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

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1942

On The Threshold

The morning comes not, yet the night
Waxes, and men's eyes win strength to see
Where twilight is, where light shall be

Another momentous year has passed in the shadow of war, a year filled with heartaches and disasters, but also with extraordinary achievements on the part of the Allied Nations

In Canada, great industrial changes have taken place during the year, in keeping with war requirements. As Prime Minister Mackenzie King recently told a New York audience, it is gratifying to know that in the present campaign in Africa, Canadian mechanized equipment has proved so trustworthy

This Province can boast few industries, but it has done magnificently during the year, not only in continued contribution of manpower to the fighting forces and war loan investments, but in farm production. The year's activities in this important direction, together with prospects for the coming year, have been reviewed in articles recently appearing in The Guardian

Despite wartime shortages, we have been able to carry on the customary provincial and local activities, perhaps to an extent which tends to lessen our appreciation of the very grave conditions facing other less favored communities

The messenger of death has been active in the ranks of our older citizens also. Prominent among those who passed away were Mr. William Brehaut, retired postmaster, Charlottetown; Rev. Joseph Rooney, Cardigan; Mrs. B. Roy Holman; Hon. G. Shelton Sharpe; Mrs. L. B. Miller; Mr. William Warren; Mr. Allan Forsyth; Mr. Frank M. Stewart; Mr. J. M. Hunter; Mr. Reuben Macdonald, editor of The Patriot; Lieut. Arthur Bruce; Mr. R. E. Spillett; Dr. J. A. Stewart, Tyne Valley; and Rev. F. X. Gallant, Egmont Bay.

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn.

A refreshing thought to take with us into the New Year 1943, to speak of the post-war years ahead.

Sir John's First Choice

As was to be expected, Liberal newspapers were quite facetious about the change in the name of the Conservative Party to that of "Progressive Conservative."

What is not generally known is that the name "Progressive Conservative" did not originate with Mr. Bracken or the Winnipeg Convention. It was proposed by Sir John A. Macdonald for the Conservative party in Canada eighty-eight years ago!

"There would be a new House," Macdonald wrote, "and new people to choose

from, and our aim should be to enlarge the bounds of our party so as to embrace every person desirous of being counted as a "Progressive Conservative; and who will join in a series of measures to put an end to the corruption which has ruined the present government and debauched all its followers."

The name Sir John finally adopted was "Liberal-Conservative," which was used by his party up to Confederation and for thirty or forty years afterwards. And it proved a name to conjure with, for Conservatism failed only once to win a general election during the old chief's long lifetime.

The Late Judge Shaw

The unexpected death last evening of His Honour, Judge D. Edgar Shaw, comes as a shock to a host of friends and acquaintances throughout this Province. He was liked and esteemed by everyone who knew him, and his name must be legion. He presented a dignified appearance on the Bench, and was at all times conscientious and impartial in administering the law.

An enthusiastic member of the Caledonian Club, he was also one of the Club's best entertainers. His recital of Burns' immortal Address to the Haggis, given at many a St. Andrew's Day dinner, will long be remembered. He was also a talented versifier, and his recital of his own poems—chiefly on humorous subjects—was a treat worth hearing.

During the last war he took an active part in promoting patriotic organizations, setting a laudable example in this connection. Judge Shaw was an artist in the amenities of life. He had no prejudices, many sympathies, and was at home with all sorts and conditions of men. That is not a bad definition of a true democrat—a tribute which the Judge would appreciate better, perhaps, than any flowery eulogy.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The curtain rings down on 1942 tonight.

What will the New Year bring? is the question in most people's minds. It may, and it is sincerely to be hoped will, bring peace and the return of our sailors, soldiers and airmen; on the other hand it is as likely to bring active warfare in Europe and elsewhere with heavy casualties. Churchill, Smuts and others behind the scenes have warned us to be prepared for this.

Military promotions overseas are slow for the good and sufficient reason that the various battalions and units were fully officered before they set sail, and, fortunately, there have been few casualties to make good. With the army in Canada it is different, additions by conscription are being steadily made and these must be officered from the lowest rung to the highest.

Stephen Butler Leacock, humorous author, economist, educationist, retired McGill professor, born this date 1869; made a tour of the Empire, 1907-08, giving lectures on Imperial organization under the auspices of the Cecil Rhodes Trust; works on Political Science, Biography, Novels, Essays on Literature, been regularly published since 1906; most voluminous writer, and most widely read Canadian author of the present day; "People sometimes talk in our own immediate days of the Americanization of England. But England began to be Americanized when John Cabot came back from the Newfoundland seas, and the people ran shouting after him in the streets."

In the greater production program of sheep, lambs and wool for 1943, sheep raisers of Canada are requested to furnish 900,000 head of sheep or lambs for slaughter and twenty-six million pounds of wool for shearing and marketing. The hold-over of ewes for breeding purposes in 1942 would indicate that the desired production figures should be reached in 1943. However, marketing results of the New Year in sheep, lambs and wool should not rest entirely with the numbers or units of sheep held on farms and ranches throughout Canada, says Mr. James Telfer, in charge of production of sheep and wool for the Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. In order that the objective for sheep production may be reached, every detail in connection with attaining it will require special attention. Factors which slow up lamb and wool production may be referred to as internal and external parasites.

The Quebec medical faculty are kicking against the new rule that recruits for military training be examined by a military board instead of by private practitioners. The Divisional Registrar advised them that revision boards, from January 1, will be supervised by the Department of National Defence. Formerly, they were under the supervision of National Selective Service. The Action Medicale, Inc., jointly with representatives of Montreal medical societies, forwarded a resolution to Ottawa protesting against change in the composition of revision medical boards from civilian to military doctors. It maintained that up to now the government has been satisfied with revision medical boards composed of civilian doctors and that "these boards have proved themselves efficient in their functions," adding that recruits for military training have also been satisfied with the boards as presently constituted. The resolution bearing the signature of Dr. J. C. E. Forest, secretary of the Action Medicale Inc., also claimed that the medical society had learned that doctors subject to call-up notices had been summoned to undergo an examination before the army's medical board "without having first received an official notice from the registrar." The society, forwarding copies of its resolution to the Minister of National Defence, the Minister of Labor, all medical societies in Quebec province, labor organizations and boards of trade, asked that the present set-up of revision medical boards be maintained.

NOTES BY THE WAY

The fact is that most of the anti-inflationary measures are all the same as depression medicine; they may be good for us, but we just naturally hate the taste of them.

On first thought, it may seem hard that Max Haupt must die for not turning in his son, a Nazi saboteur in the States, to the United States Army. But the world is a moral institution, to be recognized and rewarded, but the sorcerer's philosophy for which Herbert Haupt worked was the most to destroy family solidarity, teaching children to betray their parents, husbands to betray their wives, sisters their brothers, in order to stamp out even mental reservations against Nazism. This is not an old-style war. This is a fight to the death for the survival of civilized decency. Max Haupt seemed to string along with Hitlerism, no sign that he was a man. He is a traitor.—Guelph Mercury.

A story was told to us recently, supposedly a true happening in Canadian city. A lady presented herself at the counter of her favorite grocery store for a small amount of butter. The grocer was amazed. "Whatever do you want ten cents for?" he asked. "Well," she replied, "I want to get a little on hand before these shortages get busy."—Peterborough Examiner.

With freezing weather and snow on the ground the hog-killing season is rural Ontario's annual event. Hog killings in the country bring sausages, spareribs and sausage. The nation's greatest market in "country sausage," and some of it really is worth buying; but, after all, the nation's greatest market in "country sausage" is a market in "country sausage" as it were; some prefer sausage in quantity, some want none at all.—Guelph Mercury.

"Does anyone really know in this country," asked the naval lieutenant in the desert, "the Army is really doing in the desert?" The answer was: "No, but we have to pay tribute to the British Army in the Middle East not only for the desert, but for the fact that the heat by day, the icy cold by night, the constant danger of sandstorms or attacks of the louse, the loneliness, the strain on the nerves of the men in armoured vehicles, the bending the enemy's lines, depending on the situation to get home."—London Express.

The things which Mrs. Roosevelt does for our children seem to have made a deep impression on us. We have what she would call a "new" idea of what a mother should be. We have seen her in the act of teaching a child to read, to write, to draw, to sing, to dance, to play. We have seen her in the act of teaching a child to be brave, to be kind, to be generous, to be self-sacrificing. We have seen her in the act of teaching a child to be a citizen.

The million-dollar Christmas contribution by Bernard M. Baruch to the Red Cross is a fine example of what a citizen can do. It is a fine example of what a citizen can do. It is a fine example of what a citizen can do.

So it comes about that there are more books and more readers. As the Ottawa Journal facetiously puts it, "Time was when a man walking out of a book shop was likely to be stamped as a bookworm. Now, if he is stamped as a bookworm, it is because he is not a bookworm at all. Most of the books on his list are not books at all. They are just pieces of paper with words on them. They are just pieces of paper with words on them. They are just pieces of paper with words on them."

PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open for the discussion of current events and questions of interest. The Charlottetown Guardian does not assume any responsibility for the opinions of correspondents.

TEA RATIONING

Sir.—About the Rationing of Tea it seems unfair that where there are only two people they can only get 2 oz. of tea a week, and generally they are old people of seventy or eighty years of age, who have been using tea all their lives and find it hard to get along on the rationing. A family of five or six gets more tea than they can use as they are mostly young people who don't care for tea. So it seems very unfair to the old people to have to go without the usual quantity of tea. I am, Sir, etc. J. D. Cardigan.

The Ape Man

(Hamilton Spectator)
Victims of Nazi operations have well-nigh exhausted the vocabulary of horror and outraged decency to describe the torturers of world war. Brutal troops have been likened to "ape men," and the term seems fitting in view of their atrocious conduct in some occupied countries. The Russians know what the Nazis are, and the inhabitants of a village beyond Moscow tell an experienced reporter that they wonder whether the representatives of the Fuehrer's "master race" have even been dignified with the term ape.

The village is Pohorely, and it was good that the Nazis for ten months before the invasion it was a clean and modernized center, but the Germans were not there long before they destroyed it. The village is now only in its darkest and ancient days of the czarist regime. From the day of their entrance, the Germans have occupied the village and destroyed every improvement made during the Five-Year Plan and exterminated the village and its people. The Nazis slogan of "Return to Primitivism."

Their first act was to rip up all board sidewalks, destroy all bridges and allow the drains to fill with refuse. The result was that heavy rains soon flooded the area, while the constant stream of military trucks turned the streets into quagmires. It might be thought that the heavy, wooden-faced Nazis would have preserved some of the improvement for their own comfort; but not so. Pohorely was served with a pump engine and a tank that held four thousand pails of water. They smashed the pump, burned the tank and destroyed their own ten months continued to drink foul water from the river, which drained the village of its inhabitants. The settlements of the Russian villages of pure water.

This village also had a community bathhouse which could accommodate five hundred persons a day. Here, surely, was something for the Germans would not destroy, for that could be more useful to an army of occupation than a stream of balls, especially to troops ridden with vermin? Yet, within a few days, this structure was totally destroyed and the Nazis preferred to remain clean. There was a power plant which supplied every home in the village with electricity. The Nazis did not wreck this, but they cut off the current going to every house and reserved the power for the buildings they occupied.

When winter came, though, the engine froze and the plant was rendered useless. When the Germans retreated, they smashed the engine into fragments and took the dynamo with them. They turned the low floor of a new schoolhouse into a stable, but when horses died, instead of burying the animals in the country, they dragged the carcasses into the hallways of the building and there allowed them to rot.

Early in the occupation, one of the Nazis tanks became mired in the main street. There were ample quantities of lumber, bricks and straw available with which to help give the tank traction and release it from the mudhole. But the Germans wanted none of that material; instead they used books from the shelves of the village library—hundreds of volumes of Karl Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, Mark Twain, Dickens and other writers, were taken by the cartload and dumped into the large mudhole where the tank was stuck. There were twenty libraries in this district and not a single volume remained after the Germans left. Most of the books were burned as fuel, even though this region is one of the most densely wooded in all Europe.

Many similar acts of lunacy could be related. The villagers were at first appalled, but as the dull-witted brutality was on the march, they ceased to wonder. All they could come to believe was that these Nazi brutes were some form of pre-

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The Poet's Corner

ON TIME
Fly, envious Time, till thou run out
Call on the lazy, leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plumb-line's pace;
And gild thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain.

And pectily diving,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love,
Shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of him, to whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly-guided soul
Attired with stars we shall forever
Triumphing over Death, and
Chance, and thee, O Time!

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New Year's Eve
A New Year stands upon the threshold of our Time; soon, the Old will have become a part of History. The hundreds of millions who have, for the past three years, suffered mental and physical anguish indescribable, still—with that unquenchable faith which is inseparable from the human spirit—look hopefully toward the New Year about to open.

This May Be an Old Wish For a New Year. But We Mean It With All our Hearts TO ALL A HAPPY NEW YEAR

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We have in stock and cars arriving of OLD SYDNEY SCREENED, BRAS D'OR, SULLIVAN, ALBION NUT and INVERNES. Also WALSH COBBLES and AMERICAN HARD NUT.

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