

IN GERMANY AND CANADA

A Canadian Lieutenant writes from a German hospital, where he is recovering from a wound, that in the internment camp he will be altogether dependent for food on parcels from home. The prisoners share their parcels with one another and he asks particularly for bread, butter, tinned meat, tinned milk, jam, fruit, vegetables, sugar and cocoa. White bread is a treat. It usually arrives mouldy, but "sometimes it is all right." It is suggested that a crust-covered loaf carries well and might be purchased in Switzerland. "Fruit-cake travels very well; always arrives fresh. Let me know when this cake is coming."

With this letter compare the statement in The Victoria Daily Colonist of a correspondent who recently visited internment camps in British Columbia. The first thing that caught his eye on entering one camp was a little cottage with a pleasant garden of flowers and vegetables. It was the home of a young German couple, who had been married just before internment. He caught a glimpse of them walking hand in hand and as happy as children. He saw other cottages before which mothers were sitting with happy infants in their arms, babies born since the parents were interned. Everywhere he saw evidences of comfort and content.

The correspondent complains that he was allowed to take no snapshots of scenes in Canadian internment camps, which would produce a profound impression if at all widely published. War prisoners are so well treated in this country and Great Britain that there should be some reciprocity on Germany's part. There is reason to think that, as a result of early exposures, conditions in the worst German camps have been improved and that in southern Germany prisoners have comparatively little of which to complain. But it is not long since we heard of British civilians being herded together in horse stalls under gravely unsanitary surroundings.