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C. F. A. Proposal

The Canadian Federation of Agriculture has again taken the lead, this time in proposing the use of surplus food stocks in the big food-producing countries, including Canada, to help feed the hungry nations of the world.

This scheme would help Canada get rid of "embarrassing surpluses in one or two food lines," a C. F. A. announcement from Ottawa states. The surpluses listed by the Federation are powdered milk and evaporated milk, honey, dried beans and canned goods such as tomato juice and peas.

To this proposal by the Canadian Federation of Agriculture might well be added another similar one from the Fisheries Federation, with regard to the disposal of the East Coast fish pack, and other canned fish products of which there is a surplus.

Strain On Party Leaders

Looking at the program which Mr. St. Laurent and Mr. Drew have undertaken for the first two weeks of the election campaign, says the Ottawa Journal, one almost wonders whether they haven't entered into a suicide pact.

Old timers still speak with wonder of the campaign which the venerable Sir Charles Tupper, the old "war horse of Cumberland," fought in 1896; and some will remember how, in 1917, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, aging and in failing health, travelled the length and breadth of the country in the dead of winter, fighting a forlorn hope but with a gallantry and vigor that everybody could cheer.

Yet campaigning in the old days, no matter what vigor put into it, was less exacting than now. Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Wilfrid Laurier did not have to make a fresh speech every time they spoke; there were no news agencies and radio to reveal to the whole country that they were repeating themselves, or at best but giving a local or topical introduction to the same main speech.

Today Mr. St. Laurent and Mr. Drew have to campaign with the knowledge that there is a microphone on the table before them and reporters for news agencies and metropolitan newspapers all about them, making repetitions of old speeches impossible, or at best undesirable. Accordingly, they must come up on every new platform with a new speech, or with a fresh version of an old one, must have some new idea, or some old idea burnished up as a new one, to hold their audience or to make new headlines; meaning that in between platforms and meetings with local leaders, plus conferences with workers, organizers, research and public relations people, they must subject themselves to the drudgery of writing new speeches.

This is our democratic way; and there is no substitute, in an election, for direct contact with the people. Parties and leaders may put out manifestos and platforms and issue tons of "literature"—pamphlets, leaflets, posters. Nothing they have ever devised has been as effective or ever can be as effective, as the spoken word—the personal contact of the speaker, the picturesque line, the appealing image, the vehement rhetoric—the leader himself, refuting with a gesture, damning with a phrase. Macaulay's famous line about "government by words" is as true today as ever.

The Housing Problem

Monday's cartoon emphasizing the housing shortage is applicable not only to this Province but all across Canada. According to an Ottawa exchange, about 200,000 individuals in 50,000 Canadian families face eviction from their homes at the present time. They are the victims of the failure of municipal, provincial and federal governments to make a vigorous, coordinated attack on the housing shortage. The immediate cause of their plight is premature relaxation of federal rent controls.

The post-war housing shortage is a major national problem that has never been firmly dealt with. Last year's record of 81,203 new housing units barely equals family formations, not alone relieve the backlog of demand or offering shelter to 100,000 immigrants. Only 25 per cent of the new units were built for rent, and most of the rents are too high for the average citizen.

By contrast, Britain's latest measure of public aid in housing offers to pay local authorities three-quarters of the cost of acquiring houses for flats and of installing baths and kitchens. House owners may be granted 50 per cent of such costs. Those wishing to build or buy may borrow 90 per cent of their expenditure from local authorities. For the first time, the selling price of a converted house will be controlled. Controls of rents and selling prices are to be continued for another five years.

It need not be necessary to go to this extreme in Canada, but there is no excuse for the

fact that widespread demands for large-scale public housing programs and subsidized housing for the low-income groups have been ignored. Primarily the responsibility rests with Ottawa, which in this as in other post-war rehabilitation problems has "passed the buck" to the provinces and municipalities.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Maritime fishermen are now anxiously waiting outcome of negotiations on their behalf at Ottawa.

To be, or not to be is still the \$64 question with reference to auto meters to be answered by the City Council.

Prince Edward Island takes pride in the first graduating class of the R.C.A.F. Air Navigation School. After all it is not included in every curriculum to drop a flag on the North Pole.

There was no national broadcast of Mr. Drew's opening speech, the Prime Minister having engaged the circuit for his Ottawa address. A network of private stations did their best to fill the gap.

Australia's 15-year meat pact with the United Kingdom will be an important factor in the development of the Dominion "down under." The Australian meat industry will, of course, be greatly expanded but the agreement also calls for backing as well of her industrial development projects.

The state of Colorado is rejoicing that its seven-week blizzard of the first of the year will mean abundant moisture for this summer's crops. They are right to look on the bright side but warm summer rains seem to be a more agreeable means of achieving the same result.

Surprisingly little paper is discarded on the streets by Charlottetown citizens considering the lack of receptacles for old newspapers, candy wrappers and circulars. Most people must stuff the unwanted sheets in their pocket until they can be discarded at home or place of work.

This is supposed to be the final day of the Berlin Blockade and counter-blockade. Some misgivings have been expressed as to Russia's motives in coming to an agreement but to relatives of air-lift fliers in Britain, the United States, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa it must bring unalloyed thankfulness.

Five years ago, on May 11, 1944, the Allies launched a terrific offensive in Central Italy to break the Gustav and Hitler Lines. Canadian troops participated and, with British troops, carried out below the shell-torn town of Cassino a thrust across the Rapido River toward the Liri Valley. Pignatoro fell on the night of May 15 and with its fall the Gustav Line, already over-run farther south, virtually ceased to exist. The Allies continued to pound Cassino, pivot of the whole offensive, and by May 18 the ruins of the town were in our hands. An Allied drive on the much touted Hitler Line appeared imminent.

Dr. Kenneth D. MacLeod, recently arrived from the Old Land to join the local Government medical service, does not seem to think much of the socialization of the medical service by the Labour Government over there. Apart from other defects is the danger that the State doctor may become a State automaton without soul, a mere kind of sorting-out clerk for the specialist and the hospital. The patient will also suffer for all professional secrecy will disappear and the patient's private life and affairs become the property of all. Not an enviable picture of the sick room when the old reliable family doctor is replaced by a government autocrat responsible to neither God nor the Medical Association.

It was with much regret that many citizens learned yesterday of the unexpected passing of Mr. Patrick W. Clarkin, retired freight and passenger agent for Charlottetown. Mr. Clarkin recently visited the Southern States and seemed to be in reasonably good health when he returned. One of the best known railway officials of the Province in his time, Mr. Clarkin was of an unostentatious disposition and was greatly devoted to his home and family. His death follows the passing in recent years of his wife, known far and wide as Lucy Gertrude Clarkin, whose poetical contributions appeared in many publications both in Canada and the United States, and were recently published in volume form by St. Dunstan's University.

Sir Thomas Johnstone Lipton, baronet, British merchant, planter and manufacturer, born this date 1850. Sir Thomas was an outstanding example of what private enterprise may accomplish. Belonging to a family in poor circumstances in Glasgow, he was apprenticed to a grocer and had to sleep beneath the counter because he had nowhere else to go. He mastered his job, however, and while still a young man entered into business in a small way for "cash only, no credit." By this means he was able to sell more cheaply than his competitors, and built up an immense cash trade, he specialized in butter, eggs, cheese and tea and soon had a practical monopoly in the district in which he traded. He then opened branch stores, with equal success, then ventured into other towns, and cities with equal success. Ultimately he became the biggest importer of Danish farm produce in Britain; and equally the heaviest importer of tea from Ceylon, India and China. In the course of time he acquired his own tea plantations, and opened branch establishments in Canada as well as in Great Britain and Ireland. In 1896 he converted his business into a limited liability company with a capital of \$1,000,000. He was a great sportsman, yachting being his favorite pastime. On four occasions he contested for the America Cup unsuccessfully though in 1920 with Shamrock IV against Resolute he secured two wins out of five races. He was noteworthy for his benefactions, and on four separate occasions his name appeared in the Royal honours list.



The Poet's Corner

ON 'GROWING OLD

Be with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying. My dog and I are old, too old for roving. Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift flying. Is soon too lame to march, too old for loving.

I take the book and gather to the fire. Turning old yellow leaves; minute by minute The clock ticks to my heart; a withered wire Moves a thin ghost of music on the splint.

I can not sell your seas. I can not wander your land, nor your hill land, nor your valleys. Ever again, nor share the battle yonder. Where the young knight the broken squadron rallies.

How Did It All Begin?

(New York Times) No thinking person can look at the sun and its planets without wondering how such a system came into being. On the basis of the speculations of Kant and Swedenborg the French mathematical physicist Laplace formulated the nebular hypothesis. According to Laplace the sun and its attendants were once a huge, spinning mass of gas. As it cooled the mass shrunk so that the speed of rotation increased. A ring of gas from this spinning mass was thrown off. The hypothesis had to be abandoned because it did not take into account facts known even in Laplace's day.

At the same time, what suggested that a huge star wandered into our part of the heavens and by gravitational attraction pulled out of the sun a filament which broke up into planets. This "tidal theory" was developed by a dozen astronomers of whom Chamberlain and Moulton, Jeans and Jeffreys were outstanding. Just as a top would spin forever if there were no friction, so the planets must have maintained a constant spin or angular momentum if this theory were correct. Prof. H. N. Russell showed that even a grazing collision with another star could not impart the necessary angular momentum to the filament.

Now comes Dr. Otto Struve's old proposal that our solar system sprang from a cloud of many billions of suns. Dr. Struve begins with a "cosmic double," enclosed in a gaseous envelope so constituted that the two may either come together to form a single star or separate widely. A planetary system revolving around two suns is a mechanical impossibility. So Dr. Struve gets rid of one star by letting it merge with the other. Dr. E. A. Lyttleton, one of his predecessors, lets a third body knock the unwanted star out of the way. There are other compromises.

The German physicist C. F. von Weizsacker recently suggested that the planets were formed of a large cloud of dust that rotated around a massive central body—obviously a return, with improvement, to Laplace. Dr. Hannes Alfvén, a Swedish physicist, breaks new ground by considering not merely gravitation but electromagnetic effects hitherto neglected. Dr. Fred Whipple of Harvard thinks that the raw material of the solar system was the cosmic dust that drifts through interstellar space and that the pressure of radiation drove the dust particles together. All these conceptions have their faults. The solar system seems to be so complicated a machine that it may be impossible for the scientific imagination to design one that will have a plausible hypothetical origin and the dismal end that awaits the planets—the end of a clock that has run down and that cannot be wound up again.

Old Charlottetown (And P. E. I.)

TOWN PUMPS ASSESSMENT

At a meeting of the Landholders and Inhabitants of Charlotte-Town held at the Court House on Tuesday, the following Assessors were appointed for raising a fund for making and keeping in repair the Pumps and Wells in the Town: Messrs. Robert Hodgson, William Cullen, Thomas Sims, Martin Dogherty, Donald McDonald, John Robinson, Samuel Nelson, Paul Mabey, Allan McNeil.

The Collector of the Dog Tax having intimated to the meeting that the sum of Thirty Pounds or thereabout would probably arise out of that tax, it was proposed and carried that the sum of Fifty Pounds be now raised by the assessment for the purpose of making and repairing the Pumps and Wells in virtue of the Act of the current year.

At a subsequent meeting of the Assessors held at Mr. Sims' Tavern on Wednesday, at 6 o'clock evening, to determine the mode of levying the sum voted, the following rates of assessment were agreed to: Nine-pence on each Town Lot, and Four-pence in the pound on the valued rent of each occupied house or other building in the said Town, the rents whereof to be estimated at the same valuation at which they now stand in the Parish Rate Book. Mr. Richard Chappell was appointed Collector of the said Assessment.

School Children Are Guinea-Pigs In Vitamin Tests

(U. K. Information Office.) A hundred children at a co-educational high school in the West of England are carrying out tests as guinea-pigs in the first step of a large-scale experiment to find out the value of Vitamin C in national health.

When the time for lunch comes, they file down to the school canteen and are given a glass of water with an envelope with eight to sixteen Vitamin C pills. Distribution of the tablets is carried out under the eye of teachers and a card is filled in for every pupil who takes part.

Cards show their vitamin saturation point, medical and dental records, whether they are subject to tiredness and lassitude, and the length of time it takes them to recover from minor cuts, bruises and scratches. When the tablets are allowed for taking the vitamins is over the youngsters go back to their classrooms.

From this daily routine, which will be carried out for a year, it is hoped to make valuable findings on how Britain's health has been affected through the lack of fresh fruit and vegetables containing this vitamin. Behind the experiment is a Bristol bio-chemist who has pioneered Vitamin C research in Britain and was responsible in 1942 for the discovery of large quantities of the vitamin in rose hip syrup. Working with the laboratory of which he is director, he persuaded the county medical officer and director of education to co-operate in the vitamin experiment. By summer it will be extended to include another 100 school children and 400 adults chosen from miners, factory workers and expectant mothers in the district. All will be volunteers, as will the children at the high school.

The children are a healthy-looking group, aged from 12 to 14, and like the experiment—it is a break from school routine. They are already running competitions to see who can finish taking their pills first! Soon the test group will switch to the vitamin in natural syrup form and will continue these doses for the rest of the period. Then there will be more health, weight and dental check-ups, plus teachers' reports on their attitude towards work.

Princess Margaret In Italy

By Harold A. Albert

All Europe lately has been talking about the English princess who is travelling in Italy. From the moment when Princess Margaret's Vickers-Viking touched down at Naples airport, with its modern marble-floored reception halls, she found herself in a land of art and romance. Yet what is it really like... this Italy?

Imagine yourself walking in that gold-brown bedroom in the Hotel Excelsior and gazing eagerly across the choppy blue Bay of Naples to the famous view of Vesuvius. Nine days in eleven the crest is veiled in cloud. Rising like the Rock of Gibraltar far out to sea, the Isle of Capri is, in fact, more spectacular. Let's hope you're a good sailor before you attempt the rough passage. And yet when the steamer pulls under the lee of the island and you find yourself gazing up the 1000-foot slopes to the pine-and-beige house perched on top, Capri casts its immediate spell. Capri casts its immediate spell.

You chug up by funicular past hotels and villas draped with wisteria and bougainvillea. In the little square visitors sit outside the cafes and gossip away in the sun. But you will have to choose your seat carefully to be out of the sea wind. Some of the streets are even roofed right over, so great is the need of protection. In the vaulted cobbled ways one can shop in mock extravagance, paying £8 for a postcard or £200 for a straw-wrapped souvenir flask of Chianti wine. The £ sign happens to stand for that Italian farthing, the lira, and thus at £100 admission the Blue Grotto itself is not such an expensive proposition.

Capri bristles with grottoes, the Green Grotto, the White Grotto, the Grotto di Tragara and many others but the Blue Grotto alone is worth the money. The light enters the cave by a subterranean hole below sea level, floodlighting the cavern roof with blue. Small boys swim for pennies, looking as blue as bluebells. Indeed, if you empty a bluebag into a basin of water at the kitchen sink and watch the reflection in a basin held upside down above it, you can have a Blue Grotto at home.

Villa of San Michele Another three-star attraction, famous ever since Dr. Aeneas Munthe wrote his book telling how he resolved to build on Capri a home of the utmost beauty. Today any tourist can walk through every room in San Michele for a shilling. The 'house of beauty' resounds to the clink of coins, the click of cameras. Cynical natives will tell you that Dr. Munthe never even lived there. For one thing, the house faces due north and catches the sun only in the earliest morning or for a brief minute or two in the evening. But the proceeds still comfortably support half the aged poor on the island.

So—back to Naples! Teeming staircase streets hung across with washing, crowded with bird-sellers, bootblacks, beggars, hawkers of every description. Princess Margaret will be shocked I think, at her first sight of sparrow sandwiches. She will be dismayed at the rags and dirt and poverty. She will be a little scared if she visits the Naples Aquarium and sees the largest octopus in captivity. Yet perhaps the biggest scare comes after the funicular ride up the flanks of Vesuvius when one takes the cinder path that leads into the crater. Travel agencies have tamed the old tyrant so effectively that you can walk with a foot of the searing red-hot lava debris resembling a mass of burnt leaves, you are in a mood to appreciate what happened to the twin cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum when they were buried in lava and ash in A. D. 79. Once again you enter the dead cities by turnstiles and at every turn are met by locked gates which have to be unfastened by tip-anxious custodians. At one point, however, Princess Margaret will be able to watch cinders and lava being plucked and shovelled away as still more buildings emerge from the rubble.

Archaeologists Excavating Archaeologists are still excavating the buried cities, and one cannot but be stirred by the patient task of restoration. All the stirring life of 2,000 years ago was obliterated in a night, but now it emerges again fresh as paint from the long sleep of centuries. The old archaeologists almost destroyed Pompeii as fast as they found it, and many of its streets are no more alive than a bit of ruin. In Herculaneum, so great is the modern improvement in the skill and technique, the Roman pleasure town is almost intact.

Charted staircases have been preserved in glass and one can mount by them to upper bedrooms where madame's ear-rings and brooches, her hairpins and pots of cosmetics, still rest on the dressing table. In the pantry eggshells still rest intact. A housewife was baking loaves at the time of the disaster, and there they still are, black, but recognizable. One wishes perhaps that the glory that was Rome could be retrieved in the same magic way for the ruins of Rome, alas, have been knocked about a bit. Perhaps Princess Margaret will be a

The Age-Old Story

He doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and the widow. may buy a Vatican postage-stamp. Rome bewilders with its great inheritance. In the Forum, lined with the remains of the temples and palaces of ancient Rome, one may still tread the self-same cobblestones that the ancient Romans trod. In the Borghese Gardens, one may see 1949's prettiest nursemaids. Beneath the tall cypress trees in the garden around the temple of Venus, the lovers still whisper.

So this is Italy—and still there is Florence, with its medieval art galleries, Venice, with its gondolas floating amid occasional cabbage-leaves. Even princesses are apt to find their travel impressions not altogether what they expect, and yet from Italy one carries away a mosaic of impressions sun-drenched and brilliant to last for a life-time.

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