

Aiding The Cause of Freedom

An American Resident of Canada Becomes a British Subject The Better to Support Democracy and Overcome Germany

(New York Tribune.)

To the Editor of The Tribune:

Sir:—You have been good enough at various times to publish letters from me in regard to the war, and especially its relation to the United States, written by me as an American citizen living in Canada. I have now signed the necessary papers for an application for becoming a British subject, and I think it right to let you and those to whom I have spoken through your columns know the reasons for this step. I hope that they may be of value in impressing upon some who live in the United States the urgent necessity of a re-awakening there of the old American insistence on the necessity of putting the duty of ideals ahead of the comfort of prosperity and ease.

I believe that nothing in the world today counts as of any value in comparison with the need of utterly defeating Germany and all she stands for. Neither money nor the lives of individuals must be allowed to interfere; much less should any sentimental regard for citizenship be permitted to hamper this great cause. The old conception of safety from a balance of power is outworn and exploded; the hope of the world lies in the unquestioned supremacy of the forces today striving for the maintenance of civilization, forces with which other civilized nations, today neutral, can co-operate for the protection of human liberty and which shall have enough breadth of vision to admit into their companionship even the powers now fighting against them when after the war they in turn shall become civilized. Civilization hereafter must be guaranteed by the civilized, and cannot longer be content with only such equality of strength as shall make the will to power hesitate before it attacks.

It is true that my American citizenship has meant a great deal to me and that I give it up only with much regret and a severe wrench. My ancestors on both sides—my mother was a Quincy from Massachusetts—have stood closely associated with the birth and development of the nation, and three years ago I should have been proud to stand with them. But I have now decided that anything could happen which would make me willing to surrender my birthright. "Citizenship" in America seemed to me the finest epitaph for any man.

Nor do I leave my native land in the belief expressed by so many that the dilution of our blood by immigration and the sapping of the vitality of our manhood by luxury and material prosperity have killed the qualities which in the past have made us great; and that this is shown by the reelection of President Wilson. If the issues in the election had been as clearly drawn as I think they ought to have been, and the people had none the less accepted Wilson, there might have been much said for this view; but to me the question as presented to the voters seems quite different. It was a contest between political trickery on one hand and political cowardice on the other. Hughes lacked the courage to repudiate the clanking German organs which acclaimed him as the German candidate, and behind him stood the sinister figures of Barnes, Penrose, Parsons, Crane and all that ignoble brood. The East, which had had experience of Hughes as a man and which knew Wilson was able to put the war, the progressive and more intolerant of outworn reactionaries and "stand-pat" politicians, was frightened by the hated background against which Hughes appeared. Not even the presence at Hughes's side of Roosevelt, Bacon and other examples of the old American spirit could blind the west to the gang which stood behind him or convince him that it was possible for a man to represent two such incompatible and antagonistic elements. Furthermore, the selfishness of the working classes was cleverly played upon by Wilson in his disingenuous Adamson law, and the danger of the public being again exploited for the benefit of the selfishness of capitalists was kept before their eyes. I still believe that the American people are sound

at heart, not entirely corrupted by the shame of the last few years of our national administration, and that when they are clearly called upon to choose between cowardice and duty, between dividends and democracy, between ad-pose and ideals, they will give the stern answer which in years gone by has been the pride and the justification of our land. In the last election they did not see that this choice was put before them. But to me, living in Canada, the question of my duty has been different, and I have decided that I can accomplish more by throwing myself wholeheartedly into the support of the British democracy than by endeavoring with the handicap of distance to struggle in my own country against the inertia of an unworthy government at Washington. Here in Canada only are the people of the continent of North America undertaking any of the burdens of supporting against unprecedented and barbaric assaults those principles of personal and political freedom in which we believe; here only are men proving themselves willing to die for their ideals and their faith in civilization. In comparison with France and

England Canada may still be asleep, troubled only by uneasy dreams; in comparison with the United States she is wide awake, up and doing, girded with a flaming sword and belleted with steel. I no longer have any hope that the Wilson administration will act to rouse our country to its duties and its dangers; if it takes more share in the war than fawning on it and writing innumerable ill-advised and humiliating diplomatic notes it will be because willy-nilly it has been kicked into a greater participation.

It is impossible to look very far into the dark future to judge of what sacrifice it will be necessary to make to accomplish the great purpose of this war, convinced though we may be that it cannot end until the cause of freedom has been forever assured. My pride, therefore, forbids me to claim whatever immunity from burden in Canada American citizenship might be able to offer. I am here to do, and, if need be, to suffer, and I must be able to say to Canada in this fatal hour: "Wither thou goest I go, and thy gods shall be my gods."

And lastly, let me say that while I do not for a moment pretend to the military knowledge of your brilliant editor, Mr. Simonds, and while he may be right in saying that from a military standpoint it is impossible for the Allies to defeat the Central Empires, yet do think I know the hearts of men, and in this case I will see the impossible accomplished. This war will never end until Germany lies trampled in the dust, and her people in sackcloth and ashes, weep bitter tears over the presumptions fully that was hers. And in that hour I must be able to look the legends of progress squarely front to front and say "quorum minime nam ful."

BENJAMIN APTHORP GOULD,
Toronto, Canada, Dec. 29, 1916.

—for that is how they fought in Beauport—was too much for "Fritz," who saw before him in the special early morning mist and twilight not men but devils—devils led by an arch-devil, who cheered them and led them on with red blood streaming all the while down his neck and tunic. They surrendered; this leader received their surrender. He saw to the shepherding of the prisoners into the "cages" and to their safe dispatch under escort, then he said faintly: "I'll turn in now, carry on, boys." And they took him and his bleeding wounds to hospital. He is there now, and doing well.

"Tanks" to the Rescue.

Come back now to the party "held up" on the hill and its western slope. They were a queer party. The German redoubt was holding up all communication between their front and rear. Their front was as much cut off as were the Germans. Either our advanced men or the German redoubt must give way, or our men must be relieved somehow. What had we in the way of arms that could face that siren of lead that blew continuously across the slope of the hill—sprung from their "tanks," British "Tanks" and their crew were always ready to help a pal in distress, and away came the "Tanks" from their "stables," wherein they had been spending some days in idleness, dreaming, no doubt, of nice frosty ground and "good tuning" and munching "Tank" food the while. Down that road on the night of November 18th after dark a brace of "Tanks" came on, behind the other. The mud on the roads had been enough to make them splash and splutter, but they came through it.

Then below the spur of the hill, upon the crest which brave fellows were fighting for their lives, those monsters turned aside from the road and set their wheels to work on the crest of the hill and the German redoubt upon it. The Germans there saw them coming. On their crenelling and scaling, splashing and spluttering, over the chaos of holes and hillocks that the shells had made. The German officer with an eye to the pre-hole in the redoubts on the hill-crest must have seen the sight of his days, one that glared his gaze to that pre-hole in swelling terror, waiting, then, was the end—that an iron monster would lurch unarm'd right into their redoubt and crush it flat.

Speedy Surrender.

One "Tank" stayed at the bottom of the hill, as though to support its fellow. The other lunged up the hillside, and in a few minutes it was in the redoubt. The man who had led the hill to guide the "Tank" to the position leaped out of the iron side, calmly, in full view of the foe, the crew began to erect a machine gun. Whatever light of a lantern, the German prisoners were surrendered. A white flag attached to a long pole was held aloft by someone standing at the bottom of one of the pits of the redoubt, and waved above the level of the concrete emplacements. No more was done.

The British advanced to the three apertures of the redoubt, and from the bowels of the earth below, in the faint light of a lantern, the German prisoners were by one crept up the wooden ladders and passed through the light of the lamp and the light of the British guards, waiting for them. The position was won. So ended the fight for the German redoubt on the crest of Beauport Hill. The men of the supports behind joined up with the brave fellows who throughout the night had held to their positions in so great a battle. At daybreak they began to clear up the groups of German soldiers about the surrounding country below. The British advanced to the three apertures of the redoubt, and from the bowels of the earth below, in the faint light of a lantern, the German prisoners were by one crept up the wooden ladders and passed through the light of the lamp and the light of the British guards, waiting for them. The position was won. So ended the fight for the German redoubt on the crest of Beauport Hill. The men of the supports behind joined up with the brave fellows who throughout the night had held to their positions in so great a battle. At daybreak they began to clear up the groups of German soldiers about the surrounding country below.

One of the German prisoners was a young man, a son of a German doctor, who had been a prisoner in the fight and after not a bad start for their first battle on French soil. Yet he was a doctor, and he was a German, and he was a prisoner. He was a young man, a son of a German doctor, who had been a prisoner in the fight and after not a bad start for their first battle on French soil. Yet he was a doctor, and he was a German, and he was a prisoner.

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