

THE GUARDIAN

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

CHARLOTTETOWN, MONDAY, MAY 1, 1950

A Week Of Good Music

This is a big week in the cultural history of Prince Edward Island, with over one thousand entries in the fifth annual Musical Festival, representing almost double the number of contestants in 1948.

The programmes are widely diversified, with special emphasis being placed on folk songs and the classics. These features provide not only the best of entertainment, but a high educational content as well.

It is to that fine organization, the Women's Institutes, that we owe the establishment of our musical festivals. The progress made in five short years has been phenomenal, and there is every reason to look forward to still greater enthusiasm as the movement gains momentum.

Navy League Campaign

That Canada is a maritime nation in spite of its vast extent is the perennial message of the Navy League of Canada. The Prince Edward Island Division does not have to remind our people of that fact but it does act as a link between the community and the Navy in sponsoring Sea Cadets to provide character training for our youth and inculcate an understanding of the ways of ships and the sea.

Much of the cost of this training, the training accommodation, equipment and camping facilities are provided by Naval Service but in order to have a Sea Cadet Corps it is necessary for the community to contribute part of the cost in order to assure a healthy local interest in how the work is being carried on.

The Powerful Senate

The Senate is a much more powerful estate of the realm today than it was only a year ago, as was pointed out last week by Progressive-Conservative Senate leader John T. Haig. Unlike the situation at Westminster, there is no provision in Canada for legislation being forced through without the approval of the Upper House.

Until the North America Act of 1949 such amendments would have been passed by the British Parliament at the request of Canada, which was usually understood in this country to mean on joint addresses by both Houses, but as the record shows, could just as readily mean at the request of the Government of the day.

Now Parliament itself has power to amend its own constitution and that means that the Senate has such powers to exercise or not as the spirit moves it.

Stay at Home Blessings

The blessings of stay-at-homes. A writer in the current issue of The Spectator says: "I have often noticed that the eyes of sailors and hillmen are free and quiet. Countrymen, too, when they walk among their fields, and women who surround themselves with love in their homes and think rather little of what lies beyond, old men contented with the end of their journey, and painters, carpenters and all makers, when happy in their jobs—these and many others, men and women who have found their true vocations, share the same atmosphere of certainty and peace. I have noticed too, that

the business of these people is never such that it makes them consciously share in the wounding of their fellows, whether through rivalries, or vanities, greed or envy; not only are they free of such impulses in themselves, but the happiness of their condition is such that they are largely exempted from watching this strife in others, either through the solitude of their lives or through the absorbing interest of what they care for.

EDITORIAL NOTES

How many of the fair ones rose at dawn to bathe their faces in May dew to improve and preserve their good looks?

Islanders are accused of being the greatest consumers of their own lobsters. Perhaps that is one of the things that keep more of them from leaving the Island.

The roads are drying fast, and by the 10th farmers should, as usual, get on the land. Every prospect pleases, and gives promise of a good spring and summer. Our summer hotels should soon be re-opening, and already booking has been up to more than expectation.

One thousand and forty-seven entries for the Festival of Music is a remarkable showing in itself. If the quality matches the quantity, as it has in the past, the Island and the festival promoters will have reason for pride.

Canadians are again enmeshed in the endless confusion of Daylight Saving Time. It would seem that almost any time would be better than the present hodge-podge which must give rise to as much exasperation as the weather.

It has been suggested that Ontario go in for coloured roads as is now technically feasible. The idea would be even more appropriate for this Province. Perhaps red highways will again become characteristic of the Island.

This is Tourist Service Week and a good time to take stock of what we are doing and can do to encourage visitors. The Island's greatest natural resources are of the kind that cannot be exported. People must come here to live or to visit in order to take advantage of them.

Mr. George Fraser, the new public relations officer, whose primary duties will involve looking after tourist and industrial interests, begins his service today. It will be sometime before he gets into the run of his new job, but at the outset he will study the set-up of such departments in other provinces.

For the first time in her 162 years of history Australia is now a creditor nation. Her "external funds" are greater than her total overseas debts. Latest figures show Australia's total public debt overseas as \$537,000,000. But the Commonwealth Bank of Australia holds gold and balances abroad to the total value of \$548,500,000. To this sum has to be added a further \$12,000,000 if the Bank's gold stock has not been revalued since sterling devaluation in September, 1949.

Rt. Hon. Albert Victor Alexander, Viscount Alexander of Hillsborough, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Labour member for Hillsborough, was born this date 1885. Formerly a Baptist lay preacher, Alexander was elected as a Labour member in 1922, served as Parliamentary Secretary to Board of Trade 1923-24 and as First Lord of Admiralty 1929-31. Secretary of the Parliamentary Committee of the Co-operative Congress and delegate to the Naval Conference in 1930, he again became First Lord in 1940, and was Minister of Defence until March 1, 1950. He has written numerous articles on co-operative and political subjects.

A mobile grass drier, operated on gas turbine principles and specially designed for use on small farms, was demonstrated at Redhill (South England) recently. The machine is claimed to be the smallest of its type ever made, but it can dry 280 lbs. of grass in 3-4 of an hour—a suitable output for farms of some 25 to 200 acres for which it is intended. It also has the important advantage that its operation is a part-time job for one man: the farmer can take the drier to a corner of a field and, after loading, can continue to cut the field since the machine needs no attention while the grass is drying.



Old Charlottetown (And P. E. I.)

OLD TIME ELECTION
The following members for the different districts throughout the Island have been returned in the general election: Charlottetown, Edward Palmer and Francis Longworth; 1st Queen's, George Coles and D. McLean; 2nd Queen's, John Longworth and Robert Mooney; 3rd Queen's, John McDougall and John Little; Georgetown, Hugh McDonald and Heath Haviland; 1st King's, John McIntosh and Donald MacDonald; 2nd King's, Edward Whelan and John Jardine; 3rd King's, Edward Thornton and John LeLachur; Princetown, Donald Montgomery and William Clark; 1st Prince, James Warburton and Nicholas Conroy; 2nd Prince, Alexander Rae and Allan Fraser; 3rd Prince, Joseph Pope and Dr. Conroy.

The potato is a subject far too noble for such envy or pride. It is almost too sacred, indeed, to be eaten (though I suppose my nobility of April will yield to mere appetite in July). In the potato—hidden deep in its white, moist flesh, blinking vaguely through its many sprouting eyes—lies the answer to every question which puzzles and convulses humanity today. Humanly, alas, more sightless than the vegetable, cannot see the answer. It is never visible to the man who eats potatoes. It is visible only to the man who plants them.

Humanity is in search of security. Well, here in the potato is security, the only possible security, the food and source of all human life. The man who plants potatoes knows that he will eat next winter. That is security, and a surer security than any government can offer. Governments may come or go. They may shrivel or swell rankly into financial dropsy and money, by their act, may become worthless, but you can rely on your potatoes. They are not affected by elections. They cannot be inflated or debased by the Bank of Canada. They never play politics.

The Poet's Corner

BLACK AND WHITE SHUFFLE
Seven skunks lumbering in a row,
Tuggin' mama, proud and slow,
Bushy tails all dipped in white,
Shoulder straps like cops at night,
Go on skunks and shuffle yo' shoes,
I see sure got dem black-white blues.
Walking pert in broad daylight,
Blocking traffic shore ain't right,
You all am divine surprise,
Hold up Tiger, close dem eyes!
Go on skunks and shuffle yo' shoes,
I see sure got dem black-white blues.
Seven W! babies, watch em go!
One, three, seven form a row,
Hold you' temper, watch you' tail,
I ain't gwine to cross you' trail,
Go on skunks and shuffle yo' shoes,
I see sure got dem black-white blues.
—Harry Moore Kurd.

The First Potato

While no sensible prairie reader will believe it for a moment, I wish to report—not in a spirit of vainglory or cheap local patriotism but just as a sober, routine fact—that I planted my potatoes today on the warm Pacific shelf of Canada. I do not propose, on that account, to engage in the cheap climatic controversy which continually rages between the interior and maritime regions of Canada. The subject of potatoes is too big for that.

Among more primitive, and hence more enlightened peoples the planting of seed in the spring was an occasion of ceremony and rejoicing. When the first potatoes went into the earth the gods were consulted, wine was drunk and a virgin sacrificed on the altar. In this springtime of 1950 humanity is so adrift that nobody is thinking about the first potato seeding. Everybody is thinking about some minor and ephemeral thing like the hydrogen bomb and planting it, instead of potatoes, under the foundations of society.

Only a ragged figure, crawling on the cold April ground and envying, with some bitterness, his colleagues in a cosy, steam-heated office who played with immaculate fingers, on the shiny keys of a typewriter while my hands were chilled and grimed with honest toil. Yet come July 1, with new potatoes, and the envy will be reversed.

And finally, I suppose, what all humanity seeks is happiness. Did you ever see a city person who was entirely happy, that is, when sober? Did you ever see a gardener who was unhappy? The gardener has found the first potato seed of the spring. Thus the passer-by realized it, though, by this time I was too numb with cold and aching from labor to realize anything. Still, in retrospect, looking at myself from a safe distance, I feel pretty superior.

Electrical Contractor

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The Age-Old Story

Oh that there were such an hour unto them, that they would fear Me, and keep all My commandments always; that it might be well with them, and with their children forever.

Watch Berlin on May 28

(Ottawa Journal)
For weeks past Allied intelligence reports from Berlin have stated that plans are afoot to march 500,000 German Communists from the Soviet-controlled zone of the city to the Allied-controlled zone on May 28 for a meeting in the famous Sportspalast that was built by Hitler. The demonstration, it is believed, will mark the beginning of a campaign to drive the Allies from Berlin.

Monday's New York Times carried a despatch from Washington which quoted a "high official of the Government" as saying that "the United States and her Western allies will use machine guns and cannon" to stay in Berlin if necessary. The despatch added:

grappling with mountains of potatoes which their policies have produced, yet few politicians—indeed few men of any sort—have actually planted a potato and thus earned their fair share of the crop. Humanity, or our western part of it, is also seeking democracy. There is no democracy like the democracy of the earth. There is no democrat like the man who works in it. In the company of gardeners there can be no privileged class, no distinctions of rank or class, and no immunity from the common enemy of weeds, frost, fungus and insect.

COMPLETE VISUAL REFRACTION and ANALYSIS

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Notes By The Way

—Everyone has a right to keep a dog—providing he or she has the proper facilities to accommodate them. Many, however, buy a puppy, more or less tire of it and, while providing it with a bed and board, let the matter end there. Very few people have enough love for their dog to see it gets the proper companionship and exercise. It must get both around the neighbors as it runs on the loose. We might add, too, that there are limitations to "training" dogs. The neighbors' lawns are likely to be the places which suffer. —Owen Sound Sun-Times.

—Canadian parents who neglect their children, lose custody of them. Would it be improper to take their children from lawbreaking Douk hobbers in the hope that the young ones might, in different environments, grow up to conform to the Canadian way of life? There would still be the problem of the older people, who are causing the trouble now. They continue to isolate themselves. Why not help them to do that a long way from any other Canadians? Such isolation need not be that of a concentration camp.

—The world needs the British Empire, by whatever name it may be called. We need it. Let us recapture the old pride. Let us restate the old faith. You and I are Australians. We are also British. We do not and cannot think of the people of the other British nations as foreign people. They are all within the great British tradition—a tradition which has given to the world the spirit and machinery of self-government, free institutions, justice within the law. The old Empire has become a confederation of nations, each with its rights of self-government unchallenged and unchallengeable. But it will make its best contribution to the rest of the twentieth century only if we seek closer collaboration, unity of policy on government matters, a renewed sense of a common task. —Prime Minister Menzies of Australia.

They sent a young parolee to Stillwater penitentiary for the slaying of a Richfield policeman. He is Gustav H. Johnson, twenty-nine years old, who as a result of previous crimes now has an accumulated debt to society of 144 years in prison. Johnson had helped to burglarize a few Twin Cities places prior to the Richfield shooting. We shall let the reporter take it from that point. Writing in the Tribune, he finished his story with this eloquently simple sentence: His share of the loot from all those crimes, Johnson said, was \$40. That is a good ending to the story. We shall not paint the lily by suggesting, gratuitously, that crime doesn't pay. —Minneapolis Tribune.

HOLIDAY FLAGS
TRURO, N.S. — (CP) — The Scotia chapter of the Imperial Order daughters of The Empire is appealing to the citizens of Truro to revive the custom of decorating their homes with flags on Victoria Day and Dominion Day.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Grid of professional advertisements including: J. A. McGuigan, Notary, Etc.; M. Alban Farmer, Money to Loan; Palmer & Haslam, Bank of Nova Scotia; John P. Nicholson, B.A., LL.B.; Matheson & Peake, A. W. Matheson, E.C.; Dr. A. L. MacIsaac, Dentist; Bell & Mathieson, Barristers, Solicitors; Electrical Contractor; Complete Visual Refraction and Analysis; G. F. Hutcheson & Son; H. R. Doane & Co., Chartered Accountants; Neil W. Higgins, Chartered Accountant.