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

TUESDAY, MARCH 9, 1943.

Speech From The Throne

As is fitting, the Speech from the Throne delivered at the opening of the Legislature yesterday emphasized the Province's war activities in the way of enlistments and of farm and fishery production, as well as the different measures taken in co-operation with the Dominion Government to meet present and post-war problems. There is little of a controversial nature in the Speech, the objectives set forth being those which we are all desirous of achieving. It will be as to ways and means employed, on sins of omission and commission in connection with these objectives, that discussion is likely to be centered..

One notes, for example, that the Government, "realizing that the primary products which are so essential to a balanced and all-out war effort must continue to flow in ever increasing volume, has been studying ways and means to assist the farmers to obtain heavier production of field crops, live stock and dairy products, in spite of the acute farm labour shortage." This is undoubtedly a worthwhile undertaking; but coupled with the labour shortage problem is another equally serious, which is affecting the flow of our farm products to market more than anything else at the present time, to which apparently the Government has given no thought whatever. We refer to the cary ferry problem. The seemingly deliberate omission of any reference to this subject in the Speech is bound to react to our disadvantage at Ottawa. It comes just at a time when the need of presenting a united front is obvious to all. How can we hope to impress the powers-that-be and gain support from other provinces in our plea for better transportation when our own Government shows such timidity of indifference?

The only legislation forecast in the Speech is some amendment to the Prohibition Act. The session should not be a lengthy one. Members on both sides would do well to remember that there is a war on, and keep partisan politics as much as possible in the background.

Stay-At-Homes vs Veterans

Major R. A. C. Radcliffe has taken up the cause of the young men who have volunteered for active service as against the "safety-first" fellows who by various pretexts have contrived to remain securely at home with all the comforts and conveniences of domestic life.

"A great deal is being written and said today (and quite rightly)," he declares, "about the problem of finding suitable work for the men and women at present serving with the Forces when they are demobilized. Much less attention is to all appearance being given to the problem of their absorption into the normal life of the country, perhaps because it is being assumed that if they are given a job the reabsorption will happen naturally and easily without any troubles. That is a false assumption. A great many of the men and women who are in the services today are not going to find it at all easy to return to civil life and to settle down in a happy relationship. They did not find it at all easy, as a matter of fact, after the last war, but then they had to make the best of it, as no one troubled to alter his way of life to suit the ex-servicemen. This time it must be different.

"How would these men put their case if they spoke bluntly and were more articulate than most of them are? Something like this:

"You have lived at home while we have been far away; you have lived with your wives and children or been near your families, while we have become almost strangers to ours; you have slept in comfortable beds while we have slept hard where we could; you have kept fit and well, while our bodies are full of rheumatism and the fevers of the East; you have gone on doing your job, and getting advancement in it, while we have lost our skill, are out of touch with our employers, and have had to start again from the beginning; you are used to the routine of civil life, we are used to something very different; we find everything difficult, and your conventions stupid, narrow and unintelligible; you have lived securely, we have been facing danger and death to protect you; you have had good money all the time and lived well and without worries; we have had little, and our families have had less, and they have grown old with the worries and the strain of their efforts to keep going in our absence. Finally, you have been able to save and build up a reserve to keep your homes going, while we have run into debt, and will have to spend all our war bonus and more in getting straight and starting a home again."

Now, if we are really honest with ourselves, those of us, who are in the sere and yellow leaf and have loved ones in the services, must admit there is a lot of truth in these accusations from the point of view of the persons returning to civil life; it is they, not we, who have got to make a second tremendous readjustment in their lives, and they need all the help and sympathy and understanding that we can give them in that task.

The first thing to do, suggests the Major, is to welcome them to our councils. In industry, in Parliament, in local governments and in the Civil Service these people from another world must be given places fitting to their experience and their age; and at all costs we must avoid making the mistakes of the last war, when those who had served were given the bottom places everywhere and driven into bitterness and disillusion—the harvest of which we are still reaping today.

"First things first," demands that those in "safety-first" jobs now must be asked to vacate them in favour of those who risked their lives for them when such jobs and everything else were at stake.

Still Not All Out

Taxation on the scale now in force in Canada represents Mr. Ilsley's personal effort to put Canada on an all-out basis and to avert inflation.

But, says the Financial Post, the public must view the government's war programme as a whole and cannot judge it by the words or policies of a single minister.

The failure to follow through with the anti-inflation programme on the price and wage front; the failure to have a definite plan for mobilization and effective use of the nation's manpower; the failure to adopt conscription as a fair way to provide assurance of replacements for our fighting men overseas; all these must bulk just as largely as Mr. Ilsley's tax programme in any assessment of the war effort as a whole.

—EDITORIAL NOTES—

According to MacLean's Statistical Summary of Canadian Construction of March 1, a contract of the value of $50,000 was let in February for "additional roads, Summerside, P.E.I." How come?

* * * *

It costs high to prevent news reaching the taxpayers, a cost which they must shoulder willy-nilly. Censorship in Canada will cost $1,739,070 during the next fiscal year compared with $1,280,000 in 1942-43. The big item will be postal censorship at $1,070,800. Telegraph and cable censorship will cost $346,970 and press censorship $127,400. General operating expenses of the censorship division, part of the War Services Department will be $193,000.

* * * *

Dying in poverty, an aged man completely stumped Rev. Andrew Roddan of Vancouver. Hearing of the man's plight, Dr. Roddan went to visit him. In the course of conversation, the pastor asked the dying man if he were a Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Roman Catholic, Anglican or what. The dying man looked at the minister and left him completely without an answer, when he asked: "Christ didn't use any of those words, did He?"

* * * *

Two Liberal Governments, one at Ottawa, the others in Halifax are responsible for the health of Nova Scotia, yet in the House of Commons Mr. M. J. Coldwell was constrained to declare that the health condition of Halifax, one of the nation's principal war ports, was a disgrace not only to the City and the province, but to the Dominion. The death rate was almost 45 per cent higher than anywhere else in Canada.

* * * *

According to Col. John Thompson, government economy director, Ottawa is clean "waste crazy". He said "evasion, subterfuge and outright trickery" were being used to nullify the work of the office of government economy control. Thousands of dollars had been spent on office supplies, furniture and equipment, he charged, without the requisitions ever having been submitted to him for approval or rejection. The Colonel had better watch out or he will be cashiered for "spilling the beans."

* * * *

William I, King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, died this date, 1888; second son of Frederick III; took part in campaigns (1814-15) against Napoleon; his reactionary sympathies at the time of the outbreak of the 1848 revolution in Berlin made him unpopular and he took refuge in England; subsequently returned and was elected to the Prussian National Assembly; became regent in 1858, and succeeded to the throne in 1861, remaining a dominant figure in war-like Europe for 27 years with Bismarck as his "pilot" and "man of iron"; when he died, Germany was armed to the teeth, ready for any exploit.

* * * *

Saint John Telegraph-Journal has swung out straight anti-King and pro-Bracken, much to the benefit of the province. In a recent issue it published a full report of the speech of Mr. Hugh MacKay, leader of the opposition in the Legislature and said: "The whole report of the speech should be read. It deals with a matter that should be taken up immediately with the federal government by our provincial government. Very much condensed it points out that the war has brought opportunities to establish new industries under government direction. What has happened? Other provinces have benefited greatly; in comparison New Brunswick has received 'chicken feed.' Ere this New Brunswick was a forgotten province, and now that there is a second chance, it is forgotten again. The crumbs thrown to us only draw attention to the little we receive compared with others. The action Mr. Mackay calls for should be supported by all New Brunswickers. The matter is really vital, the contentment of a whole province. The neglect of New Brunswick has become daily more apparent. Resentment has grown and it is high time that it found expression. Now it is to be hoped that the provincial government will see the necessity of adopting a strong policy and making vigorous representations to Ottawa to lift the feeling of neglect. It is also to be hoped that Ottawa will not misread the symptoms. This is no passing irritation. It is a deep-seated sense of injustice done us. Let all New Brunswick, government and people, unite to see that it is removed."

Notes By The Way

As to the prospect of a new world after the war, there is a certain aptness in an old piece of philosophy; one world at a time. —Vancouver Province.

After the wizard of industrial design has transcribed his dream of an after-the-war motor car to paper, comes the big question: Which is the front? —Winnipeg Tribune.

Every man in the British Eighth Army, it is revealed, knew before the opening of the attack at El Alamein the exact plans of Generals Alexander and Montgomery. Perhaps this explains the fine performance of the Eighth Army.—New York Sun.

An editorial in an Italian newspaper declared that if the Allies win the war Italy will become a slave state and Italians will have only four occupations, "singers, waiters, refugees and souvenir makers." They are already singing for a—: waiting on the Germans, so what's the difference? Whatever the result of the war, Italy is the loser, but there will be a return of individual liberty when the United Nations finish the job. —St. Catharines Standard.

The widow of the late General Hendrik Alexander Seyffardt, lone Dutch general to sell out to Hitler, may now be spared further telephone calls of the type she is reported to have been receiving during the past year. These calls followed this pattern: Voice: "Hello. Am I speaking to Gen. Seyffardt's widow?" Mme. Seyffardt: "No. This is his wife." Voice: "Pardon me. I'll call back later." Gen Seyffardt was shot and killed the other day by an unidentified assailent, giving point to the foregoing anecdote related in Minneapolis several months ago by Louis Lechner.— Minneapolis Star Journal.

Gov. Harold E. Stassen of Minnesota, who recently discussed the postwar world before the Detroit Economic club, now goes further and comes out for a United States of the world with a single house of parliament to govern all mankind. Gov. Stassen comes from the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolies, which are warring factions which have never been able to agree on any community programme, let alone a joint municipal government. —Detroit Free Press.

The troops were leaving the small Yorkshire town where they had been billeted for several weeks. A small crowd had gathered round the luxury motor coaches, now painted a drab wartime grey. Everyone was intensely curious to know the destination, but the men in uniform were on their guard against careless talk. "I heard it was Scotland," and one of the civilians. "No, North Africa," said another. They still got no enlightenment, so finally someone put the question bluntly to a sergeant: "Where are you for, lad?" "It tells you on the front of the bus," he replied with a smile. The crowd shuffled round to the front. The route indicator announced plainly enough: "Mystery Tour." —Leeds Yorkshire Post.

Children who scrawl on walls have never been popular with landlords, so a Sydney property owner caused a mild sensation when he advertised a cottage to let and stipulated that the tenants must have children. "I think it disgraceful that people who raise families should be debarred from securing homes for that reason," he told an interviewer. "The people who are helping to populate the country should have first option. I could have let this place weeks ago. But I'm insisting that a real family moves in. Look at me—a selfish old bachelor. You might even say I was too busy to get married. But I can help those with children this way. I'm not worried about children damaging the place. I have to rub out chalk and pencil marks from the walls and little things like that. But what's the odds?" —Vancouver Province.

How much more bad news can the German people stand? Not much, our optimists will soon be telling us. Expect, and day now, a spate of plausible stories about violent quarrels among the Nazi heirarchy, riots in Munich and so forth. One day those stories will come true. But we should be reckless if we assumed that their fulfilment is close at hand. If there is one thing more than another that the Nazi organization has done thoroughly, it is to take precautions against the possibility of a crack-up. The Gestapo and the intricate party network were not their sole precautions. Dr. Goebbels has been hard at work for many months telling the Germans of the horrors which will be inflicted upon them if the Allies win. In that task the doctor has been assisted, unwittingly, by a little group of irresponsible publicists in Britain. —London Daily Herald.

It is time they gave Madame Chiang Kaishek a rest. The ordeal of her New York appearances is having an all too evident effect on her health and stamina, and the time seems to have come to cancel all public appearances, for a time at least. There is nothing pretty in seeing this gracious lady over-taxing her strength to the point of collapse, and the American public should demand no more of her. Everyone, of course, wants to see and hear her. It must be remembered, however, that she is just now convalescing from an operation, and that she is physically frail. Nor is she simply an exhibit. She is much too valuable a person to the United Nations and to the world at large for chances to be taken. It would be better for her not to appear in public at all, than that her health should be jeopardized by too heavy a schedule of appointments. Canada is counting on a visit from the "Missus." We all hope, of course, that she will be able to come to this country, and it would be a delightful event if she could, as is proposed, address both Houses of Parliament. But if she is not strong enough to do so, then we decidedly do not want her to attempt it. Above all, we want her spared for many years to carry on her noble work — Windsor Star.

To get the story straight, relates The New Republic, it must be understood first that plasma is the fluid element in whole blood. When this fluid is separated from the blood cells it has no type; can be given to anyone, and can be preserved for years. Since conditions which require transfusion call essentially for fluid to replace lost blood volume in the circulation, plasma can be used just as effectively as whole blood, and more easily. To realize the importance of this discovery it is only necessary to remember that a few years ago a patient who needed a transfusion had to get it from relatives or friends whose blood was of the same "type" as his; or from a professional donor, at a fancy price. It was an awkward, expensive business at best, involving direct transfusion from donor to patient; and it was often too late. The achievements of plasma therapy are already remarkable; and they promise much for the world of tomorrow. Today their significance for victory may be very great. For the more fighters we can keep whole the sooner we shall win.

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.

SQUARE DEAL FOR FARMERS

Sir,—We hear and read a great deal these days about the serious shortage of farm labor, and one would think from some of the utterances being made at the meetings of Farm Organizations, as well as letters in the Press, that the farm labor problem was paramount to the problem of winning this war, and our Selective Service Board were saboteurs of the production effort, when they dared to allow a boy or man who has worked on a farm to go into Army or any other branch of the Armed Services. It is true, help on the farm is getting scarce, but our Federation of Agriculture are "barking up the wrong tree" when they blame enlistments and the Selective Service Board for all this scarcity of help.

The fact of the matter is, our farmers, prior to the outbreak of the war, were in a state of bankruptcy, many of whom were hanging on just because the mortgagee could not find a buyer for the farm. Then at the outbreak of war industries sprang up all over the Dominion and thousands of the boys and girls from the farms rushed to these factories where hitherto unheard of wages were being paid that the poor farmer could not, nor still cannot, begin to compete with.

I submit, Sir, that the powers that be, including the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, did not give due consideration to the deplorable condition the farmer had been in for the ten years preceeding the war, when they placed Ceilings on his products at very little over present cost of production, making it impossible for him to get on his feet or to pay competitive wages at this time, so that he will be able to hold a fair share of help that he so badly needs in order that production does not fall off.

If our Federation of Agriculture could succeed in showing the Wartime Prices and Trade Board that farm prices are still far below parity, and induce them to raise the ceiling on farm products to a point where farming will be as lucrative as other industries, thereby putting the farmer in a position to pay fair and competitive wages, which he certainly cannot do today, you would soon find with the added incentive of making a fair profit along with the Patriotic spirit of our rural population, that the farmer, with the help of the women, older men and young boys and girls, would not only keep up production, but would literally flood the markets, for there is no one under the sun can compare with the farmer when given the proper encouragement to "Find a Way or Make it."

I am, Sir, etc.

L. F. SIMMONS

FREETOWN

The U-Boat's Foe

(Hamilton Spectator)

Hon. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, has assured the House of Commons that, while the menace of the German submarine still remains serious, he is confident that the relentless battle at sea will be won eventually. An important factor toward that end is found in the convoy escort fleets, which have won some signal victories over the U-boats. These swift squadrons are being greatly strengthened as they have proved highly effective, and when sufficient numbers of them are available the toll of Allied shipping should be sharply reduced.

Naval men are convinced that the answer to the problem of the enemy submarine is the speedy escort vessel, many of which are now being turned out. This type of craft is described as being a vastly improved counterpart of the submarine chaser of the World War of 1914-18. Some authorities pronounce it to be a more effective guardian of merchant ships than even a destroyer. They are admitted to be inferior to destroyers in speed and armament, but they can be built in half the time and are said to be equally as good for protecting convoys.

Five or six of these swift, compact escort boats are estimated to be sufficient to guard a convoy of cargo carriers against attack from U-boats as they can turn like a top in their tracks, and make it exceedingly difficult for a submarine to avoid their fatal depth charges. In appearance some of these escort ships resemble the smaller type of modern destroyers, but they cost only about three million dollars each, as against the seven million dollars required to construct a light destroyer.

These small U-boats serve like lively and aggressive sheep dogs guarding their flock. They can circle their charges and keep a wide area of sea space free of the lurking wolves. When they do spot a submarine, two or more of them can charge upon it with bewildering speed, and the latter has to be a smart craft to get away. Submarines are also constantly being improved, of course, and modern types are far from being the awkward vessels they used to be, but the speedy escort craft is acknowledged to be their master. Scores of them are needed, however, but they are now in mass production and are being put into service as fast as they leave the yards.

Gremlins

(By W. E. Woosnam-Jones in The Spectator)

It is not often that a man can be in at the birth, the flourishing maturity and the apparent death of a complete mythology. But any officer or airman who has served in the Royal Air Force since the last War can claim this distinction. For it was the old Royal Naval Air Service in 1917 and the newly-constituted Royal Air Force in 1918 which first appear to have detected the existence of a horde of mysterious and malicious sprites whose whole purpose in life was to disconcert pupil-pilot and experienced pilot alike, and to bring about as many as possible of the inexplicable mishaps which, in those days as now, trouble the airman's life. Such were the Gremlins, and all ranks of the flying and maintenance personnel of the Royal Air Force have had much experience during the past twenty-five years of their malicious pranks. For that they exist is, of course, unquestionable, and we now know much of their life and habits, although the outside world is still largely ignorant of their activities.

It is naturally very difficult for a pilot to get a really good look at a Gremlin. For Gremlins are very elusive, and usually hide themselves in the most remote and inaccessible corners of an aircraft. It is, however, now well established that they stand about a foot high when in a fully materialized condition, and are usually clad in green breeches and red jackets, ornamented with neat ruffles. They always wear spats and top-hats, although the Fleet Air Arm report a marine species with web-feet and fins on their heels. Oddly enough, Gremlins have no wings, and always fly as passengers. Off duty they are believed to inhabit commodious underground dwellings with rabbit-hole exits near the perimeter tracks of aerodromes, whence they sneak out and board the aircraft when nobody is looking. Certain Coastal Command pilots have reported that Gremlins have tried to board them in mid-air, using sea-gulls for transportation, but this is not authenticated.

* * *

In an aircraft their mischievous activities are many. They have, for example, a most pernicious habit of drinking petrol, which is their favourite beverage. A pilot may thus easily find himself running unexpectedly short of petrol long before he reaches his destination. The result is a forced landing, very probably damage to the machine, and most certainly a first-class "raspberry" for the pilot from his C.O. for gross negligence. In point of fact, the blame is, of course, entirely attributable to the Gremlin, who, gloriously intoxicated, is hiding in the petrol-tank absolutely whooping with mirth.

Another favorite trick is to wait until the pilot of a single-engine aeroplane is flying over the open sea. The Gremlin then sneaks under the engine-cowling and proceeds to tap loudly and alarmingly upon it. The pilot hears this horrible knocking and suffers agonies of mental stress, anticipating every moment that his engine will pack up. Finally, sweating blood, he safely reaches an aerodrome and makes a most urgent report on the matter. The sceptical flight-mechanics rev up the engine, which hums like a well-behaved sewing machine. Whereupon the abashed pilot crawls shamefacedly away and the Gremlin just laughs himself sick.

Sometimes a dozen or more will go for a trip in a large machine. When this happens they make themselves a frightful nuisance, and the crew have a most unhappy time. In a big flying-boat, for instance, they will all pile up in the extreme bow. The pilot naturally has to heave back on his control-column to keep the boat level. Then, just as the cook has the coffee and sausages on the stove all ready, they rush aft as hard as they can go. The boat naturally tries to stand on end, and the precious supper is shot all over the place. The crew then say bitter things about the pilot, while the Gremlins chortle with glee and steal the sausages. Then the crew say more bitter things about the vanished sausages and end the patrol on cold water and bread and cheese.

* * *

A more daring feat is for a couple of Gremlins to hang on the rudder and elevators and waggle them, while all the others rush out on to one wing-tip. This fetches down the wing, and the pilot tries hard to fetch it up by putting on the opposite aileron. The Gremlins at once rush out on the other wing, which naturally goes down twice as far. By doing this half a dozen times they succeed in producing a state of affairs far worse than that of a swing-boat on Hampstead Heath. In the end the crew may even have to bale out, to the triumphant hoots and jeers of the jubilant Gremlins. It may be objected that in so doing the Gremlins have exposed themselves to almost certain destruction in the abandoned aircraft, since they themselves have no wings and cannot fly. In such cases, however, they remove their spats, link hands, expand their large feet, and parachute gently to earth, head-downwards. Their top-hats absorb the shock of landing, which is why they wear them.

Their lesser activities are innumerable, from breaking the points of navigators' pencils and eating their rubbers to making flight mechanics' lives a misery by dropping split-pins into engine sumps and stealing aparking-plugs behind their backs. Some specialize in night-work. These mix up the Verey light signals to confuse the night-flying pilots, and sneak out to the loaded bombers to puncture their tyres just before the take-off, for which purpose they are specially equipped with cork-screws.

Finally, one must mention their most ambitious effort. It is well known in the Royal Air Force that the Gremlins have succeeded in underpinning with large hydraulic jacks practically every training aerodrome in the country. These jacks are geared to a long lever in the Duty Wach Office, and a Duty Gremlin is on watch there every day. The Duty Gremlin watches very carefully when a pupil pilot is coming in to land—the most difficult feat that the pupil pilot has to master. Just as he is flattening out for what he knows is going to be a perfect landing, with his wheels and tail-skid just a foot above the ground, exactly as his instructor told him, the Duty Gremlin takes a hand. He yanks the lever, and promptly the whole aerodrome either sinks down ten feet or shoots up ten feet in the air. Either result is equally disconcerting. For the unlucky young pilot finds himself either stalled helplessly ten feet up in the air, or else hitting the ground with a terrific bang, and bouncing all over the place like a rubber ball. There are probably devastating results to his under-carriage, and, when at last he miserably reaches the tarmac, there is an equally devastating flow of bitter criticism from his instructor. It is in vain for the unhappy pupil to point out to the sceptical instructor that just as he was about to make a perfect three-point landing the whole level of the aerodrome changed by at least ten feet. The Duty Gremlin has already promptly restored the run-ways to their old level and, in between paroxysms of wicked mirth, is gleefully awaiting his next victim.

Such are the Gremlins. They have a wicked sense of humour, and are not entirely bad, but it is a good thing that their day is nearly over. Mr. Walt Disney is reported to be on his way to England to use them in a film illustrating the errors and pitfalls into which a young pilot is liable to fall. And the knowledge that from thenceforth their images will be used to instruct and not to disconcert, to help and not to hinder, is too much for them. The older Gremlins are reported to have died already, broken-hearted, and it is understood that the young ones will not be long in following them. We shall miss them in the Royal Air Force, but we cannot honestly say that we shall regret them. Ave atque Vale.

These days most people are working harder, worrying more, sleeping less. This strain on body and brain makes physical fitness easier to lose—harder to regain. Today's tense living lowers resistance—increases body and mental fatigue. Overwork; hasty meals; irregular hours; worry—any of these may upset proper kidney action.

When kidneys get out of order, excess acids and poisons remain in the system. Then backache, headache, rheumatic pain, disturbed rest or that "tired-all-the-time" feeling may soon follow. To help keep your kidneys in good order—to help guard against physical let-down—use Dodd's Kidney Pills, for over half a century a favourite remedy for faulty kidneys. Ask for Dodd's Kidney Pills at any drug counter. Look for the blue box with the red band. 126

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The Poets' Corner

ON MY 19TH BIRTHDAY

Had I but time and heart, then I am sure
I could at last win to that distant hill
Where those who climbed its crag no more endure,
But, dying, live in fame death cannot kill.
These, by their wit, escaped the touch of death;
Their laurels fade not, nor their glories change;
Mine be the task, while yet I draw my breath,
To find the frosty foothills of the range.
And if I never reach that topmost height,
If all my strength and spirit sink too low,
Or all too soon falls everlasting night,
Then brush away my footprints in the snow:
For they are nearly great who die unknown,
Rather than reap a harvest badly sown.

—John Russell in the London Observer.

SOVIET SUB BUSY

MOSCOW — (CP) — The Russian submarine commanded by Lieut. Valentin Starilov, recently decorated "hero of the Soviet" recently sank her 14th enemy ship, of 12,000 tons displacement.

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