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"The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink."

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1954

Goa, Damao, Diu

The little trouble between Portugal and India recalls the time when the Portuguese were masters of the Far East. That was back in the middle 15th century when Manoel the Fortunate—so-called because everything seemed to go well with Portugal during his reign—ruled as absolute monarch of that powerful maritime nation.

Some months ago when relations between the two Republics became strained, President Salazar of Portugal announced that the 1500 square miles of territory, with a total population of little more than half a million, "must continue to be the memorial of our discoveries and a small hearth of the spirit of the West in the East."

"Faith, Tolerance, Freedom"

All interested in the problem of education would do well to ponder seriously the address given yesterday at St. Dunstan's Academic Assembly by the Hon. Paul Martin, Minister of National Health and Welfare. In this increasingly materialistic age, Mr. Martin pointed out, science and technology can only take us so far.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Canada's militiamen will soon be wearing wound stripes and service chevrons for the first time since the end of the Second World War. It seems slightly unfair, however, that wounds incurred in the Second World War or Korea are each represented by a gold stripe while it seems that all other wounds are designated by a single red stripe.

A fruit of specialization in armament production is this country's leading place in the development of certain types of ammunition, including small arms and armour piercing types. If Canada attempted to manufacture anything like all the varied requirements of warfare they would be prohibitively expensive and probably primitive.

The first Atomic Bomb was dropped on Hiroshima this date 1945. As early as 1905 Einstein had deduced that there is no essential difference between mass and energy, and that the complete destruction of 1 oz. of matter would release an amount of energy comparable to that obtained by the combustion of 100,000 tons of coal.

Painful Lessons

The lessons implicit in the Indo-China situation are summed up bluntly by the London Economist, which says: First: "How dangerous it is for any group of nations to attempt, or talk of at-

tempting, what is clearly beyond its power." Second: The vital importance of "a sincere and generous approach to the peoples who are now emerging from dependent status. In Viet Nam, the Communists' world-wide strategy of identifying themselves with the upsurge of nationalism was given every assistance both by French recalcitrance and by the fluctuating policies of the other Western powers; and the result was the embittering of relations between Asians and Westerners not only in Indo-China but throughout Southern Asia."

Third: Mr. Anthony Eden's diplomacy at Geneva (and The Economist believes he deserves the applause he has received from Britons for it) "was even in this case pivoting on a fulcrum of American power." There would have been fewer concessions from Molotov and Chou En-lai "if the thought of the United States' armed might had not been in the minds of the Communist leaders. Tactically, the Americans have presented a sorry spectacle throughout these last three months . . . sulking on the sidelines, tied hand and foot by the inabilities of their domestic politics, and nothing could exceed in childish petulance the reaction of most of them (President Eisenhower honourably excepted) to a settlement which is fully as much a relief to them as to every one else. But for all this, it is America's strategy, the strength and backbone that it has put into the free world—not in the past three months but in the past six years—that has made it possible to retrieve anything at all from the French collapse in Indo-China. If the Communists were willing to refrain from pushing their advantage to the utmost, it was primarily . . . because the Americans are strong and have shown that they will use their strength if Communist aggression goes too far."

Fourth: If the Communists argue, as they presumably will in an effort to detach France from the United States, that the Indo-China settlement should set the pattern for fresh negotiations in Europe and particularly over Germany, it is a trap: The cases are not parallel; in Viet Nam the Communists have won both military victory and a wide measure of popular support; in Germany they have won neither, "and for Germany the true lesson of Indo-China is the fact that military and political weakness must lead inevitably to acceptance of Communist terms."

Fifth (and most painful): "The impossibility of holding in check a dynamic and ruthlessly disciplined movement when there is no matching unity among the potential victims. In Europe, the free nations have held their line in recent years because they possessed both a joint defence organization and an ideological bond. In South-east Asia there has been neither of these things."

The Geneva agreements, The Economist concludes, may yet provide a basis for building a new South-east Asian unity before it is too late—but they also provide an awful example of what happens when unity, and unrelaxed effort behind the unity, are lacking."

A contemporary has done a service to the cause of preventing grass or forest fires by reminding the public of the danger of bottles, whole or broken, left lying where the rays of the sun can strike them. The subject was brought to attention by a correspondent who wrote telling how he had watched somebody on the back platform of the last car of a moving train disposing of pop bottles by throwing them at the rear. The writer recalled a maxim impressed on him by his father that bottles discarded in the forest constitute a grave danger of fire and should always be disposed of by burial. —Kitchener - Waterloo Record.

A mother who killed a bear with one shot from her husband's rifle because she feared for the safety of her children, and reportedly had to perform the deed with one shot because she didn't know how to reload the weapon, poses a question as to the presence of a loaded rifle in the house. Safety-conscious people who study the cause of shooting accidents are familiar with the time-worn excuse: "I didn't know it was loaded." Isn't it strange that a person who is conscious of

A report from New Delhi indicates that a 29-year-old Indian science student has discovered a possible vital link in the riddle of what holds the atom together. The announcement was made by Professor Harry Messel, Canadian-born head of Australia's nuclear research at Sydney that the discovery might be regarded as a new fundamental article of atomic nucleus or a new mode of decay or disintegration of a known particle. In any case the discovery illustrates the international nature of scientific research.



Runway Farm

London Calling

Along the finges of many Royal Air Force stations in Britain you will find thriving little farms complete with pigs, poultry, vegetable plots, and often fields of wheat. This R.A.F. sideline contributes to the nation's larder, and provides restful recreation for pilots and ground crews. It also makes profits: profits that are spent on such things as sports gear and social activities. One of the most successful, and one of the oldest, of these R.A.F. farms is at Basingbourne in Cambridgeshire, which I recently visited.

The contrasting sounds of jet engines and the grunt of pigs seemed to sum up life on this busy station, for here, in fact, flying and farming go together. A few hundred yards from the main runway, where Meteors and Canberras are taking off and landing all the time, are neat pens of pigs. There are hens running around, plump-looking birds, and there is a brooder full of young chicks.

There has been farming at this station since the early days of the war, and a very profitable sideline show it has turned out to be. In wartime, pilots back from missions over Germany welcomed the restful change of a few hours on this farm. Since then many an airman bent on farming in civilian life has learnt the rudiments of agriculture.

In these days Basingbourne is an R.A.F. Bomber Command Operational Training Unit, and the farmer-in-chief is the Administrative Officer, Wing Commander Kennedy. While I was visiting the station he touched down in a

NOTES BY THE WAY

A botanist claims that there are about 600 varieties of weeds. A brief survey of the garden indicates that this figure is much too low.—Edmonton Journal.

An annoyed or unhappy person, is often referred to as being "disgruntled". On the other hand, if logic held away, we might expect to find a happy and satisfied person referred to as being simply "gruntled", but there is no such word. A queer language English.—Brookville Recorder and Times.

The straw hat, we note, has come back into fashion in this city. Even the younger men are reported as participating in the return of the hat. Personally, the writer never thought a man looked completely dressed on the street without a hat. But then, we're probably considered old-fashioned.—St. Catharines Standard.

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PUBLIC FORUM

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

EVIL OF A HALF TRUTH

Sir.—It may not be generally understood how evil and dangerous a half truth may be. Everyone knows that truth whether it be scientific or religious is something to be sought after and prized more than gold; but some people imagine that a half truth because it partakes of the nature of truth, must be true and are attracted and captivated by it. For example Churchill uses the word democracy; but when Molotov uses it he has in mind a system that is as different as night is from day. Molotov thinks of a regime where the people follow the principles of Communism, its attitude to the Christian religion, its political system, its military objective, and obedience must be absolute, in thought and deed. In Russia elections are held, a very democratic practice, but in that country the results are known long before the election, and on the day announced, all the citizens turn out, no matter what the weather and nearly 100 per cent vote for the candidates set up and woe-bede the man who stays home or votes for any other candidate.

It has had better not to boast too highly of our own democracy. It has some quite shady spots. It has the secret ballot and one has the liberty to vote for whom he wishes, but a man has been known to take a bribe from one party and go behind the screen and vote for the opposition; and this trend of trickery is not uncommon. Tradition swings a heavy weight in our elections. I have known a good man to vote for a man of shoddy character because he represented his grandfather's party. Some running sores in our own democracy greatly need healing.

The Russian Government has been pushing hard on peace propaganda. Perhaps it is their shrewdest line. They know that the best people in the West are deeply longing for peace so they have given out that the Russians want peace above all things, and in every move, no matter how suspicious, their aim is peace. Such a brilliant and good man as Dr. James Endicott has been fooled by this Russian ruse, and thousands of his type have also been deceived. We are reminded of what the Psalmist says: "The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart. We know that war is in the Communist's heart. They have honeycombed the world with their cells and their ideas, but so far they have supplied warring nations, saved their own men and thus have gained immensely in power and prestige.

Of course, a Government of such unscrupulous liars cannot last but it may last long enough to give the world a lot of trouble. What a shame to see a great and capable nation as Russia is, doomed to disaster! Millions of the people will suffer.

Haunted by our fear of Russia as we are we would be wiser to put more trust in God than in our arms. I am, Sir, etc., W. I. GREEN.

Old Charlottetown

and P. E. I.

FINE MONUMENT "Some time ago we noticed in our columns the monument to be erected by the Catholics of this city to their late pastor, Rev. Alexander McGillivray. Now that the work is completed and the monument in its position in the new cemetery, we heartily congratulate Mr. Hunter on his success in producing a design so appropriate for a clergyman so generally respected and beloved. The likeness of the deceased which appears on the front, just below one of the dormers, is exquisitely wrought, showing a three-quarter view of the face. No one acquainted with the reverend gentleman could fail to see a striking resemblance." —The Presbyterian, June 11, 1885. (The remains of Father McGillivray, who died July 4, 1883, were the first to be interred in the cemetery.)

One would imagine that a prisoner-of-war camp, especially of the Communist kind, would be one of the last places in the world where men would indulge openly in patriotic sentiment; but it was not so in the case of young Kinne and his buddies. "In our hut," he wrote to an English newspaper, "there were five British and the rest were Yanks. On Coronation Day we made five rosettes to wear. The Yanks wanted to wear them too, to be with us. But this was our show."

What a testimonial that is to the strength of British-American relations! Back home in the States these "Yanks" would never think of wearing rosettes in honour of a British queen. But, in a prison camp things are different. There, sharing the same hardships and enduring the same torments, a symbol of something utterly alien to the Communist philosophy was a handy thing to have around. It happened to be a Coronation rosette; it could easily have been something else, perhaps a little replica of Old Glory or even a Fourth of July balloon.

The Passing Scene

By Observer ON THE SOLDIER LEVEL

When the newspapers tell of Anglo-American "differences" they mean differences of opinion among top-level diplomats and politicians. Recently Mr. Eden and Mr. Dulles, representing the British Foreign Office and the United States State Department respectively, were selected for special mention, the issue being what to do or what not to do with Indo-China, the Chinese Communists, and a few other unpleasant persons and things. Only Mr. Eden and Mr. Dulles know just how serious the divergence was. It may have been more serious than the reports indicated, or it may have been less so; probably the latter, for bad news travels fast and the farther it goes the worse it gets.

Then, of course, there is what might be called "low-level" wrangling that is to say, among senseless politicians on both sides who see in the diplomatic exchanges of their official superiors a chance to make a little political notoriety for themselves. These high-level and low-level differences are not to be brushed aside as if they were of no consequence; but so long as they are more irritating than dangerous. The place to watch is the vast area in between where dwell the people of both nations; relations between two usually friendly countries are not really "strained" until the friction moves down from the high-level, and up from the low-level, and settles in the common ways, which may mean anything from the playground to the battlefield.

One might suppose that as good a place as any to test the strength of friendship between two nations is a prisoner-of-war camp where soldiers from both are held by the common enemy. Here is no place of high diplomacy, much less a place of low demagoguery. Both enmities and friendships—if they abound—would be likely to come to the fore in such a place, with all the harshness of the one and all the gentleness of the other. And this brings to mind the case of Fusilier Derek Kinne and his American buddies.

Fusilier Kinne served with the British forces in Korea and was taken prisoner by the Chinese Communists. For his courage in holding out against "brain-washing", surely the most diabolical weapon in the arsenal of war, he was awarded the George Cross. The full story of this brain-washing business has not yet been told; but doubtless many good soldiers have succumbed to it. The marvel is that so many have had the physical and mental strength to stand up to it.

Only those who have experienced it know what it is and what it can do, but surely the prisoner who has given way under the torture deserves sympathy, not condemnation. In most cases it was not cowardice but simply the limitation of flesh and blood that was responsible. Perhaps their critics would have stood even less had they found themselves in the same fearful position.

One would imagine that a prisoner-of-war camp, especially of the Communist kind, would be one of the last places in the world where men would indulge openly in patriotic sentiment; but it was not so in the case of young Kinne and his buddies. "In our hut," he wrote to an English newspaper, "there were five British and the rest were Yanks. On Coronation Day we made five rosettes to wear. The Yanks wanted to wear them too, to be with us. But this was our show."

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It was not the symbol that mattered so much as the evidence of blood-brotherhood, a standard of strength against the storm. "We were ordered to take our rosettes off," continued Fusilier Kinne, "but we refused. We were marched down to the office where the Chinese tried to grab the rosettes from us. We destroyed them ourselves, so they couldn't touch them. Except Private Upjohn of the Gloucesters who hung on to his in his clenched hand. The guards threw him on the floor, held him down, and pried open his hand with a pick, cutting and tearing his hand."

This was no highly placed diplomat talking, in an attempt to influence neutral opinion. Indeed, what need is there for any high level diplomatic argument for the Free World cause when a young private "from the Gloucesters" can show a torn hand, the result of barbaric savagery unsurpassed and perhaps unequalled in the story of war?

Those misguided people who like to believe that Communism is a revolutionary movement directed solely against particular abstract concepts (Capitalism, for example), and intends no ill-will toward the "common" man, should take a long and lingering look at this little rosette which was pried from a soldier's hand with an iron pick. Good British-American relations on the soldier level? It would appear so. "We were sentenced to solitary confinement," wrote Fusilier Kinne in his letter. "The Yanks wanted to be confined with us. But we held a meeting and voted them down."

The Poet's Corner

AUGUST

Beneath this stary arch Naught resteth or is still; But all things hold their march As if by one great will. Moves one, move all; Hark to the foot-fall! On, on, for ever.

Yon sheaves were once but seed; Will ripen into deed: As cave-drops swell the streams, Day thoughts feed nightly dreams, And sorrow tracketh wrong, As echo follows song, On, on, for ever.

By night, like stars on high, The hours reveal their train; They whisper and go by: I never watch in vain. Moves one, move all; Hark to the foot-fall! On, on, for ever.

They pass the cradle head, And there a promise shed: They pass the moist new grave, And bid rank verdure wave; They bear through every clime The harvests of all time, On, on, for ever. —Harriet Martineau (1802-76)

MORNING COUGHS

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