

MONDAY,

### Former Island Man Dies In Calif.

The following clipping has been received by Mrs. Myrtle MacPhail, Long Creek, from her sister, Mrs. T. E. Stretch of Inglewood, Calif., announcing the death of her son Alvin Stretch. He was born at Long Creek, Feb. 8th, 1911, and passed away March 13th, 1949.

This is the clipping: "Funeral services for Alvin C. Stretch, 38, of 4648 West 64th Street, Inglewood, were held at 1 p.m. today at the Colonial Chapel of the Hardin and Flanagan Mortuary, 635 South Prairie Avenue, with the Rev. Edmund Krueger, pastor of the Lutheran Chapel of Peace, officiating.

Interment followed in Inglewood Park Cemetery. "Stretch was a native of Prince Edward Island, Canada, and had made his home in Inglewood for the past 24 years. He was a veteran of World War II, United States Air Force. He served with the 37th Fighter Squadron for two and one-half years overseas and had been awarded Presidential Citation and three bronze battle stars for participation in the Tunisian, Sicilian and the Naples-Foggia campaigns.

He leaves to survive, his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Stretch of Inglewood; one daughter, Margaret Suggs, of San Fernando; and two sisters, Myrtle Snow of Inglewood and Irma Foxers of Los Angeles."



### Bulgaria Is Country Of Many "Secrets"

Richard Kasischke of the Associated Press foreign staff has returned to Berlin from Sofia, where he reported the trial of Protestant churchmen. This uncensored story was filed from Berlin.

By RICHARD KASISCHKE

SOPIA, March 25 — (AP) — For a mostly agricultural, industrially backward little country, Bulgaria has a lot of "state secrets."

It also has a lot of frightened people who know that the Communist-led government can throw them in jail and even hang them for giving out such information as the number of beds in a hospital or the figures of the country's fish catch.

The Communist press hammers away at the idea that "Anglo-American imperialist warmongers" are vitally interested in such things as Bulgaria's production of nuts and bolts.

Western representatives in Sofia say this is part of a systematic campaign to promote hostility toward the west.

A "law for safeguarding state secrets" passed in 1948 has been made retroactive. It is one of the toughest measures in this police state. The government uses it to purge suspected opposition elements, including the clergy.

Under the blanket of official secrecy it is difficult to determine whether the common people in Bulgaria are gaining or losing in the government's march toward a "dictatorship of the proletariat" patterned after the Soviet Union. Bulgarian Communists claim the workers' lot is constantly improving and production is increasing. They give no detailed figures to support these claims.

The Western correspondents who covered the churchmen's trial weren't permitted to inspect factories and interview workers.

Bulgarian industry and business is now virtually 100 per cent nationalized. Compensation to owners, when given, is in government bonds.

Americans here say Communist Premier Georgi Dimitrov wants to make Sofia a "showplace of Communism" and rid the capital of all politically objectionable persons.

The government claims production is increasing. It publishes only percentages. Since production quotas are always being changed the percentages claiming to reflect gains don't mean anything.

Western observers say the Communist management is afraid to publish the figures.

### Red Activity In U.S. Follows Common Pattern

By J.M. ROBERTS, Jr. (Associated Press News Analyst) "The people of the United States through testimony at the New York conspiracy trial and the spy activity report of the House of Representatives un-American activities committee, have been getting a good look at the theories and methods of Communist infiltration.

Neither source provides anything particularly new to students of Communist activity, but they do serve to boil it down for better public consumption.

The report of spy activity follows closely the pattern revealed by the royal commission investigation in Canada in 1946 — foreign spies, Russian officials, using native Communists or fellow travelers in a story-book fashion which was, nonetheless, highly practical.

Early evidence at the trial refers to both the theory and practice of revolution in the United States; to the necessity for climaxing infiltration by use of force. The goal, as quoted from writers records, is a Soviet socialist republic, to be attained through such weapons as poison gas and "only the House committee in its report says one thing that should be done about espionage is for all patriotic Americans to report any suspicious activities to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, army or navy intelligence, local police or the committee itself.

This is a frightening thing, when one considers all the false accusations which could come about if there were to be a wave of seeing things under the bed. Without a clear definition of acts which are subject to legitimate suspicion, the wave of hysteria might put flying saucers and men from Mars in the shade.

The ability to recognize danger when it really exists is a critical requirement in an ideological conflict. Beneath all their lurid activities the first objective of the fifth columnists is to obtain a hold on community leaders or people with qualities of leadership.

Very frequently, in cases where they succeed, the people have no subversive intent themselves, are intent on doing good, and often they are crackpots. Skillfully guided by experts, their sincere principles begin to take precedence in their minds over rules and regulations designed to guard the community. They "know better" than the majority about war and peace, human welfare and the like. A Communist tutor easily convinces them of the "nobility" of the Russian experiment. Efforts to subvert school teachers, youth organizations and, perhaps, act-

### The Harvey Girls

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

A terrifying thought struck dismay to the girl. She clutched her friend's wrist. "Suppose I talked in my sleep now?"

"That's a chance we gotta take," answered Sonora steadily.

From the desert Cricket rode straight to Doc Gibson's office. "What's Clay's address, Doc?"

"What do you want it for?" he asked suspiciously.

"I want to telegraph him." "You let the lad alone," growled Doc. "Unless your intentions are honorable."

"Strictly." "Huh!" He scrutinized her face. "Definite, too, I'd say. Try National Hotel, Washington."

Seated at his key, Terry Kelsey ran through the telegram with his best expression of professional impassivity.

Please come back to me. Cricket. "Official business?" he inquired. "Don't be fresh, Terry."

"O.K. Shall I put it on the slate?" "Excuse my barroom talk, Rabbit. The boys generally charge their personal messages and pay up the first of the month."

"I'll pay now." "One dollar and forty-seven cents." She put down a dollar and a half and received five cents change, pennies being unknown to Sandrock. "And please, Terry, dear, hurry it."

"I'll spit on the wire and polish it with my elbow," promised the telegrapher.

Railroad messages, crowding the wire, kept Cricket's appeal off for an hour. Then came a bit of news which, as Terry later confided to his wife, "darned near h'isted me out of my overalls."

On Nov. 1st, prox. he was to transfer to Oakland as ticket agent with a twenty per cent raise. He was on his way up.

Up to bedtime that evening, Cricket found occasion to wander in the direction of the tower several times, but the night wire tap had nothing for her. On the morrow, her mutely hopeful glance at Terry when they met gained no response except commiserating shakes of the head.

The next day was equally blank. Well, perhaps Clay preferred to write. A letter could be so much more expressive than a wire. No letter came. A week passed. Two weeks. She thought! This is the end of it. I'll ask for my transfer. I hate this place and everything about it.

ual spying, are by then easy steps. It is often difficult to separate these people from the perfectly level-headed community workers whom the Communists make such a show of helping.

"Transfer?" said Miss Bliss. "I'll see. I'll take time. Better think it over. You're doing so well here." Cricket met him coming around the corner of the veranda. He looked stern and worn and unhappy. The best she could do under the shock of it was to say in a false and feeble chirp. "Oh! I didn't know you were here."

"I've been to see Doc Gibson. He wasn't there."

"Quite a surprise to see you." She wondered whether she sounded as utterly imbecilic to him as to herself. "I—we all thought you weren't coming back."

"You had a right to think that," he replied dourly. "I told you I wouldn't." She noticed, with a heart that at first sank then lifted crazily that he would not look at her. "I had some Government business, in the back country," he explained. "Across the Pass. I borrowed a cayuse and rode in."

Five miles down the track the train whistled, a lost and lonely sound. Cricket shivered. She wondered how long she could hold back the tears. She said brightly, "Aren't you eating with us? Mr. Harvey wouldn't like losing an old customer."

"I've eaten," he said heavily. A wild yelp broke the deadlock. Terry Kelsey was sprinting up the track. "Hi! Thursty! When'd you get it?"

"Hello, Terry." The rigor of his expression yielded to the old quick smile as Clay reached for the telegrapher's hand. "How's the boy?" "Fine! On my way up. Say, one of these days I'll be a Division Super and you'll be saying 'Sir' to me. I owe you a dollar forty-five."

"The devil you do! What for?" "That collect wire. My mistake." "I never got any collect wire from you."

"You didn't!" It was a duet, Cricket supplying a soprano squeak quite independent of her own volition.

"No. Where was it sent?" "National Hotel, Washington, D. C."

"Oh! I've been away for three weeks. Department work; sort of on the q.t. So nothing's been forwarded. What was all this message, Terry? Was it worth a dollar forty-five?"

"Ask her," Terry pointed a stubby finger at the girl.

"What's this?" said Clay sharply. "Was it from you, Cricket?" "Yes." She was breathing as

quickly as he now. "What did it say?" he demanded. "Want me to get you the copy?" asked Terry briskly. "No... Yes... Get out of here!" said Clay under his breath. He turned to the girl. "What did it say?" he repeated inexorably.

She peered slantwise through the window into the dim, cool and deserted spaces of the girl's parlor. "Come inside and I'll tell you," she whispered.

Half an hour later, No. 5 whistled again. "You were going without even seeing me," said Cricket jealously.

"Not without seeing you, honey. What do you think I was gophering around this veranda for? I was going to sneak up to that window opposite your table and..."

"Clay! My table!" she wailed, brought back to herself with a jerk. "My table! You made me forget them. You made me forget everything. I'll be fired."

"Suits me," he returned with lordly assurance. "You've got another and better job as of tomorrow if the Reverend Claggett is in

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What's happening in Alberta is good for everyone

What's happening out in Alberta these days? Plenty! New oil is being sought and found. Money's flowing faster. There's lots of activity, lots of opportunity. And as a result all Canadians are better off. For instance, oil from Alberta's new wells is expected to save 68 million U.S. dollars this year! That's one of the big reasons for Canada's better trade position, one of the reasons we are able to buy more U.S. goods. The new discoveries have meant lower cost operation in Alberta and Saskatchewan for farmer and industrialist, and this must ultimately benefit all of Canada. Then, too, it takes a lot of money to find oil and lots more to develop a field once it's found. Two million dollars a week is being poured into oil exploration and development in Alberta today. That spending creates new markets for the things the rest of Canada has to sell. And finally let's recall that in the war years—and after—we were dependent on foreign oil for roughly 90 per cent of our supplies. This year prairie production should exceed prairie demand. With continued effort and reasonable success it is not too much to hope the men who search for oil will make Canada self-sufficient in petroleum in years to come. Everywhere in Alberta you hear about new oil discoveries—all the more because they followed the long years when nature baffled the oil seekers. Years when men drilled holes two miles deep and found only water. Years of million-dollar disappointments. In 1947 the tide turned. First it was the Leduc field... then the Woodbend field... next Redwater... now, still untested by time, other discoveries give new promise and the hope of still greater benefits for all Canadians.

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Dr. E.W.R. Steele, who was awarded the 1949 Professional Institute of the Civil Service Gold Medal, is pictured here between the obverse and reverse reproduction of the much-coveted medal.

Dr. Steele, a native of Montreal, now residing in Ottawa, is Director of Chemistry, National Research Council, and was presented with the award at the annual luncheon of the Professional Institute which climaxed the 29th annual sessions held in Ottawa.

### HOSPITAL INSTRUCTIONS

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By Clifford McBride



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