

**THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN**

Morning Daily (Founded in 1877)  
 Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

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

FRIDAY, SEPT. 6, 1946

Hope Again Deferred

Now we have it more or less authoritative that the new car ferry will not be ready for launching before "some time next summer." If that is the case, it will probably be next fall before the boat is in service, and probably two or three more years before the new piers at Borden and Tormentine are completed. The alibi is the same old one about post-war strikes holding up construction—the truth being that the contract called for completion and delivery of the ship "before the winter of 1945."

We have been getting nothing but misinformation from Ottawa as to the progress of this work ever since it started. Downright insulting to the intelligence of our people is the manner in which we have been treated, for there is no question but that the misinformation was given out deliberately, time after time—even on the floor of Parliament by so-called responsible ministers.

Since our Federal representatives have gotten nowhere in pressing this matter, it is time the Jones Government asserted itself and put in a formal demand, through the best legal counsel obtainable, for reimbursement of the losses sustained by our farmers and shippers due to Federal negligence since the S. S. Charlottetown was lost. Premier Jones estimated that these losses would run into "hundreds of thousands of dollars — it may be millions." He said that under the terms of Confederation we had a just claim against the Dominion, and that the Province should press it. That was back in March, 1944. What is he waiting for? This is something over and above our claims for fiscal need and other matters presented at the Dominion-Provincial Conference, and should be dealt with regardless of other provinces on a basis of equity and justice.

Mr. Shaw And The Doctors

Now that the British National Health Service Bill has received its third reading in the House of Commons, albeit with stern opposition maintained to the end, a point raised by Mr. George Bernard Shaw in a letter to *The Times* is of some interest. Mr. Shaw complains that the Bill leaves the oldest and the youngest registered doctor or surgeon with powers such as our monarchs have not possessed since 1649. He says that with these powers the medical profession may poison or mutilate their patients with virtually complete impunity and considerable pecuniary gain, says *The Times*. Mr. Shaw goes on to argue that if the Government are going to impose on citizens "a dictatorial life-and-death service" they must provide a guarantee that the training and instruction of the registered medical civil servants "shall be abreast of modern biological science and free from private interests in sickness and mortality." If the General Medical Council is to fulfil its proper function of protecting patients against abuse of power by doctors, Mr. Shaw contends that it should be composed of laymen, all sorts of healers in private practice being excluded, as clergymen are excluded from the House of Commons.

In reply to this Col. the Hon. Walter Elliot, M.P., P.C., M.C., F.R.C.P., M.B., Ch.B., LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S., writes:

Mr. Bernard Shaw little knows what is under way. What will it matter how the General Medical Council is composed when the Medical Practices Committee gets into the saddle? "The Medical Practices Committee," says the sixth schedule to the National Health Bill, "shall consist of a chairman who shall be a medical practitioner and eight other members of whom six shall be medical practitioners," five to be "actively engaged in medical practice. The chairman and members shall be appointed by the Minister. The Minister may make regulations with respect to the appointment, tenure of office, and vacation of office, of the members of the committee."

This tight ring—this water-tight, air-tight ring, is to have the last word for all time, not merely upon the influx of new doctors into the practice of medicine under the Act, but even on the movement from one area to another of those already in practice. And the basis of this control, this potential refusal of permission to practise under the Act, however much desired by the doctors or asked for by the patients, is whether it appears to the committee that the number of doctors in the area in question "is already adequate." Before selecting any persons, we are told, the Medical Practices Committee shall consult the Executive Council concerned—and there is provision for still further professional consultation. But still the last word lies with the committee "in case," as the Minister says in the language of all the bureaucracies of all the ages, "in case of something improper."

"I wonder what the comments of Mr. Bernard Shaw would have been as a young playwright if his access to the London stage had been placed by statute at the mercy of a committee of nine all appointed by a Minister"—of whom five, by statute, should be playwrights themselves "actively engaged" in play-producing.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Battle of the Marine, this date 1914.

Hon. John Bracken, Leader of the Opposition, is to be among our visitors this month, preceding the Governor-General and Lady Alexander by a week. He is assured of a hearty welcome.

Dr. John Dalton, English chemist and physicist, born of a Quaker family in Cumberland, this date 1766; his most important work was his enunciation of the atomic theory in courses of lectures at the Royal Institution in London, in Glasgow and in Edinburgh, between 1803 and 1810.

When the next Federal Government slate is issued by the Prime Minister, it will include a Prince Edward Island representative. Both Messrs. Douglas and MacNaught are being boosted for the portfolio of Fisheries. Why not try out Dr. Grant as Minister of Transport, seeing Mr. Howe intends to retire?

What a magnificent new Borden-Tormentine Ferry we are going to get someday, but not this year as promised and needed. By the time it is launched and operating, the Rt. Hon. Mr. Howe may have ceased from troubling us politically, but it is very questionable whether the Provincial Government will be any more at rest than it is at present.

Mr. Norman Alexander Robertson, the new High Commissioner in London, comes of Island stock, his parents being Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Robertson of Marshfield, who emigrated to British Columbia, Norman being born in Vancouver in 1904. He had a brilliant university record at British Columbia, Oxford and Harvard. He has been in the External Affairs Department since 1929, rising from Third Secretary to Ambassador to Washington.

"I don't think that any people who are unaware of their history can be great," Premier Duplessis declares. "In Canada we face tests which challenge our freedom and it is essential our children know the long history of the British Commonwealth, the freedom which has emerged and the development of the system by which we govern ourselves. Unless they know this history it is not possible for them when they grow up to decide in arguments concerning our affairs."

In the next ten years, 24,000 farmers and 10,000 people living in country areas of New South Wales should benefit from the plan to spend \$19,440,000 on electricity development. The Premier of New South Wales, Mr. McKell, said that the scheme would be put into operation immediately. It was part of the master plan, formulated by the Electricity Authority of New South Wales to bring electricity to every part of the State. Consolidated revenue would contribute \$3,240,000 a year towards the project, which would be carried out by local government authority.

An increase in the birth-rate and a fall in the death-rate are generally looked upon as a favourable sign of social progress. The United Kingdom statistics show that, in the first quarter of 1946, no less than 181,445 births were registered in Britain, which represent a birth-rate of 17.2 per thousand population. From 1940 to 1944, the average for the first quarter was 15.7. Against this satisfactory figure, deaths totalled 155,153 or a rate of 14.8 per thousand population, whilst in the five years period mentioned above the average of 15.7 was recorded. In the second quarter of 1946, about 40,000 more children were born, but the final figure has not yet come to hand. A greater increase is expected for the third quarter of the current year.

In Greece the population by an outstanding majority has declared in favour of constitutional monarchy in preference to a republic. This is understandable, as previous experience of republicanism has not been altogether to their liking. The population is divided roughly into two parties, republicans and anti-republicans. In the August 1928 election the republicans won by a sweeping victory; but in the election of 1933 they lost their majority, and a pro-monarchical party took office; and though subsequently King George was exiled during the war, the influence of the Greek Church and the constitutionalists has rallied once more in his favour.

"Motel" is a word decidedly new to most Canadian ears, but one dating from the mid-thirties out in the West of the United States, according to Mr. Allister Cooke in his "American BBC Letter". Though the purist might be pained by the word he might come to be very grateful for the thing it describes, if he found himself travelling in that part of the world. It denotes a semi-circle or a rectangle of little bungalows each divided by a roofed-in space into which you can drive your car. In the South-West and along the Pacific Coast they are often more comfortable and private than hotels, Cooke said, though by now the word has come to cover all sorts of overnight shelters, including, no doubt, the Governor-General's railway saloon.

Know the past, preserve antiquities! Mr. Max Campbell (CCF)—The Battlefords in the Commons praised the efforts of a group of Saskatchewan citizens banded together in a "unique" effort to retain something from Canada's past. He asked government aid for them. Mr. Campbell said a group of patriotic citizens had decided to make a joint memorial and museum out of the old Northwest Mounted Police barracks at Battleford, Sask. The "unique" project now was under construction. The barracks, built in 1876, had been abandoned in 1926 and were falling into decay. When the committee completed its work Indian relics would be kept there.

Notes By The Way

Those persons who used to complain about business being managed by businessmen now are beginning to realize that very little, if any, improvement can be obtained by having it managed by politicians.

Europeans never have cared for corn in any form as a food which just goes to show that we in this country are ahead of them on that too. Corn on the cob, corn bread, corn fritters—out why pruneriate? All of the dishes are delicious.

The several spectacular cases of missing persons current in the news highlights a tragic phase of life. These girls or boys who leave voluntarily, leaving no word, leave many heartaches. Mothers, fathers, and other relatives live agonies through the long hours and days of waiting for word to someone who disappear, it is adventure. If they could see the torment they impose on those who love them, it would not be the gay fun they think it is.

Away with the gags and smirks about women who take off their shoes in movie theatres and beneath the all-concealing typewriter. These girls or boys who leave after all. An efficiency expert in Alabama has discovered that a typist who, while pepped up with drinks failed to set down more than fifty-five words a minute was able once she removed her shoes to raise the rate of striking by three words a minute. Perhaps the idea is not so new as that. Orientalals for centuries have removed their shoes before entering a home. Undoubtedly this action promotes the flow of swift and enjoyable conversation. In any case, we're all for it. We've got corns. — Calgary Albertan.

One man who learned how time can dull the sharp edge of defeat was William Howard Taft. Some time after he had been defeated for re-election to the presidency, he was beaten in a golf match. The usually genial, ex-President changed his club down on the locker-room floor and snorted with rage. "Why, Bill!" observed one of his fellow-players, "you feel worse about losing this than you do about the one you did on losing the Presidency?" "Well, I do now!" was the emphatic rejoinder. — Wall Street Journal.

The advent of the tobacco gathering season in Flgin and adjacent counties has caused some unfortunate results in the Delhi area which is the chief tobacco centre. Thousands of experienced hands are long distances to work in the fields and kins and not only did they come before the tobacco crop was ready, but there were more men than jobs, with the result that a large number of them had to sleep on lawns and fields, or anywhere they could lay their heads. Food was also another problem and many went back. — St. Thomas Times-Journal.

The young husband had just arrived back from his office. "What's the matter, darling?" he asked. "You look very flustered." "Oh, I've had a dreadful day," he said. "I've been sitting in a chair with my teeth, then he took his first step, and then he fell and knocked out his tooth." "Well, and then what?" "I answered in a choking voice, 'He said his first word!'" — Answers, London.

A few weeks ago a Winnipeg druggist of musical leanings bought a few new records. They cost him \$44. The sales slip number, 44. He grabbed his hat and headed for the race track. He got there in time for the fourth race, in which Horace was the favourite. "I've had a dreadful day," he said. "I've been sitting in a chair with my teeth, then he took his first step, and then he fell and knocked out his tooth." "Well, and then what?" "I answered in a choking voice, 'He said his first word!'" — Answers, London.

When a mere man counts the time he spends fretting, fuming and fuming his hair in a barber's shop he might console himself by recalling all the things he has said to women about the hairdresser. The Brandon Sun. Indeed men should rather envy women on tonorial arrangements. They should not be so in advance and make an appointment for a definite time, and when the time comes they should not have been promised attention. Man cannot look haircuts or shaves by appointment. We doubt if he could get a haircut by appointment. So that the women are superior to men in another instance.

There has been so much talk recently about penitentiary reform and improvement of living conditions for convicts that many people—and perhaps you, too—may have lost sight of the fact that penitentiaries are instruments of punishment. Admittedly, there is plenty of room for reform and improvement, but the main aim should not be made so attractive as to encourage repeated visits. It must be remembered that the inmates of penitentiaries are convicted criminals—men who have temporarily lost many of their rights as individuals because of their crimes against society. They should not be coddled and the authorities should stand firm on non-remission from them, particularly when they attempt to use the threat of force to back up their "insistence" on any additional rights or privileges. — Kingston Whig-Standard.

Chubby girls are preferred as hostesses at veterans' hospitals because, as has been determined scientifically, their friendly personalities and even-tempered dispositions do the most good to ill men, says *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. It should be noted that they do not do any actual harm to anybody. Slender girls can be sly. They can be sly. They can be sly. A number who are as cunning as a chubbiness all right to look at in fashion shows or pass the time of day with. But they can never be as cute as a chubby girl. Those at around 140 to 150 on the scales will be found the sort of feminine companion to sit down and drink beer with and discuss the weightier affairs of life. Gentlemen sometimes fall for the slender type, it is true. But can anyone deny that it is the chubby beauty they really pump for?

PUBLIC FORUM

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

THE EAST POINT ROAD

"Sir,—In support of the letters which are being published in your paper regarding the terrible state of the road around East Point, I can safely say that nothing has been exaggerated as to its condition and it could even be elaborated on. As you top a rise you may see stretching before you two ribbon-like tracks which, the wheels of vehicles have beaten down amid the sea of ruts with grass and ragwort as a guard of honor on either side.

As fall progresses this road with the aid of rain and trucks hauling heavy loads of potatoes will resemble the sunken river bed. One reads and hears a lot these days about trying to encourage veterans to come back to the farms, but who would expect those boys to come back or take up farming where the roads in spring and fall are only a reminder of the mark and mire of Italy and France. Another thing that is keeping them from coming back is lack of recreational activities due to the fact we have no road fit to travel over.

People have lost faith in our local politicians because promises made before the last election have been wretchedly neglected now that they think they are well established. They may be due for a rude surprise at the next election, however, unless some of those promises are fulfilled. The people of East Point and vicinity are tired of being ridden over roughshod. When the new map of roads was made this stretch of road was marked as a secondary road which it was not before that time. This would lead one to believe that the country in line of progressing is on the decline.

The middle of summer is the only time our M.P.'s drive over our road; then they smile and remark that the road is not in such a bad condition after all. I wish that they had to drive over it in the spring and fall, for that is the time it is in its worst condition and when a good road is needed most.

The road is as picturesque as any place on the island and I am sure the people are just as industrious. They are not to be pacified by getting a job in the hollows, a job that was generously proclaimed by one of our worthy M.P.'s.

If you should be travelling over this so called road after a heavy rain you would be likely to get so sickened by you would think it was a gulf you were going through. This road is concave, that is to say, instead of the centre of the road being high it is gouged out by our motor vehicles so that the only way water can escape is by absorption.

For those who are not accustomed to our road here are a few instructions to follow when travelling over it. Sink down as deeply as possible into the ruts, get a stranglehold on anything handy, grit your teeth and hope that you won't end up in a hospital with a broken neck or dislocated collar bone.

About ten days ago the Government started working the road between the North Lake Harbour road and East Lake, with inadequate machinery. I feel very dubious as to the thoroughness of the job. In some places where fences should be moved back to facilitate the widening of the road, the fences seem to be getting in the way over the road. Such is not the case with the Curran & Briggs Company, they leave the fences as low as possible and get a job worth doing it is worth doing it.

The North Lake Harbour road is an example of their fine work. They do not hesitate to get things out of their way in order to straighten and widen the road. They have been replaced by ones capable of weathering the elements.

This is the type of work we demand of our politicians. I suggest to fellow sufferers that they should state their grievances in the press instead of in the "hot stove league."

I am, Sir, etc.  
 EXASPERATED.  
 East Point, P. E. I.

Spuds, Spuds, Spuds

In U.S. stores, warehouses, barns and fields, potatoes were being bought by the thousands of tons and the Government was paying for all of them.

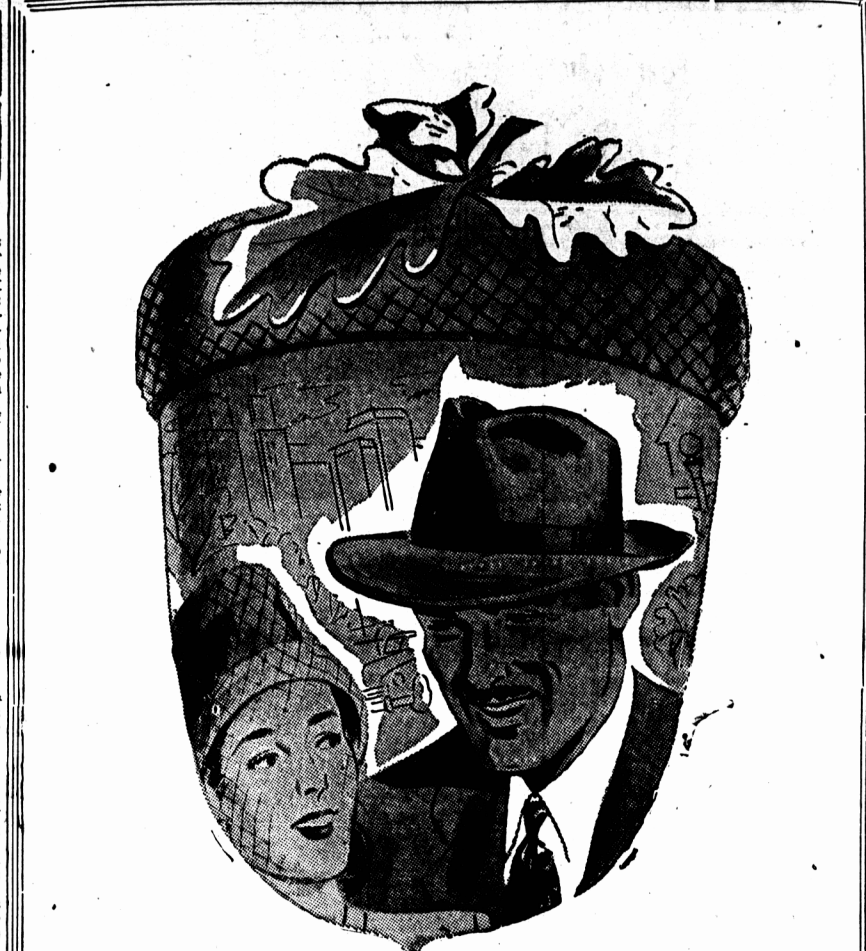
Only the Government was to blame. In 1942, when the Allied larder began to run low, the Administration backed by Congress, decided to encourage more potato production by guaranteeing 90 per cent of parity prices to growers of potatoes and other agricultural products. To make sure the offer would be taken, Congress extended the guarantee two years after the termination of hostilities.

The encouragement worked well. Potato production in 1943 reached an all-time high of 64,689,000 bushels, there was plenty for all. But last week the Government was reaping a bumper crop of wastage from the seed of the generously sown. Perfect weather and DDT combined with the Government incentive to boost this year's crop to a near-record.

Mountains of them. Most upset by this phenomenon was Secretary of Agriculture Clinton P. Anderson. As a "famine unlecher" for foreign relief in Washington last week he lamented: "There are mountains of potatoes. The Department has one man in a top executive job who can do nothing but buy them. We set a goal for 1946 of 378,000,000 bushels. It looks now as though the crop will be 445,000,000 bushels. How's that for a test of the ability of the Department to control production?"

Clinton Anderson did not know how to dispose of all the surplus potatoes. The U. S. housewife does not want them, dehydrators can't use them, foreign countries won't eat them (they want grain), and distillers are ordering less and less of them. "We'll give potatoes to anybody who will pay the freight," cried Anderson, "but not one bushel has been ordered."

Potatoes in a Steamroller. Of some 28,000,000 bushels piled up so far, more than three-fourths were salvaged by distillers. At nominal cost Schenley bought 80 per cent of southern California's 7,000,000-bushel surplus, hauls them to an old Army air field, dumps them



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NORMANDY, 1944

Apples in Normandy then  
 Were falling green;  
 Rolling by the hedgerows  
 To lie unsewn.  
 Falling at night on tents  
 Making the guard stiff,  
 Dotting the soft, warm grass  
 Where daisies were.

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