THE GUARDIAN

"Covers Prince Edward Island Like the Dew"

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

THURSDAY, OCT. 13, 1955

A Victory For Moderation

Once again the wise heads in the British Labour Party have triumphed over the impatient doctrinaire segment which sees nationalization of all industry as the last best hope of the nation. At their annual meeting in Margate delegates were confronted with the perennial demand to adopt "red-blooded" Socialist policies and to abandon the moderate, long-view concept as advocated by the official party leadership. This time the demand came from a Glasgow group of left-wing extremists who are said to feel that last May's defeat for Labour was due to its compromising stand with respect to all-out nationalization. This view, however, would seem to be hasty and ill-considered; for it is obvious that, had that been the trouble, Mr. Aneurin Bevan and his small group of dissidents, who certainly cannot be called moderate, would have made a really good showing on the election sheets. Actually, it was the other way round. Only those Labour candidates who spoke softly on nationalization added up impressive totals, although some of the others—very few of them—managed to get elected.

As Mr. James Griffiths, who led the successful opposition to the Glasgow group's proposal, pointed out, the Labour Party has plenty of really important subjects to occupy its attention and study between now and the next election, without delving into experiments which, however worthy they may be in principle, can await a more appropriate season. He referred, among other things, to housing, the nuclear age and automaton, education, agriculture, and the relationship of the individual to society. These are weighty matters, a hundred-fold weightier than all-out nationalization of industry, which at best is a dubious remedy for economic ills.

It is good to know that responsible officials in Britain's Labour Party are willing and anxious to put issues that concern the entire population ahead of secondary matters of merely sectional interest. There is evidence, too, that this is the position taken by Mr. Coldwell, the top socialist in this country—a fact that contributes to the esteem in which he is held by all Canadians, irrespective of their political leanings.

Ottawa's Plan C

This Province will have hard sledding financially if no better arrangement than that of "Plan C", put forward by the Federal Government is finally adopted. It is true we would not lose our present revenue under the tax rental agreements; the returns of the latest year would indeed be guaranteed as a floor. But we would not get a dollar more than we are now getting until the per capita yield of personal income, corporation and inheritance taxes in Ontario and British Columbia increased above their present level. Meanwhile our urgent need for more revenue, reflected in every budget speech delivered in the Legislature in recent years, and strongly emphasized by Premier Matheson at Ottawa last week, would fall on deaf ears. Newfoundland also would be adversely affected, so far as additional federal revenue for expanding services is concerned.

What the proposed plan means is apparent in the following figures, which have been drawn from the official papers of the conference:

Each province would impose or have collected for it by the Federal Government a 10 per cent tax on personal incomes; an 8½ per cent tax on corporations; and a tax on inheritance up to 50 per cent of the federal tax. There would be no duplication taxation. The Federal Government would fully allow these provincial taxes and indeed, would collect them and turn them back to the provinces if desired to do so. The amounts of revenue per capita that each province would at present derive from these three taxes are as follows:

Newfoundland $8.28; Prince Edward Island $6.23; Nova Scotia $10.99; New Brunswick $10.25; Quebec $22.28; Ontario $32.26; Manitoba $17.30; Saskatchewan $11.52; Alberta $19.19; British Columbia $29.86.

The Federal Government proposal is to bring every province not already above it, up to the level, per capita, of Ontario and British Columbia combined. This figure is $31.78 per capita. As the conference now stands, no province would get less than this sum—$31.78 per capita.

This may be compared with the per capita amount that the provinces received from the tax rental agreements in the fiscal year 1954-55. They were: Newfoundland $34.07; P.E.I. $37.25; Nova Scotia $30.41; New Brunswick $31.15; Quebec (if it had an agreement) $29.13; Manitoba $31.62; Saskatchewan $30.33; Alberta $30.61; British Columbia $31.51.

Ontario would be above the average and would get no equalization payment. Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland would have to get along with what they are receiving now until such time as the national average under the new formula rose above their present payments.

Mr. St. Laurent made it clear that the outline of Plan C must not be regarded as final. They were "thoughts" which the Federal Government placed before the provinces, and which were not considered very favorably. But the shape of things to come is plainly foreshadowed in them.

New Souris High School

The town of Souris has been forging ahead in recent years. No better indication of this fact could be cited than the fine new High School which will be officially opened tomorrow by the Hon. Mr. Clark, Minister of Education. Built to accommodate the overflow of students from the two existing Souris schools, it will have complete facilities to handle students in the four high school years of grades nine to twelve.

Souris is now one of the busiest centres of dragger and fish processing activities in the Maritimes, and is, we believe, only at the beginning of its growth and expansion industrially. It has fine attractions for our summer visitors as well. Its citizens have always shown initiative, and they have not lost sight of educational values as well as material objectives. There is no doubt but that the new High School will prove a great asset to the community, as similar institutions have done in other centres, and that the Province as a whole will benefit by this important addition to our educational facilities.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Mr. Sherman Adams' official title is "assistant to the President". During the first states of Mr. Eisenhower's illness, however, White House officials got into the habit of referring to him as "the President's deputy". Perhaps this was a gentle hint to Vice-President Nixon, a very ambitious man, not to exaggerate his office inordinately in this time of uncertainty.

• • •

The management of the Prince Edward Theatre is to be commended upon bringing here a motion picture of such universal appeal as "A Man Called Peter", which carries a moving religious message with fine artistry and restraint. All the resources of the film industry have been employed to noble ends in this production. As it is running for the entire week, all our citizens will have an opportunity of seeing and enjoying it. Many, we understand, are returning for a second showing.

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President Eisenhower's regrettable illness and the confusion it brought to government circles have served to point up the manifold and heavy duties which fall to the lot of one man. Some political scientists are saying openly that no man should be expected to shoulder such a responsibility and that, perhaps, the constitution should be revised to provide for some sort of council to assume much of the authority now vested in the Presidency.

Needless Question No. 71,337

A ROUND-WORLD DIARY

With Pearson Party To Europe

By Norman Smith
Associate Editor, Ottawa Journal

(Mr. Smith is a member of the official party accompanying External Affairs Minister Pearson to Russia and on to Singapore. Mr. Smith, whose assignments have taken him to many of the World's most interesting news centres will report on what he sees for several leading Canadian newspapers. Much of his report is likely to take diary form)

A round-world diary, I suppose should begin, at the beginning. Welcome was the engines roar at 1.15p.m. on leaving Rockcliffe. It seemed to say "Anything you've forgotten now can't be helped anyway." The preparation had been slightly mad and had to end.

Nearing Newfoundland a U. S. patrol plane flew alongside in "routine examination," perhaps 500 yards to the side and rear. If they signalled "Who's on board" I trust they were impressed with the answer: The Minister of External Affairs, the Minister of Defence, the chairman of the joint Chiefs of Staff, and others. If our outlying lands have to be patrolled by foreign forces it's nice it's Uncle Sam.

Down at Gander, whose barrack-like air station restaurant and quarters must prompt many incoming immigrants to want to call it all off, there was Dean Shaw of the Agriculture Department sitting quietly reading the paper. He and a Norwegian bog expert and a Newfoundland beaver plane pilot are hopping about Newfoundland's bogs to see what can be done with them, and they come to roost at Gander for sleep. The Norwegian is a charming man; but then so is Dean Shaw, his black boots muddy, his face sunburned. The Newfoundlander said: "What was the weather like in Canada?"

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London, October 1—Landed London 4.30 a.m. Ottawa time. Air travel is doubtless wonderful but it's no way to get a good night's sleep. Shaving in the plane bathroom the R. C. M. P. we have along observed with some malice. "I see the R. C. A. F. even makes its own soap." Fumbled around London searching for sleep and found some in the second act of a British drawing room comedy at night. News of the French walkout from UN over Algeria concerns Mr. Pearson who is dubious of the wisdom of the French departure and not dubious at all of the unwisdom of the UN vote. Will the French call off Premier Faure's planned visit to Moscow?

Paris, October 2—Those unsavory creatures—lizards, is it? Still inhabit the lounges of London hotels but aside from that it was good to see "Blighty," and the British seemed thriving. The lift man told us the Dodgers won,—a service "laid on" for the Secretary of State from Canada. We left London at 3.30 and this official Canadian plane was to circle over Dieppe in tribute but the weather forbade.

Paris at 5.00 but on account of "The Crisis" and France's midnight cabinet meeting there was no excitement evident. The waiter's devotion to mixing fresh lemon, oil and salt for the salad at dinner seemed the gravest affair of the day and well worth it. Second day of a tootache, which seems definitely expendable. Baggage heading for Russia and the steaming jungle of Indonesia.

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Paris, October 3—Sunshine, the trees on the avenues are gently colored, the board sidewalks, as ever, lively and vibrant; the horns though, have been ruled offensive and Paris traffic seems strangely quiet. A dull day. The cabinet did not fall last night, it only cancelled its Moscow trip until "a better time." Some of our party "sight-sawed" but I found me a park bench strewn about with nursemaids, poodles and that Parisien mixture of very rich and worldly poor that amples the boulevards. I say "worldly poor," for in Paris the man with only sous in his pocket seems nevertheless a fellow of life and spirit.

Dinner with an old friend Air Vice Marshall Hugh Campbell and his wife,and though he is now the presiding deputy Air Chief over all NATO's air affairs he seems altogether unchanged and easy—going. "Get your tooth fixed," he barked. I took my toothache early to bed, planning to read some more Russian history but the tooth won and we had quite a night.

Berlin, October 4—We get around, don't we, usually at 15,000 feet and 300 miles per hour and always — so far — in greatest comfort. Don't count out the R. C. A.F. when naming the workd's best air lines. Yes, tooth fixed. Basil Robinson at the Embassy miracously got me a rushed appointment. "Voila," said the dentist, "That is a temporary filling. Believe it will do you very beautifully until you get to Singapore on October 16." "And suppose it doesn't?" I asked. He shrugged and smiled and said no more. We left Paris at 2.45 p.m. our party hanging about on the sun—bathed tarmac reluctant to leave. Paris had been the rest we all needed, the balm to taut nerves; or was Paris merely the dentist's cure?

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The plane load is becoming a kind of house party, Air Force crew, External Affairs, the Minister and his wife, Press—we are getting the hang of things and of each other. Someone had done some great organizing behind it all, but now it seems smooth as a kitten's ear, I'm still amazed at all this travelling and border crossing with but a passport and no tickets.

While flying, most of us are at work one way or another, especially the Minister's advisers with their briefs and documents. They are in hourly touch, you might say, with developments in their realm of affairs. Today, in Paris, for example, we were joined by Charles Ritchie, our Ambassador to Bonn, who came to acquaint the Minister with the latest on things German before we took flight to Berlin. The London, Paris and Brussels envoys had similarly brought their freshest tidings.

There is also a deal of classroom work, all of us in turn studying maps, history, Baedeker's and dictionaries. The latter and phrase books often present fun and when one runs across a gem he reads it aloud. For instance Mitchell Sharp, who accompanies the Minister for trade talks with the Russians, came up with this one this afternoon as we flew over Brussels, from a Russian phrase book: "In Russian a double negative does not make an affirmative, and is always used when expressing a negative."

And so, turning right after Belgium and proceeding along the air corridor atop fleecy clouds and in bright sunshine, we came to Berlin. The Tempelhof Airdrome is perhaps the most centrally located of any major airport and it seemed as we skimmed over the adjoining houses that a chimney pot was ours for the reaching.

It was 5.00 when we came in, to be greeted not only by Berlin and West German authorities but by the Soviet Ambassador to East Germany. Thus the red carpet begins to lay its welcome.

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In 1946 when I saw Berlin it seemed almost to be still smoking. In 1948 the vast areas of rubble were still there but progress was afoot. Today there remain great areas under rubble, more than that of the city of Ottawa, and in those gaunt stretches brick mills pulverizing for refuse the old broken bricks seem the only life. Berlin just can't get around to clearing these areas, let alone rebuilding them, for the city is not permitted by the Russians to dump their waste in the surrounding country—all of which is Russian.

But there are thriving areas in this once beautiful city, crisp new stores with glaring show windows, gleaming chrome-front business houses, restaurants serving good food cheaper than Paris, London or New York. A man played softly on a zither, as I ate my third apple fritter and reflected on why Canadian restaurants deal in wholesome food but insist on making it as ordinary, routine and unappetizing as possible.

Coming out I asked for directions to walk to my hotel, a fair piece but the chance of quiet digestion, no air engines and no rush, it seemed too good to pass up.

A mile or so alone in Berlin at night among the shadows of rubble but within distant sight of the lights of Kurfurstendamm Street's bustle and business. It seemed strange to walk alone in Berlin, Hitler's capital, quite safe and unworried. Yet here it is a weirdly isolated island in Europe's nervous struggle for land, the heart of two Germanys and yet in the body of neither.

"You are entering the British—, or French or American or Russian— Sector of Berlin" say the signs at the division points. What can the Berliners feel? What a fantastic judgment upon a city, and upon its conquerors. Torn four ways and beginnng to possess enough power in its own right to be able to flirt for bids—there sits Berlin, and the merry-go-around of the nearby park plays its ditty even as I write this in my hotel room, for life has to go on, no matter what—a fact we westerners are inclined to forget, perhaps.

But it is late, and early tomorrow morning we fly out of this problem city to Moscow, the better on a good night's sleep.

LONDON (Reuters) — Syrian-Czechoslovak talks are going on in Damascus for the supply of Czechoslovak arms to Syria, Cairo radio said Wednesday. The Syrian parliament backed Egypt's recent arms deal with Czechoslovakia and called on the government to adopt a policy "free from all interference or compromise" in providing guns for the army.

The Poet's Corner

HOMECOMING

Many have wandered on that sea:
In those waters is no certainty.
And our forefathers in returning found
The darkening angers of the narrow sound
Roar like a lion between their living and
Dying, the black waters and the harbouring sand.
Lost sailors sleep there, hanging halfway down

The green bone-singing bowl wherein they drown.
I will not go again; the quiet land
Places such gifts of mercy in my hand.
Many have perished under that sea:
Under water lives no charity.

In quiet at last I lie at anchor here
In the calm valley where tree and stone appear
Impossible as heavens. No death worries,
That will be any more than cradling sleep;
No landfalled seaman cares who buries
Him, or where, if it is earth. Dig deep
The clay for me when it is time. The sea
Will never claim me lying easy.
I am that home and land whose rocks are my rest:
All bitterness is gone from my brest.

—Kenneth Gee in The Listener.

The Age Old Story

And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said.

Medically Speaking

By Herman N. Bundesen, M. D.

VITAMINS FOR BABY

Babies need vitamins — and plenty of them.

But while it's up to you parents to see that your infant gets the right foods to supply these vitamins, it is possible that few of you know which foods are rich in vitamin content.

Here's a list of the vitamin your baby needs and the foods that supply them:

Vitamin A—Lack of this vitamin may cause dryness and thickening of the skin and mucous membranes of the body. The vitamin is found in large amounts in liver, eggs, butter, cream, fruits, (such as bananas, peaches and apricots), and in vegetables (such as asparagus, carrots, spinach, peas, and sweet potatoes). Some fish-liver oils—cod and halibut, for example—are rich in vitamin A.

Vitamin B—Beriberi, failure to grow properly and loss of appetite may result if not enough of this vitamin is taken into the body. Large amounts of it are present in liver, whole-grain cereals, egg yolk and many vegetables.

Vitamin B2 or Riboflavin—Lack of vitamin B2 causes cracks about the mouth, inflammation of the lips, certain eye troubles and scaly rash around the nose. It is found in yeast, liver, whole-grain wheat cereals, milk, egg yolk, meat and in such vegetables as peas, spinach and kale.

To Prevent Anemia

Vitamin B12—This vitamin is needed for normal growth and prevent anemia. Probably the best source is liver.

Niacin or pellagra-preventive or PP factor—Lack of this factor results in a disease called pellagra, causing a skin rash, trouble with the digestive organs and a disturbance of the nervous system. In general, the factor is found in the same foods as riboflavin.

Vitamin C or Ascorbic Acid—If the diet does not provide enough vitamin C, scurvy might occur. It is especially abundant in fruits such as oranges, lemons, tangerines, grapefruit, tomatoes and strawberries.

Vitamin K—Blood does not clot properly when this vitamin is lacking. It is found chiefly in green leafy vegetables such as spinach; also in tomatoes.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

Mrs. C.: If a baby's lungs do not expand properly at birth, is there any chance of the infant living and, if the child survives, will there be any permanent damage to the organ?

Answer: Failure of the infant's lungs to expand completely at birth is not unusual. Many such infants survive. If the child does survive, there is no permanent damage to the lungs.

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NOTES BY THE WAY

We are puzzled whether to classify a new course at the University of Toronto as traditional or progressive. Certainly it is in the progressive spirit to learn to play games in school; but when the game being taught is chess, bound about by hoary traditions, we are left wondering. College erudition applied to chess might do something for the game, of course. —Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

Collingwood General and Marine Hospital has closed its training school for nurses because of lack of trained instructors, an occurrence which is one more reminder of the scarcity of trained personnel in hospital services. Many hospitals suffer from a shortage of technicians and nurses, especially of nurses' aids. Some shortages have been met by importing personnel from Britain and Europe. In any scheme for health insurance this scarcity will have to be discussed, an means devised to remedy it. —London Free Press.

Along a highway in New Jersey, safety officials had placed a totally wrecked car as an example to passing motorists of the results of careless driving. Ironic is the fact that this exhibit itself caused an accident, two motorists colliding because they were paying too much attention to the exhibit and not enough to their driving. This episode points up the fact that safety authorities may become overly zealous in attempts to warn motorists of highway dangers. Too many signs or exhibits on highways can distract driver attention and cause the very thing they seek to prevent—an accident. —Brockville Recorder.

New York, it is claimed, 11 major crimes an hour. Visi who are held up should remen that it is nothing personal— the boys trying to make t quota. —Edmonton Journal.

Out on the Pacific coast a bought a used car and found in the seat cushions. Better turn them in until the upholst wears through and you k what's there. —Port Arthur N Chronicle.

At its meeting in London Society for Psychical Research pressed some dissatisfaction the present manner of track down authentic ghosts. The tro is that people who see spect fail to give enough informat when they report having run acr one. The reason is that they to get enough information fr the ghost, which really isn't surprising. Most people don't to think about such things as ting a ghost's name and addre —Wall Street Journal.

Robert Reid of Glasgow recei a letter the other day from a b ness concern in Pakistan, of ing to sell him the finest b pipes, ornately finished with iv and silver for half the price t would cost in Glasgow. Mr. R was miffed and somewhat alar ed. He is Scotland's largest ma facturer of bagpipes. The ch thing about the pipes is not much who makes them as blows them, and only a Scot do justice to The Road to the Isl McCrimmon's Lament or Flowers of the Forest. That ta more than ivory and silver takes spirit — the spirit of Highlands. —London Free Pre

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