

wires, kill the watchdogs and assault the building in force. The people inside were defenceless since all weapons had been confiscated, and neither barricaded doors nor barred windows could withstand the determination of 20 or 30 powerful men.

In most cases the pattern of events was similar. If anyone showed resistance, he was shot down. The occupants of the farm were kicked and beaten and locked in the cellar, often the women and girls were raped, and the dwelling was speedily looted of valuables, clothes and food. Long before the alarm could be raised, the gang would have scattered, and when the public safety officers and military patrols reached the scene there was little that could be done.

There were insufficient troops to guard every farm; silent patrols on foot could cover only a limited area each night, while mobile patrols in armoured cars and Bren-gun carriers were easily avoided.

It was a period of frustration and discouragement for the Public Safety

Branch, for while it might be argued that the Germans were only getting what they deserved and that there was some justification for the revenge being taken by the former slaves, Military Government officers were concerned with only the technical aspects of their profession.

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At first approach, the broad task in Europe appeared overwhelmingly hopeless, for when one aspect was attacked a chain of relative problems sprang up. To produce goods, the workers required nourishment. To grow food, seeds and implements had to be found; to supply essential articles, it was necessary to repair factories and machinery. Above all was the establishment of order so that the tangled threads of life could be unravelled. Slowly, with much effort and many difficulties the work went forward. Gradually life began to move again as some semblance of civilization emerged from the devastation confusion and misery.

## *The Police Horse*

It is good to read that in spite of the arrival of our atomic age the Mounted Police are going to get back their horses.

There must be psychology in this, even if we can't be sure what sort of psychology it is. Because we recall that when the redcoats were mechanized there was considerable uneasiness across the country. It seemed as if a very substantial prop had been yanked from under the law.

Subsequent developments may have proven a Bren gun carrier to be singularly inept in chasing a jewel thief across the barren lands, and as far as dignity goes a horse doesn't have to lay up for repairs. Besides a horse can sense a trap and a tank can't.

People are so used to mechanized arms that they frequently yawn at their approach, while to anyone with a guilty conscience the approach of a snorting steed is as terrifying a sight as can be found outside a bazaar.

Sentimental reasons confirm the need of giving this famed Force its once inseparable companion. We have exceedingly few genuinely Canadian institutions left. And with the possible exception of corn on the cob and Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, the Mounted Police stood easily at the top of our indigenous boasts.

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