

THE GUARDIAN

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Drunken Driving

While recent amendments to the Criminal Code have altered the provisions relating to drunken driving, their effectiveness in preventing recurrent tragedies on the highways is still a matter of doubt. The death toll from this cause amounts to between 500 and 600 annually in Canada. The Criminal Code states that every one who, "while intoxicated", drives any motor vehicle commits an offence under the Act. The stickler, as the Calgary Herald points out, is to prove intoxication. As a safeguard against persons escaping conviction under this section the Government has now introduced a separate offence, that of driving while the ability to drive is "impaired by alcohol." Further, the Code has been amended to permit admission as evidence in drunken driving cases of the results of chemical tests of blood or breath. These provisions have not removed the difficulties surrounding the word "intoxicated." The law is not aimed in this instance at intoxication as such, but at driving a motor vehicle while physically or mentally impaired by alcohol. In other words, both sections now imply the same thing.

The introduction of chemical tests of the accused's blood or breath is supposed to help in defining whether the person's mental or physical faculties were impaired by the use of alcohol. But such tests are still the subject of much dispute among scientists and medical men and their validity depends on many extraneous factors. Further, the tests will be voluntary and will probably be avoided by those who should take them, while compulsory tests could be construed as an invasion of personal rights. Unless some figure of alcoholic content could be established as that beyond which no person could be registered as sober, the use of these tests will be as mere corroborative evidence.

"All this still avoids the issue that people who mix alcohol with driving should not be allowed on Canadian highways," says our Calgary contemporary. "They are licensed to drive and they have certain obligations to fulfil in order to honor that licence. If people were to realize that the operation of a motor vehicle while their faculties are in any way impaired by alcohol is an offence, we might have fewer drinking drivers on the road. And if, further, the minimum penalties for drunken driving were raised to, say, 30 days on the first offence rather than the present seven days, that death toll from free-wheeling drunks might be lowered considerably."

Avoid Pressure To Volunteer

Conditions of service in Korea being what they are it is out of the question to keep troops there continuously for anything like the length of time many were stationed in Britain and Europe. The Army is meeting the situation and is making plans for the rotation of men serving in that theatre, although the Canadians to arrive first, the Princess Patricia's, have been overseas only since December.

Just how the rotation will work is not yet known but one thing should be avoided. In their anxiety for a change, for somewhere where there are places to go on leave and a chance to mingle with other people but soldiers, it would be very easy to get volunteers for European service. It would be wrong, however, and eventually lead to serious discontent, to offer the prospect of an early departure from Korea as an inducement to volunteer for service in Europe.

Peers At Loggerheads

Two Noble Lords, one Conservative and one Labor, recently accepted a challenge to tour London public houses to find out their adequacy as tourist resorts. Lord Mancroft told the peers that Britain's visitors liked to sit outdoors and sip, but there are not enough places where they can do this under existing regulations. Lord Lucas, a staunch Labor Government supporter, disputed Lord Mancroft's accuracy on this point. Lord Mancroft, who is 37, then offered the 57-year-old Lord Lucas an official tour of London pubs. Lord Mancroft said he would buy the drinks at every outdoor spot Lord Lucas could find, and, at every pub where outdoor drinking was barred, Lord Lucas would foot the bill. Lord Lucas agreed cautiously, insisting on

a handicap allowance, because of Lord Mancroft's "practice and capacity against my inexperience and age." Lord Mancroft said that would be fine, and "by the time we get home I won't be sober, and Lucas won't be solvent." As a sequel, however, the Noble Lords cried off, remarking they were not really serious at the time.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Our butter and cheese production is up, and we have been certified free from hay-fever. Everything seems to work together for good in this heavenly blessed corner of Canada.

About this time of year the man who planted a garden begins to take a little interest again, enough to have a look to see how well it has been tended by his wife in the meantime.

External Affairs Minister Pearson is picking a poor time to return from his month-long trip to Britain and Europe. There will be few indeed in Ottawa just now for him to pass on his impressions to.

When Premier J. Walter Jones gives up the Premiership the prospect is that he will be succeeded by Health Minister A. W. Matheson or Attorney-General W. E. Darby, both able and experienced lieutenants.

It is not impossible that there could be truth in Communist charges that U. N. fliers bombed across the Yala River. If rains were as heavy as reported, the pilots would have difficulty in picking out the river at all.

It should not be wondered at that Britain's Labour Government created no less than 16 new peers last year. The Government is far from having a majority in the upper chamber and is under no such restrictions as to number of appointments as the fixed size of the Canadian Senate.

In making overtures to Spain, Truman is behaving not unlike Churchill during the Second World War. As the British statesman puts it, if Hitler declared war on Heli he, Churchill, would at least make a complimentary reference to the Devil in the House of Commons.

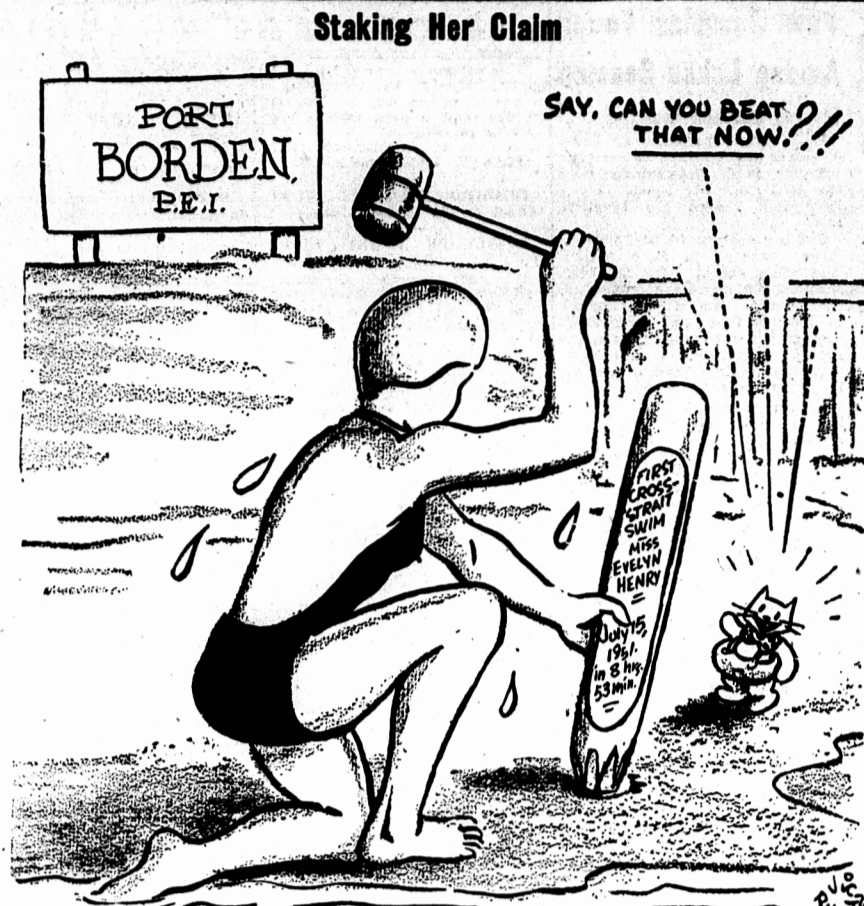
Miss Catherine MacLennan, R.N., Director of Nursing at the Falconwood T.B. Hospital, made good use of her tour to the Old Country, and has brought back abundant information which cannot be found useful and profitable to both her profession and patients here and elsewhere in Canada. A keen observer, and thoroughly imbued with the needs and objectives of the advancement of T.B. curative efforts, Miss MacLennan made most of her opportunities.

There is a considerable falling off in recruits for paratroops, and this is ascribed to the fact that there is a scarcity of aircraft. It is reported, reliably, that the brigade is now in the barrel-scraping search for trained specialists and scarce equipment for the Korean force. Some time ago, it was reported—and not denied—that the brigade lacked transport. And what were paratroops without aircraft to carry them?

According to Sir William Gilliat, leading British obstetrician, English speaking people look up to Princess Elizabeth as "the ideal of young womanhood and motherhood." Sir William, who attended the Princess at the births of Prince Charles and Princess Anne, paid her the compliment when she was made an honorary fellow of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists.

Lieut. Mary MacLennan has brought Prince Edward Island as well as Canada into world prominence by heading the team of Canadian sharpshooters which won the Kolapore Challenge Cup at Bisley on Saturday. The fact that she was chosen to captain the winning team is a high testimonial to her ability. Miss MacLennan, who teaches at West Kent School, is the first Canadian woman ever to compete in this shooting tournament. Now she has made Commonwealth history, and is to receive a silver medal for her achievement, which will indeed be an honoured trophy.

The Lord Mayor of London and his party are to be feted by Ottawa City Council when they visit that City. The Council had some doubts about the advisability of spending the necessary money for such an entertainment, until Miss Whitton dared them to it. "Nonsense," said Miss Whitton, "if the city can't spare the money, I'll contribute up to \$1,000 myself. This is no ordinary junket. This is an historic event and we must see to it that he is given a proper welcome." Mayor Grenville Goodwin settled things by saying he would see that the Lord Mayor is suitably entertained by Canada's Capital.



Notes From Another Island

LONDON, England—Among the perhaps less obtrusive attractions of the Festival of Britain is the sound of some of the "cries of old London" such as may be heard at the Battersea Pleasure Gardens. Here orange-girls announce their wares in ancient and traditional fashion in rather melancholy but nonetheless attractive calls. To complete the illusion of days long gone the girls are dressed in very attractive and not at all melancholy period costume, which makes buyer-resistance difficult when they look you in the eye and chant their sales talk.

Not all of present-day London's cries are presented as attractively, alas. Many of the others are raucous in tone, almost ferocious in delivery. Take the street traders, for instance, in the open air markets.

Some time ago I wrote here about the famous London market in Petticoat-lane, rows and rows of stalls each presided over by men and women whose doctrine of salesmanship is based not only on continuous talk but also that the message shall be put over in the loudest possible volume. It has to be that way: the stalls are so close together, and everyman's neighbour has so much to say for his own wares, that he who shouts would not remain unheard. This is a scene not confined to Petticoat-lane, nor to London, but in a thousand-and-one similar open air markets in every town and city in the country. The world traveller who tells of the babel of Oriental markets would find much the same sort of thing in London, or Leeds or Liverpool; and he may have just as much difficulty in understanding what was being said as he would in Baghdad or Bombay, for as the speed and volume of the salesman's talk increases, so clarity diminishes.

This lack of clarity, it would seem, is the desirable objective of all those whose trade or calling demands a cry. It causes no inconvenience until the giving out of information is the reason for the cry. Then inconvenience is not strong enough a word. One of the minor discomforts of the wartime blitz was to travel by rail in dead of night in strange territory and, when your train stopped at a station, to try to discover its name in case it was the place you were bound for. Name-signs had been removed so as not to help the enemy if he landed; you had to rely on a shouting official who knew nothing of diction, who pronounced the place name in local dialect that bore no resemblance to its spelling, and in any case timed his announcement to coincide with a rush of escaping steam from the engine.

The modern railway crier has a loudspeaker system, speaks more clearly, but still often manages to clash with some noisy trick of the engineers. There are as yet no mechanical aids for bus conductors, however. "I still thrive on their opportunities for pronouncing stages arrived at in staccato, indecipherable syllables. They make an exception when they have a joke to make in the form of some oblique reference to the place reached; then, their voices are clear, and all you have to do to know where you are is to get the point of the joke.

Newspaper sellers are similar to bus conductors in this respect, in their liking for humour. They, however, are everybody's favourites, because if you cannot understand what they say you lose nothing anyway. You know what they are selling, so what they do say is of relative unimportance. Their cries are simply matters of academic interest; suffice it to say that in announcing the names of the papers, or even simply in saying the word "Paper," most of them do a pretty good job of imitating (unconsciously, of course) motor horns, barking dogs, or men smitten by a sudden, violent

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.) ELECTION RIOT "The adjourned poll for the election of a Member for King's County was opened at St. Peter's on Wednesday last. We regret to state that on Thursday evening, about half-past seven o'clock, a disgraceful riot took place. The Returning Officer was thrown off the hustings, and in the act of retreating into the building, in front of which they were erected, was struck by an empty barrel that was violently thrown upon him. Several special constables had previously been appointed, but were unable to suppress the riot. The rioters continued to pelt at the door of the building, and even threatened to take the roof off. "The doors were at last forced open, and the Returning Officer and poll clerks compelled to retreat. The Returning Officer was distinctly given to understand that no further molestation would be offered to him provided he kept away from the building. A note, however, being tendered soon after, he endeavoured, along with the poll clerks, to approach the place to take it down, when they were immediately assailed with a shower of stones and other missiles, which effectually prevented them from proceeding with the election. The rioters, the very essence of the mob seemed particularly directed against Mr. Cooper, who was then considerably ahead of his opponents, and who was compelled to seek safety in flight." —Royal Gazette, July 26, 1831.

Here's Sound Advice

Better public relations might be achieved by a little less preaching and a little more listening. This sentence, which we think is loaded with common sense, is taken from the close of a speech made by Mr. Hugh Crombie, president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association at the Association's annual meeting in Quebec City last month. Mr. Crombie was reporting as retiring chairman of the Education Committee, and, in view of his experience in the field of public relations, his remarks are worth reporting here.

"When thinking of a public relations programme... don't confuse public relations with advertising," he said. "You can buy a package of advertising, but you can't buy goodwill. You have to earn it. "You can advertise a product but you can't advertise a state of mind. The success of your public relations programme will depend upon your state of mind and the state of mind of all your fellow employees.

"What your stockholders, your customers, your jobholders and your neighbours think of your company is very important. You must be sincerely interested in them and in their opinions. The channels of communication must be kept open and you must remember that it is a two-way street. It isn't just a question of getting your ideas over to them; you can't afford to ignore their ideas. "Perhaps a little less preaching and a little more listening would make for better public relations. "I sometimes wonder whether there hasn't been too much preaching to the converted and also I sometimes wonder whether anybody listens. "It isn't what you say that counts, it is what you do."

One other call should be mentioned, chosen from all the countless cries that assail our ears daily in the course of business or pleasure. This one, will aver millions of our citizens, has no place in business, and indicates the reverse of pleasure. When it is time, according to law, for the public houses to close, the landlord of the premises (or it may be the manager, or someone in authority) has the last word: "Time, gentlemen, please!"

The Poet's Corner

MOUNTAINSIDE PASTURE Patches of huckleberries, clumps of birches, Barberry bushes and some stunted pines; Square boulders, shaped like cornerstones for churches, Tough, creeping Juniper in ragged lines— These make an upland pasture's hardy spaces, On whose short sod the scattered heifers graze; Where woodchucks thrive, where rabbits run mad races, And summer boards her lonely, sunburnt days. These are the fields that lift toward the mountains A first wild slope before a trail is found— Before cold brooks have hid their highest fountains, Before peak in dark, spruce-planted ground. Here, where tall summits build the only fence, A cow tastes freedom with indifference. —Adin Ballou

Vanishing Scarecrow

(St. Thomas Times-Journal) An item in an Old Country paper says that a competition for "the best scarecrow" was to be held at a place called North Ockendon. When did you last see a scarecrow? We cannot recollect having seen one for years. They used to be quite common in days gone by. Farmers stuck a scarecrow in the middle of a field of almost any growing crop that was liable to be attacked by crows or birds, and the silly birds imagined it was a man—possibly a man with a gun—and they kept out of his way.

No bird of any intelligence could mistake a scarecrow for a human being. Usually a scarecrow consisted of a disreputable suit of clothes, too battered and torn for any farm worker to wear, stuffed with straw, a battered hat on its head and pulled down so far that the face, if there was a face to it, could not be seen. It was held in position by a long staff or an old broom handle stuck in the ground. But that was sufficient to deceive the birds. Altogether it was a disreputable looking representation of that noble creation—man—and the more disreputable it looked the more likely it was supposed to scare crows. That is why some people still say, if they look a bit untidy, that they look like a scarecrow. Some farmers, however did set up presentable scarecrows; we have even seen one sporting a dress suit. The brief statement regarding the North Ockendon contest does not say whether the "best scarecrow" is the best or worst dressed. Anyway, we imagine a group photograph of the competitors would be an amusing show; almost enough to scare anybody. Nowadays, when farmers put up a scarecrow, it is just that—a dead crow tied to a post to scare other crows away by the example of its fate.

BALMY ISLAND

Puerto Rico enjoys an average summer temperature of 78.5 and an average winter temperature of 73.7 degrees Fahrenheit.

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Notes By The Way

A St. Louis woman recently hit her husband over the head with a club to stop him from drinking, which it did. Stopped his breathing, too.—(Peterborough Examiner.)

Perhaps the best example of concrete relaxation is the sleeping cat. If you will closely observe a cat as she lies down to nap, you will notice that she will often stretch and then become almost completely limp. It is as if the muscles were somehow switched off. On closer observation you will notice this doesn't happen all at once. A wave of relaxation seems to sweep over the cat's body starting in the extremities. It doesn't take very long, because the cat is thoroughly experienced in complete relaxation.—(Brandon Sun.)

It is to be hoped that present day farmers are not repeating the errors of the past. Dividend-paying investment in equipment or general farm movement, should not be discouraged, but extravagant living that yields nothing more than temporary satisfaction may create financial problems that may prove embarrassing or even crippling. The co-operative societies are in a good position to investigate this trend and if anything unhealthy is discovered in this increased demand for credit, then warning should be issued in strong and arresting terms. For the rank and file of people it is not safe to depart too far from the good old practice of cash on the barrel head.—(Farmers' Advocate.)

The bulk of the \$8,500,000,000 that President Truman has requested for the mutual security program this year would be expended on actual military items for our allies overseas. But about one-quarter of it, or \$2,200,000,000, would go to "economic" aid—in other words, to a continuation of the sort of assistance that has been so successfully given through the Marshall Plan to bolster the economies of the nations of the free world. The two now are indisputably linked; for the arms we supply for the defense of Europe (and Asia) against Communist aggression will not be of much use unless the peoples of those areas feel that they have something worth defending.—(New York Times.)

The trial and conviction of Mr. William N. Oatis, Associated Press correspondent in Prague, shows what a fatuous waste of time it was to try to work out a United Nations declaration on press freedom with which the Communist countries could agree. Mr. Oatis has just been sentenced to ten years in prison for espionage after a Czechoslovak trial which had the elements of farce and tragedy usually found in Communist judicial proceedings. The point which vitiates this case is that any competent political reporter, measuring competence by Western standards, is bound to be a spy by Communist standards. A reporter for Moscow Fravda or Izvestia, or their opposite numbers in other Red capitals, takes down what some Government official tells him, accepts it as gospel and hands it verbatim to his editor. His editor then publishes it without amendment, but with editorial comment praising the wisdom and public spirit of the official. That is journalism in the Soviet world and any other kind of journalism there is a form of subversive activity. The only value Mr. Oatis or any other Western correspondent in Prague could have for his employers would arise, of course, from his not accepting at face value what officials told him. Undoubtedly, Mr. Oatis took the trouble, as any other Western newspaperman would do, to check Government announcements against the facts by inquiring among the public and using his own eyes. It is stories like this that he wrote about which reflected skepticism about the official line or criticism of official policies. And no doubt Mr. Oatis used some well-known telephonic, telegraphic or postal dodges to make sure that his copy reached his home office and was not stopped en route. All of this would add up to spying on state secrets in Communist eyes; and he was a spy, after some weeks of incarceration, needs no explaining at this late date. The Communists have ways of obtaining confessions and for a certainty they were employed in this case. All that remains to be said is to express a hope that the Associated Press can somehow secure its reporter's release and to note once again that the idea of an agreement with the Communist bloc about press freedom is essentially and inevitably farcical.—(Globe and Mail.)

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