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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker than the Weakest Ink."

TUESDAY, MAY 7, 1940.

The Position Of Italy

Latest reports from Italy tell that Mussolini assured United States Ambassador Phillips that he does not contemplate any change in his present war policy. About this tale two things should be kept in mind:

1. There is no official confirmation (Mr. Phillips has said nothing publicly) that such assurances were given.

2. No guarantee exists that such assurances, if given, would not be changed by future war developments.

If Mussolini is not contemplating a war move of some sort, why all this warlike talk from Fascist leaders? And why abuse the Allies in the Fascist press? Britain is not routing her Mediterannean traffic round the Cape of Good Hope for fun. And Paris (which is pretty close to Rome) is not alarmed for fun.

Not all the reports, rumors and so forth that come out of Rome can be believed. Moreover, outsiders cannot pretend to understand the strategy and technique of Fascist politics. They may conclude, seemingly with reason, that abuse of the Allies by the Fascist press is Mussolini's method of whipping up support for war among the Italian people.

And Britain and France, clearly, are taking no chances. Not the least momentous announcement made by Mr. Chamberlain was that important units of the British and French battle fleets have been moved into the eastern basin of the Mediterranean.

They are not there for fun.

Soldiering In Comfort

The day of the old tin "Dixie" that often reached the front line with the stew well chilled and flavored by a blob or two of mud is gone so far as Canadian and other British troops are concerned. The Dominion's 1st Division today is being equipped with ingenious petrol cookers and insulated food carriers that should ensure hot meals even for men in the most forward positions. The cooker can be used in a front-line trench or dugout without smoke or flame-reflection giving the show away and the containers will keep food at tongue-burning temperature for six hours. The cooker looks like a plumber's oversized blow-torch. It operates three hours on two gallons of gasoline and can cook 25 gallons of fluid food or prepare 50 pancakes or filet mignons—if any—at one time. It blows a five foot flame through that many metal grills. The grills have built up sides so there is no reflection for enemy lookouts to spot. Large oblong metal containers or frying pans fit on top of each grill. And once the food is prepared, the containers are placed in cork-insulated and airtight carrying boxes that will keep the grub hot during delivery to the men.

Lies From Germany

There have been numerous examples of Nazi propaganda which reeks with lies. The Goebbels publicity machine daily goes to fresh lengths of absurdity to hoodwink the docile German people and mislead neutrals. A recent effort was a radio play broadcast from several German stations in which Mr. Winston Churchill and Sir John Ellerman were portrayed as making $20,000,000 between them by withholding news of the damage to H.M.S. Nelson in order to speculate on the Stock Exchange, while other members of the British Cabinet, including the Prime Minister, were said to be making millions out of poison gas, etc., this being the recognized thing in British Cabinet circles.

Similar stories, made out of whole cloth are being fed to a certain section of the United States press. On the very day that Ottawa officially announced that not a solitary unit of the Canadian Active Service Force was serving in Norway, the International News Service, a Hearst organization, carried a despatch from Berlin stating that thousands of British troops, chiefly Canadians, had been wiped out in Norway, German observers placed the Canadian contingent at between 2,500 and 3,000 men.

Stories manufactured by Goebbels and his hirelings must be heavily discounted, if not entirely disbelieved. There is no such thing as a free press in Germany today, and the truth is not in the Nazi propagandists.

U. S. A. Pacifism Wavering

It has been customary to look upon the United States neutrality as an excuse for war profiteering, but that really is doing an injustice to the bulk of the intelligent people of that great republic. Dealing with this question in "The Churchman" of New York Rev. Dr. W. P. Ladd, Dean of Berkeley Divinity School, discusses it this way:

"Like all of us, pacifists live in an age to which natural science is supposed to say the last word. From the time of Galileo the idea has gained increasingly wide acceptance that the search for reality should be made elswhere than in the field of man's will and emotion.

"We are taught to evaluate all life by mathematical formulae. Our ideal is to be without prejudice, to tolerate every shade of opinion, and to find that something which is always to be said on both sides. Open-mindedness, impassionate study, neutrality, these are the pathway to wisdom.

"Moral indignation is an outmoded virtue. Sociological phenomena must develop in their own way. Wars are to be judged from the point of view of economical and political science, and if so judged, argue the pacifists, will be found to be nothing but a struggle for world markets or a test of strength between rival imperialisms!

"If Europe is now afflicted by war, they ask is it not by reason of its own folly? And if it bleeds to death we luckier ones can do nothing but pass by on the other side of the street, or the water. Let us continue to live with our proprietary intelligence, in our better world, above the battle, hugging our pacifism, observing rather than judging from our ivory tower.

"It is indeed true that all human life is precious in God's sight, are not even the very hairs of your head all numbered? Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?

"Yes, but that is not all. There are other questions. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Must not a man die rather than that justice, truth, and freedom die? He that saveth his own life shall lose it.

"Are we with our pacifism becoming so superior and even callous in the presence of the great catastrophe through which Europeans are struggling that we are ceasing to be in any real sense Christian? Are we thus losing all moral authority so that we cannot, either now or in a post-war period, take any important or self-respecting part in bringing back good will and peace to a world in infinite need of both?"

— EDITORIAL NOTES —

Farmers are well pleased with the weather-man.

* * * *

Lord Brougham died this date, 1868.—"The lawyer is a gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies—and keeps it to himself."

* * * *

These are straws in the wind. "Tokyo reports that the Russians are assembling their navy at Vladivostok for the greatest naval manoeuvres since the Russia-Japanese war". "Moscow reports that the war is going to spread to the Balkans, the Near East and the Pacific."

* * * *

"Observer" in his letter in yesterday's Forum mentioned the interesting fact that the two lawyers for the defence in Natural Products Marketing (B.C.) Act appeal case, viz., Messrs. P. J. McIntyre and A. J. B. Mellish were Islanders. He could have added that the lawyer for the Government, Mr. T. G. Morris, K.C. was the son of an Islander, his mother being a Lawson and sister-in-law of Mr. Henry Smith. Mr. Morris is thus a cousin of Mrs. Keith Rogers.

* * * *

How very little the form of the welcome to spring has changed in the last two thousand years or so! The fact occurred to me a week or more ago, writes Sir W. Beach Thomas, as I watched the crocuses in the grass come out serenely from the vanishing carpet of snow. Tennyson's much-quoted lines from "In Memoriam"

"Now fades the last long streak of snow
Now burgeons every maze of quick"

were doubtless written without any conscious thought of Horace; we have a climate extremely unlike Italy's but the lines are as nearly as may be a translation of *Diffugere nives redeunt jam gramina campis arboribusque comae.* A preface of snow is almost necessary for bringing out the full flavour of spring. Cold and deciduous trees and migrant birds (which usually nest at the northermost point of their passage) give our welcome to spring its final flourish.

* * * *

A timely reminder of what is at stake. Before a gathering of more than 500 members and associates of the American Chamber of Commerce in London, Mr. Harold H. Cross, Minister of Economic Warfare, insisted that, after all, Britain was the greatest sufferer as the result of her own blockade and that, although the government was doing everything possible to "temper the wind of war to the shorn lamb of neutral trade," he had to think of the application of the blockade "in terms of the lives of our men." "The last few weeks must have made clear to all that we are in grim earnest, that we are fighting for our lives," he said in one passage. "By waging economic warfare to the utmost we believe we shall shorten the war by many months and this weapon can thus be the means of saving innumerable lives and of hastening the time when the world again will be free from the curse that now lies upon it." He thought that many neutrals would recoil at the thought of preferring their own profit and conscience or feeling to the lives of the soldiers, sailors and airmen, fighting to uphold the standards of civilization.

* * * *

Referring to the intimate insight which Defence Minister Rogers' visit to Europe must have given him, the Montreal Gazette says: — The result may, and should be, a marked acceleration of Canada's war effort, an enlargement of it and if necessary an extension of the organization more or less upon the lines laid down after the Hughes regime in the last war. The more the conflict is prolonged and the wider its scope the greater will be the responsibility imposed upon all fighting democracies, and Canada must be well up in this category. An army of half a million men was raised in the last war and no less a contribution may be necessary before this struggle is over, plus what is being done upon the sea and what is being done and is to be done in the air and in the field of industry. Canada has everything to gain from the successful issue of this war and everything to lose through an unsuccessful issue. So-called moderate participation means nothing less than treachery to a cause which is as vital to this country's future as to that of any other nation. If the Minister of National Defence comes back personally determined upon a maximum contribution in all services he will have the Canadian people behind him and his visit to the United Kingdom and France will have been a very timely thing, possibly the most important to Canada since the war began.

NOTES BY THE WAY

After an automobile is built, tax collectors, during its lifetime, collect $4 for every $1 that was paid to workmen for building the car.—Scientific American, New York.

I once heard Dick Sheppard say that there had been more fatal accidents to passengers on the L.L.R. than on any other line in the world. "L.L.R."—the line of least resistance! — B. Seebohm Rowntree in The Spectator, London.

It is possible to educate insects. I once had a cricket which I taught to sing on two notes instead of its usual one, which indicates the musical faculties of these mandolinists. — Marcel Roland in "La Grande Lecon des Petites Betes,"—

During the World War a British spy managed to serve for three years as an officer on the German High Command, as assistant to General Ludendorff, while a German agent acted as British censor in London. — Mieczyslaw Nowinski in American Mercury, New York.

An Indian sage said to me once in acid comment upon our civilization—I had been led unwittingly into praise of one of its technical marvels—"Yes, you can fly in the air like birds and swim in the sea like fishes, but how to walk upon the earth, you do not yet known."—C. E. M. Joad in "Philosophy for our Times," (Nelson).

We are a logical race. "One of my constituents," an M.P. friend, a supporter of the Government, tells me, "said after Munich that he must vote against me in future because of the Government's disgraceful capitulation. Now he is going to vote against me because his son has been called up." — London Spectator.

New York City has a private weather service that sells reports on the weather as far in advance as six months. Among its patrons are dairymen, clothing merchants, fuel dealers, golf-club dealers and steamship lines. One of its reports, which predicts the weather, day by day, one month in advance, is mailed gratis to certain organizations, including the government weather bureau offices.—S. Greenblatt in Collier's, New York.

There are one-story intellects, two-story intellects, and three-story intellects with skylights. All fact collectors, who have no aim beyond their facts, are one-story men. Two-story men compare, reason, generalize, using the labors of fact collectors as well as their own. Three-story men idealize, imagine, predict; their best illumination comes from above, through the skylight.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"A story made the rounds that just before the Germans marched a drunken man stood up in the street and shouted 'Heil, Hitler!' A dozen Viennese rushed in and pummelled him, knocking him unconscious. He slept for a while and then got to his feet again. He blinked warily. He wasn't going to make that mistake again. "Heil, Schuschnigg!" he shouted. Again he was thrown to the ground, this time by the Nazis who had taken the town over."—Martin Panzer in The American Hebrew, New York.

W. L. White, of the foreign correspondents' staff of the New York Post, has shifted recently from Berlin to London, and he likes the change. He admits he must write honestly and as a personal confession he says: "I have come from Germany where I disliked the Nazis, everything they stand for, and everything they plan to do to this world of ours, about as much as you can hate anything. Then I came to England, where by contrast I like the people and what they are fighting for very much indeed." — Peterborough Examiner.

There have often been rumors of differences of opinion between Mussolini and Balbo. According to one story Balbo received a letter from Mussolini thanking him for his past services and informing him that his resignation had been accepted. He handed the letter back with the remark that it must have been sent to him by mistake. Another version of Balbo's reply was: "When you have been, like myself, one of the four founders of Fascism, you are killed, but you are not dismissed."—Martin Moore in "The Fourth Shore," (Routledge)

On the desk of David O.Selznick, movie producer, is a framed contract which is unique, even for Hollywood. It was drawn up and signed by Robert Benchley, humorist-author-actor, when he went to work for Selznick. The text of the contract solemnly binds the two together, as follows: "Known all men by these present:; agreement indenture between David Selznick, Esq., Party of the First Part, and Robert Benchley, also Party of the First Part—I hereby agree. — (Signed) Robert Benchley —David O. Selznick." — Ross in New York World Telegram.

The religious emotion did little to attentuate our age-long oppression of weak and defenceless people. One recalls not only the inquisition, the religious wars, the St. Bartholomew massacre, but the fact that the early Spanish invaders of America who wrought oppression and destruction were often intensely religious; as were often the British. Carved upon the masts of Hawkins' slave ship were religious texts, thus: On the foremast, "Love ye one another"; on the mainmast, "Praise God daily"; and on the mizzen, "Bear ye one another's burdens." — Norman Angell in "For What Do We Fight?" (Harper).

In 1918 when the French occupied Alsace, the first thing the French general did was to post French Army orders beside the last ones left by the German commander. The German general had decreed: "I orbid the soldiers of the army corps to visit the taverns after 11 p.m." The French general had ordered: "The soldiers of the the army corps are permitted to visit the taverns until 10 p.m." Comparing these two notices, the citizen deduced that the Germans forbid everything while the French allow everything.—Kurt von Stutterheim in "The Two Germanys," (Sidgwick and Jackson).

PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open for the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. The Charlottetown Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinions of correspondents.

THE MARKETING ACT

Sir,—In reporting discussion of the Agricultural Products Marketing Act in the Legislature in your issue of April 26th, Mr. Wm. Hughes claimed I was not aware of the Dominion Legislation and that I went to Judge Fraser for information, I wish to say, Mr. Editor, that both of the above statements are incorrect. In 1935, the Maritime Provinces working in co-operation with Quebec and Ontario devised a plan for marketing potatoes, under the Dominion Natural Products Marketing Act. The purpose being to try to maintain prices which would enable the potato growers to market the crop in an orderly manner, and thus avoid serious loss. I was appointed a member of the Board, set up in this Province, and I was therefore fully cognizant of this Act.

Reading from the discussion as reported in the Patriot, issue of May 3rd, Mr. Hughes stated that the President of the Co-operative Council said that he had not heard of the Dominion Natural Products Marketing Act, nor of the present measure. The latter is an absurd statement, which is self-contradictory, as Mr. Hughes was present in the House, when the Committee delegated by the Co-operative groups presented the Act to the Government, and the preamble to the Act was read by me, as President of the Co-operative Council. Surely, I would have some knowledge of the measure referred to. I would not bother answering Mr. Hughes, were it not for the plain insinuation that the persons associated with me on the Committee, representing the Co-operative groups, i. e., J. A. Gillies, Dr. Croteau, and W. R. Shaw, were asking for arbitrary legislation on an unsuspecting public, and that I was acting, in my ignorance, the part of the goat. I may say the main reason for placing these men on the Committee was to save time and expenses involved in having farmers go to Charlottetown.

Mr. Hughes would evidently be delighted in maintaining the present order of unequal rights to the end, that the primary producers, would continue to be the hewers of wood and drawers of water. In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I wish to extend the thanks of the Co-operative groups to Mr. Mustard, who, with courage and persistence, was successful in having the bill passed; also to all those who supported the measure, including the opposition.

I am, Sir etc.,
T. J. KICKHAM,
President Co-operative Council.
Souris,
May 6, 1940.

GOVERNMENT SALE POLICY

Sir,—During the last few days, I have received several letters from various persons commenting on my "Prohibition" letter. Most of these communications (were friendly in tone, and most of them registered approval of my opinions on this Prohibition question.

But I have received one letter, post-marked "Charlottetown," which was not so friendly, nor so complimentary. The writer of this letter, who signed himself "A Follower of the Lord Jesus Christ," began by saying that such writers as myself are the "implements of the Devil," and ended by stating that only by prayer and a reverent reading of the Bible could my "sinful ignorance" be cured.

In the body of his letter, he reviles me for my "presumption in daring to take issue with Christian opinion" as revealed by certain clergymen whom he names, and, finally, he assures me of "everlasting hell-fire" when I die. Truly, a gloomy prospect for a poor devil who has been merely exercising his right to the expression of his honest opinion. But "hell-fire" is my ultimate fate, according to Mr. "Follower," and he strives to stress its horrors upon my susceptible mind by informing me that my final destination is a place where "the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

After reading the letter, I closed my eyes and tried to conjure up, out of the ether, a composite picture of the strange and forbidding personality who had written it. In my fancy, I saw him, as one, grim of visage, a man immovably set in his views, unamenable to reason, and narrow with that narrowness which is inseparable from those who possess but one idea.

I cannot say how long my faculties concentrated upon a picture of this "follower of the Lord Jesus Christ." Finally, as was inevitable, my mind wandered further afield in its search for cognate illustrations to support the sub-consciousness in its instinctive repugnance to the doctrines of such as he. During those few brief minutes my mind was free to wander, scores of historical figures passed quickly before my mental vision, and as quickly disappeared . . . . . Everywhere—at all times, and in all ages—I saw the influential call down the blessings of Heaven upon Intolerance and Reaction.

You, Mr. "Follower," in your harshness, your vindictiveness, your bitterness,—you are simply a living relic of those others who have gone before. It is you, and such as you, who serve to lend strength to the statement of the philosopher who said that "the last Christian died upon the Cross."

In all your three pages of closely written vituperation, there is but one sentence of truth. That sentence is the last one to which you, possibly, would, in your heart of hearts, believe I should agree. It is the one in which you condemn me for my ignorance.

Now, ignorance, Mr. "Follower," if not a virtue, is at least, not a vice. Ignorance, if it be unconscious, is, of course, a detriment — socially and morally. But when one is conscious of his ignorance, one is more inclined to adopt that humility of spirit which may, in time, cause one to remedy, at least partly, such a grievous fault. So far as my own ignorance is concerned, Mr. "Follower," I have often given it thought, and have often grown discouraged when I have paused to realize how infinitesimally small is my knowledge after all the many weary hours I have spent trying to increase it. The labour has been so vain.

But one thing this labour has done: it has enabled me to meet such vicious attacks as yours with an equanimity of spirit which, at times, astonishes even me. On the few occasions when I am obliged to face such an onslaught as yours, I can call up, from my memory, scores of wonderful writings —writings, such as the Sermon on the Mount, containing all the love and wisdom in the world. Why should I become angry at such outbursts as yours? "Beati (sunt) pauperes spiritu: quoniam ipsorum est regnum coelorum," says the Latin of the Vulgate, and, in case you are one of those who have an unreasonable dislike for scriptural Latin as being something "Popish," I shall, for this once, humor you in so far as to give you the same words in a still more original tongue. Accents and breathings omitted for obvious reasons, these words are, "Makarioi (eisi) oi ptokhoi to pneumati auton estin e basileia ton ouranon." In the event that the significance of these words has not yet dawned upon you, allow me to make one more attempt to impress them upon your mind. This time, I shall try you with the King James version: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

There is another passage somewhere in the King James version of your New Testament which I commend to you. If I give it to you in Latin, I do so because the utter recklessness with which most prohibitionists quote the King James version has frightened me, and has caused me to tread very warily in order to avoid their glaring errors. When I quote you a passage of Scripture, Mr. "Follower," I like to know what I am quoting, for, when I wish to bolster any argument of mine by an appeal to the opinions or sayings of others, my sense of fairness demands that I be just, both to my sources and to those whom I address. No man, Mr. "Follower," knows his Bible thoroughly who merely reads the King James version. And if you consider that statement sacrilege, the opportunity is yours to make the most of it. But here is the passage: "Si linguis hominum loquor et angelorum, caritatem autem non habeam, nihil sum." Yes, Mr. "Follower," if you have not this, you are nothing.

And now, in order to prevent all further possible misunderstanding, let me inform you that I am not interested in the liquor business, directly or indirectly. Moreover, I cannot see any particular reason why I should attempt to pull any alcoholic or non-alcoholic chestnuts out of the fire for any group of persons within the Government —or for any group outside that sacred body. I approve of the proposed beer and wine legislation for one reason only. That reason is because I believe the proposed legislation to be a definite step toward the inculcation of real temperance. Since my maximum consumption of ale does not exceed a case per year, and my consumption of "hard" liquor is practically nil, the Government is not likely to experience any serious difficulty in supplying me with my modest requirements irrespective of what kind of liquor law we may have.

Under present conditions, liquor is virtually "free" since many doctors, despising the hypocrisy of the present legislation, refuse to charge for "scripts." The doctor, moreover, is not a law officer of the Crown and many of them resent the attempts made, both by the politicians and the prohibitionists, to hold them responsible for the carrying out of certain sections of the Prohibition Act. How many times, Mr. "Follower," have you heard a clergyman, from his pulpit, point an accusing finger at a socially prominent or prosperous member of his congregation and denounce him for having committed certain actions unworthy of anyone having an elementary sense of justice or the slightest respect for the sanctity of another man's marital happiness? How often, Mr. "Follower"? Possibly, once in a

(Continued on page 6, Col 8)

The Poets' Corner

THE SOUTH

Crystal of afternoon, haze of evening,
Cool overlapping shell of the August night,
and the quail, the lost and pleading
call of the quail.

And the cypress swamp rich with the moving sepia
Of slumber and gestation: delicate, white
azalea, rhododendron, and laurel, pale

In the tightening web of shadow. Louisiana
Niggers in their canoe follow the flight
of the ducks across the darkening marsh and the wail

Of the heron skirting the long bayou. The liveoaks
Loosen their mosses through the fringe of light.
One instant, held in amber, vesseled and frail

The giant Gulf lies open to the summer,
The sky sends gulfward from its summer height
crystals of afternoon: the lingering trail

Of dust falls on the wharf, the haze of evening
Falters upon the golden-wristed, bright-
bellied longshoremen loading bale upon bale

Into the freighters. Trinidad, Havana
Move with their cargoes through the August night
and the tall boys are leaning over the rail

Lazily watching the ships, the westward moving
Voyagers on and on and out of sight,
smiling as darkness fills the endless sail.

—Frederic Prokosch.

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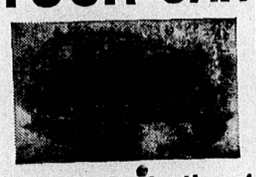

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