner.

BREACH—New York's circles are steadily drifting to the conviction that the stalemate overseas will be broken by an Allied attempt to break Russia first as a prelude to crippling Hitler. Apart from other considerations of strategy they point to two specific indications. One is that the army of General Weygand in Syria, first placed at 350,000 troops, continues to receive additions that now place the total force upward of a half million men. The other fact is that three quarters of the British contingent in the joint army of the Near East is made up of the tough warriors of India.

The mechanical aspects of a sweep across Russian Caucasia, where the vast oil industries are concentrated, call for a fast war of maneuver as in Ethiopia rather than a campaign of emplacement a la Westwall. The terrain and lack of roads in southwest Russia argue for the Scaramouche warfare of the tough Indian Sikhs—who are now in Syria en masse.

Nor do military men believe that Russia will have a better type of army in the south than is now fighting in Karelia. Lack of generals rather than lack of men is the defect of the whole Soviet machine. Important military analysts are convinced that this Russian disruption will make the conquest of Caucasian Russia a walkover for the brilliant staff of General Weygand.

HANDSOME — Well authenticated information from private sources takes all spiritual issues out of European warfare. As previously reported, the exchange of goods between Germany and France is being maintained at an accelerating pace and is by no means confined to coke and ore. But French ore, until recently has been reloaded in Belgium and then moved in Belgian cars into the Reich. Nazi coke was handled in a corresponding manner. Because handling charges ran high this practice has been discontinued, so that French railroad cars now move into Germany and German cars into France without reloading, all via Belgium. The railroad gauge of all three countries is identical and because, at the outbreak of war, the French roads had some German rolling stock and the Germans had some belonging to the French, the presence of these cars in the respective countries naturally attracts small attention.

Up to the end of December Shell made deliveries of oil products to Germany in fulfillment of its regular contracts. This operation caused no stir among insiders who know the background of the story. It all dates back to the operations of Sir Henri Deterding, the born Hollander with a French first name, knighted by His Britannic Majesty and buried on his beloved estate in northern Germany. Deterding sewed up the German market by substantial cash payments to the rising Nationalist party before and after they came to power. Standard Oil of New Jersey, through its German affiliate, the Deutsch-Amerikanische Petroleum Gesellschaft, is getting its share of the business.

Another of the major American oil companies furnished the largest individual part of fuel for the struggling rebel forces of General Franco. Out of gratitude they continue to get practically all Spanish government contracts now, even though their prices do not always compare favorably with the tenders submitted by competitors. There is, of course, a lively interchange of goods between Spain and Italy and Mussolini has a lovely railroad running to Brother Adolf.

Enterprising Frenchmen have recently hit upon an idea of their own to make a little money out of this war. It is based upon the knowledge that French industry is in pretty poor shape so far as equipment is concerned, because manufacturers have been unable to buy much new machinery during the past five years. Government orders for war material promise to be pleasantly profitable from an investment standpoint, the only hitch is that a recent law limits disbursement of dividends to 4 per cent, with further limitation in certan cases. On the theory that many manufacturers will want to plow back their profits into their plants—rather than pay heavy taxes — private groups of Frenchmen are now in this country buying machinery. In so doing they bid competitively against one another and against their own government as represented by the French Purchasing Mission. These private deals are financed from Paris sources which produce cash in the form of dollar credits. These can only be had by permission of the exchange authorities. While such deals are certainly not in the interest of the government, they can hardly fail to bring a handsome return to the fortunate insiders.
(Copyright, McClure Newspaper Syn.)

THE STATE OF THE NATION

by Olin Miller

Now comes one Raymond Pearl, John Hopkins biologist, who says that since persons under 21 are denied the ballot because they are believed to be too foolish to vote, persons over 50 should be disfranchised for the same reason. Persons past 50, says the professor, are most likely to be slugnutty and irresponsible. (P. S.—Maybe so, the professor is 60).

Olin Miller

The professor bases his conclusion on a false premise. He cites as alleged proof of past-fifty slugnuttiness the fact that a majority of oldsters vote for "such weird economic philosophies as ham-and-eggs and $200 a month pensions." But, shucks, if all citizens who vote for the party, candidate or proposal which they think will profit them most personally were disfranchised, there would not be as many votes cast in an election as there were candidates running for office.

* * *

Squire Perkins says: "I've said a lot o' things against fools, but I realize this world would be a mighty dreary place without 'em."

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THE BEEHIVE

The salesman who knows more bartenders than purchasing agents will soon be on relief.

It is hard to get something for nothing nowadays, but merchants who sell girls' bathing suits come pretty near to it.

The policeman was suspicious:

Policeman (to tramp)—How do you come to be in possession of that jar of honey?

Tramp—I admit that I don't keep bees, but what's to stop a chap squeezing the honey out of the flowers himself?

A WOMAN WEARS HER HAT ACCORDING TO THE DICTATES OF FASHION BUT A MAN ACCORDING TO HIS OWN INCLINATION.

Skipper—Are you sure you were doing nothing to annoy the man when the fight started?

Sailor—Me? I should say not. I only cut the hammock lashing when he was asleep.

Why worry? . . . Just consider for a moment. . . . There are only two reasons for worry, either you are successful or you are not. . . . If you are successful there is nothing to worry about. . . . . If you are not successful there are only two things to worry about, either your health is good or you are sick. . . . If you are sick, there are only two causes to worry about, you are either going to get well or you are going to die. . . . If you are going to die, there are only two things to worry about, you are either going to heaven or to the other place. . . . If you go to heaven there is no need to worry. . . . If you go to the other place you will be so busy shaking hands with your old friends that you will not have time to worry.

Janet—How did you lose your job at the dress shop, my dear?

Elsie—Just because of something I said. After I had tried 20 dresses on a woman, she said, 'I think I'd look nicer in something flowing', and so I asked her why she didn't go jump in the river.

THE PULLMAN PESSIMIST

The porter, with his stubby broom,
I cannot slay and slaughter,
But, like a buccaneer of old,
I'll render him no quarter.

Here's one way to find out:

Customer—I see you've had a window broken. That's too bad. And I'll bet you a dollar you can't put in a new one for less than twenty-five bucks!

Proprietor—I'll take that bet! And I'm afraid you lose. I've just ordered a glass and it cost me just eighteen dollars. That's all!

Customer—Fine. You see, it was my boy who broke it, and you sent me a bill for thirty dollars.

"When we get fatter," complains a man, "we get poorer, inasmuch as it is necessary to buy new clothing big enough to go around."

Junior—Say, Daddy, did Adam have only one name?

Daddy—Certainly. Now you go to sleep.

Junior—Say, Daddy, was Adam his first name or his last name?

Clipped from an exchange: "If nations would use their heads and get rid of their arms, they would soon get on their feet."

Unless this war ends in a better settlem. it than the last, we shall have only a shorter breathing spell before the next.
—Count Paul Teleki, Hungarian premier.

The very existence of nations that cherish independence and democratic ideals is menaced by enemy forces of ruthless aggression which aim to dominate mankind by terror and violence.
—Gov.-Gen. Lord Tweedsmuir of Canada.