

elect, would cancel the Polaris nuclear-submarine program. The Opposition leader replied emphatically in the affirmative. "We have made it clear," he said, "that the idea of Britain's trying to add anything to the Western striking force by buying or hiring Polaris submarines is absolute nonsense."

Labour would convert the Polaris submarine to a different role, and the American Polaris base at Holy Loch would be assigned to NATO. At present it is an Anglo-American base, Britain's V-bombers would be left "clearly in NATO as part of the alliance."

In other areas of defense and foreign policy, Labor's differences with the Conservatives tend frequently to be differences of emphasis rather than substance. But the disagreement over nuclear weapons is fundamental to almost every related issue.

"If Britain is able to cut out all the spending on pursuit of the so-called independent nuclear deterrent," says Mr. Wilson, "we could build up our conventional forces so that we could play a much bigger role in the world." This would mean playing a bigger part in "helping to keep the peace for the alliance," which he, as well as the Prime Minister, regards as all-important.

There is one grave objection to the Labor policy, as the Conservatives have not been slow in pointing out. President de Gaulle intends to keep France in a nuclear role, which he, as well as the Prime Minister, regards as all-important. There is one grave objection to the Labor policy, as the Conservatives have not been slow in pointing out. President de Gaulle intends to keep France in a nuclear role, which he, as well as the Prime Minister, regards as all-important.

When our parliamentarians put through their salary boost at Ottawa last session, they didn't try to camouflage it. That at least is to their credit. At Washington, the leadership of both parties in both houses of Congress tried to follow a more devious course recently, and came to grief. Their efforts are denoted in the Milwaukee Journal as being "sneaky, then cowardly."

The Washington politicians supported a pay raise bill that would have given \$345 million a year to 1.7 million employees. Tucked away in the measure was a flat \$10,000 raise for members of Congress—bringing their salaries from \$22,500 to \$32,500, a 44 per cent boost.

The bill proposed needed changes in salaries for top administrators, cabinet members, the judiciary and other important officials. Congressmen themselves deserved some raise, too, for they had not had one in nine years. But it was the way the plan was presented that proved fatal to its promoters' hopes. They wanted to rush it through by voice vote or division, which would not record how individual congressmen voted. This a member could vote for the raise and then denounce it to make his constituents believe he had opposed it.

But Representative Gross, (R-Iowa) managed to get about 100 of his followers to demand a roll call vote, which would put everything on record. And on the roll call, scores of those who supported the pay raise were afraid to say so—they voted "no" so they wouldn't have to go home and face the charge at election time that they had lined their own pockets. Thus many deserving civil servants won't get raises unless the bill can be re-voted, which is unlikely. And many congressmen are going to have to continue in a financial bind, because they were afraid to stand up and be counted.

EDITORIAL NOTES

In Birmingham, England, a grateful brewer has promised Mrs. Harriet E. Brookes free beer for the rest of her life because since the age of 18 she has loyally drunk 200 barrels—53,290 pints—of his beer. Mrs. Brookes is 91, and still going strong.

If monkeys are the funniest people, baboons are the most nervous—or so an item from the Soviet Union would indicate. The Health Bulletin reports that Russian researchers have been able to induce high blood pressure in male baboons by making them wait to eat until all the females are finished. As any baboon knows, this isn't natural, so the males become tense and their blood pressure shoots up.



BEFORE MAKING HIM WALK THE PLANK

OTTAWA REPORT by Patrick Nicholson

New Man On Immigration Job

Canada's three million immigrants will welcome the appointment of Hubert Badanan as Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Citizenship and Immigration. That is an excellent example of a round peg being put into a round hole, for Bert Badanan, the Liberal M.P. from Fort William, is himself an immigrant. He is therefore ideally equipped, with his personal experiences behind him, to ensure that appropriate considerations are given to actual and would-be immigrants.

So Mr. Badanan became important high man on this important totem pole, sitting behind a desk on which stands a magnificent pen stand bearing a brass plate engraved with the words: "Presented to Hubert Badanan, Member of Parliament, in appreciation of his outstanding services as Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Public Works."

His first task in his new job was to hear representations on behalf of a belly-dancer, who is appealing against a deportation order. Fawzia, who is billed as King Farouk's favourite dancer, was convicted of staging an obscene dance, and was ordered to return to the USA where she came.

OPEN DOORS WIDER To help populate our essential paper market in Canada for our products, Mr. Badanan would open our immigration doors wider. And he intends to urge such a policy.

"My view is that we should widen the relationship of permitted immigrants as well as wives and children and parents of landed immigrants, we could help also adopt nephews and nieces and cousins," he told me. "The sponsors of these immigrants would help them and look after them; they would not become a charge upon the state."

A landed immigrant may apply for Canadian citizenship after five years residence in Canada, and this is granted at the discretion of a judge of a Citizenship Court. It is normally withheld if the applicant cannot speak English or French with some fluency, and such a person has to wait a further five years. That person is then a second class subject and indeed a captive in Canada, and this Mr. Badanan thinks imposes unreasonable hardships.

For instance, such a person cannot obtain a Canadian passport, and therefore cannot travel even to USA. Mr. Badanan knows and sympathizes with such cases who have thus been unable to be moved to USA even to obtain urgently needed medical treatment. This is one in justice which the Italian-Canadian new broom hopes to sweep clean; our three million immigrants will certainly be cheering for him.

It is not time that French Canada is effectively ignored, for they are living in the British Commonwealth, not by force but by choice.

It is not time that they be reminded that had it not been for the unprovoked efforts of the English speaking peoples in two world wars, they would now be speaking German, not by choice but by force.

It is not time that they learned to adapt to present life in the land of their choice, in the same manner as have their cousins who live south of the border.

In the meantime they are doing an effective job of advertising for the Montreal World Fair '67. I am, Sir, etc. CANADIAN Carleton, P.E.I.

PURITY DAIRY "Parents Prefer" "Purity Products" 317 Kent Dial 47123

Spring A Tonic And Depressing

Spring is both a tonic and a depressant. Its stimulating effect upon our attitudes improves health; its depressing effect makes us lazy and aimless. Regardless of the reaction, the season comes but once a year, as the saying goes. Make the most of it.

The sights, sounds, and smells of awakening nature especially after a hard winter, are the most enjoyable of the year. Go walking in the park, hiking through the forest preserves, or exercising on the golf course. The exercise encourages physical fitness and the feeling of well being.

For years I've found a friend who called himself a phenologist. He spent most of his afternoon of the spring months, and went for a walk every day. He carried a notebook and pencil. He would jot down a date the first robin appeared and the first bud sprouted on the apple tree. He kept his log up to the wild geese flew south or the first snow fell.

The other side of the season need not prove worrisome. Provided we give in to temptation easily. The perillous lethargy known as spring fever is associated with yawning, stretching, sighing, and gazing into the distance. We have led in our shoes once we make a dip onto a path, sit on the grass, or lounge on the library step. You'd be the instinct if you yield to the time.

Modern grandmothers no longer tolerate sulfur and molasses, rhubarb, or dandelion tarts for these symptoms. Drug stores once made a dip onto a path, sit on the grass, or lounge on the library step. You'd be the instinct if you yield to the time.

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The Auschwitz Trail

Out of the ashes of Auschwitz glimmers a tiny wafer of hope for the new Germany. The hope is with the young; the hope is with the rising generation looking critically at the German past.

This is the solace that emerges from the court in Frankfurt. We as Germans when men charged with making brutality their daily business are undergoing belated trial.

They have been, one commentator notes, "fished out" from their post-war middle-aged jobs in restorable Germany to answer for crimes that numb the mind.

WHAT TO FORGET The same incomprehension, the same age group, the same age group, observers of the Auschwitz trail, which may continue for another year, agree with German youngsters in their eagerness to get on with their lives, to get on with the past.

Auschwitz, now called Oswiecim, was a Nazi concentration camp in southern Poland. In wartime it became a gas chamber, a newspaper man in Krakow, a young man, was killed in the moment of merciful death.

"Night after night the sky was red and the air was polluted with the smell of burning bodies," a newspaper man in Krakow writes in London's Evening Standard. It takes some "shaking little items" to make sense of the horror. The scale of horror somehow frees us from compassion, forcing the visitor to concentrate on a single poignant fact, such as a child of children whose photograph, full face and profile, of an individual victim, was taken in the camp.

The same impression of dazed disbelief and unreality emerges at the Frankfurt trial. As Anne Sharpless writes in London's Evening Standard, it takes some "shaking little items" to make sense of the horror. The scale of horror somehow frees us from compassion, forcing the visitor to concentrate on a single poignant fact, such as a child of children whose photograph, full face and profile, of an individual victim, was taken in the camp.

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