

THE GUARDIAN

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President and Associate Editor, Ian A. Burnett, Associate Editor, Frank Walker. "The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink".

CHARLOTTETOWN, THURSDAY, JAN. 31, 1952

Improving The Service

The advantage of the new truck service inaugurated by the Canadian National Railway for l.c.l. freight and express to King's County will be further enhanced by the change announced yesterday at regional and divisional headquarters. Nearly three additional hours will be saved in starting daily at 6 a.m. from Charlottetown, as now decided, thus giving the eastern section of this Province one of the speediest services of its kind available anywhere in Canada.

The need for an improved service has long been recognized, but many difficulties stood in the way and the planning of the new schedule involved a great deal of work on the part of our railway officials, all of whom have cooperated very efficiently. They are to be warmly congratulated on keeping Prince Edward Island abreast of the times, first by improving the heavier freight and passenger service with diesel locomotives, and now with an up-to-date truck service for lighter commodities which should prove of tremendous advantage, both to the rural as well as urban communities of King's and Eastern Queen's Counties.

Plowing-Under Legumes

The practice of plowing under legumes and other nitrogenous crops as green manure has long been favoured by some of our successful farmers but it has now come under attack by a Mr. J. M. Appleton of Wallaceburg, Ont. Speaking before the Ontario Crop Improvement Association, which incidentally has added "and Soil" to its name, Mr. Appleton described the result of 15 year's experiments with forage crops.

When green pastures are plowed into the soil, there is a loss of important elements from the action of soil bacteria. Phosphate content in particular may be seriously depleted. While a larger supply of nitrogen may be temporarily available, calcium and nitrogen are likely to be lost by leaching following the green-manure practice.

Recommended, were the extensive use of animal manures together with commercial fertilizers as required. Only well-rotted manures were advocated and they should be thoroughly plowed into the topsoil. An undisturbed sod cover to allow soil bacteria to work was another recommendation by Mr. Appleton who blamed following practices for ruining valuable farmland.

Are We At War With China?

The growing sense of disillusionment regarding the truce talks at Panmunjom is causing thoughtful Canadians to ask themselves a number of pointed questions regarding this country's relationship with communist China. Is there, in fact, a state of war existing between Canada and the communist government at Peking? If so, why do United Nations forces continue to pursue a war of attrition in which Canadian lives are being lost, and at the same time observe a scrupulous "hands-off" policy with respect to the great industrial centres on the Chinese mainland which supply Mao's war machine?

Reports from Washington indicate that precisely the same questions were being asked in Washington during Prime Minister Winston Churchill's discussions with President Truman. For it was British policy prior to the defeat of the socialist regime of former Prime Minister Attlee late last autumn that accounted in large measure for the "go easy" attitude towards communist China. It would have been diplomatically embarrassing to that most incompetent of Foreign Secretaries, Mr. Herbert Morrison, to have been a party to the bombing of a country with whose insurrectionist regime Mr. Attlee's government had with almost indecent haste established formal diplomatic relations.

Mr. Churchill, it seems, does not feel himself in any way bound by the indiscretions of his predecessors in office. Reports from Washington state that the British Prime Minister has already given his informal approval to a "Get Tough With China" policy, under the terms of which strategic bombing of Chinese railway junctions, airfields, and industries may be embarked upon without reserve. Also contemplated is a naval blockade of Chinese ports.

Unless positive results are forthcoming in the truce talks at an early date, there is reason to believe that diplomatic niceties may shortly be replaced by a new and

much more formidable military strategy aimed at carrying the war to the heart of communist China. Such a development would undoubtedly merit the support of the Canadian people, to most of whom it is incomprehensible that Canadian lives should be sacrificed while the negotiators fumble in futility at Panmunjom.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Legislature is called to meet in the second week of Lent.

Congratulations are in order for Mayor Wedge of Summerside on his acclamation.

By noon today \$25,000,000 will be paid out by Ottawa in Old Age Pensions to some 630,000 eligible recipients. Here we get about \$250,000.

Canada has placed \$200,000,000 worth of orders for new ships and equipment. It looks as though the foundations were being laid for a worthwhile navy.

In Summerside it is argued that the Town Council should have a chairman of Youth Welfare committee, who would relieve the Police Committee chairman of some of his work.

Though there will be practically no market for much of our produce in Great Britain this year due to the Mother Country's decision to live within her means, cheese will be an exception. Britons dearly love bread, cheese and ale.

At Toronto a three-month experiment is being tried of having the luggage of airline passengers for New York checked through American customs before taking off. General adoption of such a scheme would remove much of the nuisance of international air travel.

Trade Minister Howe assures us that though there was an over-all deficit in our foreign trade dealings last year, there was no decline in our reserve of U.S. dollars and gold, with the result foreign investors are finding Canada a good country for investment, hence the equalization of the Canadian and U.S.A. dollar.

Anna Pavlova, famous Russian ballerina, died this date 1885. She entered the Imperial Ballet School at St. Petersburg at the age of ten and rapidly became prima ballerina. She danced in Berlin, New York, Vienna, Paris, London, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. Before her ascendancy ballet had been perfected but became artificial. A supreme artist, Pavlova brought ballet dancing back to nature without sacrificing traditional technique.

Precast concrete pigsties which can be erected by unskilled labour are proving popular among farmers in Britain. The sites have a main structure of posts and panels held by bolts with an asbestos cement roof. Only one post in each sty has to be let into the ground and all troughs have glazed linings to ensure clean feed.

U.S. Chamber of Commerce reports that more taxes have been collected from the American people since President Truman took office than have been collected under all previous Presidents combined. Federal receipts from July 1, 1945, through November 16, 1951, totalled \$262 billion as against \$254 billion from 1789 through June 30, 1945. Canadian Government is following along same line. Taxes collected by Ottawa during six years of World War II (March, 1939-March, 1945) totalled \$9.9 billion. During six post-war years (March, 1945-March, 1951) they totalled \$14.7 billion.

Cattle ranching has been started in the Highlands, Scotland, but the financial returns alas are not up to expectations so far as the small crofter is concerned. He would need to get at least \$120 per bullock at the sales in order to cover his outlay, and till now has obtained no more than \$90. One crofter told an inquirer that the cost of winter feed and transport were prohibitive, and he could not go on producing cattle at a loss, and that was the same sorry story heard from most of the small crofters and hill-farmers at the sale.

With the best intentions in the world, no doubt, a Toronto mother's interference in a boy-and-girl love affair, has made a boy experience Hades. Carol Haddock (14) and Ivor Hickman (16) class-mates were "steadies" till the girl's mother broke up the romance. Then Ivor borrowed a hunting knife from another boy, and when Carol went to see him about a book she had lent him, he plunged the knife in her back, according to police evidence at his preliminary hearing on a charge of attempted murder. In his final year at public school last year Hickman was voted the most popular student and best athlete. He was elected secretary of his class at Collegiate,

So Nearly Perfect



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.

TRUE CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY

Sir,—In your issue of Jan. 2nd you inserted in your columns a very kind letter from your correspondent and our long-time warm friend, Mr. J. Archie McKenzie, of Kensington, P.E.I. My first "home" in Canada, after I arrived, was on P.E.I., and it is still my "home" although I have wandered afar through Canada since my arrival back in 1907 (and it is still the "home" of my Island-born wife and daughter). Today I am the victim of serious heart trouble which (the specialists say) is not likely to let me live much longer; and further, as the result of the German bombing of London, Eng., in the last World War, all my old-age retirement funds were wiped out. The net result is, that I am now wholly dependent (with my wife) on the support given us by our only child, a daughter (herself not very strong), who lives at home with us.

Those who know Mr. McKenzie will realize at once the kindly sympathy which prompted him to send you the letter above-mentioned. Since that letter appeared, I have received several letters from P.E. Islanders (all strangers to me in the flesh), and some of these letters enclosed small gifts of money, whilst all promised, with real Christian sympathy, to remember us in their prayers. I have since sent a letter of thanks to each of these writers, but I have returned the various small gifts of money to those who sent them, because we have preferred it that way. True, in these days of high costs, we do find it difficult to "make ends meet", but we are "getting by", and pray that we may continue to be the case (another reason for returning the monies sent us).

However, Sir, my main reason for writing you now, in the hope that you can find room in your columns for this letter, is this:—Two evenings ago I received still another letter. This one is seemingly from a resident of your beautiful City; it is an exceedingly kind letter, and it enclosed a generous money-gift of \$20.00 (in two ten-dollar bills). But it was so worded that it felt in honor-bound to accede to the request "Not to try to get any more of the money, but to find out the identity of the writer", who also wrote me quite anonymously. Perforce I must agree, but this letter to you, Sir, is my sole means of expressing my gratitude to the writer, alike for the warm letter, and for the gift of money which I have no option but to accept. With all my heart I hope and pray he (or she) may see this letter, and that the writer may realize I have not left the letter, and gift, unacknowledged.

In conclusion, Sir, may I add that this whole experience of mine has been most uplifting in that, once again, it has revealed the in-

The Age-Old Story

And, behold, they brought to him a man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed; and Jesus seeking their faith said unto the sick of the palsy: Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee. And, behold, certain of the scribes said within themselves, This man blasphemeth.

And Jesus knowing their thoughts said, Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts? For whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and walk?

But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (then saith he to the sick of the palsy), Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house. And he arose, and departed to his house.

But when the multitudes saw it, they marvelled, and glorified God, which had given such power unto men.

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WHY WE FEEL COLD

Sir,—This winter we're all going to be pretty cold, according to the weather forecast for the next few months. But, do we really know why we'll feel cold? It's not just because the air feels chilly. That's only part of the story.

Actually, it's an intricate series of physiological processes that take place inside of us that create sensations of comfort or discomfort, we're told by Dr. Waldo Kliever, research director for Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co. Ltd. And he ought to know since his firm has spent some 60 years finding the key to indoor comfort.

Dr. Kliever explains that since man is a warm-blooded animal our bodies maintain a constant internal temperature of 98.6°. This is purely a chemical fire stoked by the food we eat—steaks, vegetables, candy and so on. But, like any other machine, the body makes more heat than it can use and must throw off the excess. This is done in four ways: by conduction, radiation, convection and evaporation. If too much heat is drawn off through any of these four procedures, Dr. Kliever points out, we'll then feel cold.

The Poet's Corner

AGED CITIES

I have known cities with the strong-armed Rhine Claspings their mouldered quays in lordly sweep; And lingered where the Maine's low waters shine Through Tyrian Frankfort; and been fain to weep Mid the green cliffs where pale Mosella laves That Roman saphire, imperial Treves. Ghent boasts her street, and Bruges her moonlight square; And holy Machlin, Rome of Flanders, stands, Like a queen-mother, on her spacious lands: And Antwerp shoots her glowing spire in air. Yet have I seen no place, by inland brook, Hill-top, or plain, or trim arched bowers, That carry age so nobly in its look. As Oxford with the sun upon her towers.

—F. W. Faber.

Another Link Is Broken

(Hamilton Spectator) As long as there has been a Canada we have had an especially intimate link with the country across the seas to which we owe our freedom, our institutions and our independence. From generation into new generation His Majesty the King has sent over his personal representative from Great Britain to Canada and the names of these distinguished men are landmarks in our story. They are held in affectionate memory because, standing above suspicion in our political divisions and strife, they symbolized a great and enduring union of free people, and the strength of this unity has always been a common allegiance to the Crown.

On January 24, 1952, this tradition was abruptly and harshly broken. Although rumour had played with it and the needed doctoring with our statutes had paved the way, there had been little open preparation for appointment of a native Canadian as the next Governor-General. Now it is beyond conjecture, for Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey to be succeeded by Viscount Alexander. Not only is he to succeed him but by "letters patent" issued in 1947, he is empowered to exercise royal prerogatives and indeed appoint his own successor. No matter how it is dressed up it is from now on frankly a domestic political matter. The Throne is to be at Ottawa.

It would be ungracious to ignore Mr. Massey's energetic contributions to our public life and culture, but having said this we believe that the new appointment is a tragic mistake that its sponsors will ultimately regret. The illustrious office, so well served in the past, has been swept into the orbit of domestic politics. It will face an inevitable buffeting that can impair and perhaps finally destroy its prestige, so that the occupant will be no less a victim of the change than the office itself.

Our country's records reveal the many fine services Mr. Massey has performed. They also show that he has had strong party affiliations. When he resigned as president of the Massey-Harris Company in 1925 he ran as federal Liberal candidate in Durham riding, and was defeated. He was right afterwards appointed as the first Canadian minister to the United States. Although there was a hiatus due to the Conservative triumph in 1930, he was appointed to London as high commissioner when Mackenzie King was returned to power in 1935. He was president of the National Liberal Federation of Canada from 1932-1935.

This does not mean that among any group of distinguished Canadians Mr. Massey would not be a good and plausible choice for Governor-General. What it does mean is that—as sincere people have been warning across this country for the last few days—it would be virtually impossible to select any native Canadian who would arouse sectional antagonisms. For Mr. Massey is only the first and the dangerous precedent has been set.

Notes By The Way

"An evangelist says ten thousand Californians have signified to him that they want to go to heaven."—Press report. They mean, we presume, in case they have to leave California. — Kingston Whig-Standard.

The Toronto street-car strike points to the need for revised labour legislation. As always when men exercise their legal rights and withhold their labor from a public utility, the innocent and seriously injured public demands legislation which would outlaw strikes of the kind. Despite the difficulties which legislation that takes away or reduces the strike weapon always presents, it should not be beyond the capabilities of Canadian legislators to find a formula that protects the public and still provides safeguards for labor in wage bargaining. — Toronto Saturday Night.

In capitals like Ottawa, a strain is placed on Commonwealth relations by the necessity of celebrating two national holidays on the same date. Mental and social attention must be divided between India and Australia on January 26. By an unfortunate oversight Indian government was how to get the see the inconveniences of this coincidence, or else it might have proclaimed the constitution on Jan. 26 instead. If Australia feels aggrieved by India's moving in on its national day, it has however, kept discreetly silent. After all members of the Commonwealth must try to bear with one another and give their main attention to strengthening common ties. And perhaps this very coincidence of national celebrations creates a bond. —Ottawa Citizen.

The San Francisco zoo sent the Sydney, Australia, zoo three bears in a cage that did not have a door. The problem was how to get the bears out of the cage and into the bear pit without getting clawed to shreds. After considerable thought, the head of the Australian zoo solved it. He lowered the doorless cage with its three bears gently into the pit, then went down himself, armed with three sponges of soda water. He squirted the water into the faces of the bears. They retreated to the far side of the cage. He unbolted the front of the cage, then kept it in place with a rope. He scrambled out of the pit, and pulled the rope away. The bewitched, bothered and bewildered bears ambled out into their new home. — New York Herald Tribune.

All this talk about the highly inflammable sweaters recently sold in this area and in the United States recalls the time when it was the custom for men to wear a similarly rapid-burning material around their necks. We refer, of course, to the celluloid collars. Some men even wore removable celluloid shirt fronts and cuffs. Touch a match to a celluloid collar and it would disappear in a puff, exuding a most odious aroma. But, come to think of it, we don't remember any fatalities due to this cause. Those were the days of detachable "hard collars." Men who could afford linen ones and the cost of frequent laundry—preferred them. Others wore the celluloid ones. They had the advantage in that they were cheap, could be easily "laundered," and wore like a pig's nose. To clean them all one had to do would be to take a wet soapy cloth, rub the collars and, presto, they shone like new. And, as compared to the

Isn't this business of smiling being overdone? We have just been looking at a photograph of 25 men gathered together to talk about business. Twenty-three of them wear big smiles, and two do not; the two non-smilers look more intelligent and genuinely pleasant than their Cheshire Cat colleagues. Photographers, for some reason known only to themselves, want everybody to smile when they are being photographed. Let it be understood, then, we have no quarrel with the true and natural smile; if a man has a merry heart, let him show it. We refer only to the feigned smile assumed for photographic purposes, which is betrayed by the worried, sad or angry eyes which peep through the mask. Don't smile because somebody has told you that it is the thing to do. — Peterborough Examiner.

The story of the "abominable snowmen" whose tracks the recent Mount Everest Reconnaissance Expedition photographed for all to see, has taken a long time to cross the Atlantic. The British have been talking about them for weeks. Now they have caught our fancy too, for these animals whatever they were, did exist and did make that lone climb up the virgin snow-covered slope at some 20,000 feet above sea level, close to Everest. The Sherpa bearers and other Nepalese and Tibetans of the region call the creatures "yetis" and by their tradition they are large ape-like creatures. There is a species of Himalayan bear, which is also known to climb at times beyond heights where any animal except foolish, indomitable, is unable to live for long. The pundits who wrote to the Times of London, and the newspaper's own authority, incline to the theory of a bear. We wish they turn out to be real abominable snowmen, whatever a real one proves to be. The world needs something new under the sun. It would be sad if one had to think that there are no more monsters left or if we learned beyond doubt that evolution has only left us monsters in human form. — St. Thomas Times-Journal.

An Architect's Error

(Hamilton Spectator) Nearly 1,000 years after the fatal mistake in its construction was made, one of the world's most famous "sighs," a lovely, massive structure of white marble, will crash to ruin.

It was in 1174 that work was started on the campanile or bell tower which was to become known as the architectural oddity, "the leaning tower of Pisa." There is evidence that the structure began to assume its strange, oblique position even before it was completed in 1350.

For nearly 800 years the tower has been falling with infinite slowness to its destruction. It is now more than 16 feet out of the perpendicular, and latest calculations set the speed of fall at one twenty-fifth of an inch a year. The final, spectacular plunge is set for some time in the year 2151. The tower, 179 feet high, has walls 13 feet thick at the base, half as thick at the top. The first story is surrounded by a range of arches supported by 15 gigantic columns. Above this rise six arcades with 30 columns each. The eighth story, containing the great bells, has 12 columns.

This tremendous weight is supported by a foundation no more than 10 feet deep with a circumference only that of the tower itself.

A strange piece of mediaeval jerry-building that, but there will be no architect to answer for the mistake when the lovely tower lies in a million pieces two centuries hence.

Old Charlottetown

(And F. E. L.)

MAIL COURIER DROWNED

"We regret to learn that Mr. Thomas Mabon, of Murray Harbour Road, who carried the mails between the Halfway House and Murray Harbour South, was drowned about 11 o'clock on Monday night, on Murray Harbour, about two miles from the residence of Samuel Prowse, Esq. The horse was discovered floating in the hole next morning, while the sleigh with the mail bags was 200 yards further up the river. The body of the deceased was found on Friday evening in the hole from which the sleigh was taken up. "It would appear that after having missed the track and losing his horse, Mr. Mabon had endeavored to save the mails and the sleigh; but the night being stormy and very dark, he again unfortunately struck on the wrong track, and after dragging the sleigh the distance above stated he again broke through the ice and perished. He leaves a wife and six children to mourn the loss of a kind husband and father. An inquest was held on view of the body, and a verdict returned in accordance with the above facts." —The Islander, March 8, 1871.

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