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Well, Now, Mr. Stewart...

Hon. Mr. Stewart, Minister of Tourism, has announced that he has warned all island keepers against racial discrimination, and that except for one incident exposed in the local press, rumors of such discrimination being practiced are entirely unfounded. We were to be prepared to let it go at that, had he not coupled with this statement a remark involving this newspaper in a charge of irresponsibility in mentioning such rumors, and also in filing a report of them to the Canadian Press "for use across Canada."

The last charge is quite untidy, a fact which raises some question as to the minister's whole attitude toward the publicity which resulted in forcing a showdown in this matter.

Since he has chosen to lecture us on the subject of responsibility, it may be in order to ask how much of this quality he has shown on this point. What, precisely, was the nature of his "complete and thorough investigation" into the complaints of other discriminatory incidents? How did he succeed in launching and disposing of it with such astonishing celerity? Who were the witnesses he interrogated, and what precautions did he take to get disinterested evidence?

Highly as we regard the position Mr. Stewart occupies under the Crown, we may tell him that we are as much concerned about the good name of this Province, about its interests, tourist-wise and from every other standpoint, as he is. We have been longer in our role of serving the public in our capacity than he has been in his. We have endeavored to discharge our duties as faithfully, and we shall continue doing so, with or without his good opinion but preferably—of course—in as cordial a relationship with him as we can maintain.

If he knows anything about responsible journalism, however, he should know that while it has been associated with every reform which this country has achieved, its popularity with the "powers that be" has not infrequently been in inverse ratio to the public service it renders.

When Parliament Meets

If Liberal Leader Pearson insists on forcing a non-confidence vote against the Diefenbaker government when Parliament meets, he is unlikely to get support from the New Democratic Party. This is how we interpret the statement of the NDP leader, Mr. T.C. Douglas, in counselling against any general election. It would be irresponsible, he says, for Opposition parties to force one with the country in its present state—unless the government fails to cope with the situation.

Mr. Pearson, of course, contends that the government has already failed in this respect. But Mr. Douglas' statement indicates that he is not prepared to make a snap judgment at this time. Even though he doesn't like the government's austerity program, he says an early election would impede it in carrying it through. If the program doesn't succeed, the country would be in jeopardy economically. He doesn't want to take the responsibility of clipping its wings before it starts to get off the ground.

Here, we think, Mr. Douglas is showing shrewd political sense in agreement in their opposition to the government, but Mr. Douglas

wants it given a fair trial, not a lynching. Perhaps he shares Mr. Pearson's conviction that it will hang anyway, but he wants the formalities to be duly observed.

So, when that motion comes up that Mr. Pearson says he's going to move, it will be interesting to see how the jury splits. The Conservatives, if they play their cards well, should be able to come out on top, for the time being at least. It will be a situation that would have intrigued the late Prime Minister Mackenzie King, who was a master at this kind of manoeuvring. Mr. Diefenbaker, who has, studied his whole bag of tricks, and may come up with some new ones of his own when the House meets. Whichever way it goes, he's likely to remain the star performer at this session.

The Lost MacDonalds

There are some lost MacDonalds somewhere, and the Cape Breton Post hazards the guess that Cape Breton Island would seem a likely place for the search to be intensified. Well, there may be a few of them, so we'd better explain what it is all about.

It's the Clan Donald Society of Scotland that's looking for them. It seems that there were 20 families, mostly from the Hebridean islands of North and South Uist, Harris and Skye, who held lands in these islands. An appeal for help in locating the descendants has gone forth from the society's secretary, who lives in a place named Benbecula.

The secretary reports that the search for the lost MacDonald clansmen has been going on for some time, but only four families have so far been traced—one from North Uist and three from Skye. The descendants of these families who at one time had estates in Heisker off North Uist and Dunvegan in Skye have been traced in North America and Australia, where they emigrated about 80 years ago.

Others have not been heard of for nearly 200 years, but the society believes that many more can be traced if the word of the search is spread amongst all MacDonalds whose forebears migrated from the Hebrides to various parts of the world.

Hidden Business Tax

A study by the Canadian Tax Foundation of the records of 129 companies showed the firms to pay an average of \$65,000 annually for the bookkeeping involved in their various taxing duties. Of this amount, \$48,000 is spent on computing and paying the company's own income tax, sales and excise taxes, customs duties, municipal property and business taxes, and other levies. But the remaining \$17,000 is spent collecting the taxes owed by others, including the income taxes of employees and retail sales taxes. The companies studied employed an average of 11 or 12 extra employees to handle this bookkeeping.

The Globe and Mail, Toronto, makes out a strong case against investigation by the Royal Commission now being appointed into the equity, efficiency and constitutionality of this method of tax collecting. The expenses referred to are in addition to those incurred by business in performing other duties for the Government—collecting information for the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, for example, or preparing briefs and submissions in connection with applications for various licenses to do business.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Police Association of Ontario has raised an interesting point. It is that a police officer chasing a speeding car could be charged with careless driving. The premise there is that two wrongs do not make a right—or do they?

Russia's obsession with secrecy is always good for chuckles in the west. The London Observer reports that censorship even extends to contents of western scientific periodicals. Of 28 recent issues of the British magazine Nature, 18 were censored. What the Russians do is buy a few copies of Nature. The censors then clip paragraphs, whole pages, entire articles or, at times, even individual words. The ripped up magazine is then copied by a photographic process and copies are sent to Russian scientists—cleansed of all material the censors think objectionable.



OLD ROCKING CHAIR'S GOT ME

OTTAWA REPORT by Patrick Nicholson

Here And There About The Capital

The Moscow Circus, which selected Canada for its first visit to North America, opened its tour in Ottawa last week. It established itself at once as a "must" for every circus buff. It is predominantly a human circus, with skilled and courageous men and women gaily carrying the generous and almost non-stop applause of Ottawa's enthusiastic audience. But the trained bears of Valentin Filatov stole the show. Riding motor-bikes and scooters, roller-skating, boxing, juggling and acrobatics, they excelled. Even as bicyclists they are so much more adroit than Ottawa messengers that Bunny Pound, that V.I.P. among secretaries on Parliament Hill, went back stage and had a close look to see if they were real bears, or men sewn into bear skins. A government official sent an order to the manager of that Russian circus: "During their stay in Canada, the animals must not be allowed to mingle with Canadian animals." Afraid the Banff bears might turn to hives, and clutter the Trans-Canada highway?

Uneasy Nostalgia

By Alan Harvey, Canadian Press Staff Writer

There'll be many a moist eye and sad heart when Commonwealth prime ministers gather next week in Marlborough House. Like schoolboys when the summer holidays are over, statesmen will be afflicted with an uneasy nostalgia, an impression that things are never to be the same again. This will apply particularly to the so-called white dominions—Canada, Australia and New Zealand—and the United Kingdom. All are apprehensive that Britain's bid to enter the European Economic Community marks a change in Commonwealth affairs.

As ministers assemble in the opulent conference room overlooking the mall, around a 38-foot-long table of glowing red rings, wood from Africa, even the most convinced European may feel a tremor of regret for the changing Commonwealth. EVILS IDEAL Britain has always instinctively felt themselves bound up with something bigger than their own tiny island. The Commonwealth ideal has helped to compensate for the death of empire. Now they vaguely feel they are selling the Commonwealth down the river. In Australia, where the flag of the emerald isles was created in 1788, both communities depend on sales to Britain. Australians think of the old country as

Wandering Grandparents

Denver Post

Are grandpa and grandma obliged to sit in a rocking chair and watch the world go by? Well, not quite, but they are changing their habits just as are the twisters. Once upon a time the family loaded itself into a car or sleigh, bundled up while father adjusted the reins, and with crack of whip and shout set off for grandpa's house and a feast. That was poor grandpa. With more grandpa it was a little bit different. Poor grandpa and grandma were forced to rely on the filial piety and generosity of their young grand-children. They lived with the children, perhaps, or served as baby sitters, bed nappers, and general assistances in the household. The household survived the strain so well, usually, that the grandchildren did not even know that mother and father did not find this the best of all possible worlds. Nobody in those days, consulted grandpa and grandma. But times have changed. Seldom now do grandpa and grandma live with the family. Mother and father are busy, and

Positive Outlook On Retirement Is Seen

RETIREMENT is for those who prepare for it" was and continues to be a good saying. The welfare state has taken care of the financial aspects for many but now there is a mounting concern necessary to make the majority of retired persons happy. They must prepare to enjoy their leisure time. Some industries are taking a positive approach to this aspect of retirement by conducting lectures on how to prepare for it. Those years of employment of 30 to 35 are invited to attend and in some instances, the wife is invited to attend. The speaker said to be experts along this line and discuss personal adjustments, health and leisure, living arrangements, and finances. These different facets of retirement are mentioned as more than a hobby is needed to be happy in the leisure years. Retirement should not be a rootless period. On several occasions we have said the individual is happiest when he returns to something. This applies to most of us, including men and women who welcome retirement as a release from an uninteresting job. It is important to indulge in some advance thinking on the subject to prevent it from becoming a useless period. This may mean a new but less exhilarating job or moving to more pleasant surroundings near relatives or friends. Others will enjoy the freedom to stroll, read, observe, or do whatever they want to. Constructive, self-satisfying activities make the retiree feel useful and needed. The saddest group are those who retire to nothing. These individuals are mostly men, as well as the bottom of the industrial ladder and spend their time dwelling on what they are retired from position, wages, and companionship. They could have used a little advance guidance. Preparation for retirement ought to be started years before. It is a good idea to do some of the wonderful things in life take time to appreciate. A man who never has read a book, made a garden, or gone to a concert cannot bank on enjoying these things the week after his 65th birthday. The seed of interest must be cultivated thru training and education, starting well ahead of the change. The need for good health also must be appreciated. (Dr. Van Dellen will answer questions on medical topics, if stamped, self-addressed envelope accompanies request.)

Conscience is a dreadful bore. The more you listen to it, the more it talks.—Sudbury Star. Statistics show that more than a million women in Canada are overweight but those, of course, are round figures.—Brandon Sun. There were more crimes than births in the United States last year, and all of them were committed by people who were once cuddly little babies.—Hamilton Spectator. There's logic somewhere if you can find it in the ready answer of an 18-year-old Spaniard to the Spanish who who on Saturday charged him with the theft of a motorcycle. The young man explained that he took the motorcycle to return as fast as possible to the municipal jail in Leon, from which he escaped on Friday to attend the annual bullfight. He was in jail in the first place, for the theft of an antique motorcycle.—Cape Breton Post. The army psychiatrist wanted to be sure that the rookie soldier was perfectly normal. Suspiciously he said: "What do you do 'Don't be silly," commented a bored listener. "They grow it that way."—Montreal Star. Always drive as if your children were in the other car.—Sturford Beacon-Herald. First Lady: "It's been so long since I saw you last that I hardly know you. You have aged so." Second Lady: "Really? Well, I wouldn't have known you either, except for that dress."—Montreal Star. The big game hunter had been relating his experiences and adventures while wandering around a native village. "I was drowned on," I spotted a leopard and never saw a doctor," the old man gasped. "And anything I can lay my hands on, I'll eat." "Nope, you even want to die." The man roared and never saw a doctor. "Then why don't you die?" "My wife won't let me, sir."—Galt Reporter. One afternoon, a stranger in town was astonished to see a gray-haired decrepit old man valiantly competing with some youngsters in a grueling game of tackle football. His curiosity was so great that he approached the old fellow to find out the secret of his long life. "I drink two or three quarts of liquor a day, smoke a couple of packs of cigarettes, eat anything I can lay my hands on, and never see a doctor," the old man gasped. "Amazing!" cried the stranger. "And not, at your age, you play football?" The older's bloodshot eyes showed that he was offended. "Get white, mister," he said. "I'm only 16."—Health League of Canada.

OUR YESTERDAYS

(From the Guardian Files) TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO September 8, 1937 Truro, N.S. Dept. 7 (CP) —Nine schools in county districts surrounding Truro have been in a class, as a precautionary measure against the spread of influenza. None of the several cases reported were regarded as serious, but the school was taken to avoid an epidemic of the disease. At the Cathedral United Church last Sunday, the minister was Rev. J. Sutherland Bonnell, D.D., pastor of Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City. The soloists at the service were Miss Ruth Muller and Miss Lena McLure, A.T.C.M. TEN YEARS AGO September 8, 1952 George M. Andrew of New Brunswick, P.E.I. has been appointed Director of Physical Education for the Charlottetown Y.M.C.A. He is also a member of the Y.M.C.A. Board over the weekend. Mr. Andrew is a recent graduate of the School of Physical Education, McGill University. Landsdowne Avenue has been opened. P.E.I. has been named as the name of the new thoroughfare now open between Charlottetown and North River Road, through Crestwood Drive and other recent additions to the Brighton area.

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