

THE GUARDIAN

Authorized as Second Class Mail Post Office Department, Ottawa. The Island Guardian Publishing Co. CIRCULATION Total City Zone 3,765 Retail Trading Zone 8,457 All Others 827 Total Net Paid 13,049 President and Associate Editor, Ian A. Burnett, Associate Editor, Frank Walker. "The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink". CHARLOTTETOWN, TUESDAY, OCT. 16, 1951

Canada Savings Bonds

The sixth series of Canada Savings Bonds are now on sale at investment dealers, banks, and through the payroll savings plan and may be purchased in amounts of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000. The bonds are registered in the owner's name, are non-assignable and non-transferable. They will realize 3.21 percent if held to maturity, but may be cashed at full face value, plus 2 percent interest, at any time.

As their title implies, the bonds are for the purpose of encouraging thrift and saving, and as they are based on the security of the country they offer a gilt-edged investment, particularly to families of moderate means. There should be no difficulty in disposing of the issue, but it is to be hoped that the purchasers will be widely representative of every community across Canada.

The Happy Warrior

At seventy-six Mr. Churchill seems to be more vigorous than ever, travelling in all sorts of conveyances and in all sorts of weather, constantly speech-making, and revelling in one of the stormiest election campaigns of his career. There is no doubt but that he is enjoying every minute of it.

No British parallel to Mr. Churchill's achievements occurs to mind, says an exchange, except that of Mr. Gladstone who fought and won the general election of 1892 at the age of eighty-three years. But Mr. Gladstone, unlike Mr. Churchill, had not at an already advanced age been called upon to endure the ordeal of leading his country through five years of world conflict. By contrast, Mr. Gladstone led a sheltered life.

There are three reasonably close analogies in Canadian political history. Sir John A. Macdonald fought and won a general election in 1891 at the same age as Mr. Churchill. Sir Wilfrid Laurier lost the general election of 1917 also at this advanced age. With both men, and especially with Sir John A., the physical strain of the campaign greatly hastened death. The third is Sir Charles Tupper who returned to lead the stricken ranks of the Conservative party in 1896, at the age of 75 years. Sir Charles was more robust than any of the others. It is often forgotten that he lived until 1915, dying at the great age of 34 years.

However, none of these Canadian leaders had to endure anything comparable to the burdens and strains which Mr. Churchill has carried since 1940.

Pension Payments

For the first three months of 1952—from Jan. 1 to March 31, end of the fiscal year, the Federal Government apparently intends to meet the increased cost of universal \$40 per month old age pensions, estimated at \$252 millions annually, out of the consolidated revenue fund of Canada. The current Government revenue surplus of \$500 millions makes that easy. In the interim before the new 1952-53 fiscal year budget is brought down, probably in April, the Government will have decided exactly what "contributory", "pay-as-you-go" tax revenue plan it will adopt permanently to pay the universal old age pensions.

According to an Ottawa correspondent in the Winnipeg Free Press, several influential financial advisers of the Government are urging that the universal old age pensions should continue to be paid annually out of the total tax revenues of Canada. That's the way the family allowance bill of some \$324 millions is paid. In the United States, the old age Social Security system provides pensions on the basis of the amounts paid in annually by wage earners to a Social Security fund. But these pensions for the small wage earners are very inadequate. They have to be supplemented by old age assistance payments out of the U. S. Federal general fund on a means test basis.

Latest estimates are that 700,000 persons of 70 years and over will qualify at January 1 for the \$40 a month or \$480 per year each. That works out to \$336 millions annually.

To that must be added another estimated \$32 millions a year as the Federal one-half share of 65-69 year old pensions at \$40 a month under a "means test". From this total of \$368 millions must be deducted

about \$110 millions which the Federal Government is already paying as its three-quarter share of the present old age 70 year and over pensions with a "means test". That leaves the extra net estimated 1952 bill at \$258 millions.

A quarter of that, or \$65 1/4 millions will make scarcely a dent in the still growing Government surplus for 1951-52. But anything left over after all bills are paid at March 31, 1952, goes to reduce the national debt. Provision for the extra \$258 millions for 1952-53 will have to be made in the April, 1952 budget along with the rapidly increasing defence costs.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The smell of burning leaves is pleasant, but housewives are inclined to think more of the effect on the family wash.

Judging by police prosecutions there seems to be a considerable increase in the supply of illicit liquor. The attempted delivery of a parcel of liquor to a prisoner at the jail high-lighted the illegal epidemic.

Among new equipment to be shown at a Business Efficiency Exhibition at Bristol, England, is a credit sanction system for big stores which incorporates a super-sensitive telephone and a device whereby bills can be stamped with authorisation by remote control.

Premier Smallwood may be overly optimistic about the establishment of new industries in Newfoundland but it is to be hoped that results exceed his plans. Another nearby industrial market is all to the good for the agricultural producers of this Province.

Residents of Inchbury Street, Hamilton, want to change the name of their street because of the notoriety acquired by a gang of youths using the name. Undoubtedly the action is technically "constructive", but probably less satisfactory than the negative action of breaking up the gang.

Westminster Palace, containing the Houses of Parliament, was burned down, except for the hall, this date 1838. The New Palace or Houses of Parliament was built between 1840 and 1867. The Commons chamber was damaged in the Second World War but has since been rebuilt in a neo-Gothic style.

Lack of winter housing for live stock, like lack of frost-proof storage for potatoes is blamed for some irregular marketing troubles. Money is reasonably plentiful just now and the design of shelters for produce and livestock has made considerable advance so that the situation should steadily improve.

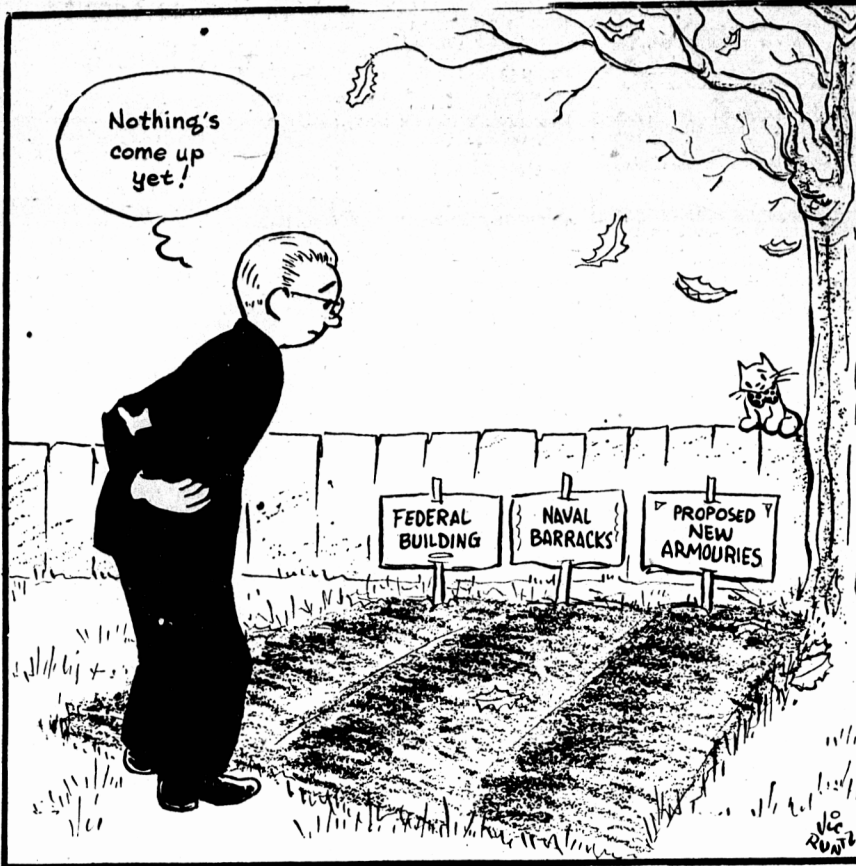
Probably no one, in or out of Government circles, is altogether satisfied with the school situation but all concerned with administration and teaching may well be proud of the results accomplished with the amount of funds available. The example of progressive districts has a leavening effect on the tax-payers of near-by communities who in turn become more willing to finance higher educational standards.

It is awkward that the chairman of the Transport Commission should retire just when the Government orders the Commission to reconsider their decision with regard to Prince Edward Island freight rates. The Board practically called for the enforcement of the Turgeon Commission's report and the C. N. R. taking exception appealed to the Government, which ordered a reconsideration. The chairman thereupon resigned on the ground of ill-health.

Hamilton, Ont., it is reported, had the best reception so far for the Princess and the Duke. There the committee in charge concentrated on the children, with the result the enthusiasm was outstanding—and the Royal Princes were thrilled as never before since their arrival in Canada. Cubs, Brownies, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides all on parade in their uniforms, supported by thousands of other children rendering suitable songs and cheering which thrilled the Royal visitors almost to tears.

The United Kingdom National Health Service completed its first three years in July. The following figures for England and Wales record the progress made in some branches of the Service, to the dates shown: Prescriptions dispensed by pharmaceutical service up to 31. 5. 51. (approx.), 609,000,000. Spectacles supplied up to 1. 4. 51 (estimated), 19,500,000. Patients who received dental treatment up to 2. 6. 51 (approx.), 23,600,000. Dentures supplied to 2. 6. 51 (estimated), 7,000,000. Approximately 41,200,000 (or 95 per cent) of the population have joined the lists of the 18-19,000 general practitioners (88 per cent of the total) in the Service. Virtually all pharmacists are working in the Service, and 95 per cent of the dentists.

Crop Report



Old Charlottetown (And P. E. I.)

PRESS ACCOMMODATION

Journal of the Legislative Assembly, Feb. 19, 1947. The Hon. the Speaker laid before the House the following letter received by him from the proprietors of the different newspapers published in Charlottetown: "To the Hon. the Speaker of the House of Assembly. The proprietors of the Royal Gazette, the Islander, and of the Morning News—forming the whole Press of the Colony—respectfully request that the Honorable the House of Assembly will afford them such accommodation as may be deemed necessary for a reporter or reporters, in order that the proceedings and debates in the House may be conveniently reported and given to the public in their respective journals. They deem it quite unnecessary to make any comment upon the importance of this public duty being discharged, with convenience to the parties performing it, or to refer to the invariable attention shown to the matter in the neighboring Colonies. "The House of Assembly of this Island, having heretofore always evinced an anxious desire to accommodate the Press, they trust that the usual courtesy will, this session, be extended." (Signed James D. Hazard, John Inas, S. R. Moody.) Whereupon it was ordered, "that it be intimated to the different printers, that suitable accommodation will be provided for them."

The Poet's Corner

IN THE HIGHLANDS

In the highlands, in the country places, Where the old plain men have rosy faces, And the young fair maidens Quiet eyes; Where essential silence thrills and blesses, And for ever in the hill-recesses Her more lovely music Broods and dies— O to mount again where erst I haunted; Where the old red hills are bird-enchanting, And the low green meadows Bright with swart; And when even dies, the million-tried, And the night has come, and planets glinted, Lo, the valley hollow Lamp-bestarr'd! O to dream, O to awake and wander There, and with delight to take and render, Through the trance of silence, Quiet breath! Lo! for there, among the flowers and grasses, Only the mightier movement sounds and passes; Only winds and rivers, Life and death.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

SEPARATE BADGES

The military badge of the British order of merit has crossed swords, but the civilian badge bears oak leaves.

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Notes From Another Island

By "Anson"

LONDON, England: The great Festival of Britain Site on the southern bank of the Thames is closed now. The lights no longer shine out, up into the sky and down to the sluggish waters of the river. No longer is there music spreading over the area from the loudspeakers, for there are no more visitors whose ears might require soothing whilst their eyes absorb the wonders around them. There are, instead, only officials and workmen engaged in dismantling the structures—those structures, that is, the fate of which has already been decided: there are others that seem no less difficult to dispose of than to erect—and packing up the vast number of exhibits. Some of the latter present problems of their own. It is fairly simple to return loaned articles to their owners, or to museums, perhaps, or commercial firms. Not quite so easy to find suitable owners, for example, for the live huskies that took part in the Polar Exploration demonstrations. But in time, no doubt, solutions will be found, and in time, too, perhaps the controversial concert hall—the only building on the whole of the site constructed with a view to permanency—will be all that remains as a monument to the marvels that were on show throughout the summer of 1951. With the passage of years it is to be expected that other buildings will grow up around it, and eventually only its name, the Royal Festival Hall, will provide any clue at all as to how it ever came to be where it is. Here and there, of course, the Festival of Britain itself still lingers. The Pleasure Gardens and the Fun Fair at Battersea, for instance, will be open for a few more weeks yet, to the delight of young and old. But, admirable though this part of the Festival is, it doesn't seem quite the same without its rather more highbrow counterpart on the South Bank.

The Festival had its critics, even before it ever opened. Then it was said by some to be a waste of public money, time and labour. Later, having opened in spite of the moaners, it naturally didn't suit everybody. There were criticisms on the score of the South Bank show being too technical in parts. But, then, to coin a phrase based on Abraham Lincoln's words: you cannot please all of the people all of the time, and the fact is, the Festival pleased a lot of people so subtly that they probably never realized it; or if they did, they wouldn't admit it. Take the South Bank part of it. Maybe it was pretty technical

And now it is over, and the closing of the South Bank site was quite a sad occasion. It is missed, if only as a spectacle, and even by people who never went inside. For there were great numbers who saw it only from the other side of the river, who were quite content to stand on the embankment on the North side, lean on the parapet and stare across at more artificial after-dark brilliance than had been seen in the country in years. It was a comfort just to see it there, and a tonic when, having seen it, you thought about it afterwards. We'll keep a memory of it for some while. There'll be pictures in photograph albums, dog-eared catalogues and booklets kept as souvenirs, and if we have occasion to be down by the river we can check up from time to time on what they are doing with the old site. And, of course, if this sort of thing is to take place only once in a hundred years we can look forward, without danger of our thunder being struck in the meantime, to boring our grandchildren with the story that begins: "Oh, yes, I remember..." Wait a minute, though. The futuristic wonders of 1951, that we have thought so marvellous, will surely be old-fashioned by then.

The Age-Old Story

Who is a wise man and endowed with knowledge among you? Let him show out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom. But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth. This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish. For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work. But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. In parts, but we were proud of it even if we didn't understand all of it. After all, a man whose son turns out to be a brilliant scientist doesn't have to comprehend the results of his offspring's work in order to take pride in it. In any case there is plenty that could be appreciated even without complete understanding. The great thing was that it was British, and it was good for us to be reminded that we are still not without talent, skill and imagination. In our pride in what we saw at the Festival, we were, perhaps even without openly admitting it, feeling pride in ourselves as a nation.

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FAMOUS LAKE

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Lessons From Europe In Community Progress

By Leo P. McIsaac Part One (continued) (All Rights Reserved)

We were back in England again, where I had just about time to change into summer clothes, and head for London and the Continent. Thanks to the Principal, the letters of introduction and help from the people at home, and to the officials of I.F.A.P. in Paris, details of my tour had all been worked out. I had tickets and visas galore, a bunch of foreign language dictionaries, a list of contacts and a pretty good general idea of what I wanted to see. This time the crossing was from Dover to Calais, down along the coast to the Somme, and on to Paris. The small, neat, but quite prosperous looking farms along this section of France somehow seemed familiar. The red clay along the coast, the fields getting green and the trees coming into leaf, were much better vineyards than the next few months might be holding some unforeseen obstacles or difficulties. My friend from Oxford was waiting for me at the station in Paris; he had been there for a few weeks studying during vacation, and was to accompany me on my tour of France, Belgium and up to Holland. He had had some practice with his French, especially his ear for it and could understand what to the untrained ear, was total blank because of the speed at which most Frenchmen talk. Although my ticket was paid for, meals and other expenses were my own, so we did not have the best hotel, but a modest and interesting place to stay.

The first evening, we went to the opera. The singing was all in French, but beautiful, and the acting was superb. Of course, they do not put on a performance in France unless it is as nearly perfect as possible. The one production runs so long that it is possible to hire the best actors and singers, and put on nothing but the best. This was the reputation of the French opera developed. We spent three or four days in Paris, discussing the cooperative movement, marketing, rural credit, government agricultural policies and general social and economic problems, with officers and officials of the consumer cooperative movement, the agricultural organizations, and labor leaders. We also visited the headquarters of the political parties and the Chambre des Deputes in session. We met some leaders from the City Fraternal Societies to get the point of view of the religious and business groups. Walter had full evening programs lined up. One was spent with a sociology student who had been teaching at the University of Chicago, and was doing a thesis at the University in Paris. Another evening was spent with a Hungarian friend, whom we met through our common contacts, and who had escaped from Hungary, after his family and many relatives had been purged by the Communists. He was employed by a French newspaper and was responsible for listening in to all the Russian and Eastern radio programs and to keep his paper informed of what was going on, or at least what was being broadcast.

It was at the time of the MacArthur fiasco, and after surveying the situation from his and our point of view, the conversation settled down to just one question: that of time. Was time in favor of the Russians or is it in favor of the Western powers? We felt it was in favor of the Western powers, because it would give us a chance to prepare and meet any assault that might come from the East. He felt sincerely that time was on the side of the Russians, because it gave them an opportunity to overcome the peoples of the countries which they had recently expropriated, and to weed out any of the leaders that might oppose them if the occasion arose. He emphasized that to get rid of the older people or break their spirits, and indoctrinate the youth with the Marxist theory and communist outlook was their system. He and several others, who with similar experiences, and background told us that the greatest advantage the Communist leaders had was time.

There are some large and modern hotels in Paris, but one is intrigued most by their continental style of setting the tables and the chairs on a lawn, or canvas-covered area out front, where out in the fresh air people can eat, drink, be merry and see what is going on. There is still a lot of black-marketing in dollars, and on some streets in Paris we had to push our way around several would-be financiers. There are the usual circuses, parks and fairs of a big city. And some sections have still those "ladies" who operate either on their own or in clubs and who certainly do not enhance the reputation of their own fair city. Since the days of the French Revolution there is little class distinction in France. There are no titles such as Dr., Sir, O.B.E., etc., or dignitaries of any kind. Medical doctors are called "doctor", and a priest, "Father" or "Pere" and the others are just plain Monsieur or Madame.

The French restaurants are nearly always full. In spite of the low average income, often the whole family is taken for a meal. It is not just a snack either, all the trimmings and wines are included. The time we spent in rural France was interesting, although farming practice and economic conditions vary, perhaps as much as in Canada, from North to South. Yet in a general way it is possible to grasp what might be termed as the day to day outlook and habits of the French people. Although rural French people are simple farm folk, and may not be educated very highly in the formal sense of the term, they are refined and cultured and can conduct themselves well in any situation.

On one tour of the south with a group of other visitors with similar interests, to see some of the rural credit banks, the cooperatives and farming conditions, we called on one old farmer who had a large vineyard. Many in our group had never seen wine cellars or vineyards before. There was one very particular vineyard in the vicinity that he had never had distinguished visitors like this before, but was honored that we noticed his place and called to see him. He told us, with the poise of a lecturer, just what the procedure was, and how much more security there was in farming today, now that they had a well organized marketing system and rural credit banks to help them finance new machinery and other needs.

He was glad to show the group around his estate, and led us back to the wine cellar where we had a good taste of his product. He had his little joke by selecting a specially good brand for the lady. When we were leaving he shook hands with each one, thanked the group for calling and wished us, "Bon chance et bon voyage."

Another day, after a short stop at Orleans to look over the home town of Joan of Arc, we went to perhaps one of the best rural cooperative organizations in central France. Walter and I, armed with the name of the society, the name of the manager and the assurance that we would be well treated, arrived about ten thirty in the morning. It was a long established organization. From then until one o'clock we discussed their operations and policies and looking over the stores, bank, grain elevators, seed cleaners, fertilizer plant, garages and general repair shop, and the beautiful homes they had built and kept for their employees. The manager was quite interested because he had planned to come to America within the next year or so, and was anxious to find out a few things, especially about our western wheat growing and marketing organizations, and the new flour mill at Saskatoon. At twelve thirty, we sat in to lunch at a tourist restaurant on the bank of the Loire. We thought we had already seen some good French cooking, but here we were to have an example par excellence. The manager took over and the ordering was just done by the nod of his head. He was too busy explaining to us the history and operations of their organization, and asking questions to bother with a menu.

I found out later that the nod simply meant the best in the house. And so we had it. First there was an appetizer, wine; then hors d'oeuvres, broth, three different kinds of fish, including winkle, and salmon, chicken, and to make a long story short, we had eleven different courses, five different brands of wine which suited perfectly to develop an appetite for each new course, then neutralizing effect or eliminate any feeling one may have of getting full. They have a particular wine, scientifically blended to go with each different course, whether it be salmon, chicken, beef steak, or other kinds of solid food.

We talked and ate steadily for three solid hours. There was occasionally a chance for Walter to catch my eye and to cast one of those mischievous looks or smiles that the dominant character of his superior personality. There was special keenness in his wink, when after nine courses, a platter of steaming "french fries" came out followed by new and huge tumblers and a new quart of specially blended wine for the main course which we had thought we had had several times already. The meal ended, of course, with a liberal chaser of that thick, dark and sweet French Cognac, which almost made one feel like eating more.

After this "lunch" we drove out to the country to see some of the farms and two old castles which are the remnants of the pre-revolution and landlord days. We came back to the station after a very pleasant and instructive visit and were ready for a cup of coffee before boarding the train. On the way back we realized that we now knew what was meant by "french cuisine" and the "science" of cooking and eating. (To be continued)

DRARY CLIMATE

There is snow, rain or fog almost every day of the year on both the east and west coasts of the Kurochka peninsula off Siberia.