

THE GUARDIAN

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Editor and Managing Director, J. M. Durnett Associate Editor, Frank Walker. "The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink" CHARLOTTETOWN WEDNESDAY, FEB. 28, 1951

Dragons' Teeth Of Yalta

Six years have passed since a sick and ailing President of the United States accompanied a weary British war leader to Yalta on the shores of the Crimean Sea, to confer with a cunning Communist called Stalin concerning the postwar world.

Consider, in retrospect, the consequences of these fateful conferences. Was it the better part of wisdom to hand over half of Poland without protest to the Soviet Union? Did the transfer of a large segment of German territory to Poland in return make sense?

Yalta, in retrospect, ranks with Munich as a synonym for betrayal. For Churchill and Roosevelt that betrayal was not deliberate.

There are those today who believe that Stalin merits a place at the conference table. Big Four talks are in the offing.

Pittance For P.E.I.

Eighty-two per cent of the value of Federal Government contracts in the first nine months of the current fiscal year were placed in Ontario and Quebec.

It is, of course, in the interests of economy in government that contracts should be placed where the best value can be secured for the money.

Island members in the House of Commons would be performing a valuable service to their constituents by undertaking an investigation of the contracts let by the Canadian Commercial Corporation with the view to determining how many of these contracts could have been filled in this Province.

Highlighting Farm Activities

British farming will be on show in a big way at the Festival of Britain which opens on May 3rd and continues through September.

At the South Bank Exhibition in London—the centrepiece of the Festival—there will be a large section of special interest to agriculturists, with live animals and growing crops that change as the season advances.

that has been carried out for many years at the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew. Another story, told photographically and with a wealth of statistics, is that of the Monterey pine which was taken from the coast of California and developed in New Zealand and South Africa as the major constituent of vast forests.

A day's car drive from London there is another Festival project: the Hillside Farm Scheme at Bala, in the rugged mountainous region of Merioneth, North Wales.

Across the Irish Sea, Northern Ireland has a magnificent Festival programme with a multitude of local agricultural shows and sporting events, and an outstanding agricultural exhibition on the outskirts of Belfast telling the whole story of Northern Ireland's farming development.

EDITORIAL NOTES

War and mud somehow seem inseparable, even in winter-bound Korea.

The Liberal rally at Ottawa should clear the political air for a while at least. Government policies of late have certainly been in need of sharper definition.

Farmers have been advised to hold off shipping potatoes for a week or so. Except the fortunates with a private siding, most farmers have not been in a position to disregard the suggestion.

The original "shimmy" girl, now 48, proposes a comeback and claims she is as agile as ever. Well, it won't matter a great deal if she does prove to be a bit shaky.

St. David's Day. The patron saint of Wales is recorded to have been the bishop of Menevia, to have presided at two Welsh synods and died about 601 but the rest is blank, or rather wonderfully fanciful legend.

Montaigne was born this date 1533 near Bordeaux. He retired from a law practice in 1570 having already published his translation of "Theologia Naturalis."

Just to show that the children of the upper classes in England are prepared to make guinea-pigs of themselves for the sake of science and the future of the race, seven children—sons and daughters of Cambridge University scientists—are undergoing feeding tests which will determine whether it is safe to eat plants treated with new insecticides.

Critics of the U. S. position re peace negotiations, say that there should be evidence of willingness to make peace. That evidence has been present in the clearest outline, for a long time.

Electricity is finding ever wider use in the farm home, writes H. M. Turner, President, Canadian General Electric Company, Ltd., in The Gazette Commercial Review and Forecast. Almost 66,000 rural customers were added in 1950, and it is estimated that in the next five years 200,000 more will be served by electric utilities.

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.

ROCKY POINT SERVICE

Sir—We wish to take this opportunity to express our gratitude to R. R. Bell, leader of the Opposition for his untiring efforts in our behalf, in the promptness of restoring the motor boat between Rocky Point and Charlottetown; especially to the writer of the letter which appeared in your paper, Feb. 26th inst., signed "P.J.M." which was instrumental in placing the conditions before the Government. Also we are indebted to the Government for their prompt attention to this matter, and we hope that in the future a more needed improvement will be forthcoming.

I am, Sir, etc., PROPERTY OWNER Rocky Point.

TEACHERS' SALARIES

Sir—In the House of Commons recently, Mr. McLure, sole representative for Queen's County, stated in effect that he was receiving telegrams from his constituency urging Federal aid to education, and that he is in favor of it. He recalls that he, himself, started on a teaching career when the yearly salary in Prince Edward Island was \$225.

Mr. McLure is correct. He and I were contemporaries in the teaching profession, and besides receiving \$225 per annum, I was honored in my school and final year by being voted a supplement of \$15 by the ratepayers at the annual meeting.

That was over fifty years ago, and teachers' salaries remained at that until the Bell Liberal Government increased them to \$600 in country schools. Previously first-class teachers got the same salary (\$225), as second class, except when they were Principals of schools, which were few and far between.

Since then, teachers' salaries have been increased occasionally until now they average around \$1,000; but what Mr. McLure neglected to point out is that I have always been under Liberal Governments that Prince Edward Island teachers' salaries have increased, and never, in my memory, by any Tory Government.

I am, Sir, etc., THOS. V. GRANT, M.P. Ottawa, Ont. Feb. 26, 1950.

SUCH A RACKET!

Sir—Why are the dealers making such a racket about the potato levy? Indirectly the potato producer has paid this fee for the last number of years, just the same as he has to buy the bag his potatoes are shipped in; and it has been an untold benefit to the potato industry. I think their names should be published, so that we will know whom we are dealing with.

We needed a change in the potato industry of this Province. It was getting too industrialized. As the late Hon. Horace Wright used to quote time and again, nothing suits any better with the general practice of mixed farming than a good field of potatoes. That is why we organized the Marketing Board. The dealers killed the goose that laid the golden egg, and they are trying to nip the Marketing Board in the bud.

They should know better than to bring this to the Courts, for public opinion is against them 90 per cent, and the Government has to be for the Government is the people. It is true they may have the "dough", and could have made a show twenty years or more ago, but today very, very few will sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.

I would say to the potato dealers: "Don't worry too much, you will get plenty; but we don't intend you to get overly fat."

I am, Sir, etc., ELDON DRUMMOND Freetown, L. 26.

THE POTATO TAX

Sir—The potato dealers definitely object to the Potato Tax being assessed on the trade for several reasons:

1. It does not require \$40,000 to operate a small Board in an office. 2. In good legal opinion, the tax is just as much ultra vires as the Ring Rot tax, to which those who are running the Co Op have refused to contribute, while the dealers have paid in over \$120,000 during the past 3 years—which money has been spent for the collective value of the industry in general. No farmer, nor dealer, can possibly be in favor of an excessive tax for non-productive purposes.

3. The dealers feel that the Board has lived up to their expectations of it, when the efforts that the Board has put its time and spent much in travelling expenses and allowances, have turned out to be of no advantage either to the grower or the dealer. Witness, trips to Ottawa, conferences with New Brunswick seeking price support. Result nil. Trips to Ottawa and New Brunswick to stabilize prices. Today New Brunswick potatoes are selling Montreal market prices making it difficult to market our potatoes.

Much ado about the Spanish deal. Secret meetings made public, and Holland getting the order. In this case it is a blessing that the sales effort failed, as we have not a burdensome surplus today. Last winter, at a conference with the Federation of Agriculture, the Dealers' Association executive offered to join an Advisory Board, consisting of a potato exporter and a potato grower, all of whom to be really interested in potato production and marketing. Such a Board could, without being a big expense, give leadership to

Say! Time for a Refill!



all efforts to obtain the best returns for our potato crop. This offer was turned down because it did not give automatic powers. They did receive the powers they asked for, and the result is total failure to accomplish anything favorable or better marketing prices, conditions and outlets. The effort now is to seek greater powers, more drastic regulations, and to have the Government employ salesmen to market the crop. The potato dealers object also because they feel that livestock breeders and poultrymen who will not attempt any control on their own major production, demand that the potato crop and its marketing be placed exclusively in their hands. It is an old Socialist theory that efficient and private enterprise is a crime—but it is excellent to draw a sure, fat salary, and to have the Government and the producer pay for their mistakes.

With regard to payment of the tax to the Board, it is generally felt that the tax is ultra vires, and it would seem advisable that any dealer making payment should do so under protest, in order that a claim for refund would be considered should the decision of the courts eventually bear out the dealers' contention.

We are, Sir, etc., POTATO DEALERS' ASSOCIATION, Charlottetown.

SOIL EROSION

Sir—Our learned Premier started something" when speaking before the Prince Edward Island Club at Halifax recently. He casually (perhaps jokingly) mentioned that the Island shore line was receding at a very noticeable rate—thereby reducing the area to a considerable extent. The Sydney Post-Record (always interested in "the Island's welfare") has taken up the dike—and made it more poignant and pathetic.

Notwithstanding the erudition of the Sydney Post-Record and the perspicacity of the Premier, there is a misapprehension in their hypotheses. They base their conclusions on the assumption that trees will grow right up to the shore line—thereby consolidating the soil fabric and preventing red sandstone from being washed away by heavy waves. The cliff would be undermined and fall in any case. To the best of my observation, practically nothing grows for a space of about 200 feet from the capes on the north and western shores of P. E. I. The high water carries the salty spray from waves which break against the cliffs, killing the trees. I have seen a few spruce trees growing at Callaghan's Capes, Miramichi—about 300 feet from shore—but they are sickly looking and undernourished.

I suppose other leading Canadian papers will condescend with us on our impending fate. They all have a soft spot in their heart for the Island and its people. There's not much can be done about it. The "capes" alone are slowly washing away—and have been (if I suppose a guess) for perhaps 10,000 years—since the Island was shrouded up by the Gulf of St. Lawrence by a submarine upheaval. There is very little (if any) erosion where the land on the shore line is low. The riparian in this case remains static or nearly so. The constant erosion on the north side is the cause of Tignish, Alberton, Malpeque, New London, Rustico and St. Peter's harbours being only deep enough for small schooners. They were deep enough for large sailing vessels fifty years ago. They could be deepened if the occasion required it.

In regard to preservation of our forest areas the necessity is great. A lot of extra snow drifts to bush lots, melts slowly in Spring, is absorbed into the earth, and comes out again in springs which are quite essential in farm economy. Some years ago the University of New Brunswick foresters estimated our standing timber at fifty million board feet. The Summerside Journal estimated the pulp wood cut at 7,000 cords. Not being a scaler or sawer, I will guess that a cord would make about 750 board feet. That's about 1-1/2 million feet. The cut for firewood and lumber might be two million feet. We'll have to start planting trees right away. The natural growth won't make up for the loss.

There are two foresters—Gov. Kennington, P. E. I.

Old Charlottetown (And P. E. I.)

IMMIGRANTS FROM SKYE

"Eighty-four immigrants (including women and children), from the Isle of Skye, arrived here on Sunday. They left their native place about six weeks ago, in a ship for Cape Breton, along with a number of settlers for that Island. They seem all to be in good health, and judging from appearances, in easy circumstances. With a prudent foresight, characteristic of these race, they came provided with twelve months provisions, and an ample stock of warm clothing. They all have relatives already settled in the Island, chiefly about Belfast, and with the exception of one family, it is we understand, their intention also to locate in that thriving settlement."

—Prince Edward Island Register, Tuesday, June 2, 1829.

The Age-Old Story

There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death... The wicked is driven away in his wickedness.

The Poet's Corner

THE SHEEP

Slowly they pass In the grey of the evening Over the wet road, A flock of sheep, Slowly they wend In the grey of the gloaming Over the wet road That winds through the town. Slowly they pass, And gleaming whitely Vanish away. In the grey of the evening, Ah, what memories Loom for a moment, Glean for a moment, And vanish away. Of the white days. When we two together Went in the evening, Where the sheep lay, We two together lay, Went with slow feet In the grey of the evening Where the sheep lay. Whately they gleam For a moment and vanish Away in the dimness Of sorrowful years, Glean for a moment, All white and so fading Away in the greyest Of sundering years.

—Seumas O'Sullivan.

ernment men—equipped with the "know how," ready and willing to assist farmers in pruning and conservation of woodlots—free gratis. Our soil seems prolific of tree growth. A field or farm left unploughed for several years will grow a crop of bushes. Many such have matured into good timber. The "mast" must be in the soil. We can't do much about the washing away of our higher capes and headlands. We can beat the elements in lesser things, q.v., snow, ice, fire, frost, etc., to a certain extent, but the power of the "breakers" against the capes is not inspiring. Only a rip-rap of solid granite will prevail against it. Our worst impending danger is that we on our Island might take a drop into the Gulf. A great part is not over fifty feet above tide water. Geologists tell us that the "Fundy Fault" still exists, some miles from the surface. We could take a slip down. It behooves us not to take ourselves or our small possessions too seriously and so live.

This is a grimmer picture than those erosion and is not likely to happen in our time—or ever; but it could happen.

I am, Sir, etc., J. PENDERGAST Kennington, P. E. I.

Memoirs Of The Hon. A. E. Arsenault

Former Premier and Retired Justice Supreme Court of Prince Edward Island

I Go To Louisiana

While I was President of the National Acadia Society of the Maritimes and the New England States, the Rev. A. D. Cormier of the Order of the Holy Cross, who had been retired after twenty-five years' service as Chaplain at Dorchester Penitentiary, wrote me and asked me to accompany him on a visit to Louisiana. Father Cormier said there was a large group of Acadian descendants in Louisiana with whom no substantial contract had been made, and he thought that, in my capacity as President of the Society, I should go with him, and effect such contact.

Father Cormier had taken a great interest in the Acadians. It was through his efforts that the Park at Grand Pre had been acquired by the Dominion Atlantic Railway. It was in the Church there that in 1775 the Acadians had been assembled, and had heard the Decree of Expulsion read to them, that had scattered them to the four winds.

The following well authenticated story concerning Grand Pre is worth relating. There was in the Town of Wolfville, which is situated only a short distance from Grand Pre, a Jeweller by the name of Herbin who was specially fascinated by the land and surroundings from which the Acadians were expelled. Though Grand Pre was located in the midst of the orcharding country, the land had remained vacant and uncultivated since 1755. The old trees, hoary with age, were still there, and the Acadian cemetery could still be distinguished.

Herbin used to spend hours walking alone through those deserted lands. Their attraction for him grew until he could do little else but think about them. Finally, he went one day to the proprietor of the land and purchased it for \$400. He was far from being wealthy, and when he told his wife what he had done, she was greatly displeased. Years afterwards, he learned that though he was English and a Protestant, he was of Acadian descent.

After the grounds were acquired from Herbin by the Acadian Society, the foundations of the original Acadian church were discovered and the church now erected is on the very foundation of the old original one. Close to this Church is the well used by the Acadians before they were deported. The Acadian Society, however, did not possess the funds to develop the property and the lands were taken over by the Dominion Atlantic Railway and made into a Park which is known and, it is hoped, will forever remain known as Evangeline Park. The grounds have been beautified and are a centre of attraction to thousands of tourists who visit Grand Pre every summer.

I consented to go with Father Cormier on his pilgrimage to Louisiana and we sailed from New York. The trip was a pleasant one, lasting five days. The list of passengers was cosmopolitan; one of the passengers on the ship was Wallace, the author of "Wooden Ships and Iron Men," a story of the days when the sailing vessels of Nova Scotia and the other Maritime Provinces were making history.

On its way to New Orleans, our boat coasted by Palm Beach and in so doing we passed through the fishing fleet. This fleet consisted of yachts from Palm Beach which were out sport fishing. As you enter the channel that leads to New Orleans you are far from sight of land. The only way you know that you are in the mouth of the Mississippi is that as far as the eye can see you can distinguish the gray waters of the Mississippi which overlays the great waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

When De La Salle in 1684 was seeking the Mississippi River, he passed through its mouth but could not find the river itself. The channel leading to New Orleans is an artificial one. Piles have been driven down and have gathered the silt of the River and formed inlets on each side of the channel, so that after you get in it you can follow it right into the City.

The City of New Orleans is located on Lake Pontchartrain and was laid out by the Chevalier Blond de la Tour and named after the French Regent, the Duke of Orleans. Although it is by far the largest city of Louisiana, so named in honour of King Louis of France, it is not the capital of the State. The capital is Baton Rouge, a city of only 35,000 people. Canal Street divides New Orleans into two sections. The eastern part is built of Spanish architecture, since the people who live there are the descendants of the old French and Spanish nobility. The western section is much more modern and its inhabitants are mainly descendants of French, English and Acadian stock. Many of the New Orleans people are so set in their views that some living in the old section have never crossed over into the new section.

The cemeteries in New Orleans are among the most interesting to be found anywhere in North America. Because the land is actually below sea level, the monuments are built above ground. Made of marble, they are in the form of small chapels and many of them are most elaborate. Some of them are between 50 and 70 feet high. It is in New Orleans that we find the world famous restaurant known as "Ches Antoine." I had lunch at Antoine's as guest of the late Chief Justice Joseph Breaux with whom I stayed during my eight days in New Orleans.

From New Orleans I went to the next largest city which is Lafayette. Arriving on a Saturday night, I went to the Cathedral next morning for Mass and on my way back to the hotel had an interesting experience. Passing by the cottage, I heard a woman on the veranda speaking to her children in French. It was the first French I had heard spoken since I had come to Louisiana and I decided to go in and introduce myself. I told the woman that I was an Acadian and was in Louisiana for the purpose of delivering a series of addresses on Acadian history. She said she herself was an Acadian. She told me her late husband's father, Judge Vorhies, had written a small book, "Acadian Reminiscences or My Grandmother's Story." The book, she said, was out of print but she had a copy that she would lend me to read while I was in Louisiana.

A few days later, when I went back to return the book, the woman said, "Judge Arsenault, you will be amused when I tell you that after you left here on Sunday, one of my children said to me, 'What have you done, Mother? You lent our grandfather's book to a stranger. We will never see it again.'"

One of the first of our series of addresses was to be given in the small town of Abbeville. When I arrived at the hotel, I was not impressed with what I saw. I left my baggage but did not register and went to see the Mayor. I told him I had no wish to criticize the hotel but I preferred to take a room if I could. He was so kind as to find me one. He took up the telephone and began making some calls. While he was trying to find me a room, some gentlemen came in and were introduced to me. When one of them, Mr. Samson, learned that the Mayor was trying to do, he said, "If the Jews will accept my hospitality, I shall be very glad to place a room at his disposal. Unfortunately, my wife is not very well, so that I shall only be able to give him his breakfast."

Immediately, another gentleman present, a Mr. Landry, said, "I shall be glad to take care of the Judge for his other meals." Mr. Samson took me to his house, showed me the room, and the other gentleman took me to the restaurant and told the owner that I was to be his guest at the restaurant during my stay in Abbeville. This day on a Saturday. On Monday night, I spoke in Abbeville and on Tuesday morning we left for New Iberia on our way to St. Martinville. We were met at New Iberia by two gentlemen, one of whom was the Honourable Mr. Bourque. They asked me to allow them to drive us to St. Martinville and we gladly accepted. In St. Martinville we called on the Mayor and made arrangements to hold a meeting at a future date. While at the Mayor's, his father called me to the front door saying, "Come out here. I want to show you a friend of mine who would be in Louisiana. I went to the front door to him where he pointed out to me a robin hopping about on the lawn. "There he is," he said. "This was winter time, and, of course, the robins had long ago left Prince Edward Island and flown south."

When we were about to leave, the Mayor said he would accompany us. On our way to the hotel, we were passing the Church when the Mayor spoke up suggesting that we drop in for a moment to meet the cure, M. Monseigneur Pitre, so that the cure of us went. Monseigneur Pitre received us very warmly and conversed with us for some time. But it was getting late so that I said we should have to leave if we were to arrive at our hotel in time for lunch. "No, no," cried out M. Monseigneur, "you are going to no hotel for lunch; you are going to stay and eat with me. But I had noticed several priests in the house and I felt that he already had enough to feed especially when we five had arrived without notice. I therefore tried to excuse myself by saying that lunch would be ready for us at the hotel and that we should feel guilty were we to stay for lunch with him. But Monseigneur Pitre was adamant. We must stay. Ten of us sat down at 12:30 and at 3:30 we were still at table. It was one course after another with one of the last being nothing else but a boar's head. This was neatly dissected by a Belgian priest who took out the brains to which he added several other ingredients. The mixture was served with a delicious sauce which was served with the head. I began to wonder if this was just an ordinary meal for Monseigneur Pitre to serve for it was a banquet the most elaborate of any I had ever been invited to attend.

Afterwards, I learned that the Mayor of Abbeville had phoned to his friends in New Iberia and they in turn had phoned with the Mayor of St. Martinville who had arranged the banquet.

Six years later, a delegation came from Louisiana to Evangeline Park, Grand Pre, N.S., in 1945. The delegation comprised twenty-five persons of whom each represented a town in Louisiana, and several of the leading citizens of the State. I went to Wolfville to meet them when they arrived. Each member was

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