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THURSDAY, MAY 7th, 1942.

GIVE GENEROUSLY TO THE RED CROSS

In every community in Canada a drive will start next Monday to raise funds to carry on the work of the Red Cross. In Victory Loan and War Savings campaigns we were only asked to lend, but here is an opportunity to GIVE to the war effort. Despite any petty sniping aimed at the Society, we believe the Red Cross is one of the most commendable and most deserving organizations in Canada.

In his memorable broadcast, in March, Eric Knight, famous Yorkshire author, said: "Only one who has seen the splendid and generous work of the Canadian Red Cross in Britain could say 'thank you' as fervently as I do."

Scores, hundreds, of thank-you's have come from bombed-outs, whose loss and suffering have been eased, not only by supplies from Canada but by the thought behind them.

It is only through the Canadian Red Cross Society that any Canadian can do anything for a Canadian, British, Australian or New Zealand prisoner of war. It is only through its enquiry bureau and its facilities for international investigation that information may be obtained as to missing Canadian fighting men. It is only through the services of the blood donor branch of the Red Cross Society that those Canadians unable to fight can supply blood to make good some of that shed by our fighting men overseas.

Between January 6, 1941, and March 27, 1942, 726-158 parcels of food for prisoners of war were dispatched from Canada. In Toronto some 450 volunteer women workers, in Montreal some 300, are packing 40,000 prisoners-of-war parcels each week. In twelve months the cost has been more than \$5,000,000.

Now the British Government has asked that the number of parcels be increased to 80,000 per week. And food must be sent to Canadian prisoners in the Far East.

The sum required to carry on these humanitarian services during the current twelve months is \$9,000,000. The \$9,000,000 must be raised by voluntary contributions. This year the Canadian Government is supplying funds needed by various war service organizations. But the Red Cross is necessarily excluded from that arrangement. The Red Cross Society is international. Its position rests upon the Conventions of Geneva, ratified by acts of parliament. These require the society to be supported by voluntary subscriptions, and it is only by maintaining such support that the Canadian Red Cross Society can command the rights, privileges and immunities guaranteed under international law. No belligerent government may finance the Canadian Red Cross Society; to do so would be to destroy the international status of the Society and even wipe out its immunity under fire.

ARE RADIAL FARES TOO HIGH?

With the North Yonge Radials paying handsome profits the time would seem opportune for a review of the fare schedules. The large population and heavy traffic is located close to the City in the small fare zones, however many people question the high fare charged on the long haul to Richmond Hill. It does seem that with the volume of passengers now being carried on the North Yonge radials that the fare schedule from Richmond Hill is high for a suburban service. We would like the North Yonge Radial Commission to assure the people that the long haul, high fare passengers at this end of the line are not contributing a little out of proportion to North Yonge radial profits. We like to see the Radials paying but we want to be very sure the radial users in any zone are not penalized by an exorbitant fare. Visitors from suburban areas of other large cities on this continent are amazed when told the return fare, Richmond Hill to Toronto.

YES, IT'S EVERYBODY'S WAR

"This is everybody's war and people should co-operate," said a councillor at Richmond Hill council meeting Monday evening in discussing the problems of the Salvage Committee. It was inspired by the remarks of a volunteer salvage committee worker who related his experience in a recent collection. He told of being advised by a member of a household which included an able-bodied man that such-and-such an article which would weigh many pounds was down in the cellar if he'd like to go after it. The point is that the particular item mentioned should have been taken from the cellar by the householder and placed out on the curb for the salvage collector. That that particular item of old iron or whatever it was should be salvaged and returned to industry for necessary war production should be of as much interest to the householder as the salvage committee worker. Yes, this is everybody's war, and until we get that kind of thinking we're not going to be giving our best for victory.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

An extensive new rehabilitation scheme is to be introduced to parliament according to Hon. Ian Mackenzie, Minister of Pensions and National Health, who revealed the project in a recent Vancouver speech.

He stated that the scheme included land settlement plans for thousands of ex-servicemen and went much farther than re-establishment plans after the last war. Mr. Mackenzie also revealed that a system of health insurance was being thoroughly investigated. Rehabilitation measures will include unemployment insurance for ex-servicemen as well as for industrial workers, compulsory reinstatement in former employment, vocational training for fit as well as disabled soldiers, completion at the government's expense of interrupted education courses and physical reconditioning of those handicapped by illness in obtaining employment.

LETTERS FROM OVERSEAS

By Margaret Butcher

"We have been discussing the new soap rationing - which I, for one, saw coming, a long while ago. I dare say we shall find it adequate, with care - like our other rations; but it certainly does raise thought, especially in such devoted soap-fans as us British. It is smart now to be a bit shabby, but will the day ever come when it is chic to be faintly dingy? I hardly think so.

Of course, there is a way of tackling this rationing business, when you know how. Remembering shortages of this and that, last time, I laid in a small stock a couple of years ago. It is quite possible to do that without 'hoarding,' and then when rationing eventually comes, it eases the strain. I bought safety-pins, hairpins, scissors, lengths of surgical bandage, lengths of elastic, and some soap. I also started to save all good paper bags; and I have been glad, plenty of times, for these simple precautions.

Our island situation makes the position peculiar, naturally, but any country at war, one imagines, might feel after a time, a shortage of these things - especially metals and fatty substances. Such commodities have a way of suddenly getting expensive, or disappearing altogether. One walks into a store some morning asking for safety-pins, for instance, to be met with blank looks or apologies. Then there are screws, nails and thumb-tacks, all liable to disappear. A spare box of these bits and pieces put away somewhere on a shelf, saves endless worry later on. The blackout, for one thing, simply eats up curtain-rings, wire and thumb-tacks; so if rationing, to any extent, is coming your way over there, you might find the hint useful.

Off to the Shelter

Last night I met a charming (but temporarily bewildered) friend who had made a date with me for the purpose of getting a spot of laundry done for me. I turned up at the rendezvous with a nasty looking newspaper parcel containing a blanket and sheet - it having become quite impossible to locate a laundry - and found her pondering deeply on something she had seen. An old lady, she explained, walking up the hill in front of her, towards the public shelter, with a gas-mask in one hand and a large alarm-clock dangling from a finger of the other, and all at tea-time. For her comfort I explained that there had been a warning note just about that time, so the old dear, very probably, was off to take up her duties as a shelter warden. (But why the alarm-clock?) The warning, after all, was judged to be a mistake; somebody, probably, pushed a knob or pulled a handle absent-mindedly, for most of the people heard nothing at all - including my friend. When I explained to her what had happened she was extremely disturbed, and convinced that she ought to patter all the way back to that shelter and tell the poor old dear - who is probably still nestling in there, with her mysterious clock, waiting for the "All Clear".

Amusing the Kiddies

I have now taken up another queer activity which keeps my harassed brain busy. Well, it is a bit more grist to the mill, and harmless enough, in all conscience. Every week now I turn out some stuff which is published to amuse the kiddies. It seems that it is still needed, so somebody must do it. Newspaper space, in these days, is very restricted, but most of the provincial publications still keep a corner for the children; and there I burst out into crosswords, puzzles, articles and rhyme.

I have never done work for children before, but there have been no complaints up to date! The rule is: 'nothing about the war.' Not an easy motto, as you can imagine, but somehow one manages to keep to it. I suppose the poor little things - to say nothing of their parents - are glad to get away from war for a while, now and then. The pay is shocking, alas! But I am afraid I do find the work rather amusing; though I wonder, sometimes, just what those parents think of my efforts - especially the rhymes. While I am doing my chores I ponder the question of rhymes, and every week sees something which (to the immense relief of the kiddies, I am sure) makes not the slightest effort at Improvement or high moral tone. This week's, I suspect, has been vaguely influenced by the removal, as you will guess on reading: A foolish old person of Slough Made no end of a pet of her cow. So well was it fed

That it went to its head.

It drove the old person to sleep in the shed, And lives in the drawing-room now.

My Odd Occupation

My friends, who are usually regarded as grown-up and responsible individuals, display a constant and feverish desire to know what is going on in this line; so maybe the children don't mind. One thing I have always noticed, and that is that the average nice child is really very polite and indulgent towards the strange whimsies which seem to amuse its elders. So my evenings, nowadays, are given up to this odd occupation, and all sorts of people dig down into their childhood memories to supply me with games and puzzles, if I am feeling stumped. The general notion is that if it's for the kids it's worth while - and that is quite right. We've got to do all we can to keep them healthy and normal and safe, considering that they'll still be a going concern when we're out of the running for good. Even the folk who don't really care much for children - preferring the company of the more mature human, as some do - must see the cold common sense of this. Those selfish and over-anxious parents who've dragged their kids back to big, dangerous cities are just trying to commit national suicide for the sake of their own small personal feelings or prejudices. You should have heard our friend the doctor on the subject:

Sensible Enthusiasts

He and his wife are what one would call sensible enthusiasts. They have a charming house, a lovely young daughter and a large practice to contend with; but still there is always time for other things. The wife is now off to the West of England for a three weeks' intensive training in A.R.P. She is already our local expert, but wants to be better still. The tests will be very severe, including real bombs and a genuine whiff of gas - without any mask, to test reactions. They get a stiff medical overhaul first, of course.

This slim, graceful, capable woman is my idea of the right sort of body to have around in a crisis; may she be there if it happens. They are both excellent talkers, too. When I nip across, every now and then, for a coffee after the evening meal, we have grand discussions about everything under the sun; those lovely discussions full of disagreements that never become disagreeable. The doc. listens to what one has to say, his monocled eye regarding one astutely, and then, hitching up his trousers at the knees, he leans forward and jumps right into the argument, so that one has to think fast. I always come away from the pleasant, softly-lighted lounge with the feeling that I have been given a grand tonic. And one needs a mental tonic, now and then in these days! I'll say we do."

Of Corset Helps

Foundation garments may yet provide a serious problem for those who wear them. Steel, which formerly made substantial stays and zippers, is now being used for munitions.

Milady's been rocked to her very foundation; Milady's for Freedom as never before. The Government says the defence of the nation Calls for her corsets as weapons of war.

Gone are the garments that once used to pinch her, Gone the restrictions that kept the girl in: Part of her now is a Dover six-incher, Part was a Monday-night bomb on Berlin.

She has no regrets that she once was a willow, Artfully formed as a Sheba-like girl, And now she resembles a well-slept on pillow That moves with a sort of amoeba-like swirl.

No more lacings or zips with a Yo, and Heave-Ho, She doesn't mind that, for she's proud to divulge The re-arming strength for her alto-relievo With its Bundles for Britain in each little bulge.

—Stuart Davidson Hemsley.

Advertising in The Liberal brings results.

PATRIOTISM

And then there is the stenographer in the front office who can't decide whether it is more patriotic to erase and save paper, or to use a clean sheet and save the eraser!—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

You Roll Them Better With OGDEN'S FINE CUT CIGARETTE TOBACCO

"Hitler would just love to see how smart you look!"



"Yes, you're smart... or are you? I thought I was smart too, back in the 20's. Then the depression came and taught me a lesson!"

"We'd be a lot smarter if we put less of our money into our own outfits and more of it into the outfits of the boys who are defending us. How? By pledging ourselves to do without so that they may have plenty to do with!"

"You want them to win, don't you? Well then, buy War Savings Stamps every week... That's how you can help them. Besides, by saving, you'll help keep prices down and have something for a rainy day. Let's be really smart!"

Buy War Savings Stamps from banks, post offices, druggists, grocers and other retail stores.



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