

Canada at War

This is the first of a series of five articles written by Bruce M. Pearce, editor of The Simcoe Reformer, for member papers of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association, in connection with the recent tour of Eastern Canada military camps, munitions plants, R.C.A.F. Schools and naval yards, made by a group of prominent weekly, daily and trade newspaper editors and publishers. The first article is general in nature, summarizing impressions of the trip and outlining the various highlights encountered en route. Subsequent articles will deal with the Army, the War Industries, the R.C.A.F. and the Navy.

BY H. M. P.

On the morning of August 23rd last a group of nearly fifty representative Canadian newspapermen, assembled in Hamilton to commence a journey that is probably without precedent in Canadian journalism.

On the night of August 21st, eight days later, they arrived in Montreal to complete the last leg of a trip which had taken them to the Atlantic coast and given them a complete panorama of the great war giant which is rapidly taking form in Canada. Sponsored by the Department of National Defence, the tour was initiated primarily to give the editors an insight into Canada's military and industrial activity and to provide them with an enlightened conception of what is actually taking place in this country, with the thought that more would then be able to discuss more intelligently in their columns the various phases of Canada's war enterprise.

That the editors gladly embraced this unique opportunity may be taken for granted. Hereafter they had known all too little of the inside story of the huge machine which constitutes Canada's contribution to the fight against Hitlerism. Not being in a position to inform their readers, the majority were inclined to give voice to the growing impatience on the part of Canadians at the apparent lack of all-out effort. Until the fall of France in June, 1940, it is probably true that Canada had done all too little. The truth is that Canada is rapidly shaping a formidable war machine that will have a notable part in licking Hitler. In the short space of eight days, the Canadian editors were treated to a spectacle that not only literally opened their eyes but inspired pride and strengthened faith in the part that Canada is playing and will play on an ever-growing scale in aiding the Mother Country.

Everything Wide Open

Everything was thrown wide open to the prying eyes of insatiably curious editors. Nothing was held back. We had with us Brigadier Kenneth Stuart, D.S.O., Vice-Chief of the General Staff, together with distinguished representatives of every branch of the service, including the Department of Munitions and Supply, as well as G. Herbert Lash, Director of Public Information and J. W. G. Clark, Director of Public Relations for Army and R.C.A.F., and members of their staffs. Their policy was that every bit of available information should be forthcoming. And it was. Not did they place any restrictions on the contents of our stories aside from the well-known rules of censorship.

Not only did these men utilize every waking moment to answer the million questions levelled at them by their guests, but they made sure that every Camp Commandant, every factory head and every officer revealed the whole show and held nothing back. At Ottawa the editors were entertained at a dinner at which Hon. J. L. Halston, Hon. C. D. Howe and Hon. C. G. Powers were the principal speakers. The general impression was that these men were sincerely trying to do a job. They were frank in admitting their mistakes and Hon. Mr. Halston declared that one chief mistake was in having failed heretofore in letting the light flood the editors of things that their readers, the Canadian public, might know the true story of this country's war achievement.

A Real Achievement

It is an achievement, too, as these articles aim to tell, not just an "effort," a word that fails to give the true emphasis. We would also add that not once throughout the entire eight-day pilgrimage was the word "politics" heard. The men who were our hosts were far too intensely absorbed in the vital task of sharpening Canada's tools of war to worry for a moment about politics. It was one of the lasting impressions of the trip that these men, many of them dollar-a-year public servants, were out to do a job for Canada, that they were sparing neither strength nor talent to perform that service, and that they were admirably fitted for the key posts which they occupied. The same applies to the industrial leaders, the military camp commandants, the chiefs of the navy and air force, with whom we came in contact. They gave the impression of being on top of their job and they inspired confidence by their brisk, alert and confident bearing. Many Canadian editors are resting more easily as a result of those contacts.

Not a Joy-Ride

Where did we go? What did we see? What did we learn in those eight days? If any reader has the impression that it was simply a joy-ride at government expense, we can only say that it was the most strenuous joy-ride that most of those editors had ever experienced. From 8 a.m. until late at night we were walking miles through military camps, in and out of barracks, machine shops and pyrdromes, through huge munitions factories, naval dockyards and arsenals. We were bounced over hill and dale in trucks, tractors, carriers, blitz buggies and many other of those frightening vehicles which form the mechanized and armored army of 1941. (We saw not a single horse except on a back street in Halifax and we learned that only nine horses remain in the Canadian army and they are headed for the glue factory.) We were driven about in open army trucks in weather that penetrated to the marrow; we were embarrassed and debused until we loathed the sight of a bus; we were thumped by depth charges tossed from a destroyer on the broad Atlantic; we travelled some 3,000 miles by train and were finally disembarked in Montreal on a Sunday night in the midst of a downpour of rain. We forgave all except the sharp nudge of a heartless porter every morning at 6:30 a.m. Yes, a joy-ride indeed!

Highlights of the Tour

In concluding this initial article, just an outline of a few unforgettable highlights. There was the astonishing demonstration of tracked or armored fighting vehicles and wheeled passenger or load-carrying vehicles at the General Motors proving ground near Oshawa, featuring maneuvers over the roughest ground which put the machines to the sternest test and which proved convincingly that Canadian industrial genius is prepared to meet the challenge of mechanized warfare. There was the nocturnal visit to the National Steel Car plant at Hamilton where several thousand men are turning out artillery and anti-aircraft shells, with the largest output of any similar factory in the British Empire. There was a Sunday morning preview of the remarkable exhibit by the Department of Munitions and Supply at the Canadian National Exhibition, giving a

The LETTER BOX

Aug. 26th, 1941.
Somewhere in England.

Dear Mr. Dilla:
Just a few lines to let you know I am receiving your paper okay. I have received two in the last week and I think that is pretty good for the time I've been over here.
I read a letter in your paper that another fellow wrote so I thought I had better write one also. It sure is nice getting the home paper so that we can read the news of home. I have met a lot of the fellows from Acton in the list and Second Diva. I met Tom Nicol about a week ago and I'm going down to see the rest of the fellows in the going next week-end.
We have fairly good barracks here and its much the same as our Canadian barracks with the exception that we are split up into two sections with one section in each room where we used to all be in the same room. It makes it so that we have more room to move around in and to relax in.
I'm afraid that I am not much of a writer so I'll sign off for now.
Yours sincerely,
Gnr. Norman A. Price.
A-35258, 43rd Bty.,
R.C.A. (A.F.), England.
P.S. Thanks a lot for sending me the paper. I appreciate it a lot.

vivid portrayal of the achievement of Canada's war industries. At the Inglis plant in Toronto, apart from viewing the production of Bren machine guns in full swing, we were addressed by Major Hahn, who earlier in the war was severely mangled by some terrorist and incidently have created one of the most integral units in Canada's war machine.

Tanks, Planes, Guns
On we travelled to Camp Borden and Petawawa, names inseparably linked with the Great War, but which have undergone tremendous expansion in the past year, where impressive displays of Canada's armed might were provided. In Montreal a procession of Canada's war tanks roared up and down the street in front of the all-Canadian factory in which they were produced, while at the Fairchild aircraft plant we watched huge bombers being constructed and assembled from start to finish. Then there was the memorable morning at Sorel where the magnificent new 25-pounder artillery guns are being forged and other convicts are coming out of the stocks at a rapid clip, all under direction of the now-famous Simard brothers, whom we had the privilege of meeting. On to Valcartier, another name imperishably associated with the days of 1914-18, where we met French-Canadian officers and men and gained new insight into the military situation in Quebec. Then to Deserit, that new military camp hewed from the backwoods of Nova Scotia, final training point for Canadian troops bound for England. Lastly, Halifax, a story in itself, where the great pulse of Canada's war activity beats at an accelerating pace and where we rode one of the fifty American destroyers to sea and dined at Admiralty House with the Commodore and his staff.

To many other places we journeyed, many new acquaintances made and stirring stories heard. Here a man from Dunkirk, another from the sunken Fraser, one who had just flown from England or another about to board a bomber for the Old Land, heroes of the Battle of Britain and men from London who had lived and worked through the blitz.

In succeeding articles we will try to tell the story of Canada's army, navy and air force; of the turning wheels and spinning lathes that are writing a new and glorious chapter in Canada's history and which may revolutionize the Dominion's entire future. Certain it is that since the fall of France a little more than one year ago, a miracle has been wrought. While Canadians fumed impatiently, the keen brains of Canada's military and industrial leaders were working night and day to draft the blueprint of Canada's magnificent war machine and to set in motion the wheels that would make her contribution to the Empire cause one of which every Canadian may rightly be proud.

Article No. 2 next week will deal with Canada's Army.

SUNSHINE

The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely ping of the mountain top waves. It's summer and it cries, "Thou art my sun!" And the little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers, with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun!" And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, "Thou art my sun." So God sits, effulgent, in Heaven, not for a favoured few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low that he may not look up with child-like confidence, and say, "My Father, Thou art mine!" Henry Ward Beecher

COAST TO COAST

The buffalo once ranged from the Atlantic seaboard to beyond the Rockies.

Mrs. Brooks' New Book

A Review of "I Met Some Little People," Recently Issued by Toronto Publisher.

One has had so much pleasure since he ran across, just the other day, a beautiful new book of verse over the name "Anne Sutherland Brooks," and recently issued by The Ryerson Press, Toronto, that he wanted Acton folk, specially, to whom the book will have unusual interest, to know about it.
"Too few of us are aware that the young mistress of the Rectory in Acton, who may be seen almost any morning, at the post office, or shopping, with her little son, has, through her verses, written during the past decade and a half, established a literary reputation which places her on a standing well up with the better poets of Canada and United States. Immediate evidence of this is given in the list of literary journals, such as Good Housekeeping, Woman's World, Household Magazine, Brevity, and the Canadian Bookman, and others, to whom credit is given for poems appearing originally in their pages, included in the new book. These are only a few of the better-class journals in United States and Canada which have purchased poems by Anne Sutherland. And some of us recall, with a deal of delight, the four or five little booklets, modest in format and of limited though choice content, which found their way, very quietly on the Canadian market some years ago and whose editions were eagerly picked up, until now, we believe, not a copy is available for purchase. Again, it is whispered that the publishers of the new book purpose to utilize it, a little later, as a "House Gift," thus placing it in similar category with such names as Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, Wilson-MacDonald, Theodore Goldrick Roberts, whose literary product has been utilized similarly in former years.
The new book, "I Met Some Little People," is a selection from Mrs. Brooks' poems, most of which would appeal specially to children. Though one knows very well that literary material for children is usually quite as strong an appeal for grown-ups. There are several bits, such as one's old favorite "Sopsuds Land," and "The Two Teapots," from the earlier chap books. Though the major part of the content is of hitherto unpublished poems, a number of which, one suspects, were inspired, and most naturally, by the growing-up of the sturdy little son of the home. With wholesome emotion all ways near the surface, there is in Mrs. Brooks' poetic thought an elfin piqueness, so that one concludes she has somehow kept in corners of her heart and mind the wonder and joy of her own childhood. And with this, frequently, there are touches of downright wisdom and philosophy which show an understanding of life even beyond the poet's years. Some of the poems of her later work, such as "The Empty Little House," "Pilgrimage," and "Country School Room," show a marked growth in her power of expression. But with it all there is pervading the element of happy human instinct, of a deep appreciation of the joys and sorrows of life, as it seem in the ordinary home every day. Most of these qualities may be seen in what, to the reviewer, is the gem of the book's offerings, a little poem which no real mother—and few serious-thinking fathers, will read without at least an urge toward weeping, as she, or he, is carried back to those so-very-precious things of early childhood, in worked through the blitz.

TIRED LITTLE BOOTS

I never mind his toys so much, his ball, his elephant, his battery truck, for they seem his going off to bed at all; They seem quite happy to be put away.
His little black baby grins, her scarlet cheeks all bright, and she is glad to see him.
"Though he has left her standing on her head,"
And the baby giggled in his chin,
Who sleeps so sweetly in his little bed.
But, folding up his small, warm, underclothes,
And shaking out his mussed, rumpled, in shirts,
With trailing toes and scuffed and shabby toes,
I come upon his tired little boots,
The lonely ones against the other, lone, empty.
So brave, yet so forlorn a little pair Worn out with all the pilgrimages he Made through the day; I find them waiting there.
Tired, but still faithful and, with cheeks all bright, and she is glad to see him.
With tears, I kneel beside them, making some small, hushed entreaty.
"Oh, never let His little boots be there and him not come."
"I Met Some Little People" comes in charming format, in paper boards, and carries some characteristic illustrations-in-line, suggesting the atmosphere of a number of the poems, by G. S. Duff, E.J.M.

OFF QUAY

A quartette of longshoremen were singing on the waterfront when the tenor fell off the dock into the water. The incident passed unnoticed by the leader, but he realized that something was wrong with the harmony.
"What's the matter with you chaps?" he asked. "One of you don't sound right."
"It's Bill," rumbled the bass, solemnly. "He's off quay."

"WHY DIDN'T I GET MY COAL EARLY?!"



"Munitions, which are being shipped in ever increasing volume, must have the first call on our transportation systems, and there will be less space available in future for purely civilian goods", explained J. McG. Stewart, Coal Administrator of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. "By placing your order for coal now, even though immediate delivery may not be possible in all cases, you will enable the government to make the most efficient use of all transportation facilities."

HOLD HIGH THE TORCH OF FREEDOM



AGRICULTURE MARCHES WITH OUR ARMED FORCES

Behind the lines where men and women are risking life to defend home and country, men and women are toiling to supply the materials of war—ships, planes, tanks, guns. These manufacturers—management and workers alike—are thus fighting shoulder to shoulder with our armed forces.

But what about the farmers? They are doing a work of equal importance. They too are marching to battle, by toiling early and late to persuade nature to increase the food supply on which the issues of the fight so greatly depend. The farmer marches side by side, with the soldier and his armourer.

Farmers who are doing their bit to help Canada's all-out war effort may find it necessary to borrow money at the Bank. You should not hesitate to discuss your requirements with our nearest branch manager. Your business will be regarded as strictly confidential.

BANK OF MONTREAL

"A BANK WHERE SMALL ACCOUNTS ARE WELCOME"
Modern, Experienced Banking Service the Outcome of 124 Years' Successful Operation



Acton Branch: W. H. CLAYTON, Manager



CANADA'S ARMY moves on wheels and caterpillar treads. Two important vehicles of the mechanized forces are here shown during test runs. Top photo shows an armoured gun tractor bounding along, while a Universal carrier leaps by at right.



The buffalo once ranged from the Atlantic seaboard to beyond the Rockies.