

THE GUARDIAN

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CIRCULATION "Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew" "The Strongest Memory is Weaker than the Weakest Ink"

CHARLOTTETOWN, WEDNESDAY, APR. 16, 1952

Germany At The Crossroads

The Russian note to Britain, France and the United States has posed serious policy issues for the western democracies. No less grave, however, are the possible consequences for the German people of the Kremlin's bold diplomatic coup.

In London, Paris and Washington, the question that people are asking themselves is why we allowed the Russians to steal a march on us by offering to the German people the alluring bait of unification. For, whatever may have happened in 1945, Germany is no longer a defeated nation and there is no longer a power vacuum in central Europe.

The choice before the German people is now clear. Either they can follow the cautious policy of Chancellor Adenauer and accept integration into the western defensive alliance against the Soviet Union in the hope and expectation that restoration of full sovereignty will follow in due course. Or, alternatively, they can reject Adenauer and the moderation for which he stands in favor of the alluring prospect of a reunited Germany with armed forces of its own, ready to take its place in the councils of world politics.

The issues at stake in the Soviet proposal are, admittedly, by no means as clear cut as that. Yet such is the way they are likely to commend themselves to the majority of the German people, to whom a strong, united Reich is infinitely more attractive than playing second fiddle to an Anglo-American defensive alliance.

The Kremlin, clearly, has tossed the diplomatic gauntlet in the face of the western democracies. No one can with certainty foretell the consequences.

By Their Deeds

"The use of the word 'Progressive' as descriptive of the Conservative Party is regarded as unnecessary by Leader George Drew," says the St. Catharines Standard. "In that opinion, he will find much support, particularly among the older generation of Tories. Never at any time have the Conservatives of the old school tie of Sir John Macdonald who brought in the National Policy, the foundation of the industrial strength today of Canada, ever conceded that the party of their allegiance was anything but progressive. In fact, how could any party serve a young country like Canada and not be progressive? The word is redundant."

The Cheese Situation

Now that United Kingdom officials have removed any remaining doubt about their ability to buy cheese from Canada this year, says the Ottawa Journal, it would be well if some real attention were paid to this industry. As it is now, many dairy farmers are facing the start of their flush producing season with no idea where surplus production can be sold and with the prospect of a complete price collapse.

The situation is further aggravated by cheese imports, and by an abnormal carry-over of last year's make. Because of exchange and lower cost-of-production it has paid New Zealand producers to sell in Canada, and many millions of pounds have arrived here in recent months. It is understood that at the present time some four million pounds are either on their way from New Zealand, or about to be loaded.

There is talk of a floor price under cheese but, at best, this is only a partial answer to the problem. To have the Government holding large quantities of cheese in storage could prove, in the long run, very unsatisfactory to the industry. The only real and lasting solution is to find markets. A real all-out sales effort by the Government and the dairy trade might well show that Canadians could eat more of their own good cheese—they are among the lowest per capita consumers in the world today.

"This situation," the Journal points out, "was not of the cheese industry's own making. For 75 years it has been selling to Britain and during both wars was encouraged to produce to capacity. Even last year, at the highest price the UK has ever paid in this country for cheese, some 28 million pounds were shipped overseas. The industry had no means of knowing this long-time market would collapse. Now with their backs to the wall, facing a situation which as individuals they are powerless to handle, they deserve the very best support and help."

EDITORIAL NOTES

Amherst is to start building a consolidated regional high school at an estimated cost of \$700,000, nearly a million dollars.

The British Post Office announces that trials are to be made with machines for the sale of stamped stationery. They will be installed outside London post offices and at first will be used for the sale of 3d. letter cards.

More Canadians, including Islanders, are touring U. S. A. than ever before, due largely to the equalizing of the dollar exchange, and plenty of prosperity in Canada. It is to be sincerely hoped that Americans will reciprocate later when our Summer weather is in evidence, for "giff-gaff makes guid friends".

Summerside, Rustico and Savage Harbour are to be recipients of Federal patronage this Spring and Summer, contracts being let for much needed public works in each instance. There is still no word of the prospects of a contract for a new Wood Islands-Caribou steamer to take care of the heavy transportation between these two provinces. The Maritime Transportation Commission is alleged to be at fault.

The teachers will be in the limelight again for a couple of days. They have commanded attention during the sitting of the Legislature, and now they are in a position to discuss their own problems at leisure for the public's benefit as well as their own. Everybody is, or should be, particularly interested in what concerns education, for the rising hopes would be veritable flops without it.

Charles Spencer Chaplin, "Charlie Chaplin", moving picture actor and producer, was born—in France according to some—this date 1889, son of an English comedian. He appeared in many English music halls and as one of the wolves in the first production of "Peter Pan". He appeared in many Keystone pictures, until recently always in round hat, smudge mustache, slack trousers, long-toed boots, and an imperturbable impassivity.

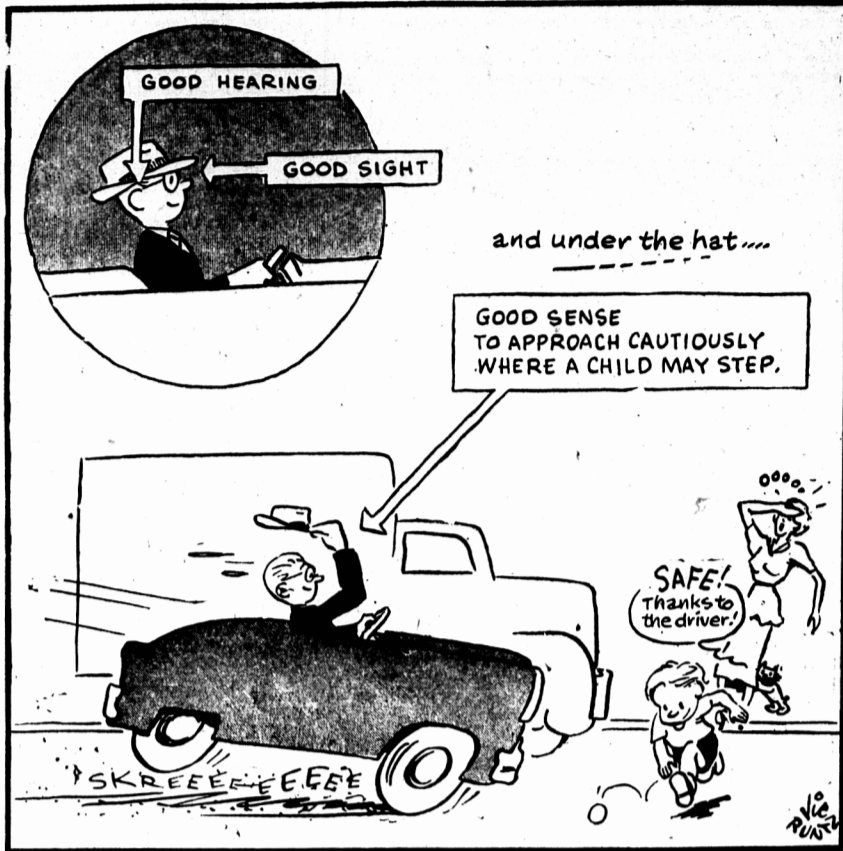
Police Chief MacArthur gave an informative and instructive address to the Trinity Men's Association on the duties of citizenship. If everybody kept their own doorstep clean Charlottetown would be an admirable city in which to live, and it falls largely to the police to see that they do so. In this connection it may be mentioned that the City Council was negligent all winter in keeping its footpath between King's Square and Kent Street free from snow, necessitating pedestrians risking their lives by taking to the street to traverse the distance.

Defense Minister Claxton is scheduled to visit here on April 25, and this will afford a good opportunity of impressing upon him the need of an early start on our new Armouries for military training purposes, as well as the new Naval Barracks. Both projects have been promised us for a long time. In both cases it is understood that we are high on the priority list and there is no reason why there should be further delay in matters which plainly come within the scope of national defense expenditures.

Mr. Cornu, Secretary of State for Fine Arts of France has taken up the great cause of the restoration of Versailles. It is no easy task. The sum of 14 million dollars is required for essential repairs. Mr. Cornu has therefore made an appeal to French people, and to all throughout the world who regard Versailles as an irreplaceable testimony to civilization, to help in saving Versailles. An international committee is now being formed, comprising people best qualified to sound the alarm and arouse concern everywhere for such a treasure of art now in danger.

Mr. Cecil King, who has handled the play "Peter Pan" for many years tells this one. He was sitting in the audience near a little boy and his mother. The boy turned to his mother and said: "I think Mrs. Darling is a very bad mother, don't you?" "Do you?" came the reply. "I think she's very charming." "But she's put the children to bed without making them say their prayers!" Mr. King took all this in, and so, ever since that performance, Wendy, John and Michael have knelt by their beds for a moment before hopping into them. "And although he was always very insistent that no change should ever be made," says Mr. King, "I am quite sure Barrie would have approved of that one. One of the things he was always saying was, 'Dinna fash yersel' about the grown-ups. They don't matter. Fash yersel' about the children!'"

Good Driving Equipment



PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open to the discussion by correspondents of questions of interest. The Guardian does not necessarily endorse the opinion of correspondents.

NEGLECTED ROAD

Sir,—Now that the storms of winter have subsided and we are looking forward to freedom once again, after being snow-bound for almost six months, it is rather disheartening to realize that our hopes have failed until such time when mother nature will have removed the still high snow-drifts that our seldom seen snow ploughs have failed to do. It is discouraging in this rural district to look around and see practically every road ploughed and paths that could very easily be mistaken for lane-ways and in most instances are just that. The road I refer to, between Kelly's Cross and Hartsville, which joins two paved highways, is in itself a main secondary road. Yet the plow gives it a wide berth, and I wonder why: when a supporter of this present government from our rural district seeks the reason for this neglect, he is either given an evasive response or great wonderment is expressed as to the location of this area.

If my memory serves me correctly those responsible for this neglect do not have to pin-point this backward area on the map during the period prior to an election, but they seem to forget about some of their promises after their victory. All I can suggest as a remedy if this is not a departmental neglect, is to try and install some kind of alarm systems on these ploughing machines so that their operators will not forget they are supposed to be working. I am, Sir, etc. DISGUSTED SUPPORTER. Kelly's Cross.

The Age-Old Story

Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul. . . . For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me.

Western Optimism

(Lethbridge Herald) Farmers who had been turning a hopeful weather eye skywards during the milder-than-usual February are now wondering whether they will get the rest of their harvesting done before seeding starts around the end of April. Their high hopes for favorable weather in March were rudely dashed with the advent of eight or ten inches of quite unwanted snow. Weather for a springtime harvest would need to be drier than usual, with wind rather than snow to dry the uncut and swathed grain still to be combined. Now one of the heaviest snowfalls of the winter has overtaken them. But they still have hope. Nothing has happened yet that a good Chinook and some sunny windy weather will not cure.

Life's Mischance

(Time) In Arlington, Va., the judge let Haywood L. Miller off with a light \$15 fine for reckless driving and fleeing from highway cops at 70 m.p.h., after Miller explained: "I was out with another man's wife, and I thought that's who was chasing me."

In St. Louis, Maintenance Man Gus Smith sued the city for \$25,000, claimed that while working at its Municipal Hospital he had (1) walked across a floor that looked like wood; (2) crashed through a painted glass ceiling; (3) broken both legs when he landed on a conference table surrounded by doctors.

Notes From Another Island

By "Anson"

LONDON, England:—

A year ago the great talking point was the Festival of Britain. The work that had started many months previously was rushing headlong to its fulfilment, and we waited with anxiety to see if the South Bank Site in London, the focal point of the whole affair, would be completed in time for the scheduled opening day. Those in favour of the Festival were apprehensive when they saw or heard how much still remained to be done, yet hoped for the miracle that it seemed would be necessary if everything was to be made ship-shape punctually. The critics—and there were many, for self-denigration is a prominent part of our make-up—related not without relish all the rumours of this or that shortcoming, one thing or another that had gone wrong or that had not been properly foreseen by the administrators, and waited their opportunity to say "I told you so!"

Meanwhile the tide of publicity was running high, the story was being told all over the world, and those whose responsibility it was to have the Festival ready on the appointed day had little inclination, and even less time, to argue rights and wrongs. They got on with the job; and the South Bank Site opened on schedule. A few short months afterwards it was all over. The gates were closed and the lights were turned off for good. At least, the gates were closed to the public; people still got on to the site. Workmen, charged with the task of clearing up, dismantling, carting away. . . . Then there came a time when they had done as much clearing, dismantling and carting as they had authority for. What was to happen next was a matter for higher councils, who found that the problems of constructional administration were well matched by the less pressing but equally insistent problems of disposal. Worse, they found it hard to disguise their lack of decision; the Dome of Discovery is a massive structure, and the Skylon, that 300-foot high finger pointing to the sky, can be seen for miles around. You simply cannot hide things like those in a corner until you decide what to do with them!

Bright members of the public have not been slow in writing to the papers to suggest ways of making use or ornaments of these two particular features. Some of the ideas were sensible, some were facetious, many showed an imagination almost equal to that of the original designers of the structures themselves. But, it seems, there are many snags and obstacles that stand in the way of execution of most of the clever notions so far put forward, and so the Dome and the Skylon continue to remain aloof from the rest of the work that goes on around them. Oh, yes, work still proceeds on

The Poet's Corner

APRIL NIGHT

How deep the April night is in its noon. The hopeful, solemn, many-murdered night! The earth lies hushed with expectation; bright Above the world's dark border burns the moon, Yellow and large; from forest floorways strewn With flowers and fields that tingle with new birth.

—Archibald Lampman.

Old Charlottetown

(And F. E. I.)

FIRST RAILWAY SOD

"The first sod of the Prince Edward Island Railway was turned, without any ceremony, at half-past five o'clock yesterday. Ground was broken on the north side of Kensington Road, in front of the residence of Ralph Brecken, Esq., in the presence of a large number of persons, among whom we noticed not a few of our most influential citizens. Thus, unostentatiously, was commenced a great public work destined, we believe, to benefit all classes of the community to promote production of the lands of this Island and to improve every branch of industry among us. "We had hoped that the turning of the first sod would have been the occasion of a public celebration, but it was determined otherwise. In the evening some seventy or eighty gentlemen dined together at the St. Lawrence Hotel. The dinner was prepared by the Misses Street, and every justice was done to it. At a late hour the party separated, after having spent a very pleasant evening."

—The Islander, Oct. 6, 1871.

The Promenade, in fact, has top priority; it is to be completed first in order that people may walk on it and watch the rest of the work in progress. And there we observe a real and human understanding of what almost all of us like. Everybody knows the fascination of watching men digging holes in the roads, for instance. Who cares why they are digging? It's the fun of seeing men at work, while we have time to stand and stare, that counts. What could be nicer than to have a real Promenade set aside for that special purpose? The authorities could have thought of nothing more delightful.

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AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE PROVINCE

Notes By The Way

"We have no objection to the present as a time to live in," remarks the patient Peterborough Examiner. Can't say that we are overly-enthusiastic about it, but the past has gone, the future isn't here yet and the only time available at the moment is the present—so we're stuck with it and may as well make the most of it, such as it is.—Ottawa Citizen.

Today and for the past six years the great threat to the peace of the world has been Russia. This being so, consider the following letter written in 1838. The writer was Edward FitzGerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam. He was addressing his friend Thackeray and the letter appears in the Harvard edition of Thackeray's letters. FitzGerald writes: "I will exalt your name as a politician forever if you will contrive to persuade me that we have nothing to fear from the domineering Russia—It is not the present Russ made about here that men tremble, but I have always been afraid that she was the Power kept in pickle to overwhelm Europe just as men were beginning to settle into a better state than the World has yet seen."—Winnipeg Free Press.

It is significant that we do not hear much whistling on the streets. Maybe it is a sign of the gloom that has somehow gripped the people—or is it fear. Happy folks used to go around whistling—and peace reigned! There should be some moral there. What has happened to the whistlers we do not know and are afraid we do. Sure people are not so happy now that we get overmuch news, higher wages and so many fears. On the other hand we are less demonstrative than we were in simple and peaceful days. In any case a person walking along the street whistling at the top of his air power would draw quite a bit of attention these days. There must be some reason why.—Brandon Sun.

Cambridge will be the poorer because the undergraduates at Clare were persuaded, in the sacred name of political discretion, to withdraw their revue "Kick Me Narriman" (sequel to "Kick Me Kate"). The program included the following items: "Alexander's Pipe-Line Band," "Abba Dan—O! Walk Beside You," "All Gaters, Juvenile Delinquent," "Fat and Oily—I Tawt I Taw a Treaty," "Mossy Deck—On the Carpet." It is said that Middle East undergraduates at Cambridge threatened to appeal to their governments. Why not let them have "The Mikado" once wanted to have "The Mikado" banned in England. Hitler wanted Mr. Low to be closed down. We took no notice then. But times have changed. Soon we shall not dare to say "Boo" to Bao Dai.—Manchester Guardian.

If you are planning to visit Europe you had better go before 21st A. D. That is, if you want to see the Leaning Tower of Pisa—standing up, that is. Dr. Piero Sampaloni, superintendent of monuments and statues for Tuscany, predicts the tower will topple in 200 years. That at least gives a breathing spell to the tourists who even now walk a little gingerly and apprehensively to leeward (or is it leeward?) of the tower. They can relax. It isn't going to fall—yet. Sic gloria mundi. Pisa's rathum landmark only reminds us a little more preciously of the impermanence of all earthly monuments. Even the proudest pyramid will one day be nothing more than scattered dust. We leave the moral for tyrants to ponder—in the manner of Shelley's Ozymandias. Let the regretful tourist drop a tear from the top of the too, too Leaning Tower—and note that it will hit the ground as quickly as Newton's apple.—Christian Science Monitor.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Professional cards for Bell, Mathieson & Foster; Gaudet & Hassard; J. A. McGuigan; Palmer & Haslam; J. S. Taylor; MacPhee & Trainor; Matheson, Peake & Nicholson; William A. Reddin; McDonald & Joyal; H. R. Doane and Company; Randolph W. Manning, C.A.; and McDonald, Currie & Co.