THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

Morning Daily (Founded in 1887)

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

FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1945

Mr. Gardiner At It Again

When the Government passed Bill 80, after the plebiscite of April, 1942, the principle of conscription for service anywhere was accepted. When on Nov. 23 last the Order-in-Council was passed making available 16,000 draftees for overseas service that principle was applied. Thus the Government has not only accepted the principle, but applied it, though the application is "half-hearted" and "piecemeal," as Mr. Ralston called it in the House of Commons.

It is then surprising, says the *Globe and Mail*, to read the nonsense spoken by Agriculture Minister Gardiner at an interview in Regina the other day. The Canadian Press report says: "Agriculture Minister Gardiner in an interview here today warned those advocating all-out conscription of manpower for military service that such a policy would curtail the Dominion's food production, make it impossible to meet demands for supplies coming from Canada's allies, and endanger the peace."

There is neither rhyme nor reason in what Mr. Gardiner says. As our Toronto contemporary points out, there are tens of thousands of home draftees in uniform in Canada who have not been made available to fight; who only train. How can making them available for overseas service "curtail the Dominion's food production"? They are not on the farms. They are in uniform. To use them as reinforcements does not cut food production, for they are eating, not producing food. They are also not doing anything "to meet the demands for supplies coming from Canada's allies." They are using those supplies. And how is it possible for any responsible man to say that using those draftees overseas would "endanger the peace.' If there were an end of the divisive two-army system, which causes bitterness and disunity, the groundwork for true unity would be laid in Canada.

Didn't Just Happen

It didn't just happen that the famous Cologne Cathedral stands today in the midst of a great city in ruins, showing the scars of war but its spires still reaching to the skies, the basic structure essentially unharmed.

It is, writes a reporter, "as though some power had saved the cathedral from the destruction which reached to its very doors," and he thinks legend will say that "its fragile loveliness is indestructible."

No need to look for a miracle, however, in the story of Cologne Cathedral. It was spared because bomb-aimers of the Royal Air Force and the R. C. A. F., and in recent days artillerymen of the United States Army, had instructions to spare it. The cathedral was hit several times by bombs, obviously by accident, and the wonder is it wasn't hit more often because there was almost next door a great railroad station which was a legitimate target.

But, as a contemporary points out, the average Briton and Canadian and American, unlike so many Germans, has no taste for wanton destruction and so the cathedral, which could not have survived except for the most painstaking care on the part of those who attacked Cologne, and captured it, lives to remind the German people that there is something in the world more than battle and fury and the hateful Nazi doctrine of masters and slaves.

Canada's Indebtedness

A reassuring statement comes from Mr. Graham Towers, governor of the Bank of Canada, regarding Canada's debt position after more than five years of war. He was able to show that, notwithstanding the heavy borrowing of the Government for the financing of the nation's war effort, the net interest charges on the debt were only twice as large at the end of the year 1944 as they were at the beginning of the conflict, due to the fact that the average interest rate on debt is now only 2.6 per cent, whereas it was 3.6 per cent before the war, and also because part of the debt was incurred to acquire revenue-producing assets. Moreover, net interest charges are no more onerous, relatively, than they were at the start of the war—about 3.2 per cent of the national income.

This is a truly remarkable showing. It is interesting to examine the detailed explanation given by Mr. Towers. Direct domestic funded debt at the end of 1944 was five times what it was at the beginning of the war; but direct funded debt, domestic and foreign, was only four times as much, because some of the foreign debt had been paid off. All direct and C.N.R. funded debt was only three times as much, because some foreign and C.N.R. debt was paid off. When one comes to a consideration of net interest charges on this debt, because of the lower rate and other reasons referred to above, they are found to be only twice as heavy as before the war, and, in view of the increase in national income, constitute, in fact, no greater burden on the body politic than in pre-war days. That is the highly favourable financial position of the Dominion at the present time, on the authority of the Governor of the Bank of Canada who is also general chairman of the National War Finance Committee. It is obvious there could be no finer investment than the purchase of Canadian Victory Bonds, in the light of these official statistics.

'Confused Alarms.'

The *Toronto Globe and Mail* cartoonist depicts "Canadian Public" sitting with his feet in a pan of hot water and, with a towel about his head, moaning feverishly "I keep hearing conflicting figures and contradictory statements!" Swirling about the unfortunate victim's head are the following cries:

"Unless McNaughton gets an acclamation, I will call off the byelection!" "No purpose can be served in calling a session unless McNaughton has a seat!" "Defence Minister McNaughton's defeat makes no difference at all!" "The Canadian people do not want a general election in wartime!" "A general election will be called this Summer!" "An election mustn't interfere with the war loan!" "No sense in calling Parliament in February — not enough time to discuss the war effort!" "Parliament will meet on March 19 to discuss the war effort!"

Hence the plight of "Canadian Public" — bewildered, bedevilled and befuddled by a babel of confused voices all shouting stridently in his ear, with today's solemn pronouncement mocking yesterday's, and with everybody left "on a darkling plan
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight".

–EDITORIAL NOTES–

The City tax has gone up, something which everybody anticipated but hoped to avoid.

* * * *

Now Nova Scotia is to follow our example and dig for oil—to compete with her wealth of coal.

* * * *

A distinguished visitor, in the person of Rev. H. G. M. Clarke, M.A., is to be with us today, talking on matters spiritual, both afternoon and evening.

* * * *

The change from a twelve to a fifteen months "year", concerning their Public Accounts, suits the Jones Government admirably. So also does the omission of the customary word "deficit", or "surplus", as the case may be. "Increase in Liabilities" does not sound so heinous in the electors ear, but it meant going behind to the extent of at least $178,768.58 in the period under review.

* * * *

Emile Cammaerts, Belgian poet and author, born this date 1878; after a successful literary career in his native land, he settled in England in 1908, contributing largely to French publications; he has translated several volumns of Ruskin into French, and is the author of *Belgian Poems, New Belgium Poems, Messines and Other Poems*: To the German Army:

I pray that every passing hour
Your hearts may bruise and beat,
I pray that every step you take
May bruise and burn your feet.

* * * *

Col. Fraser Fowler Fulton, son of Rev. R. G. Fulton, former Minister of Trinity United Church here, who has been holding a highly-technical appointment at Canadian military headquarters in London since 1943, has been promoted to the acting rank of brigadier. An electrical engineer in civilian life, Brig. Fulton has been an officer of the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals since the outbreak of war and went overseas in 1940. Mrs. Fulton and their two children live in the town of Mount Royal, Que. His parents, Rev. R. G. and Mrs. Fulton, now reside at Brown's Flat. The Brigadier was made an Officer of the Order of the British Empire in the King's New Year's honors list.

* * * *

"The Atlantic campaign is the greatest campaign of this war, greater, I think, even than the Pacific Campaign. No other campaign has ranged over so wide an area", declares Navy Minister Angus Macdonald. Of the post-war navy the Navy Minister said it will comprise some 9,000 men—five times as large as Canada's navy in 1939. This figure will need approval of the government at that time, but Mr. Macdonald says it is his belief that "until permanent peace is assured the world, the defences of this country ought to be kept at a reasonable good strength and that means something considerably above their strength before this war."

* * * *

In Sydney's (N.S.W.) milk famine the milking goat is no longer a popular object of derisive scoffing. On the contrary, the domestic demand for it has reached an all-time record. Breeders, in fact, are booking orders for pedigreed stock long before the kids are born. On the register of the Milch Goat Society of N.S.W. are details of more than 1000 pedigreed Saanen milking goats, many of them owned by residents of Sydney's suburbs. The actual number of milking goats in the metropolis of Sydney would probably run into 3000 or more, as only a small proportion of domestic goats are registered.

* * * *

"Everybody seems to assume that most Canadian airmen will want to continue flying planes after the war in commercial aviation, but the R.C.A.F. has just taken a survey on the question, which shows some surprising results," said Gerry Wilmot, when reading "Home News From Canada" to BBC overseas listeners. He gave the following interesting facts about the post-war ambitions of Canadian airmen.—"Of more than 13,000 airmen, only 111 are interested in being aviators after the war. The biggest group—1300, or about 1 airman out of 10—wants to go in for engineering. Other ambitions range all the way from being accountants, actors, and architects, to ship captains and social workers. Fifty-six want to be undertakers, and two said that they want most of all to be bar-tenders."

* * * *

Notes By The Way

"Industry and agriculture furnish a market for each other, the size of which depends on the degree of their activity."—Agriculture Secretary Claude Wickard.

A baby has been born in Los Angeles after a record-breaking pregnancy of 375 days. The war has now reached the stage where even Nature can't promise delivery on time.—Peterborough Examiner.

A fact sometimes overlooked is that in reaching the Rhine the Allies have effectively smashed the vaunted Siegfried Line. As our London correspondent observed, it proves that in modern warfare no static defence can resist a properly-planned attack.—Ottawa Citizen.

It is one thing to conscript a Zombie. It is another thing to catch him. Let him learn that, having been caught, he cannot continue to sit out this war in comfort and conduct himself according to personal whim.—Vancouver Sun.

Then there is the porter in a Dublin hotel who, after accepting even meagre tips for 50 years, died recently leaving an estate for £10,000. Just another illustration that "it's the little things in life that count." — St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Most of the mothers who stray into cocktail bars for just one drink, but return home several days later, don't start out to abandon their children. One drink leads to another, and then usually to a man, and finally to the municipal court. —Dr. David B. Rotman, Chicago municipal court.

"It is, of course, a fact that the enemy has a bigger war potential at his disposal but only from a material and not from a moral viewpoint," says Dr. Goebbels. Having won the permanent championship of the Ananias Club, the man evidently wants to get the name in the humorous anthologies too.—Brantford Expositor.

Himmler is credited with making a very strange statement, for a leading Nazi, in the organ of the Elite S. S. Guards, when he is quoted as writing: "Our present position is brought about not only by destiny nor even by the enemy's material man power superiority. There exists in our midst something like a guilt which is shared by all of things....There are some guilty who misinterpreted the real aspect men among us whose guilt even exceeds the general guilt." Those are curious sentiments to come from him.—Hamilton Spectator.

Sir James Grigg, War Secretary of Great Britain, is authority for the statement that two-thirds of the Canadian 1st Army is composed of troops of the United Kingdom. The London Daily Telegraph has also implied that the name of the Canadian 1st Army has become a misleading title because of that fact. Canadians do not desire that their country receive credit to which it is not entitled; if the "Canadian 1st Army" is no longer Canadian, that fact should be promptly acknowledged by Ottawa, and Canada set right in the eyes of the world.—Hamilton Spectator.

A new synthetic building material which combines the properties of concrete and wood has been evolved in Britain. It is made by mixing sawdust with concrete. Hitherto no way of "marrying" sawdust to concrete has been found—but British scientists have discovered a chemical process which successfully blends them. The new wood-concrete can be produced in bricks or sheets of any shape or size. It is especially suitable for interior walls or panelling, since it can be sawn, drilled or nailed, exactly like wood. Unlike wood it does not warp, takes a high glaze and can be stained any color.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

All of us who prize freedom should make it very clear that while we are willing to accept regimentation in time of war and even the people responsible for its administration, we are of no mind to have it permanently inflicted upon us. The government of the day has pledged itself to remove all current restrictions at the first favorable opportunity and it is to be heartily commended for having reached such a decision. It must be held to its promise, for such a disease as regimentation, with the formitis that accompanies it, is difficult to eradicate, and so are the regimenters. —Brockville Recorder and Times.

Canadians seem to be keeping themselves clean in wartime, or, at at any rate, they have plenty to keep clean with. According to newly issued figures for 1943, soap production in Canada is running close to 240,000,000 pounds a year, the Montreal Gazette reports. According to the statistics, output of toilet soap accounted for 33,400,000 pounds of the total. However, this category was greatly exceeded by production of laundry and household soaps, soap powders and chips and flakes. Only 4,400,000 pounds of soft soap were manufactured in 1943, but this excludes the metaphorical output during sessions of Parliament and Provincial Legislatures.

The death of Emily Carr removes one of Canada's not too numerous artistic figures. She was a painter and writer of a strikingly original type. She loved to paint the Indians, with their lodges and totem poles, as they appeared on the West coast. The Indians called her "Klee Wycy" the Laughing One—and that is the name she gave her first book. Canada is proud of the success of Emily Carr, but should be humble about the manner in which she was treated. It was perhaps unfortunate that she should have chosen as her birth place Victoria—most conservative of Canadian cities. Certainly her originality won little in the way of appreciation. For years she had a difficult time, running a rooming-house to keep herself and her blind sister. Victoria turned its polite nose up at her pictures. Recognition came through her Indian friends. They told Marius Barbeau, the well-known anthropologist and collector of folklore, and he drew her work to the attention of Eric Brown of the National Art Gallery in London. Soon her canvasses were on display in the nation's capital, and later they won special awards in England. Later Miss Carr wrote three books, one of which, "Klee Wyck" won the Governor-General's literary award. It was heart-breaking that recognition came so late, but at least it came, and Miss Carr justified her cheerful perseverance. The Laughing One had the last laugh. —London Free Press.

PUBLIC FORUM

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

INCOME TAX RETURNS

Sir,—Is it not about time that something was done to simplify the Chinese Puzzle with which we are faced in regard to Income Tax returns?

It is bad enough to have to pay the high rates, but no one is strenuously objecting to this because money is needed and some of it, at least, is being well spent; but for those liable to tax, as well as those not liable to have to worry over the complicated returns insisted on, is adding greatly to the difficulty.

I am, Sir, etc.
YOURS FOR SIMPLIFIED
INCOME TAX FORMS.

INCOME TAXES

Sir,—We are just presented with notice of the assignment of one of the old Prince County merchants, showing total liabilities of less than $13,000, of which $3,000 is income tax due the Federal Government.

It is not about time that the Income Tax laws, or perhaps I should say the way these laws are interpreted by those authorized to enforce them, were given consideration.

The fact that those who supplied the firm with funds and goods must pocket the loss and permit the Income Tax Department to take the assets under the claim that a taxable profit exists on which the Company has become insolvent, shows the way things are being handled.

I am, Sir, etc.
ONE OF THOSE EXPECTED
TO SUFFER.

COMMUNITY TRACTOR CLUB

Sir,—In the fall of 1943 a group of Rustico farmers, perplexed by the shortage of help, got together to discuss ways and means by which they might solve their farm problems. After considerable deliberation, and with the assistance received by the study of co-operative principles a group of twelve members decided to organize a Community Tractor Club. Contact was first made with Professor A. B. Macdonald of Antigonish who referred us to the Dept. of Agriculture of Nova Scotia, which supplied us with by-laws and other material for the organization of such a club.

With the encouragement received from Dr. Clark of the Provincial Experimental Farm, and Mr. W. R. Shaw, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, the work of organizing proceeded without delay. A board of five directors was appointed and the business of financing the project followed. A cash payment of $360.00 was pooled by the members and the balance was borrowed from the local Credit Union.

First, was purchased an International H. tractor and a four section spring tooth harrows, the tractor being equipped with self-starter and lights, making it possible to operate the tractor day and night for three weeks.

The work was done so expeditiously that twenty farmers besides the members were accommodated and 500 acres of land were harrowed with a double cut.

As the season advanced a potato trailor sprayer with a capacity of 200 gals. was purchased from the Hall Manufacturing Co., Summerside, P.E.I., and approximately 70 acres of potatoes were sprayed four times.

In the fall of the same year, a three furrowed International plough was bought and 300 acres of land were turned over thus accommodating twenty farmers.

Through the courtesy of Mr. W. R. Shaw, two young men from the community were granted the privilege of attending a six weeks course on farm mechanics in Charlottetown. After the completion of this course these young men operated the tractor on a full time basis which policy is strongly recommended as an important factor in the successful operation of a similar community project. Much credit is due to the efficient president and manager, Mr. Cyril Buote, who was responsible for the coordination of the work.

I am, Sir, etc.,
J. CLARENCE PITRE

Rustico, P.E.I.
(Patriot and Summerside Agriculturist please copy.)

The Poets' Corner

THE MEADOWLARK

Long before the fields are green,
Or the blust-ring winds are still;
Long before the waiting woodlands
Feel the thrill
Of the coming springtime,
If you listen you shall hear,
In the open, windy places,
Sounding bravely, far and near:
Spring o' the year!

Long before the angry clouds
Cease to gather in the sky,
Long before the driving rainstorms
Hasten by:
In the dreary, sodden meadows,
All your heart-beats leap with cheer—
Hark, the meadowlark is singing
Song of gladness, piercing clear:
Sweet spring is here!

—Tertius van Dyke.

Words As Tools In Shaping Thought

(G. Stuart in The Ottawa Journal)

Words in alphabetical order make a dictionary. Strung together they may be stillborn or they may hurdle the centuries like the words of Christ. They may be the screamed yammer of hate of a Hitler or they may be fashioned into a pattern of quiet majesty, a Gettysburg address. They may carry a message of comfort and hope or they may sow bitterness, discontent and sorrow. The tools are the same for all. Words.

Of the millions of words we absorb each year in newspapers, books and magazines, there are few, all too few, pieces which we remember for the power of the writing. Small is the number of such pieces in which plot or incident or subject matter are all but forgotten as we glory in the manner in which the words are put together.

Whenever I come across such a bit I clip it out. Tonight as I read them over I rediscovered something which I knew before but had forgotten, that almost all the pieces which I clipped and saved were written by newspapermen and appeared in newspapers. Here are a few samples.

There was the great editorial "Dunkerque" which the New York Times published and which began in this manner:

"So long as the English tongue survives the word Dunkerque will be spoken with reverence. For in that harbor, in such a hell as never blazed on earth before, at the end of a lost battle, the rags and blemishes that have hidden the soul of Democracy fell away. There, beaten but unconquered, a shining splendor, she faced the enemy."

Readers of Ernie Pyle's column will not forget the moving piece he wrote about the death of Capt. Henry Waskow in action in Italy, from which the following is quoted:

"Another man came. I think he was an officer. It was hard to tell officers from men in the dim light, for all were bearded and grimy. The man looked down into the dead captain's face and then spoke directly to him as though he were alive. 'I'm sorry, old man.'

"Then a soldier came and stood beside the officer and bent over, and he, too, spoke to his dead captain, not in a whisper but awfully tenderly, and he said: 'I sure am sorry, sir.'"

There was also the column which Howard Vincent O'Brien wrote when his son enlisted. It appeared in the Chicago Daily News and it began like this:

"There was no band, no flags, no ceremonials. It wasn't even dramatic. A car honked outside and he said: 'Well, I guess that's for me.' He picked up his little bag and his mother said: 'You haven't forgotten your gloves?'

"He kissed his mother and held out his hand to me. 'Well, so long,' he said. I took his hand but all I could say was, 'Good luck'.

"The door slammed and that was that—another boy gone to war."

An issue of The Journal early last year carried a letter to the editor from a father whose son had "bid this life goodbye in some blue piece of European sky." It said in part:

"The day we got the news I went for a walk around Dow's Lake. When Paul was a little lad we romped in the park there on Sunday mornings. He would run ahead and hide behind a tree or bush until I came up. Memories drew me there again. I dallied about the spots where yesterday we played together. Once again I heard his childish reassurance as he greeted me when I reached him, 'You know, daddy, I was just a little ways ahead of you'."

And here is part of another New York Times editorial:

"It is 12 o'clock in London. Hitler has spoken and Lord Halifax has replied. There is no more to be said. Or is there? Is the tongue of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, of Milton, of the King James translation of the Scriptures, of Keats, of Shelley, to be hereafter, in the British Isles, the dialect of an enslaved race?

"Let us try to see clearly. We have to look back a good many centuries to find the beginnings of English liberty. We see it as a rough and obstinate growth, heaving the rich soil under the oaks of lordly estates, breaking out in Wat Tyler's time and in Cromwell's and in the day of the second James, forcing through the Reform Acts, never perfected, never giving up. We see the spread of democracy and of Empire, side by side, confused and turbulent. But we see democracy ever marching on."

What is there about these writings that makes you want to read them and reread them? Simplicity, for one thing, and restraint, sincerity and something of poetry. A professor of English could probably find numerous flaws in their construction. Grammatical errors there may be in plenty. But there is music to them, too, a rhythm difficult to match in many a grammatically perfect piece.

Give two men a board and a set of tools. One will build a crude but serviceable stool. The other will fashion a beautiful piece of furniture. And so it is with words. The tools are the same for all, but most of us, I fear, build stools.

Here I Am
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Honour Roll for January and February.

Grade X—1. Teresa MacKenna; 2. Gerald MacKearney.

Grade IX—1. Lloyd Burke; 2. Edna Atkins; 3. Leona Fisher.

Grade VIII—1. Betty Fisher; 2. Bernadette MacKearney; 3. Eileen MacKearney, John B. Fisher.

Grade V—1. Leigh Burke, Leona Atkins; 2. Doris MacKenna; 3. Leo Fisher.

Grade IV—1. Bernadette Fisher; 2. Teresa MacKearney; 3. Emmett MacKenna.

Grade III—1. Alberta Atkins.

Grade II—1. Edward Mullen; 2. William Fisher; 3. Sylvia MacBride.

Grade I—1. William Coffin; 2. Maurice Mullen.

Teacher—Marie McGuigan.

ST. MARGARET'S SCHOOL

Honour Roll for month of Feby.

Grade IX—1. Raymond MacDonald.

Grade VIII—1. Melinda Daigle; Kenneth MacDonald (equal); 3. Merlin MacDonald; 3. Patricia MacCormack.

Grade VII—1. John MacDonald; 2. Edna MacDonald.

Grade VI—1. Leonard MacCormack.

Grade V—1. Alex MacCormack.

Grade III—1. Catherine Feehan; 2. Earl MacDonald; 3. Merlin J. Villard.

Grade I Sr.—1. Milton MacDonald and Margaret MacDonald (eq.); 2. Myrtle MacDonald; 3. Margaret Feehan and Frances Feehan (eq.)

Grade I Jr.—1. Dales MacCormack.

A. J. MacCormac—Teacher.

BIG MIGRATION

From 1820 to the beginning of the Civil War, about 5,000,000 persons from England, Ireland and Germany migrated to the United States.

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