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

CHARLOTTETOWN, MONDAY, OCT., 1, 1951

Mr. Churchill, Strategist

When income tax was first introduced in England, later adopted here, in the last century, it was rightly regarded as a serious inroad on the liberty of the individual to do as he liked with his own property. The introduction of compulsory military service, during the First World War, struck many people with horror as foreboding an end to personal freedom. Now the right of the State to demand both the person and the property of the individual, often for carrying out policies with which he may disagree, is taken as a matter of course. If it is asked how this has come about, the answer, surely, is that individual freedom has proved to be incompatible with social justice. The voluntary system in war was found to favour the shirker at the expense of the man who did his duty. The right to amass personal property resulted in extremes of wealth and poverty side by side—both, more often than not, equally undeserved. In these circumstances, realising that, in the world as it is today national defence is necessary, and that the right to keep their wealth is mainly of benefit to the comparatively small number who are ever likely to have any, it is not surprising that the majority of people no longer place great value on individual freedom, but insistently demand social justice. The Conservatives in the United Kingdom general election realize, or at least Mr. Churchill does, that if they pin their faith to the former concept they are likely to find that they are defending a lost cause.

Threat Or Opportunity

The large supply of coarse grains and low grade wheat in the Western provinces is inducing prairie farmers to go in for hog production, largely based on high quality stock from this Province. There is a danger, quite obviously, that as happened with foxes our farmers will establish the basic herds for their western opposite numbers who would then proceed to take away the consumer market. The economy of feeding the grains on the spot makes the possibility very real.

A rather different development, however, could bring continued revenue to Island breeders. If we went in for breeding on a large scale and with the finest stock it would not be difficult to persuade Saskatchewan and other farmers that their best interests would lie in feeding pigs for market. They would find it simpler to buy very young stock from this Province than face the problems of breeding their own stock. Island farmers would secure the advantages of possessing superior types without being under the necessity of competing with the west in feeding costs.

Old Age Pensions Bill

The special meeting of the Provincial Legislature on Oct. 23 is for the purpose of dealing with pensions for needy persons between the ages of sixty-five and sixty-nine. The Ontario Legislature last week passed similar legislation. Under the Federal arrangement, the cost is to be borne fifty-fifty out of general revenue by the Province and the Dominion and takes effect in 1952. Ontario will be the first Province to adopt the new measure.

Commenting on the legislation, the Globe and Mail notes that it is only an installment of the social security program planned for Canada and even as an installment it has serious defects. "The means test, an integral part of this scheme for pensions at sixty-five, is socially indefensible," adds the Toronto paper. "Paying for old age pensions entirely out of general taxes is bad public finance. It is not the Province's fault that the new pensions law has these shortcomings. The pattern was laid down by the Federal Government.

"The means test is to be abolished next year for people over seventy. Thus it has already been accepted and established by law in Canada that it is unfair and against the public interest to deny old age assistance to a man merely because he has saved during his working years or is still able to make a living.

"If this is true with respect to people over seventy, it is equally true with respect to people between sixty-five and sixty-nine. The pension at the lower age is to be payable in cases of need. As it will work out, any one able to make $60 a month from odd jobs or drawing $60 a month from insurance or some other investment will get no pension in the age period sixty-five-sixty-nine; while the person who has saved nothing and earns nothing will get the full monthly payment of $40. There is no justice in this arrangement.

"The question, it may be said, is what the country can afford and this is perfectly true so long as general taxes bear the whole load. But old age pensions, if they are to deserve the name of 'social insurance', ought to be financed by a contributory plan. Both the major political parties in Canada are pledged to introduce a system of contributions, recognizing that it is the only equitable way to do the job and provides the only sound basis of abolition of the means test."

EDITORIAL NOTES

The harvest month.

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O'Leary is Prince Edward Island's newest incorporated village.

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The Huns, pheasant, woodcock and ducks are having their baptism of fire.

* * *

Charity begins at home, but when a child is homeless who can be uncharitable?

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Readers of Mr. Leo P. McIsaac's feature article on this page must be enjoying a feast of reason and a flow of soul.

* * *

"The Island Beautiful" has one more beauty contest settled by the publication of this summer's competition results.

* * *

Finance Minister Abbott, with his extraordinary surplus but the cost of pensions in view, is in the position of an iceman with a surplus of ice—in mid-winter.

* * *

Mr. Winston Churchill is a master strategist both in war and politics, hence it is not surprising he has veered the Conservative Party to the left for election purposes.

* * *

Rhode Island Red pullet No. 225 has laid the record number of 325 eggs in 336 days at the Yorkshire Federation International Laying Test. The previous record of 314 eggs was set up 10 years ago.

* * *

In the Old Country a Conservative politician is taking numerous bets of £1 to trouser button that his party will be returned to office. Not, surely, a plot to take the Labourites at a disadvantage.

* * *

A new means of travel for next year's tourists is to be noted. A two-storey trailer with an upstairs bedroom, ground floor nursery, bathroom, kitchen, living room, and an outside roof garden, will make its appearance at a British Motor Show in London, England, October 17.

* * *

The Chinese, Communists or burglars, do not believe in doing things by halves. Four men, three of whom were armed with revolvers, held up the Chinese Sinhua Bank in Hongkong and within two minutes had disappeared with a sum estimated at between $250,000 and $500,000 in bank notes.

* * *

The Steel Company of Canada Ltd. is placing a series of advertisements in Canadian newspapers to inform the people that this company is shouldering its responsibilities as the leading producer of steel in this country and at the same time present facts about steel making which play a part in the expanding economy of the nation.

* * *

Benjamin Jowett, tutor and master of Balliol College, Oxford, was born this date 1817. He exercised a great influence over the intellectual life of the university. Jowett belonged to the Broad Church School, and was a contributor to "Essays and Reviews" (1860). He wrote on religious subjects and published translations of classical writers.

* * *

Nothing is done right unless according to plan. The haphazard opening up of suburban areas leads mostly to civic trouble later on. Charlottetown and other municipalities should all have active live-wire committees surveying the situation, and governing extensions by rules and regulations in the public interest. A competent engineer or builder should be on each committee or available for consultation and advice. This in addition to Government officials.

* * *

We are nearly all set for our Fall and Winter work of progress and development. Men and women of good will have made a beginning once more in endeavouring to improve our community planning, our homes and schools, the unification of our lobster fisheries, and the furthering of our fish and game operations, not to mention community music and institute interests, and of course our sport and pastimes. We are not a large community, but we give ample evidence of being as busy as the proverbial bees.

Safety Notes For Nimrods

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

THIEVES ON THE PROWL

"These night marauders have again been abroad during the past week, plundering and destroying the property of the inhabitants of the town. On the night of the 21st, the conservatory of the Hon. T. H. Haviland was broken into by two persons, who took therefrom a quantity of grapes, after maliciously destroying the vines. On the same night an attempt was made to gain admittance into the store of Mr. James Anderson, No. 1 Queen Street, by wrenching the bar from off one of the windows—the parties had partly succeeded, when it would appear that they must have been disturbed. Mr. W. R. Watson's garden was also robbed some few nights since. We hear that some spring guns and steel traps have just been imported from London, for the reception of those persons who are in the habit of visiting gardens at night. We trust they may be warmly received and firmly grasped on their next visit."
—The Islander, Aug. 24, 1849.

The Soul Of Democracy

(S. M. Shoemaker, reprinted from The Evangel)

Democracy is characterized by a spirit which it is hard to define, and this because it is really the Spirit of God that breathes through true democracy. We see the outside of democracy, as we see the outside of a person coming towards us down the street; but the most important thing about that person is the spirit that characterizes him, and the most important thing about democracy is the soul of it.

That soul I profoundly believe to be the Christian religion. Let me back that up by quotations from men far wiser than I. Dr. Jacques Maritain, the great French philosopher and statesman, says: "The consciousness of the rights of the person really has its origin in the conception of man and of the natural laws established by centuries of Christian philosophy." Dr. Northrop, in his great book, "The Meeting of East and West," says: "Locke's modern concept of the soul as a supposedly introspected mental substance gave a new, revolutionary, and excessively ego-centric form to the emphasis upon individual conscience, previously fostered by both Catholics and Protestants, and laid the philosophical basis for the doctrine of complete religious toleration as a positive good which we now take so much for granted in democratic societies."

* * *

Says Dr. William Aylott Orton of Yale, "...it is only in the Christian doctrine of man that we can find a firm and reasoned ground for the (that) American affirmation." And Dr. T. S. Eliot, the brilliant American-British poet: "The term democracy, as I have said again and again, does not contain enough positive content to stand alone against the forces that you dislike... It can easily be transformed by them. If you will not have God (and He is a jealous God) you should pay your respects to Hitler or Stalin". Said the great English writer G. K. Chesterton: "There is no basis for democracy except in a dogma about the divine origin of man."

The weight of so much testimony should convince us beyond question that Christ is the true soul of our culture, the true soul of democracy. We saw a tragic witness to this, of a negative sort, in what took place as gradually Germany discarded her Christian belief for rationalism. Where there is religious faith, there is at least the possibility that man shall find themselves confronted with the laws and judgments of Almighty God; where there is no religion, the man who can make himself strong becomes god to the rest, and there is not a whisper allowed in his vassal state which might call him to account.

Now we do a great deal to nourish the body of democracy; we work and produce, we think and we write, we argue and we vote, we prepare for military defense. But what is a man who has given all his attention to developing a strong body, who has cared nothing for his inner life, his mind or his soul? Must we not give far more thought to cultivating the Christian soul of democracy if we expect it to function well?

I quote Dr. A. J. Toynbee: "Democracy is another leaf from the book of Christianity, which has also, I fear, been torn out and, while not perhaps misread, has certainly been half emptied of meaning by being divorced from its Christian context and secularized; and we have obviously, for a number of generations past, been living on spiritual capital, I mean clinging to Christian practice without possessing the Christian belief—and practice unsupported by belief is a wasting asset, as we have suddenly discovered, to our dismay in this generation."

* * *

All this means that, as we give time to cultivate our Christian faith and with it to nourish our own souls, we are at the same time nourishing the inner life of our nation and its democracy. When a man or woman is soundly converted, the level of the nation is lifted a little. When faith comes into the mind and righteousness into the life, the ripples of that event spread all across the face of the democratic waters. Christians in a democratic society are like bricks in a wall; no one of them makes the wall, but there would be no wall without each of them. Let us remember that the soul of democracy is Christ, and let us seek to know and follow Him.

Notes By The Way

Poland is one of the few countries in Europe with a natural surplus of foodstuffs. It is a naturally agrarian nation, capable of producing more than her people require. But now there is a food shortage there, though it may be due to inefficiency of distribution rather than of production. This implies one of four things or possibly all four. Either the Communist system is inefficient either in production or distribution, or both, or the farmers are deliberately slowing up production. If these aren't the answer, then Poland is being forced to export more than she should, to Russia, or elsewhere. In any event, it is a black eye for Communism. — Windsor Daily Star.

In Britain, if you buy a pound of tea off a friend who has some to spare, you are liable to a fine of 500 pounds and year in jail for obtaining it without coupons. The comment on this, made by "Individualism," is that it's much cheaper to knock an old woman over the head and pinch her handbag. The latter practice, fortunately, has never caught on much in England, though a few cases are reported. But the queerness of the rules and regulations that surround rationing and subsidy and "equal shares" remains. What if people don't want "equal shares?" What if one person doesn't want tea but would like to get one's "equal share" in order to sell it and get something one wants more? The answer seems to be that you'll get your tea and like it. You can't sell it. — Montreal Daily Star.

A Mexican oil millionaire arrived at Longleat, one of England's stateliest homes, and offered the Marquis of Bath $1,000,000 to buy it outright. "He offered bankers' references and wanted to write a cheque immediately," Lord Bath said. "We had some stone busts outside marked 'For Sale,' and I believe he thought the notice applied to the house. "When I told him it was not for sale he offered me 20,000 pounds for a book in the library. "In poor English he explained he made money in oil. 'I have more money than I can spend,' he said. "Who was he? I wish I knew. I never asked him for his name." Financial Footnote: Longleat cost 8,016 pounds, 13 s., 4 1-2 d. to build in 1580. —London Express.

Our feminists have every reason to rejoice over the decision just taken by the municipal authorities in Canada's capital, without at the same time being able to see it as a great victory for their movement. It is not precisely a new chapter of the feminist movement that has been written in Ottawa in connection with the visit of Their Royal Highnesses Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, but it is none the less an interesting paragraph. In fact, a woman will have the honor of presiding at the municipal reception. Miss Charlotte Whitton, a member of the board of control of Ottawa, who has replaced Mayor Grenville Goodwin since his death in August, will still be in office at the time of the royal visit . . .Ottawa's aldermen deserve congratulation for this mark of deference toward the so-called weaker sex, more particularly in the exceptional circumstances that will present themselves next month. Princess Elizabeth herself will not be displeased. —La Patrie.

The Age-Old Story

These words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee. . . I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world: thine they were, and thou gavest them me; and they have kept thy word. Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth. . . O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee: but I have known thee, and these have known that thou hast sent me. And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it: that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them, and I in them.

The Poet's Corner

HIGH AS THE MOON

Many things live in the mind,
High as a stage of the moon,
Shadow of print on a page;
Edge of a tune.

This corner of street where we stood
When blossoms were snow;
The face of a girl and the doll
In that window show.

Phrases and gestures unchanged
For us who return;
Oak in the pattern that stirs;
Flower and fern.

A kiss reaffirming its claim
In the mind where it clings,
Keen as the saber of star,
As progress of wings.

—Mario Speracio.

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Lessons From Europe In Community Progress

By Leo P. McIsaac

Part One (continued)

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IMPRESSIONS OF WALES

During the first part of the Christmas recess, the overseas students set out on a tour of Wales. We went by train to that old and historic city of Chester, just on the border between England and northern Wales. This is one of the oldest cities of England, going back to the days before accurate records were kept. It is situated on the River Dee, the scene of the old school poem, "The Miller of the Dee", which indicates pretty well the temperament of its people.

We spent an interesting Sunday afternoon looking over pages of actual history, and inspecting the old Roman gates and walls which circle the main part of the city. Some of the streets are paved just as they were when the Romans left. The Chester cathedral is one of the oldest in the land. The city is today and has been for centuries a noted military base. It was at Chester that our boys received special training for that fateful invasion of Dieppe.

We went by bus on into Wales to see some of their group farming scheme, their cooperatives, and Wales itself. It is only a small country, slightly larger than Yorkshire in England, and the greater part of the land is uplands, moorlands and mountain. In the northern part there is more agriculture, while, in the southern part there is more industry.

Today, nearly three quarters of the Welsh population is in the area of the South Wales coalfields, the county of Glamorgan, and parts of Monmouthshire, Carmathenshire and Breckonshire. This is the land of the coal-mines, the iron, steel and tin works, the new factories and the Welsh ports. There are many interesting old residential villages and resorts along the coast of North Wales. Two of the places we visited, Dolgelly and Aberystwyth have some interesting old relics of Roman and Norman times. They tried to persuade us that Caesar himself slept in the old hotel where we stayed in Dolgelly. It could be so, because the hotel appeared old enough and because history tells us that the Romans first landed along the shores of Cardigan Bay. It is quite easy to distinguish between the Welsh people of today and the English, especially after having visited with them both.

* * *

You have to admire the Welsh people; they love their country and to a good listener they do not hesitate to boast a bit about it. They are vigorous, hard-working and determined. They are perhaps the best singers in Britain; at least they will try to sing. They have their own background and during the last two or three generations, their own language has been greatly revived.

The Jones' and Lewis' account for over fifty percent of the population, and other names, they tell us number not more than a couple of dozen.

In spite of working in industry, the town dwelling Welshman never seems to lose touch with the land. He can adapt himself to anything, but his roots usually strike back deeply into the soil, on which his forefathers always depended. Farming is a rugged life in Wales; the land is rough and markets for their produce are distant.

We were the guests, one evening at a banquet put on by the W. A. O. S., which is the agriculture co-operative union of Wales, and the Merionith branch of the National Farmers' Union. They told us about their problems and took us out for the next couple of days to see their work at first hand. There is still much sheep farming in Wales, in fact it is the main farm industry; they have to breed different strains of sheep for pasturing at different levels. The mountain sheep thrive on higher altitudes, one breed is more suitable for the uplands, another for the moorlands.

There are still many shepherds, living in their cottages upon the hill. There are no fences on those hills. The sheep know the territory of their owner and stick to it. Few, if any, they told us, ever stray. They are all branded and when shearing time comes, as in the old days, there is still the bee or rally, where the farmers work together and do the shearing.

* * *

Those rallies are more prevalent in Wales than anywhere else today and usually an evening's entertainment of singing or dancing follows. It is an accepted fact that one is obliged to help the other and this strengthens their community ties and provides a good basis for cooperative effort.

And yet there are the natural divisions. For instance, in the little rural villages, you will see three or more small churches for different denominations, all having to be kept up by the people of that one small community. One of the boys from Africa innocently asked why two or more of those churches could not be joined together for the sake of economy. Our guide had been boasting a bit, and was never stuck for an answer. We waited for this one. "Well," he said, "you know that really couldn't be done. You see this church on the east side of the road says, 'there ain't no God', and this on the west says 'the hell there ain't'."

We went down to the cooperative wool factory and saw some of the forestry lots. They told us that Dutch wool just does not shrink, and it doesn't, but the mountain wool is so coarse that they have to import other finer wools to mix with it and then it loses this particular advantage.

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We did not get to the south or the industrial areas, but we did spend some time in the national library of Wales at Aberystwyth. This great modern building sitting up on the hill in the center of the city is really a land-mark. It contains the history and background of Wales in a nut-shell; it is more a museum than a library.

The most interesting items we saw were some old manuscripts, written on sheepskin, and several types of the old quill pens used by the scholars before the days of pen and paper. Nevertheless some of the most modern filing and recording methods in the world are employed there. For example, instead of filing away a bulky newspaper or document, they simply photograph it, reduce it in size and put it away in just a fraction of the space.

I did not stay to finish out the tour in Wales, but came away with pleasant memories of the people, and some firm impressions of the ruggedness of the country. It was the week before Christmas and we were going to Rome. With my friend from Jamaica, I took the train to London. Mary met us at Paddington Station, that famous meeting place of criminals and spies, but our intentions were good.

* * *

We were leaving the next morning on a pilgrimage for a place we had often heard of but never dreamed of seeing, Rome. At six in the morning we were finishing a specially prepared breakfast in the bedroom. At seven, we were in the inner circle tube, down under the heart of London, heading for Victoria Station. We had been warned of the crowds, so we packed light and took a couple of blankets. We needed them later.

About seven-thirty, the pilgrims started pouring into the depot; special cars on the trains were reserved. At eight o'clock we were off and rolling south from London, leaving England, so we were on the boat shortly and bound across the channel towards Dieppe. The ferry was loaded that morning, for many pilgrims were going on their holidays, and there were pilgrims from all over England, Scotland and Ireland, most of whom had never crossed the Channel before.

We were the only foreigners, and our friend Chester Dowdy from Jamaica, the only negro in the group. But we all had something in common on this trip. It took three hours to cross, but it was not rough. We had our first packed lunch distributed on board. It was good—ham sandwiches, oranges, bananas, and chocolate milk. Soon we were in Dieppe, on the train and on our way to Paris. People were fast getting acquainted and were very cooperative. Our travel guide and the priest in charge knew their way around.

* * *

Soon the spirit of the mission was evident: it was not a holiday, it was a pilgrimage. The rosary was being said in every compartment on the train. The pilgrimage was organized by the London diocese. There were several non-catholics with us. And the farther we went, the more Irish people there appeared to be. The pros and cons of the Irish union were heatedly debated, the stories from Tipperary were causing noise and laughter.

Mary found out that the story of the blarney-stone was only a myth. Just at dusk we landed in Paris. The train was a little behind schedule at Gare St. Lazare and all had to rush through the crowd to the waiting buses so that we would be on time to catch the south-bound train from Gare de Lyon. For the first time, a couple of elderly ladies got lost, someone lost his baggage, and the delays began. However, we were soon on our way by bus through the streets of Paris. Everyone was trying out his French and the buses were driving on the right side of the street, a faint reminder of home.

(To be continued)

FEDERATION GROWING

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.—(CP)—Total membership in the Newfoundland Federation of Fishermen may reach 15,000 by the end of the year, according to secretary-treasurer Pat Antle. He said present membership is over 8,000 in 213 locals.

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