

THE GUARDIAN

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CIRCULATION "Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew" "The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink"

CHARLOTTETOWN THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1953 From The Western Isles

Landing in Sydney next Tuesday, the Chief of the MacKinnons comes on to Charlottetown the same day and will be guest of honour at a dinner and at the Scottish Games at Montague the next day—"Clan MacKinnon Day" of the Caledonian Club of Prince Edward Island. Later the Chief, Commander Arthur Avalon MacKinnon of MacKinnon, R.N., will open the 15th annual Gaelic Mod at St. Anns on August 15th.

The MacKinnons, like the Clans Gregor, Grant, MacNab, MacAulay, MacPhee and MacQuarrie, trace their descent from Alpine, King of Scotland, who wrested that land from the Picts about 834 A.D. All seven clans wear a slip of Scotch pine as a badge. After Bannockburn they were given wide lands by Robert the Bruce, including parts of Skye which thereafter was regarded as the home of the clan. All was lost, as the chroniclers say, but honour after the clan was out in 1715 and 1745 and the chief gave shelter to the fugitive Prentender.

In their prosperity the MacKinnon chiefs were Marshals of the Lord of the Isles and occupied Findanus Castle, now known as MacKinnon Castle, in Skye. They were hereditary custodians of the Standards of Weights and Measures, Governors of the Castles and Masters of the Household in what was practically an island kingdom.

Many a story is told of the exploits of the various chief and their clansmen, of battle and plunder, but also of peace for they were long associated with Iona. Many abbots in the monastery were of the clan, of whom the last was the most famous, Abbot John—Ian MacKinnon. His tomb is the stateliest in that burial isle of kings.

In this Province the MacKinnons claim to be second in number only to the MacDonalds, a claim difficult to prove, but certainly they have played their part well in Island history, in government, law, education, sport and military affairs. The MacKinnons will soon acclaim their chief and Islanders honour the MacKinnons.

Polio Knowledge Growing

It is reassuring to note that no new cases of poliomyelitis have been reported this year in Prince Edward Island, despite the prevalence of this dreaded disease elsewhere. The danger, however, is always present, and as yet no vaccine has been developed which can promise immunity from it. Progress is being made, however, in defeating the paralytic effects of polio infection, and in this connection the following comments from the Canadian Medical Association Journal will be read with interest.

The Journal's article charts the progress that polio research is making. First, analysis and identification of different types of polio virus have been greatly simplified by the tissue method of virus culture, a method which was first developed in 1939. Before 1939, the virus had to be adapted for use and observation in monkeys; today, it can be artificially grown in preserved tissue, where observation is considerably easier.

Besides identification of the three types of virus themselves, the most important research is into the nature of the antibodies which defeat the polio virus. These antibodies are present in the blood of most people in the world but they are so tiny as to be almost impossible to discover or study. It is in the study of these antibodies that the hope for an anti-paralysis serum centres.

Experiments with preparations containing these antibodies already indicate that they may make possible the elimination of the paralytic effects of polio.

Progress in such difficult research is understandably slow. But the Journal's article indicates that the first long steps toward an eventual conquest of the dread disease, or at least of its consequences, have been completed.

Climatic Lab For R.A.F.

At Farnborough, in Hampshire, research work is now going on at a new laboratory built for the British Air Ministry. Scientists there are studying the effects of extremes of climate, finding out how air crews and their equipment react to tropical heat, arctic cold, drought,

humidity, and high winds. Mr. Valentine Selsey visited the laboratory and London Calling reports his findings.

It is here that the doctors of the Institute of Radiation and Medicine carry out their experiments. It is here that they can create, at will, any kind of climatic conditions from excessive cold to excessive heat. This is done through complicated system of coolers, electric heaters, and driers. The humidity of the air can be regulated by injecting steam, and a large revolving fan can produce winds up to thirty or forty miles an hour. All this can be controlled and checked from a central panel.

When Mr. Selsey went into the research chamber the temperature was 120 degrees Fahrenheit. The doctors were testing a new type of air-ventilated suit for the Royal Air Force. The problem was to find something which would give comfort to fighter pilots, sitting in their aircraft, waiting on the tropical airfields. The idea of this particular suit is to pump cool air under the pilot's clothes: mere protection against the sun is not enough. And it is a curious fact that the more clothes the pilot wears over his air-ventilated suit the cooler he will be.

There are other research chambers at Farnborough. In one of them Mr. Selsey saw a tall, silver-painted cylinder with a man standing up to his shoulders in warm water. The human guinea-pigs are the doctors themselves, and the doctor in the cylinder was checking the internal heat-resistance of his own body to warmish water. Two members of a bomber crew, baling out over a tropical swamp, might have to put up with a similar ordeal.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Shades of Scottish border raiders! Ecuador has charged that Peruvian border guards have been stealing cattle and driving them over the border. There must be some Scots blood in the South American republics.

Last year poultry producers sold 339.2 million pounds of poultry meat and, in addition, consumed 66.1 million pounds at home. The combined total of the amount consumed and sold was worth \$166,260,000.

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics calculates that 341,522,000 dozen eggs, worth \$134,226,000 were disposed of in Canada last year. Producers used 54.5 million dozen eggs for food, while 9 million dozen were used for hatching, leaving 267.7 million dozen marketed.

The following story is attributed to John D. Rockefeller. Once upon a time there was a community that received unusual good fortune, so the people of the community met and passed a resolution to take up a collection. The next day they met again and decided that the collection should be for the poor and, meeting the third day, they decided they were the poor.

England's Scotland Yard has warned American tourists to beware of some particularly fine counterfeit \$100 bills that may be offered to them in London. The plates were made by the Nazis during World War II for the dual purpose of paying spies and depreciating American currency. Somebody recently has got hold of the plates and is printing new bills.

A report from the Natural History Museum at Chicago recently intimated that farmers tilled the soil of what is now the United States as long as 4,500 years ago. A cave in New Mexico provided exceptionally well preserved material believed to date back to about 3,000 B.C. Some of the 38,000 cobs of corn found were believed to represent the most primitive and perhaps the oldest ever found.

The Privy Council has confirmed the judgment of the Supreme Court of Canada that an agreement between the C.P.R. and the City of Winnipeg, exempting the railway from city taxes, is binding upon the city. This law suit began in 1948 when the city decided to test the validity of the 1881 agreement by assessing the C. P. R. for realty and business tax. The C. P. R. refused to pay and justified its refusal by the agreement of 1881 which at that time was ratified by the Manitoba legislature.

Sir Alan Francis Brooke, Viscount Alanbrooke, British soldier, was born this date 1883. He served in France from 1914 to 1918, was later Army Instructor and Director of Military Training for the War Office and held high home commands. In the Second World War he commanded the Second Army Corps, B. E. F., became Commander-in-Chief Home Forces and was from 1941-1946 Chief of Imperial General Staff. He was promoted to the rank of field marshal in 1944.

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 SCOUTS AT JAMBOREE

Sir,—I am a former resident of Indian River, Prince Edward Island, now living in St. Laurent, a suburb of Montreal.

Since coming to this part of the country, I joined the Boy Scouts Association, first as a Scout, years ago, and now as a Leader. It is about Scouting that I wish to write.

I have just returned from Ottawa where I visited the Jamboree at the Connaught Ranges. While there I visited the contingent of Scouts from Prince Edward Island and was over-joyed to meet and speak to five Scouts from Kensington. It was like being home again talking with them about the people who were once my near neighbors.

It is wonderful that such an organization like the Boy Scouts brings together boys and young men (and older men, too) from all parts of the map and makes them one in a brotherhood.

Boys and young men, abiding by a common promise and law, working and playing together, honour-bound to be friendly as well as to be honest, will in future years forge stronger links to ensure Canadian unity, and they will have such a love for their native land, that Canada need never fear losing that which this nation needs more than anything—"Canadianism"—a feeling that this is our own country, and no other place is quite as good; at the same time, understanding peoples of other nations.

Prince Edward Island can well be proud of her representatives at the Jamboree, and judging by those boys, Scouting must be strong in their home Province.

I am, Sir, etc., RAYMOND J. MACDONALD, Assistant Scoutmaster, Fatima Troop, Montreal

THAT DEFECTIVE TIE-ROD

Sir,—In The Guardian of the 6th I read: "You can really trust an auto these days. Mechanically they are pretty safe." True, but here also the human factor comes in. An expert motor mechanic told me recently of two cases in which he warned the owners that their tie-rods were badly worn and should be replaced. They were in a hurry and would return soon for the needed repair. In these two cases the cars went out of control, in one case in the village where people, some children, were on the road. Fortunately, no one was hurt. The other car went out of control over a deep valley. If the car had been going as fast as usual she might have gone through the railing with fatal results. Other garage men, I suppose, could tell a similar story. In June of this year, I was told, a fatal accident occurred on one of our roads from this very cause.

In spite of all cautions, lessons, and accidents there are still some fool drivers on the road, men who take risks and break the laws of safe driving. They seem to be unable to learn. I once cut in between two cars and it cost me \$17.00. It happened that the man I narrowly passed was a police inspector, a white man, and he felt he had to do his duty. It was a cheap lesson. Never again! I have learned. But some people cannot learn. A pity they cannot be eliminated from our roads.

But this case of the defective tie-rod, or other parts is rather different. It is a case of putting off to a more convenient time. Right here, I could preach a sermon on the sin of neglect, but an intelligent driver has no such need. All he needs is a higher regard for his own life and that of other people.

I am, Sir, etc., W. I. GREEN Stanley Bridge.

The Poet's Corner

BOY IN A LANE

He turned a handspiring down the country lane, Accelerating both his speed and And I caught hands with summer once again And tumbled down the lane beside the boy. We saw the selfsame squirrels, the selfsame trees, And both cartwheeled into a patch of thistles And rose and brushed the prickles from our knees And tried the same thing over, matching whistles. Scuffed knees and whistles in the country air And frogs and ferns along the grassy track And none to know I am beside him there— Who in this hour have turned the slow years back.

—Anobel Armour in The Christian Science Monitor.

The Age Old Story

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, said your God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.

The Neighbors

By George Clark



"Has this town a beauty parlor and a spot where I can watch the baseball telecast while the kids take in a movie?"

Notes By The Way

A young man who wrote a love letter at 12 o'clock the other night and read it the following day at noon has made an appointment with a psychiatrist to ask him how to cope with a split personality.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

It is not good news officially from Ottawa. Immigration to this Dominion is down by 27 per cent in five months. Canada can well absorb 250,000 newcomers a year and for years to come. Increased population is the solid solution of many a problem of today.—St. Catharines Standard.

If there's any immutable law of nature it's the one about things balancing out in the end. One of the coldest and wettest Springs in memory ended the day before at Calgary Stampede started, and then the weather was perhaps the warmest and sunniest and driest, for Stampede Week, in memory. Weather-wise it was a perfect week, utterly perfect. Calgary has had similar spells of fine weather. In fact they used to be the rule rather than the exception. So it wasn't the weather that intrigued us so much, but the timing of it.—Calgary Alberta.

The show was almost lost in the carnival of coronation, but when London's gallerygoers finally got around to it, they came in droves. Instead of the familiar thorny abstractions, one of London's most advanced-guards galleries last week was exhibiting primitive carvings that were as fresh and clean as a stand of clover. The artists: Eskimo tribesmen from Canada's vast Arctic territories, showing their work in Europe for the first time. The Eskimo sculptures looked strikingly modern. Yet where most moderns can only try to imitate the power of primitive art—the caricature-like simplification, the economic, almost childlike use of detail—the Eskimo sculptors showed a force that set their work apart from the most sophisticated elementary training in art, work-

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.) HISTORIC BELL

"There is a bell, says the Quebec Chronicle, on board the barque 'Moselle', of Charlottetown, P.E.I., Capt. Daniel Carew, now discharging cargo in Quebec, which could tell a strange tale. As the account goes, it was sent from Rome to the Roman Catholic Chapel in Louisbourg, Cape Breton, in the sixteenth century. When the British attacked

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The Passing Scene

By Observer

PAGE 59

I have just been looking over one of those voluminous New York Sunday papers which make you wonder how in the world the pulp mills manage to fill all their orders. Nobody could read one of them thoroughly even if he had nothing else to do the whole week. My own plan is to take a little of each section and trust to luck that I haven't missed anything important. This is risky, I know, for it often happens in any newspaper that some of the more "meaty" items are far removed from the main journalistic thoroughfare, but, having plenty of other things on my mind, it is the best I can do.

On the front page of the issue referred to above were great headlines regarding the Korean war, international disputes, and the current struggle for power among the Kremlin politicians. A little farther down on the page were reports of a coup of rather gruesome tragedies nearer home. This, of course, is the sort of thing we are used to. Anything different would be a real cause for general astonishment. Some thinking people say it would be real cause for general dismay as well.

Over on page 59, almost hidden among the impediments of a department store advertisement, was a little item captioned "Neighbours Sign Pact". It was a very small item, indeed, and only by the most remote chance would anyone run into it. Of the many millions who would likely read that particular edition, probably no more than three or four hundred would notice it at all. By the time they reach page 59 most readers are bordering on pernicious ennui and, therefore, not likely to be interested in the goings on of neighbours more than a thousand miles away. The locale of the pact, incidentally, is in Nebraska.

The more I think of it, the more I am of the opinion that caption writers are among the unsung heroes of modern journalism. If this heading had been simply "Sign Pact", I would probably have

Louisburg, the capitol of the colony under French rule, the bell with a number of other valuables was thrown into the sea. At the commencement of the present century, during a raging storm, the bell was cast up again, and frightened the fishermen by ringing among the rocks during the night. From thence it went to Antigonish, N. S., and was placed in the tower of the old Roman Catholic chapel there. When a large new church was built, the old bell, with all the metal fittings, was sold to a Cretan tinman, from whom Capt. Carew bought it. It is under 15 inches in height, 12 or 13 inches across the mouth, and has a beautiful inscription. It bears the following inscription: "S. Nicolaus Fran. et ED. Favia. S. S. Soldo. salubator Lorenzo Ano ED 1674."

—The Examiner, July 10, 1879.

I happened to be present a few years ago at a lecture on "World Morals" given by a philosopher of some note. He gave it as his opinion, much to the dismay of his listeners, as I recall, that wars would in all probability remain the vogue so long as there are any human beings left on the earth.

He argued that, while most people imagine they desire peace, in reality (that is to say, deep down in their essential consciousness) they love violence and discord. To a member of the audience (himself a philosopher) who asked: "Is not modern man wise enough to see the folly, to say nothing of the wickedness, of war?" he replied, "Man is actually the most stupid of all animals". Then he went on to give quite a lot of instances of man's stupidity.

It's a sickening philosophy, to be sure, and it is contrary to the concept of man's destiny as taught by Christianity and, indeed, by all the great religions of history. It may be that in the course of events it will remain for little groups like the twelve Nebraskans to show the world that a philosophy of despair is both needless and impractical. Front page enthusiasts the world over will say that the little pact is doomed from the start. They may be right. They certainly have the evidence of history on their side. But the fact that twelve people anywhere these days could even think up such an idea and dress it in garments of importance is in itself an encouraging sign. At least, I like to think it is.

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