

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, TUESDAY, OCT. 23, 1951

Mayor MacDonald's Retirement

Our citizens generally will fully indorse the sentiments expressed in the addresses presented to retiring Mayor B. Earle MacDonald by the City Council and civic employees. His Worship—it is difficult to get back to calling him Mr. MacDonald—has served for twelve years on the Council, for three successive terms as Chief Magistrate, and has striven conscientiously and successfully to grapple with the increasingly grave problems which all civic administrations are faced with in these times.

No better choice of a successor as Acting Mayor could have been made than that of Councillor J. D. Stewart, whose appointment last evening was unanimously indorsed by his fellow Councillors. Since his return from overseas in the last world war, in which he won the Distinguished Service Order, Lieut. Colonel Stewart has taken a prominent part in business and social affairs, and proven a model representative on the City Council. He is competent in every way to discharge his new duties, which will include welcoming Their Royal Highnesses here on November 9th.

By-Passing The Maritimes

One important Maritime industry which is being directly threatened by the proposed St. Lawrence seaway and power project is that of mining. As pointed out in a strongly worded resolution passed by District 26, United Mine Workers of America, the construction of this project will result in further concentration of industry in the Central Provinces; it will seriously jeopardize markets for Maritime coal in Ontario and Quebec in the resulting changeover from steam to hydro electric power; it will curtail railway traffic in the Maritimes; it will conceivably create a dumping market in Central Canada for United States and overseas coal; it will enable the huge deposits of iron ore in Labrador to reach the central markets very cheaply, thus curtailing the expansion of the steel industry in the Maritime Provinces.

It may be argued that the advantages to the Central Provinces more than offset the disabilities which would result to the Maritimes under the scheme. In that case it should be financed by the Central Provinces. As proposed, however, the Maritime Provinces would be obliged to pay their full share of the project, thus helping to commit industrial suicide. The Maritimes have for years been seeking aid in developing cheap and adequate industrial power and they have been turned down at Ottawa for various reasons, all adding up to the fact that our big industrial neighbors, which have the voting power and the influence, are opposed. As Mr. J. Angus MacLean pointed out in his recent speech in the House of Commons, our industrial economy is already topheavy and constitutes a serious weakness in the event of war.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Three weeks till the Royal Visit to Prince Edward Island.

Winsloe is already associated with education in the drama and now seems destined to be a centre for the development of community leaders of all kinds.

Edgehill, the first battle of the Civil War, was fought this date 1642. Laud, ship money and the Star Chamber had prepared the ground but the spark that set it off was the attempted arrest of five Members of Parliament.

Production Minister Howe's admission that arms production is only emerging from the tooling stages reflects little credit on those concerned but is at least reassuring for the equipment position of our future forces.

The Associated Press announces that no fewer than 1,100 geese from Portage, P.E.I., waddled across the outskirts of Mansfield, Mass., making the trip to the Austin goose farm without any mishap.

The Summerside Flying Club is receiving enthusiastic support despite the fact that as yet students are not allowed to take off or land on the club's own flying field. Difficulties exist to be overcome, seems to be the motto.

It is only justice that Ottawa should now be increasing the amount of pensions for ex-servicemen. It would have been most unfair to have increased general expenditures on pensions while permitting the value of war-earned pensions to be cut into by price increases.

Rationing of milk seems inevitable in the near future (says Letter Review), if human population continues to rise and cow population to decline. Number of dairy cattle in Canada was 3,609,000 a year ago, is now 3,541,000. Milk output during first seven months of 1950 was 9.8 billion pounds, as against 9.6 billion pounds in first seven months of 1951. Meanwhile, consumption of fluid milk rose two per cent.

Another financial gift to Western farmers. A Federal-Provincial plan to help poverty-stricken western farmers pay for such things as seed grain and animal feed has cost the Federal Government \$308,354 in the first nine months of 1951. A Resources Department return tabled in the Commons estimated Federal loss on advances to farmers in Manitoba as \$1,711; Saskatchewan, \$109,700; Alberta, \$196,782; British Columbia, \$262,542.

Egypt's attempted seizure of the Sudan recalls that the great Christian soldier and hero, General Gordon lost his life in attempting to hold it at the time of the Madhi rebellion. In 1884, he had retired from the army, but at the request of the British Government went to the Sudan to arrange the withdrawal of the Egyptian garrisons in danger owing to the rebellion; shut up in Khartoum by the rebels, he bravely defended the City for a year, but was treacherously killed two days before the arrival of a relief force under General Wolseley.

Whatever failings Premier Duplessis may have he always looks after the farmers. He refuses to allow competition of imitation with the dairy products. "I know", he told the electors, "that some people in the cities think it unjust, and specially so when the cost of living is rising. I ask the people in the cities to be reasonable. People in the rural parts are making sacrifices for the welfare of the province, and we in the cities should recognize the difficulties of the farmers by permitting them to exercise their profession, and let the people of the province have a Quebec product instead of an alien product which would ruin agriculture."

A new sartorial vocabulary. Writing to The Times, London, Mr. J. Clay says: "Recently I received from a well-known firm of London tailors and outfitters an account which read: 'To Drab Shell' and there followed a price. This excited my curiosity, and I called at the shop to discover what apparently I had purchased. An attendant whom I consulted confessed his complete ignorance of 'drab shells' but later, after telephoning to some mysterious department, asked me if I had bought a raincoat lining or a jockey's cap. I had not, so further inquiries were made and at length we discovered that 'in the trade' a 'drab shell' is the alias for a grey top hat. Advertisements invite us to believe that the road to success is not trodden by a man without a hat, but surely one must be at a disadvantage in a 'drab shell', and if that be the maker's description of an elegant grey top hat, what must they call the homely 'deerstalker' and humble 'pork pie'.

Bringing Them In Today



Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

NEWSPAPER ITEMS

From The Islander of Friday, Dec. 21, 1949. Thursday, the 20th instant, being the day set apart for a General Thanksgiving to Almighty God for his having averted from this Island that dreadful disease (cholera) which has visited many places in the United Kingdom and other parts of the world during the present year—the shops were shut, business was suspended, and Divine Services were performed in St. Paul's and St. James' churches in Charlottetown, and in the different Established Churches throughout the Island. Collections were taken up for the poor, at both services, in St. Paul's Church.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to appoint Henry Fitzgerald Jarvis, Esq., M.D., medical attendant at Queen's County Jail, in the place of Lawrence Tremain, Esq., M.D., who has left the Island for a similar appointment at the Albion Mines, near Pictou.

A number of persons favourable to the promotion of the Principles of Temperance met in Mr. John Boyver's large room on Wednesday evening, with Captain Orlebar, R.N., presiding. It was decided on motion of Hon. Chas. Young, seconded by John Arbuckle, Esq., that a Society be now formed, under the name of the Prince Edward Island Temperance Union. Capt. Orlebar, Messrs. H. Hazard and James Moore were appointed a committee to frame rules for the Union, and to report at the next meeting.

Mr. Stephen Rice, having been duly empowered by Sir Graham Montgomery, Bart., Robert Montgomery, and James Montgomery, to take charge of their property in this Island, notifies the tenants and others on the above townships, indebted to these gentlemen, to make immediate payment to him, who is alone authorized to receive, and give discharges for, the same. Offices at the house of Mr. Charles Drew, north corner of Queen's Square.

Lottery tickets on the blood horse Saladin are advertised for sale—one hundred tickets for 40s. each—at the store of Mr. A. H. Yates.

The Poet's Corner

COUNTRY ROAD

By-passed by all the miracles of speed, Forgotten but for meadowlark and load, A prisoner of neglect in chains of weed, Half lost to green profusion lies the road. No longer traveled now, a useless thing To new designs and engineering skill, It listens half expecting wheels to sing Where wagons once had rumbled to the mill; Or creaked beneath a load of seasoned hay Toward some neighboring barn long since torn down, When super roads commanded right of way And progress nudged the sleepy little town Demanding change, uprooting till at last Only the road is living in the past. —Vinny Wilder in the New York Times.

The Age-Old Story

For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation.

Notes By The Way

The United States Office of Price Stabilization instructs all automobile dealers to post lists showing the make of the cars, the factory price they paid for them, and the separate taxes on each model, as well as other charges. If this system prevailed in Canada, purchaser would know how much of the retail price of an automobile consists of taxes. He would also understand all the other elements which separate factory and retail prices. — Windsor Daily Star.

State Health Commissioner Albert E. Heustis wants the people of Michigan to return to the old-fashioned practice of eating big breakfasts. Instead of a quick cup of coffee and a cigarette, the good doctor believes Michiganders can attack a day's problems better if they stuff themselves with bowls of hot cereal, platters of ham and eggs and piles of wheat cakes. Maybe so, but with all that under one's belt, nobody is going to be in the mood for the traditional 10 o'clock break for coffee and doughnuts. If Doc Heustis' advice is followed, it's going to put a lot of lunch counters out of business. — Detroit Free Press.

We imagine that some of the world's less scrupulous political bosses will be following with interest the case of Stanley Williams of Southend, England. Mr. Williams found himself debarred from voting in the coming British election because someone inadvertently marked "deceased" after his name on the electoral register. As a result, he is legally dead as far as the returning officers are concerned, and nothing short of an act of Parliament can bring him to life. — Edmonton Journal.

A morning paper story about the state dinner in Toronto on Saturday night tells of a woman in strapples evening gown tucking maple sugar, candied fruit and biscuit into her pearl-gear handbag, and adds: "It was going on at every table. Many a formal evening bag and coat pocket were sticky today." If that is true, if guests were really acting in that way "at every table," it is a startling indictment of Toronto manners. But this may be a case of attributing to the many the actions of a few. Undoubtedly an occasion like the Royal visit, with masses of people grouped outdoors and with consequent jostling to obtain a better view, does bring out the selfishness which dominates so many lives. Spectators in outdoor crowds who pushed toward the front without regard for others were not advertising their manners. But a state dinner with a selected guest list is surely an occasion at which scrupulous observance of good taste might have been expected from all. — Toronto Star.

Lessons From Europe In Community Progress

By Leo P. Molssac Part One (continued) (All Rights Reserved)

COMMUNISM IN GERMANY

There are some weird stories from Eastern Germany. I met one lady who spoke perfect English and had a Ph.D. in economics. She was doing research work for one of the University institutes. After travelling together all one day and getting acquainted, she told me her story. She was married to a Russian and lived under the Communist regime for several years. Shortly before the outbreak of war, her husband for some minor offense was arrested and never heard from again. She, with her daughter, escaped through Poland and eventually got down to France where she stayed during the Nazi occupation. Quite often, she is in touch with some friends behind the Iron Curtain and she told me that practically all the intellectual or educated people who could have been leaders of an internal rebellion have given up hope, left the Russian zone, and have come to West Germany or some other country.

Children are now taken from their homes and parents at an early age for school and there are indoctrinated with the Marxist philosophy. There are all kinds of restrictions placed on the practice of Christian religion. All the weak points, the scandals, the exploitation and practices that can be sifted out of the American system and western capitalism are played up to the youth as an example of life in the western world. The youth programs are all directed by Communists.

Any political offenders are arrested and deported to hard labor in the mines of the north country. It is always arranged that there will be enough offenders to keep the mines filled and producing. My informant said: "They fished plenty of food and no unemployment, but there is also no private ownership or family life. There is an old age pension policy for women at sixty and men at sixty-five. Of the working people, the men at forty-five, because of worry, insecurity and mass direction look to be sixty-five."

I asked what she thought about invasion or another war, and she stopped. "They are not foolish in Moscow," she said; "they fooled the western powers and invaded when they could, but they don't have to wage war. The invasion is going on now, internally and in many countries, especially in America, making more progress than you think." As for the time question, she said, "It is all in their favor. The more solidly they can get the youth of the countries they now possess, indoctrinated with their own philosophy, the more difficult it will be ever to conquer them or teach them the truths of democracy and Christianity."

Then there was the well-educated journalist from Berlin, who had been in Britain during the war and for some years after. Last winter, he went back to see for himself what was going on in Berlin, only to find that his sister, several years younger than himself, was a leader of a Communist youth group in the eastern section of the city.

He arranged to get in touch with her alone, determined to talk with her so she could arrange to escape. But she did not want to; the more he talked with her of freedom and a philosophy of life, about the end for which we were all created, and the possible arguments for democracy and freedom, the more solid reasons she gave him why it was he who was on the wrong track.

He said, "She had an answer for every question I put to her, and for every possible question that might come into the mind of a young person who was facing and considering the problems of life that lie ahead. She had learned the catechism of the Communists and in spite of any contrary persuasion, that in the long run, Communism is the only way out." This is a greater force, he said, than any army or air fleet or atomic bomb attack, with which we may have to contend.

The evening we went to the border it was late as we crossed the Elbe in an old ferry boat; the bridge of this little town had not yet been restored—and we travelled back to Hamburg on the other side of the river. Not far from the city, we passed by the large poultry farm of Max Schmelling, the former heavyweight boxing champion. There was not time to call, but they told me he was a prosperous and happy farmer, although he had not altogether put away the gloves. Back in Hamburg, we took our last tour around some of the beauty spots and the industrial circles of the city. There are large oil refineries, and factories processing and manufacturing rubber, chemicals, tools and machinery, textiles, x-ray and other precision instruments, as well as cigarettes and food products. The largest picture gallery in Germany is here and most of the precious treasures in the museum were saved during the war, they told me. Then we drove on to the elevator, and sank to the entrance of the tunnel which we crossed below the harbor and by elevator again raised to the surface at the other side. The last evening's dinner, which was typical, was in one of their odd but attractive eating places. This was aboard the "Sweet Girl," an old four-rigged "Sweet Girl" that used to plow Germany's wheat fields, and is now converted into a first class restaurant and tied up to a floating dock in the harbor.

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Like most of the people in Europe the Germans love to eat. When they stop to have a meal, they relax and enjoy it rather than rush out or in, grab a bite and get back to the job like most English speaking people. They set aside their business and problems and take sufficient time to appreciate the cooking and the meal. Although their economy is still unsettled, and their currency rather soft, they have not gone on rations, nor would they be satisfied to sacrifice the pleasure of eating, such as the British have done, because of what economists or financiers might say and advise. Anyone who has been there will never forget the rich, white, Rhine wine. It is drunk before, during and after the meal, and although perhaps they have not the style or the "cuisine" found in the French restaurants, I shall never forget those delicious meals in Germany. The Germans like to entertain and make a great fuss over a visitor. Hand-shaking takes up a great deal of their time. Waiters bow and fuss until some times you are afraid they might get dizzy. Although the visit to Germany was short, there was sufficient time to learn to appreciate the kindness and attention of the people. And their eagerness to help, and explain in detail any questions asked made a study tour such as mine, much easier.

From Hamburg, on the Paris-Copenhagen Express, I went northward up through the Holstein country and across the high railway bridge over the Kiel Canal and into Denmark.

Although there is some resemblance between the countries in the extreme north of Germany and the south of Denmark, it was not difficult to distinguish the Danish countryside when we arrived. There were the small farms, with their white buildings and colored trimmings, the flat land, rolling just a little, no fences in sight; all appeared to be planned and neat.

In Jutland, the largest and most westerly island of the Denmark trio, you could tell, too, that you were among a different set of people than in Germany. It is difficult to explain, but one can easily tell the difference.

On the farms, the teams of chestnut horses and some old tractors were hard at work. It was a happy atmosphere, everyone both on and off the train seemed to be concerned about the farmers, the prices they were getting; what was being sown here or there; how well the grain was growing, or the grass was coming; whether there were reds looking west or not, for this time of year, there were few people who could not understand or speak some English.

It was a lovely day, and everything was green and getting greener. Seeding was well under way, and, although busy, the farmers in this southern part of the country, as is typical of Denmark, are always ready to give a little of their time to visitors. My short stay in this part is reviewed later, but I must say it was one of the most interesting periods of the tour.

It was not long before I caught the train again and crossed on to the center island of Funen, which is the smallest of the three large islands of Denmark. Then train and all, we rolled on to the ferry from Nørby across to Korsør, and on across Zealand Island to Copenhagen. But now that we were in the capital city, we had to stop being serious, because the Danes have a pronounced sense of humor, so strong at times, that they laugh at things which we would think are not even funny.

Copenhagen is a beautiful city in spring, although the Danes claim it was never intended to be inhabited in winter. The Danish national weakness is another beer. But in the country, many people drink milk, especially when there is a surplus. As I walked from the main station over to my room, which took about ten minutes, it was easy to see that this was a bright and gay city.

The bicycles were as thick as flies. I learned afterwards that there were only a few are as thick as the day they are as thick as a swarm of bees. Of some kind, there were so many lights, but they assured me at the hotel that it was just the night lights as usual. I phoned a friend whom I had met earlier in Holland. He came to meet me and we had a stroll to prove that Copenhagen is in the clubs are the cheapest of them world. In the best of them you can order a ham sandwich, a glass of beer and really let it go at that.

(To be continued)

STUBBORN POSSUMS NAPIER, N. Z.—(CP)—So many opossums were electrocuted on high tension wires, causing power breakdowns, that metal slaves were placed on the poles. Now the no-board reports the opossums climb on one another's backs and get up the poles just the same.

MUCH-WANTED DOME LONDON—(CP)—Many offers were made to purchase the Dome of Discovery, an exhibit at the recent Festival of Britain which was claimed to be the largest dome in the world. J. P. Walker, chairman of the World's War firm, said he would like to use it as a wool store.