

**THE FUTURE IS OURS  
..... NOT HITLER'S**

**FOURTH SERIES**



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# THE FUTURE IS OURS ..... NOT HITLER'S

BY  
R. J. TEMPLETON

In order to comply with the provisions of recently imposed government regulations, which even forbid the announcement of their own name, THE SPONSORS of this and the three preceding series of articles entitled "The Future Is Ours . . . Not Hitler's" regret that their publication will hereafter be discontinued.

It is, however, their hope that the many readers of Mr. Templeton's timely contributions who, perhaps, may have received some encouragement in the common effort, will continue to strive energetically for a better and more united Canada.

THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON

BY  
JOHN HUTCHINGS



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# FOREWORD

*I* *T was on an afternoon in mid-June, 1940. Norway, Denmark, Holland and Belgium were overrun with German troops. The Maginot Line had cracked. Smashing through at Sedan, a powerful German force had reached the Channel. Italy had joined her Axis partner for the kill. The French generalissimo, Maurice Gamelin, had been relieved of his command. Maxime Weygand, his successor, after a hurried air inspection of the battlefront, had reported to Chief of State Petain that he saw no hope of further successful resistance. Acting on that report, Petain had surrendered, as he put it, "to the inevitable."*

*It was an afternoon on which men of the neutral nations, men everywhere, shocked by the sudden immensity of events, by the seemingly irresistible strength of the German war machine, asked themselves if this was the end of the British Empire, of democracy, of civilization as they had known it.*

*It was the afternoon on which we British peoples understood, for the first time, that we were alone. It was the afternoon on which we had to decide in our hearts, each one of us, whether we, too, would bow "to the inevitable," or would go on fighting, with little more than our bare fists, as long as breath was in us.*

*It was on that afternoon, the darkest afternoon in all the long history of the British peoples, that I met, by appointment, the managing director of a well-known Vancouver company, to discuss with him a writing commission.*

*The managing director explained that his board, viewing the perilous position in which Britain, the Empire and, indeed, all civilization found itself, had decided to set aside the greater portion of its advertising appropriation to be used for patriotic rather than for regular business purposes. Could I, he asked, suggest some way by which this money might be used to give people more courage at this time, greater unity of purpose, a clearer understanding of the principles for which we fought.*

*From that interview came four series of articles—one hundred and four articles in all—which appeared in the press of Vancouver, starting on the 15th of June, 1940, and ending on the 9th of January, 1943, occupying space paid for at national advertising*

rates. The first three series were republished in booklet form and distributed to thousands of people who had asked for them. The fourth series are republished herewith in response to an avalanche of requests from all classes of the community.

I would like to mention my sponsors by name; but recently imposed government regulations forbid my doing so. I would like to name and give credit to the managing director for his deep personal interest, especially in those articles that deal with the Canadian war effort and with the problem of Canadian unity. Most of these articles came from discussions across his boardroom table. I would like to give credit to the plant manager for his impregnable faith in the high destiny of the British peoples. I may not do so. I may not mention, by name, any official of the company.

But there is one thing I can do, and I think it is right that I should do it before I put down my pencil finally. I want to state, most emphatically, that the articles in question were not written or published to increase my sponsors' business, and they did not do so. Being human, my sponsors, naturally, are proud of the many friends these articles have made for them. But the articles were not written and published primarily to make friends. They were written and published to help in the creation of a united, more understanding Canada, a Canada equipped mentally, morally and physically to give all she had to give, first to the defence of Christendom, then to the destruction of the forces of evil personified in that trinity of infamy, Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito. That the articles have helped in this respect has been made abundantly clear.

At the foot of each article is given the date on which that article appeared. I suggest that these dates be kept in mind when re-reading the articles.

R. J. TEMPLETON.

North Vancouver,  
26th January, 1943.

# THE FAITH THAT IS IN OUR HEARTS . . .

**D**ESPITE Hong Kong and Singapore, despite the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies, despite Tobruk and Sevastopol, despite the Atlantic sinkings and all our other setbacks, we are conscious of a growing optimism, not only in this country, but in all the countries that make up the United Nations.

What is more, this optimism has strayed beyond our borders. Everywhere, the belief is gaining ground that Hitler cannot win the war.

An interesting thing about this optimism on our part, this belief in our ultimate victory on the part of others, is that while it comes to a great extent from the weighing of respective armaments, it comes to a greater extent than many suppose from the weighing of respective moralities.

The peoples of the decent countries find it impossible to visualize a world from which Christianity is banished—a world in which Hitler's Nordic paganism shares dominion over the souls of men with Hirohito's Shintoism.

There is not harborage for such a thought in the hearts of decent men and women anywhere.

There are laws that have ruled creation since the dawn of time. All living things upon this planet have advanced century by century, millennium by millennium, or have disappeared forever from existence, in accordance with the workings of these laws.

Above all other living creatures, man has been given laws for his special governance and guidance. And the peoples who have lived in accordance with these laws have prospered while the peoples who have made for themselves other laws have sunk into national nothingness.

Babylon, Assyria, Persia laughed at the soft nonsense of individual human dignity preached by their Hebrew neighbors. They would rule the world, they boasted, with whips and iron. Where are those countries today? And Alexander the Great and Genghis Khan and Philip of Spain and Napoleon Bonaparte and Wilhelm II. Where today are their conquests, their empires?

Gone, every one of them.

And now comes Hitler, a nine-year strutter upon the eternal stage, thinking, as those poor ambitious fools before him thought, that he can brush aside for his barbaric purposes laws that have ruled creation since the dawn of time, laws that have guided Christendom for twenty centuries of upward human striving.

Is it any wonder that a feeling grows throughout the decent world that in his assault upon these laws, in his assault more particularly upon the laws of Christendom, Hitler has challenged a Power that must inevitably grind him to powder when his little day is done?

In all the pages of history there is not recorded one successful attempt to turn aside for more than a little while the forward march of man.

It is not fuehrers and duces and animated idols who decide the path of human destiny.

The faith that is in our hearts tells us far otherwise.

# . . . A TASK AWAITS SOME GREAT CANADIAN

ON the 1st of this month we celebrated the 75th anniversary of Confederation, and throughout that day, as is our custom, we sought to concentrate our thoughts upon the great act of statesmanship that brought together in friendship two proudly antagonistic races, two peoples of different tongues and differing loyalties, and made of them a nation, Canada.

The celebration this year was marred by an unfortunate note. Quebec had voted "No" in the plebiscite of April 27th, ranging herself against the other provinces, which had voted "Yes" emphatically.

There were bitter words by members both of French speaking and of English speaking minorities, who saw in the vote an opportunity to advance their petty disloyalties, keeping alive the prejudices of their fathers, setting race against race, class against class, section against section, caring nothing for Confederation or for the spirit of greatness that informed it.

But mostly the offending words were the thoughtless utterances of speakers and writers who had not considered deeply enough the facts and consequences involved, who, on our side, had not made full and sympathetic examination of the currents of French-Canadian thought before giving expression to their criticisms and opinions.

If we English speaking Canadians tried harder to get the French-Canadian point of view we might be less

forthright in the words we use. We might understand, while we regret, Quebec's "No" vote—that it was not so much a protest against conscription as a protest against being conscripted to fight for any other country than Canada. We might understand, while we regret, Quebec's single loyalty—her loyalty to Canada and to Canada only. We might understand, while we regret, the peculiarity of French-Canada's Canadianism, which refuses to agree willingly to any but Canadian leaders deciding where and how French-Canadian boys shall fight and die.

It is not intelligent to dismiss this French-Canadian point of view with a wave of the hand, with a shrug of the shoulders. Our late Governor-General, Lord Tweedsmuir, did not so dismiss it. Speaking on the subject at the annual dinner of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, two years before the outbreak of war, he said:

"Canada is a sovereign nation and cannot take her attitude to the world docilely from Britain, or from the United States, or from anybody else. A Canadian's first loyalty is not to the British Commonwealth of Nations, but to Canada and to Canada's king. Those who deny this are doing, to my mind, a great disservice to the Commonwealth."

But suppose our French-Canadian fellows are all wrong in their ideas. In what way do we serve Canada by proving them so? And what benefit is it to Canada if our French-Canadian fellows prove that we English speaking Canadians are all wrong in what we do and say?

John A. Macdonald did not try to win arguments. He tried to win people.

And that is what we should try to do. Every political speaker and writer championing the English speaking

Canadian, every political speaker and writer championing the French speaking Canadian, should make John A. Macdonald's policy his policy. Then we soon would have back in this country the spirit of '67, the old spirit of Confederation, a united people. *And a United Canada we must have, not only to win the war, but to win the peace that follows it.*

\* \* \* \* \*

A great task awaits some great Canadian statesman—the task of re-enacting Confederation, of reuniting the French-Canadian and the English speaking Canadian, this time in a simple Canadianism that recognizes no hyphenated nomenclatures or other such irritating reminders of the pasts we threw aside to become plain citizens of Canada.

# DEMOCRACY AND THE TOTALITARIAN STATE

“**B**YOND all doubt,” said a friend to us the other day, “Hitler’s system is the most scientific system of government yet developed in the mind of man. And against that system we stack our free-and-easy, unscientific democracy. It doesn’t make sense.”

Our friend, of course, was quite wrong. And so are a great many other people who think as he did.

Hitler’s system of government may be wonderfully efficient, as a tiger leaping from ambush is efficient, but it is not scientific. Rather, it is our much abused democratic system that is, as our friend expressed it, “the most scientific system of government yet developed in the mind of man.”

We are not arguing that the unscientific tiger cannot kill the scientific hunter. That has happened. When the old Greeks, with their scientific minds and their sense of individual human dignity, designed the first democratic state, that state was swept out of existence by its barbaric neighbors—a calamity, incidentally, that later cost the world the nine centuries of semi-barbarism we call the Dark Ages.

Our argument, at the moment, is not that democracy is impregnable to the assaults of totalitarianism. It is that democracy is a forward-moving system of government that fulfils the requirements of the scientific mind, whereas totalitarianism is an outmoded, backward-moving system of government that does not fulfil those requirements.

The scientific attitude accepts nothing without questioning. The triumphs of modern science come from testing, re-testing and testing again. Science asserts that what we know about something today is less than we shall know about it tomorrow. Consequently, the scientist does not say in advance: This is how it shall be done for the next one thousand years. Instead, he follows from fact to fact, adjusting his point of view with each new discovery made.

And so the scientific form of government might be described as an experimental form of government, self-imposed, designed to grow by its own revision, being reconstructed constantly as a result of criticism and experiment.

Which surely describes democracy as we know it.

In the totalitarian system, on the other hand, obedience is the first law and the whip takes the place of reason in the government of men. Only the state is considered; never the individual. All criticism is forbidden, and only a few selected ones may speak the truth or search for it.

No hint here of scientific methods; nothing but an ugly echo of pre-Christian days.

The scientist insists that truth is indispensable to human progress. Truth, he says, is scientific; untruth is unscientific. In scientific circles, therefore, to falsify facts is a sin beyond forgiveness, and the scientist found guilty of so doing is ostracized forthwith from the scientific fellowship.

Hitler must long since have been purged from scientific recognition, even in Germany, because lies and the falsification of facts are two of his main instruments of government.

Ceaseless criticism is the life of science. An end to criticism is the death of science. So, when Hitler

strangled criticism of his acts and government he killed the scientific attitude in Germany, "he severed at once the spinal cord of German progress," as an industrial refugee put it rather aptly at the time.

There is no need to press the argument further. Hitler's methods of government are not scientific methods. That is obvious. They are the methods of the savage. At best, they are the methods of a Xerxes, a Nebuchadnezzar, a Genghis Khan, an Attila.

That is the crowd to which Hitler belongs—not to the thinkers, not to the men of truth, but to the mass murderers, the breakers of treaties, the liars and the book burners of history.

We should remember that—always.

. . . .

# “THAT’S WHAT WE’RE FIGHTING FOR”

THE North Vancouver ferry was crowded with shipyard workers returning from the night shift, tired and toil-stained. Mostly they perched along the rail or sat outstretched upon the deck. A few who could not find sitting room stood about in groups, talking. A middle-age man was speaking to some younger men. As we passed him, on our way to another part of the ferry, we caught something of what he said:

“. . . There isn’t such a thing as education in Germany. Not today. You don’t educate slaves. You *teach* slaves—the way you teach horses and dogs to do your bidding. And you fellows want to know what we’re fighting for? I’ll tell you what we’re fighting for. We’re fighting for a lot of things; but, most of all, we’re fighting for the right to educate our kids so they’ll grow up into clean-thinking, straight-talking Canadians, not into heel-clicking, heiling yes-men. That’s what we’re fighting for . . .”

His words faded as distance came between us; but those we had heard stayed in our mind and set our own thoughts working.

\* \* \* \* \*

As we thought back over things, it seemed almost as if the start of it was in another age. Yet, actually, it was only a few years since that Nazi Minister of Education gave Hitler his infamous inaugural promise that the whole function of his department would be to pro-

duce National Socialists—the promise that sounded the death knell of scholarship in Germany.

We remembered how thoroughly that promise had been fulfilled. Half the teaching staff and some 7,000 “non Aryan” students were purged from the universities and all “un-German” teachers were removed from the elementary school system, “with brutality where necessary,” as the Minister himself expressed it.

We recalled, too, the disgraceful reaction of the surviving professors and teachers. Effervescing with Nazi spirit, or, it may be, to hold their jobs, they proved to their new Minister how Aryan and German they were by ransacking every village, town and city library from one end of Germany to the other, and publicly burning every book that had been written by a Jew, every book that did not show “proper respect” for the German people, every book that was “too persuasively Christian” and every book that might influence students and the public against Nazi methods and ideals.

And we remembered how, before the last of the bonfires had burned itself out, postmen were delivering a new curriculum to every school principal in Germany—a curriculum that included a strange new subject, listed as “Your Political Task” and described as the duty of making sure that no student graduated from the school who had not learned to be uncompromisingly Nazi.

Finally, there were the Adolph Hitler schools, established outside the general system to select and train a new elite, a new ruling class, a Nazi oligarchy, “great in knowledge, blind in obedience, fanatical in faith,” the future governors of Germany and the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

Blind in obedience, fanatical in faith. The ultimate achievement of the new education in Germany!

In this respect, Hitler certainly has made himself unique. Only he of all the tyrants in history first debauched the mind of youth to win its service.

It was good for us, that reminder from the lips of the toil-stained shipyard worker. We get so bound up in the everyday details of politics and warfare that we are apt to lose sight of some of the more important fundamentals.

As a nation, we are fighting for many things. But individually, as parents, we are fighting, above everything else, for our children, for their right to grow up into honestly educated, self-respecting citizens of this free country of Canada.

# THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WE HAVE TO BEAT . . .

IT WAS a BBC speaker, we think, who remarked recently that it is not really the German soldier we are fighting, but the mechanic with his spanner in Dortmund, the farmer turning sod in Bavaria, the woman sewing parachutes in Stuttgart, the clerk with his files in Berlin. These, said the speaker, are the people we have to beat — the German workers, the men and women who build and feed and repair the machine with which Hitler fights. When we have beaten them, the soldiers of Germany will be easy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Time and again in these articles we have given credit, in unstinted measure, to the immortal youngsters of the Royal Air Force, who held the autumn skies of 1940 against Hitler's aerial might. But what could those youngsters have done, for all their gallantry, without their Spitfires and their Hurricanes?

We take not one iota of credit from them. They won the Battle of Britain. But they could not have won that battle if each individual British worker had not done a better job of aeroplane building than did his German fellow. If those British workers had slacked on the job, if they had not put every last ounce of energy and intelligence into it, the story of youthful heroism that glorifies the year 1940 could never have been written.

In the hands of the workers today rests the greatest responsibility in history. This war against world enslavement can be won only when our sailors, our

soldiers and our airmen have ships and tanks and planes to match the ships and tanks and planes of Hitler's gangster hordes.

Our fighters must be armed for victory. They must be armed beyond lack by the workers of Canada and by the workers of the other United Nations, each workman giving to his task the last hour of time and the last ounce of energy demanded.

Our fighting men will win the battles. Of that there is not the slightest doubt. But it is our workers, the free workers of the world, who finally must conquer Hitler. It is the men without uniforms, unknown, uncheered, unthanked—the men who work week after week, month after month, from year's end to year's end, each one of them matching his skill and determination against the skill and determination of an unseen German enemy.

In its civilian aspect, as someone has expressed it, this war is really a fight between each individual worker on our side and some one worker doing just his job on the side of the Axis.

We do not always quite realize to what an important and personal extent our working men take part in the fighting. They are seldom in the limelight. Perhaps it is well that it should be so. But their day will come. It will come when the tanks they make crush into dust the rubble that was once the Berlin Chancellory; when the planes they build find not one fighting German plane in German skies; when the ships they launch sail unmolested on Hitler's Baltic "lake."

Then all the world will know them and thank them and cheer them. And the history writers will be busy putting down how the ship builders and tank makers and aeroplane designers of the United Nations out-

worked and out-thought the whip-driven workers of Germany.

Some of the history writers may go so far as to say that, while it was the fighting men who won the battles, it was the working men who won the war—that, in the last analysis, it was the free workers of the world who saved the world's democracy.

# A GREAT TRADITION IS IN THEIR KEEPING

THE men of the Merchant Navy are a race apart. They live in our midst and we do not know them. Passing them on the street, we may notice their rolling, "line ahead" gait, their eyes that seem always to be searching out some far horizon, their faces creased by the lash of wind and spray. If we look carefully, we may confirm our guess by seeing on their coat lapels a little silver badge bearing two letters in simple block type, "M.N." It is the only official sign they wear to show that they are British merchant seamen.

It is not easy to meet them. When we do, we find them shy, silent, self-conscious. We learn little from them of the life they live, almost nothing of the risks they run, and, unless we are very insistent, nothing at all of any outstanding act of devotion to duty in which they may have been involved. In the strange waters of a landsman's company, they hold their tongues so much in check that we might think them less well informed on world affairs than the average man ashore.

So thinking, we would be wrong. Sailormen are better read, on the average, than are their fellows ashore. And they know the world better than almost anybody else. They have visited and lived in many lands. They are familiar with great cities. They know the Baltic, the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, the Pacific and the Atlantic better than most of us know what it is like eight blocks from where we live. The very manner of their life forces upon them a knowledge of the world and of the peoples in it, forces them to look

deep into men's minds and hearts, to think of vastnesses rather than of little things.

The men of the Merchant Navy are proud in their quiet way. They remember that it was *they* who built the British Empire. They are conscious that in their keeping has been placed a great tradition, a tradition that has come to them down the centuries from the Locks of London, the Thornes of Bristol, the Hawkins of Plymouth; from Walter Raleigh and Martin Frobisher; from Francis Drake, the parson's son; from Davis and Baffin and Hudson, who gave their names to seas that border our northern shores.

They have a strange, unspectacular courage, these men of the Merchant Navy. Dive-bombed, shelled, torpedoed, back to sea they go when their wounds are mended. They drift for what must seem an eternity of days and nights in open boats, with little or no food, little or no water, little or no hope of rescue. They are picked up, living skeletons, so weak that they cannot even whisper their names, and they lie for a month in hospital on water-filled mattresses. At the end of it all, when they have been put upon their feet again, their hair gone gray, ten years added to the lines about their eyes and lips, what is it that they want most of all to do?

It is to go back to what they have come from, back to their duty of transporting food stuffs and weapons of war to the front lines of the United Nations. And no one ever tells them they are heroes, except in a general way. They do not like people to call them heroes. They are, they say, merchant seamen doing the job they have been trained to do, in fair weather and in foul, as their fathers did before them.

We wish our merchant seamen wore uniforms, that we might more readily recognize them. We would like to tell them, if only by a glance in passing, how much we respect their steadfast valor at this time of grim world crisis.

# . . . WHEN WE HAVE PAID IN FULL

**I**N ancient times there were no rules of war. Enemy territory, with all that stood and lived upon it, was put to the sword and the torch. Cities were levelled to the ground and the inhabitants slaughtered or enslaved. Humanity had but emerged from the jungle, and when men made war they made it with the mercilessness of beasts of prey.

Thousands of years went by and the Greeks, who gave to the world its idea of fair play in sport, tried also to "civilize" war. In this they were unsuccessful. It was the Crusades, long afterwards, the institution of knighthood and the spread of Christianity, that brought into being what might be called the earliest codes of war. Ideas of chivalry were applied. There was an attempt to avoid unnecessary cruelty. Women and children were protected. Brave enemies, captured in defeat, were treated with honor and consideration.

Then came the Thirty Years War in Germany and the world reverted to its jungle past. Flinging aside the dictates of religion and chivalry, rival armies swept the country from end to end, imposing upon the civil population every form of cruelty and violence their minds could devise. Finally, what had started as an exclusively Germanic struggle brought in the neighboring states. King Christian of Denmark, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, and, in the end, Richelieu of France, sent their troops across the German border to heap destruction and horror upon the destruction and horror already piled by

the German people upon themselves. It was the most terrible war in history.

Whether it was the revulsion of feeling that set in after this orgy of frightfulness, or whether it was Shakespeare and Bacon and Moliere and hundreds of others like them who brought sanity to the minds of men and humanity to their hearts—whatever the cause—the peoples of Europe made up their minds that never again would barbarism be allowed to govern unchecked the operations of war.

The 18th century was one of thoughtful progress along these lines, and we find Napoleon fighting his wars with relative humanity. There followed, in the 19th century, the Declaration of Paris, 1856, the Geneva Convention, 1864, the Declaration of St. Petersburg, 1868, and finally, the Hague Conventions of 1899 and 1907, which brought acceptance by the civilized world of a series of rules of war “dictated by religion, morality, civilization and chivalry.” There were even those who hoped within a generation to outlaw war itself.

That was before 1914—before Wilhelm’s uninspired attempt to re-introduce to the world the ways of the jungle. With the declaration of war the German emperor ordered all international undertakings scrapped, and his chief of the general staff gave orders that the “flabby sentimentalisms” of the Hague Conventions must not be allowed to stand in the way of military and naval undertakings. There followed the sinking, without warning, of unarmed merchantmen, the bombing of open cities, the enslavement of captured civilians, the use of poison gas and a score of other infractions of the laws of war to which, with the heads of other nations, Wilhelm had put his country’s seal and signature.

Wilhelm’s attempt crumpled late in 1918 and the peace-loving, treaty-keeping nations found themselves

in a position from which they could have seen to it that never again did a German leader disturb the peace of the world. Instead, they made a treaty of peace that took not the slightest account of the flaming significances of the Thirty Years War and little or no account of the fact that the people whose signatures they were accepting had broken every covenant they had ever made.

Hitler is the price we are paying for that stupidity. It may be years before the price is paid in full. But, eventually, it will be paid. When it is, there must be no lingering doubt about the genuineness of what we get in exchange.

# HITLER HATES OUR WESTERN CIVILIZATION

SUCH hostage lists as the governments in exile have been able to compile make it very clear that the machine gunners of Hitler's Gestapo are employed on far more sinister work than mass murder and reprisal slaying. Their work is to exterminate the intellectuals from amongst the conquered nations as quickly as excuses offer.

Why? it may be asked.

At first thought, it would seem that Hitler, being wise in his barbaric way, is reckoning with the fact that though he succeeded in conquering the world he could not hope to hold it unless at the same time he destroyed completely the cultural background of the conquered peoples—unless he crushed their souls to earth.

This might explain the machine gun massacres. But not quite. There would seem to be another and a deeper reason for Hitler's organized attack upon civilization. It may be found, we suggest, in his insane hatred of anything not German.

In the creation of our Western civilization Germany had little, if any, part. That work was almost exclusively an Anglo-French achievement. It came from a sudden outpouring of the minds of men, as much from the France of Richelieu and Louis XIV as from Elizabethan England, and it grew to swift, irresistible strength during the French and British-dominated seventeenth century.

There can be little doubt of this. We have but to take the first seventeenth century names that come to mind to understand the forces that were at work in the world during that greatest century in history. In France, we think at once of LaFontaine, Moliere, Racine, Descartes, Pascal, Fenelon, LaBruyere, La Rochefoucauld, Corneille, Boileau and as many more, to say nothing of the French Academy. In Britain, we think of Shakespeare, Bacon, Dryden, Milton, Ben Jonson, Bunyan, Locke, Hobbes, Samuel Butler, Pepys and a score of others. In Germany, Kepler the astronomer and Leibnitz the philosopher are the only names that come to mind. And neither of them, in his day, exerted a dram of influence beyond the borders of his gutted homeland.

Thus, while the men of France and Britain were building with brave, exciting thoughts a great new civilization, the men of Germany were paying in long-drawn-out instalments the bitter price of their Thirty Years War.

Knowing Hitler as we do, knowing the mad forces that drive him, we may suppose reasonably that in conquering the world he would want to destroy utterly this Anglo-French civilization—this civilization in the making of which no German had had a part. And he would want to put in its place the very antithesis of what had been—a new barbaric order made exclusively in Germany.

So, today, culture is voiceless where flies the swastika. What culture still survives is held in the tortured silence of prison camps awaiting the firing squad. Presently, unless the war ends sooner than most of us dare hope, there will not be a cultured man or woman left alive in most of Europe.

It is all too terribly clear. If Hitler has his way, there will be an end to our Western civilization, an end to

“the idea of personalism, to the ethics of the Ten Commandments and of Plato, to Christian morality, to the social principles preached by St. Thomas Aquinas, to the Declaration of Rights, to the slogan of the French Revolution,” to quote Werner Thormann, one time editor of the *Berlin New Republic* and now a refugee in the United States. He, a German, knows.

The pity of it is that so many of us in Canada do not yet know what we are fighting for.

# IN A WORLD SHAKEN TO ITS FOUNDATIONS

IN its feature article of August 15, "Britain's Economic Miracle," by Gustav Stolper, *The Financial Post*, of Toronto, has contributed a valuable service to the cause of Empire solidarity. This article, the seventh in a series of eight taken from Dr. Stolper's book, "The Age of Fable," deals some telling blows to the myth of a decadent Britain being led to the economic and political bow-wows by an arrogant ruling class wearing "the old school tie."

According to Dr. Stolper, the reality is "in grotesque contrast." During the twenty years following 1918 no country made greater progress politically, economically and socially, than did Britain. While other great European countries bungled the problems of peace, lumbered through catastrophes and revolutions, Britain held her national institutions intact. As a result, when the world emerged at last from the depression of the early 1930's, it was Britain who made the quickest and cleanest recovery. She never submitted to inflation, never had an unbalanced budget. Through it all, her banking system held firm against the shattering jolts that came from widespread bank collapses in continental Europe and America. Only a small fraction of her working population was permanently unemployed—nothing like the situation in Germany and the United States—and those who were unemployed were better cared for than were the unemployed of any other country.

Between the wars Britain built up huge new indus-

tries. This led to a large-scale migration from the depressed areas of decaying industries in the North to the new thriving industrial centres of the Midlands and the South. And it led, incidentally, to the modernization of the greater part of Britain's industrial equipment.

During this period Britain re-housed one-third of her population by building more than four million new homes. She did this, as Dr. Stolper points out, not with government funds, but by the methods of free enterprise, using the voluntary savings of her people.

Undeterred by the political dangers of the times, Britain maintained full democratic continuity. The British trades unions, assuming their proper national responsibilities, continued their forward march. And when dissatisfied voters put the Labor party in power for a time, the traditional Conservative and Liberal parties acknowledged the verdict with unwavering fair-mindedness, instead of banding together and subduing the new movement, as would have been done in most other countries.

In the Empire a profound change took place. The old imperialism disappeared, almost voluntarily, with all its "sacred rights and privileges," and, in its place, there emerged a group of self-governing nations freely associated within a new political structure, the British Commonwealth.

Thus, in a world being shaken to its foundations, Britain went quietly and courageously ahead consolidating and modernizing its institutions—so quietly that what was taking place seems to have escaped almost entirely the notice of the world, as, indeed, it escaped the notice of most Britishers.

In the opinion of Dr. Stolper, only this mature national effort can account for the historic miracle of

our times: An unarmed Britain withstanding, alone, assaults of organized chaos that must have crumbled any lesser nation in the dust.

This, the considered opinion, not of an Englishman, not of a Canadian, but of a 1933 refugee from Hitler's Germany, an authority on international economics, writing in New York for an American audience, should be worth recalling next time we hear about us criticism of Britain's leadership.

# . . . . IF ONLY WE WOULD GET TOGETHER

ON the 31st of August, regulations intended to mobilize the man power of Canada were announced by Humphrey Mitchell, Minister of Labor, and Elliott M. Little, Director of National Selective Service.

Overnight, as it were, every Canadian home was turned into a manning depot from which men and women were to be drawn to fill requirements. At universities and high schools, students were to be encouraged to cultivate their aptitude for science against the future need for men with science training. Industrial and business enterprises were to be geared more closely to the nation's need. All Canada was to be made into a fighting machine, and all Canadians into fighters.

Such seemed to be the government's intention.

But it is not enough. It is not enough that the government should thus call on us for its war purposes. Behind the government's compulsion must be the proud anxiety of every single one of us to give all that he has to give, now that the opportunity to give has come his way.

Ottawa may announce its plans to mobilize us. But Ottawa cannot teach us our duty. That is something only we can teach ourselves. Our duty is not a matter of compulsion. It is something each one of us must tender freely, according to the depth of his patriotism and the extent of his understanding.

We might as well face the fact now and face it squarely: Only when we become desperately and

unitedly determined in our war effort, only when all our jangling opinions are merged in a single national will, only when our entire resources, all our thoughts and energies and ambitions, are centred upon the task of destroying our enemies, only then may we hope for victory.

If the government's mobilization of man power means anything, it means that we are all soldiers now—whether in the active army or on the home front. As soldiers, it is our duty to speak and act as a great many-millioned unit. We must bear constantly in mind that just as long as there are sectional jealousies and petty bickerings, just as long as East fights West, just as long as labor and capital are at loggerheads, just so long will our Canadian war machine creak comfortingly in the ears of our enemies.

Our writers and our public speakers are face to face with a golden opportunity. They need only the understanding of the men who gave us Confederation to do for Canada today the greatest thing that has ever been done in all Canadian history. Having that understanding, facing the present and the future, they would forget, in every written word, in every public utterance, that they are hyphenated and un-hyphenated Canadians, Easterners and Westerners, working men and capitalists. They would remember only that they are Canadians.

As a people, we could make no greater single effort for victory, no more valuable contribution to posterity, than we would make by burying our differences and our distinctions deep in the soil of Canada—this Canada that could be the greatest country in the world if only we would get together and make it so.

# . . . ON THIS THIRD WAR ANNIVERSARY

AS has been said and written many times, the present war is like no other war in history. It began without the traditional declaration of war and it is likely to end without the traditional armistice and peace treaty. It is a war of Quislings and Laval, a war of "fifth columnists" and organized hatreds, a war that has seen the first mobilization of a nation's psychological power for war purposes.

It is customary to write that World War II started with the invasion of Poland. Actually, it started years earlier with the invasion of the rest of the world by the forces of German ideology. It was Mosley's ideological shock troops who led the attack on Britain, as it was Quisling who led the attack on Norway, and Vandenberg, Nye and Lindbergh who led the attack on the United States. It was this attack from within by the national Judases that gave Hitler most of Europe.

Thus, the present war is not so much a war between nations as a final break between two perpetually warring world forces—one seeking always to lead man forward along the road to greater freedom and a growing self-respect, the other seeking always to draw him back into the dark ways of his barbaric past.

But whatever kind of war this is, however we may describe it, we may feel sure that no negotiated peace will end it. This war can end only with the peace of the sword. When it is over, the world will be at the mercy of Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito, or it will be in the firm control of Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin.

Our victory, then, will be an outright victory. It will be a victory, too, of far-reaching consequence — a victory that will save, not only ourselves, but our enemies as well, from the horrors of a Dark Age more terrible by far than that which blanketed the world between the sixth and fifteenth centuries—a victory that will bring into existence the new and better world we have obligated ourselves to build upon the rubble of the old.

Having smashed the power of the Axis, being ourselves powerful beyond challenge, we will be able to see to this without let or hindrance. We can be forcefully imperative about the adoption of international rules and regulations designed to make it impossible for any nation or group of nations to inflict upon the world again the sorrow and suffering Hitler is inflicting upon the world today.

We can be equally imperative in our insistence that the old imperialisms must go. Having fought to establish the Four Freedoms of the Atlantic Charter, we would find it difficult to understand democracy for ourselves at home and autocracy for less favored peoples abroad. So thinking, we will almost certainly find ourselves taking an interest in vast social movements in far places, assisting the world's backward races to prepare themselves for the responsibilities of self-government.

At the end of the war, we will occupy the place the Germans would have occupied if they had won. We will be the world's masters. On the evidence of history, we may be expected to hold our mastery within bounds, carrying ourselves as victors with a nobility worthy of our past, acting generously, thoughtfully, with far-seeing understanding, without bitterness.

And so our thoughts on this third war anniversary lead us to the belief that the world will profit from the victory of the United Nations to a far greater extent than it would be expedient to set forth on paper today.

# OUR PEACE AIMS ARE VERY SIMPLE

**J**UST now the air lanes and the public prints are cluttered with discussions of so-called peace problems. More or less responsible writers and the people who sit about round tables are giving their energies to debating ways and means of saving humanity from "the greatest depression in history," from the consequences of unpayable international obligations, from financial collapse and industrial chaos following the signing of the peace treaty, and from a score of other happenings hardly less calamitous.

People who spend themselves on such problems hug the belief that this war is going to end like the last war—that Germany, Italy, Japan, Bulgaria, Roumania and the other Axis countries will sue for peace one day, *en masse*—that fighting on all fronts will end suddenly, and all the sailors and soldiers and airmen will be looking for jobs, and all the factories making munitions will be dismissing their employees, and all the nations will be scrambling for any money that is left.

The war is not going to end in any such sudden manner. The Axis partners are not at all likely to surrender in a gang. It is far more likely that we will have to hunt them down like rats, one by one. And even when we have exterminated them our job will not be ended, only the first part of it. We still will have to bring in that new world order we have promised to establish upon the ruins of the old.

The Axis leaders have no doubts on this score. To

them, this whole business of war and peace is a continuing process, of which winning the war is but one of the steps. With us, too, the fighting is but a preliminary to something more important to follow.

It all seems so obvious that we have little patience with the hullabaloo that is going on about peace problems. There are no peace problems—not in this war. Actually, these so-called peace problems are part of our general war problem. Many of them will work themselves out as the war works itself out. Others may still be working themselves out while yet we are hunting down the Axis remnants in their jungle and mountain hideouts. But by the time the last Axis murderer is brought to the bar of justice there should be no lingering fear in any man's heart about his social and economic security.

Why should there be?

Already the United Nations are acting as an international unit. It might almost be said that already we are part of a new international order. We are likely to be a part of this new order for years before there is peace again. Thus, we are going to get used to the idea of international control, as our forefathers got used to the idea of Confederation. They gave up some of their most cherished rights to create Canada. We will find ourselves giving up some of our most cherished national rights to create a new world.

This new world will be in our control. We can make of it what we will. What we propose to make of it is already known. Our aims are very simple—a world in which there will be freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from want and freedom from fear, the Four Freedoms of the Atlantic Charter, in which is contained the hope of all peoples everywhere.

We have no peace problems, as such. Our only problem, it seems to us, is winning the war.

# THE WAR AND THE TEACHING PROFESSION

**S**PEAKING at a recent meeting of the Institute on Education and War, Elmer Davis gave all his great skill of utterance to the task of impressing upon his hearers, and upon the teaching profession generally, the importance of making it very clear to this year's students that they are living in greater and more perilous times than any they would read about in their history books, and that unless the human race can develop intelligence enough to make the world safe for decent people to live in, then what we call our civilization may not outlast the twentieth century.

Teach your students, said Mr. Davis, that the past is finished, that yesterday can never come again, that we must move forward in one direction or the other—either up, or down. Teach them that our future will be what we are strong enough, resolute enough and intelligent enough to make it. Try to make them understand what it would be like if this continent were conquered by the Germans or by the Japanese—what it would mean to live in a country like Poland or Czechoslovakia or invaded China, where there is no such thing as personal freedom or individual dignity, where men are tortured for sport, where a score of hostages, picked at random, are shot in so-called reprisal for a deed they never heard of, where children starve that the country's "masters" may fare sumptuously. Tell them what H. G. Wells wrote after the last war—that the signing of peace was but the starting gun in a race between education and

catastrophe. Explain to them how it came about that catastrophe won that race. Fix it in their minds that if the United Nations win this war *education will have one more chance*. Make them understand that if education loses this next race it may mean the end of the present phase of human development, it may mean that those who survive will have to start all over again from the point at which our present civilization started thousands of years ago.

Mr. Davis, of course, said a great deal more than that. But all that he said centred about one main thought, a thought he tried with all his speaking art to pass through the minds of the teachers who heard him into the minds of the pupils who were that week starting upon their new scholastic year—the thought that, after their elders had written the earlier paragraphs, they would be called upon to write the concluding paragraphs of the most important chapter in all history, a chapter in which would be recorded humanity's greatest victory or its most humiliating defeat.

Quite evidently, Mr. Davis was thinking of the race referred to by H. G. Wells, the race between education and catastrophe that must be run when peace comes to this world again, the race in which the runners for our side will be the young men and the young women now in the schools and colleges of the United Nations. And so he placed squarely before the members of the teaching profession their imperative duty of seeing to it that the youth of today understand beyond misapprehension where they stand in history and what their responsibilities are.

No such educational effort was made during the last war. As a result, the millennial hopes that were so widely current in 1918 disappeared in the nothingness of the smoke that drifted from the last field of battle.

Disillusioned, men rushed to the opposite extreme of cynicism and apathy.

That must not happen again. It will not happen if our youngsters, when they take over the world of tomorrow, do so with an understanding we their fathers might have had, but did not have, when we took over the world of twenty-four years ago.

With the teaching profession rests a great responsibility. In no small measure, the future world will be of its making.

# THAT OUR CHILDREN MAY WALK PROUDLY

**T**HIS war is teaching us things the last war might have taught us—things the last war would have taught us if we had had minds to learn.

It is teaching us that if we would but concentrate our individual, our national and our international energies on creative projects as wholeheartedly and as capably as we concentrate them on the destructive project of war, we could bring into being in a generation a greater and a happier world than any world of our imagining. If only we had understood this during the last quarter-century we might today be living in that world—a world in which the “Four Freedoms” would have been so widely held that there would have been little breeding space for the animal forces Hitler has let loose upon humanity from across the German border.

We are learning that selfishness and incapacity are not the qualifications for peace-time leadership—that it is not enough to have men of integrity and of capacity available in times of crisis. We know now that if we had had our wartime leadership while yet we were at peace there never would have been this time of crisis.

The war has taught us that our young men are just as fine, just as brave as any of the young men who wrote our Empire's history with their lives. In their hearts is the clean courage of their fathers' fathers, of the men who for a thousand years held their island fortress inviolate against the world, of the men who fought the

wilderness of half a continent to give their children Canada.

This war has taught us, too, something we were beginning to suspect during the war of 1914-18. It has taught us that war is no longer profitable *for anybody*. In other wars, when victory crowned our arms, the rich and the well-placed benefited while the common people paid the price. This time, rich and poor are paying equally with their blood, while the rich pay more in cash because they have more cash with which to pay.

Always there have been wars—for lands, for trade, for honor, for treasure, for a dozen and one other reasons. And always there were some who profited greatly. Now, that little clique of warmongers have learned that war, as it is fought today, is not profitable even for them. They have learned that never again can they make fortunes from the trade of war, from the tears and agony of other human beings.

Most important of all, we have learned that civilization could not survive another war, fought with the planes and tanks and high explosives that would be available twenty-five years from now.

And so today we fight WAR. We fight to drive its ugly terror from the earth. We fight for peace. We fight that our children and our children's children may walk proudly in this land we their fathers hold for them with our lives, our substance and our broken hearts.

# . . . THE GERMAN REPARATIONS SWINDLE

A NORTH SHORE FRIEND has called our attention to Lord Vansittart's preface to *The Greatest Swindle in the World: the Story of German Reparations*, by G. Borsky. It is a preface of almost George Bernard Shaw proportions, written with typical Vansittart abandon, and its theme is beyond the scope of this series. However, certain figures used in the Vansittart argument seem to us well worth digging from the rest for the benefit of our more mathematically inclined readers.

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Under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, Germany agreed to pay reparations of \$30,000 millions, or, roughly, one-quarter of the cost of the war to the Allies. What Germany actually paid was estimated by the Reparations Commission as \$5,000 millions, of which not more than \$1,000 millions was paid in cash.

While Germany agreed to pay this \$30,000 millions, to make good the damage she had inflicted on the Allies, certain of her leaders, more particularly Schacht, seem to have intended that the victors, not the vanquished, should make good the damages of war. And, while Britain and France thus weakened themselves, "vanquished" Germany was to strengthen herself in preparation for a future war of revenge.

That Germany did so strengthen herself is plain. On her own showing, the \$25,000 millions of reparations

she did not pay to the Allies she spent on industrial and social development, the while claiming to the world that she had been crippled by the magnitude of her amends.

Vansittart explains it this way: Germany's national debt became practically non-existent after the inflation of 1923. Following this, between 1924 and 1939, the German national income rose fifty per cent above what it had been at the start of the war. The German Government thus was able to steer the \$25,000 millions in question to German industry, which, amply financed, embarked on a vast program of modernization and replacement.

Incidentally, about one-third of this money was borrowed—borrowed, according to Vansittart, without any intention of repayment. However that may be, we know that Germany received in loans and credits from her former enemies some \$7,500 millions in ready money—seven times as much as she paid them in cash on her reparations account.

That great sums of money were available in Germany is evidenced by the magnificent new buildings, streets, motor roads, pleasure and exhibition grounds that were built at that time, as well as by the new industrial adventures, new shipping and railway enterprises, for which the Government never lacked funds.

Meanwhile, something very different was taking place in Britain. The cost of the war to the Allies is estimated roughly at \$125,000 millions, as against the \$60,000 millions it cost Germany. Britain was left with a national debt of \$35,000 millions as against a final German national debt of not more than \$2,000 millions. She had to shoulder, also, her share of the \$10,000 millions of war debts she and France between them owed to the United States—an amount, as can be seen, that was twice as much as the total reparations paid by Germany in cash and kind.

On this showing, it was not the Allies who won the war of 1914-18. It was Germany.

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Fantastic! you exclaim. But so is almost everything connected with modern Germany. No such fantastic "world conqueror" as Hitler ever persuaded a great people to follow him blindfold to their destruction. No statesman in his senses ever attacked an enemy with a weapon so fantastic as the Goebbels' lie factory. No leader so fantastically gross and be-medalled as Goering ever strutted across the pages of history.

Of course, this so-called reparations swindle is fantastic. But it is no more fantastic than all the mad brutality that has followed since, right down to the shackling of the men of Dieppe. The point we must get in mind is that these things have happened—are happening in an area that embraces half the world. And they will go on happening until we destroy utterly Hitler and his mad partners and bring the world to the sanity we once hoped it had.

# . . . FEW OF US MAY GIVE OUR LIVES

**S**OMETHING most extraordinary is happening to us. Yet few of us are conscious of what that something is.

We appreciate, in varying degree, that the world is passing through its greatest revolutionary epoch. We know that by the acceptance of the terms of the Atlantic Charter our leaders have committed themselves to the establishment of a post-war world designed in the interests of all classes and peoples. We believe, in a vague sort of way, that the world of tomorrow is going to be a better world than the world of yesterday.

But almost all of us have failed to sense what is happening to us as a people. And something *is* happening to us—something that is being expressed with growing frequency by men's lips and pens as the months of war slip by. Mackenzie King gave expression to it at Toronto the other day in one of the most significant statements ever made by a prime minister of Canada.

Something similar happened to us once before, at the time of Elizabeth. Then most of the world worth owning belonged to Philip of Spain, who lacked only Britain to round out his empire. Then, as now, the would-be world conqueror had not the slightest doubt in his mind that the taking of Britain awaited only his convenience.

We shocked him out of that belief, toppling him from his world throne and taking from him his kingdom of the seas.

It was while we were toppling the Spanish monarch from his world throne that this "something" first happened to us. It was then we found ourselves. We were no longer "islanders." We looked out from our inlets and from our villages and a quality of understanding came to us—an almost occult prescience that told us of the world to be. It was then we discovered that we had thoughts to give the world. It was then we went out into the waste places washed by the seven seas, peopled them with our flesh and blood and made of them an empire. It was then we laid the foundations of a new and greater civilization to take the place of Philip's.

That "something" is happening to us today. Again the future of the human race is in our hands. Again we face a would-be world conqueror who needs our soil to round out his empire. And as we shock him from his throne we are again finding ourselves, again discovering that we have thoughts to give the world, and a new civilization of freer, prouder, happier peoples than ever walked its ways before.

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Meanwhile we must give. Few of us are privileged to give ourselves. Most of us can give only our money. We will be happier in the days ahead, those of us who have only money to give, if we are conscience-clear that we gave all we had to give, that we held nothing back.

Can we do less when we consider that our young men are giving their lives voluntarily that we may enjoy a future they will never see?

# AND NO DECENT MAN WILL SHIELD THEM

**H**ITLER might be called the greatest thrower of boomerangs in history. We know of no other war leader who has had to take the buffetings Hitler has had to take from the weapons he has thrown at his enemies.

His most notable boomerangs, of course, were the bombers he sent over Britain, night after night, that winter of 1940 while the country was still weaponless except for its indomitable soul. They made rubble of the little homes, those bombers. They killed men, women and children fearfully, in Stygian darkness. But they did not break the spirit of the British people. Instead, they added to that spirit an iron determination to fight on, and, perchance, live on to fling the murderous weapons back upon the German cities from which they had been thrown.

It was a very foolish thing that Hitler did, sending those night bombers over Britain. Any man of intelligence would have known better. But then, on his own statement, Hitler is not an intelligent man. Remember what he screamed to his robot followers at the time of the library bonfires? "We fight intelligence, because intelligence is our enemy! We prefer to be barbarians, and think with blood and iron!"

And remember how Hitler's great ape, Goering, assured the German people that the bombing of Britain was one-way murder, and they were not to worry?

Poor, wretched, stone age throw-backs, stacking their jungle instincts against the deep resources of the human mind!

Of course, that "one-way murder" boomeranged. And now it is German cities that quake beneath bombs dropped upon them day and night—greater, deadlier, better-aimed bombs, that smash huge armament plants and whole city blocks into instant nothingness, but leave unharmed the little homes and the helpless women and children, if that is possible.

Another boomerang is that typically Hitlerian weapon aimed at spreading fear and distrust in the Allied ranks. The French leaders crumpled under it—the leaders we name with scorn the Men of Vichy. But, later, when the weapon was flung across the Atlantic into the United States, in an effort to make that country anti-British and isolationist, it did not work so well. Things dragged, and the Axis partners lost patience. Then Japan sent the weapon boomeranging back across the Atlantic with its sneak attack on Pearl Harbor.

The boomerang that returns to strike its Nazi throwers has gained in weight while it was overseas—the weight of the Four Freedoms of the Atlantic Charter, of Vice-President Wallace's "coming century of the common man," of Wendell Willkie's talk the other evening on post-war world-wide freedom, to say nothing of the subtle something we of the United Nations are doing to Italy. That returning boomerang must be making painful dents in the already battered morale of the German people.

They do not seem to be very happy, these German people. From Stockholm, Berne, Madrid and Ankara, the "neutral" cities into which news still trickles from Germany, we learn of the nation-wide pessimism that has resulted from the collapse of Goebbels' propaganda.

It seems, the Doctor's lies have boomeranged. And now the German people, unable to believe anything their government tells them, must rely for news on what information is bootlegged to them from the United Nations.

There is one weapon Hitler has thrown at us that we cannot throw back. It is the weapon of frightfulness. Yet the vile inhumanities committed by the Nazi leaders on their helpless victims are returning to strike them, if not physically, then in their craven hearts. As hope of victory fades, their nightmares must be more often of a United Nations peace, when there will not be a desert island or a frozen mountain top in all the world where they can hide from the avengers of their victims.

And in all the world they will not find one decent man to shield them.

# CHANGE IS ALWAYS THE LAST EXTREMITY

A MAN who styles himself one of our "most inveterate" readers raises a point others have raised from time to time. "You write," he says, "of the wonderful post-war world in which we and our children's children are going to be so happy; but why don't you tell us of the fundamental changes which must first be made in our political and economic system?"

Why don't we? Because, in our opinion, there will be no such changes. Improvements, corrections and expansions. Yes. But changes. No.

Maybe the trouble is that people speak of change when they mean something else. Change is always the last, unnatural extremity. Our world moves forward, not by stops and starts, but progressively, step by step.

Philosophy and science today differ in no essential from the philosophy and science of Plato and Aristotle; the principles of 20th century art are the principles that guided Pheidias; our political science is the political science of Pericles; our religious belief is the religious belief of the prophet Amos.

Philosophy, science, art, politics and religion have not changed. They have developed with the passing centuries. The elements that were fundamental to them thousands of years ago are still fundamental to them.

Similarly, the British parliament of today is the "model parliament" of 1295, corrected, improved and developed during 650 years of keeping pace with the

progress of the British people. Today's American congress is the congress of 1787, with 150 years of development added.

However, people *have* changed their national institutions. The Germans and Italians, for instance. They were not content with the democratic way of doing things. They did not like waiting for events to work themselves out. They wanted action. So they invented Naziism and Fascism. And they got action—more than they had bargained for.

Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria decided to change their political and economic systems for Hitler's "modern" methods. They will spend the rest of their days wishing bitterly that they had not done so. And France. For a thousand years to come, Frenchmen will curse the Old Man of Vichy who changed the Republic's motto that he might live out his few remaining years in craven servitude, when he should have welcomed the opportunity to die fighting for the soil countless heroic Frenchmen before him had died defending. "We are no longer interested in liberty, equality and fraternity," he told his dumbfounded people, in a senile attempt to explain his apostasy.

This is a strange time for anyone to suggest that our Canadian system is in need of "fundamental changes"—a strange time, with the peoples who have made such changes either enslaved, dishonored or barbarized—a strange time, indeed, with Foreign Minister T. V. Soong, returning from a visit of inspection to this continent, reporting to his government that Canada "surpassed all other countries in her per capita war effort."

In so far as we ourselves are concerned, the years of crisis are making us more one people than ever we were before. As one people, rich and poor alike, we are sacrificing our blood and substance, working together on this great war machine we have created, effecting im-

provements, adjustments and expansions where necessary, each one of us fitting into the place he is best qualified to occupy.

When the war is over, because of this concentration of effort and goodwill, we should have as nearly perfect a national machine as brains can devise. And when this machine is geared to returning peace conditions, we may be sure that it will have few of the creaks and squeaks that worried some people so much in pre-war days.

For these and other reasons, we believe that the present Canadian system, adapted to peace conditions, will be the system with which post-war Canadians will want to move forward into their greater future.

# ... WHENCE CAME OUR POLITICAL FREEDOM?

**I**DLING with our radio the other Sunday morning, we broke in on a man speaking on the subject of after-the-war freedom. He was without inspiration, and we were about to turn from him when he made a statement that held our hand on the dial. "The great empires," he declared, "British, French and German, always have been the enemies of political freedom. It is the little countries—Norway, Sweden, Denmark, New Zealand—who are the friends of political freedom. It is from the little countries that political freedom came."

He was, of course, talking nonsense. Political freedom came in a very different way. Suppose we refresh our memories on the matter. It is important.

For the first four thousand years of history the peoples of the world toiled in life-long slavery—obeying, suffering, dying. Freedom was a state of being unknown to all but the ruling few.

With one exception. While Hammurabi tyrannized Babylon, about 1800 B.C., strange new thoughts came to a family of Ur—thoughts so revolutionary that it would have been dangerous to hold them, and impossible to practise them, in the Babylonian world.

So the family went off into the wilderness, searching for a land where it could think and live unmolested. In time, the family became a nation, taught by prophets who preached a new personal religion and by poets who sang of a freedom that was each man's personal right.

Occasionally, this freedom was lost to some neighboring kingdom. But always it was recovered—always, that is, until it was lost finally to imperial Rome.

Freedom made its next appearance in Greece, with the creation of a new form of government—democracy. The influence on the world of this Athenian experiment is beyond calculation. To the present day, men are guided in their thoughts on government by Plato's *Polity*, by Aristotle's *Politics* and by Pericles' practical statesmanship.

Unfortunately, a group gained control of Greece who were interested in a different kind of experiment—empire building. This spelled the end of Athenian democracy, which died with Alexander in 323 B.C.

Freedom revived in Rome. Not so much nationally, perhaps, as in an individual way. The Romans were great law makers. Mainly, their laws had to do with civil liberties and personal relationships. Men's duties to the state and to each other were defined so that they knew how they stood at all times. Thus, throughout the Roman world, men secured civil equality, the right to civil justice.

With the sacking of Rome by the Huns in 410 A.D., classic civilization died, and for about nine centuries freedom was smothered under the patchwork quilt of barbarism and inertia we call the Dark Ages.

While this dim period was yet running its course, a process of thought was coming to life in Britain which turned out to be the greatest of all contributions to political freedom. The thought took its first form when the witenagemot refused to pay taxes to the Saxon kings, and then to William the Conqueror, until the people taxed had consented to the taxing.

The thought persisted. It grew into the principle enunciated by Justinian centuries earlier, *quod omnes*

*tangit, omnibus approbetur*—what concerns all must be approved by all. It was put in writing for the first time at Runnymede in 1215. It guided Edward I, eighty years later, when he brought together his “Model Parliament,” the first true parliament in history.

Which brings us to the point we have been driving towards. Our British parliament is Edward’s “Model Parliament” developed to date. More than that. It is the model from which the legislatures of every constitutional country in the world were copied.

Political freedom is not a gift to us from “the little countries,” or from anybody else. It is one of our not inconsequential gifts to humanity.

We should remember that.

# . . . . WHAT IS THIS BRITISH EMPIRE?

IN the course of his address at the Mansion House, London, on November 10th, the British Prime Minister took the opportunity to direct a few forceful remarks in the general direction of certain international busybodies who had been making themselves more vociferously objectionable than usual in the matter of the British Empire. Said he: "Let me make this clear, in case there should be any mistake about it in any quarter. We mean to hold our own. I have not become the King's first minister to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire."

And people in all the countries of the United Nations expressed regret that Mr. Churchill should have said those words.

Goebbels must have chuckled. Before ever he took possession of the big chair in the Ministry of Misinformation at Berlin he was drilling it into the minds of the world that Britain tyrannized one-fifth of the human race. His propaganda reached into many countries, influenced many people. Just ten years ago, on November 26th, 1932, it was suggested on the floor of the Senate at Washington that Britain should settle her outstanding war debt by transferring Canada to the United States. The senator who contributed that fatuous suggestion would have been no less sensible if he had suggested that France settle her war debt by handing over Mexico.

As every Canadian schoolboy knows, the British Empire is not owned by Britain. By far the greater part of it is not even governed by Britain. Canada and the other dominions are as independent of Britain as is the United States.

Briefly: The British Empire covers one-fourth of the earth's surface and houses one-fifth of the human race. It is made up of four groups: (1) The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland; (2) the self-governing dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Newfoundland and Eire; (3) India, Burma and Southern Rhodesia, and (4) the crown colonies, protectorates, mandated territories, naval bases and coaling stations.

Groups (1) and (2) were defined at the 1926 Imperial Conference as "self-governing communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs." Group (3) has yet to achieve self-government. Meanwhile, its members are represented at the Imperial Conference, and one member, India, has been promised transference to the self-governing group at the close of the war. Group (4) is nominally under the jurisdiction of Group (1), though, in fact, administration ranges from the absolute power of a British governor to varying degrees of local autonomy under the supervision of British advisers.

The British Empire has undergone such a process of metamorphosis during the last three-quarters of a century that it is now an empire in name only. It has no written constitution, no central government or executive power, and no defence force of its own. Its sixty separate parts have sixty separate forms of government. It is a product of history that has grown without design and is still in process of evolution. Its one connecting

link is the Crown, and its only common organ is the Imperial Conference, which meets at irregular intervals.

This loosely-knit empire of free peoples is the only reason Hitler did not win the war in 1940. Because of this empire there still is freedom in the world today. An empire with so much to its credit is not an empire to be liquidated. Or so it seems to us.

One of the best descriptions of the British Empire was given recently by Field Marshal Jan Christian Smuts, Prime Minister of South Africa: "It is the greatest human experiment in political organization, the proudest political structure of all time, the precedent and anticipation of what one hopes may be in store for human society in the years to come."

And once Jan Smuts fought a bitter three years' war to keep his country out of the British Empire.

There is a volume of information about the British Empire in those nineteen words.

# . . . . IT IS A DATE TO BE REMEMBERED

**I**N its cabled bulletin of November 10th, the Ministry of Information, London, advised Canadian schools and colleges that it had been decided to make November 17th an International Students Day throughout the still free world. This was being done, it was explained, to remind United Nations students of the price students of Czechoslovakia had paid on November 17th, 1939, when Hitler made his first grim move to dim the light of learning in subject Europe.

The bulletin recalled how on that day the University of Prague had been closed by the German conquerors; how its student leaders had been murdered; how more than a thousand others had been bludgeoned into concentration camps. It was thought fitting, said the bulletin, that acts of remembrance should be undertaken by student bodies throughout the United Nations, and it was suggested that Canadian students might wish to join with other students in paying homage to the memory of their martyred fellows.

We do not know to what extent International Students Day was observed in Canada. We think it should have been observed from coast to coast, and we hope it will continue to be observed annually for the duration of the war. We can think of no better, no more forceful way of giving to Canadian students an understanding of the jungle mind of the Beast who crawled from the underworld of Vienna to lead the German people and the world back towards barbarism.

It is well that we, too, the fathers and mothers of Canadian youth, should bear in mind what happened on that 17th of November, 1939, and all that followed after.

It will be recalled that Hitler's efforts to root out the culture of Czechoslovakia were not immediately successful. Czech students continued, as before, to out-rank the Germans at school examinations. Enraged and humiliated by this showing, which had brought a sharp reprimand from Berlin, Dr. Moravec, National Minister of Education in Czechoslovakia, declared: "This must cease! One year from now it must be impossible to distinguish a Czech from a German student! I so order!"

Within a month, most of the Czech schools were closed. Czech students were forced into German classrooms, where they did "German thinking" and "learned only what the Reich required."

Similar brutalities and suppressions were meted out to other conquered countries. Teachers and students, in unknown numbers, were imprisoned and executed as hostages. Others were tortured and degraded. Along the highways of Germany, thousands sat shackled upon rock piles breaking stone.

Less brutal, though more effective, routine measures were taken to lower the general standard of culture beyond the borders of the Reich. University education in Belgium was suspended almost entirely following the conquest. In Denmark and Holland, it was ruled that only those might enter university who could prove to the satisfaction of the authorities that they appreciated the benefits of Naziism. In Norway, no student was allowed to sit for a teaching certificate who had not first joined the Nazi Teachers Union.

So it has gone during the three years since November

17th, 1939. It has all been quite obvious. The systematic lowering of cultural standards in occupied Europe has had one aim, and one aim only—to assure that in the future world non-Germans, bred in ignorance and lacking opportunity, should come to accept meekly their status of a subject people born to serve the German “master race.”

It is a date to remember, that 17th of November, 1939. It is a date to think upon every time we look across at Junior doing his evening's home work. It is a date to take with us to our benches and offices—especially if our work is making ships or guns or planes or tanks or anything that will help to smash Hitler and his barbaric perversions into the finality of a page of written history—a page that is over and done with.

# “IMPERIALISM” AND “MANIFEST DESTINY”

DURING a game of golf the other day, a discussion arose about the article *What Is This British Empire?* which appeared in this space two weeks ago. From the discussion emerged the suggestion that British “imperialism” might be understood better to the south of the line if it were explained in terms of America’s “manifest destiny.” Said the maker of the suggestion:

“We are supposed to be governed by ideas. I would say that today we are in danger of being misled by words. Bolshevism, communism, socialism, isolationism and many other words of high political significance are used by people who would have the greatest difficulty in defining them. To most citizens of the United States, the words ‘British imperialism’ bring to mind a picture of the Babylonian, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Roman or some other empire of bygone days whose history has been punctuated all too frequently by brutal abuses of power. But that is not a picture of British imperialism. Granted that some of the early pages of British imperial history make unpleasant reading. So do some of the early pages of American history. There are skeletons in the dusty cupboards of both peoples. Our cousins to the south sometimes forget that they have these skeletons. They forget, shall we say, the almost complete extermination of the original inhabitants of this continent. They forget the importation of slaves captured in many a bloody foray upon the coasts of Africa.

“However, leaving all that aside, we find the Stars and Stripes presently floating over a democracy—another word most difficult to define—a democracy that had achieved government ‘of the people by the people for the people.’ Under this benign dispensation, the more vigorous and intelligent inhabitants of the Old World emigrated to the New, to subdue half a continent, to cultivate its vast agricultural areas, to develop the wealth of its forests, mines and oil wells, to harness to their purposes the mighty power of its rivers, to build cities and railroads as they advanced ever westward. At last, the shores of the Pacific reached, the Far West conquered, the first chapter in the ‘manifest destiny’ of a great people had been completed.

“In Britain, an equally vigorous people found themselves experiencing the growing pains of the Industrial Revolution, with no virgin continent awaiting their adventurous and inventive genius. Having an abundance of coal and iron, they made their island the workshop of the world. Being a seafaring people, they carried their manufactures to countries far overseas and there exchanged them for the foodstuffs required by their expanding population. As time went on, their ships carried, not only their own goods, but the goods of other nations. Thus there developed in London an international exchange of immense and world-wide proportions. Thus London became the world’s clearing-house and the world’s financial centre. So was completed an important chapter in the imperial progress of another great people.

“Where now is the difference between British ‘imperialism’ and the ‘manifest destiny’ of the United States? Is it not almost entirely a difference in geography—one people achieving greatness by way of the sea, the other achieving it across dry land? And as to the governing and social symbols of the two

peoples—king or president, aristocracy or plutocracy—where is the fundamental difference?

“Surely the time has come for Americans and Britishers to get rid once and for all of their prejudices and misunderstandings. Is it not the imperial duty, the manifest destiny of the British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States of America, not merely to fight as one people for their own and the world’s rescue at this time, but to work on as one people after that rescue has been achieved? Is it not the manifest destiny of these two great peoples to continue to lead the world they will have rescued from the unspeakable horror of Hitler’s barbarism? Is it possible in any other way to secure the peace, prosperity and happiness of the world of tomorrow?”

# WE HAVE SET FOOT UPON A PATH . . . .

**P**ERHAPS the most far-reaching political step in history was that taken by the twenty-six accredited representatives who put their signatures to the instrument that created the United Nations. On that day, twenty-six of the world's peoples set foot upon a path that leads, up hill and down dale, sooner or later, to a United World.

We of the United Nations might have been committed to nothing more binding than an old-time military alliance. Then, when the war was over, we could have gone our separate ways. But we were committed, and in the twelve months since the signing we have re-committed ourselves over and over again, to the terms of the Atlantic Charter. We have promised the world, in place of Hitler's "new barbarity," the Four Freedoms—freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom from want and freedom from fear—in which is contained the hopes of all peoples everywhere.

And so, even when the last Axis remnants have been liquidated, and Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito have been dealt with suitably, the war will not be over for us. We still must stand to our arms.

It may take us years to bring order out of the chaos that once was Europe. It may take us other years to bring into being our promised World of the Four Freedoms. It is more than possible that some nations may remain hostile to the thought of a common ideology—

may refuse obstinately to join in any democratic world confederation. If so, it will be necessary to treat such nations as our underworld is treated. The Al Capone nations of the post-war world will have to be policed, disciplined, cut off from normal intercourse with other nations. They must be "cured" or rendered harmless by the methods we use to cure or render harmless our criminal classes.

The authors of the League of Nations realized the importance of treating recalcitrant nations roughly, and they set out to arm the League accordingly. Unfortunately, in its final form, the League was too loosely organized and it lacked a fighting force with which to enforce its decisions. If the League had been formed more after the pattern of our United Nations, the present war could have been stopped at its inception on September 18, 1931, when Japan began its invasion of Manchuria. Or it might have been limited to Asia if the League had countered Mussolini's Ethiopian gamble with the collective strength of which it then would have been capable.

However, by its very failures the League has shown how international banditry can be suppressed and wars banished forever from the scheme of things.

As we have written before, this war is not likely to end with the signing of a peace treaty. There is not a signature amongst our enemies that is worth one dip of ink. It is not likely to end until long after the bombs have ceased to fall and the machine guns to spray their showers of death. It should not end until the peoples of the world have been brought within the protection of the Four Freedoms. It should not end until there remains no breeding ground for future Hitlers, Goerings, Mussolinis, Lavals and suchlike jungle hybrids.

If the war ends sooner, it will not have ended in a final victory for the United Nations.

# . . . BRITAIN AND THE PROGRESS OF INDIA

THE question of India is just about as difficult a political problem as there is in the world today, and we do not propose to take sides in it. In our view, the problem of India is one for solution only by those thoroughly familiar with all its aspects and difficulties. However, as a great deal of misinformed argument is appearing in the press of this continent, some of it inimical to Britain and the Empire, we think it might serve a useful purpose if we recorded, briefly, certain basic facts that seem to be beyond dispute.

In 1917, the British Government laid down the principle of "progressive realization of responsible government in British India as an integral part of the British Empire." Twelve years later, in 1929, it was further agreed at Westminster that "the natural issue of India's constitutional progress is the attainment of Dominion status—a free and equal partnership in the British Commonwealth of Nations." Today, at the end of another thirteen years, India has progressed to the point where its central government, in its relation to the eleven Provinces of British India, corresponds closely to the Federal Government of the United States.

The Indian legislature comprises two chambers—the Council of State, or Upper House, and the Legislative Assembly, or Lower House. In addition, there is the Viceroy's Executive Council of eleven Indian and four British members appointed by the Crown. As in the

United States, the Executive Council is not responsible to the legislature.

For more than half a century, each Viceroy in turn has accepted the advice of his Council. The arrest of Mr. Gandhi, for example, was decided upon at a meeting of the Executive Council. Incidentally, only one British member was present in addition to the Viceroy. Eleven of the thirteen members present were Indians.

In the general administrative services there are eight Indians to every one British. Ten out of every eleven judges are Indians. In the Indian civil service three out of five are Indians.

The eleven Provinces of British India make up 60 per cent of the total area of India, and the five hundred and sixty-two Indian states, great and small, make up the balance. The Provinces enjoy almost complete self-government. The independent states, of course, are governed by their Indian rulers, who are in treaty relations with the British Crown. India pays no taxes to Britain, either directly or indirectly.

About 68 per cent of the population of India are Hindus, about 22 per cent are Moslems, the remaining 10 per cent belong to a wide variety of races and creeds. In five of the eleven Provinces, in 1937, Moslems were in the majority. According to the records, 85 per cent of the people are illiterate and incapable of exercising the franchise.

The Congress Party is not, as some suppose, a legislative body. It is the larger of two political groups, and had a membership last year of 1,500,000—roughly, 1 in 250 of the total population. Essentially a Hindu movement, it was founded by an Englishman, Allan O. Hume, in 1885, largely at the suggestion of the Viceroy, Lord Dufferin. The aim of the founder was, first, the formation of a single Indian Federation out of the many

peoples inhabiting India, and then the achievement of Dominion status. The present aim of the Congress Party is independence.

The Moslem League is a less powerful political body. It, too, stands for independence; but it opposes the aims of the Congress Party, recommending an autonomous Moslem state within India. The Moslem League refuses to accept any system that would reduce the Moslems to a minority status, and it denies the claim of the Congress Party to speak for the people of India.

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Many highly intelligent men of patience and understanding have the solution of the Indian problem at heart. They are more likely to achieve a solution than are the busybodies whose understanding of India is based on a week's visit and the reading of a book or two.

# A NEW YEAR DAWNS OVER NAZI GERMANY

A WEEK or so ago, on December 25th, the Christian world bowed in homage to the Founder of its Faith, and from the depths of anxious, aching hearts men prayed that peace might come again before another year had passed.

While men prayed and hoped in Christendom, men in Hitler's pagan empire tortured and murdered their daily quota of imprisoned Jews.

Marking the mounting totals of this most terrible mass murder in history, we ask ourselves why Hitler, in his reversion to paganism, should have selected the Jews as the especial victims of his blood lust.

Seeking an answer, the sinister figure of Alfred Rosenberg comes to mind—Rosenberg the co-creator and chief apostle of Nazi paganism. He would have been at Hitler's side to explain that if there had been no Jewish race, or if that race had been exterminated by the pharaohs of Egypt or by the kings of Babylon, there would have been no Christianity in the world today.

Was not Christ a Jew? Rosenberg would have whispered. And were they not fighting to sweep all knowledge of His faith from the hearts of men?

Hitler and Rosenberg could not have chosen victims more in keeping with the idolatry they taught. To quote E. R. Micklem, lecturer in theology at Mansfield Col-

lege, Oxford: "The Jews were—and this is a matter not of conceited claim, but of plain historical fact—the People of God in a sense in which the expression could be applied to no other race. Religion was not just one factor amongst many in their history; it was in a unique degree the dominating factor. . . . In religion—in living apprehension of God—there was no nation to touch them. . . . The ancient Hebrews had something—a gift, a flair, call it what you will—which made them pioneers in religious development."

From his vicious learning, Rosenberg would have known all this, and he was Hitler's tutor. His knowledge perhaps explains why of the 275,000 Jews who lived in Germany and Austria in 1939 only 50,000 live there now; why the Jewish population of Czechoslovakia has been reduced from 170,000 to 35,000; why only 50,000 Jews survive in Warsaw out of the 550,000 who lived there four years ago; why, although there were 85,000 Jews in Belgium before the invasion, there are only 8,000 living there today.

Hitler, Rosenberg and the other new-style pagans were very brave in their impieties when they started upon their seemingly irresistible march to world conquest. Thor and Wodin were their gods. In their name, they would destroy the Faith that saw its beginning in the manger of a Jewish inn. They would wipe from existence the race from which the Founder of that Faith was born.

Thus they flung their challenge in the face of Heaven.

But that was in the flush of their initial victories, when it seemed that they could break all laws with impunity, enslave whole peoples, set up their braggart gods and force the nations of the world to kneel to them.

Now there are few victories. And they are afraid. Deep down in their craven hearts a cancerous thought

is clawing—the thought that they threw away all chance of victory when, not content with challenging the armed strength of the democracies, they challenged also the Faith of Christendom.

So the New Year dawns ominously over Nazi Germany. On every fighting front their armies reel from the strengthening blows of the United Nations. Even their torturings and murders are reacting fatefully. They have killed and maimed the bodies of millions of defenceless men, only to discover that they could not harm the soul of one of them.

Presently, they will learn that on the world's first Christmas, 1946 years ago, there was given to humanity something that not all the Hitlers, Mussolinis and Hirohitos of history can take from it.

# . . . . . FOUR MEN ON CANADIAN UNITY

ON a CBC coast-to-coast broadcast, a month or so ago, three prominent and well-informed citizens of Quebec discussed the problem of Canadian unity. They were: Emile Vaillancourt, author and lecturer; John Humphrey, professor of international law at McGill University, and Hugh MacLennan, novelist. The first two were born in Quebec; the third is a Nova Scotia-born citizen of that province.

All three were agreed (1) that unity does not exist in Canada today, (2) that unity is Canada's most vital domestic problem, and (3) that unity—national unity, true nationhood—is no will o' the wisp, but a substantial reality well within the grasp of the people of Canada, if they would but reach for it in the right direction.

And what is the right direction?

According to these three citizens of Quebec, to gain national unity we must strengthen and nationalize our education system; we must cease looking to the past and, instead, look to the future; we must take on a collective point of view, engage in a common national purpose, give ourselves an opportunity to develop a national personality; we must find a vision of the kind of nation we want Canada to become, and then, that vision ever before us, we must set to work, all of us, men of Quebec and men of Ontario, Easterners and Westerners, to make this country of ours into the nation we envisage.

Two weeks later, in mid-December, an English-born Quebec man, F. Cyril James, principal and vice-chancellor of McGill University, addressing the Canadian Club of Toronto, took up the problem of Canadian unity from the point at which the other three had left it.

According to Dr. James, the attainment of greater national unity is an almost certain consequence of the war.

The advent of the aeroplane already has revolutionized the movement of people over the country. Before the war, arteries of transportation were limited to two great railway systems and a few highways. Today, in addition to the railroads and highways, dozens of aerial routes stretch east and west, north and south, tremendously facilitating travel. Beyond question, the Dominion is much more effectively united today, in a physical sense, than it was in 1939.

Similarly, in regard to spiritual integration. During the years of war, the peoples of Canada have been brought together as never before. Great numbers of workers from the interior provinces are enrolled in the shipyards of the Pacific and Atlantic coasts. Other movements of population have taken place in the manning of munitions plants scattered throughout the Dominion. This intermingling of Canadians cannot but act correctively on the sectional, cultural and religious antagonisms which for so long have kept Canadians apart nationally.

It is of significance, too, Dr. James points out, that men of all the provinces are groping towards the more effective utilization of the best from each of the two rich cultures in which we find our tradition. Of especial significance is the recently appointed committee of the Canada-Newfoundland Education Association, now exploring this general problem—a committee which owes

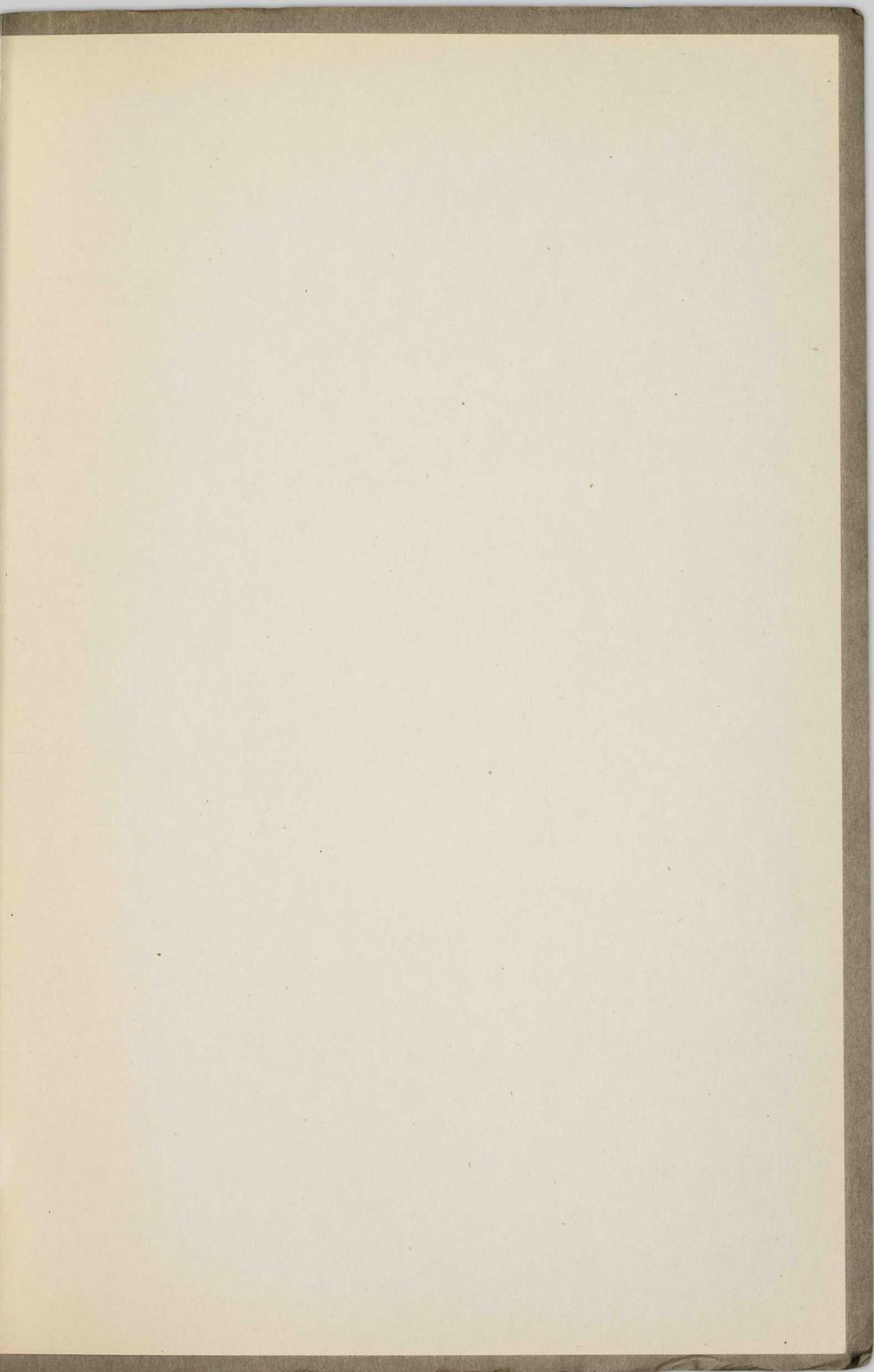
its genesis directly to the widespread recognition of the contribution that education can make to national unity and national spirit.

“Thus,” concludes Dr. James on this subject, “physical factors co-operate with spiritual and human forces to create a situation in which a new national spirit is being born in Canada—a situation in which the Canadian people are being welded closely together in the crucible of war.”

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We hope so. No dream is closer to our heart, no dream is closer to the hearts of all true Canadians, than the dream of a United Canada.

That is all we lack—unity—to make us, perhaps, the greatest driving force in the world of tomorrow.



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