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Editorial (continued from Page 5)

Like Sir Arthur Eddington, I feel that practical things must be taught as well. Man could not hope to survive with no practical education at all, but I believe that too much of a good thing can be bad. Kept in balance, the religious and the practical instructions might prove a lot more useful than today's practical education.

POSTAGE RATES INCREASING (from Page 1)

Registration fee levels will be reduced from 4 to 2; the charges will be 50¢ for \$50. indemnity and 70¢ for indemnity from \$50. to \$100. Rates for both forms of the Acknowledgement of Receipt cards will be raised by 5¢ to a new rate level of 15¢ and 25¢. The two schedules of fees will become effective June 1.

Domestic rates for Special Delivery will be altered June 1 also. The fee for letters will be increased from 25¢ to 40¢, and for parcels from 35¢ to 50¢.

In the area of third class mail, addressed printed matter will continue to be charged 3¢ for the first 2 ounces, but subsequent ounces will be subject, as of October 1, to new higher rates. Householder mail and samples will also be affected by this rate change.



GIRL GUIDE - BROWNIE EASTER BAKE
SALE

CACCAMO'S FOODMARKET

SATURDAY, MARCH 25th, 10 A.M.

by Bill Smiley

It's time to project

Is Defence Minister Hellyer, as he presses relentlessly for unification of Canada's armed forces, marching them straight into the twenty-first century, or straight into an abyss?

It depends on whom you listen to, these days, as one admiral after another goes down with all guns blazing. But I don't like the idea myself.

What will happen, for example, to the old, friendly give-and-take atmosphere that was prevalent among the services in World War II? You remember. When our air force used to bomb and strafe its own troops and ships. And the army and navy regularly took pot-shots at their own aircraft. All this jovial camaraderie will be lost.

Another thing. Who will the new forces fight when they go ashore on leave? If there are no soldiers, sailors or airmen to tangle with, they'll have to fight among themselves or beat up civilians. A bad show, either way.

But these are minor things, which could probably be ironed out in about 80 years. There is another, and more frightening prospect implicit in the formation of a single force. Dictatorship.

"Oh, come now", you say. "Don't be ridiculous. It could never happen here. This is a democracy. Canadians would never put up with it."

Don't kid yourself. Canadians who will put up with the kind of government, taxes and weather we have now would put up with anything. And the whole business would be as painless as kicking off your old galoshes and putting on a new pair of rubbers.

Let's project a little. Say 20 years into the future. Here's the picture. We have a doddering, fumbling, inefficient government. So what's new, you ask.

Don't interrupt. The only reason this government is in is that the opposition is even more hopeless.

By its tax policies, this feeble federal government has alienated both rich and poor, and has infuriated the middle-class. The provinces thumb their noses at it. Quebec treats it with Gallic scorn, while bleeding it to death with blackmail.

The United States is angry with it for its crushing taxes on the two-thirds of the country owned by U.S. corporations. The United States is also disgusted with it for its vacillating foreign policy.

A dim picture. Yes, but there is one flaming torch in the heart of this darkness. That is Uniforce.

It's the only thing in the country that Canadians are proud of. It is a crack force in every sense. Every one of the 100,000 men is handpicked. They are the physical and mental elite of the generation. Their pay equals that of the average university professor. Their equipment is the best in the world. Their esprit de corps is superb.

And they've earned the right to swagger a bit, and push civilians off the sidewalk and openly pinch the bottoms of young matrons. In the Lower Frombosa incident, they proved themselves a tough, efficient and ruthless fighting machine. In the Upper Cambodia affair, they stamped out communism, socialism, democracy and the entire native population in two weeks. Time Magazine nick-named them the Canadian Cobras.

And the creator of this magnificent fighting force, envied by the whole world? Two-fisted, jut-jawed Joe Garibaldi, the aggressive young Defence Minister, the only man in the cabinet who got things done. And people done in.

Before entering politics, the Honorable Joe, as the papers called him fondly, had fought his way to the top in the trade unions, thus learning what democracy was all about. His tough, no-nonsense treatment of creeping socialism in union ranks made him feared and respected by all.

He ruled the unions fairly, with an iron hand. As President of the Canadian Destruction Workers Union, he once shouted from the platform, to wild applause, "If you can't beat 'em in the union hall, beat 'em in the alley!"

Oh, dear. We've run out of space. But all will be revealed in next week's column. In the meantime, don't rush out and buy a shotgun, or start forming a resistance movement.