

# A Feature Page

## A COUNTRY EDITOR

# SEES Ottawa

WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS OF CANADA BY JIM GREENGLAY, EDITOR OF THE SUN SUIT CURRENT SASKATCHEWAN



Even the person living in a city apartment is indirectly interested in the fact that it takes farm machinery to produce the necessities of life. Administrator H. H. Bloom had some of the answers for me in Toronto. First let me pass on the information that our tentative allocation for 1943 is 25 per cent of the 1940 tonnage for farm machinery and 150 per cent for repairs. That's not as bad as it sounds when one considers that the Russians found it possible to produce materials in factories six months after they had been blasted to rubble by the Nazis, and retained. That takes ingenuity and improvement. The Canadian farmer can do that too.

Why is 1940 taken as the basis? Because that was the last normal year in the implement business, and the period used by the United States also, from whence we have some dependence for materials. Things weren't as serious in this line in 1942, for when the smoke had cleared away a healthy business shows a statistical reality. Between implements and repairs we had a 98 per cent overall tonnage manufactured or imported.

**Why Materials Are Scarce**  
But there's a different picture for 1943; shelves are bare and no inventory to speak of. You on the farm, we in towns have got to get it into our heads that machinery also goes into machinery for killing Nazis and Japs.

As the administrator explained it, and it sounded reasonable, it would have been simple to make an order stopping importation of not more than 50 per cent gross weight. But there were other considerations. For one thing they curtailed exports drastically. Yes, they have to export a certain amount yet—to New Zealand and Australia, who have some basis of argument that they are dependent on us in that they also have to produce the food to keep them alive. Just like our own city apartment dweller, they are interested in machinery.

In Western Canada, for instance, they found they could do without threshers more, and wanted combines increased; they could cut out drag harrows for a year but wanted one-way discs. As a result they were able to order varieties eliminated in the West from 473 to 73; from that many to 117 in Eastern Canada. Walking plows, as an example, will come in only five kinds as compared to 52.

**1943 Compared to 1940**  
And here is another practical application of the survey. They will allow manufacture of 75 per cent of 1940 output of cream separators, with combines down to 33 per cent, but still, like the Russian simile quoted above, satisfactory. Grain drills for the West will be on

the basis of 15 per cent of 1940 but 30 per cent for Eastern Canada; the West will get 33 1-3 in one-way disc seeders and Eastern Canada nil. The tonnage was computed separately for East and West as essentially required.

The administration knows there will be a bigger demand for farm machinery this year because generally speaking there was a better income in 1942 and farmers will want increased and better plant facilities. Labor will be scarce so then, what better than a rationing system?

"We studied the British system and that of the United States to guide us if possible," said Mr. Bloom. Out of the cumulative study and research they evolved what they consider the most simple and least expensive way to work out the farm machinery and equipment problem which is nationally important in scope.

Here it is in a nutshell, just as easy for the city slicker to understand as for the farmer. In the regional boards across Canada, fourteen machinery rationing offices have been appointed. Acting as a consultant in each case without additional remuneration is an Agricultural Representative. He might be the superintendent of an experimental station or one qualified and delegated by him to assist. As a further consultant to the rationing officer, some prominent farmer of the region is chosen who has the confidence and respect of the others. His judgment is used in dealing with "border line" cases because—as we neglected to mention earlier—the individual farmer can make application to the rationing officer for farm machinery he thinks he essentially requires. The mechanism for appeals is also provided for.

**Problems Well Understood**  
Well, that's the story I got from the boss of farm machinery, bottled down to the space available. They realize the labor shortage presents difficulties. They are sympathetic to the fact that a farmer can't get everything he wants for replacement of new equipment. But they're making every effort to be fair and equitable to all with the amount at disposal of the country as a whole. That means harder work, taking care of present equipment to make it last longer.

The farmer likes to grouse just as the soldier does, but they both give when it's needed. Because there's a serious war going on the farmer will, we think, without hesitation, do the best he can to make machinery go "round to the best advantage. The comparative rationing has been set up because there is a scarcity of materials and the necessities of war production we've got last longer.

## "Victory Bell" Saves Bronze for War Needs



**RAILWAY** scrap among the largest contributors to Canada's scrap drive. The Canadian National Railway, for example, has established a systematic year-round collection. In wartime, scrap becomes valuable because half of every tank, gun, ship and submarine is being made from steel scrap. Since the outbreak of war, the National System has salvaged 695,163 tons of various types of scrap metals. In addition, 20,565 tons of brake beams, couplers, draft gear, track bolts, spikes, tie plates, rail anchors had hundreds of other miscellaneous items were reclaimed for further use. This latter figure does not include repairs made to material in National Railways shops. Also, 34,518 tons of rail were reclaimed for further service in sidings and branch lines. The collection and disposition of the Railway's scrap is handled by its Works Department.



The Company's Mechanical Department is carrying on a programme of conserving metals such as brass, bronze and copper by substitution. The latest motive power necessary to conserve a change in its metal make-up is the locomotive bell. To free cast iron needed for essential war products, the Canadian National Railway has substituted 34 in. thick steel plate in the manufacture of bells. After three steel sections are cut and welded together, a die is used to shape the bell. These bells are being made in the Railway motive power shops where the men call them the "Victory Bells" because they save bronze for war purposes. A large amount of brass and copper is also being conserved in the company's shops by using substitute metals in piping, casting and sheeting and by a

## "Home Town" Day in Services As Weekly Papers Arrive

"Home Town" day at army training camps across Canada is Friday—when the bulk of weekly papers are passed out at noon mall parades to eager-eyed lads in uniform. A quick glance over the front page and then at the local column is merely a forerunner of pleasure to be had that evening. Then it will remain the unswerving object of interest for an hour or two on bunk, in barracks or in a comfortable spot in some Auxiliary Service hut.

It is then that the weary editor, short of sleep because of his struggle to keep community happenings as fully recorded as of old in spite of labor shortages should have some magic means of looking over the shoulder of one of his many readers. His fatigue would melt and vanish in the happy revelation of the full warmth of appreciation shown toward his endeavor which service men agree is a top-ranker among vital morale building agents.

It also would be nice to have there Mrs. Jones who dropped her washing long enough Monday to telephone the village newspaper that her youngest boy, Johnny, had just attained the rank of corporal in his new field of duty abroad. She would see how mention of his name and military advancement still further inspired the will-to-be-there of widely separated comrades in arms.

Favorite week-end congregating spots in cities are reading corners of Y. M. C. A., Legion, Knights of Columbus, or Salvation Army establishments where weekly papers from everyone's home town are found. In them every word dispels shadows of loneliness, forms an intimate and friendly link stretching back from the new phase of duty to things so close to the heart. And prominence in thought of these things so frequently do much to keep fellows on wholesome paths during idle moments in strange environments.

Regular appearance of home-town news comes as the greatest boon to the fellows whose folks and friends have been a bit on the careless side in writing.

Or, perhaps, the last letter from home neglected to mention that Aunt Emma was able to pull through the pneumonia attack again this winter, but someone had been kind enough to remind the editor, and he didn't forget.

"She isn't a real aunt of mine, you see, but rather one of those souls to a newly-found pal in the adjoining bunk. You should see the swell socks she knits for lads from home. It's surely nice to know she's back on her feet again."

"It kind of makes you realize all the things we have to fight for when you think about what these ladies are doing," the other added by way of agreement. "Our paper just mentioned today about a woman next door drumming up a new group to send razor blades to army chaps. She's doing so

## Poetry

### THE RED CROSS

I walk where angels fear to tread,  
Where frenzied men war out their hate  
I walk amidst the quiet dead,  
Help passing souls to find their gate  
I search beneath the screaming shell,  
Gather lost children to my breast,  
Flirt with the avid fumes of hell,  
Find for the broken quiet rest.  
In every country and every clime,  
In tearing city, fertile plain,  
I raise my cross, a healing sign  
The symbol of my Master's name.

The rich, the poor, whatever their creed,  
The dregs and spawn of every ill,  
Their only claim a sinner's need,  
Their only hope my willing skill.  
Who am I? I am you, my friend,  
You with your sacrificial flame,  
That lights the path to journey's end  
And leaves love's healing in its train.  
—J. G. Somerville  
Victoria, B. C.

### ETERNAL BEAUTY

Beauty is such a fragile lovely thing,  
She asks but place to weave the magic web.  
That round earth's treasures she will gently fling,  
And turn them into sacred, holy shrines.  
Yet war strikes first at Beauty,  
everywhere,  
Smothering the places where she sought her rest—  
Old, stately churches, castles, gardens fair,  
Small, happy homes where love had dwelt secure.

But Beauty is eternal and will live  
In summer flowers and opalescent clouds  
Hearts a safe tenancy to her will give  
And Heaven will grant her an abiding place.  
Lillian Morley

### NOT NOW

"Are you the man that was married  
in a cage of lions?"  
"I'm the man."  
"Did it seem exciting?"  
"It did then. It wouldn't now."

banking up the hut stove for the night.  
So the weekly editor, who never forgets, is one of the most faithful correspondents from back home—the ever-active liaison between soldiers of freedom in the field and on the home front.

## Hospital, Workshops and Entertainment

Another in a series of articles written by W. R. Legge and C. V. Charters, who represented the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association in a recent tour overseas.

(By Walter R. Legge)

The Canadian Army has provided plenty of excellent hospital accommodation, so far, in excess of the requirements. These hospitals are not entirely for combat casualties, as the health of the men must be kept up, and in this war the health of the men in the forces is looked after to a greater degree than ever before. Most men are probably better looked after medically than they would be in their own homes.

We inspected one of the large hospitals and its equipment, this particular one being in charge of Co R. M. Harvie, of Midland, Ont., who told us that modern drugs were most effective in combating infection, usually a problem during a war.

Others on the staff whom we met here included Capt. Frances, Lieut. A. Harvie, Major Rothwell of Quebec City, who is a native of Carlton Place, Ont., and Lieut. Col. A. W. M. White, of Toronto.

### Wound Wounded Here

There were 221 men wounded at Dieppe who were brought to this hospital, and we talked with some of them including Desmond Kelly, of Montreal, Tom Watt of Shaunavon, Sask., H. A. Beaton, of Noranda, A. Charest of St. Donat (Montreal), J. Rudd, C. Dube and Cpl. J. D. M. Gendron, of Montreal, most of whom had been injured by shrapnel. Sgt. J. O. Bourfield, of Oranby, was another patient there who has been suffering from an eye trouble, but who was hoping to be able to do training soon.

Lunch was served in the Officers' Mess with Col. Harvie presiding, and here we met Col. O. W. P. Johnston, formerly of Montreal and Col. Bailey, of Yorkton, Sask.

However, our experiences with hospitals was not over, as we returned that night to sleep in an unoccupied wing of the hospital, and we also had breakfast there the next morning. It was the only night on the trip when we all of the hospital, and we also had breakfast many complaints about some of the unusual snoring.

In the afternoon, we visited some of the extensive workshops, and marvelled at the repairs and new work that was being done. They are in charge of Brig. J. P. Archambault, D. B. O. M. C. and Col. O. A. Secord. These workshops almost made us think we were back in some large munition factories in Canada.

After seeing some artillery training, we inspected a mobile laundry of the very latest and most efficient type. We had dinner that night with Brig. P. R. Phelan, D. B. O. M. C., V. D., Commanding the Canadian Reinforcement Unit, and his officers, in their mess. Brig. Phelan has a very friendly personality and made our visit there very enjoyable.

### Camp Entertainments

In the evening, we had an opportunity to see some of the entertainment provided for the Canadian troops when we were taken to the camp theatre. It is operated by the NAAFI/ENSA organization and only men in uniform are admitted. An exception was made in our case and we were given seats in the front row.

This theatre seats 1,400 people and in the four nights a week that it is operated there are often seven thousand men admitted. Similar theatres, we were told, are found at all the larger camps and admission is 3d, 6d, and 1s, that is about six cents, eighteen cents, and twenty-four cents. Such low admission prices are possible because there is no rent to pay, no tax, no advertising, or other expenses that run up the overhead.

The shows are given by the very best artists from London, who travel around from camp to camp in buses, staying at each place for the full three of four nights. At this camp the theatre is open on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

Most of the shows are of the revue type, or "variety", as they call it over there. This particular entertainment featured an outstanding orchestra, but there were also vocalists, dancers and musicians, both male and female, and a particularly clever comedian who kept the huge audience in gales of laughter. All the numbers were received with tremendous enthusiasm; the audience plainly showing that they enjoyed the shows to the fullest.

Just before the intermission, the house manager came on the stage and announced the attractions for the coming week, ending with the words "at your own theatre". This was evidently a standard ending, and the audience all joined in shouting it out.

The amusement for the evening was not entirely over, far after the show had ended, we went back to Brig. Phelan's Mess and had a sing-song which lasted until after midnight, before going back to our hospital cots at the medical centre.

The things that we saw that day showed clearly that not only does the Canadian Army look after the physical welfare of the men, but that their amusement is looked after in the very finest manner.



NEWS FROM HOME—Better than a best-seller in any barracks is the weekly newspaper from home, crammed with the story of friends and neighbors. The account of a mutual acquaintance who has just joined up catches the eye of Sapper Tom Miller (left) and Corporal Dick Donald, both of Ottawa, in the top picture. Below, three of a kind, all gunners and all from Timmins, Ontario, get in a huddle over the latest copy of their favorite reading. From left to right they're Russell Capeless, Bill Dalley and William Bain.