

THE GUARDIAN

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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink"

CHARLOTTETOWN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 15, 1951

Press And Radio

The great American statesman Thomas Jefferson once remarked that if he were compelled to choose between a country without newspapers and with a government, or a country without a government and with newspapers, he would without hesitation decide in favor of the latter.

This circumstance leads quite naturally to the conclusion that radio is also part and parcel of the function of government. What puzzles thoughtful Canadians, however, is how long it can remain that way so long as network productions are under the exclusive control of the CBC, an agency of government, and so long as private stations are themselves accountable to the CBC for the manner in which they discharge their functions.

Members of the Massey Commission, with the notable exception of Mr. Surveyor, appear to have fallen victim to this popular fallacy. The currency which their Report has been accorded tends to perpetuate the fallacy to the point where the vast majority of Canadians unwittingly fall into the same error.

The fact of the matter is that there is a vast difference between the respective roles of the Press and the Radio, as the latter exists in Canada today. One of those differences is that the Press receives a cash payment from those who wish to read it, whereas the radio listener pays nothing for the program available to him. It might be argued that the license fee for radio receivers is, in effect payment. Rather, however, it is a sort of tax which he must pay, in theory at least, before he is allowed to listen to anything at all.

Advertising is another field in which Press and Radio differ sharply. The newspaper reader can look at the advertisements or disregard them. Periodical advertising, therefore, has to be of a high quality if it is to provoke reader interest.

Radio advertising, on the other hand, is under no such compulsion to be attractive or interesting. It frequently relies on the hypnotic effect of repetitiveness to achieve its purpose, and can therefore scarcely claim to provide a service for the listener.

Newspapers, both in terms of editorial matter and advertising, operate in a visual space medium. Radio, and for that matter television when it comes, operate in a time medium. Herein lies a fundamental difference which makes any attempts at comparison between the functions of the two media misleading and inaccurate.

The Pioneers

Much has been said and written about the Canadian pioneers and their accomplishments. They were able to go forward without social security, labor-saving devices or higher education. All honor to them, says the Ottawa Journal; but we can pause and consider and — at least for a moment — envy the freedoms they enjoyed.

They cut their trees and built their homes without mortgaging their income for 20 years. Their horses and oxen lived off the land, there was time to pick blueberries and raspberries for the winter dessert, their children looked forward to making their homes on the adjoining section, fears of war seldom disturbed their slumbers.

They had to work hard, show skill and initiative in raising their barns, improving their roads, making provision for education. They did not have to worry about the rising cost of living, become familiar with ever-changing industrial machinery, listen to the details of world-wide woe

pouring from a loud-speaker, hour after hour. They had time to relish Canada, to glory in the burgeoning Spring, the rich Summer, the golden Fall and the brisk Winter. They could be content with the thought that when they were old and tired their children, not the state, would care for them.

"There has been progress, no doubt, towards what we call the better age and probably they worked harder than we do today," concludes our Ottawa contemporary. "But to suggest that our burdens have become lighter and our responsibilities less is something else. We have gained in better science, better social services, greater co-operation among greater numbers. We have also gained ulcers, mental turmoil and uncertainty."

EDITORIAL NOTES

Today, the last day for trout fishing.

Tomorrow, the 17th Sunday after Trinity.

The beaches have once more been popular resorts this week.

More deer for the Island as playthings are all right so long as they do not develop into plagues.

Mr. Justice Arsenault is receiving congratulations from many friends on the latest honour conferred upon him.

Canada is playing host to the delegates to the foreign ministers conference of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

The Provincial Government is beginning to feel not a little sore at being reminded of alleged election promises still unfulfilled.

The Battle of Britain anniversary is to be worthily celebrated here today and Sunday as well as elsewhere throughout the Commonwealth.

The appointment of Field-Marshal Lord Alexander of Tunis as Honorary Colonel of Oxford University contingent of the University Training Corps has been announced in The London Gazette.

Tomorrow is Battle of Britain Sunday. Eleven years ago "the few" had prevented Britain from being defeated by Hitler's air armadas, and with Britain proud the whole free world.

The first use of tanks was at the Battle of the Somme, this date 1916. They were designed to overcome the difficulty of movement imposed by greatly increased firepower and to restore mobility to warfare.

Historically a charter of incorporation for a town or municipality was a privilege keenly sought and reluctantly given. Today it seems to be the built up areas that shy at incorporation while the Government eagerly offers the advantages of the corporate state.

Our Highland pipers will be pleased to know that Princess Elizabeth's favourite pipe tune is "The 79th Farewell to Gibraltar", and be prepared accordingly. When the Canadian Argyle and Sutherland Highland band visited Balmoral recently Her Royal Highness specially requested that tune should be played, which the pipers did marching on the lawn in front of the house.

In view of the visit of the Royal Edinburghs here, and the interviews certain privileged persons will have with them, it may be noted that conversation should be natural, not highly formal. The Duke is addressed as "Sir", and the Princess as "Ma'am"—"Yes, Sir"; "Yes Ma'am" as infrequently as possible. The formal "Your Royal Highness", and "Your Grace the Duke" is never used except in formal ceremonial address by way of introduction or congratulation.

Speaking at the opening of the 26th Congress of Anaesthetists in London last week, Sir John Anderson said that since 1939, when most of the local anaesthetics were only available from Germany, British research scientists and manufacturers had produced two new and most valuable local anaesthetics — Procaine and Butocaine. Some 400 delegates from nearly 30 countries attended the Congress. About 50 were from Canada and the United States. The two anaesthetics are both for spinal or local use. They have the important characteristics of being very safe, and their after-effects rapidly disappear. One of them can be applied to the surface of the skin. Joint presidents of the Congress are Dr. I. W. Magill, Senior Anaesthetist at Westminster and Brompton Hospital, and Dr. H. R. Griffith, Professor of Anaesthetics at McGill University, Montreal.

Noteworthy



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.

FARMING AND FORTUNES

Sir.—This combination of words used to form a heading for the following expression of thoughts, may seem somewhat far-fetched, but its appropriateness depends upon how one farms, and what one considers to be a fortune. A dictionary definition describes a "fortune" as the "arrival of something in an unexpected manner" and it does not qualify the explanation by saying anything about proportions. Most of us are occasional recipients of at least minor fortunes, and if such were allowed to accumulate without being depleted by mishaps, we might eventually be classified as "wealthy".

This all seems to hinge on the matter of chance. Then there is the alternative of securing a fortune the hard way—by effort, either mental or physical or a combination of both, and this is where individuality enters the picture. brains, brawn and sometimes a bit of good luck.

The farmer, by virtue of the nature of his occupation has been called upon to expend generously of his brawn, thus having little opportunity to give that degree of thought and analysis to his business that it requires. He is expected to exact from the soil not only a competence for himself and family, but a surplus which when amassed, will be sufficient to feed the world.

It was on this latter score that governments first admitted a feeling of obligation, and offered to do the "thinking" for which the farmers themselves had but little time. This was the beginning of scientific agricultural practices and the origin of what is frequently referred to as "white collared" farmers. Generally speaking, such appointees are called upon to discharge the duties they have assumed, and in co-operation with brawn on the farm, effect a fairly good combination.

During the past twelve months, both brain and brawn—and the former is not at all one sided possession—have gone through a real testing period and it is not at all sure they have yet reached the final paragraph. Fleeting nature and continually changing economic conditions propounded the problems, and the barriers have not been too successfully hurdled. Last year brawn made a magnificent job of production, especially in the potato growing industry, but its counterpart failed to make a very serious impression, leaving the old maxim about the law of "supply and demand" definitely dictating the matter of price, still undisturbed.

This year fate is giving warning, that it will again pose some agricultural conundrums for solution, and again more with respect to the potato industry, and answers to enquiries are carefully guarded by the prudent. The most definite, that can yet be coaxed into circulation, is something as follows: "If the world crop is short, growers here will likely get a better price than last year; if the world price is high and the local yield good, producers are in for a good season; if the yield is poor here, farmers will not get much, no matter what the price, elsewhere; if the yield is poor, and the price low, the industry will probably suffer a complete casualty." It is all in the realm of conjecture, hedged about with a screen of uncertainty and similarly so with respect to every phase of farm production. It again all boils down to the fact that this old law of supply and demand still reigns supreme in setting values, and especially so when the product is of perishable content.

The road to fortune on the farm does not consist of paths of ease or short cuts, nor is it overcrowded much beyond the entrance. It is mixed with dangerous pitfalls, as well as embazoned at times with golden opportunities. A few are known to have

Sir Denys Lowson, Bart, Lord Mayor Of London

It is comparatively rare for the Lord Mayor of London to travel far afield during his year of office. This year, however, Sir Denys Lowson has embarked on a considerable Commonwealth tour, visiting Australia, New Zealand and Canada, and ending up with an official visit to the United States. This is only one part of a big programme which has fallen to him as Lord Mayor of London in Festival of Britain year.

When he took office he realised a boyhood ambition. While still in his teens he went to Grocers' Hall to be apprenticed to his uncle, a Liveryman of the Grocers' Company. As he left the Hall a procession went by—the Lord Mayor and the two Sheriffs in their ceremonial coaches. The boy then and there determined that he would one day be Lord Mayor of London.

He has spent his working life in the City of London, and is today a Liveryman of six of its Companies; he was Grand Master of the Worshipful Company of Glaziers three years ago, and is Grand Master of the Loriners this year. He comes of a family with a tradition of civic and public service. In the last century a member of his mother's family, Benjamin Scott, was a City Chamberlain for thirty-five years, and his father was a member of the Royal Company of Archers, who form the King's Bodyguard in Scotland.

The Beginning

The Lowsons are an old Perthshire family; Sir Denys' father, the late J. G. Flowerden Lowson, a scientific and industrial research pioneer, went south and settled at Stow-on-the-Wold in the Cotswolds. Denys Colquhoun Flowerden Lowson was born on January 22nd, 1906, and was educated at Winchester and Christ Church College, Oxford. He took honours in history and law and was called to the Bar, Inner Temple, in 1930. He did not practice, however, but went straight into the City. He gained his early experience in merchant banks in London and

achieved their objective, while countless numbers have fallen by the wayside. Why this should be so, and particularly why the latter, and what, and how to apply a remedy, constitutes a poser that is at the moment challenging to agricultural philosophy. And after all it seems so simple, we wonder why there should be a failure. Year after year we go through the same agricultural gymnastics, yet results vary so frequently. Have we fallen into certain habits or gotten into a rut of sameness and repetition, forgetting all the while the world round about us in constantly changing and demanding that we be modern and up to date?

I am, Sir, etc. J. A. GILLIES, Charlottetown.

Old Charlottetown (And P. E. I.) GARRISON CELEBRATION

"The Detachment of the 97th Regiment, stationed in Charlottetown, celebrated on Friday last the return from Headquarters of their gallant Commanding Officer, Capt. Pattinson, late of the 16th Lancers. At an early hour the news of the gallant Captain's arrival was greeted with hearty cheers. The Barrack Square, by the active exertions of the men, was soon converted into a 'merry green wood', intermixed with numerous emblematical devices and the British Flag waving aloft.

"The Detachment afterwards partook, in the open air, of a good old dinner of Roast Beef and Plum Pudding, accompanied with a liberal supply of good Ale. After dinner, the health of Her Majesty, with that of Captain Pattinson and his fair bride, was drunk with unbounded enthusiasm. The day throughout was spent with the greatest glee and conviviality. "We understand the Detachment would have felt happy to have closed the evening with a good 'Contra Dance', but their very recent arrival on the Island had not given them sufficient time to cultivate the acquaintance of the fairer portion of the community."

—The Islander, July 13, 1849.

Berlin, and with the Investment Trust, Corporation Limited. This latter was to be the branch of finance in which he specialised, and he is today connected with a number of important investment trusts and insurance companies. Early in the 'thirties he helped to found the Unit Trust movement, by which small investors are enabled to spread their risks in a large number of companies. In the year that war broke out he took the first step on the civic ladder towards his present position, by being elected a Sheriff of the City of London. In the Guildhall where the floor, in the traditional manner, was strewn with sweet-smelling herbs, he swore in words dating from the time of Queen Elizabeth: "I will lawfully keep the Shire of London; and the offices that to the same Shire pertain to be done, well and lawfully I will do after my wit and power; and right I will do to poor as to rich, and good customs I will none break nor evil customs arrere..."

In 1940 Mr. Lowson, as he then was, became a member of the Court of Common Council and two years later was elected an Alderman for the Vintry Ward and was one of H.M. Lords Lieutenant for the City of London. By 1949 he had reached the position of seniority among the Aldermen which made his election as Lord Mayor a virtual certainty—election is traditionally though not of necessity by seniority. He stood down, however, in favour of Sir

(Continued on page 14)

STORM WARNINGS

Destructive windstorm can frequently be predicted by the weather service, and some severe storms come without warning. Substantially built properties have been, can be, and will be damaged.

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Notes By The Way

Bishop Barfoot of Edmonton has been chosen Primate of the Church of England in Canada. A soldier decorated for valor in World War I, widely-travelled and of studious mind, he has the qualities which made him the choice of his fellow bishops. Canadians of all denominations will wish well to this new leader of a great congregation. — Ottawa Journal.

Plans have been announced for the construction of a 200-bed hospital in Washington, primarily for the care of Negroes in the Capital City. It is said to be the first of a nation-wide network of such institutions. Will Soviet papers which make so much of racial discrimination in the United States for propaganda purposes please copy? — Detroit Free Press.

A propaganda poster put out by the German Communists, attempting to show President Truman as Hitler's successor, prompts the reflection that Mr. Truman's face is really a considerable asset to the free world... The countenance of the president of the United States is not "distinguished." It is not particularly handsome, forceful, or intellectual. It is an "average" sort of face, but there is humor in it, and kindness. It unmistakably belongs to a man of goodwill. — Toronto Star.

The Hon. Brooke Claxton, Canadian Minister of National Defence, was in Kingston on Friday. He was the guest of honor at the opening exercises of the Canadian National Defence College at Fort Frontenac in which is also located the Canadian Army Staff College. Fort Frontenac itself is a military establishment maintained by the Canadian Department of National Defence. Yet over Mr. Claxton, over both colleges, and over the fort flew the flag of a foreign nation. — Kingston Whig-Standard.

A woman who ought to know what she is talking about (she manages a taxi company with 12 male drivers) comes to the defence of women motorists with the declaration that women are better drivers than men. To back up her claim, Mrs. Mildred Anderson, of Toronto, says that the women drivers she employed during the war years never put a scratch on her taxis, and if it was permissible she would again employ women drivers. I don't know why male drivers live as long as they do. They don't know the meaning of courtesy on the highways." comments Mrs. Anderson. To which many, many male drivers — and most women drivers — will say "Amen." — Sudbury Star.

When Viscount Alexander said goodbye to Vancouver the other day it may have been his final goodbye as Governor General. And his goodbye was reciprocated by none with more goodwill than our staff men who had to "cover" his visit. Their verdict about him: a good egg. The reason is simply his unfailing decency, to hurried reporters and photographers who are under public assignment to give the public an account of his doings — with pictures. No matter how "sticky" the going is through those who surround the Governor General, the reporters and photographers always find him ready to co-operate to a surprising extent in order that they can get the story and pictures. — Vancouver Province.

A hurricane bent on pushing Bermuda around has been hit by, of all things, another hurricane. The result was that both had most of the wind knocked out of them, as sometimes happens when two grapplers fall out of the ring simultaneously. Bermuda was spared all but a few sifful gusts. Meteorologists are reported to be fascinated by this performance. It's the first record any such battle has been recorded, they've said. They knew, of course, all about cold fronts running into hot fronts, but this was different. It was like having two forces presumed to be ir-

resistible come together. Whatever the cause, we're all for it. There's something inspiring about those tropical hurricanes that swing over the land spread wreckage far and wide, then curve back to sea again. If we must have them, let them come in pairs, so one can beat up the other. The example is commended also for winter blizzards, if a way can be found to arrange it. In some things nature has been ganging up on man long enough. — Windsor Daily Star.

Two Irish girls have returned to their homeland, following a tour of Canada, completely disgusted with the hair styles and Canadian teeny clothes affected by Canadian sloopy boys. "Their crew-cut hair styles are just horrible and they wear the oldest and most untidy clothes, even for dates," reported one of the 16-year-old colleens. Unfortunately, there is more truth than fiction in the observations made by the girls from the Gaelic Sod. There was a time when young swains wore nothing but their best when calling on the girls of their dreams. Each hair had to be in place, and the youth with a "cowlick" was an object of pity as he tried various pastes, creams and other concoctions to make unruly hair stay in place. Many boys calling on their "dates" today look like overgrown porcupines sticking out of scarecrows, and it is little wonder that visiting eyes regard them as anything but Beau Brummels. — Sudbury Daily Star.

The Poet's Corner

OLD CROW The bird in the corn Is a marvellous crow, He was laid and was born In the season of snow! And he chants his old catches Like a ghost under hatches.

He comes from the shades Of his wood very early, And works in the blades Of the wheat and the barley. And he's happy, although He's a grumbleton crow.

The larks have devices For sunny delight, And the sheep in their fleeces Are woolly and white; But these are the scorn Of the bird in the corn. And morning goes by, And still he is there, Till a rose in the sky Calls him back to his lair In the boughs where the gloom Is a part of his plume.

But the boy in the lane With his gun, by-an-by, To the heart of the grain Will narrowly spy. And the twilight will come, And no crow will fly home. —John Drinkwater

The Age-Old Story

For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

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