

THE GUARDIAN

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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink"

CHARLOTTETOWN, TUESDAY, SEPT. 25, 1951

The Royal Tour

Newspaper opinion across Canada is in accord with the action taken by Prime Minister St. Laurent in releasing Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip from any sense of obligation in making their tour of Canada at present. Circumstances alter cases, and the tour would involve a round of social functions which, however pleasing in themselves, would be altogether out of place in view of the grave anxiety that will continue to be felt about His Majesty's condition for some time to come.

It is suggested that the Canadian Government go further and request definitely that the tour be postponed so that the onus of making a decision in the matter will not rest with the Royal Family, not even with the King, whose devotion to duty is well known and who should not be called upon to make sacrifices at this time. We all know what comfort and solace it is to have one's family close at hand in time of serious illness, and there is no question but that the Princess Elizabeth's place is at home in this emergency.

Postponing the tour need not mean scrapping the detailed arrangements, which can be adjusted to new date schedules quite easily. In any case, they are inconsequential compared with the crisis which has arisen, and which calls for a period of prayer and intercession on His Majesty's behalf, rather than for celebration.

An Informed Army

Canada's armed forces are to have a current affairs study program to keep personnel informed about the news of the day and assist them in understanding the significance of events. The first joint services two-week training course for instructors in current affairs commenced on Monday at Camp Borden.

It is interesting to recall that this is one of the matters in which Churchill did not get his way during the Second World War. Such courses were greatly elaborated despite the disapproval of Mr. Churchill as expressed in a minute to the Secretary of State for War dated October 17, 1941.

"I do not approve of this system of encouraging political discussion in the Army among soldiers as such", he wrote. "The material provided for the guidance of the officers in the short notes is hopelessly below the level of that available in the daily press. Discussions in which no controversy is desired are a farce. There cannot be controversy without prejudice to discipline. The only sound principle is 'No politics in the Army'."

"I hope you will wind up this business as quickly and as decently as possible and set the persons concerned in it to useful work."

A Glance Into The Crystal Ball

Harvard University's president, Dr. James B. Conant, is recognized throughout the world as one of the greatest scholars-scientists of the age. In an address delivered a few days ago before the American Chemical Society he ventured a few predictions about the years that lie ahead. Those predictions he was careful to label as little better than gazing into a crystal ball. Nevertheless, coming from Dr. Conant, they command respect and instil a sense of optimism into the fear-ridden inhabitants of a world bewildered by the advent of the atomic age.

"We shall come close to war", says Dr. Conant. "There will be smaller wars. But the turning point has been passed already. It came in 1950 when the free nations decided to re-arm. . . I see in this crystal ball", he declares, "neither an atomic holocaust nor the golden abundance of an atomic age. . . By the middle of the 1950's I see balanced forces again at the disposal of the Atlantic Treaty nations. It is then clear in Moscow that there can be no easy march to the Channel ports. . . I find the 1960's the time when constructive steps away from war are first being taken. . . Sometime between 1960 and 1980, the climate of opinion alters. The rearmament of the free world has done its work. Armies, navies, planes are still on hand, but the trend is toward less rather than more military power."

A dream? Perhaps. But at least Dr. Conant has the courage to refuse to align himself on the side of the pessimists. After

all, the atomic age, strange and terrifying as it may seem, is no more so than was the age of gunpowder, or of steam, or of electricity to our ancestors. The world outlook may still be gloomy. It is not nearly so gloomy, however, as when Germany and the Soviet Union were united in the unholy alliance which preceded the partition of Poland in the early days of World War II.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Nearly 300,000 old age pensioners to be paid \$70 in January, including 2,400 in this Province.

The Prairie farmers are suffering from store shortage, something our potato farmers suffered until recently.

The ornamental gate at the Dominion Experimental Farm here is steadily taking form. It begins to look like a fitting front to the beautiful grounds and garden.

Samuel Butler, English poet, died this date 1680. His "Hudibras", published in three parts, is a droll, irresistible satire on fanatical Puritanism, a storehouse of pungent criticisms, terse epigrams and wise saws.

The three party leaders in Britain, Mr. Attlee, Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Davis took time off from their election to send a joint message of sympathy to the Queen in connection with His Majesty's illness—a kindly, unselfish act that stamps the leaders as men of heart and feeling as well as of head and manoeuvring.

It is announced that the death of Mr. William H. Wright who supplied the capital to purchase the Globe and Mail, Toronto, will not affect the control of that newspaper, as Mr. George MacCullagh, publisher, bought control in 1942, the only other shareholder being the estate of Mr. Wright.

The Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was not very much impressed with the newspaper reporters at Ottawa. As he left a Press Conference he said he was surprised he had so little trouble with the reporters. "Why don't you chaps learn how to ask questions?" he demanded.

While the Governor-General's elder son left for England to continue his education, his sister, Hon. Rose Alexander, was registering for courses at McGill University with some other 900 freshmen, to work for her learning. Rose, who will celebrate her 19th birthday Oct. 28, arrived at Royal Victoria College Friday.

As at H. M. C. S. Queen Charlotte, recruiting for the W.R.C.N. (R) has opened at H.M.C.S. Brunswick, Saint John, N.B., and officials at the naval base report an encouraging response. The women will be trained as stores women, pay and administrative writers, medical assistants, harbor craft operators, communicators, radio technicians, electrical technicians, and for maintenance and inspections duties in the ordnance branch, as well as general duty. They will train alongside men of the R.C.N. (R) in taking basic naval training and instruction.

This contrast is worthy of notice. Britain now has a million men in arms—a proportion at least as large as that of the U.S. Canada is about one-quarter or one-third of the way to accepting a full share in NATO activities in this respect. No excuse is available. Canada is as much in danger as any part of the free world. Canada would be very really a possible prize of victory. Political difficulties exist, owing to the opportunist record of Canadian public life, but a highly opportunist Government in the U.K., drawn from a Party with a historic record of futile pacifism, has the courage, on this point, to face an organized revolt of some of its most influential supporters.

When Parliament resumes next month the principal business will not be the Old Age Pension legislation, but the high cost of living. The C.C.F., says the Gazette's correspondent, seeking top marks for consistency, will argue that decontrol was wrong in the first place, that general price controls should be reimposed across the board—preferably without wage controls. The Progressive Conservatives, disliking controls of any kind on principle, will contend that they are once again the lesser of two evils (inflation is the other) and that selective price controls and subsidies tied to key commodities only must be re-instituted, and coupled with wage controls. Prime Minister St. Laurent has already laid down the official Liberal position. The Government, experienced in price control administration from the last war, wouldn't hesitate to use controls if they would do any good. But he doesn't think they'd work at this time. Maybe later. And round this attitude will the debate be pursued.



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.

SOUTH SHORE FESTIVAL

Sir.—When I came to live on Prince Edward Island a few years ago, I heard the Women's Institute mentioned for the first time. I took for granted that it was just another women's club interested in welfare work study or sociability. But when I came to know the organization and the scope of its activities, I was astounded. I can truthfully state that no other women's organization with which I have come in contact has accomplished anything like as much good, or wielded as much influence. The Women's Institute has become a vital part of our community life. Our schools have been immeasurably improved, our needy cared for, our sick cheered, our newcomers made welcome, and the general welfare of our communities benefited by the untiring and unselfish efforts of the women who are members of the P. E. I. Women's Institutes. Surely we can say of the Institute member that "her price is far above rubies" and not only should "her children arise up, and call her blessed," but the whole community as well! The Institute members have worked unceasingly to bring more educational advantages to rural children. I have found this to be especially true in the field of music and other arts. They gave unsparingly of their time and money that musical instruction might be given in rural schools. It was this interest in any project that would increase their children's appreciation of music and literature which led the Women's Institutes along the south shore, from DeSable to North Bedeque, to help promote a small rural competition in music, elocution and choral reading. They called it the South Shore Musical Festival. Many people have been asking questions about this competition, and I feel that through your column the public might be informed as to its reason, purpose and scope.

The South Shore Musical Festival is held in Summerside on the first Saturday in November, at a time most convenient for rural competitors, immediately after potato picking, and before the snow comes and the accompanying bad roads. It was started to supplement the Island Festival, for only a few of the children living on dirt roads, a distance from Charlottetown could hope to attend a competition held the first of May. This fall festival offers all rural children and adults an experience they would otherwise miss.

It is for rural contestants only. There are classes for children and adults individually and in groups, and, although sponsored by the Women's Institutes along the south shore, it is open to competitors from any part of the Island. There are three adjudicators. This year Mr. F. G. Johnson, A.T. O.L., will adjudicate the music classes, Miss Helen Yeo, M.Ed., the elocution and choral speaking classes, and Miss Mary Robin, Director of P. E. I. Women's Institutes will judge the folk dancing class. The awards presented to the contestants obtaining the highest number of marks in the various classes are trophies, cups, medals and pins. These are donated by

The Age-Old Story

Have we not all one father? Hath not one God created us?

St. Lawrence Seaway

(News Letter of G. C. C.) Following the recent rejection of the St. Lawrence Seaway plan by a United States Congressional Committee, there has been a lot of loose talk about Canada proceeding with the project on her own. There is, as yet, little general recognition of the fact that Canada can do nothing in connection with the power project in the vital International Zone without the approval and permission of the President of the United States. The Boundary Waters Treaty of 1907 set up the International Joint Commission under which nothing can be undertaken in international waterways without the authority of both governments and the approval of the International Joint Commission. The "authority" in the United States is deemed to rest with the President. K. R. Wilson, writing in the Financial Post (August 4th), points out that an appeal to President Truman to permit a joint application by Ontario and New York State for power development in the St. Lawrence might possibly be agreed to, but that two conditions might be demanded: (1)

the business and professional men of Summerside and south shore centers, and the Women's Institutes.

Nothing remains the same! An Institution either grows or it deteriorates. For three years the South Shore Musical Festival has grown stronger and more intrinsically a part of the rural school year and community life. In this, its fourth year, the executive are looking forward to an even more successful Festival, and seek the co-operation and goodwill of all those who are interested in bringing cultural advantages into rural life.

I am, Sir, etc., HOPE JONES (Mrs. Wm. A.) South Shore Musical Festival Committee, Tryon, P. E. I.

The Poet's Corner

THE LION

The Lion is a kingly beast. He likes a Hindu for a feast And if no Hindu he can get, The lion-family is upset. He cuffs his wife and bites her ears Till she is nearly moved to tears. Then some explorer finds the den And all is family peace again.

—Vachel Lindsay.

That Canada undertake to develop a 27-foot seaway, and (2) that the United States Federal Government gets the right to develop the power in the United States. The first condition might be met by Canada's agreement to build the seaway on her own but the second condition would require a vote of Congress and, possibly, a Canadian-United States Treaty.

"In either case," says Mr. Wilson, "there would be the old congressional battle to fight all over again. In short, even though Truman wants the seaway and even if he were sympathetic to Canada doing it alone, he might, for internal political reasons, ask conditions which, for all practical purposes, will shelve the seaway once again."

HOTTEST CLIMATE

Maximum temperature in the shade is believed to be 136 degrees recorded in Tripoli, North Africa, in 1922.

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At home, at work, or at play—the surprising thing about accidents is that so many of them happen at home and at play—but no matter where you are unfortunate enough to tangle with an Accident, you probably won't be able to work and your INCOME will be less at the time your Expenses are heaviest: When you're flat on your back due to an Accident or Sickness you won't need to worry about the Expenses of Medical and Hospital bills, nor will you have that sinking feeling about your Savings Account if you own a Great-West Life Accident and Health Policy.

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Lessons From Europe In Community Progress

By Leo P. McIsaac Part One (continued) (All Rights Reserved) DEPARTURE ON TOUR

I saw that in other places the cooperatives were doing better and that their potentialities were great. Few of the young men who were coming home were anxious to farm. I went to Toronto for a special course on Cooperatives and took a short course in Agricultural Economics at Guelph, to return to the farm equipped. I thought, to do a good job in organizing things in my own district. But, I did not get home. Somehow, while discussing things in Charlottetown I became sidetracked.

I went to work first with the St. Dunstan's University Extension Department, with the Farm Radio Forum, then with the Provincial Department of Agriculture, and later with the Prince Edward Island Federation of Agriculture. My years of study were being well and soundly tested, but the solution to our problems was bound to be as involved as the problems themselves. I was working hard and contributing my share, but I was, at the same time, getting an education, and learning more in a practical way than I could ever hope to return. I had opportunities to meet learned and sincere men, to attend many meetings and conferences both on Prince Edward Island and in other Provinces.

It was while I was attending one such a Farm Forum Conference, at MacDonnell College, Montreal, that Dr. E. A. Corbett told me that a scholarship for overseas study would be available to some Canadian the following year and that I should make application for it to the British Council in England. I applied, was accepted, and here I was on my way. This was, indeed, the opportunity of a lifetime.

In the station at Charlottetown we met a war-bride and her little daughter who were returning to England. It was different for them; they were going home. Excitement heightened as we sped along through Windsor, Brantford and Hamilton and on to London, where we received the good wishes of friends and watched the golden leaves of autumn and the red clay of the Island linger behind.

The short sail on the Abegweit reminded me of my first trip across the Strait, about ten years before, when I left home with a still more uncertain feeling and went off to join the Air Force in Toronto. But now as we passed through Moncton, and on up through northern New Brunswick, the landscape, the streams, and the forests seemed more familiar than the great unknown that lay ahead.

In the morning we arrived at Lewis and crossed by ferry into Quebec, where our ship was being made ready for her voyage. We had some time to look around, but as we had previously seen the Plains of Abraham, the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, and some of the other famous sights, there was little else to do. There are many things to recall old Stadacona, when you just stroll around. It is old, quaint and peaceful, different from the rest of Canada.

We went to the Legislative building where a Dominion-Provincial conference was taking place, and later on discussed the proceedings with some of our Government representatives at the Chateau Frontenac Hotel. We went to the pier at four-thirty, so we went down the trolley from the Chateau to Front Street and caught a bus to the Cunard docks.

It took about an hour to get through the customs, and settled in our cabin aboard ship. There were about 650 passengers to get on. But about six o'clock we were ready to sail. As usual there were hundreds of people on shore shouting goodbye, waving handkerchiefs and bidding good luck to their friends on deck.

Down the St. Lawrence we sailed, leaving Quebec and Lewis in the background and watching the flickering lights from the homes of happy and contented people in the small villages along the shore. At supper that first evening, along with our war-bride friend and her daughter, we met our other table companions for the trip, a fat and jolly Scottish lady, and her daughter right from the heart of Glasgow. They had been out to Ottawa visiting a married sister there, and were as jolly and entertaining as they looked. Their first remark was that there was lots of food in the hold and as it was all included in the price of the ticket, we might as well help ourselves. We understood this better when we learned that they were rationed at home.

In the lounge that first night, there was a bingo, a sing song and a dance, all of which helped to get the passengers acquainted. This is an important task and not an easy one when you have people speaking different languages, with different outlooks and backgrounds, and from many different parts of the world. Those stewards, however, knew their job, and before long a quite informal atmosphere had been developed.

Next morning we were still in the St. Lawrence, but it was wider here and there were more white caps. Our lines were well equipped and included a good library. You have to experience it to know how restful it is, and how easy it is to concentrate and study stretched out on a deck chair with only the water all around. Through the Straits of Belle Isle, and north of Newfoundland it was somewhat cooler but not so rough. Everyone was now well settled.

The women were knitting, crocheting or just talking. The men kept the cards, the checker boards and the library busy. At night there was always some entertainment: a show, bingo games, a horse racing game, sing songs and other amusements. We had rough sea in mid-ocean for a couple of days, and some "sailors" were missing from the tables, but nothing serious.

There is something about a sea voyage that makes one think—no land in sight, no newspapers, no rushing and bustling about, the ship just rolling ahead, the gulls screaming, the occasional signal from another ship. When you sit out on the deck at night, after all the others have retired, and look at the stars and the moon and sky, it makes you ponder and look back into the past, the war years, the depression, the last century with its tremendous scientific developments, the middle ages, the wars of the early days, the conquest and settlement of the various countries of the world, the rise of Christianity, and back to ancient Rome. History means something to you then. You look down and see the rolling water and the waves. They were rolling away all through these times, and still roll on.

It was a restful week, but suddenly there was land again,—through binoculars we could see the south coast of England, and soon the coast of France. One evening, about midnight we made our way into La Havre. We were in France, and many of our passengers were leaving. There had been a farewell dinner that evening. It was exciting, the crew began to sing French songs and the passengers joined in.

As the tugs spluttered out and towed us into the wharf, we could see the effects of the war with our own eyes. The rebuilding of the docks, the sheds and the bridges gave evidence that this little town had been badly hit. The few people on shore were merry, though, and singing. And so were the people on board. In fact, the dance on deck lasted until the "wee sma' hours".

In the morning we set out for England, docking in and out among the Channel fishing boats and the freighters. About dusk we entered the mouth of the Thames, and by nine o'clock we were pretty well up the river and anchored for the night. There in the distance were the lights of London, so we thought, but our English friends said, "Oh, those are only the South End lights." "Well, where is London?" "There is London, really," they said, "Off and off and off there." In the far distance there were lights everywhere, in fact the whole horizon was London.

At sunrise we moved into Tilbury docks. All our luggage was taken off and placed in the customs shed. This was a real check. Some people had to open everything, others got by easily. The customs officials seem to be by the look in your eye. There was plenty of luggage on our boat, and to check it all would have taken hours. The train was to pull out for St. Pancras Station, at ten-thirty.

Just behind us at the customs desk was one of our most jovial passengers. He had "nothing to declare", and was quite confident until he had to open his trunk—something which few of us had to do. He began to shake and stammer as he opened it, for there under some old clothes was a supply of shining new revolvers. His cameras and other valuables had been taken aside. We did not hear what happened after that, but it only goes to show that you never know all your neighbours when you travel.

(To be continued)

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.) ANNOUNCEMENTS

From the Prince Edward Island Register, Sept. 8, 1929: Mrs. Mary Shepherd informs the inhabitants of Charlottetown that she intends opening a school for young ladies, and boys under 11 years, on Wednesday next. "The house of Mr. John Robinson, who has taught for many years in England, and for the last twelve months at Crapaud in this Island, and can produce satisfactory testimonials of capability. Marking, plain and fancy needlework and knitting, reading and spelling taught. Terms, 7s. per quarter, and the usual quantity of firewood during the winter months."

Daniel Brennan acquaints his friends and the public that he has removed to his new house on Sydney Street, lately erected by Mr. John Pippy, adjoining Mr. Sims' premises, where he is now selling off, at prime cost and charge, the whole amount of his stock in trade. John A. Wood announces that he has on hand "82 puncheons rum; 10 barrels sugar; several hoghead bags; cotton wool; fine Liverpool and Turk's Island salt; quantity of second hand rigging, etc."

Fall Samples Have Arrived

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