

British Papers Rapping Supply Chiefs Over Conditions in Korea

By George Abell of Stouffville

Two days ago the Flying Enterprise finally disappeared beneath the waters of the Atlantic almost in sight of Falmouth. If the efforts of the tug Turmoll, Capt. Carlsen and Ken Dancy to save her were as closely followed in Canada as they were here. The story must have been front page news for a while. Every edition of the British papers carried the latest news and pictures of the story and there were radio bulletins nearly every hour during the two weeks that Capt. Carlsen was making his bid to save her and bring her to harbour. I can remember nothing to compare with the excitement and interest since the time before the war of the Moose River mine cave-in in Quebec.

Things like Communism, rationing, Suez or any other troubles of the moment are generally disposed of in conversation with a shrug and the phrase that will go down in history as being typical of this country at this period "Couldn't care less". But the battle between a crippled ship and an Atlantic gale in winter was something that really hit home because the English know and respect the moods of the sea, and the kind of quiet courage that one man was showing was something they could understand and admire.

The same storm that cracked

the hull of the Flying Enterprise pounded the South West coast and did a lot of damage. Whole sections of cliffs were eaten away, sea walls smashed, houses knocked down by huge pieces of rock thrown hundreds of feet by the surf. So anyone who has been on the North Atlantic in January, (and that's a big percentage of the population here), knew what that ship and that man were going through out there. So when the story came through a few days after Christmas that a ship was wallowing three hundred miles west of Lands End with a cracked hull, a flooded hold, a sixty-five degree list and her captain still on board in a lone effort to bring her in, there was little else discussed from then on. Lloyds took bets which went all the way from four to one against, to twenty to one against. Well it's all over now. She's with the other thousand hulls down there and her captain is probably giving his mate orders on another ship. But it will take a long time before his name is forgotten by these people whose lives are so closely linked with the salt water.

So much for the sea. Now a word about the land and another struggle. Before Christmas there were a few rumours sweeping out of Korea to the effect that the British battalions of the Commonwealth division were not being

looked after and were not as well equipped for winter as the public had been led to believe by the war office statements in the press last year. Now that the Enterprise has ceased to fly and the papers have room for other things, they are doing a good job of blasting the war chiefs who were responsible. Their correspondents are sending in "on the spot" reports, and the papers are pulling no punches in laying the blame on the supply chiefs who have done it again.

One paper calls it another "Crimea" which is a reference to when the granddaddies of the present supply chiefs sent all right boots and the wrong size cannon balls to the long suffering soldiers of that war.

What started the inquiry was the announcement a few weeks ago, that two thousand sets of winter clothing were urgently needed and were to be supplied by Canada. As the papers had carried pictures last summer of the wonderful winter clothing that was being sent out in plenty of time to equip every man for winter, a few people began to ask questions. The answers make pretty bad reading, especially so for the parents of the young fellows of 18 or 19 who are doing their national service in the front lines. Apart from warm clothing, it seems there is a grave shortage of heating and cooking stoves where

they are most needed. That means the boys are dependent on what they can make, or find, to keep warm and eat. Since winter set in there have been more casualties from improvised stoves blowing up than from assorted Chinese ironware. A certain amount are being dealt from the Americans with the only kind of currency that really talks to a dry army like they belong to. That currency is just the same as it was eight years ago when us old fellows were freezing along the Maas—hard liquor.

The standard rate of exchange has been set at two bottles of rum for a space heater, one of gin for a parka, two of each for a field kitchen and a case of whiskey for a jeep. Seems rather dear for a jeep, but I suppose they are not as plentiful as they used to be. The Tommies have no lamps so must go to their Naafi, and pay 50 cents a dozen for candles. Naafi stands for Navy, Army, and Air Force Institute and is probably the worlds most profitable monopoly. They have the canteen and catering privilege and supply the British Services with everything except bomb fuses and second lieutenants.

But the list of things that is giving the British in Korea the name of poor relations is: the worst paid, fed, entertained etc. troops in the U.N., with the ex-

ception of the South Koreans. Apparently the shortages apply only to the troops who are in the lines for, according to reports, all headquarters and permanent establishments are well equipped with all the comforts of home. This state of affairs has been accepted as the normal in all previous differences of opinion the British have taken part in, but this time there is a comparison with all the other troops of other countries, and the people seem to have made up their minds that it is time for a change. The sad part of all is, that coal miners, civil servants and all other classes of state controlled workers, keep demanding (and getting) better pay and working conditions all the time. There has been this outcry before and not much has happened to help the Tommies. But this time it looks as if some heads will fall and action will be taken.

Elephants, alligators, turtles and poll parrots have an average life span of 100 years or more.

Before 1830, Fort Frances, Ont., was a trading post known as Rainy Lake. It was named after pioneer Lady Frances Simpson.

Firs may be distinguished from other Canadian conifers by the fact their cones never hang down but stand erect on the branches.

'MISSING' MARKHAM CLERK TURNS UP, JOINED RCAF

Ross Raymer, 22-year-old Markham drug store clerk, who police at first feared had been a kidnap victim, has joined the RCAF in Toronto, it was learned here Thursday.

The youth was traced by his car which turned up on a used car lot in Toronto. He sold it before enlisting. Markham Township Police Chief Clarence Wideman said Raymer left after a quarrel with his high school sweetheart. Friends of the youth became alarmed when he did not report back for work.

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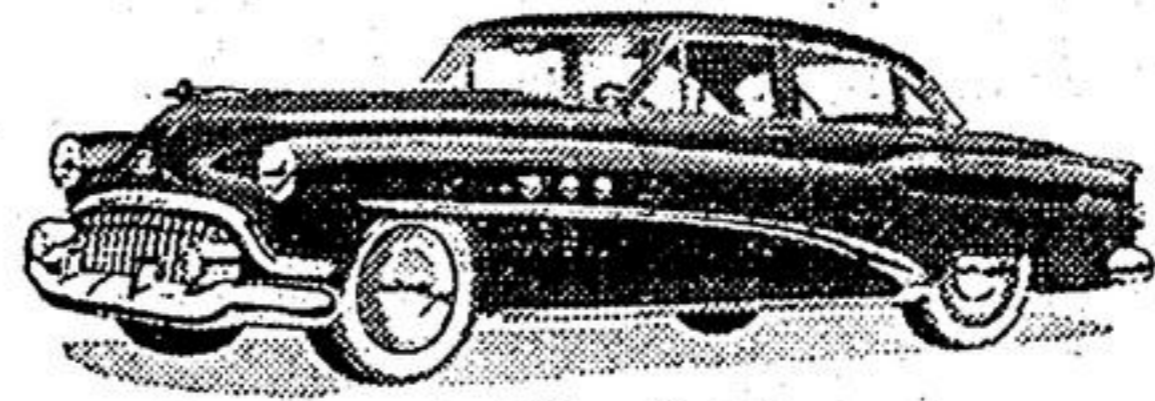
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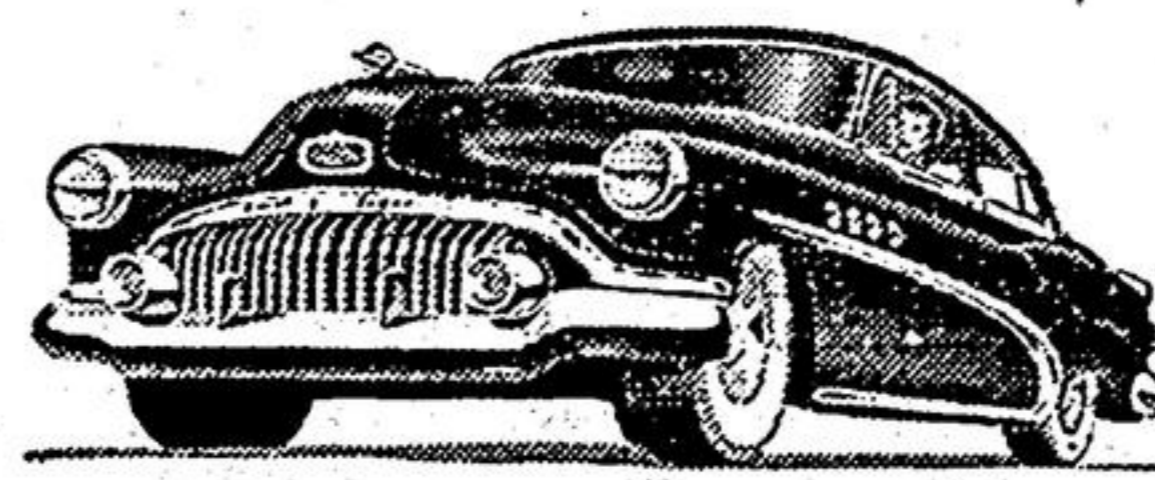
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