

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, MONDAY, OCT. 27, 1952

Service For And By The Blind

It is typical of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind that one of its most important concerns is to prevent additional persons from losing their sight. The organization of course provides education, training, opportunities for employment and recreation for those who have lost their sight but at the same time finds the time and energy to do a great deal to prevent blindness.

Realizing that half the cases of loss of sight could have been avoided, the Institute campaigns for safety precautions and provides eye examinations, glasses, operations and other eye care, especially for children who might not be in a position to otherwise afford it.

There is an urgent need for human beings to be useful members of society. What the annual campaign of the Institute for the Blind asks for is the wherewithal to enable our fellows, handicapped by loss of sight, to take their full share in the life going on about them. They want the opportunity to serve and the rest of us can help to let them by our contribution and by thinking of ways in which sightless men and women can take part in our everyday affairs.

Putting It Plainly

As previously noted, Prince Edward Island was bypassed in the recent distribution of Federal cabinet seats, notwithstanding that our Prince County representative, Mr. MacNaught, was the logical choice for the Fisheries portfolio, due to his long experience as Parliamentary Assistant to the retiring Minister. The reason why we lost out in favour of British Columbia is put bluntly by the Vancouver News-Herald.

"Mr. St. Laurent," says our Vancouver contemporary, "on his recent visit undoubtedly sensed that B. C. was in no mood politically to stand for further neglect on the part of Ottawa. He could not escape being made aware that if there was to be any regard for the Liberal prospects in this Province, it was high time that he got busy. Especially with respect to Mr. Sinclair's appointment, Mr. St. Laurent is to be congratulated on seeing the light. . . Mr. Sinclair's preference for cabinet rank was blocked by the old guard at Ottawa. As a result during the summer he gave up in despair—or disgust. He cleared out his home at Ottawa, and moved with his family back to the Coast. Mr. St. Laurent, in now prevailing on Mr. Sinclair to return to Ottawa as a cabinet minister, is taking the only course that could be intelligently taken. The Liberal party would have been asking for plenty of trouble out here if the Ottawa old guard had been permitted to bring to an end the political career of B. C.'s young Mr. Sinclair."

It is not quite clear what is meant by "the old guard" at Ottawa, but there seems no doubt as to the "new guard's" success in British Columbia in applying Premier Lea's famous maxim about the squeaking wheel getting the grease.

Stone Age Ruins At Jericho

Joshua brought the walls of Jericho tumbling down with the sound of horns and the shouts of his followers, but he was neither the first nor the last to level the outer ramparts of that ancient city of the Holy Land. Nature and such conquerors as Joshua took turns in visiting destruction on Jericho, now a village in the Kingdom of Jordan. The present village, says the National Geographic Society, is only a short distance from ruins of some of the world's most ancient settlements. Recent research by archaeologists at the Jericho site has unearthed what may be the oldest known city or town wall, buried beneath the hills of the Dead Sea desert.

Jericho's earliest wall probably was built by prehistoric people of the Neolithic period—people of the stone age who had learned to polish their stone implements but had not yet discovered the art of making pottery. The Neolithic period in Palestine stretched over the centuries somewhere between 10,000 and 4,000 B.C. The first Jericho wall may be as old as the traces of civilization discovered at Jarmo in Iraq, believed to be among the oldest evidence of village life in the world. Signs of even earlier community life are thought to lie beneath the Neolithic Jericho findings, but their age has not been estimated. The traces predating the

wall at Jericho are believed to indicate presence of an agricultural village.

In the rubble and earthfill above the Neolithic wall were found remains of five other distinct city walls, the earliest of which was probably destroyed by an earthquake in the first centuries of the bronze age. The fate of the others is not determined, but some may have been destroyed by conquerors. Perhaps one of the later walls was destroyed by Joshua's sound attack, although archaeological evidence has failed to turn up definite ruins that can be dated in his time, estimated to be about 1200 B.C.

Later ruins have been more thoroughly explored. It is known that Herod the Great built a city here shortly before the time of Christ. Herod's son, Archelaus, also constructed many buildings in the area. There is some doubt as to which of the Roman ruins uncovered can be attributed to father and which to son. Predating the Roman structures by some 200 years are the ruins of an Hellenistic tower built either by the Jews or their Greek-Syrian enemies. After the Romans left, the Arabs used the site of Jericho for further construction, all of which is now buried rubble.

The latest traces of outside civilization date back only about 35 years. They are bulby beef tins and broken glass left by British soldiers of World War I.

Keeping Up With Stalin

The frequent changes in Canadian history textbooks is a subject of legitimate complaint, but we should be grateful—on this score as on others—that we are not living in Russia. In an American magazine, "Foreign Affairs", Mr. Bertram D. Wolfe shows how the Russians have to rewrite history continuously to suit their propaganda line of the moment.

In the 1945 edition of the "History of the USSR", an official work, Stalin was quoted with this observation on the Allies' landing in Normandy and the opening of the second front in the previous year: "A brilliant achievement. . . The history of war knows no other enterprise like it for breadth of purpose, grandiose skill and masterful execution."

A year later there was a new edition of the work. Meanwhile the war was won. Russian gratitude for the share of Britain and the United States in the victory had faded, and the invasion of Normandy was dismissed in these cold words: "On June 6, 1944, Allied forces accomplished a landing in Northern France."

Still later, as relations between Russia and the West deteriorated another edition of the official history contained this reference to the invasion of France: "England and the United States, in the course of three years of war, dragged out in every way the opening of a second front. . . But when, after the gigantic victories of the Soviet Army it became clear that the Soviet Union might alone defeat the enemy, occupy the territory of Germany and liberate all Western Europe including France. . . in June, 1944, the English and American armies left England and landed on the coast of Northern France."

EDITORIAL NOTES

A corporal's guard will welcome Mrs. Therese Casgrain today as leader of Quebec's C. C. F. party. On the other hand she is assured of a warm welcome as leader of the movement which won the franchise for women in Quebec.

Canada's farmers are reported to own proportionately more automobiles than do urban residents. Things have not changed so much since a few generations ago. Farmers then owned more driving horses than did townsmen.

A treat is in store for airmen or others in Winnipeg. A graduate of No. 1 Air Navigation School, Summerside, on a visit from No. 2 A.N.S., Winnipeg, plans to take back with him 19 barrels of oysters. That would do for a party of 38 Islanders or something like 400 Westerners.

There is general optimism about the potato situation. The Island farmers seem to have good crops and the prospect of selling in a strong market. The considerable quantities shipped, however, indicates that they are not going to risk holding the entire crop for the expected price increase.

Theodore Roosevelt, American president, was born this date 1858 in New York where his family had been settled since 1649. He studied law but was early attracted to politics. He was elected to various offices and in 1896 President McKinley appointed him secretary of the navy. When war with Spain came he and a surgeon friend raised a volunteer regiment, the famous Rough Riders. As Republican Vice-President he succeeded to the presidency on the assassination of McKinley in 1901. He was re-elected but did not seek a third term. His voluminous works include historical books on the winning of the West and on the War of 1812.

The Poet's Corner

IN THE WOOD

Walk softly in the wood; look all around On the dark pillars of the spruce and fir Whose twilight branches neither breathe nor stir Walk softly in the wood and make no sound. Go gently lest the pulsing life withdrawn Into the earth to rest and be renewed Hearing you walking in the solitude May take your footsteps for the feet of dawn; May take your coming for the coming Spring And burst its icy armour and rush out In a green torrent sudden as a shout. And the wood wake before its time and sing!

—Audrey Alexandra Brown

Old Charlottetown (And P. E. I.)

GOVERNMENT LAND SALES

From The Examiner, March 12, 1951. "From the Land Commissioner's Report we learn that the quantity of land acquired by the Government since 1874 (through purchase of large proprietors' estates) is 796,378 acres, which, added to the Crown lands, makes a total of 843,981 acres. During the past year, the Government acquired two small estates—that of Mrs. Brennan, on Lot 35, comprising 1,378 1/2 acres, and the Cunningham estate, on Lot 48, comprising 2,188 acres, the former including certain arrears of rent, for \$4.27 per acre, and the latter for 94 cents.

"During the year 1880, 29,213 acres were sold by the Government to 433 different purchasers. The total sales since the opening of the Land Office amount to 624,186 1/2 acres, leaving a balance of 172,386 acres still in the hands of the Government or in the possession of tenants or others who have not yet attained. As a result of a vigorous effort put forth by the Department to induce tenants or occupants of lands, who had not already attained, to comply with the demands of the Government, 308 persons made application last year for the purchase of their several holdings. The Commissioner has reason to believe that many well-to-do farmers are still waiting to purchase, but have paid neither rent nor purchase money since the lands were acquired by the Government.

"3,790 accounts have been closed out since the opening of the office, the total number still remaining open being 5,801. Eight hundred and sixteen deeds, including duplicates with plans attached, conveying 20,075 acres, were executed during the year. Exclusive of duplicates, 3,571 deeds of farms, for which accounts are now open, remain to be executed. "In compliance with an order-in-council dated Dec. 12, 1878, receipts were issued against the failure of ten years' standing and upwards, to whom the necessary preliminary notice had been given. These proceedings are chiefly directed to cases where lands were vacant or abandoned, or where complication of title existed, either through the intestacy or absence of the Island or the original purchasers. As the accounts still open represent a sum of about \$500,000, it will be seen that the adoption of a vigorous policy, tempered by prudence, is necessary in the public interest to be pursued in the collection of arrears due the officer.

"The Government has many backward in fulfilling their obligation to the Government, the Commissioner is gratified to note that a considerable number of the late tenants are making their payments with commendable punctuality, seeming to appreciate the opportunity afforded them to obtain the freehold of their farms on easy terms."

The Age-Old Story

Thus saith the Lord; I am returning unto Zion, and I will dwell in the midst of Jerusalem; and Jerusalem shall be called a city of truth, and the mountain of the Lord of hosts the holy mountain.

Postage Faces

The Post Office Department reported the other day that a new stamp definitely will not carry a picture of Finance Minister Abbott. Apparently this was just a rumor someone started. There never has been much chance that a living politician would try to get his picture on a stamp, not since the pre-Confederation days when a man named Connell was postmaster-general of what was then the Crown Colony of New Brunswick.

Mr. Connell thought his many features would be an adornment to the New Brunswick postage, and at the same time advertise him far and wide. The necessary mechanical steps to that end were taken, but when the news leaked out there was an outcry. The "Connell stamp" never got beyond the proof stage. Even at that premature level it has acquired considerable value. Some of the Connell proofs go for as much as collector's items. If you had a sheet of 100 of them today, they'd easily finance a soft winter in Bermuda. But where Mr. Connell dared and lost, Mr. Abbott won't dare at all.

Overlooked



Memories Of "The Island"

By Evelyn Murray Duke, New Hampshire, U.S.A. (Concluded from Saturday's Guardian)

It was different the next time we came to The Island. There were only Daddy and I. Mamma had died. We stayed with Grandma that summer. Knowing I was fond of animals, Grandma let me take care of a young heifer calf. I found an old curry comb in the barn, and every day after that I gave my pet a rub down, and carefully braided her tail. She must have loved that! Then came the fateful day the calf was taken to Frederickton to be butchered. Sadly she turned her big, mournful eyes in my direction, as if she knew she was already on the way to Calf Heaven. I was broken hearted. Grandma took me into the house, and told me stories to cheer me up.

One of the most interesting stories Grandma had to tell was of how she used to take the wool from the sheep; spin the yarn on one of her three spinning wheels, and then weave it into cloth. She came into the house, and told me stories to cheer me up.

Grandma loved her church. She always spoke of it as "The House of the Lord". I wish more people went into church today the way Grandma did. Erect and stately in carriage, she sailed past the back pews as if they weren't there. She was an attractive figure in her flowing, black dress, and lace shawl, with a bonnet of distinction set on her wavy hair. Brushing lightly past the pews in the center section, she only raised when she came up to the front of the church, and the family pew. Here she sat throughout the service, quiet and reverent. When it came time to sing the hymns, Grandma's voice sounding sweet and clear, joined with those about her. Standing up at her when she was singing. Her face shone so, and she looked so happy.

It was about this time that Daddy and I started driving to the Island in a Model 'T' Ford. What fun we had, rattling along at a fast clip of twenty-five miles an hour, over narrow, rough and poorly marked roads! We whizzed away the wooded miles by singing hymns and songs. My constant companion was a bag of peanuts which we shared, airily tossing the peanut shells behind us. If it rained, we hopped out and but one the slide curtains on as fast as we could. But it always leaked in around the edges. Dirt roads quickly became a mass of slippery mud.

I remember well one heavy thunder storm Daddy and I drove through. The narrow road had a steep cliff on one side, and on the other side a drop of about fifty feet to the river below. As the car began to slide toward the edge of the river bank, Daddy called to me to hold the car door open and be ready to jump. The rain came down in torrents, and the road ahead was illuminated with jagged flashes of lightning. Just as I thought the end had surely come for both of us, the car skidded crazily away from the edge of the road, and from then on although we were rough riding, it was no longer dangerous.

As I grew older, it wasn't always possible for Daddy to take me to The Island. Then Uncle Wesley and Aunt Minnie took over. Aunt Minnie's niece Margaret, who was about my age, began coming to The Island with us. For seven years the four of us made the trip together. In the beginning Aunt Minnie, Uncle Wesley and Margaret stayed at Breadalbane with Uncle Fomery, and I stayed in Frederickton at Uncle Nelson's and Aunt Mary's. This separation wasn't to the liking of either Margaret or myself, for by this time we had become fast friends. Before long we were sharing the "spare bedroom" at Aunt Mary's. We slept on a feather bed and loved it, except at the times when the bed slats fell out of the bed. This always occurred in the middle of the night, and at the dark of the moon, following a violent sneeze on the part of Margaret,

who was a hay fever victim. The straw matting on the floor was cold, and space under the bed was limited. It was no fun bumping heads in the dark, as we searched vainly for the missing bed slat. Eventually, we learned how to sleep through it all, taking sneezes and falling bed slats in our stride. We never did learn to make a feather bed. The two mattresses, the hard one underneath, and the feather tick on top, always turned their bumpy side to us. Yet Aunt Mary could come upstairs, and with the handle of her broom and one gently flowing motion of her arm, she made the face of the bed completely smooth.

Our most ambitious undertaking was a presentation of "Queen Esther" written by myself in a blaze of inspiration, and presented in the Frederickton Church for the benefit of the church organ fund. Aunt Mary loaned us a lovely pair of red portieres for the robe of King Ahasuerus. Several of

Notes By The Way

Judy Holliday, an American actress who was led, innocently, into helping Red organizations, says she was just dumb. Which to our mind, is a more honest excuse than a good many others, some of which run book-length.—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

With grain elevators full, Western Canada's record wheat crop is the church people were members of the cast. There was a large attendance, and we were happy to learn that the organ was later purchased.

So much of our happiness was due to Aunt Mary and Uncle Nelson. In the early years of his marriage, Uncle Nelson taught school as well as carrying on the farm. He had the Pleasant Valley School, and walked the two miles to school in all kinds of weather. His farm was the old Murray homestead, where my father was born and lived, until my grandfather bought the mill at Breadalbane, and moved his family there. Uncle Nelson was a community minded man. He was a Notary Public, and Justice of the Peace for years. He served as Teller at all local elections. He was treasurer of the Frederickton Church for over thirty years, only relinquishing his many duties in his last illness, when he was no longer physically able to carry the burden of them. He had given up teaching, and was farming with Margaret and I were summer guests.

Uncle Nelson had a wonderful sense of humor. I remember this morning he stepped into the back shed just as I lifted up an old mat, and was sweeping the dirt floor a nice big hole in the shed back his head, and laughed merrily as he said, "So that's how they teach you to sweep in the States." Uncle Nelson called Margaret and I the N.G. (No Good) Girls. Whenever he wanted to say things up a bit, he would say, "What about those N.G. Girls. Haven't they stayed round here long enough?" This was usually his exit line as he started out-of-doors. We could hear him laughing heartily all the way to the barn.

Aunt Mary was the heart of the home. It was she who made us feel so welcome. There was a warmth and friendliness in the home that seemed to draw people inside. Unexpected company, arriving on Sunday afternoon, was always invited to stay for tea. There meant a table laden with two or three kinds of cake, several kinds of cookies, one of which was usually Date Squares, plates of home made bread and butter (Aunt Mary set her own yeast for bread, and churned her own butter.) There were home made pickles, and dishes of sweet strawberry preserve. Just before we sat down and the blessing was asked, the teapot was given a place of honor at the head of the table. Shortly after we were married,

my husband and I took an auto trip to Prince Edward Island. After we left the boat at Borden, and were actually on Island soil, I noticed that as we drove along my husband kept craning his neck, and looking up toward the sky. "What are you looking for?" I inquired curiously. Turning to me he said with a quizzical smile, "I know I'm in heaven. I was just looking for the angels."

I remember the Island as it used to look on those long ago summer evenings when I rode horseback. Facing toward the west felt a fresh air of quietness and beauty of the land that lay about me. Off in the distance I could see cows grazing on the little hill side farms. The sky was flooded with waves of color, which seemed to fall with a soft benediction on the fertile farmlands lying below. The vivid green of the pastureland was broken by the darker patches of green marking the woodlands. Through it all and stretching into the distance, ran the red patch of color, which was the road beckoning me on. Only a child then, didn't realize that Prince Edward Island which would never die. My memories of Prince Edward Island are a precious heritage, made possible for me by the kindness of a loving aunt and uncle, and many other relatives and friends. For this I shall always be grateful.

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