

several of the severance-pay bandits I have described. Our faithful Reynaldo and Ignacia did not take a liking to the buyers of our house for which we could not blame them, but we were able to put them in touch with another American couple by whom they were engaged with complete and lasting mutual satisfaction.

We did not know if we would be able to find domestic help in Hawaii. Before the war it was available and good but the extinction of that particular aid to civilized existence seems to be definitely one of the horrors of war, and so it proved to be in Hawaii with the added horror of the booming tourist industry.



TO OBTAIN PERMISSION TO LIVE

in Hawaii it was necessary for us to comply with the elaborate routine prescribed for those who wish to become resident aliens in the United States, very similar to that which we had gone through in order to become immigrants in Mexico.

Only one additional document was needed, a police certificate to the effect that we had no criminal record in Cuernavaca. As we had all the others it was simple enough to obtain some more photostat copies and make application at the consular office in the U.S. Embassy in Mexico City.

The process was expedited somewhat by the fact that the buyer of our house was a technical attaché of the embassy who had reached retirement age and planned to remain in Mexico, and was anxious for us to leave so that he and his wife could move in.

They also bought our car and furniture so we left Mexico as we had left Barbados some years before, with our clothes and about 800 pounds of assorted household oddments that we wanted to keep. We sent these on to San Francisco by air freight and followed ourselves as passengers, a very pleasant trip, memorable owing to the lavish scale of the issue of champagne "on the house." Coming in for a landing at Los Angeles we noticed the thick brown "smog" that seemed to blanket

the city, and that contrasted oddly with the large headlines of the afternoon papers on sale in the airport, announcing "SMOGLASS DAY."

We spent about 4 days in San Francisco and saw something of old friends before embarking on a Matson liner for Honolulu, also a pleasant trip though long enough in our view for that particular mode of travel.

The famous tourist heaven of Waikiki had changed considerably since my brief glimpse of it some 12 years before, mainly in the proliferation of hotels, apartments and tourist attractions of all kinds, and the density of the bumper-to-bumper traffic and the fumes therefrom. With some difficulty we found a furnished apartment we could lease for a month, while we looked around and decided where to go next. It seemed obvious that the Island of Oahu was too crowded to be attractive to us as a place of domicile, therefore it was just as obvious that we should have a look at the other islands, specifically Maui 100 miles east of Oahu and Kauai the same distance west.

We started with Maui and spent several months there, looking over the houses for sale or rental and available plots of land suitable for building the kind of house we would want. It was surprisingly difficult to find anything at all that met with our ideas, perhaps because we were sophisticated by much previous experience in Canada, Barbados and Mexico. The prospect of any real estate salesman persuading us to buy a house or a lot that did not measure up to our notions of what we wanted, was practically negligible.

It is also true that real estate in Hawaii is in a class by itself in that comparatively little of it is freely for sale as we understand the term. Most of it is tightly held by persons or corporations that do not want to sell, and much is only for sale as leasehold, under a contract that provides for re-negotiation every few years.

In a tropical island it is natural to think of living near a

good sandy beach but those are rather rare in Hawaii, and such as exist are likely to be inaccessible or not for sale or pre-empted for expansion of the tourist trade. When I first saw the famous beach of Waikiki it was most attractive and not over-crowded. Now the sand is hardly visible for the thousands of sun-bathers much of the time, and what sand may be seen is littered with cigarette butts (many with lipstick), and reeks of sun-tan oil, revolting evidence of the desecration of the beauties of nature by human litterbugs.

When planning to build a house on a tropical island many people take it for granted that they should be close to the shoreline, for convenience in bathing or other reasons. It does not occur to them to ask about the cost of insurance coverage for house and contents before they build, so they are staggered to find that they are quoted a rate of something like 15% or 20% per annum, which is prohibitive for people of modest means. In fact we were told in Hawaii that the ordinary insurance companies will not take the risk for what is known as "Sea-Wave" at any price, though Lloyd's of London will take it at what they regard as a suitable premium.

Sea-waves or tidal waves may be caused by hurricanes or earthquakes, the latter sometimes occurring thousands of miles away. In the short two years or so that we lived in Hawaii we experienced a hurricane, the centre of which passed right over us in Kauai, a tidal wave from a very bad earthquake thousands of miles away in Chile that caused serious damage in the Island of Hawaii some 300 miles from us, also a volcanic eruption in the big island that caused a considerable amount of damage to property there, but did not affect the other islands.

The Inter-Island Air Lines advertised special trips to view the eruption at close quarters, featuring the slogan, "See the volcano now, pay later," in keeping with the spirit of these debt-ridden times.

The hurricane did some damage to houses in Kauai, re-

moving many roofs completely and damaging others along with the television antennae. When the storm was over it was amusing to note how many of the roofless citizens regarded it as more important to get the TV into operation again than it was to repair the roof.

Having sold our car in Mexico we had a transportation problem which we solved by the purchase of a used Lincoln sedan for the sum of \$500. Cars of the more expensive type may usually be picked up second hand in the United States for only a fraction of the new price. The one we bought was in good condition, only six years old and with comparatively little mileage. The roads in Hawaii are very good but there is not a vast mileage of them. In our case it seemed very uneconomic to buy a new car for that reason, and the Lincoln served our purpose quite well while we were in the islands.

The population of Hawaii is very mixed and there is comparatively little of the pure native blood left. The Hawaiians seem to have no inhibitions about inter-marrying with other races, from the descendants of missionaries from the United States to oriental coolies from China, Japan, Korea and the Philippines. In 1936 I was told that taking the population as a whole it was about 60% Japanese, which is still probably the predominant strain, perhaps more than 60% now.

Prior to 1810 the islands were ruled by chiefs or "kings" who were frequently at war with each other. In 1810 Kamehameha the Great established himself as sole sovereign, and in 1820 missionaries from New England began arriving. Some of their descendants married Hawaiian princesses and acquired title to large tracts of land that became fabulously valuable. Others became extremely rich in commerce of all kinds.

Coolies from the orient were imported to work on the sugar plantations and at other jobs of hard manual labour, as the native Hawaiian does not take readily to the idea of earning his living by such means, though as a race they have magnificent physical development. A similar situation developed in

islands of the South Pacific such as the Fiji group, to which workers were brought in large numbers from India. They have a high rate of natural increase and now constitute a major political problem in opposition to the native Fijians. A similar situation is found in South Africa where the population includes about half a million or more of Indian descent, making a complex race problem still more difficult to solve.

The native Hawaiians seem to have been willing to marry almost anyone who came along, with the result that the race is in danger of becoming extinct, which is a pity because they are naturally fine people both physically and psychologically. Personally I don't blame them for not taking kindly to the idea of becoming coolies doing the hard work of cultivating sugar cane or pineapple by hand, to make rich plantation owners richer. Now the oriental coolies have become unionized along American lines, raising the cost of production so much that the plantations have a struggle to exist, despite the use of much costly labour-saving machinery.

We found we had one problem in both Maui and Kauai in a relative lack of medical facilities for anyone not connected with the plantations, which had their own staffs of qualified doctors on a salary basis to take care of the employees and their families. The doctors could treat private patients in return for suitable fees, but we did not find the system satisfactory, and it was an expensive nuisance to have to make a trip to Oahu for more or less minor medical or dental matters.

The very great inflation of medical costs of all kinds was becoming a serious problem for most people in our age group, and we were overage for membership in such organizations as the Blue Cross. Those did not exist in Barbados or Mexico but one could at least have domestic help there, and good doctors and nurses were available.

While we wondered what to do about this problem the Canadian government made a change in the rules about social security, which meant that if we returned to live in Canada for

12 months we could claim that for which we had been paying in our taxes for many years, but deprived of by an arbitrary rule as non-residents. Added to the fact that we had found Hawaii disappointing in some ways as a place of residence, this helped us to decide to return to Canada for at least a year, with open minds as to what we did or where we went afterward.

So again we sold our house, furniture and car and flew off by jet plane to Florida, via California. We were not in a hurry to return to Canada and thought we would have a good look at Florida and some of the Caribbean Islands we had not previously seen, which we did for several months in 1961.

We used Miami as a base from which to explore Florida, the Bahamas, Puerto Rico, the American and British Virgin Islands and Jamaica. We did not feel tempted to live in Florida for sundry reasons, though it has some undoubted attractions. All the islands that were formerly known as the British West Indies are ruled out for us because changes since World War II have had the effect of making white people second class citizens, also they have income taxes that would hit us hard when applied over and above our Canadian tax as non-residents. In addition the medical facilities are not so good as those to which we are accustomed in Canada. Some have a good supply of fresh water and some do not.

The Bahamas are organized for the tourist trade and most of the tourists are Americans, which means inflation of prices and does much to nullify the absence of income tax. Water for domestic supply is from rainfall trapped in cisterns of doubtful cleanliness. Sometimes there is a drought which can be serious. The Bahamas and Bermuda are undergoing political changes as a result of universal suffrage.

The American Virgin Islands are somewhat over-developed for tourists and the British Virgins are rather under-developed for anything; all the Virgins are short of good fresh water. So we did not find any spot in that part of the world in which

we really wanted to settle down for our old age. Probably we are hard to please but the thing we liked best in the whole region was the climate, which we knew very well of course from the nine years we had lived in Barbados.

In mid-1961 we wended our way by jet plane from Miami via Chicago to Seattle, thence by ship to Victoria. I think it was about this time that the Canadian government made another change in the rules about old age security, which made us as non-residents eligible without the need to return to live in Canada for 12 months.

At intervals during our 15 years abroad seeking retirement Utopia for the elderly, we had been bedevilled by one government or another changing the rules, or by rates of currency exchange being altered, though the changes were not always to our disadvantage. When the pound sterling was devalued soon after our house in Barbados was built it gave us a nice windfall, and helped to offset the income tax we had to pay during the rest of the time we remained in the island.

When the Canadian dollar was devalued soon after we returned to Canada it did not bother us, but would have meant a cut in income of about 8% if we returned to live in the United States. The possibility that some such change might occur at any time caused a feeling of uncertainty and financial insecurity.

Soon after our return to Canada another reason to make us feel glad to be back turned up, when it developed that Ruth needed major surgery to cope with intestinal adhesions, the result of a previous major operation in Toronto some 33 years before. She had what seems to be the usual rather harrowing experience of medical examinations including x-rays that were said to show no cause for surgery, till finally it was obvious that something must be done, though it was a difficult decision for a surgeon to make, to operate or not to operate.

In the event it turned out that the operation was more than justified; it was in fact necessary for continued existence des-

pite negative x-rays. That was six years ago and we are still living in Victoria though we would both much prefer a warmer climate so long as it did not entail complications such as duplication of income taxes or lack of modern medical facilities that become more important as we grow older.

In the years 1962 to 1966 inclusive Ruth was in hospital for one thing or another once a year, which has helped to keep us here, and my turn came in 1967. British Columbia has a well-developed system of medicare that certainly takes the brunt of the cost of illness, which would be enough to bankrupt people with average incomes without this protection. The tremendous inflation of medical costs is especially tough on people who reached retirement age and fixed incomes prior to the past decade or so.

We have not stopped travelling altogether or thinking about Utopia. In December 1963 we went to the Fiji Islands but the trip was not very successful. Our mid-winter in the northern hemisphere is mid-summer there, also the rainy season. With the sun right overhead the weather is likely to be too warm for comfort and very humid with many mosquitoes.

Fiji is not in the tourist business to anything like the same extent as Hawaii and is not likely to be in the foreseeable future. Most of the visitors seemed to be from Australia or New Zealand, and most of the hotels are not up to the standard to which North Americans are accustomed.

It is unique in being one "Colony" that does not want to be independent, mainly it seems because the native Fijians realize they need the British government to prevent the immigrant East Indians from getting control by their rather devious business methods, and the East Indians realize they need protection against the warlike propensities of the Fijians, whom they darkly suspect may not have finally and permanently abandoned cannibalism, or might be tempted to revert to it under pressure of circumstances.

Our stay in Fiji was shortened by inability to find a hotel

that came up to our ideas of suitable accommodation and that was not full up with guests from Australia or New Zealand, so we decided to return as far as Hawaii and spend the rest of our winter "holiday" there.

Waikiki seemed even more crowded than before if possible and extensive and expensive advertising being done to bring more and more visitors to the islands, so that one wondered just where the practical limit was supposed to be. Much of the time one could hardly see the sand for the nearly nude sun-bathers, and personally I much prefer to see the sand. So our holiday in the winter of 1963-64 was not exactly a success.

Our next venture was to Southern California which worked out well enough so far as it went, but that was not far enough to make us feel it solved the problem. The winter climate there is better than that of Victoria but not good enough to justify the upheaval and expense of an annual migration back and forth, at least in our opinion, and apart from the fact that the good spots are very crowded and devoted to the purpose of extracting the maximum number of dollars from the winter tourists.

our plans. The same line could not bring us back to Canada on a suitable date but we were able to solve that problem by contacting an agent in Natal through whom we booked our return passage in an American ship which did not prove to be nearly as satisfactory as the Norwegian vessel, but of that more later.

We planned to be away from home about five months and in a wide range of climates which involved rather too much baggage for air travel, so we decided to go to St. John by train, which we had not done for so many years it was almost a new experience. We left home on February 2nd, so it was a mid-winter journey across Canada with sub-zero temperatures outside but very comfortable in the train.

The trip from Vancouver to Montreal was marred by the presence in the train of a number of ill-mannered youths who were recruits for the armed services on the way to a training depot with no-one in charge of them or responsible for their behaviour. They over-ran the accommodation in the parlour and dining cars and were obtrusively noisy and vulgar and amused themselves in long-winded arguments with the bar-tender as to whether they were over 21; none of them had any documentary evidence of age and the bar-keep was quite rightly sceptical but the arguments were endless, noisy and boring. The Department of Defence should have put someone in charge of these rough specimens of our Canadian youth when travelling.

As it happened on the train from Montreal we met a bevy of girl recruits for the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service going to H.M.C.S. *Collingwood* at Digby, N.S. for training. They were well behaved and seemed to be enjoying life without being a public nuisance, while in charge of a Wren Lieutenant and two Petty Officers. Apparently the Ladies' Navy is better managed.

Arriving at St. John, we found our ship would not sail for two or three days so we put up at a hotel and stayed indoors

AT INTERVALS OVER SEVERAL years we had talked of two things, paying a visit to my relatives in South Africa and making a voyage by the type of ship known as a cargo liner, which is a fairly large cargo ship with a good turn of speed and accommodation for a limited number of passengers, usually about 12.

Finally when the time arrived and we found that there were no passenger liners plying between Canada or the United States and South Africa, it seemed the obvious thing was to combine the two projects. There were several established lines from which to choose and the problem was to find one that did not have all its accommodation for passengers booked up for many months ahead, or in some cases a year or two.

The travel agency we tried did not seem able to help much and tried to persuade us to go by passenger lines via England, which we definitely did not want to do. Then it dawned on us that as the cargo liners could obviously fill all their space without the help of the travel agents, they were perhaps giving preference to prospective passengers who applied to them directly, thus saving the agents' commission.

So we tried doing that and it worked at least to the extent that we were able to book passage in a Norwegian ship from St. John, New Brunswick to Cape Town for a date that suited

most of the time, listening to natives explain to anyone who would listen that the sub-zero temperature was most unusual. We explained that in Victoria we had only two kinds of weather, very good and unusual.

We were very pleased with the accommodation on board the ship, both our cabin and the public rooms, and within two or three days of sailing the weather began to feel like spring and in another short spell like the sub-tropics. The food and service in the dining saloon were excellent and the members of the ship's company who came in contact with the passengers were most pleasant and spoke English so there was no language problem. The ship was modern and well appointed, with a sea speed of 16 or 17 knots which meant about 400 sea miles per day and 19 days for the 7,500 miles to Cape Town, with fine weather all the way, a most enjoyable passage and to our taste a better mode of travel than by the ordinary passenger liner.

In Cape Town the immigration officers came on board to interview us. When one of them asked how much money we had and I replied X-dollars in travellers' cheques, he did not ask to see the cheques but another one said, "Why don't you buy a farm?" It was nice to know we would be welcome to settle in South Africa if we wished to do so, but I explained that I was a bit overage to embark on a new career in a vocation about which I knew nothing and which would probably be too strenuous for me.

My nephew Hugh Baker and his wife met us and took us and our baggage to the customs where we were not asked to open anything for inspection, and then to a hotel with which we had a reservation. Hotels were something of a problem for us as so many seemed to be permanently full up, and it did not fit our plans to make reservations too far ahead and thus commit ourselves to a rigid schedule.

Speaking generally the hotels were not quite up to the standard to which North Americans like to be accustomed, though

the better ones are quite passable. Our first experience was not a happy one though the front facade and the entrance lobby were attractive. It was an old building modernized but the process did not go far enough and the less said about the plumbing the better.

We were ushered to a suite consisting of two small single rooms and bathroom, but we had not been in it very long before we noticed strange sounds which we traced to the drain from the bath tub, and which were connected with the appearance of dirty water flowing into the tub from the drain. When one essayed to have a bath the rubber plug was forced out by the pressure of this effluent which mixed with one's bath-water and caused one to leap out of the tub in a most undignified manner. When we drew the attention of the hotel office staff to this unusual experience in hydro-dynamics they merely murmured something vague about an "air-lock" in the pipes but did not seem to want to move us to another room, so we moved ourselves to another hotel as quickly as we could find one.

My sister Hilda lives about 30 miles from Cape Town and we spent the month of March seeing something of her and her husband and son and daughter-in-law and the surrounding country. Hilda and I are the two youngest of a family of eight and the only survivors and we had not met since we were teenagers some 58 years before, though we had kept in touch by correspondence. Both her sons had served with the army in North Africa and had the bad luck to be in Tobruk when it was taken by the Germans to the surprise of everyone, perhaps even General Rommel himself.

Later my nephews were p.o.w.'s in Germany at the end of the war and the younger one was killed by the R.A.F. in a strafing raid on a road crowded with retreating German soldiers, fleeing civilians and liberated p.o.w.'s. In the First World War I was never fired at by the enemy but several times by British merchant ships and once by a shore battery and several

times by American submarine chasers. Fortunately no-one scored a hit but such incidents seemed much too numerous in both wars.

When it was time for us to move on to Natal we travelled by the motor coach service run by the government and very well organized. The distance from Cape Town to Durban is about 1,200 miles and the coach takes it in easy stages of about 250 miles per day with overnight stops at the best hotels available, which are included in the price of the ticket.

It seemed a pleasant way to travel and see more of the country than from a train or plane. We were impressed by the number and extent of the fine, sandy beaches along the coast, some of them apparently very little used as the country is by no means densely populated.

We left the coach at Pietermaritzburg where we were met by my niece Memory Otto and her son Richard, who drove us to their home called Saxony about 12 miles from the town, where we were to be guests for several weeks, a very pleasant interlude for us. Many of the place names in that part of Natal were associated in my mind with the war between the British and Boers at the turn of the century.

I was at school in London at the time and saw many of the regiments march past en route to a station to entrain for a port of embarkation for South Africa, later reading the newspaper accounts of actions in which they took part. It was a military mystery of the time why the army brass took so long to realize the need for the khaki uniforms and other features of guerilla warfare, to which they had long been accustomed on the northwest frontier of India. Some of our most famous regiments were very badly cut up by Boer sharpshooters behind rocks before the idea was grasped that it was guerilla warfare as in Afghanistan.

The part of Natal we were in was good farming country and reminded us of Barbados, Mexico and Hawaii owing to the extensive areas devoted to growing sugar cane which

needs a good depth of soil, plenty of water and the warm sunshine of the tropics and sub-tropics.

A highlight of the trip was a visit to two of the game reserves to see the exotic fauna of Africa living naturally in its native haunts. I have never liked seeing wild animals shut in small cages to be stared at by tourists. In the game reserves the situation is reversed because the tourists stay in their cars for the animals to stare at, which seems a better arrangement, and the animals certainly co-operate.

Back again at Saxony from our visit to the reserves it was getting near the scheduled sailing date of the American cargo-liner which we were to board at Durban. It was sad parting from Memory and Peter Otto and their family who were so very kind and hospitable to us but all good things must come to an end.

While we were in South Africa the brief fracas between the Arabs and Israelis had resulted in closure of the Suez Canal, causing many ships to go round the Cape of Good Hope and put into port for bunker oil so that Cape Town, Durban and other ports were congested. Our ship was actually two weeks late in sailing and some of the passengers had cancelled their passages so there were only eight altogether including ourselves.

With one exception the others were a very dull lot indeed and for sundry reasons the return passage compared very poorly with the very enjoyable time we had when southbound several months before.

The American ship was a fine, new, fast vessel and our cabin was excellent. The ship's company was I suppose a fair sample from the great American ethnological melting pot. I like to think I am not prejudiced against trade unions but I have never been able to see how ships can be run by them, and I have had a lot to do with both in my time.

We were told that the owners of American ships are allowed to choose the captain and chief engineer who must themselves

be members of a union, but all other personnel must be sent to the ship by the union. This means that the men who carry the heavy responsibility for the safe and proper navigation of the ship have no say in choosing the men on whom they must rely to stand watches day and night on the bridge and in the engine room.

The food served in the dining saloon was much inferior to what we had on the Norwegian ship when southbound. Too many items of the menu reminded one of the typical fare encountered at a hot-dog drive-in kind of eatery, the coffee was very bad (surprising in an American ship), and our table steward seemed unable to bring a cup to the table without slopping much of the contents into the saucer, though the weather was fine and the ship always very steady. To make matters worse he chewed gum vigorously and continuously and altogether was by far the worst ship's steward I have ever met, and I have travelled a lot.

It was a fast trip for a cargo vessel as she averaged 22 knots, equal to over 500 sea miles per day and 14 days from Cape Town to New York. We were supposed to go to Boston but this was changed when we were within a few hours of Boston owing to an actual or projected strike of some sort.

So we were landed in New York early on a Sunday morning in a heat wave in the middle of the summer tourist season, with hotels full up and no train on to Toronto till evening, not a happy ending to our South African journey. One redeeming detail, we did manage to secure the last bedroom in the only through sleeping car for Toronto that evening, and arrived in Toronto at breakfast time on Monday morning to find all the hotels downtown full up. The sudden change in port of arrival of the ship had the effect of upsetting our travel arrangements completely.

Through the office of a well-known travel agency we managed to secure very good accommodation in an apartment hotel "uptown" which was actually much more convenient for

our purpose of looking up several families of old friends of 40 years or more — the days when we were all young and trying to get on in the world, battling the big depression and so on.

In Toronto for the inside of a week our friends and a family of cousins allowed us no dull moments and the train trip back to the west coast seemed something of an anticlimax, though it was good to be home again with our own Lares and Penates around us, plus a few new ones as souvenirs of our 25,000 mile journey.

It was only to be expected that since our return many people we have met have asked us about political and social conditions in South Africa, most of them evidently under the impression that it is virtually a police state where people live under tension, with the feeling that outbreaks of violence are just around the corner. We did not find it so.

We were there for only three months but having relatives scattered about the country we probably had a better insight into such matters than the majority of tourists, and we were in the nature of things more interested in matters affecting the outlook for the future. We were able to discuss the problems with white South Africans who were well educated and had liberal views, and while nearly all of these said they do not agree with all the policies of their government they did not go on to say what changes they would like to see.

It is indeed a very complex problem and more so in South Africa than in the United States for instance, if only because there are more different kinds of non-whites involved, including large numbers who have migrated from other parts of Africa and the 600,000 or so who are really indigenous to India, and more recently arrived in South Africa than the people of British, Dutch and French origin who have been established there for several centuries.

Our best opportunity for first-hand observation came when we were staying in Natal where the whites are largely of British

descent and the black Africans are Zulus. The latter are traditionally pastoral and polygamous, wives being bought with cows as currency and brought up with the idea that their mission in life is to work in the fields to produce food crops for man and beast and to make beer for their men to drink. Wives may be beaten without loss of social status and I strongly suspect that most Zulu men would not look with favour on efforts to change their way of life to that of the white man. Should we try to force it on them?

A major problem incidental to the practice of polygamy is to maintain an adequate supply of wives. The Zulus were formerly a warlike people and solved the wife shortage problem by raiding the neighbouring peoples when they felt like it, and exterminating the males and overage females and carrying off the younger females and the cattle, a simple but effective solution for them which helped to keep the country as a whole from being over-populated. Just what they will do in the future I have no notion but these problems in far countries cannot be easily solved by armchair critics in the United States and Canada.

I have been astonished to read of the number of people who attend meetings of one sort and another and vote in favour of resolutions aimed at setting the world to rights by stopping the war in Vietnam at once, or having universal suffrage in South Africa next month, when the total first-hand knowledge of the subjects of the resolutions possessed by the people who make them is practically nil.

Perhaps it helps to make them feel important as if taking an active part in world affairs, or they think they acquire merit by such gratuitous meddling with matters of which they are abysmally ignorant; however, the footling resolutions they so solemnly pass probably don't do any serious harm.

Within the past few months it has been interesting to see some references in American journals to the idea that a form of apartheid may be the only practicable solution to the very

serious race problem in that country. At this late date it is difficult to see just how the details could be worked out, but it is equally hard to see an end of the strife between the white and black races if they continue to try to live intermingled as they are now. Human nature cannot be changed by making rules or passing laws and efforts to do so are doomed to failure.

Retrospect

I SUPPOSE MOST PEOPLE WHO REACH MY PRESENT AGE OF 80 with their faculties in relatively good working order, spend some time thinking over the past, including things they would like to undo or do differently if they had the time over again. When I hear someone say, "I have no regrets" I wonder if he means it literally and if so, how he has been so clever or so fortunate as to make no serious mistakes, unless perhaps his life has been humdrum with little occasion to make important decisions or run risks or to "stick his neck out" as the saying is.

Thinking over decisions I have made such as choosing to be an engineer, emigrating to Canada, starting in business for myself when I had the opportunity and so on, I believe I can say I would do the same thing if I had the time over, though my path has not been smooth or free from troubles or problems.

I have never been motivated by a burning desire to make a lot of money though I have always wanted to be as independent and as much my own boss as possible, and especially to be free from worry about money in my old age, and in this I have been fairly successful in both peace and war as it happens.

In my business career I had some very serious set-backs such as the untimely death of my original partner in 1916 when I was overseas in the navy, and later in the great depression of

the early 1930's, but the business survived and is now a very sound and flourishing industrial concern though my active connection with it ceased some years ago.

I do not regret having served in the navy in both World Wars though the experience set me back financially, especially in the 1914-18 affair on Royal Navy rates of pay.

If I have any claim at all to distinction in my profession it is that I pioneered the use of the electric arc welding process in Canadian industry. If I have a regret it could be that I did not leave this for someone else to do, as I might have done had I been able to foresee what a long, uphill, frustrating job it would be, mainly owing I think to the very conservative attitude of many Canadian engineers and industrialists toward new ideas or processes. In my early days in the business there was a very marked tendency to let all such things be developed elsewhere, in the United States, Britain or Europe or anywhere but in Canada, so that for many years I felt like a prophet crying in the wilderness about the merits of the process, with hardly anybody paying serious attention. I was trying to make them a present of a million dollar idea of which they were reluctant to avail themselves.

However, I am grateful that I have lived to see electric welding come into its own and achieve the widespread recognition that it has today, as an industrial process of prime importance.