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

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1945

Ontario Liberals Quit

At least twelve Ontario Liberal members of the last Parliament of Canada have decided not to seek re-election on June 11. Two of these have received appointment to permanent places, but the others are returning to the status of private citizens, a shift, notes the *Toronto Telegram*, seldom palatable to those who have tasted of the honors and emoluments of public office—sitting in the House of Commons, travelling on a railway pass and hob-nobbing with the great in Ottawa's society. Only an overwhelming conviction that the electors have no further use for their services and would turn thumbs down on them at the polls will wean most politicians from seeking re-election.

Two Ontario cabinet ministers are dropping out of the race. Hon. Norman A. McLarty, who was Secretary of State, will not again contest Essex West at the election. Postmaster-General William Mulock has decided his health will not permit the entry of his candidature in the North York riding which he has represented since 1934. The name of Mulock carrying Liberal colors has been a historic one in this constituency and its disappearance in the present campaign will place a handicap on the Liberal organization there.

In Toronto, two ridings, Trinity and Spadina, have been vacated by their representatives in the last Parliament. Arthur Roebuck has withdrawn to the safe shelter of the Senate and Sam Factor has accepted appointment as a county judge. Both gentlemen may have read the swing of the political weather vane and remembered the old saying, any port in a storm.

Not all the Ontario Liberal members of the late Parliament were so fortunate. W. R. Tomlinson of Bruce failed of renomination at the party convention and similar fate has overtaken Dr. J. K. Blair in Wellington North. The list of voluntary retirements from public life of Liberal members in the Nineteenth Parliament is quite extensive. William A. (Billy) Fraser will not again contest Northumberland. Arthur Slaght, K. C., who represented Parry Sound, is not a candidate. The veteran member for Lambton West, Ross Gray is dropping out and so is S. Murray Clark, of Essex South.

The sage of Pickering, William H. Moore, is retiring; a very definite loss to the councils of the nation. Still another retirement is Fred Sanderson of Perth. Mr. Sanderson has not enjoyed the best of health. In Eglinton, Fred Hoblitzell carried this predominantly Conservative riding into the Liberal column in 1940 but he is not a candidate this time. Mr. Hoblitzell found little that was to his liking in the methods of the Mackenzie King Government. The energetic and capable Progressive Conservative, Donald Fleming, will return Eglinton to the Conservative fold in the present election, the *Telegram* predicts.

Mr. King And Japan

Prime Minister Churchill told the British House of Commons that conscription of men for the British armed forces will continue during the war against Japan; added that conscription "is essential to provide for the reallocation of manpower to relieve men who have served long periods, and to provide manpower for armies fighting Japan and occupying Germany.'

He means more business, clearly, says the *Ottawa Journal*, than our Mr. Mackenzie King, whose plan of fighting Japan amounts to little more than not stopping anybody among us who wants to fight Japan — with the result that our part against the Japs must be highly uncertain and, inevitably, unequal in sacrifice.

The Toronto *Star*, defending, or apologizing for, this policy, says: "He (Mr. King) has said in effect to men and women all over Canada: If your man in the armed forces wants to come home and stay home, he can do so. We will rely upon the men in uniform who will wish to stay in uniform, and will voluntarily offer to join in the fight against Japan."

What this means is that the Government is going to depend upon the men who have been doing the fighting against Germany to turn around now and do the fighting against Japan —to depend upon this while here in Canada it has thousands of men in uniform who have done no fighting at all.

Wartime Controls

When the war against Japan ends, nine-tenths of the control powers now centralized at Ottawa will pass automatically under the Canadian constitution from the Federal to the Provincial jurisdiction. The effects of that transfer of power, says an exchange, will be tremendous, and may produce something like economic chaos unless steps are taken now to anticipate it by easing all controls that can be eased, by abandoning such others as can be abandoned, and by freeing business completely from the excess profits tax,—which is not a tax, but a confiscation of the fruits of free enterprise.

Neither Mr. Ilsley nor all the Cabinet collectively can change the B. N. A. Act, nor keep control over property and civil rights in the hands of dollar-a-year functionaries at Ottawa when Canada is no longer at war. But the Government can and should be prudential enough to take the obviously sensible precaution of having as few controls as possible still centralized at Ottawa when Japan surrenders, and when practically all of those controls may disappear overnight. And this applies as well to the excess profits tax—a form of business regimentation which will be of doubtful constitutional validity, when Canada is at peace and all Provincial rights and powers are vested where they belong.

—EDITORIAL NOTES—

The election may hold the limelight, but it is the homecoming of the boys that holds the hearts and imagination of the average citizen.

* * * *

What gets us is, how will an effective overseas vote be obtained when the Army, Navy and Air Force there are in a state of fluxion?

* * * *

To give the devil his due, Prime Minister Mackenzie King was partially correct when he promised (1) there would be no extension of Parliament, and (2) no wartime election.

* * *

Joint political meetings are now a thing of the past, on the principle, no doubt, where two parties is company, three is none.

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The Y. M. C. A. reported the best year of its history at its annual meeting, and is looking forward to a still brighter future when it enters upon the new premises about to be erected.

* * * *

The graduation of nurses reminds us there is a scarcity of students these days, which is somewhat discouraging. The competition of the Government for female help is largely responsible, and now the war in Europe is over surely parents and girls themselves will realize what a fine future there is for them in this great and glorious profession.

* * * *

More political smart Alickism! Imitating Prime Minister King's tactics in Ontario where he called the Federal election for the same date as the Provincial one, Premier Walter Jones has called the Provincial by-election in Cardigan, to fill the vacancy caused by Hon. Mr. McPhee's resignation, for June 4. Thus there will be two elections within a week without the slightest necessity, and only to cause confusion.

* * *

The *Eastern Chronicle*, New Glasgow, is to be congratulated on its determination to keep afloat after the disastrous fire which wiped out its premises and plant last week. By the courtesy of its contemporaries it hopes to be able to keep its subscribers supplied with a "pony service" until such time as new premises and plant are secured. One misses the breezy Chronicle, a characteristic production of Nova Scotia brains and independence.

* * *

Dr. Edward Jenner, English physician and discoverer of vaccination, born this date 1749; when he published particulars of his discovery after it had been successfully put to the test, he received support from many eminent physicians and surgeons, and honours were showered upon him by sovereigns and learned societies at home and abroad; he was donated $150,000 by the British Government in recognition of his contribution to medical science, much of which he used to propagate the benefits of his discovery.

* * * *

Each B. C. public school will shortly receive a copy of "Canadian Democracy in Action" by George W. Brown, department of history, University of Toronto. The department of education has ordered 5,000 copies of this booklet. It was first printed two months ago and has been distributed to the schools of Ontario. It explains, in language for school children, the workings of British Parliaments and the Congress of the United States and covers Canada from colonist status to independence within the British Commonwealth of Nations under the Statute of Westminster. It explains also the Canadian system of laws and courts and responsibilities of municipal governments.

* * * *

No longer will it be an offence for Britons to keep racing or homing pigeons without police permission; campers need camouflage their tents no more; Scots can burn heather any time they feel like it—not just between sunrise and sunset. These are some of the boons returned to Britons after V-E Day brought easing of wartime controls. Moreover, people may scrounge in bombed areas without fear of a life sentence for looting. Eighty-four regulations have been abolished, including the notorious 18B permitting arrest without trial. Twenty-four other regulations have been partially removed. Meanwhile the Admiralty announced the blackout in British coastal areas no longer was necessary.

* * * *

In a recent survey of educational needs for remote areas of the far north, Mr. C. H. Piercy, administrator for northern Saskatchewan, reported that practical education is needed for the boys and girls living in the northland. As almost every family in the north owned an out-board motor, owing to the numberless waterways, motor mechanics should be included in courses for the boys. Other courses for boys should include, conservation of forests and animals; mink fur farming; simple economics, including information on the value of furs and goods used in trade; the use of firearms; map reading and nature science. For the girls Mr. Piercy suggested instruction in cooking, sewing, home nursing, preserving and simple economics. Mr. Piercy suggested that the Government build and operate two boarding schools for the free education of some 250 children of scattered families in remote areas, and also build seven new schools in permanent settlements.

Notes By The Way

She was one of those tender young creatures, and the diffident GI (there are a few!) inquired cautiously: "You don't shrink from kissing, do you?" "Heavens, no!" exclaimed the not-too-tender miss, "If I did I'd be all skin and bones!"

It must have been some German with a high I.Q. who built those super-highways into the heart of the Reich. And we military idiots want him to know we appreciate them. — Brantford Expositor.

We shouldn't worry too much about the weather. We've never seen a Spring so bad the crop wasn't sown, nor a Fall so wet that the harvest wasn't got off somehow, even if we had to wait till the next Spring to do it. — Lethbridge Herald.

In Nippon it is the season for blossoms and mutual recrimination. A couple of factions are blaming each other for those Jap victories, as exclusively announced over the Tokyo shortwave.—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

That mutual fire insurance company which has bought 2,000 stirrup pumps from the War Assets Corporation for distribution among its rural policyholders has had a bright and a good idea. These stirrup pumps should have considerable value from the standpoint of fire protection where it is normally absent. — Brockville Recorder and Times.

The 30-year-old sloop, H. M. S. Rosemary, is the only coal-burning ship of her type still on active service. She has steamed over 250,000 miles during the war and lost only two ships out of the hundreds of convoys she has escorted. She still has her original engines and boilers and has not once broken down, nor has she had a major refit. — U. K. Information Service.

Barry Fitzgerald was late for dinner at his brother's house in Hollywood one night last week, and when he finally arrived, he was furious. People, he said, had detained him at his house. "What kind of people were they that detained you?" his brother asked. "They were the kind of people," said Mr. Fitzgerald, "that when they stand up, they think they've gone."—The New Yorker.

A veteran court reporter of Raleigh, N.C., says there was a Negro preacher down there, appearing in a superior court case, who turned his back to the jury and spoke directly to the judge, Collier's Magazine relates. "Address the jury," the judge ordered; but on the next question the witness again directed his answers to His Honor. "I told you to address the jury," the judge roared. At which the witness turned to the jurors, bowed and politely said, "Good morning, gentlemen."

A speed limit may be imposed on British golf balls. Those that do more than 170 m.p.h. may be barred from championships. The Royal and Ancient Club are looking into scientific tests held during the past 20 years with a view to decisions upon a standard ball. But since legislation limiting the weight of the golf ball has failed to restrict its speed it may be necessary to rule that balls used in championships and official tournaments must be tested for speed limit. Tests will be done on the robot golfers installed at most factories where golf balls are made.—London Daily Mail.

A woman car-owner, allowed a small ration of petrol for work of national importance, bought some distilled water for topping up her batteries. The water was contained in two gin bottles, bearing the label of a well-known proprietary brand, and these she left lying on the back seat of her car while she went into another shop to make some purchases. When she came out the bottles were gone, and in their place was a slip of paper bearing this inscription, hastily scrawled in pencil: "Sorry but we really do need it." Pinned to the slip of paper was a £1 Treasury note. — Leeds Yorkshire Post.

"Now that the war with Germany is virtually over I can conscientiously leave my other duties; a few months ago I could not have done so."—Senator Chandler, as he accepted his new $50,000-a-year job as baseball czar. Now that the war with Germany is virtually over this department can conscientiously leave his other duties the instant anybody offers him a job at 50 grand a year—and a few months ago he could have done so just as eagerly. We trust that as Happy gets the feel of his new job he will leave off such high-falutin' senatorial talk. Somehow it doesn't go with baseball. — Frank Sullivan in New York PM.

To meet the demand of war Canada has produced and used over 100,000,000 wool and knitted items. This is explanation enough of the present shortage of knitting wool that women have to accept as quite inevitable. There will be an adequate supply of baby wool on the market. But consumers are asked to do the right thing by Junior and buy it only for the knitting of baby clothes. To buy baby wool and knit sweaters for grown ups will mean a shortage for babies. While the urge to knit socks for the armed forces is understandable there is really no need to worry much that the man overseas will not be supplied with all the woollens he needs. Some knitting wool will still be obtainable for this purpose through the Red Cross.—Consumers' News.

The rumour spread in Oslo that a certain citizen had a parrot that could say "Down with Hitler". The rumour eventually came to the ears of the Gestapo. The man was forewarned that the Gestapo intended to pay him a visit, and he went to the local pastor for advice. "I'll tell you what to do," said the pastor. "You take my parrot home with you and bring yours here." No sooner said than done. Then the Gestapo came and charged the man with insulting the Fuehrer by teaching his parrot to say "Down with Hitler." The Norwegian denied the charge: "My parrot is definitely non-political." So one of the Gestapo men approached the parrot and said, "Down with Hitler." No comment from the parrot. He repeated the words several times but without avail. Finally the other two came to help him, and the three Gestapo men stood there shouting at the top of their voices: "Down with Hitler!" "Praise the Lord!" said the parrot.

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.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOZE

Sir,—The following lines were inspired by events which are too recent to require recapitulation:

To Bacchus

O'er thee, oh Bacchus, was the battle fought,
Forever art thou cursed, forever sought!
O god of wine, some men do thee adore,
While others learn to hate, but none ignore:
O'er thee the strong do foam in angry rage
And preachers leave the pulpit to engage;
But while they threats and imprecations scream,
Swift and more swiftly flows the alcoholic stream.

As late the battle raged, I dreamed a dream.
My chamber door did open, it would seem,
And to the truckle-bed where I lay ill
Came wet-nurse Jones assisting Dr. Bill.
I looked again, and they had brought to me
A host of genial friends for company
Banished long years ago from Island shore,
And back returning now, with many more.—
In royal garb the Bourbons first come in,
Then chiefs of Highland clans, with all their kin;
Old Smuggler and Old Mull like twins appear,
And John du Kuyper, pale, but full of cheer,
And Demarara, brown as brazen knocker,
And Star o' Robbie Burns, and Johnnie Walker.
What sort of man a-sick six months could be
In such a gallant, jocund company?

Then presently I heard a gurgling sound,
And beaming smiles encased in glass went round.
Toast followed toast, and everyone was gay.
'Twas like that party at Teheran, they say,
Where the Big Three in sparkling bumpers swore
Eternal friendship sealed in Hitler's gore.
(Teetotallers he and his foul Fascist pal,
Who hated all the joys of bacchanal.)
Such a sweet dream! I thought, and strained my eyes,
Afraid to break the spell with words or sighs.

Oh thoughtless mortals! Ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
For all is changed.—Alas, the Fates reveal
The Royal hand refused the Royal seal.
O kingly rights divine! Despots supreme!
For Rosie now has changed my rosie dream.
Of post-war life we have a premonition—
With heavenly grace dispensed by politician;
While democratic rights are freely waived,
And souls by gubernatorial Veto saved.
Old Bacchus laughs aloud — the battle's o'er:
The Wets are dry—much drier than before.
O Tantalus! So well we now can know
How freely did thy gastric juices flow.
And here I lie upon my truckle-bed;
My merry friends, how quickly have they fled!
No midnight nurse to fan my fevered brow,
No Bobbie Burns have I to cheer me now.
I fraternize no more with Bourbon kings;
A nightmare turns my mind to other things.

I see the country urchin far and near,
His favorite sport is brewing barley beer;
At every country dance throughout the land
Bootleggers vie in pushing each his brand.
'The earthen churn is filled unto the brink
Where those who cannot dance may learn to drink.
The criminal breaks the law and pays no fine;
I see his henchmen selling poison 'shine;
I see the wicked traffic work at will:
The moonshine man returns to tend his still.
I see them pouring drinks—such drinks they pour
No mortal ever dared to drink before!
I see the human stomachs, row on row,
Across the Strait, a-rolling to and fro.
For youth and age to live in this condition,
Is this the end and aim of Prohibition?
Of all these ills, old Bacchus they accuse;
O Bacchus, thou who art the god of Booze.

Bacchus Replies

"I am the god of wine, and hope to be,
Of moonshine? No; I'm not the deity.—
That vile concoction do not foist on me!
'Tis true, since ever this old world began,
Poor Bacchus gets the blame for ills of man;
But this last effort to befoul my name
Is too, too much. I abdicate in shame."

At that his bleared eyes grew more dim, and he
Vanished; but 'ere he left he sighed forth this last plea:

"Return, oh preachers, to your church, and pray—
More things are wrought by prayer, the poets say;
Your goddess Prohibition long is dead;
Her hungry sheep look up and are not fed.
Remove the scales from Prohibition's eyes
And pause awhile, from preaching, to be wise.
Feed your poor famished flock with heavenly food,
For laws alone can't teach them to be good;
Instruct the youth in ways to God that lead,
And fewer laws and vetoes will they need."

I am, Sir, etc.,

THEOCRITUS.

JAPANESE RESIDENTS

Sir,—Some time ago there appeared in your columns a letter containing reasons for refusing to admit Canadians of Japanese ancestry to P. E. I.—the old familiar appeals to self-interest and racial prejudice.

For almost six years our world has been torn by the most terrific and terrible conflict of history. Thousands of our finest and best have died battling for the rights of man. Are we going to betray the cause for which they have given their lives? That is what we shall do if, disregarding their qualifications for citizenship, we deny to this minority group in Canada, their rights. The road to peace and the four freedoms is not this way of injustice. Are racial pride, intolerance and selfishness to persist until we bring World War III upon ourselves?

The Japanese-Canadians will make their own contribution to our Canadian life as have the English-Canadians, Scotch-Canadians, Irish-Canadians, French-Canadians and those of every other extraction. Their loyalty, which is an outstanding quality of the Japanese character has been given to their adopted country. They are no longer Japanese. An official of the U. S. Government made the statement that neither before, during, nor since Pearl Harbor was there a single act of sabotage by Japanese-Americans. The same is true of Canada. Current fiction and motion pictures have done them a grave injustice. They have the smallest crime percentage of any racial group in Canada and no juvenile delinquency. Practically none have been on poor relief. They are law-abiding, industrious and clean—qualities usually considered indicative of good citizenship.

The atrocities of the Japanese army have been cited and a blanket condemnation for brutality passed on all people of Japanese origin. Do we forget that they are a non-Christian nation? Even so, they have yet to out-distance the Germans who some thirty years ago were considered the custodians of the highest Christian culture in the world. If some Germans have sunk to the level of beasts does that brand all of us Canadians who have German blood in our veins? The Japanese Christian sets himself a standard which makes us bow our heads in shame. He knows that beverage alcohol makes his brother to offend and when he becomes a Christian he automatically becomes a teetotaler.

Some years ago a Christian family came from Japan to a farm in Ontario. Today they are esteemed by everyone in the community. The father is an elder in the church, the mother president of the local women's organization, and the daughter has graduated from university.

Having lived on the edge of poverty for centuries, the Japanese has perforce a low standard of living and this is often continued in their adopted country because in self-defence against the unfriendliness of white people they have tended to segregate themselves. This has happened in British Columbia. To rectify this mistake the Federal Government wishes to place them in small groups in the different provinces where they will be assimilated as the Ontario family above mentioned has been.

Because of war hysteria these Canadians have been uprooted from their homes, have had to take their children out of schools, and to part with the savings of a lifetime. Their spirits have been wounded by being considered disloyal. Now they are faced with the alternative of moving to eastern provinces or returning to Japan. They do not want to go; they are afraid to stay. Are we going to refuse to receive them? Shall we deny them their rights in a Christian land and by our intolerance destroy forever their faith in democracy and in the reality of Christian brotherhood? Hitler may be dead but Hitlerism lives on. Shall we allow it to raise its ugly head on our Island?

I am, Sir, etc.,

LOUISE CALLBECK.

Central Bedeque,
May 16, 1945.

The Poets' Corner

FREEDOM

Who comes over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?
Her presence freshens the air;
Sunshine steals light from her face;
The leaden footsteps of Care
Leap to the tune of her pace,
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of grace,
Sweetener of hut and of hall,
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, oh, fairest of all
The daughters of Time and Thought!

James Russell Lowell.

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John Bracken — The Farmer

On the 11th of December, 1942, John Bracken stood in the Auditorium in Winnipeg before a great concourse of people. John Bracken — the Farmer — was accepting the leadership of a great resurgent people's party. In ringing tones he was speaking of "The People's Charter". And the soul-searching sincerity of this man of the soil, with his vision of Canada, of Canadians and the "world of plenty that lies within our grasp" was deeply moving.

Picture the background of this man — this moment. John Bracken, the farm boy, on his father's farm in Ontario, milking, haying, carrying in the wood, plowing . . . then young Bracken, honours student at the Ontario Agricultural College going to Manitoba as representative of the Department of Agriculture . . . on to Saskatchewan as Superintendent of Fairs and Farmers' Institutes and Secretary of the Provincial Livestock Association . . . then, later, John Bracken, author, writing books about farms, farming, farmers . . .

And now years later, in Winnipeg, John Bracken, the farmer, is speaking of "the right of farmers and other primary producers to a fair share of the nation's income." Notice the simplicity of the language he uses, clear, concise — sincere.

"During the last decade," he is saying, "farm income fell to such a low average as to become of very great concern in our Canadian economy. It is the responsibility of the nation to see that *this great inequity shall not be perpetuated.*"

Then, suddenly his voice rises, becomes even clearer, more incisive. "I may say quite frankly that if it had not been for that plank in your platform which provides for a square deal for agriculture, *I would not be here.*"

Two years later, in Alliston, Ontario, — again the same simplicity, the moving sincerity.

"I am an agrarian," said John Bracken, "and I am a Canadian . . . who seeks to correct *the major social injustice of our day* — the unfairly small share of the national income that goes to farmers and farm women and farm workers." Then, with a statesman's enlargement of vision, he added, "When the injustice to the farmer is removed, the economy of Canada as a whole will be strengthened."

No one could be less parochial in his outlook — more deeply concerned with national welfare than John Bracken, the farmer who embarked twenty years ago on a career so successful as to be without precedent in contemporary political history within the British Commonwealth of Nations.

B-2

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Know John Bracken — the Progressive Conservative

LONDON — (CP) — Lord Moran, Prime Minister Churchill's Physician and companion on his wartime travels, has been re-elected president of the Royal College of Physicians. It is his fifth term.

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