

THE GUARDIAN

Authorized as Second Class Mail Post Office Department, Ottawa. The Island Guardian Publishing Co. President and Associate Editor, Ian A. Burnett, Associate Editor, Frank Walker.

CIRCULATION "Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew"

"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink"

CHARLOTTETOWN, THURSDAY, DEC. 4, 1952 World Wide Benefits

This Province has reason to be interested in the activities of the Rockefeller Foundation, to which we owe the establishment of our fine public library system.

Mention is made of a munificent grant of £25,000 to the University of Edinburgh medical school for a five years study for improving methods of medical practice designed to provide comprehensive medical care for families.

Dr. Margaret Mead is ticketed to go back to Manus Island in the Admiralty group to see how the children she had studied there twenty-five years ago are coming on.

In Scandinavia a \$40,000 grant goes to the University of Lund, Sweden, for research in genetics and plant breeding, while the University of Uppsala gets \$50,000 for research in biochemistry.

A number of grants are marked for institutions in Great Britain, many of them for travel to this continent to study projects being carried on in the United States and Canada.

Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, Switzerland, Spain, Denmark, Norway, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, West Indies, Egypt, Turkey, Israel, and India are on the list.

No less than fifteen grants are specified for institutions and persons in the United States, among them a \$500 grant to a member of the Boston Symphony to help towards his expenses as member of the jury at the International Competition of String Quartettes which will be held in Liege, Belgium; \$5,000 for Mr. Junius Eddy of String Quartettes which will be held in residence at Karamu House, Cleveland; \$10,000 to the University of Wisconsin to assist in a preliminary survey of the results of the institution's programme in community arts on individuals and on communities.

Canada is not mentioned as a recipient of any Rockefeller largesse during the period covered. However, everyone everywhere, benefits from the spreading waves of beneficence, for any knowledge gained is for the use and benefit of all.

Bermuda View

Reports that Bermuda was considering the relinquishment of her long-standing ties with Britain and of casting in her lot with the Dominion of Canada appear to be premature. That, at least, is the opinion of the Royal Gazette, of Hamilton, Bermuda, which says that such rumors are in the nature of a "trial balloon", and expresses some concern that such a drastic change in the colony's affairs is taken as being semi-officially, and seriously, contemplated.

"Last week," says the Bermuda paper, "in commenting upon the closing down of the British garrison, we essayed to emphasize the manifold advantages we have so long enjoyed as a virtually self-governing colony under the Mother Country. We did not then attempt to enumerate them. Nor do we think such an enumeration is needed now. They are self-evident to any one who wishes to think a little of the past, the present and the future."

"They are, in fact, so much part of the warp and woof of our being as to have survived intact those great convulsions that launched the United States of America. We venture to declare that they will continue to survive. How fortunate we are to partake of the benefits of geographical union with the great nations of North America, the while our institutions evolve and strengthen in those mighty liberalizing and humanitarian streams set in motion by the Mother Country. We have the best of two worlds. Are there any other colonies more happily circumstanced?"

"Before we tear down the old, let us first lay the foundations for the future."

We could not reasonably expect, under a new union or liaison—call it what you will—to enjoy so fully the fruits of an independence we have come to take for granted. Changes would assuredly be called for and they would not—they could not—all be in our favor."

Conquering The Northland

Dr. C. S. Lord, who headed a party of the Geological Society of Canada to the Far North this year, points out that his 16 men were able, with helicopters, to do an astonishing amount of work. In mapping 57,000 square miles of barren lands in 113 days, he estimated they did what would have taken a conventional party, by foot and canoe, 25 years, though the latter would have produced mapping in finer detail.

The cost was \$215,000, but Dr. Lord, a veteran of geological surveying, is confident that the helicopter has proved its worth. In an address on the subject to the western division of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy in Winnipeg, he observed that within a few years it could place at the disposal of the prospecting and mining fraternity data which, by conventional methods, might not be available to this generation.

It is significant that the test was made in the northerly portion of the huge region lying east of the great waterways system of the Athabaska, Slave and Mackenzie Rivers, and west of Hudson Bay. This region of the mainland north is the most difficult to enter and traverse. Even to the orthodox plane it has been relatively inaccessible. Partly because of this and also because the interior would be a tough place in which to mine efficiently and profitably, it has seen little prospecting. From now on, things will be altogether different in the northern interior. It is grist for the helicopter's mill. With the Geological Survey showing the way in its "flying windmills" and through its mapping of promising ground, prospecting should increase rapidly.

EDITORIAL NOTES

With the onslaught of winter it has indeed become a cold war in Korea. Canadian troops, however, should be at least as well adapted to conditions as any in the theatre.

This year there was again an increase in the number of passengers, automobiles and trucks carried between Wood Islands and Caribou. This ferry route is obviously capable of great expansion if the necessary facilities and ships are provided.

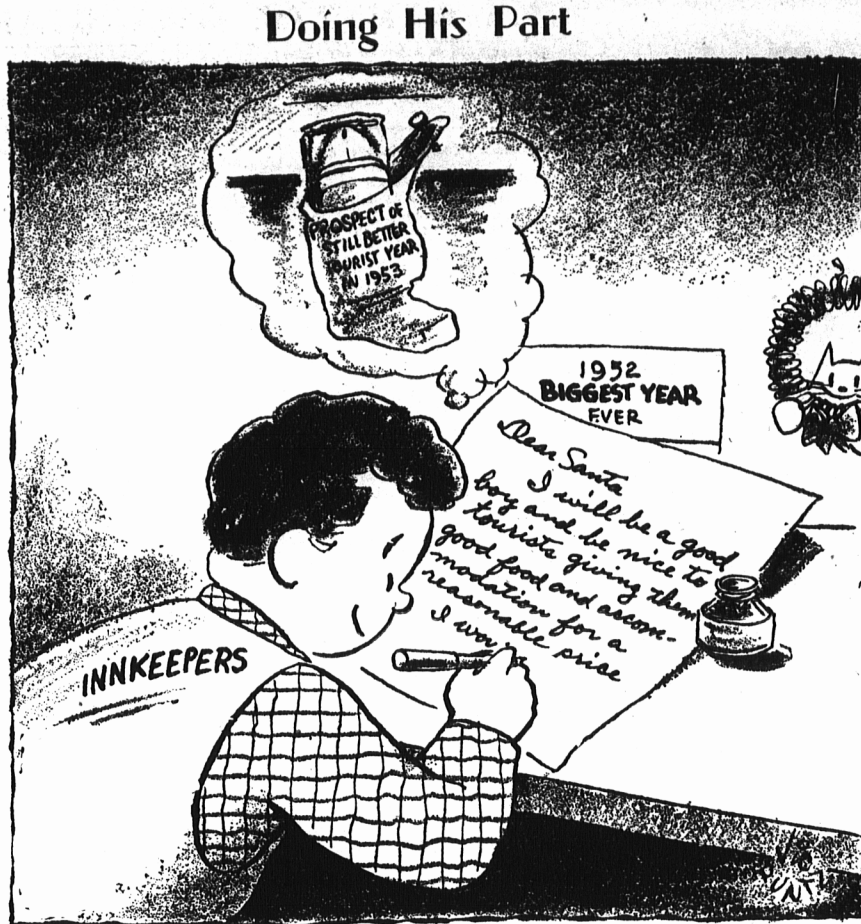
The forecast by Trade Minister Howe that atomic energy for industrial power will be available in five years is of special interest here. This new source of energy should be used to put areas lacking hydro power, coal, oil and gas on a par with others more richly endowed with power resources.

Low prices for pork now mean high prices later, is the warning Nova Scotia's deputy minister of agriculture gave to Mr. James G. Gardiner. Farmers certainly will not produce without a return for their investment and effort and the consumer will pay dearly for permitting the supply to fall off.

A Prince County youth received a suspended sentence recently for wounding another young man with a .22 rifle. That is a lesson to the individual concerned but it is the responsibility of parents and elders to educate young people in the proper handling of firearms. To a boy a .22 may seem just a toy but it is in fact a deadly weapon and must be treated as such.

Many of the Fredericton telephone exchanges of the New Brunswick government are being centralized in a new exchange. It has not yet been decided whether all government exchanges will be so centralized. The development should prove a help to the public in getting in touch with particular branches of government and at the same time remove the heavy volume of inter-departmental calls from the public exchanges.

Nurse Edith Louisa Cavell was born this date 1865 at the vicarage at Swardston, Norfolk, England. She studied there, in Somerset and in Brussels and entered the London Hospital in 1895 as a probationer. She had a wide experience and later helped to establish a modern school for nurses in Brussels as well as other institutions. Her hospital became a Red Cross establishment on the outbreak of war and treated both Germans and their enemies. Miss Cavell was arrested with thirty-six others, tried by secret court martial for aiding 130 persons to escape from Belgium. She was convicted and shot despite the efforts of the United States minister.



PUBLIC FORUM

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

LAMONT POEM RECALLED

Sir,—I have seen, through the kind offices of a friend, Mr. M. McKenzie's letter, in "The Public Forum" of 4th October, following mine of the 13th November of last year. I read it with very great interest indeed.

You will not, I am sure, want to encourage too many contributions about one particular P. E. I. family when the Island can boast of so many distinguished sons of other names; but since Mr. McKenzie has given special attention to the religious poetry of Ewen Lamont, it occurred to me that some of the older residents of the Island may remember also a song written by his son, Rev. Donald Lamont. It is called "Bonnie Lyndale" set to a beautiful tune which was originally called, I believe, "The Dark-eyed Sailor". The Rev. Donald wrote the song after he had first left P. E. I., thinking he might not return (although, as Mr. McKenzie mentions, he did return long afterwards to the Central Parish).

The words, as here written, are not exactly as originally composed by Rev. Donald; but they are probably not far from the spirit. Perhaps some of your readers may recognize some of the verses and know the correct version. I am, Sir, etc., W. D. LAMONT Glasgow, Scotland, 14th November, 1952.

(Enclosure)

Where Orwell runs with a gentle song Through fragrant woodlands and fields of corn, Where Orwell rises, and I was born, There is Bonnie Lyndale, There is Bonnie Lyndale, And there the world was young. I saw the earth waken there in spring, The summer bloom, and the autumn glow, And through the silence of wreathed snow, Over Bonnie Lyndale, Over Bonnie Lyndale, I heard the sleigh-bells ring. When shadows spread from the dark'ning pine, The angels' watchfires were set on high, Across the seas, in the western sky, Down on Bonnie Lyndale, Down on Bonnie Lyndale, Tonight I see them shine. Long, long ago on a fading shore, The daylight died as I watched alone, And wintry winds to a world unknown, Wafted me from Lyndale, Wafted me from Lyndale, To exile evermore. But spring to Orwell will ever come; They'll always plough where we ploughed the lea, And Heaven will smile, as it smiled on me, Once on Bonnie Lyndale, Once on Bonnie Lyndale, My happy, early home.

DRINK AND THE DANCE

Sir,—It is possible that Adam and Eve danced. At least, dancing is as old as the human race, and it is a custom among all nations, and will likely continue to the end of time. It is in human blood. But for one reason and another there is a prejudice against dancing. Some years ago I was preaching for a brother minister, and in the service I had occasion to read the story of the Marriage Feast of Cana. In my remarks I mentioned: "and they likely had dancing." Whereupon up jumped a man and bolted for the door. I knew then that I should have been more cautious, and explained that among the Jews men and women did not dance together as

Notes By The Ways

Some old stalwarts of the Liberal party must have rubbed their eyes the other day when they read about the proposals the UBC Liberal Club intends to put before the next B. C. Liberal convention. These student-Liberals favor inclusion in the next Liberal platform of public ownership of the B. C. Electric and B. C. Telephone companies. We know things change pretty fast these days but we were still under the impression that public ownership of our public utilities was still an exclusive plank of the CCP party.—Vancouver Province.

"To none will we delay Justice and right." That was one of the promises of Magna Carta. Disturbing suggestions are being made that the pledge is not being honored too well in Alberta. An instance was cited recently by Mr. Justice Egbert of the supreme court. At the Calgary criminal assizes, over which he presided, 18 cases were on the list. Yet in only

they do in this country. There are reasons for this prejudice. Dancing in a public hall is very different from dancing in a private home. In a public place strangers come in, and even people of doubtful character, and sometimes in embarrassing situations are created for the young people. The dance hall is a convenient place to become acquainted but not the best place in the world to choose a wife.

But more than all else, it is drink that gives the dance its bad name. Every one knows why drink and the dance especially the public dance, so often go together. It does not speak well of the young man who cannot enjoy the fun without drink. I am told, and I dare say it is true, that at every public dance in this Province, drink appears. The practice seems to be to procure a large quantity of alcoholic beer sold in some stores, and mix that with hard liquor which may be peddled outside the hall.

If the management of those halls would co-operate with the police, this drinking could likely be stopped, and I am sure the police would be glad to do their best in this matter. Light beer is within the law, and here the police have no authority, but every drinker of alcoholic beer knows that it takes less hard liquor to satisfy the thirst for intoxication. A serious situation arises when a nice young man with stinking breath asks a self-respecting lady to dance to hard liquor drunk at public dances there must be a good many young men with foul breaths.

Another thing that should be said: Not all boys leaving the hall are fit to drive home. Those fatal, late-hour accidents that so frequently occur indicate that mismanaged dance halls may be, not only a moral menace, but a fatal one as well. Drink is not the only objection to the public dance, where girls are not chaperoned, but the very least the management should do, in the interest of the young people whom they invite to the hall, is to keep drink out. I am, Sir, etc., W. I. GREEN Stanley Bridge.

The Age-Old Story

Thus saith the Lord God; I will even gather you from the people, and assemble you out of the countries where ye have been scattered, and I will give you the land of Israel. And I will give them one heart, and I will put a new spirit within you; and I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them an heart of flesh; that they may walk in my statutes, and keep mine ordinances, and do them; and they shall be my people, and I will be their God.

FROM THE PATHFINDERS

Peace to all who slept at the trail-ends, From the blood of Marquette and Cartier To the flown breath of Scott and Shackleton! They that felt the arrows of Obsidian Have no more need of shield or helmet. They that saw the smoke of strange altars on new heavens Shall hear no more the conchs of the barbarian. Nor the long trumpets of Ivory, Nor the throbbing of the war-drums. Peace to all who lie famed or forgotten— The last igloo built, The last keel stranded, Peace to the renowned few, to the innumerable unknown, To the tomb of bronze and the grave in the desert! They are hushed who dared Leviathan And the dragons of Hesperia. The frontiers of wonder are dissolved, The purple kingdom of the old mirage Lef Ericson sleeps, and the fire that was Columbus, Rut Time had new Atlantics. The stars they followed still go over; Their voices are on the wind from the North-east, And their flags in the sunset.

—George Sterling

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

BILLIARD MANNERS

From a letter appearing anonymously in The Examiner of April 30, 1881: "I would like to call to the notice of the directors of the Queen's Billiard Club that a person who is not a member of the Club is playing billiards in their room every morning between the hours of 11 a. m. and 1 p. m. If gentlemen do such things in Europe, I am glad to say that they would scorn to do so in America, especially when they know it is against the rules of the Club. There is a public billiard room, I believe, in Charlottetown, and if the European gentlemen wish to play let him go there, and not go sneaking into a private room in order to save fifteen cents."

The Poet's Corner

FROM THE PATHFINDERS

Peace to all who slept at the trail-ends, From the blood of Marquette and Cartier To the flown breath of Scott and Shackleton! They that felt the arrows of Obsidian Have no more need of shield or helmet. They that saw the smoke of strange altars on new heavens Shall hear no more the conchs of the barbarian. Nor the long trumpets of Ivory, Nor the throbbing of the war-drums. Peace to all who lie famed or forgotten— The last igloo built, The last keel stranded, Peace to the renowned few, to the innumerable unknown, To the tomb of bronze and the grave in the desert! They are hushed who dared Leviathan And the dragons of Hesperia. The frontiers of wonder are dissolved, The purple kingdom of the old mirage Lef Ericson sleeps, and the fire that was Columbus, Rut Time had new Atlantics. The stars they followed still go over; Their voices are on the wind from the North-east, And their flags in the sunset.

—George Sterling

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

BILLIARD MANNERS

From a letter appearing anonymously in The Examiner of April 30, 1881: "I would like to call to the notice of the directors of the Queen's Billiard Club that a person who is not a member of the Club is playing billiards in their room every morning between the hours of 11 a. m. and 1 p. m. If gentlemen do such things in Europe, I am glad to say that they would scorn to do so in America, especially when they know it is against the rules of the Club. There is a public billiard room, I believe, in Charlottetown, and if the European gentlemen wish to play let him go there, and not go sneaking into a private room in order to save fifteen cents."

The Age-Old Story

Thus saith the Lord God; I will even gather you from the people, and assemble you out of the countries where ye have been scattered, and I will give you the land of Israel. And I will give them one heart, and I will put a new spirit within you; and I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them an heart of flesh; that they may walk in my statutes, and keep mine ordinances, and do them; and they shall be my people, and I will be their God.

Methuselahs Of The Forest

By Roy W. Brown in the Financial Post

Oldest living thing in Canada is a Douglas fir tree which has stood for the last 1,100 years close to Shoen Lake, almost in the geographical centre of Vancouver Island. It still grows lustily, defiant of wind and the ravages of weather.

Somewhere about 1,150 or 1,200 years ago, much of the western slope of Vancouver Island was swept by a tremendous fire. Today there remains convincing evidence that all growth in an area in extent comparable to the district between Ottawa and Montreal and 20 miles wide disappeared in a holocaust.

It might have taken several decades for plants and trees to become re-established. But heavy rainfall aided excellent natural conditions to create on this site one of the greatest softwood forests in world history.

A few weeks ago T. G. Wright, chief forester for Canadian Forest Products Ltd., found his men had cut down a leviathan among trees in the valley of Davie River, Upper Nimpkish. The vast butt of this great tree was impressively re-established. But heavy rainfall aided excellent natural conditions to create on this site one of the greatest softwood forests in world history.

But within a quarter of a mile of the felled monster there stands its bigger brother. Comparing the felled tree with the one still growing, experts think the latter could be a few years senior. Instead of 1,082 years, the one still standing appears certain to be 1,100 or 1,125.

Of course, nobody can tell for sure because only by felling it can its secrets be exposed—and so far the axman (or rather the power-saw operator) has spared this second tree. The one already felled (age 1,092) was 107 inches in diameter at the butt, 230 feet in height and scaled out 30,174 board feet of house lumber. It was absolutely sound with masses of unspooled foliage as green as what must have been growing there 500 years ago.

Compare this with the oldest Douglas fir reported by the B. C. Forest Service and felled by Albern Pacific Lumber Co. Near Port Alberni several years ago. It was 1,106 years old, or 14 years older than the felled Shoen Lake tree. It was only five feet in diameter at the butt. A sample cut was sent to the National Museum at Ottawa by H. R. MacMillan.

While these firs are the oldest in British Columbia, they cannot, of course, compete with the giant Redwoods (Sequoia) of California. Numerous redwoods are of a vintage of 2,000 years—some even exceed that.

Oldest Douglas fir of which there is an authentic record reported by the U. S. A. Forest Service was felled in 1915, in Skagit River Valley in Washington State. It was 1,375 years old. U. S. Forest Service also reports three Dou-

glas firs more than 15 feet in diameter at the butt. Two are still growing in Oregon and a third in Olympic National Park, in northwest Washington.

Weyerhaeuser Timber Co. reports the largest tree it has felled scaled 71,542 board feet. It was 11 feet in diameter and almost completely free from blemish of any sort. It was only 680 years old when turned into house lumber in 1944.

This tremendous amount of lumber from a single tree is more impressive when compared with the fact that the greatest recorded output of an outstanding group of trees on a single acre of 400-year-old forest on Vancouver Island was a cutting made by Comox Logging Co. 15 years ago of 253,000 feet.

Practically all the very old trees have their tops broken off, so their greatest height has never been recorded. In Nimpkish Valley (close to Shoen Lake) the tallest tree yet recorded was 305 feet in height; it was only 385 years old.

The story of these forest giants is a dramatic illustration of the vast natural law of the survival of the fittest. Under perfect conditions of soil and exposure to sun and weather, 40,000 seedlings may spring up originally on a single fertile acre, but a good "catch", as a clover farmer might say, would be 1,000 tree plants. Within 30 or 40 years dominant trees would appear—by some accidents their roots go deeper than their tops reach farther skyward and ultimately they crowd out their neighbors.

At the end of 100 years the 1,000 tree plants have dwindled in numbers to 80 growing trees, with scores of dead ones disintegrating on the ground. In 200 years only 50 thirty ones are left. In 400 years the number has reduced itself to 20 lofty giants piercing the sky. At 500 years only 13 are left, all big and lusty, and at 700 years only seven are still standing. There are of course variations of this calculation, but the figures given are results of careful examination of averages on "medium growing sites".

At 1,100 years the one truly dominant tree has finally asserted itself over all the other "dominants" and you have a noble specimen standing in massive grandeur in a sort of natural forest clearing, outclassing all else on the landscape, alone and majestic.

LARGEST TREE

The Douglas fir, Canada's largest tree, grows to heights of about 300 feet.

OTTAWA, Nov. 27 (CP)—The army said Wednesday major issues and plans for the growth and improvement of the regular and reserve force will be discussed here next week at the annual conference of the army's top officers. It starts Dec. 4 and lasts two days.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Professional cards for J. A. Carruthers, R.O. (Optometrist), Allison M. Gillis, LL.B. (Barrister, Solicitor), Palmer & Haslam (Barristers, Solicitors), A. Walthen Gaudet, LL.B. (Barrister, Solicitor), Bell, Mathieson & Foster (Barristers, Solicitors), Matheson, Peake & Nicholson (Barristers, Solicitors), Dr. A. L. MacIsaac (Dentist), Errol S. Notting (V.S., D.V.M., Small Animal Practice), H. R. Doane & Company (Chartered Accountants), and Frederic A. Large, Q.C. (Barrister, Solicitor, Notary).