

THE GUARDIAN

Authorized as Second Class Mail Post Office Department, Ottawa. The Island Guardian Publishing Co. Editor and Managing Director, 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 FRIDAY, OCT. 2, 1953

Money For Homes

Canada's banking system is notable for its stability and for the system of branches which takes banking facilities to tiny communities as well as to large centres. In at least one respect, however, it has not rendered a full lending service. Under the Bank Act the chartered banks are not permitted to lend money on the security of real estate.

The reason for the long standing limitation was the necessity of preserving the liquid position of the banks. The bulk of their assets are in the form of demand deposits and it has always been felt that their investments should be short-term loans which can be readily liquidated to meet any sudden flurry of withdrawals.

The insurance provision takes the risk of loss out of the banks' real estate financing and presumably the Government is satisfied that with a central bank, the Bank of Canada, functioning it will always be possible to bolster the cash requirements of an individual bank or banks should the need arise.

At any rate the citizen wishing to finance housing construction will now have open to him an elaborate credit machine which until now has not been available for the purpose.

It Didn't Work

Premier Bennett is going to abolish the transferable vote system in British Columbia. Undoubtedly, says the Vancouver News-Herald, most people will go along with him in such a move.

In theory the transferable vote was to give representation in the legislature in proportion to the voting strength of the parties. But this it has failed to do. In the election of last year the Social Credit candidates received 40 per cent of the votes in the final count, but this gave them 57 per cent of the seats.

The transferable vote was instituted by the Coalition in British Columbia to keep either the Liberals or Conservatives in power and to keep the C.C.F. out. Ironically, it resulted in all but wiping out the Liberals and Conservatives and returning the C.C.F. stronger than they had been.

TV in Europe

Consideration is now being given to a project that would link Britain and a number of European countries with a form of international television service. The television broadcast of the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II was relayed to North-Western Europe, and the success of this great television enterprise was the inspiration of a conference recently held at Broadcasting House, London.

There is a growing desire in Europe for an interchange of television programmes, and at the conference Radiodiffusion-Television Francaise proposed that during the Christmas period an effort should be made to link the different countries so that "live" programmes could be simultaneously broadcast in them all.

It is hoped that this will be possible technically, providing that the two-way temporary link across the Channel can connect London with the Continental network at Lille as it did for the Coronation. That, however, was a one-way job, whereas an interchange of Christmas programmes between London and Europe would be a two-way affair, making heavy demands on both equipment and manpower.

The conference agreed that a prolonged test period of several months in 1954 would be most valuable, as this would enable engineers of all countries to gain experience of interchanging programmes and would give them an idea of the extent to which permanent links would be used.

The delegates discussed the setting up of such links and hoped that they might eventually form part of a wider network embracing other European countries. Plans were already in hand for a network linking France, Belgium and the Netherlands towards the end of 1953 and it was probable that before long permanent connections would be established between this network and one already existing in Western Germany.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The awards announced yesterday for 31 Canadians for service in the Korean operations are more than recognition of individual acts of heroism and military efficiency. The recipients in a real sense stand in for their many comrades whose joint effort and achievement is thus recognized by the awards to individuals.

One of the greatest disadvantages of state medicine is the long waits for service when facilities are inadequate to handle the non-paying patients. About 70 per cent of doctors in Britain report a "normal wait" of at least six months for patients requiring non-urgent hospital treatment and two years or more for minor surgery.

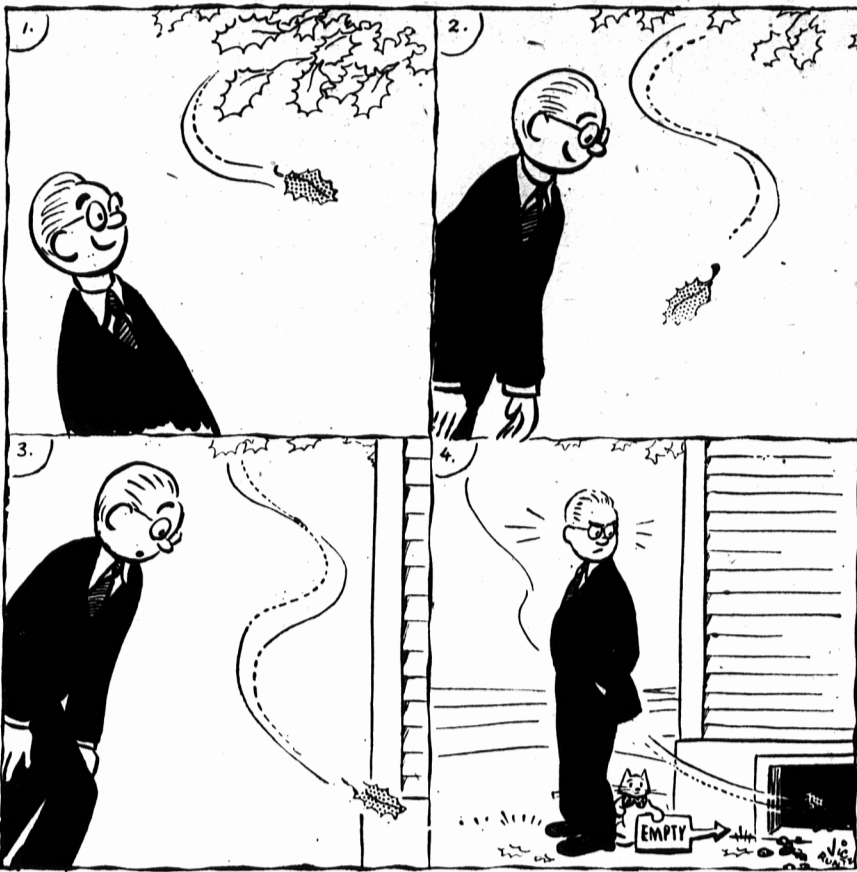
Packaging is the order of the day and has even taken its place in agricultural operations. A New Jersey agricultural college has found that it is practical to store fodder in plastic bags. A silo costs \$15 to \$20 a ton of capacity with an additional 10 per cent annual overhead while it costs only \$2 a ton to encase stacked silage in plastic coverings.

Paul Ludwig Hans von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg, German soldier and President of the German Republic, was born this date 1847. He was a deeply religious man, simple and direct. He fought in the Austro-Prussian campaign of 1866, the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, and retired in 1911. He was recalled to take over the sagging Eastern Front and in 1916 took over supreme command on the Western Front, the great retreat and demobilization. He refused at first to accept Hitler as chancellor and died a year after the Nazis came to power.

Prairie chickens, numbered by the tens of millions in covered wagon days, are down to a dangerously low 400,000. So reports the U. S. National Geographic Bulletin. The big grouse formerly was plentiful on all grassy American prairie from the East to beyond the Great Plains. Now it lives for the most part only in Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma and the Dakotas. Remnant flocks survive in the east. The farmer's plow, aided by the hunter's gun, threatens the prairie chicken's very existence. Farming in many regions has destroyed the grasslands, without which the bird cannot find the shelter, nesting sites and food it needs.

The late Mrs. S. N. Robertson, M.A., will be remembered by thousands of former students, in this Province and elsewhere, with gratitude and esteem. Herself a brilliant scholar in her student years, she was equally adept at imparting her knowledge to others, and excelled in teaching mathematics, history, literature and other subjects as well as languages, in which she specialized. Like her late husband, Dr. Robertson, former Principal of Prince of Wales College, she regarded learning as an inestimable treasure, to be enjoyed as well as utilized for practical ends, and this enthusiasm remained with her all her days. The Province is the poorer for her passing, but her example should be an inspiration for years to come.

Sentiments Of The Season



Tribute To Former Queen's Co. Member

(Arthur Blakely in the Montreal Gazette) One of the new incoming M.P.s will draw a set of metal filing cabinets which were once crammed with documents relating to Prince Edward Island and its affairs. For years, they were used by W. Chester S. McLure, a Conservative and the senior member of Parliament for Queens. He won't be back. He was one of the casualties of the general election. He'll be remembered more than most.

Mr. McLure, who was 78 last March, was one of Parliament's gentlemen. He was a portly gentleman with the only waxed moustache to bristle in the last House of Commons. He rarely figured in the high-level debates. He was no great shucks as an orator. But he was the Island's leading spokesman in the Commons, and was recognized as such. He specialized heavily in P.E.I. affairs.

Shortly after he first entered Parliament back in 1930, he uncovered a whole series of questions to fire at the ministry, all of which appeared to be of special interest to the people back home. Once he'd found them, he clung to them tenaciously and pestered successive ministers with them, day after day, and year after year right up to the day that the last Parliament prorogued. The only rest that they had was when Mr. McLure was defeated in 1935 and again in 1940.

One of his pet questions had to do with refer cars. Few M.P.s to this day would know a refer car if they tripped over one. But they have come to understand that these cars have something to do with the export of potatoes from P.E.I.—and that it's essential that there be a good supply of these cars on hand.

Another question which he huffed at Transport Minister Chevrier (and his predecessors in office) with monotonous regularity had to do with the two ferries linking P.E.I. to the Canadian mainland. Throughout his tenure of office, he was under the impression that Ottawa wasn't assisting these ferries to give as good service as had been contemplated at the time that P.E.I. entered Confederation.

Canada's fur industry—he has been something of an expert in the fox-farming business since 1910—was another subject which he raised on the slightest provocation. In recent years, he had been moving heaven and earth to get construction started on a few federal buildings in Charlottetown. This involved him in innumerable exchanges with bland Public Works Minister Fournier.

The Poet's Corner

THE POET'S GIFT How many paltry, foolish painted things, That now in coaches trouble ev'ry street Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings. Ere they be well wrapp'd in their winding sheet? Where I to thee, O Mistle shall give, When nothing else remaineth of these days. And quences hereafter shall be glad to live Upon the aims of thy superfluous praise. Virgins and matrons reading these my rimes, Shall be so much delighted with thy story, That they shall grieve they lived not in these times, To have seen thee, their sexes only glory. So shalt thou fly above the vulgar throng, Still to survive in my immortal song. —Michael Drayton (A.D. 1598)

The Public Forum

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

Sir,—I read with interest, surprise and some regret, Observer's article, of September 5, re the passing of one of P. E. I.'s landmarks—the Flour Mills. I could scarcely believe there is only one left. My earliest recollections are so closely associated with the old mill-stream and everything fine that went with it—i.e. beautiful ponds, although not quite "Lakes real characters. He was a portly gentleman with the only waxed moustache to bristle in the last House of Commons.

My grandfather (paternal) owned three mills, grist (flour and oatmeal-steelcut) and a carding mill at the location of the lower pond. About a quarter of a mile further up the stream there was another pond and a mill for pearling barley. He also had two farms, a little general store and at least ten children which was not an unusual number in those days of yore. My father inherited the larger farm and an uncle the mills and the smaller farm. My uncle was accidentally killed early in life, and my first recollection was of an older cousin as the miller. How we loved to go in to the mill and get weighed and water him at his work! Not only our immediate family but many of the school children at noon, as the school was only a stone's throw away—just above our yard. There was also a kiln in connection with the grist mill where our home-cured pork and beef hams were dried. I am not sure, but possibly the whole neighborhood had the use of the kiln grates.

I do not know if there is such a thing as beef ham on the little Isle now, but if it has been relegated to the past like the millers. It is distinctly great loss. Western folk never heard of such a food and do not know what I am talking about, but beef ham and eggs were a dish for the gods, as some of the old-timers, who used to drop in for a noon meal at our home when fishing, can testify. When very ill after World War One and quite indifferent about most foods, I longed for a taste of beef ham and home-made wild strawberry jam! The latter my mother sent me but not the former as refrigeration was not what it is today.

Many folk have the idea that fishing means old clothes, etc. Perhaps deep-sea fishing does (I should not like that), but one could be quite clean and neatly dressed—to fish for trout in our ponds from the mill-dams. Often on spring and summer evenings, after the chores were done, I had the pleasure of taking rod—possibly primitive and home-made, and worms (nasty, wiggy things) and setting out for the upper pond. The walk around the winding road afforded much of beauty, so by the time the desired location was reached one's mood scarcely needed the added glory of the splendor of the sun's dying rays on trees, water and surrounding landscape to feel that God was in His heaven and all was right, at least, in this little part of the world. The outing was only slightly marred by the nasty chore of getting the wiggy, protesting worms on the hook and the fish off. Two small items I refused to attend to if others were with me and could be persuaded to come to my rescue. Often the catch was enough for the morrow's dinner (noon). I shall refrain from boasting about the size of any of the fish—suffice it to say, the quantity made up for any lack in length and girth. The upper mill was torn down on my last visit to the old home and much of the beauty gone as, at that time the pond was drained and worked into a government pond out of it. My brother-in-law, who was in charge of the project, informed me that never again would I be permitted to fish there as of yore. Apart from restrictions, how little did he or I realize how correct he was in making that statement!

Many years ago when I wrote my mother in such glowing terms of the beauty and wonder of the British Columbia scenery I was privileged to enjoy, her reply invariably was: "I can walk up to the upper mill and find enough of beauty there, or little long since realized fully what she meant, as beauty must be in the inward eye 'ere one can see it in the universe round about. I, also, understand my father's look of almost amazement, and horror as he watched his offspring gaily and quickly disperse a large dish of apples on fall and winter evenings. The indignation he feigned was unknown to youth, but I have now reached a time of life when it is inadvisable to eat even one apple in the raw.

To return to the fate of the other ponds, the carding mill, of course, was the first to go, but I do remember my mother having wool carded and spinning—the smaller spinning-wheel, not the more ancient larger one. I never learned to spin but I helped with the twisting of the yarn, and learned to knit at the early age of seven. We girls, knit all our winter stockings as well as helping with the mittens and socks for the men-folk. We learned to knit and read so it was more of a pleasure than a task. There is something about knitting soothing and relaxing to one's nerves, or so I have always experienced, whereas, personally, sewing is nerve-racking. The grist-mill, yes, has gone the way of all, or most, on the little Isle according to report—it has been converted into a saw mill long since, and the logs detract from the beauty of the pond. True, "man cannot live by bread alone" but he must have bread and today be content with a poorer quality—so highly refined that it has to be vitamin enriched to have any food value at all—milk-thinks it would be saner to leave the vitamins in and settle for a drier flour, but then who am I to stand out among so many who think otherwise? Anyone, who remembers how delicious the heel

Notes By The Way

A man in La Spezia, Italy, has been sleeping in a wooden coffin since 1933, and finds it more comfortable than a bed. In the long view he'll also find it a lot more permanent.—Windsor Daily Star.

The atom bomb has raised one civic problem: Should a city feel slighted if it does not appear on the list of important targets? —Hamilton Spectator.

The child psychologist who says that the boy back from summer camp must be readjusted to home life obviously doesn't know how fast the modern youngster can shed those odd habits he picked up—as, for instance, making his own bed.—Hamilton Spectator.

Value of the scout movement as a means of bringing about a better understanding in the world was stressed Friday evening by Maj.-Gen. D. C. Spry, retiring chief executive commissioner of the Boy Scouts association in Canada. In fact, even the Eskimos and Indians in the North-West Territories have cub packs and scout troops, Gen. Spry observed.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Miss Helen Traubel, a Wagnerian soprano, is locked in a battle with Mr. Rudolf Bing of the Metropolitan Opera in New York over Mr. Bing's suggestion that she refrain from singing in night clubs during any period when she is

under contract with the Met. We don't, to be sure, understand Mr. Bing's position too well. What Traubel does in her spare time much, as long as she delivers the goods on the Met stage. Miss Traubel, on the other hand, is being just as lofty. "Artistic dignity," she says, "is not a matter of where one sings. The artist of integrity who refuses to compromise whatever place she appears in with her own dignity." We wish Miss Traubel all the luck in the world. Our own integrity, we are inclined to think, will be under certain physical conditions. A well-aimed ripe tomato, for instance, has been known to upstage even the most dignified speaker. However if Miss Traubel wants to take the chance it is quite all right with us.—Montreal Star.

Now they're dreaming of a green Christmas. Or if not Christmas, then a pink, blue, and orchid March. At a conference of natural scientists on solar energy it was suggested that snow would be more serviceable in springtime if dyed, for it would then absorb more of the sun's heat, melt more quickly, and thus advance the dazzling white stage that blankets earth toward the end of winter. Keeps the farmer from his plow too long. What puzzles some of us city dwellers is why the brown gray, black, beige, and puce colored snow that lines our streets toward springtime proves so resistant to, but absorbs—and yet it stays. However, far be it from us to scoff at the rainbow of hope flung by the natural scientists over the farmer's early planting season. After all, if toothpaste has turned green, why shouldn't snow?—Christian Science Monitor.

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

NEWSPAPER ITEMS

From The Islander, June, 3, 1954: Country villages are springing up in all parts of P. E. Island, and are progressing very rapidly, but Summerhill, at Montague Bridge, bids fair to outstrip them all. In an advertisement in our present number it will be seen that fewer than three tenders are asked for the erection of a Tannery, one for a Coach Factory, and another for a Boarding House—all to be erected at the place. We understand that the Hon. T. Heath Haviland received by the last English mail a Power of Attorney to convey to the Government that portion of Lot 59, which is a part of the Montgomery Estate bought under the Land Purchase Act. The tenancy on the Whim Road and neighboring sections of that Township will now, therefore, have the privilege of obtaining the fee simple of their farms at a moderate rate.

The Volunteer Band has, we understand, consented to perform on Hillsborough Square every alternate Thursday evening from 7 to 8 p.m. for the delectation of our citizens, provided the City Amateur Band also consent to perform fortnightly, at the same place. We are happy to learn that the Telegraph line is again in order. Yesterday, about 10 a.m., the brig 'Charles Young', from Pinetie, hooked the cable off Cape Traverse. The operator Mr. Muttar, according to his instructions, immediately proceeded with a boat to notify and assist the vessel in clearing it. As the hooking of the cable has been a frequent occurrence, causing much loss not only to the Company who own the line, but also to our merchants and the Island in general, it ought to be the duty of all shipmasters and owners to protect the cable from injury, and not anchor in the vicinity of it.

My grandmother (then requested me to read to her—I complied but it was an ordeal as I was very shy and sensitive and did not relish reading aloud even to my well-loved and revered Scotch grandmother. I recall reading some of L. M. Montgomery's short stories, and although I regarded anything "Maude" wrote in those days quite wonderful, still like her quite prose very much—know little of her poetry, but must remedy that—especially her Island Hymn which is so frequently mentioned in The Guardian) it was still an embarrassing chore to get through. I doubt if I would ever endure the agony of anyone else. I think children who are not privileged to know their grandparents miss much, and if said relatives happen to be rural dwellers so much the better for city children. I am, Sir, etc., G. S. GORDON, (Mrs. D. J.) Oakland, California.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Professional cards for H. J. Mabon, R.O. (Optometrist), Matheson, Peake & Nicholson (Barristers, Etc.), A. Walthen Gaudet, L.L.B. (Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.), M. Alban Farmer, Q.C. (Barrister and Solicitor), Byron J. Grant, O.D. (Optometrist), Dr. W. R. Carson (Chiropractor), Dr. K. A. MacEachern (Dentist), J. A. Carruthers, R.O. (Optometrist), and McDonald, Currie & Co. (Chartered Accountants).

The Age Old Story

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.