

Standard Oil Had Most Prosperous Year

NEW YORK, April 13—(CP)—Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) and its affiliates had the most productive year in their histories in 1951, the company reported today, with sales, earnings and dividends to stockholders reaching record levels. Tax payments and payrolls also were the highest in the company's history. Earnings of the parent company were \$311,970,000 or \$5.15 compared with \$219,062,000, or \$3.62 a share, the previous year. Consolidated net earnings amounted to \$528,461,000 for the year, equivalent to \$8.72 a share. This compares with \$408,223,000 or \$6.74 a share in 1950. Canada's Imperial Oil Ltd. is one of Jersey Standard's affiliated companies.



Says 250,000 Reds Ready To Hit Indo-China

WASHINGTON, April 12—(AP)—William C. Bullitt told a senate committee Tuesday that Chinese Communists under Stalin's control have 250,000 men "poised to strike" at Indo-China. If they swarm across the border "as volunteers—volunteers in big quotes," Bullitt said the French and Allied native forces fighting in Indo-China for seven years will be wiped out. Then, he said, the way will be opened for Communist conquest of Siam, Malaya, Burma and Indonesia. Bullitt, the first United States ambassador to Russia in the early 1930s, spent last December on Formosa, the Chinese Nationalist stronghold. He testified before the senate's internal security sub-committee, winding up an inquiry into whether Communist influences affected U. S. policy in the Far East. Bullitt expressed hope that U. S. ground forces will not be sent to Indo-China but urged speedier aid to the Nationalists on Formosa so they could "fall instantly on any Chinese Communist attack going southward."

Two Can Sing

by James M. Cain

They were all there, Cecil and the rest, all dressed, all walking around, vocalizing under their breaths. Cecil was in black, with a little shawl, and looked pretty. Just as I got down, the chorus came swarming in from somewhere. They were in the first act, but Rossi lined them up and began checking them over. I went on the set and put the hat and muffler where she told me. The tenor came and put his hat beside mine. The basses came and moved both hats to make more room on the table. There had to be places for their stuff when they came in, later. I went to the bulletin board and read the calls. We were all in the first two of the first act—Cecil, the tenor, the two basses, the comic, and myself—then for the other calls it was only Cecil and the tenor. On the calls for the other acts I was in most of them, but I did what she said, read them over and remembered how they went. I hurried out on the set and sat down behind the easel. I had already made sure that the paintbrush was in place. The tenor came on and took his place by the window. His name was Parma. From the other side of the curtain there came a big burst of handclapping. Parma nodded. "Mario's in. Sound like nice 'ouse." From where you sat out front, I suppose that twenty seconds between the time Mario got to his stand and made his bow and the time that late couple got down the aisle, and the time he brought down his stick on his strings, was just twenty seconds, and nothing more. To me it was the longest wait I ever had in my life. I thought nothing would ever happen. And then, all of a sudden it broke loose. When the orchestra sounded off, it was terrific, the most frightening thing I ever heard in my life. And it no sooner started than the curtain went up, except that I never saw it go up. All I saw was that blaze of footlights in my eyes; I was so rattled I didn't even know where I was. Cecil had warned me about it a hundred times, but you can't warn anybody about a thing like that. Light was hitting me from everywhere, and then I saw Mario out there, but he looked about a mile away, and my heart just stopped beating. My heart stopped, but that orchestra didn't. It ripped through that introduction a mile a minute, and I knew then what Rossi had been trying to get through my head about speed. There's a page and a half of introduction in the score, and that looks like plenty of music, doesn't it? They ate it up in nothing flat, and next thing I knew they were through with it and it was time for me to sing. Oh, yes, I was the lad who had to open the opera. Me, the four-flusher who was so scared he couldn't even breathe. But they had thought about that. Mario found him up there, and that stick came down on me, and it meant, get going. I began to sing the phrase that begins "Questo Mar Rosso", but I swear I had no more to do with it than a rabbit looking at a snake. That stick told my mouth what to do, and it did it, that was all. Oh, yes, an operatic conductor knows buck fever when he sees it, and he knows what to do about it. There was some more, stuff in the orchestra, and I sang the next two phrases, where he says that to get even with the picture for looking so cold, he'll drown a Pharaoh. The picture is supposed to be the passage of the Red Sea. But I was to take the brush and actually drown one, and it was a second or two before I remembered about it. When I actually did I must have looked funny, because there was a big laugh. I was so rattled I looked around to see what they were laughing at, and in that second I took my eye off Mario. It was the place where I was supposed to shoot a "Che fai?" at the tenor. And while I was off picking daisies, did that conductor wait? He did not. Next thing I knew the orchestra was roaring again, and I had mired the boat. Parma sang the first part of his "Nel cielo bigi" at the window, then as he finished it he crossed in front of me, and it was murderous the way he shot it at me as he went by: "Watch da conductor!" I watched "da conductor." I glued my eyes on him from then on, and didn't miss any more cues, and by the help of hypnotism, prayer, and the rest of them showing me around, we got through it somehow. What I never got caught up with was the speed. You see, when you learn those roles and then coach them with a piano, you always think of them as a series of little separate scenes, and you take a little rest after each one. But it's not like that at a performance. It goes right through, and it's cruel the way it sweeps you along. I remembered the hat and the muffler, and when I came off, Cecil was back there, smoking a cigarette ready to go on. "You're doing all right. Sing to them, not to Mario," she said. She rapped at the door, sang a note or two, put her heel on the cigarette, and went on. We had a little off-stage stuff coming, I and the two basses, and we stood in the wings listening to them out there doing their stuff. I found out something about an

Racketeer Frank Costello Sentenced

NEW YORK, April 12—(CP)—Racketeer Frank Costello was sentenced Tuesday to 18 months and his first prison term since he was a youth of 24. The 61-year-old underworld big shot drew imprisonment for twice walking out on the senate's crime committee here a year ago. He also was fined \$5,000 for contempt of the senate for refusing to answer committee questions about his finances and political contacts. He could have gotten 10 years and a \$10,000 fine. Costello, often labelled "The prime minister of the underworld," folded his arms as newspaper men asked him if he had anything to say. "No comment," he replied. His lawyer said the sentence will be appealed. Judge Sylvester J. Ryan, who sentenced Costello, refused to grant him bail. But the Federal Appeals Court freed him on \$5,000 bail, at least until Thursday. He then will have a chance to seek continued bail until his appeal is processed. It was Costello's first prison sentence since 1915 when he served 10 months for illegally carrying a gun.

formance, the captain of the ship, the one on whom everything depends. Always watch him." "I got it now." "The next act was better. I was getting used to it now. I got a couple of laughs in the first part, and then when it came time for me to take up the waltz song Mario threw the stick on me and I gave her the sun. It got a hand, but he played through it to the end of the act. The Musetta and I did the carry-off we had practiced, and it went all right. The regular way is for Marcel to pick her up and run off with her, but she was small and I'm big, so, instead of that, I threw her up on my shoulder and she kicked and waved the curtain came down to cheers. The third act I was all right, and we had another nice curtain. The four of us, Parma, Cecil, the Musetta, and I were in all the calls, and after we took the last one Parma followed me to the hole where I did my hiding "O. K., boy. Now on the duet." (To be continued)

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