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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink."

THURSDAY, JANUARY, 3, 1946

An Island Institution

As announced elsewhere in today's issue, the firm of Hyndman and Company, Ltd., is this year celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary. The well deserved reputation enjoyed by this local firm, both at home and abroad, is an example of Prince Edward Island enterprise and tradition at its best. It has remained largely a family institution, the present president, Mr. J. O. Hyndman, having been with the firm for the past half century. Started in 1872 as a marine insurance agency, it now handles all kinds of insurance but still specializes in marine insurance and is Lloyd's agent for Prince Edward Island.

Throughout the years, the firm has set a high standard of business integrity, and has been associated very closely with such progress as we have made as a Province in transportation and other matters. All our citizens will join in wishing it continued success, and many years of further progress and development.

Food Subsidies To Cosumers

It is being argued that should the Government contemplate any drastic change in the food subsidy system—which ensured relatively cheap food and especially cheap dairy products for Canadians during the war — the change should be made now while family purchasing power is at a fairly high level. Otherwise, say the farmers, the public should be made aware by every means possible that the Government is paying a share of their food bill and all such payments should frankly be labelled as "consumer subsidies" and not hidden as payments to the original producers.

There is much to be said for this argument, says the *Ottawa Journal*. If this subsidizing of food continues much longer the public more and more will come to take present prices as true values and the farmer stands in danger of becoming a permanently-subsidized citizen within the Canadian community. In many respects this is not an enviable position for him, especially when labor is asking for higher pay for fewer hours of work and when the former cost-of-living bonus has been made a part of the wage structure.

Naturally the farmer fears any sudden dropping of the subsidies, mainly because he does not believe the public know they are being paid or are prepared to pay the higher prices which would come into effect immediately.

It is difficult to figure how much has been paid out by the Dominion to keep the cost of living down and give Canadians cheap food, as many of the subsidies are hidden in such indirect payments as assistance on feed grain brought from the west. But it has cost at least $200,000,000 during the war to give the public cheap milk and dairy products alone. That's a large sum but without the subsidy and without price control the total paid by consumers would have been very much larger.

Any idea that these subsidies could be dropped and the prices of dairy products remain at their present level would be wishful thinking. It might be possible if costs of manufactured goods were to drop but the tendency is all in the other direction. Prices might be frozen at present levels but that would almost certainly cause such a drop in production that a chaotic condition would soon emerge. On the other hand if prices were suddenly to increase by the amounts of the subsidies — milk by over three cents a quart, butter by about eight cents, bread by about two cents a loaf — every housewife in Canada would be up in arms. It is one of the most difficult situations facing the Government today and in the meantime the farmers and food industry stand on the sidelines with plenty to worry about.

Big Step In Education

Forty-four members of the United Nations have agreed to establish a world-wide educational organization designed to improve cultural standards everywhere. Every major country except the Soviet Union has approved the formation of the new agency to be known as the United Nations Education, Scientific and Cultural Organizations. As a result, education is for the first time to receive an international base. Nothing so comprehensive or far-reaching has ever before been attempted.

The constitution sets forth several extremely vital principles. Stress is placed on the importance of removing illiteracy and misunderstanding. Only by developing a common faith and confidence, the historic document holds, can world peace be attained. In its preamble, the educational charter proclaims the laudable doctrine that a wide diffusion of culture and the education of men for justice and peace constitute a sacred duty that all nations must fulfil in a spirit of mutual assistance and concern.

Emphasis is placed on the value of international exchange along many lines. It is proposed that a far wider exchange of scholars and teachers take place and that books and other educational materials likewise be sent to all countries. This implies freedom from censorship for all mass media of communication.

The organization, which is to open its headquarters in Paris, will have as one of its major functions collaboration among nations and, particularly, new developments and findings in the educational field. Scientific research is to be encouraged, as is the study of cultural problems relating to peace.

In every possible way the international body will "advance the ideal of equality of educational opportunity." Basically, its constitution holds real promise of the nations of the world being able to work together to improve, at least, the cultural life of the people.

—EDITORIAL NOTES—

Next local excitement will be over the civic election.

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One noted change in the new year was the return of both men and women to "evening wear" for social celebrations. During the war years it was strictly taboo.

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What most people would like to know is how we are to be financed provincially in the event of the Federal-Inter-Provincial Conference failing to recognize our claim of fiscal need. Will the Vendors' profits be sufficient?

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A United Kingdom firm of engineers have begun work on a ten million dollar road and railway bridge across the River Tigris at Baghdad, reports the *London Daily Telegraph*. The work has priority over other developments in Iraq by the desire of the Iraq Government.

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Two leading British Labour statesmen were born this date, viz., C. R. Attlee in 1883, and Herbert Stanley Morrison in 1888; the former is a graduate of Oxford, a lawyer, and professor of economics; the latter is a printers' traveller and Labour Party official; both held cabinet rank in the War Coalition Government, and are the leaders in the present Labour Government.

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Reports from the nursery front indicate that Mr. Claxton should make provision now for medical and hospital services to accommodate approximately one million cases of stomach ulcers, between 1981 and 1983. His Deputy Minister of Health, Dr. Chisholm, has officially reported that children who believe in Santa Claus will have stomach ulcers by the age of forty, and our information is that those under five years of age who did not believe in Santa Claus this year are but a negligible percentage.

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Three members of the Canadian House of Commons, Stanley Knowles, Co-Operative Commonwealth Federation, Winnipeg North Centre; Gordon Graydon, Progressive Conservative, Peel; and H. W. Winkler, Liberal, Lisgar, have been visiting Europe, including Germany and France. The trio had hoped to be able to enter Russia but they said they did not expect to be granted visas for the trip. They arrived at Oldenburg in the Canadian Occupation zone of Germany December 23, then travelled through Hanover to Berlin. There they saw the Reichstag and the ruins of the Chancellery.

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Extravagant ship-building. Senator C. C. Ballantyne, acting Progressive Conservative leader in the Senate, recently urged that the government cancel its contracts to build Tribal destroyers in Halifax. While he did not pose as an authority on naval construction, he said when he was a member of the Montreal Harbor Commission "many years ago" he had accompanied the late Hon. L. P. Brodeur, then member of the Liberal government, to England, where the question of building such naval ships in Canada was surveyed. It was agreed the cost would be too great. During the present session, the Senator said, Mr. W. G. Mills, deputy naval minister, had said that after four years one of the Tribal destroyers built in Canada was now in commission at a cost of $6,000,000. The same type of destroyer, according to the deputy minister, could have been built in the United Kingdom for $3,500,000.

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Our progress in peace resumption plans is evident in the further reductions in war risk rates on ocean cargoes announced by the Canadian War Risk Committee, representing private underwriting firms in the Dominion. As a result, a 15 cent rate per $100 of cargo value now applies to voyages to or from the United Kingdom, Irish Free State and Northern Ireland; Portugal, Spain, Gibraltar, Tangier, Madeira, Azores; East Africa north of Beira; Madagascar, Mauritius, Reunion and Seychelles Islands; France, Mediterranean, Malta, Africa Mediterranean, Red Sea, Gulf of Aden, Turkey; eastern ports, east of Gulf of Aden, but not east of Burma; India, Ceylon and Burma; Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania and South Pacific Islands. The rates to the above places were 20 cents. The rate has been lowered from 25 cents to 20 cents per $100 on cargoes to Continent of Europe north of Spain, including European U. S. S. R. and Baltic.

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At the end of the year Ottawa reports a fairly sober realization of the fact that the future of international trade depends, more than anything else, on the ability of Britain to rebuild her export commerce, (says *The Letter-Review*), but as against this are the excessive hopes of foreign markets for Canadian industrial products which were built up during the war. Rumours from Ottawa, that Price and other controls are to be greatly relaxed after the New Year, unfortunately represent no real alteration in Government policy, but merely an unwilling concession to the rising pressure of public opinion. The present situation at the capital is that Mr. Ilsley's experts would like to see controls kept indefinitely, but that the Administration realizes that it is hopeless to attempt to maintain even the present controls much longer. The result will be an unplanned and disorderly removal of controls, with, very possibly, occasional spasms of control, such as the one now going on at Washington. Lack of policy in this connection is likely to produce most unfortunate effects. Obviously, if the rest of the process of decontrol is as clumsy as the samples we have had to date, the failure to decontrol will seem perfectly obvious.

Notes By The Way

Twelve only of the community chest campaigns in the Dominion this year reached their objective. The cities which did not reach their objective collected, however, more money this year than in 1944, The Toronto Star reports. Bad weather during the period of the campaigns and "end-of-the-war reaction" are thought to be the causes of this year's slowness in securing public support for local philanthropies. A total of $5,610,520 was collected in Canada which will finance the operation of 477 social agencies.

According to Mr. Walter S. Woods, Deputy Minister of Veteran's Affairs, the Dominion has 22,500 disability pensioners and 2,000 amputation cases from World War II. Close to 8,000 patients are being treated in military hospitals to the present date. It is important not only that Canada's veterans receive the necessary care but none become neglected with the passage of time.—Toronto Star.

It is easy, with General Sherman's well known and never-denied definition remembered to guess what our returning G. I.'s might call that war which they have just seen to a successful and, in part, atomic conclusion. In concision and exactitude "The Second Hell" might well win their expressive and numbered choice. —New York Herald Tribune.

A doctor friend said to me the other day: "I've had to stop putting American magazines in my waiting-room. Their technicolor food advertisements upset my patients, whose food is so monochromatic." And that is as profound an observation as any in the current newspaper debate between doctors as to whether we, as a nation, are undernourished. What the eye sees, the stomach grieves about. The grey monotony of sausage-meat in all its unconvincing disguises is a considerable factor in making us feel that our diet is inadequate. — London New Statesman

The Princess waltzed with the chef, the Queen with her footman, the King with the butler's wife—it sounds more like a Cinderella-ed scene from the celluloid land of Hollywood than the servants' hall at Buckingham Palace. "Good public relations!" the cynic may sniff. "In socialist England you might even expect the lion and the unicorn to lie down with the lambs in St. James's Park." But we wonder. Such occasions have been more natural in Britain than outsiders would expect. Their merriment now may ease the outward bleakness of this holiday season in a country still sadly lacking the plain necessaries of life, much less the roast beef and plum pudding for which it is traditionally famous. But even when they are down to the bare tradition, one can count on the British to make something of it. In a pinch they will come up with one. In fact, if circumstances are sufficiently dire they will even produce a tradition fine enough to withstand history's buffeting for a thousand years. In Britain's first Christmastide since the lights have come on again it would be surprising if those lights did not glow with a new warmth over Britons, of whatever class or creed. For the storms they faced unflinchingly together sounded spiritual depths of courage and faith and loyalty — and mutual gratitude—that must forever narrow the gap between the English worlds of Thackeray and Dickens. The waltz party downstairs at Buckingham Palace is a worthwhile tradition. — Christian Science Monitor.

A new high octane fuel is practically fire-proof in the sense that it is slow to ignite in the open, reserves its release of power until injected into a motor cylinder. That a demonstration of its safety was made in a New York office building should be ample proof of its makers' belief in its ability to resist ordinary fire, says The Cleveland Plain Dealer. Until its temperature is raised to 100 degrees Fahrenheit the fuel does not give off the vapor required for ignition by flash fire or by a spark. That quality should add appreciably to the safety of flying, since it practically eliminates the danger of fire following the crash of a plane. Often it is true that few of the passengers in a crash will care whether there is a consequent fire, but sometimes it is not. That the fuel is to be fed by injection and vaporized by heat generated during its compression indicates that the motor built to use it will be a cross between the present conventional type and the Diesel. Do not expect it soon in the automobile.

One of the brightest ideas yet, about the atomic bomb, came from Dr. Julian Huxley. He suggested to a New York audience that a judiciously placed salvo might help to melt the ice of the north polar cap and thereby do something about our weather. Now, that's what we call being constructive. There is only one minor doubt raised by the proposal. It would be wonderful to have a milder winter, but would the summer be likewise warmer. If it would, we doubt if the idea could be sold to western Canadians. It can get hot enough out on these prairies, even with the polar cap air cooling system. What it would be like without polar air conditioning we hesitate to think about. —Winnipeg Free Press.

The Poet's Corner

COMING HOME

Look no more to the far fields;
The fields at home are blue
With dirft of cornflowers, and white
With daisies shining through

Turn from the far horizons now;
The skies at home are bright
With clustered stars that burn for you
Above the pines at night.

Walk no more on the strange roads
That lead to loneliness;
The roads at home are friendly ways
That have the power to bless.

Seek no more for a new song
To stir the hearts of men;
They sing the songs their fathers knew
And dream their dreams again.

—Verna Loveday Harden, in Toronto Saturday Night

PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open for the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. The Charlottetown Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinion of correspondents.

JAPANESE IN CANADA

Sir,—At this season of peace and goodwill, I am thinking of the Japanese-Canadians, who are facing such hardships in their adopted country.

Some 20,000 persons of Japanese ancestry have lived in British Columbia for two generations and have proved themselves loyal and law-abiding citizens. Seventy-five per cent of the adults are Canadian citizens, whose children have been born in Canada and know no other language than English. During the war, the conduct of all but a handful of these people has been above reproach. Some of them served in the Canadian army in World War I. Very many have always contributed generously to the Canadian Red Cross and supported Canadian War Loans. Many of them tried to enlist in the Canadian Army in World War II and failing of admission in this country, some of them actually went to England, where they were gladly admitted to military service.

Because of war conditions, these people were indiscriminately expelled from their homes and places of business and sent to live in deserted mining towns. Their property was seized and sold, in many cases at disastrous loss to the owners. Now that the war is over they are not allowed to return to their homes but, unlike our citizens of German or Italian extraction, are still treated as under suspicion, and faced with the ultimatum of choosing between finding new homes in eastern Canada, where they have good reason to fear a cold reception, or going to Japan, now a foreign country to them.

Much against their wills but fearing the alternative, they are choosing to go to Japan, all ready overcrowded and lacking the bare necessities of life.

What a disillusionment! What an experience of western Christianity to carry to a non-Christian land! Of what use is it to send missionaries to Japan to teach a religion the practice of which has so signally failed!

The treatment we are giving these people, far from exemplifying the Golden Rule, isn't even British fair play!

Recently one of our representatives in federal parliament made some very unfair remarks about them. Personally, I would appreciate more information on the subject of the Japanese - Canadian and I believe that the public in general needs to know essential facts regarding them that an effective protest may be made against the sub-Christian treatment meted out to them. Jesus once said: "I was a stranger and ye took me not in. Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not to me." Could it be that at the final judgment, our fate will be decided by the treatment we afford just such strangers?

I am, Sir, etc.
FAIR PLAY

Kinkora, P.E.I.

TO BE DEPORTED

Sir,—The Canadian Government is about to deport from this country some 10,000 men, women and children, mostly Canadian citizens, for no other crime except that they have a particular racial origin. They are being sent to a land which most of them have never seen, which is too devastated by war to receive them, and where their future is hopeless. Not since the expulsion of the Acadians has such severe treatment been accorded to any social group within our frontiers, and there was at least some military justification for that deportation whereas there is none for this.

I refer, of course, to the Government's decision to deport the Japanese Canadians, which is now being carried out. The first point to note about this policy is that it solves no problem whatever, since at least 14,000 of the total 24,000 Japs in Canada will be left behind. Only about 10,000 are being sent away. Therefore every social and political difficulty caused by the existence of Japanese within Canada remains after deportation as it was before. The problem of what to do with them and where they may live is unsolved. It is not being suggested that we can absorb 14,000 in the future, but not 24,000.

The next point that strikes one is the complacency—hypocrisy would not be too strong a term—with which the policy is justified before the Canadian people. It is pretended that only those are being sent who have asked to go, or who are shown to be disloyal. This is superficially true, but it hides the real situation. If there are any Canadian Japanese who genuinely wish to return to Japan I would certainly let them go. I hope every Canadian is free to go wherever he wants, whenever he wants to So are Italians free to go to Italy, or Germans to Germany, so far as our law is concerned. But we did not put Germans and Italians into a concentration camp when the war broke out, seize all their property and sell it, thus destroying their economic life, and then force them to state whether they wished to leave Canada. Why do we single out the Japanese among all the enemy races for this treatment? The Italian colony in Montreal was rife with fascism before the war, yet it was not dealt with in this manner. Mr. King stated in Parliament on August 4, 1944, that "no person of Japanese race born in Canada has been charged with any act of sabotage or disloyalty during the years of the war." Yet we refused them the right to enlist (with only trivial exceptions) or to work in war plants, whereas in the United States the famous 100th battalion, entirely composed of Japanese, fought with distinction and gallantry in the Italian campaign.

Thus the trick or device—for that is what it was—of asking the Japanese throughout Canada to sign repatriation forms while the war was still on cannot deceive anyone who knows the facts. It is like offering a condemned man a pistol so that he may choose swift suicide to a public hanging. Is his death voluntary? Perhaps no one was "forced" to choose repatriation but the whole Canadian policy, the extreme racial hatred in British Columbia, the refusal of other provinces to co-operate in resettlement, the long history of deprivation of citizens' rights to people who were Canadian born British subjects, the statement of the Hon. Ian Mackenzie that they could never return to the coast—all this was the compulsion. Not unless the Japanese wanted to go back to Japan after we had set in motion our plans for their rehabilitation and after we had done something to make their citizenship equal that of other Canadians could it be said that their choice was free. At that moment certainly we should let all go who wish to go; it would be wrong to keep them. But to base plans for deportation on choices made under 1945 conditions, or to accuse the signers of disloyalty, is grossly unfair. Moreover, for the naturalised Japs the right to change their mind has been arbitrarily taken away as from September 1st, 1945. Has not any man a right to change such a decision when circumstances change?

At the very moment when Parliament is trying to give some secure status to Canadian citizens by the Citizenship Bill, we should not treat fellow citizens in this fashion It makes a farce of citizenship. We are all immigrants in Canada, except the Indians and Eskimos and no citizen's right can be greater than that of the least protected group. Every Canadian is attacked in his fundamental civil liberties by this policy. To find it sponsored by a government bearing the name Liberal and not objected to by vigorous public protest, warns us how far our standards have sunk during these past years, despite our military victory over Nazism.

The real problem we have to solve in Canada has nothing directly to do with the Japanese at all: it is the problem of racial intolerance. This problem is only aggravated by the deportations. They mean a victory for intolerance and bigotry. We should be generous to this harmless minority whom we previously admitted to our shores, and apply fully to them the principle that race, religion and colour are no bar to full citizenship in this democracy.

I am, Sir, etc.
F. R. SCOTT

Montreal.

HE WAS BASHED

Sir,—I was one of the playthings of Japanese sadism.

I was a prisoner of Nippon, which gave his sons the right to boot and beat and torture me at will.

I was suppressed into bowing to every Japanese I saw and addressing them all as "Master." I saw my fellowmen around me die.

These are the confessions of one who was coward enough to take it all so as to survive.

For nearly five months the Japanese in Burma pushed me around.

They punched me unconscious 20 or more times, slapped my head until it was numb, beat me with rifle butts and baseball bats and kicked me in the groin if I could not twist away in time.

Yet never once did I think of hitting back. I wanted to live.

Many times my friends were bashed up for some trivial reason and I have stood there, boiling with fury, forced to look on—and never once did I lift a finger to help them.

This was because my instinct of self-preservation overcame all my other instincts. I knew that I either had to cower to them or die.

Even now that we have beaten the Japanese and they are at our mercy I am not seeking revenge in kind. That is my big confession.

This week a Christian woman, the mother of two young girls, told me that she did not wonder that, after the handling the Japanese gave me, I would want to kick some of their faces to pulp just to relieve my feelings.

There was no such desire in me, and she was obviously disappointed. The more the Japanese punched and kicked me, I said, the more I realized how incapable I would be of treating them the same way if I could not hit back.

"How like an angel," she said.

She did not understand that the Japanese disgusted me more than they angered me. Perhaps one has to be knocked about by the Japanese themselves to understand that.

In Rangoon prison, most of the fellows felt the way I do, and it was not high principles. It was merely because they were civilized.

The physical pain you incurred from a beating by a Japanese was the least of your worries. It was nothing compared with the strain you went through in avoiding the displeasure that would bring about a beating. It was a fear that was constantly with you.

Once the beating started your big worry was to take care that you were not maimed in the process. This became a highly developed art.

You became a boxer in the ring. You swayed and twisted — ever so imperceptibly so your thrasher did not notice — taking the blows going away and on the less vital parts of your body.

Whenever I knew that I was about to be beaten, I always had the same thought: For what I am about to receive there will be no medical attention.

When I crashed my Mosquito in enemy territory near Mandalay my kneecap was gashed, and I could not walk. Neither could my navigator.

We agreed that we would gain nothing by giving them the information they would be seeking. They would still kill us when we could tell them no more.

So we decided to tell them nothing but our numbers, ranks and names for as long as possible until they started to torture us. Then we would delay them by telling a bogus story.

We concocted this make-believe on the first day of our captivity while we lay together apparently unconscious on a wooden sleeping platform under a Burmese bungalow, and we rehearsed it for the next five days until we were fact perfect.

In the middle of the second night we were flung on to a road in the middle of an Irrawaddy River village, and sat back to back with our hands tied behind our backs.

For the next four hours we were at the mercy of a mob of fiendish soldiers.

I was knocked out six or eight times during that period. After the first 10 minutes my face was heavy with blood from a wound over my eye and from my nose. My body was numb from kicks.

The Japanese stood around in a circle gaping at us. They took it in turns to step forward to give vent to their particular form of bestiality. Each tried to outdo the other.

They punched and kicked, belted us with bamboo sticks, smacked us with the flat of their swords, and tormented us in a hundred savage ways. Their grunts gave emphasis to their blows. One of them held out his wrist bearing the scar of a bullet wound.

"Imphal," he hissed.

Then he picked up my water bottle, held it high above his head, and then crashed it down with all his might on my opened kneecap. It struck a glancing blow above the wound and did not hurt.

Near morning a Japanese medical officer untied our wrists and dressed our wounds in a fashion. We thanked him. He tied us up again, and then knocked us both out with scientific punches.

Some friendly Burmese police who were guarding us fed us surreptitiously at night through the bars of our cell, and we took a risk of the death threat.

The interrogations were grueling affairs, lasting from three to four hours at a time. We were slapped every time we refused to answer a question. After two days they gave up trying to wear us down, and sent us to Meiktila.

They meant business here. When we refused to give information we were strung up to trees by a rope which pulled our arms high up our backs.

It was not long before my navigator collapsed, and told them he would talk freely if they cut him down. I knew that he was only going to tell them the faked story, but I put on a little play-acting and forbade him to talk in the name of his King.

It pleased the Japanese immensely when he ignored me.

After another half an hour I was at the end of my tether. I gave in, but was left hanging longer than I bargained for, because at the psychological moment that I called out to be cut down some of our aircraft arrived overhead, and the Japanese dived for their foxholes and left me.

The bull-necked and cruel-eyed Japanese medical officer gave me my worst thrashing in the prison.

Two of my men in the Air Force compound were dying fast. They needed hospital attention and better food than the rice we were getting, but the Air Force were barred from the British Army hospital in another compound because they considered us criminal prisoners.

When I could stand it no longer I wrote a note to the Japanese commandant and gave it to the N. C. O. of the guard to deliver. I simply asked that these two men be shifted to the hospital because they were critically ill.

Two days later the medical officer sent me a note saying that I should not have gone over his head and that, unless he said so, nobody was critically ill. He followed the note in and punched hell out of me.

After each punch I came to attention in front of him after picking myself up, while he brushed his knuckles with his handkerchief. The two men were dead within 10 days.

My cell overlooked the prison chapel which the Japanese used as a mess.

One day I was watching a pig that was lying tied up in a wheelbarrow outside the mess door.

It was alive, and its head was hanging over the side.

A Jap came out of the mess and, without hesitation, he kicked the pig's head.

It screamed.

He kicked it again, laughed and walked off.

During the next half an hour no fewer than a dozen Japanese did exactly the same thing.

Is it any wonder that I am humiliated because I took so much from those Japanese animals?

I am, Sir, etc.,
L. V. HUDSON, W. C.,
Sydney R. A. A. F.

Vocational Training Has Limitations

(Halifax Chronicle)

A vocational school can do a great deal for a pupil who wishes to prepare himself for the trade or industry his talents suggest he should follow. It can give him the purely academic background he needs, and it can instil into him some of the elementary skills his chosen avocation demands. The very existence of vocational schools, recognized to be on precisely the same level as the purely academic high schools, should do a good deal toward reviving sound ideas of the dignity of labor.

Yet, it would be a pity if anyone were to assume too easily that a vocational school can provide an easy substitute for the laborious process of learning a trade or craft by long experience and close contact with highly skilled and competent workers.

In one sense we lost a great asset when the old apprenticeship system went out and when a false sense of pride created the attitude that there was something inferior about the man who worked with his arms rather than his mind. Canada never realized the fact so keenly as she did during the war, when technical production could only be stepped up by the importation from overseas of skilled workers who had "served their time," and who really knew their jobs.

A vocational school, through the use of guidance tests, can see to it that the right pupils attend its classes. It can give to those pupils the first essentials of their craft. But it will hardly be able to complete its task without the active interest and co-operation of industry itself.

After World War I, the abortive Education Bill introduced in Britain recognized this fact, and proposed to combine vocational training with a modified type of concurrent apprenticeship, so that a boy was in school for half his time and in the works the other half. That scheme was dropped, primarily on the ground of economy. Today, however, we can see where some of this alleged "economy" of the last generation led the world. We cannot afford to repeat our mistakes of the past, and as we reorganize our educational system we should take care that our schools, vocational or otherwise, are properly related to the life for which they profess to prepare their students.

CHECK RADIO LICENCES

GLASGOW (CP)—Four persons were fined sums ranging from £3 to £6 recently for not having licences for wireless sets. Their sets were ordered confiscated.

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT
All-VEGETABLE LAXATIVE
Dependable-Pleasing Action!
Nature's Remedy
GET A 25¢ BOX

The North Nova Scotia Highlanders

VI

GERMANY

Just over a week later they had the first Canadian troops in the line in Germany when they took over east of Nijmegen on 11 November, and for the following three months the experience of all Battalions of 3 Division was the same. A week or two in the line and then a week or two out became a drill.

There were two outstanding events. One was when Lt. L. Fraser led a patrol of ten men into a platoon position and destroyed it completely without suffering a casualty, and for which he won the M. C. The other was when C Company raided Voss en Dall, a platoon area in the German winter line. This raid was done in daylight over 1000 yards of open ground. A haze was created over a wide area with a mixture of High Explosive and smoke. D Company put in a divisionary platoon attack some distance to the left, and C Company, dressed in snow suits, dashed across the open snow covered plain to gain almost complete surprise. They killed about ten and captured nine for a loss of two men slightly wounded. The whole action was over in about thirty minutes.

* * *

The role of 3 Division in the break out from Nijmegen was to clear the low ground between the Richwald feature and the Rhine. The river was high and a number of breaks had been made in the winter dyke by the enemy.

The result was an amphibious operation and most of 3 Division infantry was maintained by Buffaloes for some time.

The North Novies started from Nijmegen on 10 Feb. '45 after being flooded out of their positions just above the bridge two days before. It was the last unit committed in the Division and first went into action crossing the canal in Cleve. The eastern part of the town was occupied without difficulty and two days later they made an assault across a fast stream into a polder which extended to a point immediately across the Rhine from Emmerich.

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The main part of the polder was cleared easily, but B and C Companies had a sharp clash with a strongly held position at the ferry to Emmerich.

While holding this position for a few days, the polder flooded, and, although the vehicles were evacuated early, a great deal of difficulty was experienced getting the troops out. This operation took about thirty hours and B Company had the misfortune of having two Buffaloes run over mines, causing the loss of nearly all of one platoon.

The whole force of seven divisions was wheeling to the south and being sorted out into a two corps front at this stage. The traffic conditions were appalling, but within a few days 3 Division was formed up in close column of Battalions with the North Novies leading. In order to get into this position one attack had to be made by C and A Companies on some farms about 500 yards south of the line they had taken over. This was supported by Typhoons which continued their support about four minutes after they were supposed to, with the result that C Company had fire coming down from them, within 25 yards of their forward troops. The objective was taken without difficulty, but a very severe concentration came down soon afterwards and some casualties were suffered. Some light sharp counter attacks were held without difficulty.

* * *

Two days later 8 Brigade went through to Keppeln and as it was getting dark 9 Brigade went through them in turn. The other two Battalions went into Udem without difficulty, but when the North Novies started through them, there were enough Germans left to cause confusion in the dark and most of the night was spent trying to distinguish between H. L. I. and German Paratroopers. This was cleared up with daylight, but a few minutes later some tanks from 4 Division drove down the street that D Company was trying to clear and were shot up by an anti-tank gun just beyond the town. By noon the town and the feature to the southeast were clear, and the tide of battle flowed on.

A day or two later they moved to the Hochwald Forest, the southern half of which was being cleared by 8 Brigade. This clearing operation was completed just after dark and a long night was spent getting the Battalion through the mud and mines in the wood. The S. D. G. Highrs. took the objective south of the wood and the H. L. I. of C and North Novies went through to their first objectives before daylight.

Each ridge in the rolling ground was stoutly contested, but the northern half of the feature was cleared before dark. The S. D. & G. Highrs. continued the pressure that night and the following day the Winnipeg Rifles and North Novies completed clearing the southern end of the feature. This concluded the fighting west of the Rhine for the Battalion as the river was reached at Wesel a day or two later.

The Division then moved to the Richwald Forest where ten days were spent preparing for the Rhine crossing. The Highland Brigade was placed under command of the 51 Division for the crossing with the task of clearing the road towards Emmerich which was to become the 2 Canadian Corps crossing point.

(To Be Continued)

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