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It's not a holiday fund

THE Vancouver MP who thinks all contributors to the unemployment insurance fund should get their money back sooner or later provides an illustration of the curious quirks of welfare-state thinking.

Of course an insured worker should no more expect or hope to get his premiums back than a householder should expect or hope to cash in on policies covering him for burglary, fire or car collision. In theory, the worker like the householder should be happy if the occasion for drawing benefits never arises.

Yet in actual practice, some workers, chiefly young ones, manage their lives on the Vancouver member's unsound principle. They think of their insurance payments, which of course defray only a fraction of the benefits, as savings for holidays. If they do not fall out of work in the ordinary course of events, they tend to leave jobs purposely to collect what they think is "coming to them" for the stipulated number of weeks.

This being common practice, there may be no point in complaining. The trouble is that a so-called insurance fund, if misused systematically in this way, cannot be actually sound. It will not be equal to an emergency in which the number of workless rises far above normal. It becomes a government hand-out slush fund, not an insurance scheme.

The insurance fund should serve only the purpose for which it was established—to tide workers through periods of involuntary unemployment. But how this rule could be enforced or even made plain in the law is hard to see, especially if MPs are going to misrepresent the whole aim and philosophy of unemployment insurance.

—The Financial Post.

Underwritten integrity

A highly original idea has come out of the mayoralty race in Calgary, where the integrity of some city officials has recently been the subject of a public inquiry.

One of the candidates for mayor has posted a $100,000 bond at the city hall to "guarantee integrity in office" if he is elected. He hopes that other candidates will do likewise.

Thus the good citizens of Calgary would be insured up to $100,000 from the loss of money or property by the mayor "through theft, embezzlement, forgery, misapropriation, wrongful abstraction, wilful misapplication," etc. The premium on the $100,000 bond is $400 a year.

The candidate has been scolded by a Calgary newspaper for equating integrity with restitution for theft. But surely here is an idea that could be used, with much political profit, in fields wider than that of a Calgary civic election.

For instance, before the next federal election let one of the political parties bond their leader (who, if the party is elected, would become prime minister) for, say, $100,000,000 or so. And let the party tell the electorate that the bond is there for their protection against loss of any kind for which the government is responsible.

So if Mr. Watson Sellar's successor should find any more horses on the payroll at Petawawa, the bonding company would make an appropriate payment into the treasury to compensate the country for the loss. Or if the dollar should continue to decline as a result of the government's monetary policy (which is the same thing as taking money out of the citizens' pockets) full restitution would be made each year to the people for the losses they had incurred.

On second thoughts, and in light of the present government's financial actions, $100,000,000 might not be enough. But the idea is worth investigating; and in the meantime there will be much public interest in how the Calgary candidate makes out.

—The Winnipeg Free Press.

No room for chuckles

Mr. Lester Pearson is reported to have said with a chuckle when talking about defence matters: "They have appointed another defence minister." But why should he chuckle? It was his own, former, government which introduced the system of associate defence ministers. Was that Liberal example bad? If there is any ambiguity in his mind about the respective authorities of Mr. Pearkes and Mr. Walker, it should be dispelled. In this respect the Diefenbaker regime will follow the same pattern as its predecessor.

The federal opposition leader seems not to like the continuance by the Diefenbaker government of measures initiated by the Liberal government. He complains that the Conservatives are taking credit for welfare policies initiated by his party. These policies were inevitable over the years as society changed its concepts of responsibility, and the Liberals would have been remiss in not promoting such legislation. Did he expect the Conservatives to abolish welfare schemes? One doubts that they are making foolish claims. What they have done is improve on Liberal bounties, as old-age pensioners have cause to remember with gratitude.

It is the job of the opposition leader to make hay when he can by criticizing the reigning government. Mr. Pearson is much more free with suggestions than he was while in office, however. He indicts existing defence policies, blandly overlooking that these in the main were a legacy left on the doorstep of the Diefenbaker administration. The Conservatives have been in office only two years; they are coping with problems created largely by the Liberals before them.

The Arrow program, the Bomarc issue, the radar defence lines, the Norad command—all matters of delicate decision tied up with the sovereign responsibilities of Canada—were a heritage to which the Conservatives fell heir. So was the appointment of an associate defence minister. In some important respects also the Conservatives had to unscramble situations brought about by initial actions of their Liberal predecessors. —The Victoria Colonist.

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

U.S. preparing giant effort in missiles race

By HAROLD MORRISON
Canadian Press Staff Writer

The United States is apparently preparing for a massive effort to overtake Russia in the missiles race.

And it would appear, on the basis of the existing continental concept of defence, Canada may also have to plunge deeper in the costly and complex business of rocket operations.

The stepup in U.S. effort and efficiency is seen in the bold step by Defence Secretary Neil H. McElroy to reduce interservice rivalry and bickering and designate the air force as the master service power not only for launching of all military space rockets but also for development and production.

This move may be a bitter pill for the army and navy to swallow, but it could open the way to a greater central concentration of effort and funds to find ways of catching up and moving ahead of Russia in space rocketry.

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Coupled with the move is the decision to cancel a multi-million-dollar program for production of the 2,000-miles-an-hour F-108 jet interceptor, a design seen by some observers as signalling the end of the line for manned interceptors.

That is to provide more money for space rockets; less for manned aircraft. The emphasis appears definitely on increased development of the automatic processes of defence and less on the use of manpower for sky fighting.

For this awakening to the increased possibilities of push-button warfare, Russia rather than the U.S. may be responsible. Over the years the U.S. made progress in space defence but Russian scientists showed the U.S. that even with less national wealth, they could match and exceed U.S. rocket development.

The Pentagon has been persistently subjected to increasing criticism particularly after Russia hit the moon with a rocket two weeks ago. Shocked by Russia's brilliant effort, some U.S. military officials predicted it would be two or three years before the U.S. could close the missiles gap, providing Russia made no further progress.

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And there is no indication Russia will be content with just hitting the moon. Both Russia and the U.S. want to get men into space, perhaps looking to the day when atomic weapons may not be land-based but directed at some enemy country from an earth satellite orbiting in space.

It is also undoubtedly true that in taking the step to concentrate military space effort in the air force, the Eisenhower Republican administration is also looking to the 1960 presidential election.

The Democrats already have indicated they will wage a major battle against the Pentagon. Nine months ago, Senator Stuart Symington Dem. Mo., air secretary in the Truman administration, accused the Eisenhower administration of allowing Russia to pull away in the missiles race.

Think in advance

A good chess player and a good driver always think out their moves in advance. To act on impulse invites disaster. A ton of hurtling jagged metal is no respecter of human life.

A Bible Thought for Today

I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth. III John 1:4.

All Aboard

By G. E. MORTIMORE

STUTTGART, Germany. — Thousands of children are growing up in the refugee camps of Europe. These bare, dingy barracks, with outside toilets and cold-water washing sheds, are the only home they know.

They are the children and grandchildren of the people who fled from Communism and the "slave laborers" who were kidnapped by the Nazis in the 1939-45 war.

They are the victims of a war that broke out 20 years ago—long before they were born.

Their elders, many of whom were torn away from them by froce when they were scarcely more than children themselves, have been leading drab, rootless lives for a generation. They will never return to their old homes. They are terrified of the Communists. All of them look to the West, and hope.

They hope for decent homes and jobs in Germany, or in Canada, the United States or Australia. But "hope long defered maketh the heart sick." After 20 years many of them have given up hoping and trying. Some of them have turned to drink and prostitution.

At camps near Stuttgart I met families of six and eight—the parents unmarried, some of the children from different fathers—sleeping in two bare but clean-swept rooms.

I was introduced to a boy of about 10 whose father is in hospital with tuberculosis and whose mother is mentally unbalanced. For years the boy lived with his mother and his grandmother. Sometimes his mother would disappear, and turn up next morning. She had a habit of wandering off to spend the night with the first man she met.

Now the boy has been away at a school in England, financed by one of the charitable societies that are trying to give the refugees new life.

The boy was at home in the camp for a holiday. "He speaks English a little," I was told.

He appeared well-fed and clothed. But he only said "Yes" and "No" in a monotone, and looked at me with cold, empty eyes, as though the spirit had been driven out of him.

I saw other children playing in the dust, or filling pails from the taps that ran into dank concrete troughs, in the wash-houses.

They spoke German and were enrolled for regular classes in German schools. But they lived in an atmosphere of bitterness, frustration and moral decay.

Why were these children and their parents and grandparents still in refugee camps, so long after the war? And what future was there for them?

Great masses of refugees have been settled in many countries, and are now leading normal lives. But the nations drew off the healthiest and most vigorous of them.

The ones who remain in German camps are the so-called "hard core" cases—many of them sick or injured, or staying loyally with their sick or injured relatives, trying to keep the family together. Some of them have no education and no skills. Some have a criminal record. Some are just unlucky.

I remembered what a woman in Victoria had said about refugees. "If they haven't settled after all this time, there must be something the matter with them. We should look after our own people at home first."

She was a woman of about average intelligence and average goodwill. But she had been well fed all her life. How would she have done, I wonder, if she had been kidnapped from her home at the age of 16, made to work in an alien country, turned loose to steal or starve and then herded into a dismal camp to live on charity. How much integrity and self reliance would she have left?

Estimates of the numbers of the world's refugees vary from 2,000,000 to 20,000,000. There are at least 1,000,000 in Hong Kong; 150,000 in Europe, of whom most are in Germany, 40,000 of them living in camps, 110,000 eking out a threadbare existence as "free-livers" outside.

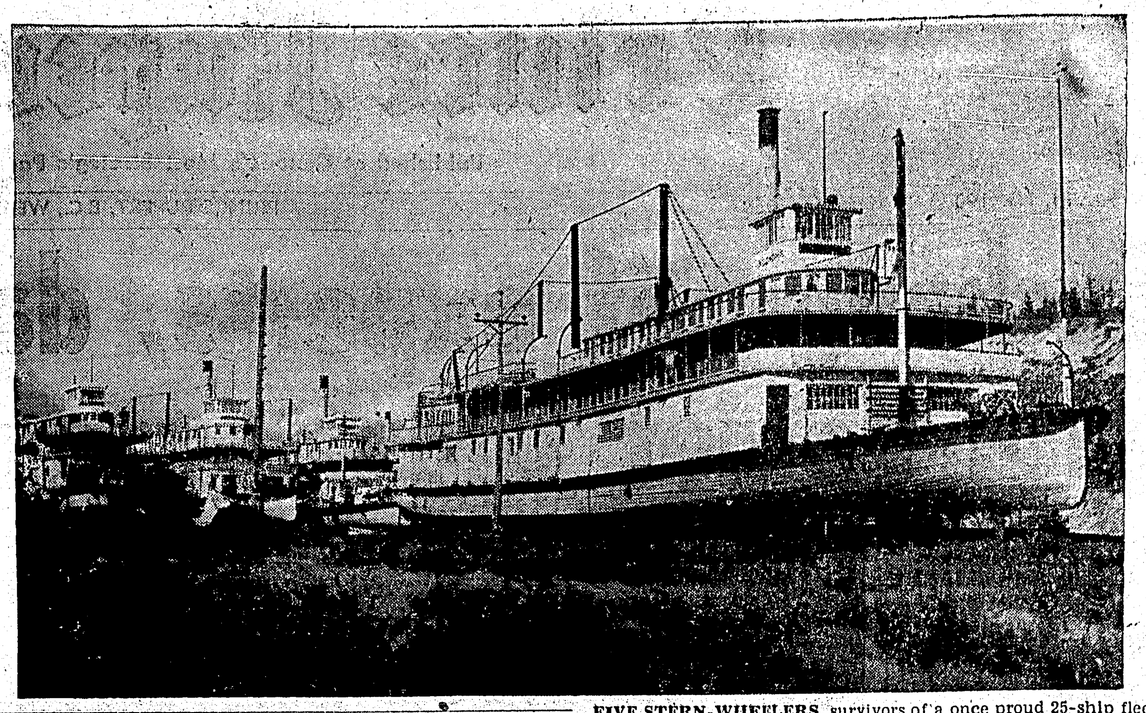
This is World Refugee Year. It is a time when special attention is directed toward the homeless people. To get an idea how some of these people live, I made a brief visit to some of the camps. More tomorrow about what I saw.

LIGHTER SIDE

A man strolled into an expensive restaurant, sat down, unwrapped a package of sandwiches and reaching over to a carafe, poured himself a glass of water.

When the manager rushed over to protest he was asked "Who are you?" "I'm the manager," he replied.

"Just the man I want to see," said the character, "Why isn't the orchestra playing?"



FIVE STERN-WHEELERS, survivors of a once proud 25-ship fleet that plied the Yukon River's 2,200-mile length when gold fever was at its peak, are beached and boarded up at Whitehorse. A road providing year-around transportation put them out of business in 1950. The department of northern affairs is to take over the Klondike (foreground) and the Keno for use in a planned park. One has been sold for scrap and another, the Casca (background, with bow cut off), will become a dance hall and bar. The fifth is available to anyone who will take it away. —CP photo.

The Packsack of Gregory Clark

If you want to know why shoe stores carry so many kinds and styles of shoes, just look at the feet of the people you pass on the street or sit facing in the bus. There are as many kinds of feet as there are faces. In recent weeks, I have been trying to see if I could detect two persons, male or female, wearing the same type of shoe. A newspaperman in his limited spare time, has to take exercises in observation like this.

You thought all a newspaperman had to do was attend the city hall, the courts, the parliament building, the police stations and the morgue. No, inded. A newspaperman has to keep looking at people. People in all their fantastic variety. You can bet that you have often been looked at by a newspaperman, though you would never know it, they are such quiet, modest, homely guys looking at you under their eyebrows and wondering.

Like me, he may have looked only at your feet. And you wonder if maybe he was a shoe salesman. No; like me, he was trying to see if in six weeks he could see any two people at the same time wearing the same type of shoe.

And like me he never does and never will. For even if two people do buy the same style and pattern of shoe, there is something about their feet that soon changes the look. Feet are like faces. And faces are inscrutable and strange and forever mysterious, and no two are alike in a long day's seeking.

Educated sausages

From The Toronto Telegram

The annual conference at Aurora of the Toronto Public School Principals' Association produced some thought-provoking statements indicating the restless probing of educationists to discover weaknesses in the educational system.

Roy C. Sharp, chairman of the Toronto Board of Education, believes that a genius such as Bertrand Russell would have been stifled by the curriculum of a Toronto school.

Undoubtedly, there is bovine comfort in chewing the same cud with the herd, but it would be a fatal day when universities with packing house efficiency produce strings of indistinguishable, contented sausage.

As Dr. G. Murray Ross, vice-president of the University of Toronto, told the conference: "The challenge to those in education, who are concerned with democracy, is what we can do to stimulate students to come to grips with the great issues of our day . . . the standardized text, the standardized lesson, and the teacher trained in standardized methods constitute the great evil and danger of our day. The world is changing too rapidly for the painfully slow routines which produce the standardized product ever to catch up."

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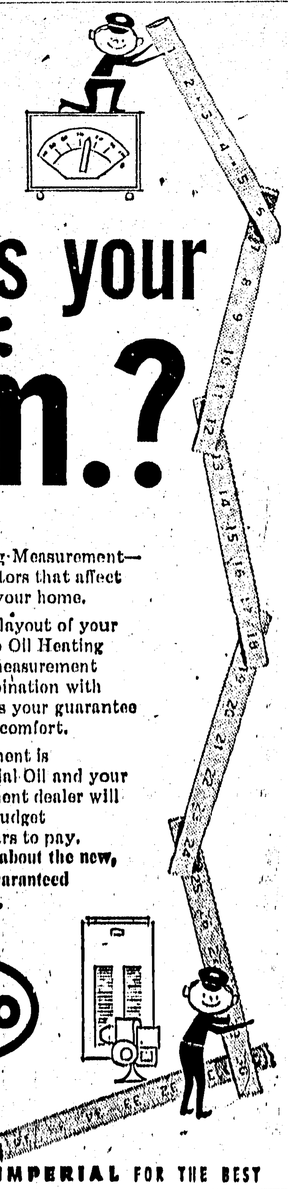

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