

**Movies Now Go To People**



It is the afternoon for Canadian movies in the country school at Appleton, Ontario, and the projectionist, Bill Ritchie, is starting the show. The movies are productions of the National Film Board of Canada, now being distributed widely in rural Canada. They form part of a project in education for citizenship sponsored by the Dominion in co-operation with the provinces. Bill Ritchie is only one of many projectionists who operate these educational travelling theatres. They travel by automobile, by train, and sometimes in winter by sleigh. Like the star operators, Ritchie gives a show a day to school children. The principal movies on this programme for the coming month are "Freighters Under Fire," about the Battle of the Atlantic and a special item for schools called "Our Country," describing the life of the trappers in the region of Hudson's Bay. At night, Ritchie, and all the projectionists of the National Film Board Rural Circuit, show the films to the town-people. The audience comes from miles around, eager, interested, with a thirst for knowledge of the war that produces surprising results. One of

these, a totally unexpected reaction, is the forum discussion which almost invariably takes place after the show. Farmers, merchants, lumbermen talk the picture over, and questions fly. Projectionists were, at first, technicians. Today, they are a little more than that. They are virtually masters of ceremonies, conducting forum discussions and answering questions. Because the scattered residents of many rural communities seldom have the opportunity or incentive to get together in large groups, these forums have provided splendid opportunities for a general exchange of opinion on the whole important question of the war and its meaning to Canadians. Many interesting suggestions have been made by members of the rural movie audiences. The little Indian boys on the Spanish Reservation in Ontario wrote some essays on the new form of entertainment in which they said they enjoyed the movies very much, especially the pictures of canoes and locomotives. They did, however, have one suggestion for their improvement. They thought there should be more pictures of Indians chasing white men.

**GLEANED FROM THE PAST**

**TWENTY YEARS AGO**—The demand for Mr. John Thompson's celebrated soft drinks is increasing and he will enlarge his plant this summer.—The Public School Grade IV report: Hon. Kathleen Barrie, Beth Mims, Lily Leslie, Alice Parsons, Cecil Stapleton; pass: Chas. Scrymgeour, Winnie Jones, Claude Burnside, Daisy Whitmee, Edith Francis, Gertrude Clark, Alice Trenner, Margaret McDougall, Bessie Dobbie, John Buck, Charlie Kirk, Alex. Ritchie, James Dobbie, Hugo Diggins, Charlie Wilson, Harold Marshall, Garfield McOllivray, Lorne Carr, Isobel Cameron, Claude Kentner, Elwin Ostrander, Olaf Stapleton, Eleanor Maw, Clifford Brudley, Gordon Jenkins—J. N. O'Neill and Son have commenced operations in their fine new garage.—Mr. J. B. McKenzie and Mr. D. Critchton attended the Public School Trustees Convention in Toronto yesterday.—E. McWhirter was elected vice-president of the Halton County Baseball League, composed of teams from Georgetown, Acton, Burlington, Cambellville, Bromie and Milton.—Mr. Norman Ioan is getting ready to open his butcher shop on Main St., Terra Cotta.

**FIFTEEN YEARS AGO**—Earlier next Sunday, April 12th.—Mr. Gregory has the plan ready for a fine new theatre to be erected this year.—Mr. Roy King has taken over the leadership of the Georgetown Band and Concert Orchestra.—Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Merr moved to their new home in Chatham this week.—Major Grant, Mrs. J. A. Early and Miss Helen Lawson returned home last week from a trip to Bermuda and the Panama Canal.

**TEN YEARS AGO**—Addressing an audience at an open meeting of the Lions Club, Mr. P. L. Robertson of Milton, spoke at some length on the "Revolution of Gold"—At the Gregory Theatre on Sunday afternoon, Mr. F. J. White gave an interesting address on "Russia as I saw it". Mr. White is editor of the Canadian Forum.—The Lorne Rifles (Scottish) Band were greeted with a full house at their concert on Sunday evening. Mr. A. MacLaren was chairman, and the program was sponsored by Eds. Cyril Brandford.

**FIVE YEARS AGO**—The house of Mrs. A. L. Squires, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Saturday when her daughter, Miss Frie Wilson Squires

**Guard Your Gasoline Ration Book**

KEEP IT ON YOUR PERSON • DO NOT LEAVE IT IN YOUR CAR

NOW that you have your 1943-1944 gasoline ration book, it is up to you to keep it at all times in a safe place. If it is lost, burned, or stolen, you will be deprived of coupons which will not be replaced. In this regard, the policy of the Oil Controller is as follows:

• If, through negligence, you lose your gasoline ration book before October 1, 1943, you may be allowed no more, and perhaps less, than half the coupons to which you would be entitled if you were making an original application.

• If, through negligence, you lose your ration book on or after October 1, 1943, you may be allowed no more, and perhaps less, than 25 per cent of the coupons to which you would be entitled if you were making an original application.

The new gasoline rationing system, effective on April 1, will be strictly enforced. Under its provisions, the motorist, as well as the service station attendant, is held responsible if any infractions occur. It is contrary to the orders of the Oil Controller

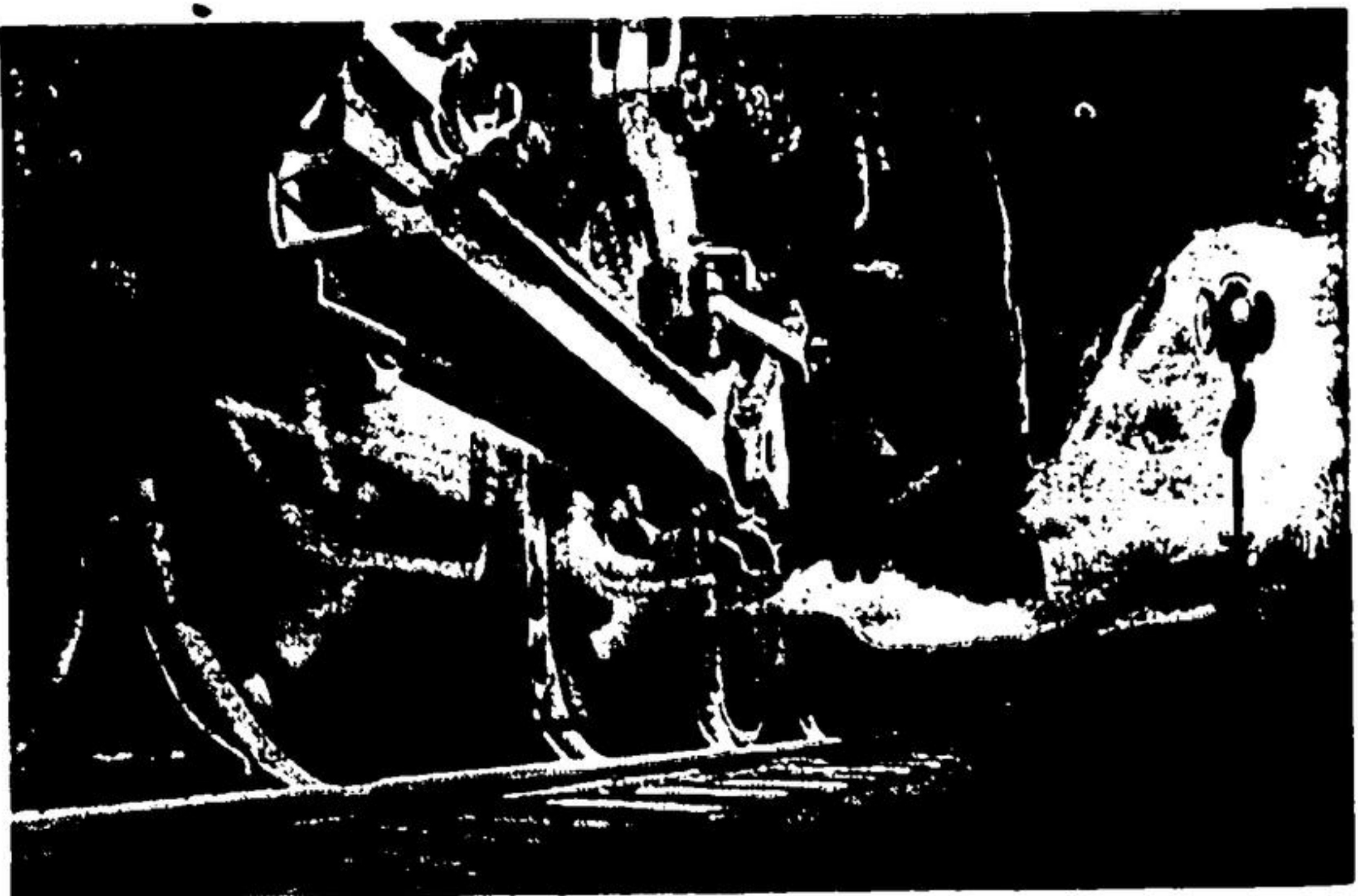
- 1 To purchase gasoline with 1942-1943 coupons.
- 2 To purchase gasoline unless you have the correct category sticker affixed to your windshield.
- 3 To detach coupons from your own book. (The removal of the coupons is the duty of the attendant.)
- 4 To have in your possession a gasoline ration coupon not attached to, and forming a part of, a gasoline ration book.
- 5 To have in your possession a gasoline ration book other than the book issued in respect of a vehicle you own, or in respect of a vehicle driven by you with the full consent of the real owner.
- 6 To alter, deface, obliterate, or mutilate any gasoline ration book or coupon.

If you sell your motor vehicle, remember that before making delivery you must remove the windshield sticker or stickers. Remember also that after the sale is completed, you must mail to the nearest Regional Oil Control Office in your province the gasoline ration book or books issued for the vehicle.

**THE DEPARTMENT OF MUNITIONS AND SUPPLY**  
Honourable C. D. HOWE, Minister

CANADA IS SHORT OF GASOLINE • USE YOUR COUPONS SPARINGLY

**Reserve Army Week - April 10 to 24**  
**If you can't Go Active - Go Reserve**



**MAIN DRIVING WHEELS**  
**OF CANADA'S WAR EFFORT**

**HURRYING** wheels, thundering wheels. Wheels that have made it possible for Canada to grow in strength.

Today those wheels—the driving wheels of Canada's railways—are setting the pace for the war effort. They haul raw materials to humming war industries and rush away the finished tools of battle. They move food and fuel for the home front and the fighting front. They speed civilians on essential business, hasten troops to camps, embarkation points and on leave.

It's Canada's big war job. A job that only railway wheels can do. A job in which an army of 150,000

railway workers, men and women, is in the fight for Canada... shop crews and train crews, yard workers, section hands, telegraphers, signal men and office workers, a multitude of men and women in a multitude of jobs. They are making the giant wheels turn faster and faster.

From coast to coast in Canada, we—your railways—are rolling in the service of freedom, and our lines to and in the United States have linked the war efforts of two great sister nations.

The railway wheels are driving, in war as in peace, for Canada.

CANADIAN RAILWAY FREIGHT RATES ARE THE LOWEST IN THE WORLD

**CANADIAN NATIONAL**  **CANADIAN PACIFIC**

*Carrying the load in War and Peace*

**With the Bomber Press in England**

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

By Walter R. Lege

We arrived in London late in the evening after an all-day train journey. There was no moon that night. London in the black-out is really black. There were army automobiles to meet us and we had a sudden and complete introduction to being driven through the blackness at what seemed to us to be about thirty miles an hour, and on the wrong side of the street.

Our car narrowly missed a pedestrian who was courting death by dodging across the street in the middle of a block. If he had been hit it looked to us as if he would have been entirely at fault, but our guide said that in such a case the chauffeur would be "Joe," which in army parlance is the fellow who gets all the blame.

London in the daytime is just as strange to us. On the streets are men and women in uniform from all parts of the world. "B" signs on nearly every corner pointing the way to shelters, other signs showing where there are tanks of static water, shelters built in the streets, closed stores, store windows boarded over except for small lights of glass, and if there were anything else needed to show that we are in the war zone, we could look up and see countless balloons in the sky.

The barrage balloons, which look something like huge fish, are a silver colour that blends with the sky, so that they are hard to see at any distance, but in spite of that, one could often count forty or more.

The static water is for use in fighting fires in case the water mains are destroyed or are inadequate. In many cases the basements of buildings that have been demolished are cleaned out, cemented, and filled with water.

The number of stores that are closed is astonishing. Most store windows have been broken by concussion even when the buildings have not been hit, and there would not be enough glass to

replace them even if it were safe to do so. Therefore the windows have been closed up, leaving only small panes of glass three or four feet square in the centre. The acute shortage of labour is apparent in many things, as for instance, in the elevator services, or "lifts" as they are known there. People are expected always to walk downstairs, no matter how many stories, and to walk up if not more than three stories.

No one is supposed to have more than one bath a week, and then to have only five inches or less of water in the tub. The hotels no longer give a fast service for laundry and one must allow several days before expecting its return. Debris from bomb damage has been well cleaned up, but little or no attempt has been made to rebuild. Plans for a finer and more beautiful London still exist only on paper. Transportation is much better than we expected. Taxicabs are under severe restrictions as to gas and speed, but it is possible to get one when required, with a little delay. The principal method of travel in London is to take the underground or a bus, and there are plenty of the latter. They are of the double deck type. People queue up for them in a very orderly manner which is a tremendous improvement over the crowded confusion usually found around the entrance to a street car in Canada. The London subway system is said to be the finest in the world, and it probably is. Most of the subways are much deeper in the ground than those in America. For that reason they have suffered little or no damage, and the stations make excellent shelters. At nearly all these stations there are now double deck iron cots, similar to those used in soldiers' barracks. We were told that there are still a few people who regularly sleep in the subways, but it was a long time before we actually saw some of them.

There are many things in London that are the same as ever. The pigeons haven't left Trafalgar Square, although there may not be quite so many. It is a mystery what they live on, as people are not supposed to give them any good food.

And the orators still hold forth in Hyde Park. Our hotel was just across the street from that part of the park where Free Speech is enjoyed or abused, according to your viewpoint. Here the soap box speakers can say anything they wish without fear of prosecution. There are not so many listeners now, but on the Sunday that we went over to hear the orators, there was a fair-sized crowd. It is excellent, free entertainment, as there always are a number holding forth on all kinds of subjects. One of the most popular just now is "Monolulu" who waves a number of flags in the air, and talks about what the negroes have done to help the world. He wears a colorful costume to add to the show. Later, when we queried a Cabinet Minister about these orators, some of whom appear to preach almost treason, he declared that "Every building needs a good ventilating system."

Theatres are still providing good

shows, but on account of the black-out, the curtains go up at about half-past five or six o'clock for the evening performance. Prices for orchestra seats, or "stalls" as they are called over there, are very high, but about half the price is for taxes. A large proportion of the audience is in uniform—probably men on leave.

Although only automobiles for military or authorized purposes are used, there are many on the streets. Some of them are driven by gas which is carried in huge fabric bags which cover the roof of the car, and are about four feet high when inflated. We were told that one filling of gas will drive the car about a hundred miles and costs about six dollars. Many of the signs in London were of great interest to us. On one restaurant, there was a sign "Kidney-Bacon-Toad" which caused us to wonder if the people of London were even eating toads. However, it was explained that "Toad" is the name for a sort of sausage roll. Another restaurant had a sign, "This restaurant will stay open during raids as long as the walls are standing." Another sign on a badly wrecked building read "You may think this is bad, but you should see our Berlin branch."

On the whole, we found the people of London to be cheerful and optimistic, so busy at the task of winning the war that they have little time for anything else. Everyone is anxious to help strangers (and the city is full of them) so we found it surprisingly easy to make our way around.

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UNRIVALLED

Kathleen Barrie, the brilliant violinist, and most famous of Canadian virtuosos, was born in Calgary, Alberta, of English parents. She received her early musical education in San Francisco, made her first public appearance at the age of six. She went to England and later to Russia to study with Auer; spectacular European tours followed. When ill health necessitated her retirement from the concert field she joined the teaching staff of Mills College, but by the time the Second World War had broken out, Kathleen Barrie had completed another triumphant tour of Europe. She came home to Canada in 1941 to become an inspiring figure in the music life of this country.