

THE GUARDIAN

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CHARLOTTETOWN, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1952

Defending Air Fields

The R. C. A. F. is not, of course, designed for the fighting of battles on land. It must necessarily depend upon the Army to conduct field operations to keep the tide of battle from its installations whenever possible. On the other hand in modern warfare attacks may take place with great suddenness and relatively small enemy forces might well take or destroy vital air fields before military forces could be brought up.

It is of the greatest importance, therefore, that the man-power actually on the spot should be prepared to deal with any assault by an enemy force not disproportionate to their own numbers. At least they should be able to hold up such a raid until the arrival of reinforcements.

A valuable step in such preparedness is the Ground Defence School which the R. C. A. F. will open at its station at Camp Borden, Ont., this month. It is not to be expected that airmen will become familiar with all the arts of ground operations, but when attacked they should be able to give a good account of themselves.

A Serious Problem

One Presbyterian minister amongst 250,000 people is the depressing figure on Northern Manitoba given to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Other localities and other denominations may not be in quite such a bad way but the problem of finding sufficient recruits for the ministry seems to be common to all.

The teaching profession also, which was historically a clerical field, is suffering from a marked disinclination of young people to prepare themselves for its great tasks and very modest rewards. The story is the same whether we look around us in this country or at the United Kingdom.

The Weekly Scotsman carries an article by the Rev. L. J. A. Bell in which he quotes the declining numbers of students preparing themselves for the ministry, indicating that there are now "exactly about one-third of the requirements to replace even the normal wastage." Mr. Bell points out that ministers' salaries have quite failed to keep pace with the rising cost of living. A quite wealthy parish, for instance, in an Edinburgh suburb provided its minister with £800 a year and a manse in 1901. In 1952 the salary had risen to £819. "Either they were being paid far too much at the turn of the century, or the payment is hopelessly inadequate fifty years later."

The low-paid posts are even worse and, writes Mr. Bell, "If there were any 'plums' today, I do not know them. Levelling-up and levelling-down have been proceeding remorselessly. Fifty years ago, salaries might range between £150 and £1500, but now the scale is much less, and of all the 2000-odd charges in the Church, the fingers of two hands might suffice to count the few where the stipend crosses the £1000-mark."

The picture is certainly no brighter here and such modest increases as have been adopted do not go very far towards remedying it.

June Howlers

June and examination papers inevitably mean a new crop of howlers. The latest picking, gathered over a wide area, by the Hamilton Spectator, shows some choice specimens of hybridization.

The student must have been a hitch-hiker who wrote: The Trojans rode a wooden horse and said: "Beware the Greeks, asking for lifts." Another one stated that Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock. The motto of the French revolution was given as "Liberty, Equality and Fertility." Rome was overthrown by an invasion of Huns and Osteopaths. William Tell was the man who shot an arrow while standing on his son's head. They gave William IV an impressive funeral; it took six stout men to carry the beer.

Coming to geography, latitude is that state which tells you how hot you are, and longitude how cold you are. De Lesseps was afraid that if he cut through the Isthmus of Panama, South America would float away.

Anatomy and first-aid work also brought out some startling viewpoints. If a man is bleeding from a wound in the head, a tourniquet should be placed around

his neck. To halt a nosebleed, you should stand on your head until your heart stops beating. Hygiene is that state of keeping clean when it is not necessary. One important thing about the skeleton is that, if you once sit down without it, you can't stand up again. Space between our bones is filled with mucilage.

As for biology, polyps are said to swim about the sea when they are young and when they get older they fasten themselves on their relations and live like that for the rest of their lives. Getting down to social behaviour, chivalry is described as the attitude of a man toward a strange woman—rather a shrewd definition at that.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The feast of St. Barnabas.

Returned youthful veterans had a cordial official welcome from both Charlottetown and Summerside yesterday.

The C. N. R. bus hearing in the City elicited a full and free expression of opinion both pro and con. Mr. Gaffney proved to have a complete mastery of the subject in hand.

The Very Rev. Dr. R. H. Strachan of Cambridge told the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church that fearless and intelligent preaching by its ministers is the method whereby the Church should seek to combat the ideology of Communism.

Mr. N. D. MacLean is to be congratulated upon being re-elected president of the Maritime Association. This, together with his chairmanship of the P. E. I. Hospital, should keep him fully occupied in his spare time, of which he has not much, from his two-fold commercial business.

One of Charlottetown's rising young business men is being laid to rest this afternoon at 2 p.m. Mr. J. Oscar Diamond had just laid the foundation of a successful enterprise when carried away in the prime of life. We join in offering condolences to his bereaved wife and children.

A loyal address from the Church of Scotland was presented to the Queen at Buckingham Palace on Friday by a deputation led by the Moderator of the General Assembly, the Right Rev. Dr. W. White Anderson. The Church of Scotland is one of the bodies possessing the privilege of presenting addresses to the Sovereign personally.

He must be a Communist. John Malcolm Warner, 21, was charged at Coventry, England, with bringing a live Colorado beetle (potato bug) and a number of eggs home after a vacation in France. A policeman told the court that he had found them in a small plastic box in a taxi standing near Warner's home. Precautions against the bug, said witness, cost the state \$90,000 a year.

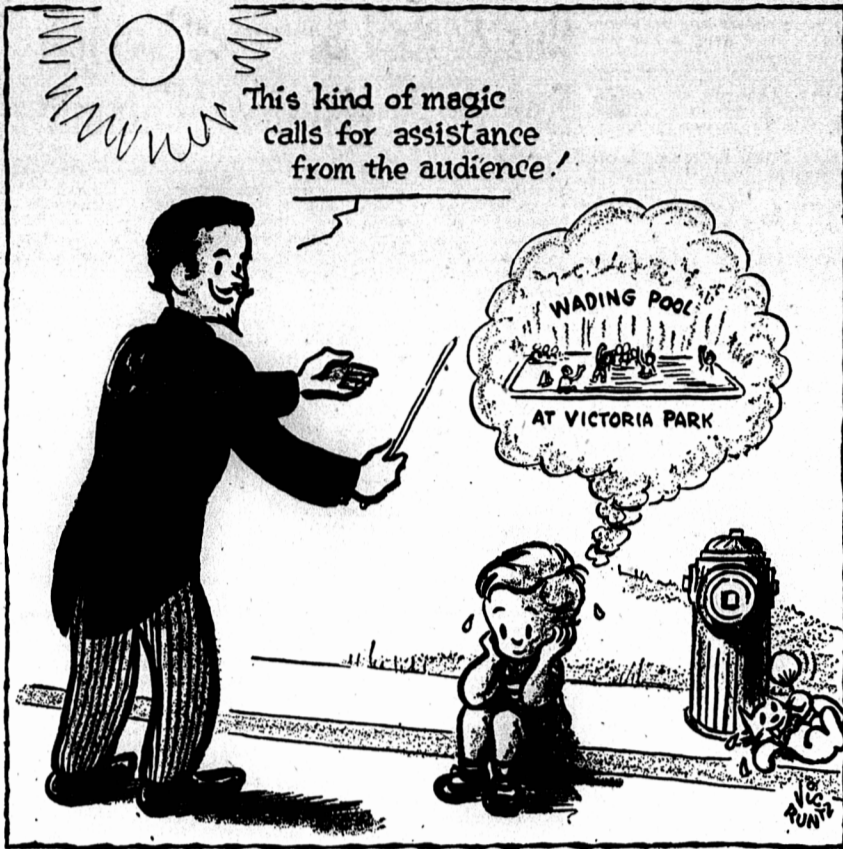
Mr. Driscoll's retirement from the Government service at the Experimental Station is another example of a man in his prime being laid off a job of which he is an expert and while at the top of his efficiency. The day may not be far distant when seventy will be the Civil Service compulsory retiring age, and not sixty or sixty-five.

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The Federal government still is trying to collect from western farmers for seed grain distributed between 1886 and 1926. Resources Minister Winters said in the Commons that the seed-grain debt totals \$4,973,625—the principal amounting to \$1,767,618 and the interest to \$3,206,307. The government spent \$15,000 last year to collect \$49,000. Several Opposition members urged that the debts be written off the records and save further expense.

One of the oddities of the recent by-election in the Quebec riding of Roberval (says The Gazette) was the Conservatives, hard-pressed for French-language orators, tossed Toronto lawyer Donald Fleming (PC—Eglington) into the fray on a full-time basis. Fleming's one of the few members of the House whose mother tongue is English, yet rates as bilingual. His French falls a long way short of perfection, but he is reasonably fluent. Quebec Conservatives say the experiment was a complete success which contributed to their surprise win.

To Make A Dream Come True



This kind of magic calls for assistance from the audience!

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

HOME PRODUCTIONS

The show of Island manufactures and productions at the Temperance Hall on Wednesday last, we consider by far the best that has ever been made in this Colony.

The specimens of the handwork of our farmers' wives and daughters, consisting of woolen and linen cloths, shawls, earth rugs, etc., were excellent, and afforded proof that there may be produced on the Island, of very superior quality, many of those articles which are now imported from Great Britain. The home-spun and flannel manufactured in the Colony are far more durable than any we import. These articles might be extensively manufactured, and there is no good reason why they should not constitute a very valuable export. We are aware that in England a ready market may be found for as many yards of homespun as can be supplied.

The horticultural productions were such as we believe no other country in North America could produce. Cauliflower, cabbage and pumpkins were to be seen of colossal dimensions—several of the latter weighing upwards of 1 cwt.—and onions, celery, beet root, parsnips and carrots, well grown of extraordinary size. The display of apples was limited; there were, however, several very excellent varieties. Mr. Beer exhibited several bunches of very fine grapes.

"Cast-steel axes and hay-forks were contributed by Mr. Elisha Weatherbe, of Lot 49, all very neatly finished. The same ingenious mechanic also exhibited an improved reaping and sowing machine which has been pronounced by competent judges to be superior of any of the American importations. Iron ploughs, of Island manufacture, were also exhibited.

"We were pleased to notice a large contribution of very excellent baskets, made by Mr. Lane, of Dunstaffnage, from the basket willow. Our friend Colonel Swabe, we are happy to say, saw these baskets, and we feel assured that the old gentleman experienced no little delight, as he reflected on all that he had said and written on the propriety of encouraging this important branch of manufacture, and dwell in imagination upon the great benefits which the Colony would be now enjoying, had its people, years ago, taken his advice, and on a large scale planted the willow, and gone into the old trade of basket making. Baskets are very necessary articles in this potato-growing Island, and the sooner some few people turn their attention to them the better."

—The Islander, Nov. 1, 1861.

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Notes By The Way

Fifty years ago a man counted it for righteousness that he should swing a stick at a carpet to knock the dust out of it. Nowadays, a man leaves the carpet to the vacuum cleaner and swals a little golf ball instead. —Toronto Star.

Death of an America novelist following a collision of two cars at a city street intersection in the early hours of Saturday morning snapped a string of 2135 consecutive days in which Cornwall remained free of a fatal traffic accident. Prior to Saturday there had not been a fatal traffic mishap in Cornwall proper since April 16, 1946. —Cornwall Standard-Freeholder.

In St Andrew's Church, Barrie, services are held each Sabbath in English and Dutch, the latter for the benefit of immigrants from Holland. This is no exception. In several parts of Ontario, United, Presbyterian or other denominations have made their churches available for Dutch or other immigrants to hold services. It is a fine example of religious co-operation, and friendliness to new citizens. —Windsor Star.

Parents of an eleven-year-old boy, taking the evening off, engaged a sitter of long standing, or sitting, who arrived after his charge's usual bed time, settled down in the living room with a book.

The Potato Problem

(Ottawa Citizen) Just over a century ago a potato famine led to one of the greatest migrations in history. That was when late blight devastated the Irish potato crop.

Today, a whole continent is in the grip of another shortage of this essential vegetable. It has led to fantastically high prices, the like of which have not been known except in remote places—in modern times. Many have read yarns by Jack London and others of the Klondike days when the potato was virtually worth its weight in gold; miners suffered from dietary deficiencies, and having or not having potatoes might mean actually the difference between life or death. No such alarming prospect faces Canadians in 1952, because there are alternatives to fall back on, but it is serious enough just the same.

Reductions of acreage accompanied by unfavorable weather are the causes of the continental shortage. Farmers in both Canada and the United States found other crops offered them more attractive returns, and acted accordingly. Now that prices are sky high, there are signs of a swing back to potato production—in the Maritimes, at any rate—though it is too early to judge the extent of the trend.

Authorities are divided in their opinions as to the effect of a low price support policy upon the Canadian picture. One school holds that it has made little difference in influencing growers, because the floor was set below the cost of production. The other extreme is represented by a Nova Scotia marketing official, who argues that consumers paid reasonable prices for potatoes in the years 1946 and 1948 when a subsidy cost Ottawa \$1,817,000, and that they will pay perhaps \$60 million more than last year because effective support was withheld from the market.

While this argument appears to overlook the effect of weather in cutting down potato supplies, the basic proposition is surely sound—that an adequate support program benefits in the long run, both producer and consumer. Such a program admittedly is difficult to apply to a crop that can be grown easily in any back yard, and the trouble with support for the potato market is that if conditions are made too attractive a glut may result. But in its understandable caution the federal government seems to have helped to discourage production, and it may well wonder whether the risk of superabundance was not preferable to the potato famine of 1845-52.

Room 11, he checked the boy's bedroom and found it empty. He was about to call the police when the lad stroled in. "Made as much money as you did this evening," he said, and explained that he'd been sitting for the five-year-old son of a neighbor.—New Yorker.

During an electricity failure the puppy belonging to Mrs. Florence Hitch, of Cowper Road, Huntingdon, ran off with her wallet, containing \$49 she had saved for her husband's tombstone. Afterwards no trace of it could be found. A week later the puppy became stuck under the bath. Mrs. Hitch released him, and there beside him, where he had hidden it, was the wallet, with the money intact. —London Daily Mail.

Plans have been prepared for an 11-story building as Vancouver's main public library. The Diligens Rocks, a small group in the Babuyan Islands, northeast of Luzon in the Pacific Ocean, have turned into a large volcano. The report states that where formerly there were three rocks about 200, 215 and 270 in height, there now appears a single formation of about 800 feet in height and surmounted by a crater, from which dense volumes of steam and smoke are erupting. In April, 1900, clouds of condensed steam were seen coming from the area and it is assumed that the three rocks shown on a chart were part of a collapsed crater of a volcano, which has now reappeared.—London Times.

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The Age-Old Story

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. . . Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Peanuts No Doubt

(Ottawa Journal) In the House of Commons the other day they were discussing the estimates of the Department of Transport, and in particular an item of \$54,700 for the operation and maintenance of five private railway cars for the use of the Governor General, the Prime Minister, the Minister of Transport and the cabinet in general.

Conservative and C. C. F. members questioned the expenditure, and Mr. Chevier, Minister of Transport, showed his resentment. He said nobody was disputing the part of the item for keeping up the Governor General's two cars—last year they cost \$34,216—so the whole argument was over the remaining \$20,000. And the minister continued:

"So we are arguing about \$20,000; that is all we are arguing about. . . Are we going to quibble about \$20,000? . . . It is not \$54,700 we are arguing about; it is \$20,000. That is what we are arguing about. If my hon. friends want to argue about that let them go to it."

The quotation is from Hansard, and it indicates clearly one of the reasons for the disaster which overtook the Government in by-elections. Ministers have come to entertain a lordly indifference to the taxpayer's dollar, and word of this attitude got around. "Are we going to quibble about \$20,000?" asks the Minister of Transport.

The Passing Scene

By Observer CRANKS A man who writes frequent and interesting letters to The Guardian calls himself a crank. He means, of course, that he is a crank in all things concerning the manufacture, sale, and use of intoxicating liquors, not that he is one in general sense. And yet, if he were, there is no reason in the world why he should make the confession with the least hint of apology, for he would be in excellent company. The fact is, as any serious student of the human story must know, that so-called cranks have always been in the forefront of progress. Indeed, without them it is difficult to see how the human race could have made any advance at all. Turn where you like,—to philosophy, religion, art, science, and you will find the crank hard at work while the worshippers of ordinary and the followers of the status quo slumbered or slept. From the rising up of the sun to the going down of the same it has always been he who has given originality, zest, and spice to the art of living.

Recently I have been renewing acquaintance with Socrates, that great man of whom Plato wrote "he was in death the noblest, in life the wisest and most just." There was a crank, if anyone ever deserved the name. In fact, the only real charge against him was that he was not content to let things alone as they were. His ideas of right and wrong simply did not conform to the prevailing fashion, although for many centuries now they have been accorded almost oracular respect. No one observed the moral laws of his country more scrupulously than he. His "crankiness" lay in his desire to see them infused with the breath of life, while his critics were content to regard them as cold, lifeless statutes, convenient but not absolute. "I shall not change my ways," he said, "though I die a thousand deaths." For this stubbornness he was forced to drink the hemlock. What an incurable crank this mild-mannered man turned out to be!

More than 400 years later there appeared in the established Hebrew tradition another man just as cranky as Socrates, or even more so. His name was Paul. His conversion to Christianity was not in itself especially alarming to his erstwhile colleagues. Had he been content to put new patches on an old garment, to mix a bit of Christian idealism with the old established traditions, he would undoubtedly have saved himself a lot of trouble, but it is safe to say that Christianity would never have become a world religion. Here, too, the law was deeply involved. To most of the teachers of the day the letter of the law was what mattered. To Paul, the letter, that is to say, pure legalism, meant nothing in itself. "The spirit," he said, "giveth life." Once more a man was regarded with suspicion and accounted an eccentric, not because he despised the law (there is no evidence that he ever did that) but because he wanted to see it put to use for the betterment of man.

Going back quite a way before Paul's time, what was the Hebrew prophets but cranks? Always ahead of their contemporaries in moral and spiritual insight, they could not rest so long as injustice, sham, moral disarray, intellectual stagnation, were allowed to keep God's people from reaching out to their true destiny. Then, as now, secularism was the real enemy of righteousness which alone can exalt a nation, and secularism is never put to rout by fearful men. It is the innovator, the adventurer, the man who likes to live dangerously and explore for himself what lies beyond the mountain of the crank, if you like) who is able to breathe new life into the hard, dry bones of lethargy and complacency. "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness." What a heroic vision that man had! How desperately we need that kind of a vision today! And yet, we can be reasonably certain that the man who saw that vision and who tried with all his might to bring it to reality was considered a crank and a fanatic.

Whatever labels Christians may bear, all will agree that John Wesley deserves an honoured place in the story of religion. Whatever his faults and limitations, no one would deny that he earned a seat among the prophets of history. Nevertheless, his stout opposition to slavery in any form, his insistence on nobility of the soul in stead of rank and position, his stern, uncompromising preaching of social righteousness in a day when such a thing was practically unheard of, his unceasing attacks on ecclesiastical parochialism, his habit of linking sound economic principles with the Christian gospel, his castigation of all sorts of sham in all sorts of places, including the Churches,—all these things proclaimed him to be the outstanding incurable crank of his generation.

Several centuries before Wesley's time another crank walked the highways and byways of life in the person of St. Francis of Assisi, whom one historian has called "the John Wesley of the 13th century, whom the Church did not cast out." While other monks were content to read their offices in solitude and to pray for the souls of men, this one went out of his way to become acquainted with poverty and misery in order, as he said, "that the bodies of men might be helped to salvation as well as their souls."

This is a newspaper article, not a sermon, and yet it may not be amiss to point out that the noblest Person who ever walked the common ways was, during his lifetime, looked upon as a crank and a fanatic. His own kindred thought he was out of his mind. As for the historians of that period, they regarded him as a temporary nuisance. Hardly worth mentioning in their stories. Even his closest friends finally arrived at the conclusion that his cause was much too visionary to have any reasonable chance of success. At any rate, we are told that when the going got really rough "they all forsook him and fled." Later, apparently, they came to themselves, but at the time his fanaticism must have seemed impractical and unbearable.

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