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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17th, 1942.

**CANADA'S GROWING WAR EFFORT**

The attack on Dieppe, in which as Mr. Churchill has pointed out five-sixths of the force engaged was Canadian, is gradually becoming merged in the background of the war. Other achievements of the Canadian forces overseas will doubtless take its place, perhaps overshadow it, but aside from its strategical value as a "reconnaissance in force" Dieppe, with its heavy losses announced this week, has removed a good deal of the sense of frustration which has bothered the army and people of this country — the army in particular. The inaction of the forces in Britain has been unavoidable. They were on guard, trained to the minute, ready for invasion of the continent. Dieppe has given the Canadian army a glimpse of the dawn of the invasion of Europe, which as allied leaders have clearly said will come when the appointed hour strikes. There is no question that Canada's war effort is appreciated in Britain. There were cheers in the commons at Westminster when Mr. Churchill told of Canada's achievement at Dieppe. With the more complete "Canadianization" of the air squadrons of this country in Britain and elsewhere, and the appointment of a liaison officer with the air squadrons in Egypt, there will be a more immediate recording of the exploits of Canadian airmen as Canadians. It has, however, been frequently emphasized that the publicity given Canada's war effort in the United States has not been adequate, and it is mainly to remedy this situation that the Wartime Information Board, with Charles Vining as chairman, has been appointed. It was also part of the theme of the recent broadcast address of prime minister Mackenzie King on the third anniversary of Canada's entry into the war.

Canadians, Mr. King pointed out, had every reason to feel pride in what the country has done for the allied cause in three years of war. The speech was perhaps the most complete summary that had been made of the growth of Canada's armed forces on the land, on sea and in the air — exceeding in numbers Canada's armed forces in the last war — of this country's contributions in war equipment and food to the United Nations and of Canada's immediate and unrestricted assistance to Britain in hours of acute danger. There are now half a million men in Canada's volunteer forces, which is the equivalent in proportion to population to six million in the United States.

**IMPRESSIONS THAT LED TO ONE MAN'S PURCHASE OF WAR CERTIFICATES**

An old man shaking grains of feed out of his straw hat for a flock of kowtowing pigeons... a stout middle-aged woman in black, reclining comfortably on a bench in the sun, with her bulging shopping bag on the ground beside her... a group of young airmen, laughing and looking over the passers-by.

The spirit of contentment lay deep over King Square, wrapping shoppers, loungers, pigeons, flowers and the waters of the fountain in a sleepy golden mist of sun.

Farther along down the walk a plump, taffy-colored cocker spaniel puppy was making friends with a soldier while his young master floated a match-box boat in the fountain.

Benevolently watching the scene sat a group of matrons. One of them sighed to the others:

"Peaceful, isn't it?"  
"Mmm," agreed her neighbor, perhaps thinking of a similar once-peaceful spot in Czechoslovakia. "Makes a person glad to be here instead of in Europe. Not like that Lidishy place..."

No, not at all like devastated Lidice, the observer thought, by now approaching the flower-surrounded Young monument at the east side of the square. Crimson, orange, yellow and mauve, the blaze of flowers moved gently in the light breeze.

On the benches around the memorial, a few placid citizens sat sunning. Above in the sky a cruising plane zoomed distantly, but the only dive bomber was a fat yellow bee executing manoeuvres in the flower bed.

Very far from crucified Europe, thought the observer, blessedly far. And fervently he hoped that he would never have cause to change that thought.

It was not altogether by mere chance that he, a few minutes later, cashing his pay check at a nearby bank, set aside enough "to get by on" for the present month's needs, and bought war savings certificates with what was left.—From The Saint John Times-Globe.

**NO TIME TO THINK**

Visitors from Oriental countries often remark that our people have no time to think. They see our folks rushing from work to play, then sleeping off their hustle, and next day going through with the same rush and hurry. To the oriental mind, our people are so rushed with activity that they have no time to develop a calm and reasonable philosophy of life. Hence endless worry and fuss.

The Canadian people get far more things done than the slow moving folks of such a country as China. But many of them do things in such a hurry that they get into trouble.

The man who drives his automobile too fast may think he is saving time. If he lands in the hospital, his time saving was just a dream. It pays to take a little time to think things over.

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**The Bomber Press Visits 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 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 is probably part of the plan to keep movements as secret as possible. Actually the cars called 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 or 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. Those 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 island.

It is a country of inlets, bays, lakes and trees, making a beautiful sight from that height. Settlements are few and far between.

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 is that it seems to be impossible to get anything but tinned milk.

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

A railway station 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 forged 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 will always remain 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 in 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 duffle 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 exacting day. Lengthy visits were paid to Canadian Red Cross Headquarters, a Canadian Legion Hostel, the Salvation Army hostel on Southampton Row, the Y.M.C.A. hostel, on Leinster 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 various 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.

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

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