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CIRCULATION "Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew"

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

CHARLOTTETOWN, SATURDAY, FEB. 28, 1953

Flood Of Scholars

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics estimates that in the next eleven years secondary school enrolment in Canada, apart from Quebec, will double from the present 305,200 to 611,475. What this means in terms of providing additional accommodation and staff for high schools may well worry parents and taxpayers.

This Province has a fine educational tradition based, perhaps, on an earlier emphasis on quality rather than quantity. Our forefathers did not waste effort on trying to educate everybody.

In this century of the common man that practical, though somewhat ruthless approach to education is no longer followed. Everyone is entitled to practically all the education available and the number and variety of students to cope with raise problems which earlier educators never had to face.

We cannot go back to the old time approach. The large numbers coming to the door of the schools must be given the best education that modern methods and the limitations of finance permit.

Policy Of Disengagement

It has now become clear, says the Globe and Mail, that President Eisenhower's Far Eastern policy, instead of committing the United States to more "positive" military action, is one of disengagement.

South Korean units, trained by the Americans in the past two years, now furnish 400,000 of the 700,000 men under UN command. By the Eisenhower program, they will carry the whole load of the ground fighting.

Mr. Eisenhower has described the Korean War as "the most painful phase of Communist aggression," but he and Mr. Dulles are said to recognize fully the greater strategic importance of Indo-China.

"On the face of it," says our Toronto contemporary, "it looks risky to leave the defense of the two peninsulas entirely to local anti-Communist forces, seeing that the enemy they face is backed by the immense weight of China and the Soviet Union."

the merits of the Eisenhower policy are plain.

"It would stop American casualties in Korea, to the great benefit of American morale. It would end the strategic advantage Russia gained by forcing the Americans to keep a large fraction of their fighting strength pinned down in Korea while Russian strength, held in a central reserve, remained quickly available for service anywhere."

Scotland's Fisheries

A bill now before the British Parliament is designed to help Scottish fishermen with the building of new vessels, and to assist the industry generally by providing grants and loans to continue existing financial aid and to add new ways of helping the producers.

On the research side a film of a Seine net in operation under the water has been produced by the Scottish Home Department and it is probable that it will be made available for showing overseas.

In addition to further underwater camera work, scientists of the Scottish Marine Biological Association at Millport, on the Firth of Clyde, will be continuing their experiments with underwater television in a photographic survey of the Clyde spawning beds.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Last day of open season on beaver. Tomorrow, St. David's Day, the second Sunday in Lent.

The chairman's report of the Prince Edward Island Hospital indicates that that institution is operating at very close to its absolute capacity, higher than is desirable for the well-being of patients and staff.

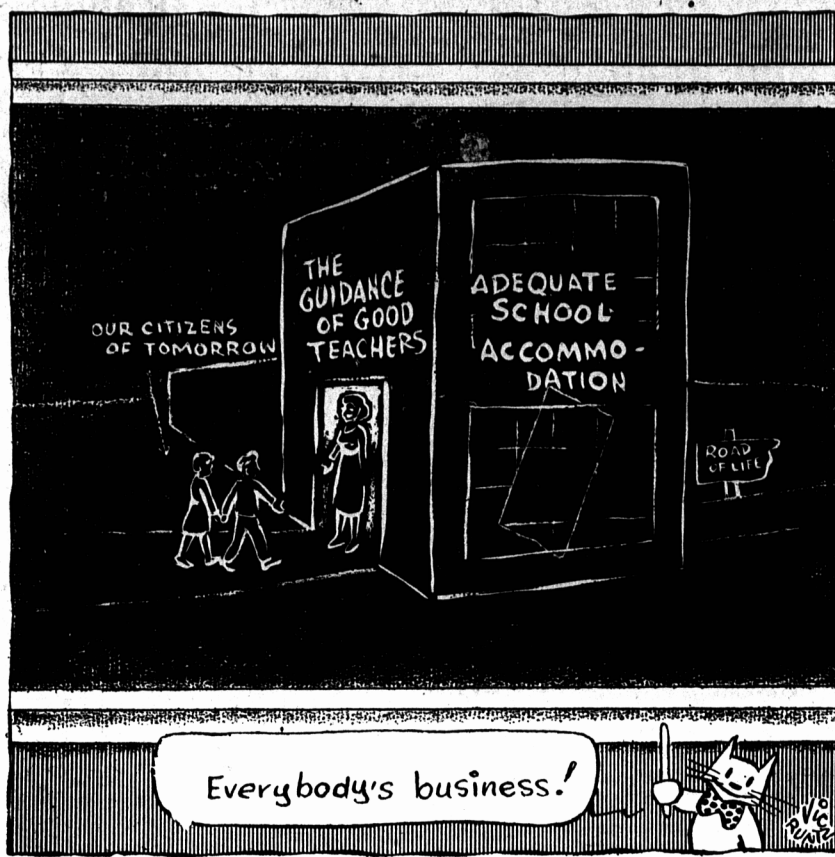
The term loafing barh has become familiar over the past few years and does not lack charm. It is delightfully indefinite whether loafing applies to the cattle who fake their ease without being restricted to a stall, or to the farmer who need expend little effort on cleaning and feeding operations.

The very high rate of enlistments from this Province seldom receives recognition but there has been an exception in the case of the war claims commission, the chief war claims commissioner and second deputy commissioner to be appointed being both members of the Prince Edward Island judiciary.

A recent judgment of the Exchequer Court of Canada indicates that, apart from contract, negligence of servants of the Crown in the course of their duties is the only basis of a claim against the Federal Government. An intentional wrong by a public servant in the course of his duty would give rise to no cause of action against the Crown.

Sir Wilfred Thomason Grenfell, Grenfell of Labrador, British medical missionary, was born this date 1865. His schemes for the development of Labrador grew far beyond the means of the mission so he organized lecturing tours of Britain, Canada and the United States and, largely with American money, founded the International Grenfell Association.

We Owe Them No Less



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.

ISLAND FOLK LORE

Sir,—I am trying to lay the ground work for a study in Prince Edward Island Folk Lore, with a view to eventual publication. Help from any source in the form of old songs, ballads, stories and anecdotes would be much appreciated.

To those who could see their way clear to mail me any of the suggested material I can promise two things: (1) suitable acknowledgment if and when the work is finally published, and (2) the satisfaction of having had a share in what I am convinced would be a really worthwhile project.

I am, Sir, etc. JOHN PAYNE.

Roseneath, P. E. I.

CULLED POTATOES

Sir,—Yesterday's Guardian carried a note in the article "Among the Farmers" in the Federation of Agriculture News to which I take exception.

The part of the article to which I refer is headed "Culled Potatoes." In it the writer gives an excellent description of what we know as culled potatoes and he describes exactly the type of potato that has been sold to consumers in Charlottetown for some time at top price.

The object of my report, however, was not to discredit the honest farmer who brings in good potatoes for retail distribution but to take steps for the protection of the Charlottetown consumer who has long been exploited.

I am, Sir, etc. HELEN LAWSON Provincial President Canadian Association of Consumers

RETIRING AGE FOR WOMEN

Sir,—Practically every day we hear or read about men retiring from the railway, the government and scores of other jobs and positions after a number of years of service or after reaching the retirement age.

Without casting any reflection on us as men folks or the reward of retiring, I wonder why there is not a retiring age for our women, especially those married women who have served faithfully and well for many years in the kitchen of their homes.

Centuries ago it was said man's work is from sun to sun but women's work is never done. Times have changed and man works only eight or less hours and calls it a day, but our women toil on and on as long ago, many of them to the end of the trail; then a big story is written about them, how they slaved on till the last day, yes, slaved themselves to death.

In these modern times we see scores of men in prime health walking the streets, and when you ask why, "O" the answer is, "they have retired on pension; they worked for forty years on one job and retired a year ago or ten years ago."

Ask about their wives, where are they? What a silly question! Why man, they are home scrubbing and washing, mending and baking, with the good honest sweat running down their backs over a hot stove.

No retiring for them, not! They are like the bees in summer.

The Age-Old Story

And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation. . . . And Noah did according unto all that the Lord commanded him.

working on till they die, and their praise will fall on their deaf ears and closed eyes. "Yes, she was a great woman; killed herself working at home."

Now I would say the time has come to start a pension plan, with Government assistance, for our women, so that they could look ahead to the day when they could retire and enjoy a few years of leisure while others, younger in life, look up their tasks over the washer and the frying pan, with no fear of their having to go over the hill to the poor-house. Some may scoff at this letter, but I am sure there are many who will be happy to know that at least one man is pulling for a better day for them, in the afternoon and evening of life.

I am, Sir, etc. WALTER A. O'BRIEN

2 Hillsboro Street, Charlottetown.

WOMEN, BEARS & MICE

Sir,—In reading Mr. W.I. Green's letter in your paper a few days ago on Women, Mice, and Bears, my memory freshened up on a Bear story which I often heard told when a young boy.

When Lydia Wright, daughter of Stephen Wright, the Loyalist, left her ancestral home on the north side of Bedeque Bay about one hundred and thirty-five years ago as the bride of Capt. John Pearson, she was rowed across the Bay in a dory to Pope's Shore on the south side. They walked four miles through the forest to the shores of present-day Chelton. Bears were plentiful, pushing bigger bales of timber up the river, and were turned upside down on the highways under our new Temperance Act.

Lydia Pearson's "honeymoon" would be made up of such chores as taking care of the new log cabin, recently built as the new bridal home; helping her husband plant potato sets in around the strings, garnering the harvest with the reaping hook, pushing bigger bales of timber up the river, and being a few yards from the log house to the shore for the lobsters for dinner, etc.

Lobsters in those days were as numerous on John Pearson's beach as bathers are today. They could be forked into baskets by the cartload without even getting one's feet wet. No doubt those aristocrats of the forest, the sea were often a three-times-a-day delicacy on the table of this newly married pioneer couple; and "breathes there a man with soul so dead" who wouldn't have dined with John and Lydia!

The years moved on in those days, just as now, and notwithstanding Lydia's busy life she found time to make an occasional pilgrimage to the old home on the north side of Bedeque Bay. The north side of moving about in those days was on foot, so this was the "taxi" Lydia would take. She would walk this four-mile path through the forest to Pope's Shore, then, standing on the edge of the bank she would shout; and her beautiful, resonant voice, which it was said could be heard for a great distance on a calm day, crossed the path a short distance in front of her. Noticing Lydia, the bear turned, stepped back out of the path, faced her and stood as pat as Wolfe's men stood that memorable morning on the Plains of Abraham.

I am, Sir, etc. LOUIS W. PEARSON Chelton, P. E. I.

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

TREMAIN'S TEAMBOAT

"On Thursday last, Mr. Tremain's new Teambat commenced plying betwixt the Queen's Wharf and the opposite side of the harbour. She appears to be strongly built, and her machinery, which was made at Pictou on purpose, seems to work well. She is intended chiefly for the conveyance of carriages, horses, etc., across the ferry, for which her capacious deck will afford ample accommodation, and from her small draught of water, she will be enabled to approach the Ferry Slip opposite even when the tide has considerably fallen."

"She is propelled by three horses; but we have heard it stated that in calm weather it is only intended to use two. It seems, however, to be the opinion of competent judges, that, from the width of the harbour, and the strength of the tides and currents, that a boat of her magnitude could not, with any degree of certainty and dispatch be propelled by fewer than three horses even in the calmest weather."

—Colonial Herald, Sept. 18, 1841.

(According to a later account, the Teambat machinery comprised a large wheel in the centre of the boat, "just such a one as is used in a tannery to grind bark", to which the horses were attached; the horses going round and round in a circle, turned the wheel and propelled the craft. Passengers came from the Southport side and returned again about four times a day, twice in the morning and twice in the afternoon.)

According to Mr. Green, Lydia would have screamed, perhaps dropped her child and run to who knows where? But as it was only a big bear, Lydia was perfectly calm and unafraid. She stepped off the path, walked out around the bear, then back on to the path a little beyond, and proceeded on her way. The bear, perhaps dumbfounded at the courage of a woman, offered no attack; she sniffed his nose a few times, then disappeared into the forest.

On reaching Pope's Shore Lydia related her experience to her brother, who on hearing her voice had rowed across to meet her. That evening on return she was accompanied by her two brothers with their guns, in the hope of meeting Bruin. But Bruin, on learning that there was no use for a bear to try to scare a woman, had gone his way, perhaps on a diplomatic errand to make a bargain with some mouse. Lydia survived this experience and lived years enough to see five stalwart sons and a daughter grow up to call her blessed; when at length, one warm summer evening, as the sun was nearing the west, like her father Stephen Wright who dropped dead on his barn floor, Lydia Pearson dropped dead in the yard. Thus came to a close the life of a brave and loving woman, Chelton's first pioneer housewife.

Many years after Lydia's passing, the seven months old babe which lay perhaps sound asleep in his mother's arms when Lydia met the bear, and which she no doubt held tightly to her breast, became this writer's grandfather. And as I recall the tall stories I used to hear of bears and a bear's fondness for baby meat, I reflect on what a narrow escape I had of having no grandfather when Lydia Pearson met that bear on the forest path now one hundred and twenty-two years ago!

I am, Sir, etc. LOUIS W. PEARSON Chelton, P. E. I.

WANTED

For occupancy by April 1st, self contained apartment or house for responsible family. Kindly reply to Box 635, Guardian.

The Passing Scene

By Observer CONCERNING A PHENOMENON

There were many fine thoughts contained in Mr. Fraser's tribute to the late George Sinclair as reported in a recent issue of this paper. It will be of special interest to many Islanders for Mr. Sinclair's father, ministered at Belfast and was generally regarded as the outstanding Gaelic scholar of his time.

The thought that interested me particularly was expressed in these words: "It was the great disappointment of George Sinclair that he was not permitted to enter upon the more advanced studies associated with an academic career, but, in many ways, he was more truly educated than some who have gained formal distinction in the realm of scholarship." When I read that paragraph my mind went back to the time when as a very young man I taught school in one of the most remote sections of this country. Looking back on it now I think of it as one of the richest experiences in my life, chiefly because it brought me in contact with a man whom I do not hesitate to call "the most unforgettable character" I have known.

He was then past middle age. So far as I know he had never seen the inside of a school. He could neither read nor write, and figures on paper were a deep mystery to him. They might just as well have been ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics. But when it came to adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing, "in his head," as he called it, he was a veritable genius.

He could figure his account to the exact cent that way, and have it all settled, long before the store-keeper had laboriously arrived at the total with pencil and paper. I recall that I never ceased to marvel at the man's arithmetical alertness. I could not understand how anyone with no schooling of any kind could be so quick mentally, nor do I understand it now.

There was virtually nothing he could not do with his hands. He could break down a boat engine, locate the particular trouble, and reassemble it in perfect order. He could draw blueprints for a house, build it, architecturally and build it from the foundation up. No article of ordinary household furniture was too difficult for him to put together, and the neighbors kept him busy during the winter months fashioning everything from infants' cradles to caskets, one of the most attractively looking walking canes I have ever seen, silver ferrule and all, was a product of his hands.

His ability to talk on almost any subject of the hour was another characteristic that intrigued me. His talk was not always grammatically correct but it never lacked intelligence, and his grasp of problems far outside his own little sphere would have done credit to an experienced man of the world. His political predilections as to the success of one party and the defeat of another were something worth listening to when the evenings were long.

His religious faith was simple, but when he talked of it he seemed to convey the impression of deep and profound thought. While he could not read the hymns of his church, long practice of listening to them had made them familiar to his ears and he could sing them with "holy robustness." Biblical quotations came readily to his lips.

His wife had predeceased him some years before I got to know him, and he had quite a large

family none of whom had yet grown up. The amount of money he made from his work as a commercial fisherman (not a cent for a neighbor) was extremely small, but his family managed to live as well as the average, and I am certain that "he could look the whole world in the face, for he owed not any man."

During the years since then I have not met any one just like him, although I have come across a good many whose intellectual brightness seemed to refute the popular notion that education is the same thing as academic training. In fact, one may meet such people almost every day. There are any number of them on this island.

What is the secret of it all? No one seems to know. We speak of innate talents, natural gifts, untaught skills, and such like, but these probably tell only part of the story and not the most interesting part. They are symptoms rather than causes. It may be that Nature herself, knowing that some are predestined to limited opportunities in that way, selects a few of these beforehand for special, favoured treatment. Or, it may be her playful way of confounding the wise. Certainly it is a phenomenon that cannot be disregarded in my thinking on the broad concept of education.

Formal schooling—and the more of it, the better—is, undoubtedly, the key that normally opens the door of knowledge. At the same time, a lot of academic training does not in itself imply a lot of knowledge. Much less does it guarantee that knowledge, once accumulated, will be used to proper advantage. There are a lot of scholars, dullards, just as there is sometimes much precious learning hidden in modest academic attainments or none at all. As the poet John Townsend Trowbridge put it: "If you will observe, it doesn't take a man of giant mould to make a giant shadow on the wall; and he who in our daily sight seems but a figure mean and small, outlined in Fame's illusive light may stalk, a silhouette sublime, across the canvas of his time."

The Poet's Corner

FROM THE CHURCH PORCH

Resort to sermons, but to prayer most. Praying is the end of preaching. O be drest. Stay not for th' other pin; why thou hast lost. A joy worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest. Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee. Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee. . . .

Judge not the preacher; for he is thy judge: If thou mislike him, thou condescendst him not. God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge. To pick out treasurers from an earthen pot. The worst speak something good; if all want sense, God takes a text and preacheth patience!

—George Herbert (1593—1633)

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Professional cards for J. S. Taylor (Optometrist), Frederic A. Large, Q.C. (Barrister), Chas. R. McQuaid (Barrister), Gaudet & Haszard (Barristers), Matheson, Peake & Nicholson (Barristers), J. A. Carruthers, R.O. (Optometrist), Allison M. Gillis, L.L.B. (Barrister), Byron J. Grant, O.D. (Optometrist), H. R. Doane & Company (Chartered Accountants), and McDonald, Currie & Co. (Chartered Accountants).