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THE SIMILKAMEEN STAR

The Voice of the Valley

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The Faith That Failed - -

The Perfect Peace Was Launched On A Perfect Trust But Anchored On A Sinister Record Of Consistent Inconsistency

The War of the New Horizons

CONTENTED cows are satisfie with their cud, and happy folk with their country. Happy husbands dont leave home. Contented countries dont revolt.

And trusting friends find common truth.

The epochal World War I saw Russia our ally. It was the crucial struggle of a world highly complex, bursting from narrow nationalism, groping for the new and essential aspect of internationalism of interdependent specialization its frontiers hereafter the Rhine, the Volga, the Vistula, the Euphrates and the Yangtze-kiang, where a scan century before the Mississippi securely separated the known world from that as distant and mythical as that of Marco Polo and Ghenis Khan. The centuries impregnable English Channel, which toppled the arrgoant armada of New World jewelled Spain and a scant hundred years back balked Napoleon's world conquest was now an ever narrowing puddle, which men swam across, and big guns fired across

A new era of boundless science broke over a little worried world bottled in artificial borders and stupid medieval social ignorances

- - And An Archaic Ally

ALLY in this revolution of evolution, buttressing humanity against cold Teuton automaton autonomy was Russia — Czarist Russia, a big dark blank on the map to most of us. But in social significance blanker yet, and darker than we realized.

There was an iron curtain then as serious as now, if not as sinister; not a secrecy of design but a chaotic overhang of medieval ignorance, indifference and oppression.

The crown jewels of the Romanoffs dazzled international courts; the culture of St. Petersburg awed the elite. In the councils of the world the huge bear was a great power.

But beyond the theatres and the palaces, a little brililant gem lay a great, sick giant, fettered by oppression and ignorance, an undigested hangover of the dark ages, sick and stagnant — and beginning to fester.

Russia - - An Astronomic Area

ANOMALY of this age of speed and mass is our incapacity to conceive in safe logic mass and distance.

Essential to your understanding at this point is that you take a map of the world and ponder on the constellation of the Great Bear, this Saturn of the nations now ringed with satellites—ponder and remember.

Almost astronomical, in the inept tude of our conceptions, is Russia's vastness, stretching from arctic to tropic and almost round the world at its northern tip—with a vast bulge at its belly from Baltic to Black Sea, and round to the Pacific—so far that Alaska was its natural heritage. Ponder its magnitde, and its own potential, sinister expansiveness aside.

Whose Outer Stars Were Dim

SUCH indeed was its potential in 1914 when, as a great power, Russia became our ally in an epochal struggle at the crossroads of the modern era—to make the new world of science a moral world, through democracy. Whether or not the world indeed realized that purpose the Russian ally was certainly not an intelligent partner in it.

Russia was no democracy, not truly a great power, and not even a nation. Great power though she has emerged—for her potential was always as great as her mass—it is very doubtful if even to-day, hamstrung by a ruthless totalitarian organization where then she was chaotic nebula, Russia can rightly be considered a compact homogeneous nation. Over her great bulk, with many terrains and climes the true boundaries of nationhood, are scattered parcels of many racial origins, from Slav to Tartar and Mongol. Indeed, though enjoying as absolute a central authority as the world has known she does not designate herself a nation, but a union of soviet republics.

The unity of the Russia of 1914 was vested in the absolutism of the czar, the autonomy—linked to tha absolutism — of the aristocracy. The huge mass of the nebula of the the Great Bear was simply a neglected overhang of oriental despotism, with the illusory glitter of pomp and culture at the window. Beyond was a hovel—misery, ignorance and tyranny. There was nothing particularly vicious about the Romanoffs. They were simply the outmoded overhang of oriental despotism, in a streamlined world that had ignored a huge backyard wedge still in medieval backstream. It was an apt stage for a Rasputin and a Lenin and the logic of events produced both.

This is not convenient theory; it is sordid fact. Refugee Russians the fiercest foes of Communism concede that they simply suffered by the ending of an intolerable era of oppressive privilege. Had they recognized in time how inevitable was its loss they would not have lost their country And we, making an ally of atrocity in our struggle for a moral world, equally sowed the seeds of our present ills.

The Light That Failed

THE course of right is inexorable, and our selfish subjimation of Russia's ills — hence the world's ills — to the immediacy of our struggle, was the means of emancipating the Russian masses.

Though it had not penetrated the mass, the light of modernism had not utterly escaped the dark vastness. There were good men, good Russians, who saw and thought, and knew that the Russians must throw off their chains They were the intellectuals.

They organized and accomplished an austere and dignified reform—revolution if you like.

No such idealism reposed in the long - starved, anguished masses. Kept like animals, they reacted like animals. Crushed in a tyranny of power, they obeyed. When the whip faltered. they bit.

Russia's peasant millions were dumbly thrown to the dogs of war. Terrible were the losses of their crudely equipped armies thrown against the skilled German jagernaut. Manpower and misery were our allies' resources and we held them cheaply in the release that they tied up German divisions on the Eastern Front. Terrible were the sufferings in that inept country, strained by war.

Russia's catastrophic reverses weakened the power and the prestige of the czar even as the masses groaned under catastrophic suffering and slaughter.

Of this weakness and this outcry was born the revoution.

Turned Against Their Saviors

IT was not an irresponsible rabble. It was the anguished outcry of long-suffering beasts of burden, made articulate through sincere intellectuals.

The masses were simple sufferers. They entered the war with a wave of patriotic enthusiasm Their blind loyalty was turned, in defeat and hardship, to a sense of betrayal, and sheer animal despair. For indeed they had been betrayed. Russia was no great power, but a great myth bloated with imperial designs but desperately sick within. Undeveloped was its huge potential, and hence its power for war. It was only in the 18th Century that it reached out to embrace its own vast confines Then, before it became a nation bombastic Peters and Catherines reached for empire, grasping at the lure of the Orient with its own huge hinterland a wilderness.

And the simple sufferers snarled. It has always been so in history. It was so in Russia in 1905 with an initial burst of enthusiasm for an imperial war against Japan—defeat, disillusion, abject suffering, and uprising. It was this in the Russo-Jap fiasco that brought the first shadow—in 1905—of popular government with the creation of the parliamentary Duma. The response in 1915 was to suppress the Duma.

The Price Of An Ugly Name

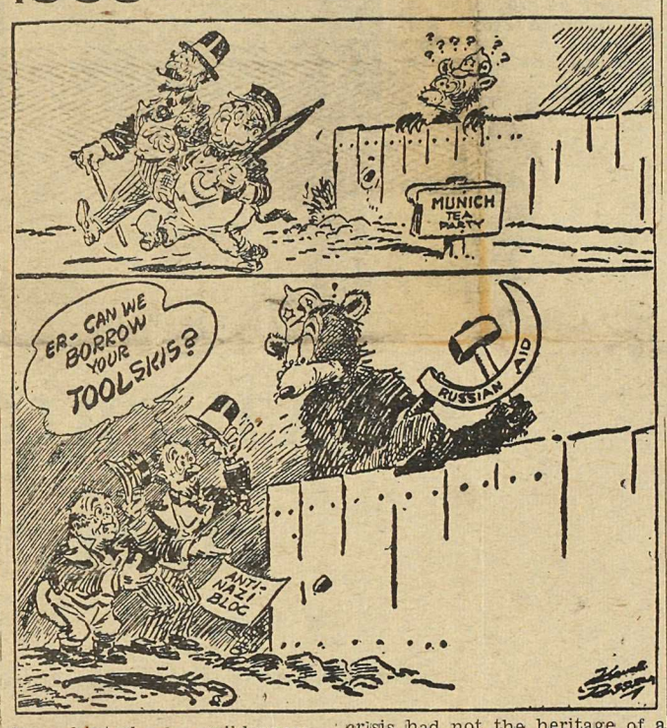
REVOLT was the only and inevitable answer. It was no wanton bloodbath. It was a sincere and intelligent attempt in extremity to end an atrocity and put the Russian house in order, that it might take its responsible place in a moral world Britain centuries before beheaded a king and years later forced another to abdicate with far less social justification.

Our ally was simply taking for herself exactly what we had enlisted her to fight for. And she looked to us for understanding.

In all their initial diffculties the Kerensky republic continued to fight on as an ally. That we failed to give understanding in a common moral crusade once more sowed the seeds of our present ills.

The intelligentsia in their crisis had not the heritage of a patient, enlightened populace, but a starved and fettered animal, simply sick of suffering and glad enough to welcome any relief to oppression. When they could only be asked to suffer still more for a promise, they were an easy prey to any wiles, and the Bolshevists seized their opportunity.

1938 -



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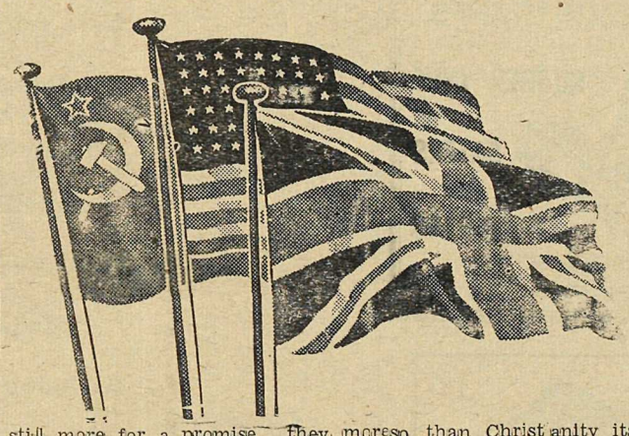

When Revolution Is Evolution

REVOLUTION is a red and ugly word, to some a treasonable. It disturbs our comfortable conservatism of the things we know assailed by things we know not of. We are too apt to regard it impulsively as treason and heresy, where time has proven it to be but the reaching out for right, over the artificial barriers of convention and prejudice, so long unquestioned axioms of right. The abolution of slavery, the franchise, women's rights and most of the modern social contract were all in their turn as revolutionary; and nothing more so than Christianity itself now accepted as the highest in moral standards; even as atro

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When We Did Nothing Badly

THE Romanoffs' weakness had equally been the reformers opportunity. There and then we had to choose — though we did not realize it—between an alert and co-operative partner in a moral world — and all that has come of the Bolshevist coup.

Not only had we the opportunity, but the exhortation. There were equal symptoms of sincerity to co-operate for a moral world among elements of our enemies. But we persisted in making it a war of outmoded nationalism instead of a crusade of right. Not without excuse. It is not easy, especially in the stress of war, to see clearly and in the pure moral concept. But we often fight against ourselves and persist in the error of narrow nationalism.

Geared on nationalistic lines to overthrow a political menace to the moral way of our quest, anything that thwarted our effort was against us, and therefore in our urgency the Eastern Front loomed larger than the creation of a moral partner in the vast expanse of Russia. Our annoyance at the revolution was natural, if short-sighted. We wanted to keep the Russians fighting. In our urgency we not only expelled their aid in that world war, but sowed the seeds of perhaps two others.

The infant state, wracked by the labors of revolution, fought on for us, a fight which she was not committed to When she faltered, we prodded, and aggravated her difficulties. The peasantry, snatching at the revolution in hope of relief, found its sufferings only increased. Instead of sending aid to the Russian front we left it more exposed: it was its function to relieve pressure in the west. Instead of bolstering the tottering Russian home front we sent expeditions to prod them into keeping up their end. The Bolshevists stepped in, and the long suffering masses turned against their disappointing saviors and and delivered themselves into the ruthless iron hand. It was the grip the Bolskevists needed they kept it well.

Your Future Hangs On This

Is an hour's reading worth a war to you?

This is the season of remembrance and reflection. After two terrible wars. the world is worse off, and still clearly off the track. Communism has supplanted the meance of Prussianism, then of Fascism, and we stagger blindly into another inevitable clash.

How does it happen? Most of us, closely following events, despair of their logic. submit to their eventuality. The inadequacy of day-to-day reporting is that is sees only single events, soon apparently paradoxical, affording no clear understanding of the true pattern of affairs vital to all of us.

This is an attempt to give you, whom we serve, a clear picture of the most vital issue of the day. It is told as briefly and simply as the subject permits, and we need recommend neither the urgency nor the interest of the subject. We believe it is utterly factual submitting that philosophic truths are equally facts. We shall next offer an analysis of the China problem based even more on first-hand observations. - ☆ Man

Moral Constancy

The "Red Dean of Canterbury" is making a speaking tour of the United States. On his last visit, in the triumphant days of three years ago, his sponsor the Soviet-American friendship League, was asked to present him to the President. This time he was first refused admission to the country. The League was labelled a subversive organization.

Said Dr. William Hocking, professor emeritus of Harvard, one of his citizen - sponsors: "We have stood for your coming because a true liberality can afto listen to others than those it aready agrees with.

"The world seeks a load-lifting idea which it has found in neither Communism nor Capitalism."

AFTER THE RAINBOW — THE DELUGE

While She Fought For Her Life, Communism Spied On Those Who Saved Her

YALTA—On the eve of the great final offensive, Stalin and Roosevelt and Churchill met in the Russian Crimea town to give final endorsement to plans for the final offensives and to lay the broad lines of the occupation and the peace—including the United Nations. There was hard bargaining but utmost unity, as emphasized in the clockwork precision of the synchronized offensives. Though the agreement was secret, it was announced amid popular acclaim that the alliance would continue through the peace, and later a friendship pact was made between Britain and Russia.

It was on the basis of the unity of the great powers, who must jointly be responsible for world order, that the U.N. veto was arranged.

The same three had met on a British warship at sea to proclaim the Atlantic Charter of free peoples over the world.

Russia's entry into the war against Japan was agreed on and the four zones of Germany with a central control organ with headquartes in Berlin.

The motif of Yalta—complete faith of our leaders in the Soviet despite her record.

★ ★ ★

FIRST DOUBT — Forgiveness across the Atlantic was less spontaneous than in liberal Britain. From the first America, her own morality tempered to good business, and then aloof under a policy of isolation, had been the loudest critic — despite her refusal to oo-operate in a moral world—of the "immoral Bolshevists." Characteristically, though vists." Charateristically, howfinding herself against a common enemy, she did not let her feelings stand in the way of hitting where it counted most, but made no bones that her aid was strategic.

The Bolsheviks were no respectors of American isolation either, and sowed surreptitious seed in American institution and economy. Russia was a strange ally, and America knew it.

But Yalta hopes — the most hopeful event in history changed everything. But only for a brief fortnight.

Yalta was 4th February, 1945. Crimea itself but recently delivered, Russian armies were storming through the Balkans.

Two weeks later they had over run Poland and Rumania. Yalta had anticipated and provided for this. All countries in the path of deliverance were to be a joint responsibility. Even the entire principle of spheres of influence was jettisoned.

But Molotov followed the army into Bucharest, gave King Michael "two hours and five minutes" to expel the government and instal one to the Soviet's taste.

Even as Roosevelt was reporting on Yalta to Congress — his tragic last speech—Molotov did the same in Warsaw, openly flaunting the Allies, for governments in exile had from England been partners in combat.

The astonished Roosevelt cabled his Yalta comrade. Stalin's reply—a charge that the Western Allies were scheming for a separate peace. Within the hour Roosevelt died; and so did the hopes of Yalta.

★ ★ ★

POTSDAM — Wherever the Russians got first the factual pattern was the same—they went as self responsible conquerors, and from behind the curtain came shocking accounts of the conqueror's ruthlessness. Where they did not conquer alone, there were ugly incidents.

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1948-

These Three Held The Key . . .

Roosevelt

Churchill

Stalin

WHEN DOING NOTHING WAS DOING WRONG

(From Page Seven)

cities have in mistaken zeal been committed in its name. The whole scientific pattern of modern living is revolutionary, and in time the shock of change becomes as stupid as witch hunting. Its own times regarded the French Revolution as shocking barbarity; it is now a basic concept of the fundamental rights of man.

Though Communism is not at all the real issue in the present impasse, there is, given free choice, nothing more heretical or revolutionary in Communism as a pure abstract theory, than in democracy or christianity, and they are not so essentially opposed as in conflict appears.

But revolution is a red and fearful word. There lingers too despite the French and American examples and the more gradual manifestation in Britain and elsewhere, coupled with the treasonableness of revolt, something of the myth of the sanctity of kings.

So there was genuine horror at the ignominious end of the brilliance of the Romanoffs; and in the urgency of our own crisis a natural distaste for the weakening of our Eastern relief and a distrust of the Russian experiment. We certainly did not help a brave and necessary effort to make the great sluggish bear a working partner in our new moral world. In passive obligation, we let her down badly.

Beaten By Their Goodness

EMANCIPATION cannot be the mass voice of enlightenment from the starved and suppressed commonalty. The torch that fires explosion is borne by a kernel of unusual men who read into and ahead, and guide the violent flame for good or ill. History has given the stamp of justice and sincerity to the Russian pioneers. Their task was mountainous and circumstances beat them down. The old order was dead; the new had to succeed. Czarist tyranny had fired its own pyre, and a huge starved land needed grace in its difficult hour. Instead it got cruel and crushing stress from without.

From the masses that had turned to snap at unendurable oppression could not be expected wisdom and patience. All they knew was that the tyrant hand was gone, but the miracle had not come. Instead, in the difficult early days their sufferings were increased..

The Germans logically pressed the advantage. The allies pressed the Russians, rejected Lord Fisher's wisdom of a Baltic expedition to the Baltic to relieve the strain.

The czar was gone, the misery persisted. The masses demanded release from the war. Eager for an international partnership, the new regime risked home support to win it. It won not help but its doom.

IN the fertile soil for discontent under the tyranny of the czars there were stealthier revolutionaries. The Bolshevists nursed their secret creed — to wait for opportunity to strike for world power. They took no part in releasing Russia from the power of the czars. That was done for them. There were sincere apostles of the Marxian creed of international revolution of the proletariat. There were expedientists who saw it as a means to world power. Unlike Kerensky, they did not seek international understanding. If universal enlightenment was its acceptance, Russia was the last place to start. Their creed was the ruthless exploitation of any means, whatever the sincerity of their ends. And so they

Dictators Of Yesterday

their start in the difficulties of a noble experiment.

They Thrive On Trouble

THE real Russian revolution—the breaking of the tyranny of the czars — was clean and unequivocal. When the Bolshevists seized the opportunity of the reformers difficulties, a logical social change was turned into a revolting bloodbath. The moral forces had simply been cold to the new revolutionary rulers of the Kerensky regime, partly because they were unproven, partly because it embarassed our war effort. But the Bolshevists shocked everyone as something the like of which civilization had never seen. The rule of the proletariat was intolerable chaos such as had never been conceived, and had the world not been preoccupied with war, almost certainly an international force would have crushed it on behalf of organized society.

As it was, it made difficulties enough in the loss of Russian resistance, for on the fall of the six-month old Kerensky regime the Bolshevists, even while the revolution raged across the huge land, speedily made a separate peace with our enemies.

Expeditions were sent against Russia, devastated by civil war—by the British to Archangel by the Japs, who seized the chance to try to grab a slice of Siberia by the Rumanians, the French and the Greeks from the South by the Poles, to fatten their territory. We equipped reactionary Russian generals; we stirred up mutinies. We are not going to be foolish enough to forget our reception of the Bolsheviks just because we failed. We can ill afford to think that they will forget.

Ruthless Salvation

BUT the Bolsheviks, ruthless and expedientist, kept their grip where the reformers, rhetorical and constitutional, had failed. Our war won, we were faced with a Russia that was no partner in our new moral world.

We had failed to stop them, but they were no great menace; we simply regarded them as barbarous outcasts. But they had a firm grip, and however we deprecated their crude efforts, the vast resources of Russia did begin to respond to the workers way. Russia, however unpalatable was altogether too big a chunk of world organization to be ignored. So we accepted what we did not like; not very graciously or successfully. When World War II overtook us, Russia was a nuisance, sinister and miscalculable, but a significant factor in the world balance. In divers ways in our new moral world, we had handled things badly. Faced with world crisis again, we found two obstacles, diametrically opposed to eachother, but also to ourselves.

Had we clung rigidly to strict moral law, these menaces could not have been suffered to rise. Half lampooning and aggravating, half accepting, we watched them grow. This could neither impress nor conciliate them, and such performances as Spain and Munich sadly deprecated our strength for the moral way. In short, we had not converted ourselves to the inexorable way of right, and still met our dangers with old-line diplomacy. The obvious diplomatic tactic would have been to play them to annihilate each other and in the end Hitler did pounce, and the Soviet helped to annihilate him — but not for us.

A Kick For The Beggar

CRISIS, which we had neptly watched accumulate, left us neither choice, nor chance to maneuver. The Axis totalitarians became an urgent threat.

So we went hat in hand to the Bolsheviks for a military alliance. Perhaps they sneered secretly as they had secretly cursed our calculated abuse, but they were as unmoved from their consistent aim — power by any inconsistency.

We lost in every sense. Rogues bargaining instead arrayed the arch-rivals against us. Though a patently ridiculous fraud, it was the vital act that made our war with Hitler.

We had become well used to such things in our moral world, unparalleled in the dark ages. Fascist and Communist had hurled abuse at each other, each had exhorted us to unite in an-

(Page Nine)

Peace Plotter

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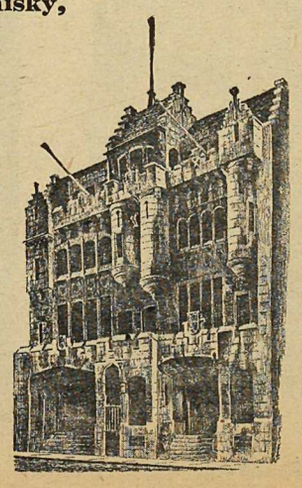

THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM

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THE POKER PEACE

(From Page Seven)

So the Potsdam meeting, 2nd August to lay out the concrete occupation pattern, was in a very different spirit from Yalta. For one thing, the Russian seizures were a fait accompli, and the best possible was to do nothing to upset the job in hand. For another, two of the old comrades were missing.

Nonetheless, in the same spirit of utter unity, Potsdam made a blueprint "for the reconstruction of Germany on a democratic and peaceful basis."

A year later their foreign ministers met to discuss a most unsatisfactory working out of the occupation. The Western Powers claimed that Russia ran their zone as a unit, and failure to co-ordinate the zones put a huge burden on their victorious taxpayers. Russia replied with demands for huge reparations — though no peace treaty has even yet been made—which in an impoverished Germany, increased the burden of western support.

The whole conception of the post-war plan was based on entire unity of the great powers as the stabilizing basis. All events had shown Russia at outs with all the rest, and America by this time had clearly formed the opinion that Russia was using "unity" as a subtle lever to block every action, and so get her own way—in short, that Yalta and the whole conception was in bad faith. And America was ready to get tough with a tough customer. At her instigation, on the thesis that Potsdam meant the four powers co-operating to administer Germany as an economic whole, the Western Powers merged their three zones. Russia resourcefully retorted that it violated the agreement of four-power control.

At the same time America stopped Russian reparations from the western one, arguing that the spirit of the agreement — and the provision—was that repartations were linked with a self-supporting Germany, that Russia's impoverishing demands, plus her refusal to pool the resources of her zone, postponed reparations, especially while her policy forced the Western Powers to foot a heavy support bill.

Russia then pulled from the hat a secret Yalta clause giving her rtparations from current production in the western zones. This was at variance with Potsdam but had not been revoked: the Western delegates did not know it existed.

BLOCKADE—All this time relations generally were deteriorating. The Council of Foreign Ministers (of the four powers) after a series of disagreements, broke up. It was always the same—three to one. In the United Nations the Soviet bloc was similarly opposed to the rest of the world and Russia monotonously plied her Big Four veto, given in trust of unanimity. There were various incidents in the occupied zones, backed by official maneuvers and pinpricks. The Eastern zone was behind an iron curtain, and Germany split into separately antagonsitic parts. Russia refused to give a tally of the reparations she had taken; it was charged she was bleeding her zone.

Berlin, of course, is the German focal point. A fact unappreciated, however, is Berlin's geography. It is far to the east, nearer the Polish frontier than to any Allied zone, surrounded and deeply backed by Russian territory—an added natural difficulty for the Allies. On the thesis of unity, eastern awards to Russia was logical. But though Berlin fell far within the Russian zone, special provision was made for four power administration — zonal partition on the same pattern as Germany at large. In pressure politics, the Russians had obvious advantages and soon made no secret of their intent to drive the Western Powers from the capital keypoint.

Agreements, based on unity of aims, were soon an obvious sham and an embarassment. The Allies, convinced that Russia was making them a shield for a vigorous drive for world domination, were clearly faced with a double task—to stop Russian expansion, exploiting every treaty advantage, and to proceed, over Russian opposition, with the world plan in which Russia had been counted on as a partner but now loomed as the chief antagonist. In short, a stabilizing association became a cold war with Germany and Berlin the test-ground.

Not only was there the strategic principle of stopping Russia at these focal points; it was a factor that instead of letting Russia make them costly liabilities, we should convert them to assets, at the same time without risking the rise of another militant Germany — a delicate problem. But the logic was still within the spirit of Yalta and Potsdam — an efficient but not militant Gemany, as a vital contibuting factor in European and world stability—strong but supervised. Russia, with her own world aims, clearly wanted Germany her economic and political satellite. This pattern was well laid from Baltic to Balkans — fattening her economic core and widening her political aura.

In short, the resolution of the last war had devolved into a

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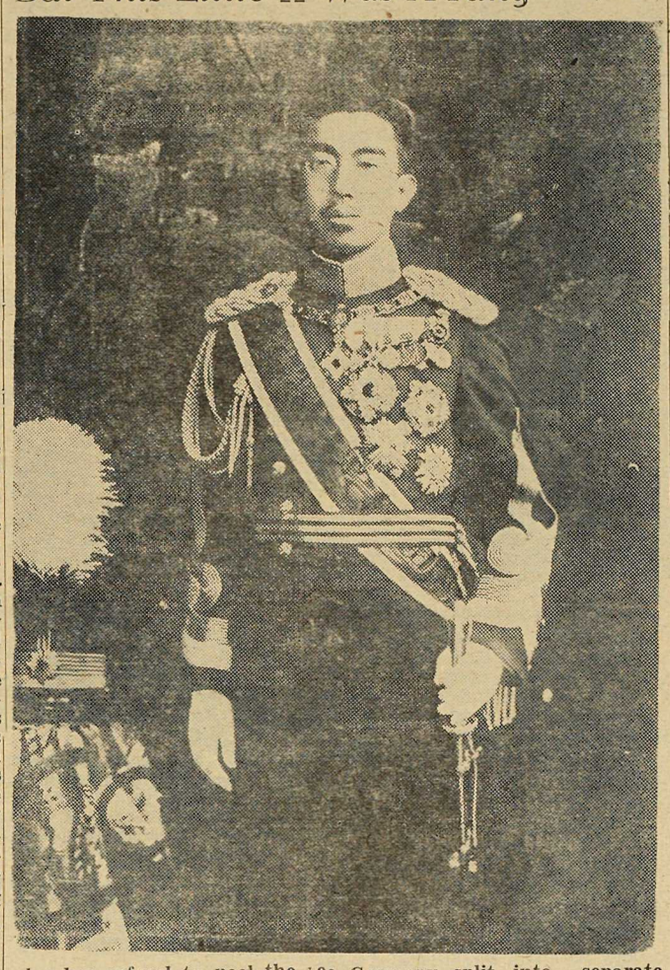
But This Little .. Was A King



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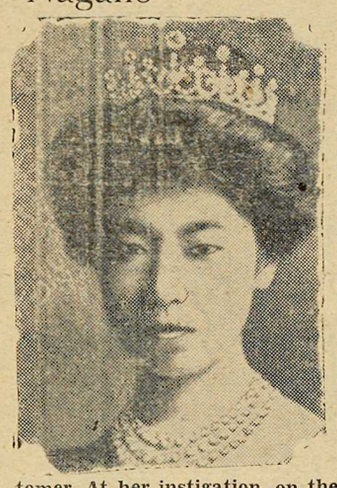

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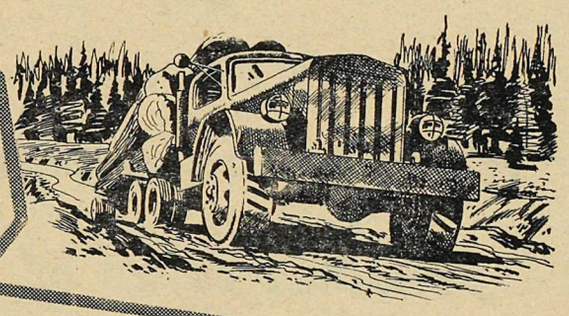
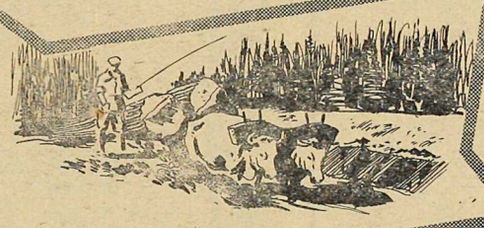
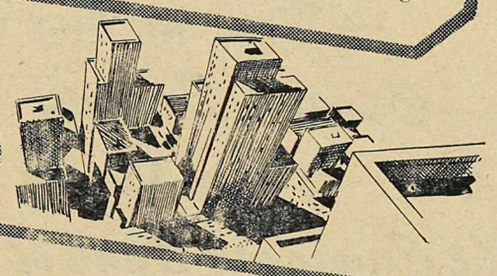


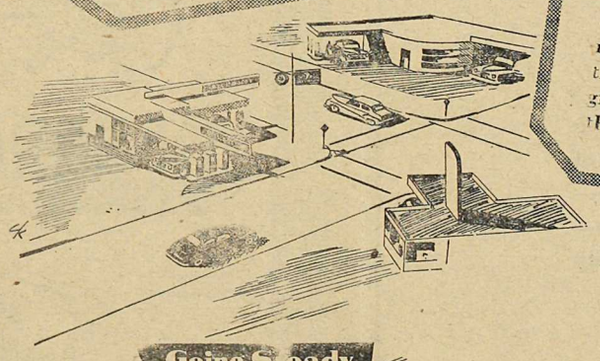
THE general who worked on the theory of getting there "fustest with the mostest" was a pretty shrewd operator. Transportation plays a key role in our lives. That's why those giant Diesel trucks, those powerful, modern freight trains are indispensible today for getting things done quickly, efficiently.



TRUE, all this freight could be moved by horse or oxen . . . but much more slowly . . . in smaller quantities and at a higher cost. But progress in transportation, the saving of time and money, brings to Canada goods from all over the world at lower prices . . . and raises our own standard of living.

PROGRESS is a hard-to-win fight; and no fight is ever won without the incentive to win. No monopoly system, privately or State-owned, ever has this incentive, for a monopoly has no competitors with which to contend. *Competition* developed the efficient methods which make our free system great.





THE story of Canada's progress is one of competition, of capital at work creating products people want; making them better, cheaper; moving and selling them faster. This system, we believe, offers the greatest incentives, the highest standards of living, the best job-security and freedom of opportunity.

Standard Oil Company of British Columbia Limited

This series is presented by the people of Standard of B.C. and our associates, the independent Chevron Dealers, to discuss the part we play in the development of British Columbia, and our faith in the future of this province under the free opportunity system. Please send your suggestions or criticisms to: President, Standard Oil Company of British Columbia Limited, Marine Building, Vancouver, B.C.

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STRANGEST STORY EVER TOLD

(*From Page Eight*)

ihilating the other. The Axis was forged on the anti-Comintern pact, for Hitler's fifth column well knew Stalin's.

They were consistent and sincere, for each was simply in the way of the other's identical aim. Ideologies apart — for they had none save as sham—their ways and their works, carefully studied, were remarkably alike—unscrupulous, ruthless zeal for total power—any means to a purely political end.

The Miracle Of The Inevitable

SO the Soviet sold itself to the less scrupulous competitor and sent us to war with the Axis—and very nearly set up her arch-rival for the double kill.

At first Stalin's arch smoothness worked well. Her rival conquered Poland and handed Russia a good part of it. It was on both sides an easy gift, for both meant to take the rest. Then behind the security of war, the Soviets grabbed Latvia, Esthonia and Lithuania and booted Finland to her liking. Almost without fighting her gains were more than most wars yield.

Hitler watched all this impassively while the moral world turned the hate back on.

Then Hitler played his hand, and the picture changed. When he had swiftly brought us to our knees, he dramatically turned, tore up the guarantee—as every one knew one or the other would and went after the bear. How delicately the balance failed his total bid is hardly appreciated the moral world forgets so soon.

It's So Handy To Forget

WE forget soon and often with the Bolshevist. When we failed to get our contempted barbarian to bolster us against the Hun, we generously branded his perfidy. A study of newspaper cartoons of the past 20 years brings a wan smile in a faintly moral determinism.

When Russia went after Finland and the Balkans, we booted her from the comity of moral nations—the League. Harassed Britain, on the verge of greatest peril, clamored with righteous volunteers to flaunt Sweden's special neutrality, and, uninvited, to aid the Finns against the disarmed Bolshevists.

Within a few months the Russians were our valiant comrades—because Hitler spared us to go after them—who had refused to keep him at war with us. And when the Finns logically took advantage of the hiding Russia was getting, we made them our enemies—the moral way.

The Great Delusion

IT was 1916 about face. We were not merely concerned with an Eastern Front; we were geuninely sorry we had not made more of our chances for a friendly Russia. We could get along fine. We would make amends and not offend again. We took them into our councils to plan the new moral world, we gave them our guns and our butter.

They smiled inscrutably and fought valiantly—for themselves. They glibly signed the Atlantic Charter, and Stalin posed with Roosevelt and Churchill, in his Russian hat. They took all they could get—it cost nothing. We closeted ourselves with them in secret pacts for—they say—the division of the spoils in the new moral world.

Ample evidence there is of our conversion to a desire to co-operate with the once despised and distrusted Russians. Never was there evidence of their conversion, except to defend and conquer. But it was heresy to point that out. Lady Astor did in 194 and raised an international howl.

Their ways, their policies were still inscrutable, their country behind an iron curtain. Nothing had changed except that with us the Russians were winning. We married their women, but they did not let them go. They took our weapons and our hospitality and sowed it with spies. While our guns were helping them save Stalingrad and their last hope of world domination, they were pushing their chances by undermining our trade unions and our racial minorities.

Monty

War—Commander—Peace

Downing One To Set Up Another

IT soon became obvious that with Russia nothing had changed except that the war—with our accidental partnership had mightily advanced her aims towards world domination. By corollary, though we did not note it, we were essentially farther apart than ever.

One force was gone; two were directly opposed.

The Russians, conveniently, were easily offended. All through the war we had zealously gone over the line to avoid possible misunderstanding. It became an unconscious habit, the price of understanding. We let the Russians fight their own way, planned Allied strategy to co-ordinate. We gave them a virtually free hand in Poland and the Balkans let them get into Berlin first.

Until the final stages Russia had a non-aggression pact with Japan, a principal Ally enemy Japan and Russia — especially Soviet Russia — have been traditional enemies, for since the time of Peter the Great Russia has had imperial designs on the Far East and pushed to the tip of Manchuria. The Russo-Japanese war reversed the picture, but the contest went on, with chronic border incidents and a full sized war around Nomonhan in 1939. Anyone who knows pre-war Japan will confirm the deep-seated suspicions of Russia. The anti- comintern pact virtually levered Japan into the Axis and the double-dealing of non - aggression pacts shocked old-line Japanese patriots.

It was no surprise to those who know the East how Russia edged into the Far East war in its last phase; nor how Russia has used her advantage. Communism is nothing new in the Far East; German officers were training Chinese troops — to resist the Reds — even when Japan's designs on Far Eastern hegemony pulled her to war with China and at the same time into the Axis camp. Strange things did indeed happen in this moral world.

Russia's progress towards her world goal, even in her death struggle gradually began to emerge, and the first post - war adjustments revealed that she would continue her determined course towards one ultimate aim at every opportunity—conquest by paper, by plot, by poker, and by war as a last and convenient resource. Her poker is the puzzle. How far will she carry cold war before resorting to fire. In Berlin and Greece the Democracies are testing her hand. This much the clear lines of policy from 1918 dictate: she will not fight for what she can get by any means without fighting; nor will any moral consideration restrain her when war fits her plan.

Her objective of single rule, her policy of any means to get it, makes any agreement with her an advantage to her and an encumbrance to us.

Yalta Faith Our Noose

THE silent smiles of Yalta lulled us into a false sense of post-war security. Secret pacts were a strange way for a new moral world, but the war was going well and we trusted our leaders, who so obviously trusted our inscrutable ally.

Just what was agreed at Yalta we have never been told, and it is in dispute behind its curtain

(*Page Eleven*)

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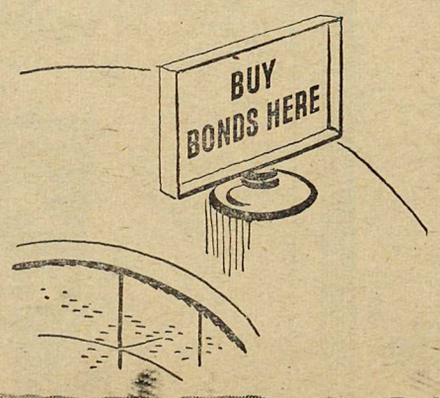

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