

THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

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The Strongest Memory is Weaker than the Weakest Ink.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1938.

"Dead" The Right Word

"J.B.M." in the Winnipeg Free Press thus sums up one result, to date, of the Rowell Commission inquiry. "On another political issue—an issue with a purely financial side—the opinion of governments was solicited and given. This is the question whether the number of provinces could be reduced with advantage to the taxpayers. A favorite paper scheme of amateur economists is to put Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta under one local government, and to do the same for Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

Symposium Of Alibis

Our platform is introduced by Plank No. 1 which proposes a "reduction of expenditures sufficiently to balance the budget annually."—Liberal Manifesto, Patriot, July 5, 1935. "It can be done," insist the Liberals. "We have promised to do it. We have the will to do it and we will do it." Some of the Liberal candidates show their sincerity by declaring that if it is not done they will never run again.—Patriot, July 13, 1935.

Editorial Notes

Princess Elizabeth born this date, 1926. The world seems now safer for capitalists. The Legislators might quite well finish the session with a dinner in the C.N.R. in honour of their successive deficits. Good business and professional men untrained in politics are a sore liability when placed in charge of a Government department, as Mr. King now finds in the case of Mr. Howe. His policy and tactics have bred trouble and loss all along the line. The latest report is that the powers-that-be at Ottawa are favourable to the promotion of Judge Palmer to the Supreme Court as fourth judge to continue the greater part of his probate duties in that higher capacity. The remainder could be carried on by Hon. S.S. Hessian who would be remunerated by a fixed salary instead of by fees—the fees going to the Provincial exchequer. Every piece of armament in Canada at the present time is obsolete, states Lt-Col. George A. Drew, K. C., in urging that immediate steps be taken for adequate defence of the Dominion against attack. Thousands of men were needlessly slaughtered in the early days of the Great War because of lack of equipment in the British forces. Col. Drew states. If Canada is to be prepared for defence from attack it must have proper equipment for that defence. The day war is declared is not the time to prepare for defence. Canada can expect little assistance from Great Britain at present in bringing its armaments up to the standard necessary for defence against attack. The people of the British Isles at the present time are too busily engaged in preparing for the defence of their own shores to export armaments to other parts of the Empire. Read this and then think of the apathy of the Campbell Government in the matter: Expressing confidence that the Dominion government "will go as far as possible in treaties to help our potato growers," Hon. A. C. Taylor, New Brunswick minister of agriculture who led a Maritime delegation to present a brief urging Ottawa to arrange better trade treaties "to open up markets for our table stock," spoke in the Legislature on Friday. Drawing a comparison between conditions in the farming industry in that province today and those which prevailed a few years ago, he declared that in the season of 1934 and 1935 potatoes sold at prices as low as 10 cents a barrel. Thousands of barrels were dumped. In 1934 New Brunswick had sold only 276,152 bushels of certified seed and in 1935 only 217,171. In 1936 certified seed sales reached 539,936 bushels, and to date in the 1937-1938 season they have totalled 1,429,572 bushels. Shipments of the 1937 crop to Argentina and Uruguay reached 1,100,275 bushels, he said. "The large increase is due primarily to the effort of this government in opening up South American markets," Mr. Taylor declared. "I can assure the leader of the Opposition that this government is awake to developing markets for the province and I think the farmers, particularly those of Carleton and Victoria counties, are well aware of this."

NOTES BY THE WAY

The modern father has a tough time teaching Junior that being a bully doesn't pay, especially after the kid has been reading about the success of Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini.—Ottawa Journal. The good old times when a man's word seemed to be passing. To-day every contract and agreement is made on paper, and the loan of a ten-spot is viewed, with concern unless there's signed note with plenty of responsible endorsers.—Kitchener Record. The United States Treasury indicated today that it expects to print about \$1,000,000,000 of new money in the fiscal year beginning on July 1. It asked paper mills for bids by May 5 on this amount of the special paper required. One problem that is giving the government and the people generally considerable anxiety is that of doing away with what is believed to be an ever-increasing number of victims. It has been urged for many years that some systematic system of care must be attempted for the "undesirable" elements of the population. The practice to-day is merely to send them to prison instead of to the hospitals, where proper and scientific treatment can be administered.—Guelph Mercury. Gibraltar's history is recalled in a letter to the London Times which points out that Great Britain's permanent possession of the rock has been almost as long as Spain's first possession. The difference is only eight years. Since 1704 some 234 years have elapsed. Spain got possession of the place in 1462 and held it till 1704 a term of 242 years. Gibraltar today has a population of 14,000 more than ever to the British it would seem then, that Spain's record will duly be surpassed and that the Gibraltar question is flying there for generations to come.—Monreal Gazette. The seas represent Great Britain's real sphere of interest, whereas in Central Europe this is being increasingly recognized by British circles, who apparently are not endeavoring to interfere with British interests on the sea. There are, of course, certain legitimate claims of the British in the North Atlantic which will not be challenged by anyone. But Britain's primary interests are overseas, and the recent foreign policy of the British Government, in the view that these interests are taken far too seriously to allow any other interference. They are certainly not troubled by Germany.—Die Allgemeine Zeitung (Berlin). Physicians and nurses took turns for six hours here in bringing forth a breath of life in a newborn baby until an "iron lung" respirator could be rushed from Buffalo, thirty-five miles away. The doctor's method was to start the infant's breathing tube was inserted into his lungs and physicians and nurses in relays breathed into it by means of a tube which even time to determine the cause of the lung condition," said Dr. F. D. Carr, chief of the Batavia Hospital staff. "The baby is being kept alive in the 'iron lung.' We shall determine our next step as soon as we are able." Political patronage is not favored by politicians to the extent that is popularly supposed. Cabinet Ministers almost without exception are opposed to it, and private citizens are equally opposed to it. Many of the younger members dislike it, but are not sure enough of themselves to make a determined stand against it. It is only political adventurers who put votes above everything else who are definitely in favor of it. Thirty years ago the Government of the Dominion civil service. It took some courage to introduce the merit system in those days. And it has been a determined effort to get off the attacks which have continuously been made upon it since. But on the whole considerable progress toward the replacement of patronage by a merit system has been made.—Sydney Post-Record. There is more spying because there is more preparation, and therefore more secrecy, suspicion and general nonsense. The British have recently been putting on a spectacular trial with a swiftness and a chief witness the Japanese have been coloring the casual tourist with a camera for years; the Russians, of course, have used the whole business as a major principle of government. It would be too much to hope that the United States would remain wholly immune, either in the matter of espionage or in the matter of what tangible military advantages have ever been reaped by peace-time espionage. How many of those spy planes, and orders and drawings have been done more than gather dust in the pigeon-holes of other Powers' general staffs? A few, perhaps, but so far as is known, the peace-time secret agent, though romantic, is one of the "east of the factors determining the fate of peoples."—New York Herald Tribune. It is false to say that the provinces cannot work out social organization of labor as well as the Dominion Government do not fear citing the present situation in Quebec as an example of what a province can do in this field. In spite of the influence of certain capitalists on provincial as well as on federal politics our province today has labor legislation that is as advanced as that of any other province. Legislation which offers the preliminary framework for a professional organization such as we will have to have in the very near future. There is much to be done, we know that, and the continuation of the work begun is urgent. Our evolution toward social corporatism is a question of life or death. But it is not certain that the centralist formulae have served us better or more quickly. In fact, the two obstacles to a true social legislation are the misunderstanding of the subject by all classes, and the influence of the money power. "Well," the federal Staff does not say, "the provincial State, and its freedom from the influence of plutoc-

THE PRESS AND REACTION

(Winnipeg Free Press) One hopeful sign in Canada is that, here and there all over the Dominion, the newspapers are recognizing and accepting the traditional obligations of the press to defend the fundamental rights of the citizen. The practice today by no means as general as it should be. There are plenty of flabby and spineless newspapers which are unable or unwilling to see that their own existence depends upon the continuance of the basic human rights: freedom of opinion, of association and of action within the law; and there are others which are evidently part and parcel of the conspiracy that is forming against these freedoms. But evidence of the most convincing kind is forthcoming that a very active press operation is being offered to these forces. This is supplied in ample volume by the onslaught upon the newspapers, the demands for their control, the justification of repressive measures in other lands which now abound and which grow daily in violence. These derive from many sources, with varying degrees of argument, professional and economic status of the haters of a free press; but in one respect these press-baiters are as the wind in a pod. They are reactionaries, and their attacks sometimes with cause, present day developments and would, if they could resist them, not by the democratic method of argument, but by free choice, but by a resort to methods of repression and direction which derive from the dark ages, but can be studied at ease range in the history of the world. Save in a few backward spots in Canada these attacks upon human freedom have failed; and the newspapers can be proud that their contribution to the defence of being so handsomely acknowledged by their enemies.

PLEASURE OF FALLING

(B.B.C. Listener, London) "Strangely enough there's no unpleasantness about such as a sinking in the stomach when you leave the airplane," Gwynne Johns, the famous parachutist, said. "As the engine throttles the parachutist climbs out of his cockpit and stands on the trailing edge of the lower wing hanging on to a strut and flying wire. He waits until the engine has previously decided on so that the wind can carry him back to the centre of the aerodrome. Here it comes underneath the wing and the moment the engine has arrived. Everything is silent but for the propeller just ticking over. With a 'Right ho' to the pilot he lets go and the parachute opens. A wide feeling of knowing that one is falling and yet can hardly make oneself believe it. Three seconds down, the ring is pulled (only a few feet before pulling the ring like the violent shaking of blankets, eighty yards of lovely snow white silk balloons out above the head. The parachute assumes a vertical position, and looks up to see that very beautiful sight of a fully opened parachute, and looking down, the earth is only a few hundred feet of thousand feet below. Still there is no sensation of going down, the silence is eerie and after two minutes the earth climbs up, and the landing is like a jump from an eight or ten foot wall. A delayed drop is one where the jumper falls from a great distance before pulling the ring, the feeling when hurdling earthwards is very similar to that of being thrown about by very rough water. Again there is no unpleasant feeling, but the landing is like a noise tumbling, spinning diving or rolling along at anything between 120 and 150 m.p.h. is exhilarating. I dare say you will believe me, but I can only say it's my personal experience. It's very much nicer of course, to fall in a head downwards position, and with the aid of a stop watch, one can have a perfectly marvelous dive to earth from thousands and thousands of feet in perfect safety. "On my world record drop last year, from 22,000 feet, I somersaulted and spun for 18,000 feet, or 90 seconds by my watch, and honestly I don't remember it. My gloved hands I can now use them as elevators and change my position whilst falling. In November last I did a delayed drop in the dark night which I felt like. For over a thousand feet I tumbled downwards with my stop watch (it had a luminous dial) close to my face. The dark of the moon, a little yellowish ball, the moonlit Solent and the twinkling lights of Bournemouth, revolved quickly around me. "It was a wonderful color too, and so cold were my hands that I had to use both hands to pull the rip cord ring, falling further than I had intended, the earth came up sooner than I expected it, and not being prepared for the landing I fell awkwardly and twisted my left knee, which took a little time to mend. It was very serious, but the British Parachute Club is so well equipped, but I always carry two of them to give extra confidence."

STOLE HIS WHEELBARROW

(Winnipeg Free Press) An intrepid spirit wheeling a wheelbarrow from Vancouver to Halifax had reached Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, to prove he is walking all the way he wheels his wheelbarrow. It goes with him everywhere he goes like the lamb with his mother. He takes it with him to the police station where he expects to lodge for the night, and does not like leaving it outside the doorway. He announced that the World's Greatest Lover has come to town. He alludes to himself as the World's Greatest Lover. There is something romantic about a man wheeling a wheelbarrow to unfold the long story of his Love across Canada. Only one truly sentimental woman in the world should have his Lady Love sitting in his wheelbarrow to goad him as his Front Seat Driver. But, no he wheels alone. And

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND

The Poet's Corner FROM "HYMN TO EARTH" Hall, element of earth, receive thy own. And cherish, at thy charitable breast. This man, this mortal beast. He bows the furrow, and in this lies down. Before the corn is grown: Between the furrow and the sowing And the ripe apple is sufficient in time, and matter, to consume his love And make his parcel of a cypress grove. Receive him as thy lover for an hour Who will not weary, by a longer stay. The kind embrace of clay: Ever within thine arms he is dispersed. To nothing, as at first; The air flings downward from its four-quartered tower: Him whom the flames devour: At the full tide, at the flood, The sea is mingled with his salty blood. The traveller dust, although the dust be vile. Sleeps as thy lover for a little while.

BOND JUGGLING

Sir,—On looking over the now famous Public Accounts of 1937, I find that the "Noble Thirty" in fields of France when beneath those rows of crosses, gashed by gowing poppies waving gently in the sweet and peaceful air, sleeps a loved one without a better day so desolate and vacant. "Perhaps not so many of us today would willingly make the same sacrifice, but we have contrasted to the terribly crowded European nations enjoy the abundant room and plenty of this native land of ours can give credit for a name to him whose name we will find engraved on rolls of honor and whose name should be emblazoned in glory in our thoughts. "And we can endeavor to hold that freedom which they so nobly won, not surely thought by shutting our eyes to the dangers of war, and letting Canada become a weak nation, as some foolishly urge today, but shall we not better do so by making this broad land of ours strong enough both in civil and military life to cover the courage of greedy warlords and dictators, and make the Dominion of Canada a worthy part of the British Commonwealth of Nations, thus honoring our brave Canadian soldier who so nobly held high over us the British flag, representative, as it is not only of all the people of the British; but also of the blood poured out in its defence through the centuries of time. I am, Sir, etc.

BOND SALESMAN.

HOBBISS JUGGES UNDER CRITICISM Sir,—I hereby strongly protest against the manner in which the public speaking was judged at the noodies exhibition near recently held in Carleton Place. The judges sitting in a group so near the platform, that the speakers' voices sounded very loud and clear, and were any lower than those at the rear of the theatre would have been unable to hear; (this was also a fact of the Carleton Public Library). This was in marked contrast to the competent and learned Dean Clark, Faculty of Music, University of Toronto, who was judged from almost the extreme rear of the theatre. Secondly, because of the judges, sitting in a group so near the platform, that the speakers' voices sounded very loud and clear, and were any lower than those at the rear of the theatre would have been unable to hear; (this was also a fact of the Carleton Public Library). This was in marked contrast to the competent and learned Dean Clark, Faculty of Music, University of Toronto, who was judged from almost the extreme rear of the theatre.

PUBLIC FORUM

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

CHIVALROUS COMBAT

Sir,—The member from Carleton Place in the House the significant remark that if Mrs. Wyand would speak before the Legislature she would find that the age of chivalry is not yet past. The only meaning I can draw from such a remarkable statement is that the member from Carleton Place stands ready to espouse the cause of wronged womanhood. In these modern days, however, the style of combat may take a modern form. The warrior from the fastness of Rustico may not come against the temperance gladiator from the east, astride a snorting caparisoned steed, with spear and lance as in the olden time, there to find that armour of hardened political steel that is not proof against the deadly thrusts of the lowly warrior strike armed with his just cause. Yet it may take the shape of a wordy war, in which the temperance gladiator seeks to annihilate the pampered partizan antagonist by an array of facts displayed by fluent rhetoric and flowery oratory. But will it end there? The antagonist, though his "conscience with injustice" may be "corrupted" is a warrior of many battles and more than the slender of this cause will not be lessened by reason of his fighting for political life, recognizing that self-preservation is the first of laws. I am, Sir, etc.

AGRICULTURAL MISMANAGEMENT

Sir,—Our esteemed Minister of Agriculture in his address on the 15th inst. endeavored to tell the farmers of this province he was doing his utmost to promote improved farming conditions, citing his activities in little pigs and chickens, but the gist of the report of the department shows that we have an official, namely, the field promoter (Mr. Stewart Wright) who is doing a much needed work but owing to the large amount of territory is not able to make the progress he or we would wish—at a total cost of salary and expenses of less than four hundred dollars. More power to Mr. Wright. But what do I find, brother farmer, when I look at this report, namely, we now have an official appointed about July 20, 1937, as a field man to the best organized industry in the province, for the marketing of the potato, and expenses paid this official (Mr. Burke) for less than six months' work amounted to \$1392.72 less mileage. Now, Sir, I have no complaint as to Mr. Burke or his work, but what I would like to know is why a field man was engaged for our best organized industry and the ordinary farmer who are the "salt of the earth" as far as this province is concerned, are left out in the cold. The salary and salary would enable the department to put three county field promoters in the field and still have a goodly sum to assist our foxmen.

FARMER.

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(Winnipeg Free Press) One hopeful sign in Canada is that, here and there all over the Dominion, the newspapers are recognizing and accepting the traditional obligations of the press to defend the fundamental rights of the citizen. The practice today by no means as general as it should be. There are plenty of flabby and spineless newspapers which are unable or unwilling to see that their own existence depends upon the continuance of the basic human rights: freedom of opinion, of association and of action within the law; and there are others which are evidently part and parcel of the conspiracy that is forming against these freedoms. But evidence of the most convincing kind is forthcoming that a very active press operation is being offered to these forces. This is supplied in ample volume by the onslaught upon the newspapers, the demands for their control, the justification of repressive measures in other lands which now abound and which grow daily in violence. These derive from many sources, with varying degrees of argument, professional and economic status of the haters of a free press; but in one respect these press-baiters are as the wind in a pod. They are reactionaries, and their attacks sometimes with cause, present day developments and would, if they could resist them, not by the democratic method of argument, but by free choice, but by a resort to methods of repression and direction which derive from the dark ages, but can be studied at ease range in the history of the world. Save in a few backward spots in Canada these attacks upon human freedom have failed; and the newspapers can be proud that their contribution to the defence of being so handsomely acknowledged by their enemies.

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(B.B.C. Listener, London) "Strangely enough there's no unpleasantness about such as a sinking in the stomach when you leave the airplane," Gwynne Johns, the famous parachutist, said. "As the engine throttles the parachutist climbs out of his cockpit and stands on the trailing edge of the lower wing hanging on to a strut and flying wire. He waits until the engine has previously decided on so that the wind can carry him back to the centre of the aerodrome. Here it comes underneath the wing and the moment the engine has arrived. Everything is silent but for the propeller just ticking over. With a 'Right ho' to the pilot he lets go and the parachute opens. A wide feeling of knowing that one is falling and yet can hardly make oneself believe it. Three seconds down, the ring is pulled (only a few feet before pulling the ring like the violent shaking of blankets, eighty yards of lovely snow white silk balloons out above the head. The parachute assumes a vertical position, and looks up to see that very beautiful sight of a fully opened parachute, and looking down, the earth is only a few hundred feet of thousand feet below. Still there is no sensation of going down, the silence is eerie and after two minutes the earth climbs up, and the landing is like a jump from an eight or ten foot wall. A delayed drop is one where the jumper falls from a great distance before pulling the ring, the feeling when hurdling earthwards is very similar to that of being thrown about by very rough water. Again there is no unpleasant feeling, but the landing is like a noise tumbling, spinning diving or rolling along at anything between 120 and 150 m.p.h. is exhilarating. I dare say you will believe me, but I can only say it's my personal experience. It's very much nicer of course, to fall in a head downwards position, and with the aid of a stop watch, one can have a perfectly marvelous dive to earth from thousands and thousands of feet in perfect safety. "On my world record drop last year, from 22,000 feet, I somersaulted and spun for 18,000 feet, or 90 seconds by my watch, and honestly I don't remember it. My gloved hands I can now use them as elevators and change my position whilst falling. In November last I did a delayed drop in the dark night which I felt like. For over a thousand feet I tumbled downwards with my stop watch (it had a luminous dial) close to my face. The dark of the moon, a little yellowish ball, the moonlit Solent and the twinkling lights of Bournemouth, revolved quickly around me. "It was a wonderful color too, and so cold were my hands that I had to use both hands to pull the rip cord ring, falling further than I had intended, the earth came up sooner than I expected it, and not being prepared for the landing I fell awkwardly and twisted my left knee, which took a little time to mend. It was very serious, but the British Parachute Club is so well equipped, but I always carry two of them to give extra confidence."

STOLE HIS WHEELBARROW

(Winnipeg Free Press) An intrepid spirit wheeling a wheelbarrow from Vancouver to Halifax had reached Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, to prove he is walking all the way he wheels his wheelbarrow. It goes with him everywhere he goes like the lamb with his mother. He takes it with him to the police station where he expects to lodge for the night, and does not like leaving it outside the doorway. He announced that the World's Greatest Lover has come to town. He alludes to himself as the World's Greatest Lover. There is something romantic about a man wheeling a wheelbarrow to unfold the long story of his Love across Canada. Only one truly sentimental woman in the world should have his Lady Love sitting in his wheelbarrow to goad him as his Front Seat Driver. But, no he wheels alone. And

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND

The Poet's Corner FROM "HYMN TO EARTH" Hall, element of earth, receive thy own. And cherish, at thy charitable breast. This man, this mortal beast. He bows the furrow, and in this lies down. Before the corn is grown: Between the furrow and the sowing And the ripe apple is sufficient in time, and matter, to consume his love And make his parcel of a cypress grove. Receive him as thy lover for an hour Who will not weary, by a longer stay. The kind embrace of clay: Ever within thine arms he is dispersed. To nothing, as at first; The air flings downward from its four-quartered tower: Him whom the flames devour: At the full tide, at the flood, The sea is mingled with his salty blood. The traveller dust, although the dust be vile. Sleeps as thy lover for a little while.

BOND JUGGLING

Sir,—On looking over the now famous Public Accounts of 1937, I find that the "Noble Thirty" in fields of France when beneath those rows of crosses, gashed by gowing poppies waving gently in the sweet and peaceful air, sleeps a loved one without a better day so desolate and vacant. "Perhaps not so many of us today would willingly make the same sacrifice, but we have contrasted to the terribly crowded European nations enjoy the abundant room and plenty of this native land of ours can give credit for a name to him whose name we will find engraved on rolls of honor and whose name should be emblazoned in glory in our thoughts. "And we can endeavor to hold that freedom which they so nobly won, not surely thought by shutting our eyes to the dangers of war, and letting Canada become a weak nation, as some foolishly urge today, but shall we not better do so by making this broad land of ours strong enough both in civil and military life to cover the courage of greedy warlords and dictators, and make the Dominion of Canada a worthy part of the British Commonwealth of Nations, thus honoring our brave Canadian soldier who so nobly held high over us the British flag, representative, as it is not only of all the people of the British; but also of the blood poured out in its defence through the centuries of time. I am, Sir, etc.



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COFFEE

What do the neighbours say? Check your experience with theirs. Each day we give you exactly what some other Maritimer took the trouble to sit down, write and mail to us. They are