THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1942.

How Not To Do It

We who live in the present day are not in a position to judge fairly the political sins of omission and commission of Prime Minister Mackenzie King, history will pass the final and unprejudiced—we hope—judgment. But with the facts and knowledge at our disposal we may assume that we of this generation are being made to suffer the consequences of Mr. King's lack of vision, his deliberate ignoring of probabilities and possibilities, in days of the not too distant past. In order to establish his Party in a position of power, and to maintain it in office, he, of his own volition, on his election as Leader, pledged himself to oppose the policy which had been resorted to by his predecessors during the Great War. He never lost an opportunity of denouncing compulsory war service when appealing for support at successive parliamentary elections and even so late as the beginning of the present Armageddon he declared he would not resort to conscription. World developments of all-out-policies have proved that he was absolutely wrong in pursuing such political tactics, and now he has reached a crisis in both the history of his own career and of the land over which he holds sway.

What will the outcome be?

One thing must be insisted upon, no matter how we may despise and condemn the Prime Minister's present tactics and previous policy: there must be no disruption of the Confederation in face of the enemy. United we stand, divided we inevitably fall.

For this reason, those of us who have nothing but contempt for Mr. King's pussyfooting, finessing and bungling in affairs of State, will have to be satisfied to tolerate once more his policy of "conscription this year, next year, some time, never," which is the way he is playing up to all shades and colours of political opinion. This, anyway, is certain, when once the "yes" policy is put into law by Parliament, conscription actually will follow as the night the day, for, if we are to believe the Hon. Mr. Mitchell, Minister of Labour, the war is going to last for ten years, and long before that time, every man-jack of us, shall, willy-nilly, be called upon to serve the State in one capacity or another.

Meantime the Prime Minister has given us a fine example of how not to govern in the best interests of the people, present and prospective.

Unwakeful Watchdogs

Recent reference was made in our columns to the assurance given by Agriculture Minister Gardiner in the House of Commons that consideration would be given to establishing vegetable dehydration plants in New Brunswick. The news items did not indicate that any reference was made to Prince Edward Island claims for similar consideration. The Hansard report of the discussion in the House on June 3, however, shows that we had one lone champion. It wasn't any of our own Liberal representatives. It wasn't the Agriculture Minister either. It was—you've guessed it?—the leader of the Opposition, Hon. Mr. Hanson. He argued that dehydration of potatoes could most profitably be done in conjunction with existing starch factories such as there are in New Brunswick. He asked for two dehydration plants for his own Province; then he pointed out that "there is no such plant in Prince Edward Island, and perhaps consideration might be given to establishing one there too."

A very helpful suggestion, but it fell on stony ground.

Mr. Hanson was followed by Mr. Hatfield, who also urged the claims of New Brunswick. Alas, not another word was uttered about little Prince Edward Island.

Not one of our Island members so much as opened his mouth to say "hear, hear" to Mr. Hanson's plea on our behalf.

Mr. Gardiner said the Government of New Brunswick had been making representations along the lines stated by the leader of the Opposition. (No reference to the Government of Prince Edward Island making similar claims!) "The representations made," he said, "are as has just been stated, that if the dehydration process is carried on at a place where there is not a plant which is producing starch, this adds greatly to the cost of the dehydration. In other words, one has to be more careful about the peelings in order to get the full value out of the potato. But when the dehydration is done in conjunction with the making of starch, the peelings can be of any thickness desired, in order to make sure that the rest of the product is pure potato for making the dehydrated product."

Mr. Hanson: "And the washings are not wasted, as well as the peelings."

Hon. Mr. Gardiner: "Yes; that also is involved. In other words, the cost is pretty well taken care of by using the outer part of the potato for starch. That is the representation made to us, and any investigations and inquiries we are making with regard to placing of any dehydration plant for vegetables in New Brunswick are in relation to establishing a plant for dehydrating potatoes in relation to the plants already there. If anything is done, I can assure the leader of the Opposition that an effort will be made to have the first developments take place where there are starch-producing plants in order to get exactly the results which he has indicated."

Our Island members could, of course, have reminded the Minister that Prince Edward Island has starch factories too. But they didn't. They just didn't get around to saying anything at all.

—EDITORIAL NOTES—

Tomorrow is mid-summer Sunday in an ideal summer so far.

* * * *

Summer cottages are beginning to fill up, notwithstanding the gas shortage.

* * * *

Ottawa is going to have a new non-sectarian college with the assurance that recognition of its courses will be given by leading universities should students wish to proceed towards their degrees. A second edition of our own P.W.C.

* * * *

As a sea-girt island it is but natural that the Navy and Merchant Marine should be a popular outlet for our boys. The rush to join the Sea Cadets, now being organized with the prospect of attractive uniforms and a ten days camp, shows our boys, like their predecessors, have hearts of oak.

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The directors of the People's Cemetery have undertaken to supervise the work of maintaining the graves for which owners pay annual or perpetual fees. Revenue received for this purpose will be paid into the Company who will be responsible for seeing the graves are regularly kept in order.

* * * *

When the King Scout young men from England and Scotland come here on the 25th at the instance of the British Government, everyone should "be prepared" to give them a cordial welcome. They played a conspicuous part in the historic defence of Britain which saved the Empire and we hope and believe, Christian civilization itself

* * * *

"If the provinces cannot assume and discharge the responsibility of regulating the sale of liquor", says the Finance Minister, "then they are incapable of taking that share in the war effort which I think they are capable of taking." Our Prohibition Government must be feeling this a personal compliment, seeing the Province has contributed so magnificently in men and means towards winning the war.

* * * *

Windsor, Ont., set an example to other municipalities so far as their Mayors go. Mayor Arthur J. Reaume has applied for enlistment for active service in the 30th Reconnaissance Battalion. He is a second lieutenant in the reserve corps of the regiment. If Mayor Reaume is accepted he will be the second Windsor mayor to go into the army. Former Mayor David A. Croll joined the Essex Scottish as a private, went to England and now is a captain in a regiment training at Woodstock, Ont.

* * * *

Sir Dominick Daly, lieutenant-governor of this Province, arrived from England this date, 1854; was formerly an official in Lower Canada, and returned to England in 1850, after having been left out of second Baldwin-Lafontaine administration; was the last survivor of the old Canadian bureaucracy, alas being steadily renewed, and was commonly known as "the perpetual secretary"; after a spell as governor of Tobago in the West Indies was appointed lieutenant-governor here, an office he held for three years, afterwards becoming governor of South Australia, where he died in 1868.

* * * *

Mr. Ilsley denies the allegation that liquor is not being made to pay its share of the cost of war. At the outbreak of the war the duty on spirits was $4 a gallon and now it is $7, an increase of 75 per cent. At the beginning of the war the tax on malt was 6 cents a pound and now it is 12 cents, an increase of 100 per cent. At the outbreak of war the tax on wine was 15 cents a gallon and now it is 40 cents. Here, of course, those of us who are sick and can afford a doctor's prescription have to pay $2 extra per quart in addition to a 10 per cent. liquor tax.

* * * *

Maclean's seems unusually perturbed over age "ceilings" in its current issue. For instance: "In this age, when workers yearn for a 40-hour week; when, even under wartime restrictions, the average family possesses conveniences undreamed of a generation ago (and fewer children); when medical science has gone farther than ever before, more people are dying in middle age from overstrain than at any time in our history. The fact that the war is compelling a simpler form of living may result in more mothers and fathers outliving the so-called allotted span." Thatzso? Where? When? How?—Not to suggest the effects of nerves, worry, war deaths and—taxes!

* * * *

According to the Rome Special Correspondent of the New York Times: "The Church regards Nazism as its real enemy" "Atheist Bolshevism is less pre-occupying for the reason that, although it has forcibly eliminated God, man cannot live without believing in a superior being . On the other hand, Nazism has replaced God with a pagan theory which, though it does not yet meet his spiritual needs, yet gives him something to look up to. When the time of reconstruction comes it will be more difficult for the Church to eradicate the false neo-pagan theory of the Nazis from the consciousness of the masses than to instil in the soul of the Atheist the belief in God, for this belief will answer a natural craving of man's soul, while the neo-pagan masses may not feel it equally strongly." The Italian clergy, who are aware of this danger, advocate victory in sermons and preachings, but they are always careful to specify "a victory for the common good"—that is for the good of Christianity. This, the Vatican representative quoted, would not obtain in the event of an Axis victory

NOTES BY THE WAY

The main topic of local discussion this week has been the new draft laws restricting cotton acreage and increasing the area to be planted with cereals. The less said about the interminable discussions in parliament the better. It does not seem to have been appreciated, however, that all this talk was valueless as far as the new wheat crop is concerned. Wheat was planted some time ago and has already germinated. — Cairo Sphinx

If every factory worker, if every housewife, if every Jeremiah and jitterer in this land could see these first line troops on manoeuvres, a new surge of the spirit would take them by the throat. If the two hundred millions in the lands ravaged and occupied by Germany could see this sight; if these tortured, enslaved, and suffering peoples could pass, as the writer did, through these miles of troops and weapons and equipment, they would not doubt the rescue that is on its way. — London Sunday Express.

The total war effort President Roosevelt asks of the American people still falls short of being as "total" as that the British are making. We in this country are straining to reach the situation, forecast in the president's price control message to Congress, in which "over half" of our national income will be devoted to the war. Under the new British budget recently submitted to Parliament, over eighty percent of that country's total income will go to support the war and the ordinary costs of government. — Detroit News.

The federal court in Seattle threw out, this week, a suit to test the constitutionality of General John L. De Witt's order to all Japanese to evacuate the Pacific Coast in his area. We must view such orders, the court said, with "realistic regard for the speed and hazards of lightning war." This is no time to take chances on spies and saboteurs. We are fighting tough enemies — and to win we've got to be tough with them and with their aiders and abettors in this country, actual or potential. — Detroit Free Press.

It is during wartime that the drawbacks of inventive progress receive most attention. When it is necessary to concentrate on the essentials, people soon realize how unimportant are the distinctions between one competing brands of goods and another, distinctions which they had grown accustomed in pre-war days to regard as all-important. It becomes obvious that the extraordinary growth of consumer needs in modern times are less an indication of higher living standards than the subordination of community interests to sectional interests. They reflect not so much an all-round increase in the standard of living as an increased standard for some at the expense of others. — Irish Independent (Dublin).

Such men as Gandhi and Nehru would not be alive today had Japan been the ruler of India instead of England. The proof of this fact will be found in Korea, where Japan does rule and where no nationalists leader has continued. The true greatness of Britain lies in the fact that though the strongest imperialism of our times has been British, yet that imperialism has nevertheless allowed freedom as a principle still to exist. Under British rule, India has developed as a nation asking today for independence. Under Japanese rule, India would have sunk into a state of utter subjection. — Pearl S. Buck, in Christian Science Monitor Weekly.

What do you suppose is the biggest trouble with our army? Well, after hanging on the war department telephone for several days, waiting until neither the exchange nor the extension was busy, I found out. Here it is — exclusive! The army, wishing to determine the state of our soldiers' morale, set up boxes in which the fighting men could deposit their grievances. The results were amazing. Were the soldiers peeved about the chow, the drill or the competence of their officers? Not at all. The burden of their complaint was this: the seat of their pants was too tight. It has always been believed that Napoleon was right when he said that armies marched on their bellies. We know better now. — Howard Vincent O'Brien in Chicago Daily News.

In every two or three hundred naturalized Americans it can be supposed there is one who never becomes or intends to become an American. For convenience or some other material advantage, he goes through the motions of assuming a new nationality, but his heart remains where it was. In time of peace, he can go his way undiscovered, but in the stress of issues as grave as this war, the veneer falls away; he reveals himself. In doing so, he impugns in the minds of the injudicious the loyalty of tens of thousands who have gone through the same form of naturalization but in another spirit, committing themselves entirely to the interests of their adopted land. And to the thoughtful it hardly needs repeating that these are among the very best of Americans. — Detroit News.

We like to see optimism all around us. It's healthy. But we want it to be a tough, confident businesslike optimism, the kind that you see shining through a well-trained regiment of soldiers and giving it style and authority, whether the men are in parade uniforms or dungarees. That kind of optimism doesn't need to feed on such silly stories as went the rounds during our week of super-optimism. Such stories, for example, as that Lloyds of London were laying odds that the war would be over this year. It just isn't so. That story touched off a wave of betting throughout the country, in Detroit and New York especially, not on whether we would win this war, but on whether victory would come in October, November or December. If Dr. Goebbels didn't plant it as part of a campaign to help create a peace psychology, to help along his thesis that we don't need to fight or at least not very hard, then whoever did dream it up was one of his little helpers. — New York Post.

The story of what actually happened (in Burma) follows the pattern which events in the Far East since December 7 have made so familiar. The problem of the defending forces was mainly one of supply and maintenance. If there had been a satisfactory road from India into Burma it would have been possible to bring up reinforcements. Since there was not, it became necessary to get out of Burma before the coming of the monsoon rains. But it was not a beaten, battered and bedraggled force which had to seek the best way out. On the contrary, says General Wavell, the men came away in good shape after having made a good fight. He used the word "fantastic" to describe "the picturesque story" told by a member of the House of Commons of troops wading through snake-infested waters and living on unripe limes. More than four-fifths of the troops who went from India to Burma, he added, have come back; practically all the sick and wounded came away by air. — New York Sun.

PUBLIC FORUM

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

SALVAGE FERTILIZER BAGS

Sir,—Reading an editorial re salvage of paper, I just wondered why farmers are not being asked to save fertilizer bags. Every 2,000 bags would amount to nearly 1 ton of paper. In every school district they could be left at some central place for collection.

I am, Sir, etc.
PETER CLINTON.

Emyvale, June 11.

A Halifax Complaint

(Halifax Chronicle)

Incredible as it may seem to the good people of Toronto, Montreal and other inland towns and cities. Halifax didn't ask Herr Hitler to start this war. It didn't ask to be made one of the most important ports in the world, important to the entire conduct of the war of the United Nations, vital to the defence of Canada and with the defence of Canada, the defence of Yonge Street, St. Catharine Street and Main Street, Haligonians did not ask Ottawa with its Department of Munitions and Supply, its controllers of this and that, this board and that board, to send their innumerable personnel down to Halifax to crowd it until it bulges at the seams.

They didn't ask for any of this sort of thing and, still more incredible though it may seem to these people, Halifax doesn't see what is to come of it all other than a lot of grief. But, in the name of all that is decent, it does ask that these our uninvited guests be a bit more sporting and a bit better mannered.

It's unfortunate to have to say this (it just doesn't fit in with traditional Nova Scotia hospitality), but these people are like a guest who plows into a home with muddy boots, washes his dirty hands in the bathroom, leaves a black ring around the basin, mucks up the towels and then goes off and complains that his hostess is a bad housekeeper because the rugs in the hall and on the stairs were dirty and the bathroom messy. Yes, that is exactly what has been going on. They, our uninvited guests, have flocked here, dragged their families after them, produced the most appalling crowding, strained public utilities to the breaking point, crowded the Haligonians out of their restaurants and movie houses and off the very sidewalks which their taxes have laid.

Then, and this is their cardinal sin, back they go to their snug inland homes, some of them a bit crowded also, it is true, and scream to high heaven about what a "perfectly ghastly" place Halifax is. They grumble all the time that they are with us and then leave to tell Younge Street St. Catharine Street and Main Street that Halifax is "outlandish." We quite agree with them. It is outlandish. By the time that the inlanders are finished with it, even the Haligonians don't like it.

But it isn't their Halifax. Halifax before the "invasion" at least suited the Haligonians, and apparently it suited quite a lot of tourists from Toronto's Rosedale and Baby Point, a lot of Westmountifes from Montreal. They flocked down here in the summers. They came here to board ocean liners, hailed Halifax on their return, glad to set foot once more on Canadian soil. It meant home to them.

Lament For Mandalay

(By F. Tennyson Jesse in The Manchester Guardian)

We must lament the passing of all things beautiful of Bath and of Mandalay, and we must also lament of the ruined beauty of Lubeck, though knowing that its doom had to be. But Bath was no danger to the enemy. It was a city of one time and one spirit, thanks to the two John Woods: the English city that was most truly unified. What can we say of it except that its beauty was such that it imposed its own time upon its modern inhabitants and that in its streets one's feet always strayed back and forth between Beau Nash and Jane Austen?

Mandalay was the reverse of Bath. It was more than any other, the city with two faces. Indeed, it may be said that there were two Mandalays —the straggling, ugly town and the Gem City within a double girdle of crenelated walls and wide moat. It was in the Gem City that before the annexation the King, his Queens the Princes and Princesses, the great statesmen, the Maids of Honour, and the Sons of Tea all lived. Since then the main buildings, with their curling roofs, heavily carved eaves and gables, and their great pillars, each made of a single trunk of a teak tree lacquered with red patterned with gold leaf have been kept, thanks to the efforts of that great Viceroy Lord Curzon, in a state of perfect preservation, unlived in, as a memory of the past. If the Gem City has been destroyed, we must lament the beauty of Mandalay.

Always there has been the other city, even in the days when the King of Ava was the King of the World, the Centre of the Universe, the Scource of Greatness and Dignity Celestial: and since then, through the period during which we built up Mandalay as a great commercial city, and outer town, shoddy to look at and to live in, mostly built of wood and tin, beautified only by the flowering trees and the heavy, dark, pointed leaves of the mangoes. This city held thousands of people and it stretched to the Irrawaddy, where the fishermen lived and the poorer folk. It embraced the great bazaar, monasteries, nunneries, Burmese, British, and Indian residents, Always, as to those who in olden days were not allowed to live in the Gem City the dwellers in the Town-Without-the-Walls could look at the grave beauty of the Shan hills or across the Irrawaddy to the misty ripple made by the Sagaing hills.

Does the great Buddha of the Aracan still smile in serenity amidst undamaged pagodas? Do the Buddhas of Mandalay Hill remain quiescent while the feet of the barbarians trample the holy places? And have the lovely palaces of the Gem City gone up in flames? Perhaps. If so, we must lament Mandalay the beautiful.

The straggling great city without the walls has gone, and for what we must grieve in terms of human life. What of the babies—and the Burmese babies are the gayest in the world—that one used to see tumbling happily naked in the dust in the streets of the bazaar, dabbing at each other with their fat little hands like puppies at play, so that the shopkeepers turned their heads to smile at them? What of the British, who have on the whole deserved well at the hands of the Burmese nation in spite of delays and often of lack of comprehension.

And in the outer city of Mandalay, and perhaps fighting to the last within the walls of the Gem City, both British and Burmese are lying dead. The long black hair, wound up in high, shining towers of ebony on the heads of the Burmese women, lies in the dust, their lovely silken robes are torn and dishevelled. For where is there for anyone to go to, either the Burmese who have never brothered with politics or the Burmese who still fight for Burma and admire the Chinese and hate the Japanese? Or for the British civilians? They may take to the jungle, where there are tigers and leopards and the most dangerous inhabitants of the jungle—the bees. The Japanese, who seem immune to such things, will follow the refugees into those steamy, green fastnesses. Or the fleeing multitudes may try to take to the hills, but there is no defence in the hills, the marauders are already in the Shan States, The City of Gems which lives only in the past in memories, the city of beauty, has probably gone. But the living city, the city which housed humans beings, has most surely gone.

Where once the good King Mindoon reigned and where after his son's misrule we brought peace is now, after much terror and pain, a desolate waste.

Let us lament not only for Mandalay but for all that it stood for in the lives of those who, if we had taken the first steps early enough could have been saved. For Mandalay, though to the outward eye her pagodas still stood white and dazzling in that luminous light of Burma, though her pyathats still pointed to the skies like flames, Mandalay fell when the Japanese entered French Indo-China.

WORDS OF CHALLENGE

"We have reached a period in the war when it would be premature to say that we have topped the ridge but we can see the ridge ahead now." — Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill. Prime Minister of Great Britain.

The Poets' Corner

APPARITIONS

Such a starved bank of moss
Till, that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across:
Violets were born.

Sky—what a scowl of cloud
Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud:
Splendid, a star!

World—how it walled about
Life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out:
That was thy face!

—Robert Browning.

War—25 Years Ago Today

(By The Canadian Press)

JUNE 13, 1917—Fifteen German airplanes made most destructive raid of the war on London and vicinity, killing 104 persons and injuring 432; one enemy plane shot down.

JUNE 14, 1917— Zeppelin L-43 destroyed over the North Sea. Senator Elihu Root and members of the United States mission arrived in Russia. British troops stormed Infantry Hill, east of Monchy on the Western Front.

FIREMEN WANT BRENS

LONDON — (CP) — Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M. P., and a part-time fireman, has asked the War Office to consider the arming of certain National Fire Service vehicles with Bren guns to meet low-level machine-gunning and bombing of Civil Defence Workers.

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