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THURSDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1940.

**PEOPLE HELP WITH SILVER BULLETS**

A shower of "silver bullets" continue to fall into the state coffers at Ottawa, evidence of the enthusiasm and spirit of sacrifice of the Canadian people in the job of winning the war. The sale of War Savings Certificates and stamps has been gratifying. The action of the Lions Club in giving War Savings Certificates as prizes at the big Street Dance and Carnival on August 14th is typical of the spirit of clubs and organizations all over Canada. Bowling Clubs everywhere are giving War Savings Stamps as prizes and the move to help Canada is welcomed by sportsmen everywhere.

In addition to this kind of support there are thousands of individual donations sent to Ottawa. They are of varying amounts, but whether the gift is an anonymous contributor's eighty-five cents or the more ambitious donation of \$35,000, Waterloo's and Kitchener's contribution for the purchase of a light tank, all are accepted with equal gratitude.

The written comments which accompany many of the contributions from individuals would be worthy of history's attention and might make a fine "bedtime" story for Fuehrer Hitler. A Torontonian knows exactly why he sent the money in; simply, "Ten dollars towards beating the Hun. Only wish I could do more; I will when I save it." The only comment which accompanied an Ontario woman's \$25.00 donation was short but how eloquent! "My son was killed at Vimy Ridge in the last war."

An anonymous person sends in one dollar with the hope that it will be followed by many more: He or she is starting a chain letter in the U.S.A.

A light-house keeper joins a long list of war pensioners who have requested that varying amounts be deducted from their cheques every month for the duration. He asks that five dollars be deducted each month. A light-house keeper's salary, in that category, is \$420.00 per year. Another refuses a six-months' leave of absence, granted by the Civil Service Commission, after keeping the light for 29 years.

Gifts from individuals range anywhere from fifty cents to \$100,000.

Equally impressive are the gifts of groups. The Vancouver Air Supremacy Drive nets \$24,000. The Cowichan Air Supremacy Drive sends \$8,000 rolling into the strong boxes. Four thousand five hundred dollars to buy surgical units are donated by the Canadian Nurses Association. The Canadian Daughters' League, of Port Alberni, British Columbia, sends \$1837 to be used to purchase an ambulance as a contribution from the Alberni District.

Municipal districts, town councils, citizens' groups, ladies' associations, school children and all manner of groups, representing all ages, join to make these voluntary efforts a Canadian-wide contribution.

But numerous donations also come in from the United States, from people who sympathize with Canada's cause in the war. A group of British and American persons, resident in Mexico, join the parade with \$2,188 donation.

The Sioux Indians of the Moose Woods Reserve, in Saskatchewan, sold pickets and wood to raise \$20.00, besides contributing to the Red Cross. The Reserve consists of 17 families.

In Lethbridge, Alberta, a war chest organization raised \$2,400 through service clubs and associations.

And from a grand old lady in Leacross, Saskatchewan, who is completing 90 years of life, comes sage advice along with five dollars. Says Mrs. A. Davies, "Things are black for the British just before they lick the enemy."

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**GREGORY CLARK FACES FACTS**

Gregory Clark, who looks like a cross between a character from Dickens and one of those elegant gentlemen in Esquire, is home again. One of Canada's most famous newspaper correspondents, veteran of two wars and hundreds of other front-page assignments in the past 25 years, this much-beloved and widely-known columnist will be the next speaker in the new CBC series, "Let's Face the Facts". He will be heard from Toronto on Sunday, August 4, at 10.00 p.m. E.D.S.T.

Mr. Clark went as a combatant in the first Great War; he went as a reporter in the second. He told the story of Dunkirk for the Toronto Daily Star and for Canadian listeners; the story of the C.A.S.F. on its brief journey to and its miraculous return from France, and, from England, he told Canadian listeners his impressions of the people of Britain as they prepared for threatened invasion.

No other Canadian reporter has been heard on the air as often as Gregory Clark. He tells his story with simplicity, frankness and compelling charm, and his impressions of his most recent journey to France and England will provide the background for his talk in this series, "Let's Face the Facts", which is sponsored by the Director of Public Information.

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**IT IS THE HEAT**

The best bit of advice in the hot spell, is "don't worry about the heat". The popular rejoinder is "just try and don't worry about the heat". However with usual reservations that accompany the writing of items regarding the weather we agree that there is far too much worrying and grumbling about the hot weather.

For some time we have been complaining that there has been no summer. Now summer has arrived, somewhat suddenly and forcefully, and the logical thing should be to accept that arrival with gratitude.

Possibly because we cannot place the responsibility for it on any government, group of men, or individual, it has always been man's habit to grouch about the weather.

But weather is something you can't do anything about. And grousing about the heat only makes you hotter, just as does much partaking of some liquids thought to quench the thirst and cool the body.

Take it easy, walk slowly, rearrange your home routine to involve less exertion and little use of the stove, loosen your clothing — and think of that day when you froze your nose walking home to supper last winter.

**Britain the Citadel**

Talk given by Matthew H. Halton over the National Network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation on Sunday, July 14, 1940, from 4.30 to 4.45 p.m. Mr. Halton, who spoke from Toronto, recently returned from England, having spent the past eight years in Europe as special correspondent of the Toronto Daily Star. His despatches have appeared in newspapers from coast to coast and he has also broadcast from Europe to this continent on several occasions.

The other day I came home from England. We sailed up that great river which is now a river of destiny bearing the blood and treasure of the new world to redress the balance of the old. As we swept toward Quebec an Englishwoman bringing her children to sanctuary stood on deck with me. She looked at the splendor of the Canadian sunset and at the deep forests and the white towns, and she said, "What a terrific thing!" "What's terrific?" I asked. "This nation fighting for us!" she breathed. "For the first time I see what it means." The same day a British officer looked at the vast horizons and said suddenly, "Now I know what I'm fighting for. I thought it was for England, but it's for the world."

And so it is. The little misty island on the shoulder of Europe is fighting once more for the world. She stands there, the last old world citadel of civilization now that France is gone, and she stands alone. But to every Briton there is now magic in that word, "alone". Two weeks ago Britain really awoke and it was worth living to see. In eight years in Europe for the Toronto Star I have seen most of the great sights, from Spain to Finland, from the Reichstag fire in 1933 (which started the whole world burning) to the first bombs on London—sights that were terrible and sights that were splendid — though most of them were terrible — but none so splendid as England awake, determined once more, as in Pitt's day, to "save herself by her exertions and Europe by her example." And I say this, that with each disaster of the last few months the British step became a little jauntier. The monstrous German machine stormed west early in May and Britain said, almost with relief, "Now we can get at them." The B.E.F. was cut off in what Churchill the great called "a colossal military disaster"—only to be followed by the glory of Dunkirk when, to quote the deathless phrase of the New York Times, "the rags and blemishes which had hidden in the soul of democracy fell away." France collapsed — and every Englishman squared his shoulders and took himself quietly aside and whispered with a secret exultation: "Now we're alone!" The darker the day, the brighter shone the island's courage. And it will be like that to the end, whatever the end may be.

Eight years ago next December I went to Europe and since then I have been an eye witness of events which historians will discuss till history ends. I saw the rise to power of Hitler, the cunning mystical little mountebank who unbelievably has brought red ruin and the breaking up of laws to half mankind. I saw the occupation of the Rhineland, when we should have struck but didn't; I saw Geneva after sanctions were raised; its vast new marble palace of the nations now nothing but a mausoleum for a noble dream. I saw the troops embarking in Naples for Abyssinia. I sat in the British House of Commons time after time to hear Churchill warning his countrymen of woe and disaster in the years before the war, and I wrote from the beginning that when the shadows fell he would be our man of the hour.

Gradually the shadows fell; and it seems as if the men of good will everywhere were bedevilled and impotent, unable to act together. I saw the agony and infamy of Spain. I saw Hitler walk out of the conference hall at Munich in 1938 with rapt unseeing eyes, and a few days later I went into ancient independent Bohemia with the first German armies. I saw kings crowned and uncrowned, and white forests in Finland covered with Russia's frozen pathetic dead. I saw the death of fair cities and brave men and smiling lands. I watched Austria die, and Czechoslovakia, and Spain, and Finland, and France — but then I saw England live. And who dies if England lives?

Today England lives as she never lived before. She is living — to quote Churchill again — she is living so that if the British Commonwealth and Empire lasts a thousand years men will still say, "This was their finest hour." She is up against a monstrous tribe of warrior ants who think of everything and stop at

nothing. But they haven't quite thought of everything. Can the 45 million people of the Island kingdom, with the empire, and with machines from the United States, hold off a Germany which holds all Europe in fee? I for one say Yes.

Eight years ago I went to the old world and spent much of my first year there in Germany. It was plain then to everyone except the malefactors who would not see and the blind who could not, that the German tribes had heard the call of the wild. Most men hear occasionally, at least faintly, the moaning of the jungle, feel the deep urge to slip back to the campfire in the forest and sacrifice to strange primeval gods; and loud came this call to the Germans. In 1933 and since I have seen German men and women faint away in a kind of sacrificial but evil ecstasy as Hitler unloosed the dark tides of his words. H. G. Wells in 1933 described the so-called German revolution as "the revolt of the clumsy lout," and I think there has been no better phrase. The revolt of the clumsy lout, the nihilist, against the refinements of civilization. And today the clumsy lout—diabolically armed, diabolically ingenious, is bellowing outside our own gates. He bellowed outside one citadel after another, and the keepers of the other citadels didn't unite, and now everything in Europe is gone — except Britain. The land of France where more than elsewhere men had developed the art of graceful living, is under the heel, and the glorious words "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" which for a century and a half have been an oriflamme to the world have given place to the egregious slogans of the lout. And now everything in Europe is gone — except the island, the land of the brave, the last keep or citadel between YOUR homes and the THING. Just one little island between us and damnation—but what an island!

This Thing that Britain faces alone is the most demonaical war machine the world has ever seen. During the seven calamitous years of Hitlerism before the war broke out, the years in which we did nothing, the years that the locusts have eaten, Hitler armed his people as no people was ever armed and at the same time inflamed them with the mad dope of his perverted mysticism. German youth in their schools were taught such things as this, that the most beautiful thought in the world was the thought of the German Siegfried riding across Europe with disease germs on his shoulders in the twilight of the gods. I quote those words from an actual article in a German paper — an article about which I wrote years ago in the days when our heads were fathom deep in the sands. This evil mysticism and this colossal arming have produced the machine which enabled Germany to destroy France in a month — and it is this which Britain now faces alone.

German atrocities in the last war were the excesses of ordinary bullies. German atrocities in this war are a deliberate instrument of war and policy. Now this is a fearful thought. A British tank unit in Belgium would be launched in an attack, find the road crowded with refugees and wounded, try to clear the road so they could pass — and find themselves too late.

A German tank unit would crunch remorselessly over the bodies of the women and children and wounded—even their own wounded. Terror was an instrument of war. In Rouen one day a German tank chased an old woman round a public square and shot her down — not as a sport, but on orders, coldly—as an instrument of policy. It's too bad to be true, but it's true. In 1933 Goering said to me: "We Germans learned one lesson in the last war and it was this: not to lose the next." He meant that they would plan and calculate and scheme and work and stop at absolutely nothing to win. As good as his word, they have written new pages in the book of hell.

But still there is an England. Treachery and frightfulness beat Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France, but still there is an England, and against the story of enemy bestiality we can place the clean and matchless feats of the British army,

the British navy and the British air force. And against the legend of German invincibility the awakening of England, which I saw.

It was an uplifting thing, this renaissance of the British spirit, and it was visible to the eye. The waves of barbarism are beating against the white cliffs of Dover but on the cliffs stand an aroused people, laughing and calm, sure of themselves. I don't know an Englishman who doubts that Britain will be able to hold the citadel and the British navy the sea until the sky fills with clouds of war-planes from the west and overwhelming air superiority is achieved. That is our hope. It is their belief. At this hour they are led by a man of destiny, a genius of incomparable oratory, high statesmanship, superb strategical skill and judgment and the most dauntless courage. Just over two weeks ago I met a cabinet minister in the lobby of the House of Commons and asked him how Churchill received the news of Pétain's poltroonery and France's fall, news which must have been the bitterest of heartbreaks to the premier, who loves France with abiding passion.

"Churchill is like a lion!" replied the minister, in a voice that was actually awed. "He comes into the cabinet room with a cigar in his mouth and his jaw stuck out and depression falls away." The same day a prominent Socialist M.P. said of Churchill, "He is the greatest Englishman since Pitt."

He is like a lion, then, and so is Britain. The motherland's sufferings in the months to come will wring our hearts. I know what it is to be awakened at the dead of night by the doleful wail of the air raid siren and lead women and frightened children toward a hole in the ground for shelter. I have heard the bombs and seen the mangled bodies. But the island race can take it if anyone can. And the people are fighting mad. All the resources of Europe, mobilized by a dynamic and demoniac power are arrayed against them, any they know it now. But the Cockneys under Bow Bells, the miners working overtime in the pits, the farmers in the lush English valleys, the workers in the great war industries, walk with their chests out now, knowing two things: that a mantle of glory has been placed on their shoulders; and that they, the people, have been called on at the eleventh hour and are the real glory of the realm.

No, I shall never forget these last few months in England. The spring was almost tragically beautiful. Never did the larks and the blackbirds sing as the ones outside my window in the heart of London sang, never were the great banks of rhododendrons so gorgeous, never were the roses so lovely and sweet. It would have seemed a tragic irony except that it was matched by the flowering of the British spirit to face the darkest but grandest hour of our race. Of fear I saw absolutely none.

Such was my vision of Britain aroused, and because of it I was sad to leave. As I left, sailing from the port from which my father left for

Canada long ago, the port to which my brother and uncles came back in arms in the last war, the port which gave me my own first wide-eyed sight of England—as the ship slipped away and the steam whistles sounded, and we were close to tears, I knew for a certainty that Churchill was right, that whatever happens in the days to come, for centuries men will read the story and turn to each other, and say: "This was their finest hour."

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