

THE GUARDIAN

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

CHARLOTTETOWN, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 10, 1948

Remembrance Day

In a war cemetery in the Middle East there
is a one-line epitaph which might serve as a fitting
text for every Remembrance Day address. It reads
simply: We gave our today for your tomorrow.

On the eve of this solemn occasion of remembrance
of the sacrifice of one hundred thousand Canadian
lives in two world wars, it is well to bear in mind
that the greatest tribute we can pay is not a brief
moment of silence nor the formal ceremony of a war
memorial. These are profoundly significant and should
be of vital help and inspiration to us. But they
involve something more. The pledge of the living to
the dead is to work unceasingly for peace, toward
greater justice for all, toward a wider toleration,
toward the increasing betterment of life the world
over. With each forward step, the prospects of new
wars are pushed back. War is essentially nothing
but the culmination of failures in peacetime. It is
the result in years of peace of our own selfishness
and complacency, as well as of direct acts of
aggression on the part of others. It is made possible
as surely by the neglect of those who never wish
to resort to war as it is by the greed of those who
seek to profit from it.

The slow struggle to place our hard won
victory on a new foundation seems hopeless at times.
More than three years after the close of the second
war, what are the prospects today? Many would
refuse the name of peace at all to the present world
condition; they see it only as the uneasy prelude to
a third conflict, more destructive than any known
before; and there is certainly much surface evidence
for that belief. But there is another side to the
picture. The check of world opinion, as represented
unmistakably through the United Nations, has so far
prevented another explosion. The organization for
peace survives, and is gaining strength. It is not
unduly optimistic to believe that it will continue
to operate among men and women of goodwill, until
spheres of rival influence have been peacefully
delimited and the distressed areas of the world have
been brought back to health and plenitude.

There are days when the effort does not seem
worthwhile, when it would be easy to give way; but
if Remembrance Day means anything at all it means
that we must make every effort, all the time, to
prevent what has happened twice in this century
happening again in our lifetime or in the lives of
those who come after. From our common citizenship
must come the will and the strength to meet all tests.

Thus tomorrow's anniversary brings a two-fold
message. On the one hand, Remembrance; on the
other concentrated purpose to help build the best
memorial, the best tribute and the best remembrance
of all, the only one worthy of those valiant hearts—
lasting Peace.

Prize of true Peace, re-erected in wars.
Fierce are men's fears;
Summon the saints whose souls are lit like stars,
Take thou their tears;
Teach the new world the new world neighbor needs;
Dethrone despair, transmute good dreams to deeds.

The Hansard Society

The Hansard Society of Canada, one of our
latest democratic organizations, is realizing the
benefit of and necessity for public discussion.
Its first project is a Youth Conference on
Parliament, to be held in Convocation Hall,
University of Toronto, next Saturday. An able and
lively panel of parliamentarians, representing
East and West, French and English-speaking
Canadians, both sexes, the three major parties
and an independent, have been chosen to give the
young people an idea of how Parliament works,
which they cannot get from books, or even from a
casual visit to the gallery of the House of
Commons. Hon. Paul Martin, Minister of National
Health and Welfare, and youngest man in the
Cabinet, will lead off on "The Government
Side of the House." Mr. John Diefenbaker, who
has made a mark as an Opposition leader
will follow with "The Opposition—Basis of our
Freedom." Mr. Jean-Francois Paulout, who seldom
lets a day pass during the session without
one of his amusing interventions, will tell the
Ontario students of "A Quebec Member at Ottawa."
And Miss Agnes McPhail, Canada's most
experienced woman parliamentarian, now in the
Ontario Legislature, will address herself chiefly
to the young ladies of the audience: "Women
in Parliament—Why Aren't There More?"

The Hustings Still Count

One thing that seems to have been demonstrated
by the victory of Harry Truman, says the Ottawa
Journal, is that in waging an election campaign
there is no real substitute for the platform.
Political parties, seeking victory at the polls,
may flood the country with leaflets and pamphlets,
disfigure the landscape with posters, have candidates
televized and photographed at nauseum, use the
radio. Nothing they do in that way will ever be
as effective as a rousing campaign from the hustings.

Mr. Dewey had himself televised and photographed,
made "higher level" speeches from radio studios.
Harry Truman, the man who wouldn't quit,
travelled 31,000 miles and made 300 speeches to
the people. Over all of the United States people
saw Dewey posters. They didn't see Mr. Dewey.
Instead they saw Harry Truman, heard him speak
to them directly and intimately about what he
planned to do for them. Face to face he told the
"little people" that he would repeal the Taft-Hartley
Act, that he would give them peace, that he would
fight

against "privilege." The "little people", who
don't understand high abstractions on windy
heights, liked the Truman technique better.

"In Canada in recent years, adds the
Journal, "we have had politicians imagining more
and more that all they require is a microphone.
They are wrong; wrong because not one in a
hundred of them knows how to use a microphone;
wrong because few people listen to even the best
of radio speeches; and wrong because the dullness
of the radio can never compete with the excitement,
the sense of urgency, that is produced by the
platform."

"Some of our dilettantes, the young men
with a distaste for what they consider hustings
vulgarity, are against the platform, all for the
radio studio. They are the sort of people who
are for "polls", for "scientific" methods of
"measuring" public reactions. The politicians
should beware of them... should realize that the
hustings is in the great tradition of democratic
politics, that from it have come the great
pronouncements which have been the milestones
in our march to freedom."

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow, sons, let us in all humility and
gratefulness, remember!

Tomorrow is Remembrance Day for those who
gave their lives in the First, Second and let us
hope, the Last World War.

It is only fair that the City should reap
what they have sown in liquor fines. If the fines
are not paid the City has to provide quarters
for the offenders.

The City Council find that it is not possible
to please everybody; whatever they do there is
adverse criticism. But, that of course, is life
and councillors are supposed to be trained to
endure hardship.

There it is. At Amherst in competition with
all and sundry Island producers sweep the
board with winners in ground produce and live
stock. It is the man and woman behind the
cultivation and production that count.

Now that Truman has been re-elected, there
is no need to lose hope over the international
situation, Transport Minister Chevrier, who was
temporarily head of the Canadian delegation to
the United Nations assembly in Paris, reports on
his return to Ottawa.

Today the gasoline engine even provides fertilizer.
The New York Times reports that alkaline
deserts are being restored to productivity by
subjecting water to the exhaust gasses making
it mildly acid.

Macdonald College has developed a project
which deserves to be widely adopted. In cooperation
with other organizations they have created a
"Speakers' Pool" ready to provide speakers on a
wide range of topics from agriculture to town
planning.

Oliver Goldsmith, British poet, dramatist
and man of letters, born this date 1728. His
Vicar of Wakefield, is one of the masterpieces
of English fiction. His poem, The Deserted Village,
will not readily be forgotten: "The folly of
others is ever most ridiculous to those who are
themselves most foolish."

Labour Minister Mitchell has given a report
which reflects high credit on Canada's veterans.
A majority of ex-service men have asked
for "minimum assistance" from the Government,
reestablishing themselves chiefly by their own
efforts.

Montreal police credit their juveniles' club
with cutting delinquency 50 per cent below what
it was three years ago. It seems just possible
the fact that fathers who were otherwise
engaged at that time are now back might also
have something to do with the improvement.

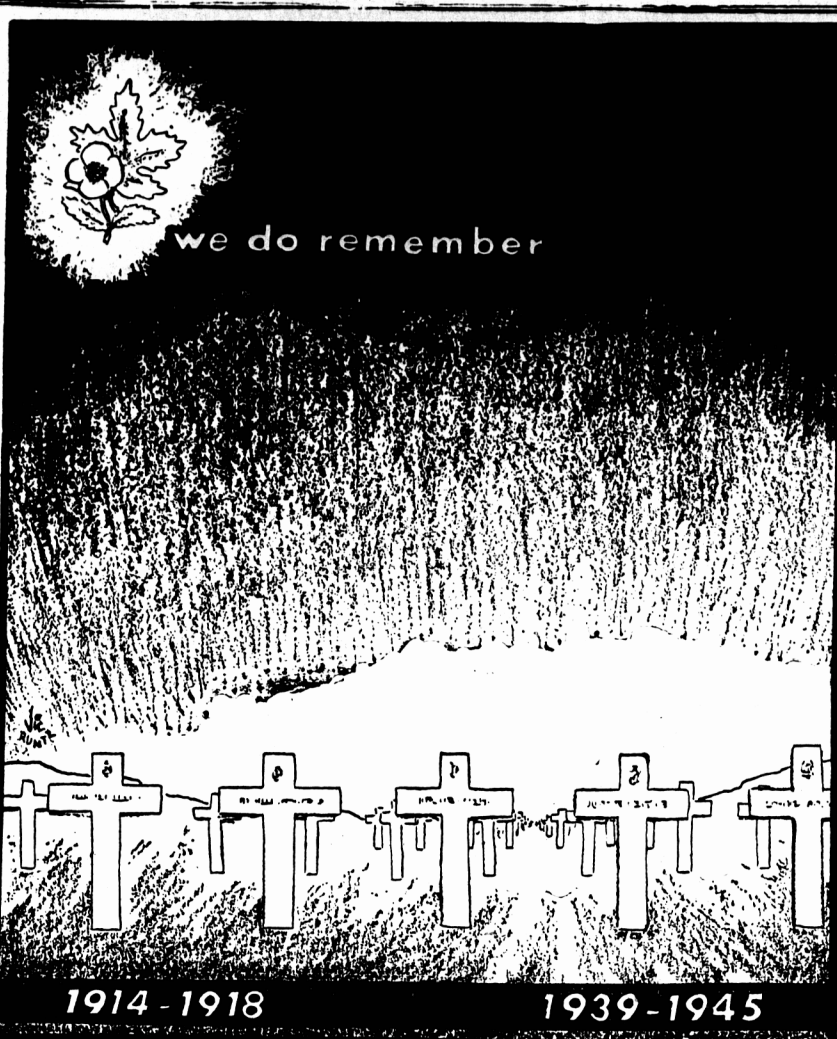
Ontario Young Liberals seem to give the
Conservative Ontario government credit for
controlling even rainfall and water table levels.
Their president, when lights went out at a recent
meeting, cried, "See what George Drew has
done to Hydro!"

Saskatchewan's Attorney-General, Mr. J.
W. Cormack does not favour rent control being
thrown on the Provincial Government. He admits
that there must be control and supervision
of rents by some authority, and "in the interests
of uniformity, that authority should be federal."

At this season, in particular, it is comforting
to have assurance that European graves of
Canadian servicemen are being carefully tended.
Hon. Wing Commander L. A. Costello, Principal
Chaplain (RC), R.C.A.F., newly back from
visiting a number of military cemeteries has high
praise for the Imperial War Graves Commission.

Bacon and eggs have been the Englishman's
staple breakfast for untold generations. Now
his quota has been reduced to one ounce bacon
per week and no eggs. That will not provide
much of a bellyfull to a race once famed for its
abundant consumption of roast beef and ale.
Let us share some of our surplus with them in
time for Christmas.

Is leniency to convicted criminals justifiable?
Ninety-seven per cent of prisoners released
on parole from Canadian penal institutions do
not return to their former habits. Hon.
Joseph Jean, Solicitor General of Canada, said
at the weekly luncheon meeting of the St.
Lawrence Kiwanis Club in the Ritz Carlton
Hotel in Montreal recently. "Only three per cent
of the paroled prisoners fail to live up to the
confidence placed in them and return later to
a penal institution, the members of Parliament
for Montreal Mercier declared.



Gardens of the Dead

(Major Colin McDougall in The
Legionary)

From Wollen I travelled south
and west of Nijmegen and Arnhem
and was able to visit briefly the
cemetery at Groesbeek, which
situated on a hilltop, looks out over
the valleys to the flowing Rhine
and the Hochwald where such bitter
fighting took place in the rain
and mud in that long-ago February
of 1945 when the advancing Canadian
troops took their first steps
into and through the Siegfried
Line. Here in the peace and quiet
of the rolling countryside, with the
sun shining brightly on the rows of
white crosses, one wondered if one
had not dreamed those other days
when the crash of hurling steel
smote the ears and the smoke from
hundreds of guns drifted in the
dull, gray light of day. But those
rows of silent witnesses proclaimed
the truth and confirmed that it
was no dream.

IN FRANCE

Later I was able to visit the
cemeteries at Beny-sur-Mer and
Bretteville-sur-Lai in Normandy.
In the waving fields the farmers
were busy bringing in the harvest
on either side of that long, straight
road that runs from Caen to
Paris.

The Poet's Corner

IN MEMORIAM
On sea
On land
And in the air
They voyaged for Freedom.
For dear Lands they strove,
They rejoiced in High Flight.

REQUIESCANT
In lonely watches night by night,
Great visions burst upon my sight,
For down the stretches of the sky
The hosts of dead go marching by.

Strange ghostly banners o'er them
float,
Strange bugles sound an awful
note,
And all their faces and their eyes
Are lit with starlight from the
skies.
The anguish and the pain have
passed
And peace hath come to them at
last,
But in the stern looks linger still
The iron purpose and the will.

Dear Christ, who reign'st above the
flood,
Of human tears and human blood,
A weary road these men have trod,
O house them in the home of God.

—Frederick George Scott.

The Age-Old Story

Thou shalt guide me with Thy
council,
and afterwards receive me
to glory.

PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open to the
discussion of questions of
interest. The
Guardian does not necessarily
endorse the opinion of
correspondents.

COLONEL DREW'S PLEDGE

Sir—For many years past, owing
to my position as a Judge I have
taken no interest in politics,
although I am now free to do so I
have no intention of expressing my
political opinions and in this letter
I am simply urging a matter which
is of provincial interest regardless
of political bias.

HOLLAND'S ARRIVAL

The British Government commis-
sioned Captain Samuel Holland as
Surveyor General of the district
north of the Potomac on March 23,
1764, and instructed him to begin
with St. John's Island (Prince Ed-
ward Island) on account of its fish-
eries. Lieutenants Robinson, Bial-
land, and Carleton and Thomas
Wright were appointed as his as-
sistants and an armed merchant
vessel of 200 tons, the Canoeaux,
manned by 40 men, under command
of Lieutenant Henry Mowat, was
placed at his service.

Notes By The Way

The old army tradition that there
is a field marshal's baton in every
soldier's knapsack, is borne out by
the appointment of General Sir Wil-
liam Slim as chief of the British
Imperial General Staff. He started
in the army as a private soldier in
the Territorial Army in the First
World War. — Oshawa Times-Gaz-
ette.

In a quarter of a century on the
western plains we have perfected
No. 1 Hard wheat, the standard of
the world. It has there been the
slightest attempt to bring out-
selves to the No. 1 Hard quality.
The seed thing is not so much that
most of us would be classified as
cracked, chipped, tough or soft, as
that we make so little effort to
bring ourselves up to that stand-
ard. — High River Times.

In England there is no incentive
to bold undertakings. . . . Today
it is safer to be a bureaucrat than
a maker, and the young men know
it. . . . Socialism is competition
without prizes, boredom without
hope, war without victory, and
statistics without end. It takes the
heart out of young men. . . . It is
not only politically false, but morally
destructive. — London Sunday
Times.

ABOUT WEARING CLOTHES

WEARING CLOTHES WELL IS JUST A MATTER OF
WEARING THE RIGHT CLOTHES, AND THAT MEANS GAR-
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FITTED WITH DUE CARE AND STYLED TO YOUR INDIVID-
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J. P. MacPHERSON & SON

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Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

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