THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

Morning Daily (Founded in 1887)

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

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1944

A Home Front Appeal

One army which is always on active service is the Salvation Army. During this war, the demands made upon the Salvation Army have been particularly heavy, and it is expected that still heavier demands will be made during the rehabilitation period. As all are aware, the Salvation Army, in the magnificent work it is doing, makes no distinction as to class or creed. It has won the fullest confidence and appreciation of all sections of our people, who in the past have generously responded to financial appeals for support.

Today marks the launching of the Salvation Army's "home front appeal" on a Canada-wide front. The campaign will continue all this week, but it is hoped to complete the Charlottetown canvass in one day—tomorrow. This will depend on the fullest co-operation of the public generally. The amount expected from Charlottetown is $4,000, from Summerside $1,000 and from the rural areas of the Province $1,000. There are, of course, many demands on the purse at this time, and it must not be forgotten that there is another war loan in the immediate offing. Nevertheless, organizations doing the great humanitarian work which the Salvation Army is performing simply must be maintained. It is a privilege as well as a duty of citizenship to contribute to such a cause, and it is to be hoped that the response will be in keeping with the vital importance of the appeal being made at this time.

Chose Fighting Ground

Neepawa, Manitoba, the constituency in which Hon. John Bracken will seek election to the Dominion Parliament, is fighting ground. It has been represented for the last two terms by Mr. Frederick Donald MacKenzie, a graduate of Queen's University, whose grandfather was a political prisoner of 1837—evidently a collaborator of William Lyon Mackenzie, "the Little Rebel." He served for several years in the Great War, chiefly with the Canadian Field Artillery, and has more recently been president of the Manitoba Secondary Schools Athletic Association and vice-president of the Manitoba Educational Association. He won the riding in 1940 by a majority of 1,859 over the National Government candidate, and had a lead of 1,386 in 1935.

It will be seen, says an exchange, that Mr. Bracken will meet a foeman of standing if Mr. MacKenzie seeks re-election, and undoubtedly there will be C. C. F. opposition. But the people love a keen contest, and they will admire the Progressive Conservative Leader for rejecting offers of safe seats and electing to get into the forefront of battle.

The Battle Of Germany

With the breaching of the Nazi west wall, full scale fighting has started in Germany on the east of the Siegfried Line. The Supreme Allied Command does not harbor a doubt as to the ability of the armies of liberation to push their offensive, and to push it quickly, into the heart of Germany. General Eisenhower has warned the civilian inhabitants of the Ruhr and the Rhineland to be prepared for gigantic military operations within their territory in the immediate future. When that occurs, two momentous revelations are virtually certain to break upon the whole world. One will be the fatal scarcity of heavy armament and even of essential military equipment and supplies for the armies of the Reich, in the face of an Allied offensive amply furnished with the most formidable equipment that ever panoplied a military force in the world's history. The other may be—almost certainly will be—the discovery that, despite all that has been said to the contrary with such insistence, the "impossible" national revolt against the Nazi regime has become a flaming reality. When the Allied armies have crossed the German frontiers, the Review of World Affairs says, "the Gestapo will have all its powers taken from it by the Army and the generals." Regarding the end of the war, the same authority affirms, the Germans no longer say that the Fuehrer will decide, but that "Our generals will decide." When the last ditch has been reached the military command will no longer take orders from Adolf Hitler. And the last ditch is in sight.

The Helicopter

The Ontario Government has been investigating the possibilities in that new development of flying—the helicopter. Of particular interest to the Ontario authorities are the potentialities of the new machine to fight forest fires. The helicopter is lifted from the ground by a rotor, two wings which look like a giant propeller. The rotor gives the ship a twisting action, difficult to control. Mr. Stanley Hillier, jun., took one look at a moving picture of a helicopter and, with the insight of genius (he was only 12 years old when he invented a miniature racing auto), saw the answer. It was two rotors on the same shaft, turning in opposite directions. Thus he designed a machine, much easier to pilot, it is claimed, which can be parked in a garage by folding the rotor blades, and which will fly farther and faster.

In one thousand cities of the United States plans are now under way to establish public helicopter services in downtown areas. Similar plans are being considered in Canada. A service which promises to fly passengers from Hamilton to Toronto in half-an-hour has been spoken of.

In San Francisco before an audience of naval officers, Mr. Hillier the other day demonstrated the manoeuvrability of his helicopter. He lifted it a foot off the ground, held it steady, turned it around in the air, and landed within a foot of where he took off. When civilian flying is permitted again, many people who never gave serious thought to the matter before will take to the air. For daring youth, the aeroplane will have its attractions, but as a vehicle for taking one to and from business, the helicopter will have decided appeal for an increasingly air-minded public.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The shooting season opens Wednesday, and the prospects are reported good.

* * * *

When Foreign Secretary Eden found it necessary to fly the broad Atlantic to communicate with Mr. Churchill, it must have been something so secret and important that even Mr. Mackenzie King could not be trusted with it in the Foreign Office code.

* * * *

Matthew Prior, English poet and diplomat, died this date 1721; helped to negotiate the treaties of Ryswick, 1697, and Utrecht, 1713, impeached and imprisoned in 1715; wrote a long poem, *Solomon On The Vanity Of The World*. also many shorter verses:

"Think, to be happy; to be great, be wise:
Content of spirit must from science flow,
For 'tis a god-like attribute to know." - - - -
"What is a King? A man condemned to bear
The public burden of the nation's care."

* * * *

"Buzz" Beurling, ace, originally joined the R. A. F. in England, because he did not possess the educational qualifications to permit him to enter the R.C.A.F. After he had made good and earned his reputation, he transferred to the R. C. A. F. Not being able to get along with the powers-that-be in his new outfit, he resigned, to take effect Saturday. Now he announces he will return to the R. A. F. as a civilian but will go straight into operations, possibly in China. Britain has always a niche for a "bonny fighter."

* * * *

Gallup Poll, on compulsory military service in peacetime, taken among youths 15 to 24, showed 52% for, 36% against, 12% undecided. Most striking is the fact that the proportions were the same in Quebec as elsewhere—indicating the truth of what we have said—that unpatriotic, isolationist ideas in Quebec are not a normal product of public opinion, but the result of carefully planned propaganda—for which we must hold guilty the King Government in the first place; the "Nationalists" in the second place, and Professor F. R. Scott's C. C. F. school of thinking in the third place. "Incidentally," says *The Letter Review*, "one does not forget that poor Dr. Manion tried to follow the same crooked and dishonest path."

* * * *

A nigger in the potato pile has been uncovered by the New Brunswick potato growers. The potato "floor" which we heard so much about recently is not intended to become operative until the conclusion of the war, that is, after Japan has been beaten. Mr. J. C. Taggart, chairman of the Agricultural Prices Support Board at Ottawa has advised Mr. H. H. Hatfield, the Maritime Farmers M. P., to that effect, writing: "The operative section of the act accordingly has not been proclaimed, but the board has been appointed and authorized to do all necessary preparatory work so as to be in a position to undertake active operations when the act is fully proclaimed." Another Mackenzie King "fast one"! Assuredly with the present Government "the rule is, jam tomorrow and jam yesterday—but never jam today."

* * * *

Mr. R. A. Davies, Soviet propagandist now paid by Canada to send Soviet propaganda from Russia, has recently sent out a story of the Russians having invented perennial wheat, says *The Printed Word*. That the Russians have been experimenting with such a plan is no new story; something which every expert in agronomy knows. That the Russians have obtained success, and found a wheat which can be grown for several years in succession without replanting, on a large scale, is most doubtful. Mr. Dyson Carter, a couple of years ago, was saying that the Russians had invented a wheat which produced two more grains per ear and this doubled the yield per acre. After it was pointed out that this would mean that the previous Russian wheat could only have had two grains per ear, the noise died down. The worst service being performed for Russia is to be found in the absurd stories which Canadian Leftists find it necessary to tell about a nation which is really making remarkable progress—as various other nations are also doing.

* * * *

By custom, the decision on the date of a general election belongs to the prime minister personally and while he may seek the views of his ministers it is not considered likely a decision on the election will be made in cabinet. As an end of hostilities grows more certain, the importance of acting on certain post-war economic matters becomes more urgent. The establishment of the proposed new departments of reconstruction, veterans affairs and national health and welfare and the assignment of ministers to them may soon be announced. In the period that has elapsed since the end of the session, Mr. King and his ministers have had time to prepare their recommendations to the cabinet on these and a number of other questions. One of the other subjects which may be settled soon is the appointment of a royal commission to investigate the coal industry and its post-war prospects. Another is a royal commission to report on the loyalty of Canadian residents of Japanese origin. Above and beyond these are the appointments to Senate, Governorships, Judgeships, etc., long overdue and anxiously anticipated by more or less deserving party supporters

Notes By The Way

The war of 1914-1918 ended on Armistic Day, but this one will only end on Unconditional Surrender Day. — Ottawa Journal.

Though Hitler's double was blown up in the explosion, Adolf nearby, was unscathed. Sometimes it's smart to be beside oneself. — Chicago News.

It turns out that few of the enemy encircled by Gen Patton finally got away. Since that speech in London he has learned to keep his trap shut. — Sudbury Daily Star.

The first question asked by a German airman after landing by parachute in the metropolis was, "Is this London?" When our pilots bail out they ask, "Was this Berlin?" — Punch.

There is something terribly humbling about an earthquake. It's effort is to whittle down man to his true proportions and compel him to realize that he is not the real boss on this whirling planet—just a puny occupant by consent.—Hamilton Spectator.

The navy discloses that 44,956 Japaneses dead were counted on Saipan, Tinian and Guam, after three conquests of islands in which 4,643 American lost their lives. The ten-to-one ratio shows how our dead were avenged.

To those people who are receiving the dreaded messages of death, or missing, or wounded, there is a community of sorrow. They all know what it means to lose a son or husband or to have their lives in danger. They have growing impatience with those who are not doing their share or who are drifting easily along taking the war lightly. — Oshawa Times-Gazette.

Surveys conducted by the Amerian Road Builders' Association have shown that road and street needs in the United States for the next several years total in the neighborhood of 16 billion dollars. Of that amount, urgently needed construction, to replace the deficiencies which developed during the depression and during the war, will total at least 10 billion dollars. — Highway News.

We have heard too many diagnoses of the cause of juvenile delinquency, and too few cures. Most authorities, self-styled and otherwise, agree that the fault lies with the parents. But the City of San Francisco is doing something about it. Parents of delinquents are "sentenced" by a juvenile court to eight lecture on how to rear children. Perfect attendance may bring them a suspended sentence, other things being equal. But the case is not disposed of till school is finished. Sounds like a good idea. — Kitchener Record.

Before the war the Rostov Region had nine drama theatres and many cinemas attended annually by 145,000 workers collective farmers, students and others. The magnificent theatre in Rostov dedicated to Maxim Gorky had a seating capacity of 2,000 and the largest stage in the Soviet Union. With pedantic consistency and bestial brutality the Germans attempted to destroy every institution of Russian culture and science. After the Nazis were routed it was found that of the nine theatre in the Rostov Region, only one remained intact; the others were reduced to heaps of rubble.— USSR Bulletin.

What is happening to our language? Quite good writers no longer seem to distinguish between "precipitate" and "precipitous," between "elemental" and "elementary," between "disinterested" and "uninterested" between "historical" and "historic. And one hears many a broadcaster pronounce "integral" as "intregal," as though the word came from intrigue instead of from integrity. If we are not able to make fine distinctions in words, we shall cease to be able to make them in our thinking. Are we destined to become a thick-witted people, incapable of analysis? Milton said that a people that has no language is sure to lose its liberties. Did he mean by "no language" something like our present progressive improverishment in the means of expression- — Letter in N.Y. Times

Some years ago we concluded that a perennial wheat in the great wheat growing areas of Western Canada would not likely be of much value as a wheat, in as much as it would not likely be possible to control weeds and moisture, were the perennial wheat grown under our conditions. Then there is the question of winter hardiness. Crosses have been made in Canada between our most hardy winter wheat, Kharkov, and certain grasses of the same species used by the Russians, but we have succeeded in producing anything appreciably hardier than Kharkov, that is, anything of any economic value. Kharkov itself is not hardy enough to be depended upon in the wheat growing areas of the open prairies. — (Dr. L.H. Newman, Dominion Cerealist)

Resort to pilotless aircraft is a impotence by the Luftwaffe. Shooting off missiles into the blue on the off-chance that they hit something when they come down would not be a rational operation for an air force which possessed crews and planes adequate to reach and bombard targets. The production of that "novel weapon," the missile fired blind, has been reserved for the period when the Luftwaffe has lost hope of winning the air war. If we, while still outnumbered, had been foolish enough to start building pilotless planes we should never have battered German production beyond recovery and prepared the way for invasion. Pilotless is the word for German air planes as well as planes. Blind blows of despair may inflict some damage on us, but they confirm that we have only to "carry on" and victory is assured. — Daily Telegraph and Morning Post (London):

A Quebecker Paper Speaks Its Mind

("Le Jour")

We know many who rejoiced, or made a pretense of rejoicing in the liberation of France, who might better have buried themselves.

Those have no right to celebrate the deliverance of our ancient mother country who, for five years now, have tried to sabotage our war effort and employed all their energy to prevent their fellow-countrymen from hastening to the help of the land of our ancestors.

All the leaders and apostles of the Bloc Populaire showed themselves, during that time of shame, the enemies of France. They supported the cause of the capitulators and the collaborationists, mounted Petain on a pedestal, excused the treason of Laval; they ridiculed our volunteers in the Canadian army and insulted whoever presented this conflict as the supreme struggle for liberty and civilization; they incited an uncounted number of our youth to fly to the Laurentians instead of marching to the aid of the oppressed nations; they villified without ceasing the Fighting French while at the same time casting discredit on the war aims of all our Allies, England, the United States, Russia; they gave our little province, as a model, the stupid and absurd isolationism of Southern Ireland.

It is surely not the Laurendeaus, the Chaloults, the Maximes, nor the petty Nazis enrolled in the Bloc who from now on will dare stand without blushing before a tricolour. Leave those traitors to their pale emblem of defeat, to their faded Carillon flower, to their pasty corpse colour. They do not merit even the disdain of Marianne.

For more than a century, pedagogues and bonzes have taught our youth hatred for the France of the Revolution. They could not forgive that country for having, with the United States, led the triumphant march of liberty. But for all that, they have not been able to forbid our hearts to beat to the strong brave rhythm of the Marseillaise. The better part of the heart of the people they cheated was never theirs. It never will be theirs. Their thin, boney hands, full of curses on courage, on independence and on the joy of living, clutched hungrily, angrily at that healthy part of a heart that had no wish to die. They could not strangle it. It vibrated with the bells of Notre Dame, announcing the resurrection of the French Republic: it vibrated before the sickly eyes of those small disciples of Maurras who think still of the mantle of Louis XIV, and dream of a country of courtiers and serfs. The blue, white and red will reappear beside the Union Jack in our people's great holidays. But let those not dare to look on it, much less touch it who, between 1939 and 1945, spat upon the flags of our allies.

Wodehouse Again

(Winnipeg Free Press.)

Many must have been surprised to hear that P.G. Wodehouse, once their most amusing if not most favorite author, awaited the coming of the war correspondents in Paris. He was not only there, but as though he himself were the Bertie Wooster he created, he fared most comfortably in the fairly swagger Hotel Bristol.

Wodehouse said he is anxious to get back to England to explain a conduct that most Englishmen appeared to think most un-English. But the British government, apparently, does not want to hear what he may wish to say, for no charge is to be laid against him.

Perhaps the charge was laid long ago, early in the war, and it was laid by public opinion, both in Britain and in America. Wodehouse says now that he never imagined he would offend good taste at least on both sides of the Atlantic when he broadcast from Germany. He says now he thought he was only addressing a few cheery words to friends who would want to know how he got along.

Well, let it go at that. But what of the other lapses in which he offended? Why was he, at all, at Le Touquet, having a good time, while the war was on and the enemy was hurling his armored columns toward the Channel?

And when Wodehouse and his household were caught in the German onrush, when all Englishmen were doing their bit in in their own country, he was inviting the officers commanding enemy units to join him in the cocktail party he was holding while the British army bled.

Well, there's not going to be any charge laid against Wodehouse for pouring cocktails for the enemy about to drench his fellow countrymen in bombs from the air. British authority does not have to frame a charge of that kind, for it knows that British public opinion has long ago scorned the lack of thought and the indelicacy of taste that Wodehouse showed when he made guests in his seaside home in France of the enemies of his country.

* * *

No charge will be laid against Wodehouse for getting transported from the sparse and lean conditions of internment as a prisoner of war in Upper Silesia to the famed sumptuousness of the Hotel Adlon in Berlin. His fellow prisoners, most of whom had been captured as the fate war ladled out to them, had to stick it out, and put up with their lot. Wodehouse will not be charged with deserting them, but he will never be able to explain why he did so.

Nor will a charge be laid against him officially, accusing him of living in plenty in the Hotel Bristol in Paris, although how he came to be doing so, how he avoided remaining in concentration in Germay during the last four years, how he managed to have his wife join him in Germany long after she, too, was taken prisoner at Le Touquet, are questions he may never be asked to answer. For no matter how he may laugh them off, no matter how lightly he may have looked on what he did, regarding it as laughingly as he did, broadcasting dubiously five times from inside Germany, they denote a lapse in conduct, a thickness in the skin, a poverty in the joke, that must hurt the feelings and step on the pride of those who stood for "The Code of the Woosters," as Wodehouse himself expounded it while served by the Jeeves who would have acted differently.

NIGHT

After a Hot Summer Day
The maple-tree branches
Hang down in a darkness that is
without breath;
The leaves lie heavily, one on another,
Flat and unmoving;
Green grass and white clover
Release a richer fragrance for having borne
The long day's sun;
Even the little stones on the road
Are warm to the touch ... at
midnight.

The blue delphiniums
Standing in deep silence,
Droop from their tops like shepherds' crooks
And the humming bird has gone
away;
One cricket by the doorstep,
Drops his tuneless notes into the
grass
Where they are quickly hushed

All along the shore
The thin dissolving waves
Crumple and hiss among the rocks;
A solitary gull, going forward on a
late, high errand,
Speaks just once as he spreads his
wings
Over the level sea;

Time swings down the morning side
of midnight
And a coolness will come freshening
Before dawn.

—Martha Banning Thomas in The Washington Post.

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PROGRESSIVE-CONSERVATIVE POLL MEETINGS, CARDIGAN

All Progressive-Conservative Electors of the following polls will meet at Cardigan Hall, on Saturday, September 23rd, at 8:30 o'clock, P. M.:

LORNE VALLEY — MARTINVALE — 18-MILE BROOK
BALDWIN'S ROAD — CARDIGAN — ROSENEATH

This meeting is for organization purposes and the Federal Candidate will be in attendance.

BY ORDER OF DISTRICT DIRECTORS.

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