

THE GUARDIAN

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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker than the Weakest Ink"

CHARLOTTETOWN, THURSDAY, JAN. 3, 1952

Let's Abolish Budget Night!

In Ottawa from the time of Confederation until the Year of Our Lord A.D. 1951 Budget Night has been regarded by most people in the Capital as an appropriate and fitting occasion to appear, attired in dinner jacket, in the galleries of the House of Commons. Elsewhere in the country Budget Night was also the occasion for solemnity, for it was then that the ordinary man who pays the cost of government learned how far he would have to dig down in his pockets to meet taxes for the next twelve months.

Budget Night, with all its cherished memories, pleasant and otherwise, now appears to have vanished into the limbo of events long since forgotten. For not only have "Baby Budgets" begun to sprout forth at all seasons of the year, but the very word "Budget" has become as phoney and suspect to most Canadian ears as the word "peace" when uttered by Moscow's Mr. Vishinsky.

The reason? Finance Minister Abbott's embarrassing error in calculating the revenues which the Government expected to accrue from its programme of taxation, of course! For instead of the \$30 million surplus forecast by Mr. Abbott last March, the first eight months of the present fiscal year show nearly \$634 million.

The embarrassment occasioned by the surplus is not confined to Mr. Abbott and his Finance Department advisers. For it is shared by every taxpayer in the country who, had Mr. Abbott been a bit more accurate in his forecasting, would not have been so heavily taxed and, consequently, would have more money available to pay the post-Christmas bills.

Budget Night, viewed against the experience of the last eight months, is little more than a mockery of the principles of sound finance upon which this country's credit rests. It is a wonder that somebody hasn't already proposed that Budgets, so far as Ottawa is concerned, be abolished.

Jammed Anchor

It might seem surprising that the sailing of a great liner such as the Queen Mary should be postponed 24 hours because of an anchor being jammed in its hawse-pipe, incidentally delaying Prime Minister Churchill sailing for talks in Washington and Ottawa. The fact is that an anchor is very important, indeed to a sailor whether he be in a small boat or a great ship.

Engines can fail, steering machinery break down or visibility close in in narrow waters. In these and a multitude of other troubles it is with thankfulness that the master can "drop the hook" in the confidence that it will hold without dragging. Perhaps almost as much as the compass itself the anchor enabled man to conquer the sea. When boats had to be pulled up on the beach when not under way their size and build were severely limited. It is curious that the foul anchor, with its cable wound around the stock so that the flukes do not bite, should have become a symbol of nautical rank amongst seamen of almost every nationality. It is as though a collapsed parachute were to become a general symbol for airmen.

An Impressive Record

To the widespread tributes paid to Professor Edgar McInnis, formerly of Charlottetown, on his appointment as full-time president of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, the Ottawa Journal adds the following biographical details:

An artillery signalman in World War I, Professor McInnis went on from there to the University of Toronto and then to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar, winning the Jardine Prize in poetry at Toronto and the Newdigate prize at Oxford. He has taught history at Oberlin College, was visiting professor of Bowdoin College, attained the rank of professor at Toronto in 1949 (where he has taught for 20 years), has twice won the Governor's award for academic non-fiction, has published four books, including one six-volume history of the war which gained international praise. For fifteen years he has been a worker with the Institute which he now heads; he was chairman of the Canadian Delegation to the Institute of Pacific Relations Conference at Stratford-on-Avon in 1947 and at Lucknow, India, in 1950.

At 53, this is a truly impressive record. As the Journal adds, Professor McInnis will bring to his new post "a broad-minded approach that will keep things out of academic cliches and yet challenge men of finance, industry and business to recognize that they too have a responsibility to study international affairs and play a helpful part in the criticism and even formation of our foreign policy."

EDITORIAL NOTES

Newfoundland is to be congratulated on its new helicopter mail service. The success of the project will, of course, mean more general adoption and greatly improved service for many out-of-the-way localities.

Evidently the future distribution of "the loaves and fishes" at the Government's control is worrying some Liberals, hence a demand for a convention to nominate the new Leader when Premier Jones goes to the Senate.

No one is very interested in mosquitoes and flies at this time of year. If, however, they are to be effectively controlled next summer it is necessary to make plans well in advance. The period when the mosquito in particular is especially vulnerable to control measures is very brief.

The Canadian Legion has never asked that veterans be given government jobs for which they are not qualified, but the Summer branch drew attention to an important consideration last week. Unless jobs are advertised, qualified veterans cannot generally know of their being available.

The fact that Russian produced cotton is in Halifax on consignment to American interests is not in any way confirmation of Soviet claims to be growing more than India, Pakistan and Egypt combined. It will be remembered that Russia was dumping wheat on world markets at a time when famine was striking at home.

Newfoundland is much more progressive in postal service operations than here in Prince Edward Island. Here it was left to private enterprise to initiate faster mail service; while in the Old Colony the new Government is introducing helicopter service. No wonder that province is going ahead.

It took Defence Minister Claxton and Veterans Minister Lapointe a journey all the way to Korea to hear complaints from the boys on the firing line only to be told by General Rockingham that "the Brigade has never lacked anything asked for—equipment, clothing, food, or anything else". What better testimonial could any Cabinet Minister wish for?

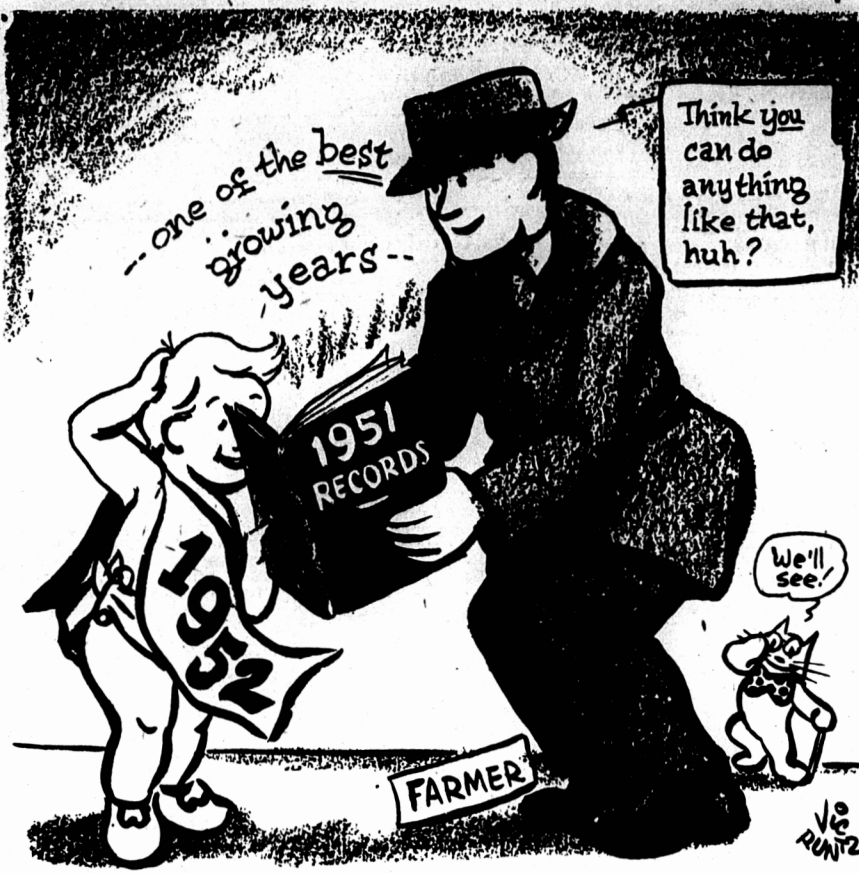
Clement Richard Attlee, British statesman, was born this date 1883. He studied at Oxford and was called to the bar. He lectured on social science at the University of London and served in the army in the First World War. He has been a Labour M. P. for Limehouse since 1922 and Prime Minister of Great Britain from 1945 until a Conservative government was returned last year.

The Saint John Telegraph Journal enters a well justified protest against the publication in London of a semi-official record of the Royal Visit. From the pictorial record in question it would appear that the Royal Visit began at Washington and ended at Montreal, the rest of Canada, the Maritimes in particular, being practically ignored. There has been too much of this sort of thing, including the official moving picture films recently shown in advance here.

Away in Cape Colony they are feeling, as elsewhere, the inroads of alcoholism upon women. An appeal has been made by Dr. K. Bremer, Minister of Health, for a national effort to combat alcoholism. Dr. A. S. Roux, lecturer in Psychology, declared the problem of inebriacy among women is becoming more serious. Intoxicants, he says, are dangerous enough to men—to women they are positively disastrous.

In the opinion of some, the Governor-General is the representative here of the Government in London that appointed him. Not so, Lord Alexander told the English Speaking Union in New York. "I am above party politics in the country to which I am accredited, as our King is above party politics in the United Kingdom. I have no connection at all with the government of the day in London. My official contacts and channels of communications are with Buckingham Palace only—the seat of His Majesty the King. I act on, and only with, the advice of my Canadian ministers." This straightens out the matter with the Americans; it was well-known here.

The Challenge



Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

BANK FACILITIES NEEDED

"In so far as we are aware, we are the only English community, numbering 70,000 souls, without a bank, or a sufficient supply of undoubted paper money. Two or three years ago, we noticed in the Canadian papers that every inhabitant of Montreal was represented by \$36 of bank notes, whilst the good people of Charlottetown have none. We have seen a good deal of provincial banking, and are quite of opinion that there is an ample field in this Colony, not only for a very considerable issue of treasury notes, but also for the operations of an incorporated Bank of discount, deposit and exchange. "That the project of a Bank will be discouraged by merchants who do a snug business on independent capital, we may confidently predict, because it will place the man with little or none nearly on the same level. Nevertheless, these merchants will maintain their pre-eminence in the expanded commerce of the Colony, and ultimately profit more than any other class. If the parties most interested in the establishment of a Bank should bring the matter before the Legislature, we certainly do not think that the capital should be less than £100,000, the institution to commence its issues when a certain proportion is paid up." —The Islander, Dec. 27, 1850.

A New State Is Born

(Ottawa Journal)

One million Arabs received on Christmas Eve the present of a new and independent kingdom — Libya. Back in 1949 the United Nations adopted a resolution that France and Britain would grant independence to Libya not later than January 1, 1952, and the fulfilment came Christmas Eve with formal proclamation. This is the kind of Christmas news the world longs for. This is the kind of news that the United Nations was designed for and dearly than reiterated assertions of fall-would like to present to us rather here and disappointment there. There is something heartening to the outsider to see France and Britain, who had to fight so desolately to rid the North Africa desert of its Italian and German squatters, taking the leading roles in turning back to the Arabs what would by other nations we know be regarded as the spoils of victory. Reuters reports that flags, slogans and bunting deck the smiling face of war-torn Benghazi. The new capital is a flutter of national colors — orange, green and black, with inset crescent and star — and green na'm leaves cover battered shop fronts and bomb-ruined rooftops. "Long live liberty!" the Arabs are proclaiming. It is 40 years that Libya has been under foreign domination. The Italian regime was one of exploitation and sometimes oppression, the Allied post-war regime was one of assistance to restore social and economic life and to prepare for promised independence. Today the country is free, and in March, the national elections will declare a new popular government. It is a seasonal announcement, as we have said; one that the democratic world as a whole will welcome. It must provoke wonderings in the minds of those people who are being fed the Russian imperialist propaganda that only the Soviet looks after the rights of man. And it should be a particularly embarrassing news item in the streets of nearby Cairo where the only news the Egyptians regard as fit to print is trumped up "news" of the sins and perfidies of Britain.

BISHOP RETIRES

CALGARY — (CP) — A new Anglican Bishop of Calgary will be elected some time in February, to succeed Bishop H. R. Rags who retired at the year's end.

Real Progress Made In World Affairs In 1951

By W. N. Ever

When one looks at the world scene at the close of the year 1951, one's first thought is that it is curiously similar to the scene at the end of 1950. There has been no dramatic or major change. The pessimists who had foretold the outbreak of a new world war have been deceived. The optimists who hoped that the proposed meeting of the four foreign ministers would bring a relaxation of the tension between the "two camps" have equally been deceived. The "cold war" continues — neither appreciably hotter nor appreciably colder. And on Korea, though there have been ceasefire talks for six months, the "hot war" still goes on. Rearmament has not reached the targets set at the end of last year. They were targets set perhaps too high, when all factors are taken into account. But the failure to reach high targets should not blind us to the fact of very real achievements. In material strength, even though it has had to be recorded that some countries have not done all they could, the balance has shifted very appreciably. And, because the West is stronger, the danger of war has, though not as yet decisively, lessened. Politically, the greatest advantage is in Germany. We are very near now to the point at which Western Germany will become a free and equal member of the community of free nations. And, at the same time, the initiative in the movement for German unity has passed to the West. It is now a federal republic, which, with United Nations support, makes proposals which East German Communists are afraid either to accept or to reject. The fear of a Communist East Germany over-running the West seems today the remnant of an ugly dream — though it was real enough last year. Today the only question is when and how the East will be able to join the free West.

It is beyond question that in these twelve months the West has grown stronger. It is harder, because of the ever closing "iron curtain," to speak confidently of the Soviet Empire. But such evidence as is available suggests that it is, if anything, weaker than a year ago. Its military strength — even if it now possesses atom bombs — is probably not appreciably greater. Its armament production was already very near to a tolerable peace time maximum. But there have been, through the year, indications of increasing internal economic and political stresses, especially in the European satellite states. The weaknesses which are inherent in all dictatorships are beginning to show themselves. Nor are signs lacking to suggest that relations between the two poles of the Communist axis are far from what Moscow had desired or hoped. There is no rift, nor any sign of impending rift in the alliance. But it is an alliance, not a subservience. And every now and again Peking makes quiet but unmistakable gestures of independence. The methods of the transition, the need for stability and security as well as for independence, have brought conflict in the past. They are, unhappily, still a cause for conflict. But when conflicts spring from a clash of immediate policies, not from a clash of ultimate purposes, they should be solvable. That is why, however ugly 1951 may have been, I am not unhappy, either as regards Egypt or Persia, for 1952. And so, on the whole, however pessimistic the prevailing mood may be, I would say that looking back on the past 12 months, the international situation has not deteriorated but has definitely improved. The outlook is not a bright one but it is not so dark as it seemed a year ago. It may even be that, seen in retrospect a few years hence, 1951 may appear as a year of change for the better. But to that as to every

The Poet's Corner

THE WINTER GALAXY

The stars are glittering in the frosty sky. Frequent as pebbles on a broad sea-coast; And o'er the vault the cloud-like galaxy Has marshalled its innumerable host. Alive all heaven seems! With wondrous glow Tenfold refulgent every star appears, As if some wide, celestial gale did blow, And thrice illumine the ever-kindled spheres. Orbs, with glad orbs rejoicing, burning, beam, Ray-crowned, with lambent lustre in their zones, Till o'er the blue, bespangled spaces seem Angels and great archangels on their thrones; A host divine, whose eyes are sparkling gems, And forms more bright than diamond diadems. — Charles Heavyside

The Age-Old Story

How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures. For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.

What, No Vest?

(Winnipeg Free Press)

A survey recently completed by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, as it studied the future prospects of wool, suggests that the wearing of vests by men—at least by men in the United States—is on the way out. Among the men questioned, 52 percent declared they did not want vests with their year-round suits, 37 percent said they did, and the remaining 11 percent expressed no preference. This is not a trend to be accepted lightly, no matter what reasons are advanced for its development. The fact that vests make no aesthetic contribution — and it is evident they do not — is not sufficient cause to condemn them. Neither is the further fact that they have a somewhat shackling effect on their wearers, serving to perpetuate the traditional suit-of-male motif in male apparel. Such points, indeed, are mere side issues, wholly ignoring the great functions performed by vests, their real meaning. Surely, before thought can be given their abandonment, there is need to find answers to questions such as these: Where will the vestless man carry his pencils, pen, pocket comb, nail file, cigarette lighter, pipe reamer, and sundry similar essential gadgets? So long as society clings to the idea that men should keep their suspenders braces or galluses covered up, how can a man without a vest accomplish this and still work in his shirt sleeves? With these points in mind, it is evident that the idea of shedding garments — of reducing the number of wearables worn — is something many men will resist, or leave to the women who their manifest special talent for that sort of thing. The measure of freedom gained by discarding the vest is clearly no satisfactory compensation at all for loss of the carrying capacity of four pockets which are ordinarily called upon to bear their peak load.

prophecy, however tentative, must be added that all-important conditioning clause — "barring accidents."

Notes By The Way

In Australia a man recently discharged from Pentridge jail broke into the place, from the outside, with gifts for his pals. A nice touch of sentiment in that surely. But the guards who caught the chap on his way out were not touched by this bit of Christmas spirit. They said it was a case of jail-breaking, even if in reverse. — Ottawa Journal.

One Thing I have never quite understood is how correct spelling is taught—or whether it is not taught at all, but merely happens. The trouble is that it so often doesn't happen. Among my numerous tasks is that of reading a certain number of articles (by no means all) submitted for publication in this journal. Many of the writers are obviously cultured. Yet when it comes to spelling they are on the level of the average third-form boy or a little lower. Here is some orthography (or is it cacography) from one article I have just been stazing up: Apalling, unhygenic, comparitive, delicacies, accompaniment, conscientious, meannesses. These variants on the normal are part of the fruit of a university education. How is their author to learn? — London Spectator.

The American civil defence effort is in danger of bogging down on man's reluctance to make himself look silly. Take Yonkers. A year ago Yonkers set up an auxiliary police force as part of the civil defence program. Its members have been training assiduously ever since. Arm bands and badges identified them as auxiliary police and they were quite satisfied with these distinctive marks. Recently, however, Yonkers decided to put them into uniforms — a white helmet, blue coveralls, white belt and short white leggings. Everything seems to have been hunky dory until one of them caught sight of himself in a mirror. Self-preservation thrust civil defence aside. Strong men who never blinched at donning dinky lodge uniforms drew the line at "costumes fit for circus clowns, storm troopers and space patrolmen." It's a solemn thought that men would rather face an atom bomb than face their fellow-men looking ridiculous. — Montreal Star.

Student nurses at a Toronto hospital aroused memories in the minds of oldtimers through the promotion of a box social at a holiday dance for the staff. We would hesitate to guess how many rural romances were born in the contents of an attractively wrapped lunch a couple of generations ago. By the same token we would not venture to say how many romances were wrecked by an unwitting auctioneer. The young ladies of the community vied with each other in the quality of the "vittles" that went into the box, as well as in the wrapping. The finished product might be a simple square parcel or an elaborate heart-shaped box liberally bedecked with ribboned love-knots. There was no identification on the box and the young lady's name would be inside. On the night of the "box social" at the community hall, the attached and unattached males would tuck out en masse and seek to outbid each other as the auctioneer put each box up for sale. The lucky man would pay his money and immediately open his purchase to find out the name of his partner for the evening. — Sudbury Star.

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