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

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1946

Secrecy Seldom Pays

"Place the facts before the people, and nobody will be hurt," declared British Prime Minister Attlee in addressing the Imperial Press Conference in London.

What Mr. Attlee told the press, says Canadian Printer and Publisher, applies equally to provincial, municipal, trade and other bodies which frequently hold meetings behind closed doors. There are occasions when it may be wise and necessary to keep off the record some things that are said, but there are times when it is better and more reasonable to follow Mr. Attlee's advice, especially when decisions made at a meeting affect a number of persons not present—persons who have a right to know what is going on. Secrecy often breeds suspicion, distrust and misunderstanding. In most cases it is better to let the facts be publicized. Public men of experience know this, but it sometimes takes a long time for the tyro to realize it.

A western newspaperman cited a recent instance where unnecessarily barred doors created considerable ill feeling and led to sharp editorial censure. The incident involved a conference between a Federal Government officer and representatives of an industrial association. The reporter, unaware of the press ban at the meeting, took copious notes. When his presence was discovered he was ordered to leave immediately and to write nothing about the meeting. The ordering was done by one of the association executives.

Just as he was about to leave the premises, the Federal Government representative spoke up. "Just a minute, sir," said the Ottawa man. "As far as I'm concerned you may stay. I've had considerable dealings with newspapermen throughout my career and at no time did I meet one who had not kept a confidence. I think the meeting should leave it to your good judgment to see that the confidential material is not reported. I believe the essential facts should be publicized."

The wisdom of the Federal official was ruled out, however. The press generally was left to speculate editorially as to the nature and outcome of the meeting. The cloak of secrecy led to the writing of several pointed editorials and perhaps unfair public conjecture.

Canadian Printer and Publisher concludes by quoting the tribute recently paid by Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery to the integrity of the press when he spoke at the annual dinner of the British Newspaper Press Fund.

Said the Field Marshal:

"It has been my policy to take the press as much as possible into my confidence at all times, and I am happy to record that the loyalty and integrity of newspapermen under my command was always of the very highest order and never once did they let me down."

A Dreaded Disease

From Montreal comes the report that the number of confirmed "polio" cases hospitalized recently has risen to sixty, with the possibility of an epidemic of this much dreaded disease.

Better known as "infantile paralysis", poliomyelitis is essentially a child's disease, although it will strike the adult with equal severity. It knows neither geographic nor racial bounds. Its sources and its cause are little better known by medical science today than they were 100 years ago. At this time of the year the danger from this disease reaches its height and it is difficult to obtain the required public watchfulness without exciting alarm. Medical science, in the absence of more definite knowledge issues basic warnings for avoiding infection. Sanitation is the first rule. Personal cleanliness and the avoidance of crowded areas are essential safeguards. Drink only pure water and pasteurized milk. Scrub, or even better, pare fruits and vegetables. Keep the home free of flies and other insects. Cover garbage cans. Avoid over-exertion or fatigue. Take double precautions in the treatment of colds, chills or stomach disorders. One of the most stringent warnings is to stay away from crowded beaches.

If simple rules like these are followed the risk of infection may be considerably lowered. A wise course is to seek the advice of the family doctor at the first sign of trouble.

Dire Prophecy

Probably the level of general knowledge is higher today than ever before. More people know a little about a lot of things than at any previous time in history. But is this wholly a good thing?

Clarence Day once wrote a book called "This Simian World", in which he discussed the monkey-like characteristics of men — their acquisitiveness, curiosity, mechanical facility — their carelessness, quarrelsomeness and emotional instability.

"Almost every simian family, even the dullest," he wrote, "will think it is due to themselves to keep all knowledge handy . . . Every civilized simian every day of his life, in addition to whatever older facts he has picked up, will wish to know all the news of all the world . . . There he will faithfully sit, the ridiculous creature, reading of bombs in Spain or floods in Tibet, and especially insisting on all the news he can get of the kind our race loved when they scampered and fought in the forest, news that will stir his most primitive simian feelings — wars, accidents, love affairs and family quarrels.

"Creatures whose mainspring is curiosity" wrote the humorist "will enjoy the accumulating of facts, far more than the pausing at times to reflect on those facts . . . Deep thinking is painful. It means they must channel the spready rivers of their attention . . .

"The intelligence of the simians, will enable them to build great industrial systems before they have the wisdom and goodness to run them aright. They will form greater political empires than they will have strength to guide. They will endlessly quarrel about which is the best scheme of government, without stopping to realize that learning to govern comes first. (The average simian will imagine he knows without learning.)

"The natural result will be industrial and political wars. In a world of unmanageable structures, wild smashes must come."

So wrote Clarence Day in 1920.

— EDITORIAL NOTES —

Thomas Crofton Croker, Irish antiquary and humorous writer, died this date 1854; his publications include *Fairy Legends* and *Popular Songs of Ireland*.

* * * *

Sex offences seem to be contagious these days, judging by the frequency with which cases are reported.

* * * *

Another superb day experienced by the Wednesday holiday makers, which goes for Montague as well.

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Quite an influx of Old Home Weekers are due to arrive between now and Monday. Sleeping accommodation is at a premium, both urban and rural.

* * * *

The promotion of Mr. W. E. Massey, to be Deputy Provincial Treasurer, is well-deserved, and will be generally commended. He is an excellent official, and has as outstanding record both provincially and in the air force.

* * * *

Mr. F. H. MacArthur writing from Irma, Alta., under date of July 31, says: "Drought, hail and frost are fast destroying what a short time ago promised to be the best crop the West has had since 1942."

* * * *

No kick was raised in the House of Commons over the proposed increase in the salaries of Post Office officials. They certainly earn their money, and are always at the beck and call of a clamorous and not infrequently impatient public. As the increases are retroactive to the 1st of April, there will be nice little nest eggs to be gathered some day soon.

* * * *

For the year ended March 31, 1946, dairy cattle to the number of 51,683 were exported from Canada to the United States. City people may recall, says *The Printed Word*, that dairy cattle produce milk, from which butter is made. There has been a severe shortage of butter. Ceiling prices for butter in Canada have been substantially below butter prices in the United States.

* * * *

If the Post Office wanted a representative design for the Maritime Provinces on the new issue of postage stamps it could have reproduced Harris' painting of the Fathers of Confederation, or even the plaque in our Provincial Legislature. But the Abegweit Car Ferry, which is not likely to be in service until next year, is like adding insult to injury. And how many people ever buy $1 postage stamps for which the Car Ferry is designed? It seems the powers-that-be are determined to make Prince Edward Island an inglorious place both for auto transport and postage.

* * * *

Are electrical cars coming? So far electrically-driven cars have only been used as small delivery vans because the weight of the accumulators only permitted low speeds. It has now been made known that one of Britain's leading motor manufacturers, working with an electrical engineering firm, has been carrying out secret experiments with an electric car and that these experiments have been crowned with success. The new car is capable of 50 miles per hour. Up to the present the weight of the batteries' lead cell-plates has been the main handicap in the development of electric cars. After years of research work it has now been found possible to use magnesium which is much lighter.

* * * *

The Hon. James Angus MacKinnon, Canadian Minister of Commerce, who signed, in behalf of his Government, the Treaty of Amity and Trade with Mexico and which has just been approved by Parliament, talking with newspapermen voiced great hopes and encouraging ideas on the possibilities of reaching a greater commercial understanding between the two countries. He pointed out, for instance, that to date the purchases by Canada from Mexico were carried out through the United States, and by this reason they were not even recorded in Canada's books as operations with Mexico. That, on the other hand, at present Canada has ships on both oceans, thus being now possible to develop a continuous trade, not only with Mexico, but with all Latin America as well; that, therefore, a considerable increase is to be expected. As regards metals, without being able to give accurate data, he stated that he thought Mexican gold is imported in substantial amounts to Canada. On general trade, he said that, as a matter of fact, our country has been purchasing more than Mexico from Canada, since Canadian exports to Mexico varied from one to three million Canadian dollars, while exports from Mexico to Canada amounted to two million in 1938 and eight million in 1943, and this figure has even increased lately.

Notes By The Way

Is it news that it was sunny in Paris on Sunday, that the forsythia was blooming, and thousands of Parisians walked in the Bois with their families and their dogs? Is it news that in London an obscure organization endeavored to hold a rally but was booed by the crowd until the breeze turned chilly and every one went off to tea? By the standards of peace-time journalism these are something less than routine items. But in Monday morning's newspaper, with its accustomed quota of the bleak aftermath of war, the fact that two correspondents, one in Paris and one in London, were moved to write of what once were normal things on a day with a hint of spring in it, was striking. It was an expression of a yearning and a hope which are world wide and which now are raising tentative voices amid the clamor of portentous events. If a man bites a dog, we are told, that's news. But if men persistently and irrationally pit dogs for five or six years the dog who retaliated would make headlines. Now in the dust of smashed empires a few buds are beginning to appear —a perfectly normal event, the sort of thing that nature has been doing over and over again throughout the centuries. And the sun is warmer with the promise of spring; even the rain appears more purposeful and less malicious than in fall and winter. All quite usual all quite regular. But to a world that has supped full on tragedy and horror, these homely, hopeful touches of reviving earth are new and strange and wonderful. In a word they are news— and very welcome news indeed! —New York Herald Tribune.

Who would have thought, back there in 1939, that an ingenious mixture of coal, air and water could generate such heat, hope, riots and ructions? Then, this "miracle yarn from out of the test tube" transformed into nylons, slipped almost unobtrusively, a few pairs at a time, onto the Nation's hosiery counters. Now, having risen to top billing on midway's shopping list it hides out from the enthusiastic rushing of its fans in Men's Wear and Household Furnishings, or can be found only through coupons in newspaper advertisements. Several million women have not as yet achieved that contact, and are asking the why and wherefore. They readily made the sacrifice when nylons were called to war—even gave up old pairs to be turned back into chemicals for parachutes and other military equipment. They painted their legs in summer, and in winter bagged along in rayons, sustained by promises that nylons would come marching back at war's end, stronger and finer than ever. But thread has been scarce, reconversion slow, and the present 2,500,000 pairs a month inadequate. Moreover at the first hint of the returning favorite rayon, retreated into yard goods and other uses. So womenfolk are now out on a limb— and it looks as though it might soon be a bare one. The National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers is urging that hosiery knitters be given opportunity to purchase the major portion of the Government's surplus raw silk. While this would by no means meet the problem it would help ease it. —Christian Science Monitor.

Except for a few short intervals there has been a Warspite in the British Navy for nearly 400 years, ever since Walter Raleigh took the first 36-gun ship into the Battle of Cadiz in 1596. Now the eighth and latest of the glorious line is to be scrapped. Britons will have pride in her achievements when she finally goes the way of all warships for she proved to be one of the toughest fighting ships afloat. She was affectionately known throughout the Seven Seas as "The Old Lady". She was laid down before the First World War and took part in the Battle of Jutland. By 1934 she was rated obsolete but it was decided to remodel her. She opened her second war auspiciously by leading the attack on Narvik when seven German warships were sunk; she was in the scrap when three Italian cruisers were sunk at point-blank range in a few minutes. There were few seas that did not find her prowling round with a bit in her teeth until late 1944 found her bombarding German positions on the French coast. For an old spinster she still packed quite a wallop and was doing so much damage that the Germans sent a great armada of bombers to put her out of action. They were successful and it was after that that many of her gallant company were seen about Vancouver. Warspite had steamed 15,000 miles for repairs at Bremerton. Now she goes to the boneyard full of honors and tradition to give way, it is hoped, to the birth of her line. —Vancouver Province.

There is too great a tendency at the moment to make the state responsible for everything that goes wrong. Labor is short; the demobilized man shakes a loose leg for weeks before he returns to his old job or quite as often looks round for something new. What can the government do about that? The demobilization leave was fixed under the coalition; nobody dare suggest that men should be drafted compulsorily into jobs; such labor controls as exist to make employment attractive and to create the public sentiment that will frown on voluntary idleness. No one can read accounts of the way in which America is tackling reconversion without feeling that our industries have a great deal to learn about the right psychological approach. American industry breathes optimism; it is no doubt given to "ballyhoo" but all the same even overstatement and blatancy help to create an atmosphere of confidence. It is more difficult for us with our poor tables and thinly stocked shops, but we have not made the most even of our meagre blessings. —Manchester Guardian.

The astute old doctor who took care of grandfather and both the aunts, used to say: "There's only one way to get fat, and that's by mouth." That was in the day when doctors arrived by horse and buggy, before calory counts and vitamin pills. But what he said is truth for today. The president's suggestion that Americans cut down on their eating is designed to aid starving Europeans and Asiatics. But the dieting will benefit Americans also. People in this country— that is too many of them—eat too much. Count the fat folks on the trolly and the bus. They'd feel better if they lost a few pounds, and certainly they'd look better. The time has come in the world's history when a spare figure is not only good health in-

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.

MR. BENTLEY COMMENDED

Sir,— I presume that Mr. Bentley has concluded his series of letters in this Forum treating on the effect of alcohol on the human system. From his recourse to the highest authorities available on this matter his findings are that it is not needed in medicine and when taken in any other form is very injurious to the human system. Thanks to Mr. Bentley for his information gratuitously given. Hence the importance of driving it from our midst. Through all the years of history it has been a curse to mankind. The Bible gives its warning thus: "Look not upon the wine when it is red when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it standeth aright it bites like a serpant and stingeth like an adder; Wine is a mocker strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived there by is not wise." So there are a lot of fools in the world today.

We learn from statistics that Canada with a population of only about 12 millions, is spending over a million dollars a day in this death-dealing stuff and if that awful amount of money was only thrown away it would not compare in seriousness to the broken homes, the suffering of mothers and children, the destruction and waste of property, and the millions of souls lost forever in its wake. Now this is a sad condition for a nation of people as intelligent as Canadians and it must be changed or this nation will sink into degradation and vice. People must be awakened to their responsibility as citizens. This is a public question and a personal question, and you and I stand equal in our responsibility according to the talents given us. We are our Brothers' Keeper in this momentous struggle, and our responsibility is not to be thrown off but accepted and our duty discharged or we shall come under condemnation. God's terms are fixed and man's actions are recorded and the wise privileges. Privileges pass and reman will not gamble with his morse comes when lost opportunities turn up and face us.

Jesus the Saviour of men said: "He that is not for Me is against Me and He that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad". So that if we don't help to oust out this evil we are hedping the evil to remain. The people who don't take the side against this traffic come under condemnation and God's indictment rests upon them, and upon Governments as well for they are the Trustees of the nation and theirs is the greater guilt. This is a moral issue of stupenduous magnitude and the men and women who don't take part in the overthrow of this liquor traffic come under severe condemnation. I shall not attempt to define or pronounce the end of the promoters or operators of this liquor business, but God gives an instance of a case which might be similar to theirs wherein a poor culprit of sin when tripped in the throes of death in his great anguish of soul cried out in despair: "Oh, wretched man that I am who shall deliver me from the body of this death."

I am Sir, etc.
TEETOTALER.
Albany, P.E.I.

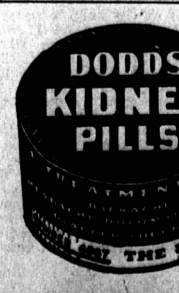
Juke Box Nuisance

(Ottawa Journal)

In the House of Commons the other day Mr. Hansell made a facetious but pointed comment on that noisy and quite useless contraption, the juke box. "Whenever I go to a restaurant", he said, "someone is bound to drop a nickel into the juke box and blare into my ears some of our Western and surance and good style, but good morals. For the normal person without physical imbalance, the old doctor had the answer. —New Haven Journal-Courier.

The Manitoba goldeye is a delectable fish when properly smoked. It has won a wide popularity among epicures. Without undergoing curing the goldeye has a flat and unexciting taste. The proper curing makes a wonderful change and imparts a flavor and a tang which epicures and all others appreciate. Now it appears the goldeye industry is languishing. The fish themselves show a sad tendency not to propagate. The total catch has become reduced very sharply. Now scientists are trying to find out the causes behind the laggard propagation, with the hope that a remedy may be found. After all, why should the goldeyes seek to propagate their kind? A career which culminates on a plate on a dining room or restaurant table is not a high incentive for the perpetuation of species. That's probably the way the goldeye looks at it. —Fort William Times-Journal.

A certain stage producer had a highly intelligent Chinese servant, a sort of combined cook-valet-butler, who made it a point to learn in advance of each party the names of his employer's guests so that he might offer to each of them some appropriate remark. One evening W. Somerset Maugham was a guest, along with several prominent publishers. When Chinese served him at dinner he remarked pleasantly "Good evening, Mr. Maugham. I didn't care much for your last book". And then he passed on to the next guest before Maugham could reply. Several hours later the British author disappeared from the party, and when a search was made for him he was discovered in the kitchen discussing the various details of his book with the Chinese cook. —From Empire Digest.



Pitcairn Worried

(Montreal Gazette)

The world which the people of Pitcairn Island renounced six generations ago is pressing back upon their descendants and in strange and menacing forms.

It was in the year 1790 that the mutineers of H.M.S. Bounty, with some women from Otaheite, fled to Pitcairn Island and found in its isolation their surest protection from pursuit. Nothing seems to have been known of their existence until the island was visited in 1808. In 1856, when the population of 192 persons was proving too much for Pitcairn's limited resources, many moved to neighboring Norfolk Island.

The islands and their people preserved much of their isolation into the present century. Barter and exchange were more popular than currency until late in the 1890's. The two or three hundred tourists who visited the islands annually during the 1930's, most of them from New Zealand, were regarded more as adventurers than holiday-makers.

But in Pitcairn and Norfolk Islands the modern and the archaic are now strangely blended. The grid of a radar installation thrusts its skeleton of steel starkly against the sky on the summit of Norfolk Island's highest point. New Zealand forces, who occupied the islands during the war, have left behind motor cars and jeeps. Airplanes with "the thunder of silver winged birds" are now often seen.

The islands recently had their first royal visitors— the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. They were entertained at a traditional feast, when a great tablecloth was spread upon the grass. They were charmed at the rich, incredible green of the little hills and valleys; the ever-changing opalescent hues; the exotic yellow cactus flowers; the delicate mauve water hyacinth.

Yet the people of the islands—the Bounty's descendants—are not happy that at last the world is coming to them. They have heard of the devastating experiments with atomic explosions in the Pacific and are pondering the effects upon themselves.

In their dialect, with its quaint mixture of old-fashioned West County English and Tahitian, they are asking their new visitors the question: "Wotterway you?" ("How are you getting on?"). And their visitors can hardly reassure them that the new world is coming to them is any better than that from which their ancestors fled 156 years ago.

American culture. Let the Minister put a little gadget on these machines so that the rest of us who do not like it can drop in a nickel that will turn the thing off."

The juke box has become one of the plagues of modern life and its over-loud and raucous voice ruins the peace and quiet of restaurants, tea shops, tourist camps. It makes conversation all but impossible, ruins even the most placid of disposition and very often drives patrons away from the establishments which inflict these garnish monsters upon their customers.

We know, for example, of a small, quiet well-run tea room, which promised to be popular with motorists out for a drive and with tourists. Then the proprietor put in a juke box, and the whole character of the place is changed. It may be more popular with village youngsters, but they are seldom the mainstay of a business— it drives away those upon whom permanent and profitable trade depends. We know many persons who avoid as they do the smallpox once favorite restaurants which now have juke boxes; often the proprietor adds to the degradation of his own establishment by installing a device which lets a customer turn the monster loose without leaving the table.

The appalling selfishness of those who feed nickels into a juke box is marked only by the proprietor's lack of consideration for those who denounce it as an abomination. As we have no hope that either situation will cure itself, relief has to be sought in other ways. Mr Abbott says they are taxed, but obviously they are not taxed enough.

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Mourn not for this lone soldier's sake
Whose chest lies merged in Holland sand,
For every night in peaceful sleep
His dreams are of his native land.
Now he has stirred from rest to wake
Upon these well-loved hills he knew.
And which he gave his life to keep;
And there is nothing more to do.

All round him now these hills cry out
To greet him from the lonely plain;
The flowered ways he used to roam
He roams once more in wind and rain
For he is weary of the drought.
Mourn not I say . . . he has gone home.

—William D. DeCoste, Canadian Army, (formerly of Charlottetown.)

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