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Sees Island Opportunities

When an expert in a field speaks it is wise to listen. Mr. Cyrus Eaton, the Nova Scotian born financier, who opened the Provincial Exhibition this year has shown by his career that he can see ways of making a dollar a good deal more clearly than the next man.

What he sees from this Province is opportunity for our young people to take part in the building up of vast developments in the Gulf of St. Lawrence area. He sees also that we have here a natural source of supply of vegetables, fruit, meats and so forth for those rapidly-developing areas.

The Island could be developed as a summer tourist resort comparable to Bermuda's winter season. Refugees from sweltering cities are glad to enjoy the relative coolness of our summer, although just at the moment it is accompanied by rather too much rain for either Islanders or visitors.

It is sound policy in business to look for the things that are in demand and which you can supply competitively. All the things that Mr. Eaton mentioned are, indeed, strongly in demand, either at once or in the near future, and this Province has peculiar advantages in filling the demand.

A Help To Diplomacy

Following so soon after the Guatemala incident, the current skirmishes between Nicaraguan and Costa Rican border patrols are of unusually serious import. General Somoza, a dictator with extreme Rightist leanings, rules Nicaragua, while the Government of Costa Rica is known to be definitely liberal but without Communist sympathy.

In an effort to offset this suspicion American Labour Unions—the C.I.O., the A. F. of L., and the U.M.W.—have issued a joint statement in which they deplore the threats made by General Somoza and assure the Costa Rican trade union movement of their goodwill and sympathy. The leaders of the Unions are especially concerned in the matter for the reason that the Costa Rican labour movement is considered to be the only truly democratic organization of its kind in Central America.

There was a time, not so long ago, when wars and rumours of wars in that part of the world were considered to be of very little consequence to world affairs generally. Things are very different now. Communist agents are everywhere in Central America, working night and day to stir up regional disorders and trying by every means possible to create antipathy and suspicion towards the United States and its allies.

Global Warfare Nightmare

Britain's readiness to take troops out of the Suez region, suggests the Ottawa Citizen, reflects to some extent a new appraisal of military strategy in the H-bomb era. Neither the Soviet Union nor Britain in the future is likely to commit valuable forces and equipment to a narrow corridor which could be wiped out in a single sortie.

penditure of billions of dollars on worthless fortifications, training, and equipment. So fast does global strategy evolve that it might become a nightmare for the military planner to keep a program up to date. New devices take from six to ten years to move from the drawing board to mass production, and anytime in between some radical discovery may make them as useless as the crossbow.

As the tempo rises, the possibility that all warfare has become obsolete must haunt the military planner. Miss Dorothy Thompson, the U. S. columnist, pinpoints the date. War, she says, became obsolete on March 1, 1954, the date of the H-bomb test over Bikini, which staggered even the scientists by its fury of super-destruction.

In the Summer issue of Queen's Quarterly, Dr. G. F. G. Stanley quotes Sir John Slessor, Marshal of the Royal Air Force, as saying that total warfare, as we at present envisage it, is an obsolete conception. Dr. Stanley adds that "in this age of super-sonic airplanes, rockets and atom bombs, the last war is as outmoded as that in which Wolfe and Montcalm met death two centuries ago."

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Battle of Britain opened this date 1940.

There is always something to keep the rabbit's tail short. Human armies have halted their destruction at least temporarily but, in this country the army worm is taking on the job of devastation.

A report from London says that doctors associated with the Air Ministry are presently testing a new "anti-jitter" drug methyl-pentene, which, it is believed, will combat fear.

Canada's Regular Army soon will have two rifle and drum bands, first of their kind so far as the Canadian Army is concerned. The bands will belong to the 1st and 3rd Battalions of the Regiment of Canadian Guards.

Housewives will be presenting their husbands with a chit from the doctor requiring a few weeks' sick leave if a proposal of a British medical magazine is taken seriously. They do better than that already, however, by having the man of the house do duty as a special nurse.

It is always pleasant to see bravery recognized and rewarded. The presentation of the Royal Humane Society Medal for Bravery to Detective Sergeant Anthony J. Lund was merited, not only by his latest rescue but by many brave acts performed in the course of duty.

"Dimple" is the improbable name of Britain's first heavy water reactor or atomic pile. The somewhat frivolous name is derived from deuterium moderated pile, low energy. It is low-power reactor and because both the type of fuel and its arrangement can be quickly changed it should be able to carry out varied experimental work.

The Summerside Town Council has been advised by its Recorder that the School Act requires the Town to provide school accommodation for children of school age but not auditoriums, gymnasiums, and so forth. Statutory interpretation, however, requires that things necessarily incidental to those named are implied. The question then is whether a particular expenditure, on a heating plant for instance, is necessarily included in provisions for education.

Andrew Carnegie, American manufacturer and philanthropist, died this date 1919. A native of Dunfermline, Scotland, he emigrated with his parents at 13 and became a cotton weaver's assistant, a telegraph boy, telegraph operator and superintendent of the Pittsburg division. He introduced sleeping-cars on the railway and made successful investments in oil lands. After the Civil War he greatly developed a steel rail business and finally sold out to J. P. Morgan as the U. S. Steel Trust. His charitable donations and trusts ran into hundreds of millions of dollars.



"Let's First Watch For Awhile, Charlie!"

The Poet's Corner

DREAM NOT WANTED

Here then is the long and drear dream ended. Here where the wind blows green and palms bend low. But how is the lost heart to be mended. Of the need for things it has come to know. This is the place which the heart once dreamed of. Far from the deep snow and blue-spruce hills, But the heart runs back to its first and true love. No matter what patience the cold wind wills. This will be yours in the blue tomorrow. Advises the mind, being worldly-wise, But the heart is caught in strange slow sorrow. For small silver stars in the northern skies. The owner of both, with a song on his lips, Tallies the days—and watches for ships!

—Anobel Armour in the Portland Oregonian.

National Emblem

(Penticton Herald). There has been a certain amount of talk lately about changing Canada's national emblem from the beaver to the stag. The stag, it is said, is beautiful, regal and glamorous. The beaver, on the other hand, is a fat old fellow with a flat tail, a figure like an overstuffed pillow and buck teeth. The beaver may be no beauty but perhaps he represents certain qualities this country needs right now. In the first place, although he works with his fellows in community projects such as dam-building, the beaver is still an individualist. He lives in his own house, which he bought and paid for with hard work. He stores up food for the winter by carrying bits of sapling into his home, to be consumed when there is nothing green growing. He has a sense of responsibility. He helps to look after his young and doesn't leave it all to the lady beaver. On top of all this, the beaver is just about the only animal not afraid of hard work. He's at it all the time, day and night, whether he gets time and a half for overtime or not. Whenever he sees a little break in the dam he patches it. He doesn't expect somebody else to do it for him.

This business of wanting to throw over the hardworking beaver for the high-stepping stag is a sign of the times. The stag is irresponsible. He has nothing to do with his children after they are born. He deserts his wife. For all his glamour and good looks and grace he is a good-for-nothing. The stag's head might look better on a twenty-five cent piece but the beaver represents what that money stands for—hard work.

On The Way Out

(Fort William Times-Journal). The auto horn which has made so many of us jump to attention at street corners appears to be on its way out. For some years in many cities it has been a misdemeanor for the motorist to toot his horn blatantly in an endeavour to hasten the steps of some tardy pedestrian. Time was when the jingling bells of the horse and buggy livened up the otherwise prosaic street scene. Later came the bicycle with its jingling bells which even invaded the sidewalks until the law stepped in and ruled the riders to the roads. The advent of the automobile brought along all sorts of horns, from the metallic squeak of the tin lizzie to the double-throated blast of the super-six. The tuning-fork gadget was also to be heard, but the shrill blast of the high-powered car was the one which really made pedestrians jump sideways. Many of the horns were almost as disconcerting as the blast of an ocean liner to the passenger walking on the upper deck. But the pendulum swings too

Wildlife Highway Tragedies

Henry Marion Hall in the Audubon Magazine

Driving along Hammersmith Road near Newport, Rhode Island, I saw a woodcock standing at the edge of the pavement. She was chattering guidance to her brood—brown chicks strung out across the highway, so small that the leading bird stumbled over a pebble. The mother, an unusually large specimen tawny as an October leaf, and her scampering family of smaller, winged sprites, made a picture long to be remembered. I pulled over to the right and stopped my car beside the road, but the woodcock did not take flight, although barely 30 feet away. Her only anxiety was for her young. She continued to chirp until three chicks had reached her safely.

Then the fourth chick crept out of the grass. It had scuttled half way across when an automobile zoomed around a bend and bore down on it. Not having time to pick it up, I signalled the driver to swerve or stop, at the same time pointing to the helpless fugitive. Too late! The man ignored my warning and his juggernaut crushed the little life. He did not even slow down until a hundred yards beyond. As his car roared past, the mother bird flared over a hedge while the little ones crawled under it.

The callous indifference of that motorist left me with a sickening sensation. Had he been willing to deviate even three inches right or left that baby woodcock would have lived. Happily most drivers nowadays are more considerate. But the traffic toll of wildlife is disheartening and may be on the increase as manufacturers develop faster and faster automobiles. I have noted that few birds are destroyed by cars moving at moderate rates of speed, and still fewer by operators who keep an eye out for wildlife. Even slow-flying birds can usually dodge a vehicle moving at 40 miles an hour, but it is a different story with speeds of 60, 70, or even higher. Birds cannot judge the velocity of very fast cars hurtling down upon them; the car often confuses them, and they strike the windshield, and are destroyed.

Everywhere species which run across highways fall victims of speeding cars. Other birds frequently killed are small, slow-flying species, particularly road-side birds which flit back and forth across the highways. A certain number of casualties seem to be unavoidable. In Georgia, Alabama and Florida turkey buzzards and black vultures are often struck by cars while eating carrion at the roadside. These big birds rise rather slowly from the ground and are killed much more frequently than most people think. Thoughtful motorists always sound their horns the moment they see a flock of such scavengers busy at their grim task.

Everybody knows that many deer are killed by cars, to say nothing of opossums, raccoons, dogs, cats, and other small mammals. Squirrels often lose their lives by lack of decision, or by a rash change in decision, dashing out into the road ahead of a car, but turning back by an impulse which spells their doom. Quick use of the brakes will sometimes save them, but this may be dangerous

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NOTES BY THE WAY

People who work in Toronto but live outside will have to pay more for their commuters' railroad tickets. But isn't the privilege of working in Toronto a bargain at almost any price? — Ottawa Journal. Sex education and home economics are all very well, but a lot of marital troubles can be traced to the school's failure to give future wives a good course in how to read a road map. — Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

In Iowa, due to the bursting of a blood vessel, a man lost his sense of left and right. Result: his driving forced 20 other motorists into the ditch. Up this way they can't need to burst blood vessels to do that. — Brantford Expositor.

"A person has to be stupid in order to be happy," asserts a philosopher. This statement will not stand up under analysis, as there is a great deal more stupidity in the world than happiness. — Glen-coe, Ont., Transcript.

Women who smoke, so we read, are taking to the pipe. But the cycle will not be complete until the feminine fan of My Lady Nico-tine carries a jackknife and a plug of "chewing" in her handbag. — Ottawa Journal.

What can we save in Indo-China? Insiders are convinced we can save very little — if anything. True, Cambodia shows some promise of national unity. But it seems probable that Laos and Vietnam with a newly established and victorious Red bastion next door, will yield to Communist pressure and slip behind the Iron Curtain. — Newsweek Magazine.

According to statistics an umpire makes 200 decisions during an average ball game. It is difficult to believe a man could be a bum, a thief, a robber, or blind that many times in less than two hours. — Kingston Whig-Standard.

SHIP STOREKEEPER DIES

QUEBEC (CP)—Russell Blomley, 52-year-old storekeeper on the liner Franconia, died suddenly Monday while the ship was in port. Ship officials gave his address as Fairfield, Crescent Highway, near Liverpool, England. A coroner's report said he died of natural causes.

LARGEST DRY DOCK

The largest dry dock in Canada — 1.164 feet in length—is at Saint John, N. B.

Please Remember COMMENCING AUGUST 14th OUR OFFICE WILL CLOSE ON SATURDAYS AT 12 NOON. MARITIME ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

The Only One Who Can Help You IS Your Doctor. If you notice any of the following symptoms. Last year approximately 10,000 Canadians were effectively treated for cancer because they went to the doctor in time. Please memorize the following symptoms and the first moment you notice any one of them, see your doctor.