

The Bomber Press Visits in England

(By Walter R. Legge in Collaboration with C. V. Charters)

Being the first of a series of articles on Canadian Forces in England written especially for the weekly newspapers of Canada by their two representatives on a sponsored tour of England.

To pay a visit to England under present-day conditions, it is first necessary to have government permission or invitation. In the case of the recent visit by Canadian editors, the trip was the result of a suggestion by General McNaughton that a party of Canadian Editors should be given an opportunity to see just how the Canadian forces were living and training overseas.

Two weekly editors were asked to become members of the party and the choice fell to C. V. Charters, managing director of the C.W.N.A., and Walter R. Legge, immediate past president of the association.

After brief preparation, the party assembled in Montreal and prepared to leave for England by Bomber Ferry Command.

Preparation for the trip gives the first definite feeling that one is entering the war zone when the "briefing" takes place. This is a long and serious procedure involving a very complete check of your passports, life details and credentials. Following the clerical details, the prospective voyager is fitted with parachute harness.

This is a heavy and cumbersome affair which has to be fitted quite tightly and leaves the victim feeling that he is something like a trussed ox. After receiving full instructions on how to operate the parachute, measurements are taken for the flying suit which is necessary in most flights which are made at varying heights from 10,000 to 25,000 feet.

Next comes fitting and instructions in the use of an oxygen mask, also necessary at these great heights.

Baggage, which is limited to 40 pounds, is weighed in, and after some further details, the passengers are sent back to the hotel with instructions to await a call.

On comparing notes after this routine, we found that nearly every member of the party was told a different story as to when we might start. Some were told that there was no plane available while others were told to be ready at 8.30 the next morning, and others were instructed to expect a call sometime in the middle of the night.

This probably part of the plan to keep movements as secret as possible. Actually the call came for us at the hotel early the next morning.

The plane arranged for us was a large four-motored Liberator, which had been fitted with two long benches for us to sit on. Seven of our party had left a couple of days before, but other passengers with us made the party up to 13, a fact which did not seem to bother anyone.

Several in the party were going into the air for the first time and could not escape a feeling of trepidation. These big machines give a feeling of tremendous power and it did not seem strange to be far above the clouds in a few minutes.

The amount of room in the plane was surprising, and while there was not enough space for everyone to lie down, it was not really crowded. The noise is deafening, and prevents any lengthy conversation. There is really nothing to do but read, but it did not seem a long time before we were over Newfoundland. This is the real way to see just what the country is like, and the plane coming down to about 5,000 feet, we had a

fine view of the country, and could really appreciate the amount of water in this land of inlets, bays, lakes and trees, making a beautiful foothold in that it seems to be impossible to get anything but skimmed milk.

The airport is so large that transportation is necessary to move round it very much, so that we really did not see much of it.

A railway train attracted our attention and the engine carried a message painted on its sides, "Britain Delivers the Goods."

After a stop of about four hours, the party embarked again, this time with only eleven passengers, as two who left Montreal were bound only for Newfoundland.

We settled as well as we could for a long tedious night as the plane steadily forced ahead at a high speed. Looking through the small windows we could see a breathtaking vista of a fleecy floor of clouds brilliantly illuminated by the moon.

The longest night comes to an end, and soon after a wonderful sunrise, views of Northern Ireland could be obtained through breaks in the clouds. The views of the Irish countryside, which looked like an old-fashioned patchwork quilt with all its light and dark patches.

Four hours and a half after leaving Montreal, we were gently set down at a huge airport in Newfoundland. Here we were given a pass and taken to Eastbound Inn for dinner.

One interesting thing about Newfoundland remains as one of the most beautiful sights we have ever seen. Soon we approached our destination and the pilot set the huge plane down with hardly a tremor.

Our formalities with the customs and immigration were expedited, and after breakfast that we had not enough time to finish, we started on the train journey to London, a journey which took longer than the trip from America. Everyone has to look after his own baggage these days on the English railroads, and space on the trains is at a premium. The first group of our party were forced to stand up for hours on this long trip, but we were more fortunate in that respect, although we had nothing to eat all day until late at night at London.

We have described the trip across the Atlantic in some detail, but until after our return to Canada when we can write at leisure, only the outline of our activities will be given.

It had been announced that we would have four days to rest up after our arrival, but we soon wondered just what they meant by "rest." Every moment seemed to be crowded with some appointment.

Saturday was taken up with registration, and application for ration cards, photos for our passes of which there were so many that Mr. Napier Moore claimed that he had to buy a duffel bag to hold them.

Just before noon, we had a conference with the Canadian High Commissioner, the Hon. Vincent Massey at which he welcomed the editors. In the course of this informal discussion, Mr. Massey remarked that there were too few Canadian resident correspondents, against 15 Australian and about 200 American.

For lunch we were taken to the "Canadian Officers' Club," which is near Canada House, and found Mrs. Vincent Massey behind a counter serving the meal.

The programme for Sunday was a full one. Starting out, the two representatives of the weekly press attended early service at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Then after a hurried breakfast, the whole party started off in cars to visit a farm which had won many medals as the best farm in Berkshire. This will be described in more detail in subsequent articles.

After a close study of this farm, we went on to Maidenhead, on the banks of the Thames for luncheon. Windsor Castle was the objective for the afternoon, and a couple of hours were spent in this historical place.

After the long journey back, some of the party were not too tired to go and listen to the orators in Hyde Park. Monday was an even more exciting day. Lengthy visits were paid to Canadian Red Cross Headquarters, a Canadian Legion Hostel, the Salvation Army hostel at Spillington Court Road, the Knights of Columbus hostel in the same street, the Maple Leaf Club, the Union-Jack Club, and the Beaver Club. Then we visited The Daily Telegraph, the Reuters Building, and ended up late at night at The Daily Telegraph.

In each of these places we went up and down stairs and through room after room so that most of us welcomed our beds.

On Tuesday, the High Commissioner gave luncheon for the members of the party which was a notable affair in that much valuable information was secured. After visits to agricultural places in the afternoon, the day concluded with a visit to The Daily Express.

Wednesday morning was spent at the British Ministry of Information, and at noon we met Major-General, the Hon. P. J. Montague, who is senior officer of the Canadian Military Headquarters.

This conference lasted some time, after which detailed instructions concerning the forthcoming trip were given, and we prepared to really start work the next day.

The summary of our activities will continue in the next article and more detailed accounts of the various phases of our activities will follow later.

Would Restock Europe's Herds When War Over

New Jersey Livestock Man Developing Small Family Type of Cow Expected to be Popular

BLAIRSTOWN, N. J. (CP)—When the Nazi invaders are driven out of Norway, a sturdy little-cattle born and bred in America may be sent to restock the herds slaughtered for the German troops or shipped to Germany to bolster the dwindling food supply in the Reich.

That is the belief of dairymen who have watched the experiment of a New York shipping magnate in New Jersey with a penchant for livestock farming. He hopes to develop a "truly American" breed with the help of Norway's famous Telemark cattle. The experimenter is John D. Reilly, and the project is being conducted at his farm near here.

Study of Breeds—For two years Reilly studied various breeds of cattle here and abroad and then, in 1939, decided on the Telemarks for crossbreeding experiments with stock on this side of the Atlantic.

In September of that year he assembled the original herd of 12 cows and one bull. At present, Reilly is devoting his efforts to building up the Telemark herd by inbreeding. In Norway, the stock goes back hundreds of years and the difficulties of service in that mountainous country necessitated much inbreeding, not only of father and daughter, but often of father and granddaughter.

In the present breeding program, 15 cows and 18 bulls have been born.

The suggestion that the New Jersey herd might be used for restocking purposes in Norway was advanced recently by Professor William C. Skelley of the College of Agriculture, Rutgers University, who said:

"Reilly's herd might be more significant than we realize, for if the Germans have ravaged the Telemark in Norway for food, there is a possibility they might become extinct before the war is over. Then, this American herd might be needed for rehabilitation purposes."

Reilly says, "The average American cow is too large, demands too great an investment in upkeep, and yields too much milk for the needs of the average rural family."

The Telemark cattle are small, short-legged and rugged animals, red and white in color and further identified by a broad white stripe along the spine and crop. Their home is in the mountainous valleys in the north of Bergen.

It is an animal which is accustomed to rusing much of its own feed on the mountainsides," said Reilly, "and it will withstand climatic changes in this country."

Economically, the Telemarks are profitable. Comparatively light eaters, their milk production also stacks up favorably with other breeds. The average milk production per cow is 20 to 27 pounds per day, with a butterfat content of approximately four per cent.

Britain's Deaf And Dumb Are Promoted to Expert Jobs in the War Industries

Deaf and dumb people in Britain, and the adults among them number 40,000 to-day, are now being taken into war work for which their infirmity makes them more suitable than men and women who can hear and speak.

One group of them is working steadily in the shot-blasting sector of a Midlands factory producing shells. Here the din is so terrific that few of the ordinary workers can stand it. The deaf and dumb, however, find it no more than a nuisance and ply their trade with a concentration upon finishing and polishing off the insides of shell cases.

In another factory the shot-blasting process is carried out in sound-proof cabinets which to some extent deaden the din but the deaf and dumb, in a kind of protective armor, continue to be employed on the job. They are excellent workers, in a factory young deaf and dumb women are painting shell cases as quickly by hand as would others using mechanical sprayers.

The deaf and dumb are also found to be specially useful for war work demanding a keen sense of touch or sight, and in most cases their sight is exceptional. A group of them girls are being trained for example, as examiners of lacron thread at Fort Dunlop. "The very keen pride," the National Institute for the Deaf points out, "of such workers as these girls in finding that their help is needed by their country in its hour of danger can well be imagined."

DOG'S GOOD LOOKOUTS—PORTSMOUTH, (CP) Navy officers report that dog mascots on convoy vessels are able after a few air attacks to sense the coming of aircraft before humans hear the sound of the engines. The dogs stiffen and "point" toward the sound.

CANT DEPEND ON HOBBY—LONDON, (CP) Since London policemen have stopped wearing gas-masks Londoners complain they have to listen themselves for air-raid sirens. In the old days they simply waited till the policemen hoisted their respirators to the "alert."

ALL OUT FAMILY—LONDON, (CP) Mrs. Nielsen-Jones underwent six weeks' training to become an A.T.S. officer. She has four sisters, two daughters and a niece in the A.T.S. while her husband, son and brother are in the R.A.F.

Peace in Stamps In London Group As Dieppe Raged

Canada's History from Viking Days Traced in Philately Under Blackout in Empire's Bombed Metropolis

BY ALLAN NICKLESON Canadian Press Staff Writer LONDON, (CP)—The sands of Dieppe churned up in battle and in a piccadilly Circus hotel a select group talked of history-making stamps and things.

Come hell or high water, the War-Time Stamp Club holds its bi-monthly meeting. And the night that Canadians were coming from Dieppe, at a drizzle of rain to buy newspapers with the latest news of the biggest raid of the war, a group of 12 sat in a darkened room and heard a lecture on Canada and stamps, illustrated with lantern slides.

Nugent M. Clougher, native of Toronto, a consulting engineer resident in London, spoke of Canada from the days of the Vikings and took his audience, including two women, through the years of projecting copies of various issues of stamps on a screen.

Stamps as Usual—There was no talk of war. It was the relaxation hour for the stamp lovers. The club's concession to war is in its name plus the fact that philatelic members of the armed forces of the United Nations are invited to attend meetings and discuss their hobby. "There must be lots of stamp collectors in the forces," said Mr. Clougher. "We want to make them feel at home."

A stamp expert, Mr. Clougher said, the lecture came about after he pondered how far a talk on a country could be illustrated exclusively by postage stamps, which bear such facings as maps, outstanding events in history, and likenesses of the country's builders.

He added that although it was an experiment as regards the philatelic background the lecture was intended as a contribution to the knowledge of Canada. In addition it was designed for "the spreading of a better understanding of its history, and growth culminating in the enormous war effort now being exerted."

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SAARBRUCKEN'S STILL BURNING!



Less than 22 hours after they had left the German industrial city of Saarbrücken in flames, this Royal Canadian Air Force bombing "team" reached Ottawa to tell Canadians, at first hand, the sort of job our airmen are doing overseas. These lads loosed their load of deadly bombs on Saarbrücken at 2:21 a.m. and they were in Ottawa by the following midnight to report that the Nazi city was "flaming like a ruddy circus." Pictured above on their arrival in Ottawa are the lads are (LEFT TO RIGHT) Flight Sergeant S. C. "Sissy" Lee, 29-year-old navigator of the crew from Minnedosa, Man.; Flight Sgt. M. C. Scrimson, 24-year-old wireless-operator from Edmonton, Sask.; Pilot Officer J. B. "Johnny" Higham, D.F.C., 22-year-old "kipper" of the crew who hails from Assiniboia, Sask.; Flight Sgt. Donald R. Morrison, 21-year-old tail gunner who comes from Wolfville, N.S., and 19-year-old Flight Sergeant Art Loach, front gunner and bomb aimer from Islington.

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