

THE GUARDIAN

Authorized as Second Class Mail Post Office Department, Ottawa. The Island Guardian Publishing Co. CIRCULATION Total City Zone 3,763 Retail Trading Zone 8,437 All Others 827 Total Net Paid 12,019

President and Associate Editor, Ian A. Burnett, Associate Editor, Frank Walker.

"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink"

CHARLOTTETOWN, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 26, 1951

Seeking A Scapegoat

Official figures of the United States Department of Agriculture show that American farmers are borrowing more money nowadays than at any time during the past ten years. The explanation for this trend is the increasingly high cost of farming. Fertilizer which last year cost \$44 a ton now costs \$64. Farming machinery and equipment has risen sharply in price over the past year or so. Farm labour is scarce and expensive.

Any farmer in Prince Edward Island will verify the fact that farming costs have been mounting rapidly in Canada, too. Farm cash income, instead of increasing, has actually been on the decline. More Canadian farmers are finding it necessary to resort to credit, at a time when controls make credit a matter of ever increasing difficulty.

Advocates of price control are prone to blame the high cost of living on the farmer, and to overlook the fact that modern farming relies heavily upon industry for essential machinery and equipment. Chances are that if the price control enthusiasts had their way the farmer would be the first target of their attack. For food costs, which represent the major item in most family budgets, have risen more sharply than other items in the cost-of-living index.

Members of Parliament who happen to represent Prince Edward Island and other agricultural areas of Canada, before pledging their support of price control, should consider carefully the consequences of such a policy so far as the farmers are concerned. Farm equipment and fertilizer are not included in the official cost-of-living index. Industrial workers interested in higher wages would probably not be much concerned to see the price of such items "frozen". Their attention would be focused on food costs, and their attitude towards the farmer would be that of "the Devil take the hindmost". Making the farmer the scapegoat of inflation underlies much of the clamor for price controls.

Teachers' Training

Considering the many years during which the P. E. I. Teachers' Federation has struggled to raise the standards and financial returns of the profession it must be discouraging to find that there are still advocates of a policy of lowering educational requirements.

It is arguable, of course, that when sufficient qualified teachers are lacking it is necessary to grant permits to some whose academic attainments fall short of the requirements for a license, and that they may even possess lower qualifications than required under the earlier law.

Even though this may be so in individual cases, the present system at least assures the greater number of classes having a teacher with a minimum of two years at Prince of Wales College, rather than one.

Still Safer Aloft

The recent string of airplane crashes and consequent fatalities may revive the impression that travelling by air is more dangerous than by any other means. Statistics tell a different story, points out the Ottawa Citizen.

Air crashes are always spectacular. They draw headlines while auto smash-ups are only underlined on long, holiday week-ends when a total of deaths on the highways is compiled and publicized. Yet, based on the number of fatalities per 100,000,000 passenger miles, scheduled airlines come second to railroads on the safety scoreboard. Autos and taxis have the worst record. Within the last year, there have been no fatalities on Canada's scheduled domestic lines and only one on an international route—and that off the hazard-bound coast of Alaska.

In relation to miles travelled, the number of air fatalities on domestic and international runs in the United States, has been dropping steadily since 1945. On the same basis, both were below the figure for autos and taxis last year.

Airline safety charts are all the more striking when the tremendous increase in the number of planes and passengers is taken into consideration. Throughout the world, the number of passenger air miles flown has more than tripled since the end of the Second World War; passenger totals

als have shown a similar jump and airline revenue is running between four and five times above the 1945 rate. Air Transport Board records show that the figures for Canada are higher than the world wide average.

Actually, the current rash of air fatalities is chiefly among military planes and non-scheduled lines. Statistics for the scheduled lines strongly indicate that we may still be safer scudding into the wild blue yonder in a Skymaster than meandering down a district highway in the family car.

EDITORIAL NOTES

To be or not to be, that is the question regarding the proposed Royal Visit.

Hospitals are kept busy these days looking after the victims of highway accidents.

Competition will be keen at the Provincial Plowing Match at Dundas. Results are ever uncertain but one sure winner is Island agriculture.

It is odd that the two main parties in the United Kingdom both follow a policy of strong centralized government. It is only the almost extinct Liberals who want to see government activity restricted.

Recruiting is the order of the day. There is no longer the inducement of national glory and expansion but, at least as imperative, is the call to bar aggression and bring closer the rule of law.

Attention is directed to an advertisement in another part of this issue warning trespassers to keep off the Experimental Farm in consequence of thievery and mischief, that have been committed.

Ontario and a town of the same name welcomes an Old Country Mayor. The Mayor of Leamington, England, Alderman O. R. Davidson, was asked to open the flower show at Leamington, Ont., when he visited there Monday.

The Island has long been familiar to people abroad because of the missionary activities of displaced Islanders, but it is only since the air age that significant numbers of visitors from Europe have been able to see for themselves.

Leading Canadian newspapers are almost unanimous in expressing the unfairness it would be to leave to Princess Elizabeth to decide for herself whether she should abandon the long-looked forward visit to her future subjects in Canada.

Sympathy will be felt for Mr. Graybiel, president of the Windsor Star, and his associates Mrs. Herman, Mrs. Lawson and Mr. W. L. Clark, in the death of Mrs. Graybiel who, like them, spent enjoyable vacations here.

Old Age Pensioners in this Province are likely to total over 6,350, without means test, at \$40 per month. The figures given the other day were those of seventy and over who have registered to date, taking no account of some 3,220 presently in receipt of the pension.

Cuthbert, Lord Collingwood, British admiral, was born this date 1750. He fought on shore in the battle of Bunker Hill and later began a lifelong friendship with Nelson. He gained great distinction at the battle off Cape St. Vincent in 1797, was second in command at Trafalgar, taking over on Nelson's death.

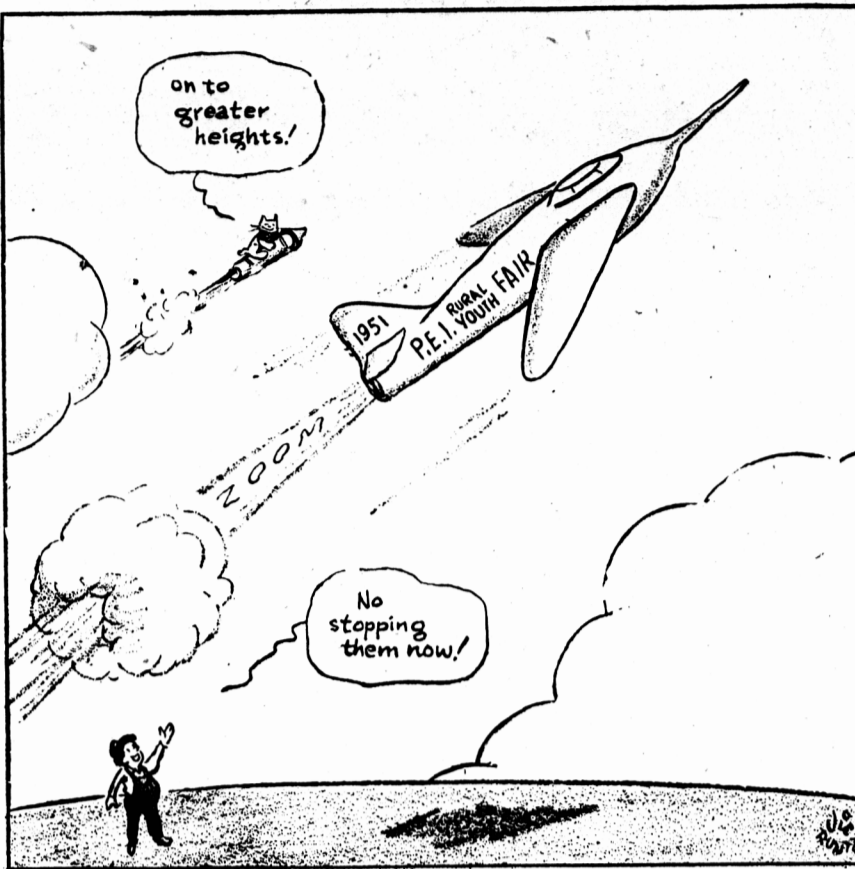
In days not far distant it was British manufacturers who chiefly supplied China and India too with their manufactured requirements. Now India herself has undertaken to supply China with 20,000,000 yards of cloth which previously would have come from British mills, keeping thousands of British workmen and women busy.

The Prime Minister and the Minister of Finance are of one mind in telling taxpayers that the special session of Parliament next month, at an additional cost of \$4,000 plus per member, is for the purpose of increasing taxes not reducing them. Their attitude is that you can't expect to eat your baby-bonus-and-old-age-pension cakes and at the same time be entitled to reduced taxation.

Airdales are being enlisted in the R. A. F. Postwar recruits to the R. A. F. who receive no pay, get no leave and wear no uniforms are the R. A. F.'s Alsatian Police dogs, serving at home stations as well as in Germany, the Middle East and the Far East. The dogs are proving successful for ground duties and are given ranks of their own. A recruit is Air Dog 2 and may be promoted to Air Dog 1, leading Air Dog and, finally, Instructor Air Dog. Instructor Air Dogs are used by their handlers to train new recruits.

It has become fashionable, of late years, at a function like this to pour drinks; but every one seemed to have had a perfectly good time without the stimulation of liquor with no regrets

Successfully Launched



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.

GOOD PLOWING ESSENTIAL

Sir—Your editorial on "Plowing Match Revivals", also that excellent cartoon on "Good Plowing" (Guardian, Sept. 19), reminded this city reader of the fact that "plowing" is one of the most basic activities of mankind—ranging from the most primitive types, not far removed from the original "crooked stick" (lost in the misty past, but of which there are still fair samples in the ancient lands of the peasant East) to North America's 1951 "Man on the Tractor". It is true that 90 per cent of the people in the world's cities have forgotten it, but the iron fact remains that their lives depend upon "good plowing", and the people at work "in the furrow", and what your artist terms "the good earth".

I was reminded, also, of the following couplet: "He planted where the deluge ploughed, His hands were wind and cloud." Then, too, I remembered this tender reference to "Burns": "The horses pass by, with their looped chains swinging, But one team tramps through the night and day, With a lonely ploughman behind them singing A song so sweet it will still hold sway— When songs of the purple have passed away!"

Finally, there is this very practical reference, by one of today's farm journals, to the fact that the tractor is steadily gaining a grim notoriety as the most lethal implement on the farm: "What the farmers need today is a fool-proof tractor. . . Strange, is it not, how erosion has become such a problem since the tractor displaced the horse? Horses could work around those slopes without too much difficulty. . . As the condition gets worse, the advice to farmers to contour plow their land and re-grass the knolls becomes more urgent. So it comes down to a necessity on the part of the tractor makers to do something with their iron horsepower. It should not be too difficult an engineering job to devise a tip-proof tractor. Or at least one that would have a much lower centre of gravity, so that it would not tip so easily?" (Farm and Ranch Review).

I am, Sir, etc., Toronto, Ont.

GOOD CHEER WITHOUT CORDIALS

Sir—On the 19th, the Prince Edward Lodge of Masons met for its annual banquet in Mary Stewart's spacious restaurant in Cavendish. About 60 couples sat down to a turkey dinner. After dinner an interesting program was put on. Mr. Elton Woodside showed us a film, just released, on Newfoundland, a wonderful set of pictures of that most interesting country, its brave people, and its vast industries. The whale fishing set was startling in its realism. If you cannot visit Newfoundland this picture will put you there.

Among other stunts that made us laugh was the latest fashion show in which five men, each well known to the guests, were painted and dressed up in the latest hats, and "society" gowns. As each came in "her" attire was described in technical language by the chairman, Mr. Wendell MacKay. Their feet did give them away. The long gowns helped to shroud them; but from there up, the "ladies" were really magnificent. Our laughs greatly helped to digest our heavy night supper.

It has become fashionable, of late years, at a function like this to pour drinks; but every one seemed to have had a perfectly good time without the stimulation of liquor with no regrets

Happy Families

(The Times)

Now that the last echo of the skirling pipes has died away and the clansmen from Chicago and points east and west, having folded up their family tartan kilts, are back in mufti, it is safe to reflect, from the sunny side of the Border, on a remarkable gathering.

No mother country, except Scotland, could thus have brought her exiled children together cheered by the belief that they knew all about their ancestors. Most men would like to be able to trace family roots deep down into the centuries but, lacking the clan clue to guide them, they get quickly lost. They order this matter better in Scotland. There, surnames are comparatively few and some 40 or 50 big clans absorb a large proportion of the Scottish names.

This pleasant tradition allows an individual, whose forebears emigrated generations ago and whose appearance of the ploughs, teams and harness. The members dined together at the house of Mr. John MacMicken, when the thanks of the Society were unanimously voted to the Lieutenant Governor, for his very liberal donation, which the President, Mr. Samuel Green, was directed to take the first opportunity of communicating to His Excellency."

For English tourists there is no such stimulus. Even if they have served in a regiment that took part in the battle, on the winning side, their pulses remain unwhirled. Regimental association, strong though it is, has not the same glamour as a clan name. Nor has a southern surname. Who called Hood fancied himself in a previous incarnation clad in Lincoln green and shooting arrows into sheriffs? What Smith claims kinship with Wayland?

When southerners do take a hand in this game they play it coolly. Highest points go to anyone who came over with the Conqueror, so that his expeditionary force must have been the largest to land on either side of the Channel before D Day. Hardly anyone seems to have had an ancestor who fought for Harold, although the English preference for lost causes is notorious. A further oddity to be noted by anthropologists studying the island way of life is that the Welsh and Irish, for all their pride of nationalism, have allowed themselves hopelessly to be beaten by the Scots in this contest.

The Kings of Munster and so forth have, nowadays, fewer confident descendants, even on St. Patrick's Day, than they had in the recent past. Welsh pedigrees are lengthy and involved, but they lack the free and easy universality of the Scottish clan connexions.

Scotland may not have reached the perfect society but she does feel, or at least has, a generally felt impulse of human curiosity. How fascinating it would be to possess a genuine family tree that went back for hundreds of years. The speed at which the record fades is lamentable. Even the memory of those indispensable old ladies who are the verbal historians of many families gives out as a rule by the eighteenth century—if not before.

Most people know about their grandfathers; only a lucky few can trace those grandfathers' nor any hang-over from the festive evening.

One of the defects in the new Temperance Act is the loophole that grants to clubs and special license to distribute liquor (sec. 15 b & d of the Act), which often leads to unfortunate results. Intelligent and decent people can have a first class, good time without liquor. There is really no need for these special permits, which are opening so many more outlets for liquor, especially in Charlottetown and Summerside.

I am, Sir, etc., Stanley Bridge.

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

PLOWING MATCH IN PRINCE

"The annual Ploughing Match of the Prince County Agricultural Society took place on the 3rd inst. at the Pavilion Farm, St. Eleanor's. Nine ploughs started in competition for the prizes, which His Excellency Lieutenant Governor Ready's second donation of Three Pounds, as well as several private gifts (one of which was a new plough, presented by Mr. Robert Milligan, the Secretary) enabled the Society to award on this occasion. The work was admirably performed, and the judges had some difficulty in deciding on the merits of the different competitors. Mr. James Hall obtained the plough."

"In the ploughing there was a very decided improvement compared with last year's, as well in the appearance of the ploughs, teams and harness. The members dined together at the house of Mr. John MacMicken, when the thanks of the Society were unanimously voted to the Lieutenant Governor, for his very liberal donation, which the President, Mr. Samuel Green, was directed to take the first opportunity of communicating to His Excellency."

—Royal Gazette, Nov. 23, 1830.

grandfathers. It is no consolation to learn from relentless judges of evidence like Round that legend descends quickly on the most exalted genealogies. To be introduced to an ancestor who was contemporary with Queen Anne would be delightful. If only the Browns and Robinsons were divided into clans the trick could be done. As things are, the ancestor is, alas, more dead than the Queen.

The Poet's Corner

FROM THANATOPSIS

So shalt thou rest: and what if thou withdraw In silence from the living, and no friend Take note of thy departure? All that breathe Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care Plod on, and each one as before His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave Their mirth and their employments, and shall come And make their bed with thee. As the long train Of ages glide away, the sons of men, The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes In the full strength of years, matron and maid, The speechless babe, and the grey-headed man— Shall one by one be gathered to thy side: By those who in their turn shall follow them.

—William Cullen Bryant.

The Age-Old Story

Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honor thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth.

Fall Samples Have Arrived If you are interested in a Suit, Topcoat or Overcoat that fits, call at J.P. MacPherson & Son 127 Queen St.

Lessons From Europe In Community Progress

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

IN POST-WAR LONDON

We were in England. The accent was different, the money was different, everything was different. There was no center aisle on the train; we went into our compartment and closed the door. The tickets having been collected at the station. Soon we were in London, but it was more than an hour's drive into the heart of the city.

The outskirts were not impressive—ancient brick buildings, smoky back yards, narrow streets with little color, or just large open spaces. We met two or three freight trains hauling dozens of small "goods wagons" which appeared rather primitive when compared with our freight cars at home. But we knew nothing about everyday life in England yet.

At St. Pancras station in the heart of London we did not have to ask for a porter. They were there by the dozens, and the one at whom we had unwittingly nodded soon gathered in all our baggage and ordered us to follow him. Our Scottish friends were still with us, and helped us to figure out the shillings and pence for the porter.

In the station restaurant, we got our first impression of English rationing and meals. But here was an air of refinement. The waiters were in ties and swallow tails, (even the bank messengers in London wear top hats and tails) and the bar men insisted that we have a drink after such a long trip. For dinner we had a choice between steaks and curried chicken.

My wife never ate curried chicken before, and I'll never forget the homesick look on her face when she tasted it. "It's nothing but pepper and bread crumbs. Where is the chicken?" The waiter overheard her and anxiously assured us that it was a very special dish for today, a dish which they did not have for quite some time.

As it was early in the day we decided to go to our hotel by bus. We asked a "station Bobby" for directions and set out for the bus stop. But all the buses and cars were travelling on the wrong side of the street and we were nearly run over several times before we became accustomed to the left-hand traffic. There were the double-decker buses, a steady stream of them. There were scores of newswires, with a variety of different papers, shouting their heads off on the street corners.

Our 23 arrival street corners. Then we stepped to get a better view. The conductor, a young girl, came up, shouting something in an accent which we took to be a demand for tickets. From my handbag I took the price of two singles to Marble Arch, and promised to "call it out".

Now we could see London, in the heart of the world. There was so much to be seen that we could not lose any time. The traffic kept moving. There were shops everywhere, some large and elaborate, some simple and small. The streets were narrow. People were rushing about, but yet there was an air of order, of confidence, and purpose. Our hotel was small but homelike. As soon as we got settled, we sent telegrams to some friends who had made the arrangements for us, but whom we had never met. Next morning I had to see the authorities about my scholarship, and Mary went to the Ministry of Education. She had to earn enough money to pay her way and preferred her old profession of teaching to any other job. We had a long weekend, however, to see London.

We began our sight-seeing tour at the usual place, Hyde Park, strolled from there down Park Lane and across to Buckingham Palace where we waited to see the ceremonial changing of the guard. What a thrill to see them march down in their scarlet tunics, high fur caps and rifles! The pageantry, the style and the tradition of the ceremony make it easy to understand why every Londoner, every Englishman, and every British citizen abroad is proud of his heritage.

Without seeing the parks of London, it is hard to appreciate their significance. Thousands of children are playing, old people are sunning, droves of tourists are roaming around in admiration. Acres and acres of green parkland with shrubs, trees and walks are encircling the heart of the world's greatest metropolis. It is easy to wander in silence and awe here in the heart of London, in the very heart of our Anglo-Saxon world. But you have not time to linger.

We went down past Clarence House, the home of Princess Elizabeth and her children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne. It is not far from there down to Westminster, the pulse of London. There, the old palace, begun by Edward the Confessor and completed by William the Conqueror, stands on the banks of the Thames. It is better known as the Houses of Parliament. It has three towers, but the one in front, Big Ben, is the most famous. It is three hundred and sixteen feet from the high water mark of the river, which is only a few feet away. The whole building is so steeped in history and architecture that it defies description.

We were fortunate in joining an organized tour through the old part of the building which includes the House of Lords, the main paintings, and the crypt. The House of Commons was destroyed during the war, but was rebuilt and opened just last fall. Across the street is Westminster Abbey, looking from the outside like an old and stately structure, a relic of earlier centuries. Inside, (To be continued)

(Footnote: * This world-famous monument was erected to give Nelson a good view of the sea, and from time to time, even today, there is a movement in England to clear away the many large buildings that obscure his vision.