

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink." WEDNESDAY, DEC. 29, 1943

The Rocket Bomb

Again this week the RAF and United States bombers were reported to have struck at mysterious targets in the Pas de Calais area of France, blasting for the fourth or fifth time a strip of territory now termed the "Rocket Gun Coast" in the belief that it harbours installations of the vaunted new Nazi "secret weapon." According to a German report, rocket guns have actually been used in a Channel duel between a German convoy and British long-range batteries.

There is much speculation in England over the rumored weapon. Scientific experts are usually divided in opinion, and the ballistic experts are no exception. They do not agree as to the potentiality of the rocket bomb. Nevertheless, says a London correspondent, the weight of scientific opinion seems to favor the view that, whether or not the Germans have actually developed an effective long-range rocket bomb, such development is highly probable at some time or other. The rocket bomb is propelled from its own tail, so to speak, and the view is that such propulsion may gain immense momentum and therefore distance, as the rocket bomb attains stratospheric altitude. We are told a rocket motor weighing four ounces, and no bigger than an egg, could send a 14 lb. bomb 20 miles in less than 70 seconds. One German scientist claimed before the war to have constructed a rocket motor which developed 200 h.p. This might send a 500 lb. bomb 20 miles.

But Germany's problem is how to propel a 10-ton bomb 130 miles. It might be done, but with what degree of aim is uncertain. What is certain is that it has not yet been possible. Otherwise the Germans would have done more than talk about it.

Closer Empire Relations

Practically every Canadian, says the Financial Post, will agree with the contention of Lord Bennett, that the revolutionary changes that have taken place in the world of transportation and communications, call for consideration of present Empire governing machinery. Up to the present official contact between Britain and the Dominions has largely depended on periodical Empire conferences and occasional visits of high officials.

With Ottawa now less than 24 hours from London and a corresponding reduction in travelling time with the other dominions and colonies, Lord Bennett argues that the old procedure is not flexible nor speedy enough to cope with present problems.

Recently the Post asked a group of representative Canadians whether they favored the nomination of a representative body to formulate British Commonwealth policies on matters of common interest. While the majority replied that more frequent consultation between members of the Empire was not only desirable but now quite feasible, several believed that existing machinery, namely the parliaments of the various countries and parliamentary committees could and should handle that work.

It is a fact, though not always recognized, that the present means of transportation and communications, the calling together of a group of Empire statesmen, in London or elsewhere, involves less physical difficulty than that of a provincial caucus 50 years ago. And if we go back a little over a century, we would find that some members of a country council lost more time journeying to their little meetings than would their grandsons today in flying to London—or to Ottawa, Pretoria, Wellington, Canberra, since the Commonwealth has more than one capital.

Controlling the Locust

People of the Middle East had for centuries accepted locust depredations as fatalistically as sandstorms and droughts. In the last locust cycle, 1930, an estimated £3,750,000 in damage was done to Middle East crops and people were brought to starvation. Discovered by British scientists, these cycles move in a series of decades; therefore, 1940, when the British opened a Middle Eastern campaign, was the beginning of a new swarming cycle. Hitherto the countries of the Middle East took purely local action against locusts, but locusts have no respect for national boundaries. The area over which the locust swarms must be treated as a whole; the British therefore are able to bring advantages never before known. The brain of world anti-locust work is Anti-Locust Centre, London, where the world's experts forecast locust movement. Under London direction MESC set up mobile anti-locust units. London forecast chief locust breeding areas as Arabia and Baluchistan. British locust officers immediately proceeded to Bahrain on Persian Gulf, Jeddah on Red Sea, and Central Arabia, to most inaccessible districts, where cars had never penetrated. R.A.F. reconnaissance, and Army Camel Corps showed where locusts were breeding; their directions were followed by Pioneer Corps who by rushing military transports to danger areas with poisoned bait destroyed untold millions of locusts. British authorities spent £30,000 in locust destruction in Persia, Arabia, Ethiopia, in addition to local government expenditure and saved crops worth millions. The locust can be permanently defeated if international organization is undertaken. This has been started by the British with regional conferences in Cairo, Teheran and Nairobi.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The January thaw was ahead of schedule, and now the lengthening days are with us.

Mayor Holman is being requisitioned to nominate for a third term at the February civic election.

The 12-sided Canadian nickel of chromium steel, to be issued in 1944, will be white and shiny, easily distinguished from copper coins. The previous 12-sided nickel, of copper and zinc alloy, resembled a copper coin in all but shape, and was a confounded nuisance to handle.

Here is Sir Bernard Montgomery's (new Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean) idea of a perfect soldier: "At his best he is between 23 and 30, led by a company commander of about 35 and a brigadier under 40. He can live on bully beef and biscuits indefinitely, sleep wet in ditches or on the moor, march till he drops, then march again. When he is completely exhausted he will again march. And then he will fight."

The mistake of too many of our reformers says a contemporary, is their propensity to put the cart before the horse, to concern themselves with superstructures instead of with foundations. The only foundation for social security—the only real form of social security—is employment: jobs. Without that, without men and women working at the production of wealth, meaning more national income and more purchasing power, there can be no social security for anybody. Social security has to be bought by national income. By the creation of wealth. That is why jobs and work must come first, social security plans afterwards. It is a case simply of there being no magic trick to distribute income which does not exist—to pull ourselves up by our bootstraps.

The Ottawa Journal, discussing the proposed changes in the King Government credits the report that Mr. Ian Mackenzie will become Clerk of the House, but says should it be so, his successor more likely will be Dr. McCann of South Renfrew. "Dr. McCann," it says "has been a good member of Parliament, competent in the House or out of it, and, besides, he has been on the threshold of a Cabinet post for so long he has figuratively worn out the door-mat. If now, when the storms are gathering, he should get an eleventh-hour promotion, no one would object, and no one be hurt, especially if he went to Pensions and Health. But we wouldn't want to bank on it."

St. Catherine's Standard discussing the use of the editorial "we" says inter alia: "The justification for the editorial 'we,' which can reasonably be made at times, lies in the fact that 'we' represents sort of a consultative opinion agreed upon by competent staff members of a newspaper when policies are in the balance, and have to be formulated as a matter of public service journalism. Moreover, personal journalism, once so virile in Canada has pretty well gone out." That is a partial explanation, however not the whole one. A newspaper is an institution, not a personal organ, and when, (which is as rarely as possible in a well-conducted newspaper), the "we" is used it represents all those of the same way of thinking and whose views coincide with those of the newspaper expresses.

William Ewart Gladstone, British Statesman, born this date 1809; described by Macaulay at the outset of his career as "the rising hope of the stern, unbending Tories," but later became a Free Trader and allied himself with the Whigs; in 1866 he introduced a Reform Bill which was defeated, but the succeeding Tory Government, led by Disraeli, brought in household suffrage which was adopted; shortly afterward Gladstone resigned the leadership of the Liberal Party, but emerged again to make a protest against the Bulgarian atrocities; he remained in power practically until Joseph Chamberlain split the Liberal party over the Irish question; remained in opposition until 1892 when he became Prime Minister for the fourth time; upon the House of Lords rejecting his Home Rule Bill he resigned, and died at Hawarden in 1908, being buried in Westminster Abbey; he was described by Arthur J. Balfour, Conservative Leader, as "the greatest member of the greatest assembly the world has ever seen."

This is how General Smuts sums up the present situation: We have moved into a strange world, a world such as has not been seen for hundreds of years, perhaps not for 1,000 years. Europe is completely changing. The old Europe has gone. The map is being rolled up and a new map is unrolling before us. We shall have to do a great deal of fundamental thinking and scrapping of old points of view before we find our way through that new continent which now opens up before us. Just look, for a moment, at what is happening and what will be the state of affairs at the end of this war in Europe. Three of the five great powers will have disappeared. That will be a unique development. France has gone, and if ever she returns it will be a hard and long upward pull for her to emerge again. A nation that has once been overtaken by a catastrophe such as she has suffered, reaching to the foundations of her nationhood, will not easily resume her old place again. We may talk about her as a great power, but talking will not help her much. We are dealing with one of the greatest and most far-reaching catastrophes in history, the like of which I have never read. The upward climb will be a bitter and a long one. France has gone and will be gone, in our day and perhaps for many a day. Italy has completely disappeared and may never be a great power again. Germany, at the end of this war, will have disappeared perhaps never to emerge again in the old form. The Germans are a great people with great qualities, and Germany is inherently a great country, but after the smash that will follow this war Germany will be written off the slate in Europe for long, long years, and after that a new world may have arisen.

The Industrial Front

(Hamilton Spectator) As we salute our fighting men and women with reverent pride at the close of a year that has brought us so far along the road of victory, let us consider, in fitting humility, another army—an army of men and women, of young and old—the army of the industrial front. Their uniforms are smocks and overalls, their insignia the numbered badges of the way plants. Their weapons are calipers and gauges, pencils and typewriters, picks and shovels, hammers and axes, pneumatic drills and welding torches. Their campaigns are fought in the murk of factory smoke and the fantastically glare of open-hearth furnaces, in the swift bustle of the office and in the pregnant silence of the laboratory, in the caverns beneath the earth and in the shipyards by the sea. Their battle sounds are the clangor of riveting machines, the rhythmic pounding of great machines. This is the army that mined the ore and felled the timber and harnessed the waters, shaped the steel and drew the brass, built the ships and fabricated the planes, made the guns and ammunition, swung the trucks and carriers down the assembly line. This is the army that smelted the iron and cast the steel, that mastered the alchemy of explosives hitherto unknown, in the great shell-filling plants where death was looked in a drop of liquid and annihilation lay imprisoned in a pinch of powder. There was a place and need for every strong arm and every pair of hands in the generalship of shrewd brains, for the power of brawny shoulders and the craft of nimble fingers. There was a place and need for every pound of metal, every foot of timber, every unit of water-power, every tool, every machine, and every factory that was adapted to the manufacture of munitions and supplies of war. Almost every human and material resource of a Dominion was had found its strength for the first time was drawn and blended into production on a gigantic scale.

Its Magnitude

(St. Catharines Standard) The official story of the American Eight Bomber Command for the first year in Britain is told in a book "Target, Germany." The information given is a revelation to the layman; the military effort in Britain is bare. And this is only the American contribution on top of a still vaster organization of the Dominion effort. It is a reading, as compared to the heroism of the airmen in combat and in transit, but it tells of an organized effort that never before known in war. Here are some facts:

It takes 1,500,000 man-hours of labor to make an airfield of fifty bombers; \$5,000,000 of money; 640,000 square yards of concrete. It takes fifty bombers (heavies) to make a raid on a target; it takes fifty such fields to launch a 1,000 plane raid. It takes 60,000 men, all highly trained specialists, to launch 1,000 planes at a target. It takes another 65,000 men behind these—the men of comparatively elementary pursuits, like clerks, parachute packers, truck drivers—to keep functioning the 60,000 who keep 10,000 men in the air.

It takes the manpower equivalent of ten divisions to send 1,000 planes over a target at one time. Consider the vast transport from the Pacific Coast, the Middle West, to the Atlantic seaboard, hence across the Atlantic, thence to British depots, the goods moved by truck and by rail. Consider the taxpayer, at home, as a contributor to this gargantuan plan of destroying the enemy.

As a consideration that the American Eight Air Force in Britain is only part of the show. The Allied force in the Central Mediterranean is much larger, more diversified and also more remote from base supplies.

The whole thing staggers or even dazes the gift of one's imagination.

THE STING OF DEATH

"Is Sin, then fair?" "Nay, Jove, come now, Put back the hair From his sunny brow; See, here, blood-red Across his head A brand is set. The word—"Regret." "Is Sin so fleet That while he stays, Our hands and feet May go his ways?" "Nay, love, his breath Clings round like death and snakes desire With liquid fire." "Is Sin Death's sting?" "Ay, sure he is. His golden wing Darkens many a bliss: And when Death comes, Sin sits and hums A chaunt of fears Into man's ears." "How slayeth Sin?" "First, God is hid: And the heart within By its own self child; Then the maddened brain Is scorched by pain To sin as before And more and more, For evermore."

—Frederick George Scott. EXPORT COFFEE Coffee normally accounts for about 70 per cent of Guatemala's exports.

PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open for the discussion by correspondents of subjects of interest to the Charlottetown Guardian. It does not necessarily endorse the opinions of correspondents.

ANOTHER NEW YEAR

Sir—As we come to the close of another year many of us will stop and look back down the road of the past and for a brief moment see once more our record of a year now spent. What will be our thoughts as we see the book of the year closing before our eyes, closing for ever, as no power on earth can stop those covers from closing for ever.

No power on earth can erase what we have done from the pages of Time in a year now spent and gone into eternity.

Would this not be a good time to lay our plans for a new year now starting and make a supreme effort to fulfill those plans?

Unless we make ready for the new year with its many changes, we will keep on in the same old furrow, the same old way, same old rut.

Too many of us spent last year or a good part of it in useless talking about what should have been done. Too many of us fought the war over our whiskey glasses and coffee cups.

Too many of us spent valuable time in drunkenness in gambling and long morning sleeps while others carried on.

Countless hours have been spent in useless chattering about other people's jobs, other people's pay, etc.

Too many times we failed to attend church in the mornings and evenings because the services were at the wrong hours to suit our taste.

We had other things to do, sleep, and stories to listen to. Who is going to get up Sunday morning to attend church? That's for old people not us.

Too many right in this city get up early on the week day mornings to have a longer day to do nothing.

Let us now as we look back see the weak links, see where we are dead wrong, see for a moment where we are not so good, and stray from our firelines following a trail that is crooked, a way of sin and shame that leads us down into that everlasting pit of Torture.

Then we must turn and look the other way, look to the east for the sunrise of a new year, resolved to spend it in the light that God has caused to shine to light the way, clean of heart, true to our little homes.

Let us all wipe our slate clean and welcome the sunrise of the new year as never before in this trying age, and put at least one year on the Book of Time as a new year honest and clean.

WALTER O'BRIEN, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Scots Wha Hae!

(Globe and Mail) Out in Vancouver the Scots have won a notable victory and peace reigns again.

John Sutherland was the centre of this controversy. Sutherland plays the bagpipes, and one day some months ago he went into action with his pipes on a public street. Two policemen ordered him to move on. John continued to blow music—or at least what the cops called music. So the hard-boiled cops ran him in, charged with obstructing traffic, and the pipe was sentenced to six months in jail.

The piping of the pipe in a public place did not enter into the legal picture—the charge was obstructing traffic—but the Scots of Vancouver saw behind all that. They said the real issue was the when and where it suited him, and to deny him the right was equivalent to denouncing haggis as something unfit for human food.

So the Scots lined up behind the pipe, raised a fund for an appeal of his sentence, and in due course persuaded a higher court that the conviction should be quashed. Sutherland was a free man, but still not a happy one. He had suffered the indignity of arrest while performing the traditional rites of a true Scot, and somebody must pay for such outrageous treatment. Thus it was that he sued for false arrest and malicious prosecution the two constables who had arrested him.

Today, as we have said, peace reigns again. The city of Vancouver has accepted responsibility for the act, and the agents has admitted in effect that they went too far, and has paid Sutherland \$50 in damages in principle at least. This seems to establish the right of a pipe to give an informal concert at any street corner in Vancouver, even if it draws a crowd which blocks traffic, and the Scots will say this is no more than simple justice. What the Vancouver cops say is another matter.

POSTHUMOUS DECORATION

LONDON (CP)—Nearly three years after the deed, Capt. Lars Grotnaes has received the posthumous award of the Norwegian War Cross, his country's highest decoration for challenging a German cruiser with his one-gun merchant ship so that other ships in the convoy might escape.

KEEPS UP THE FIGHT

SHEFFIELD, England (CP)—Charles Parsons, after fighting for two years to save his dog from being destroyed as ordered by Sheffield magistrates, is not giving up although his application to the London High Court to cancel the order was refused.

OUT OF BOUNDS

Northern lights have been seen as far south as Singapore.

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