

THE GUARDIAN

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CHARLOTTETOWN, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1952

Convention Season

Charlottetown's convention season is well under way. Youthful accountants, telephone men, rural women and postmasters have met and enjoyed the city's friendliness and in many cases have been able to see something of other parts of the Province.

We are glad to have them come and are convinced each successful convention held here begets others. A great many key people come to know this Island intimately and we have the opportunity of getting to know them.

They expect, of course, the main roads connecting with the ferries to be well kept and dust free, a not unreasonable expectation which is in a fair way of being realized. They do not, however, expect to find all the highways and by-ways fully modernized. In fact summer visitors would probably be disappointed if they could not travel by our characteristic red dirt roads when they feel so inclined.

Unlike the carefree tourist, convention delegates want to be able to hold meetings in comfort. The sea breezes of this Island nearly always make certain that it is possible to sit in a convention room without danger of heat prostration.

Democracy At Work

Communist propaganda sources will not find the election of General Eisenhower as Republican national candidate to their liking; nevertheless they will doubtless make the most of the charges and countercharges emanating from the Chicago convention. As the Presidential election draws nearer, party spirit will continue to rise and a spate of irresponsible statements will flood the country. Such a spectacle is far from edifying, but as friendly next-door neighbors there is no reason why we should take it too seriously. It all stems from a principle which is utterly alien to the totalitarian mind, but surely not to our own. Freedom of speech, even when abused, is still the hallmark of Democracy at work.

History can help us considerably in interpreting such disturbances. It shows us how the first democrats, the Athenians, conducted themselves during the Peloponnesian War which lasted almost without intermission for twenty-seven years. Their chief enemy was Sparta, totalitarian to the bone, and much like the Communists of today on a smaller scale. Athens was then the greatest civilizing power the world had known. Yet the Athenians, at their democratic assemblies, must have presented a very ludicrous spectacle to their enemies. The Assembly consisted of every citizen not expressly disfranchised; it met once a month, and any member could speak—if he could get the Assembly to listen. Anybody could propose anything, within certain limits. The executive committee or Council, chosen by ballot, was composed entirely of different people each year, so that it could develop no corporate feeling. A chairman was chosen by ballot each day, and if the Assembly was in session he was the titular head of the State for that brief period. Socrates held this position one day towards the end of the war when the Assembly ran amok, and demanded to impeach the whole Board of Generals for failing to rescue survivors of a successful naval battle. The generals themselves were elected annually; and as an extreme case of the basic conception of democracy it was noted as no unusual thing for an Athenian to be a general in one campaign and a private soldier in the next. All public affairs were run, so far as possible, by amateurs. Such was the fear entertained of the encroachments of dictatorship in any form.

Even with the enemy encamped in Attica, and with no small proportion of citizens killed, the Athenians continued their festivals, not as self indulgences but as part of the life they were fighting for. Sophocles, without a word about the war, continued to produce his dramas on the ultimate problems of human life, Euripides to expose the hollowness of victory and the ugliness of revenge, and, most astonishing of all, Aristophanes to ridicule popular leaders, generals, and the sovereign people itself. All this time Socrates was in Athens, discussing, arguing, criticising—except when he was at Potidaea, fighting heroically in the ranks—trying to convince whoever would listen that the good of the soul was the supreme good. We even find a parallel to General MacArthur in Alcibiades,

who turned from brilliant military leadership to savage criticism of his fellow generals after his own recall.

It is all set down in Thucydides' history, and retold by modern historians for its value to us today. The Athenians, it is true, were ultimately beaten, but not before they had written one of the most glorious chapters in the story of mankind. A thousand years later scholars were reverently piecing together the fragments of Athenian culture, and with the passing of another millennium their light shines brighter still. It helps us to appreciate the current electoral troubles of our democratic American neighbours, to think on such things.

The Late Mr. Furness

To live beyond the century mark is itself an achievement of rare distinction, but in the case of Mr. Robert Furness, of Vernon Bridge, whose passing in his 102nd year occurred yesterday, this was by no means the only claim to patriarchal esteem. Mr. Furness represented much that was noteworthy in the life of his community and Province. An outstanding farmer, he imported the first purebred Ayrshire sire into Prince Edward Island, and over half a century ago opened a poultry experimental fattening plant for the Federal Government. He led where others followed, and like the Confederation Fathers of whom he was almost a contemporary, perhaps builded better than he knew.

Born during the year that Responsible Government came to Prince Edward Island, he was a poll clerk at the first Provincial election held following Confederation, and never failed to vote at a single election since that time. He lived under twenty Premiers and seventeen Lieutenant Governors. He loved the simple things of life, and his fine flower garden was as much an expression of his personality as were his earlier achievements in agricultural enterprise. He was moreover a man of great integrity and sincerity, a true descendent of the pioneer class from which he sprung and an example to younger generations of the virtues we cherish most.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow, 5th Sunday after Trinity.

The rain may have been good for crops but it also gives a boost to insect pests. Farmers will have their work cut out to keep ahead of them.

The Battle of the Boyne was fought this date 1690. William III with an army of British, Dutch and Huguenots defeated James II, whose army was chiefly Irish with some English and French officers. James fled to France.

A manuscript in Burn's handwriting of "Auld Lang Syne" was sold recently at auction for £1,500. The purchaser, at this remarkable price, was Col. T. C. Dunlop, honorary secretary of the Burns Museum at Alloway, Ayrshire.

Nuclear explosives now being produced in quantity for atomic weapons can also be used as a source of industrial power, should the international situation improve, according to Lord Cherwell, Director of Britain's Atomic Energy Programme.

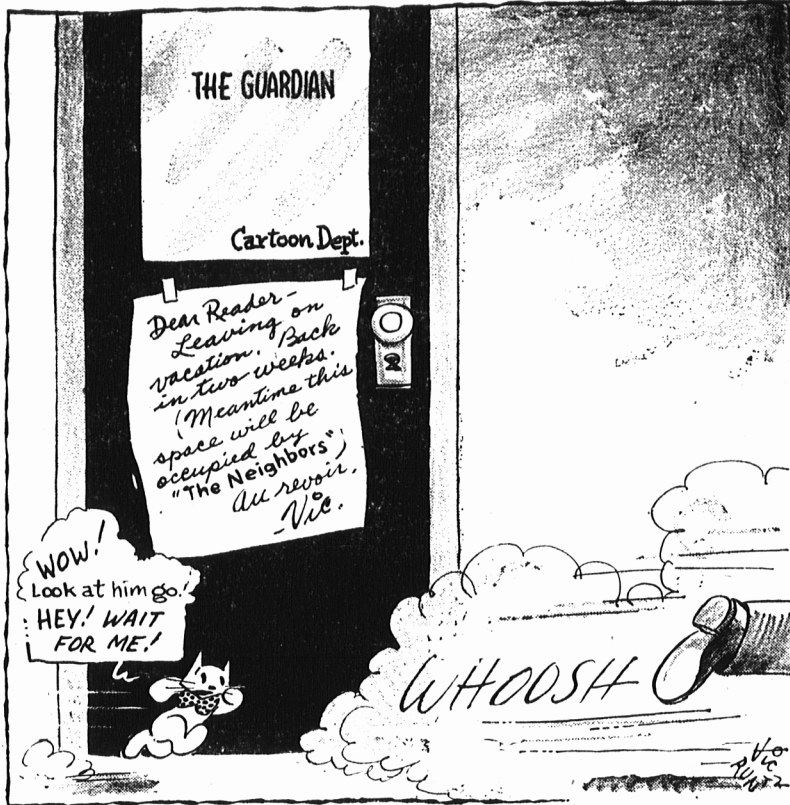
The P. E. I. (17th Recce) Regiment leaves this morning for Camp Utopia, N. B. The summer training camp provides facilities for large scale training and rounds out the intensive year-round training to which these men devote what would otherwise be their leisure time.

It was too bad that the break in the fine weather had to come when airmen from Great Britain, Italy and this country were having their wings parade. Presentation of the wings by Air Commodore W. A. Orr, C.B.E., C.D., of Air Force Headquarters marked a great milestone in these fliers' lives.

"A hoary theory held by many city people who would not know a mower from a buck-rake," says the Ottawa Journal, "is that most farmers are inefficient and allergic to change. A day in a modern hay field would quickly disprove this, show how quickly farmers have revolutionized one of the oldest of all farm operations. And to compensate for a fast disappearing labor force he has made a large investment in modern machinery."

Some useful advice comes from the wife of a disabled man. "Be discreetly helpful to the disabled rather than overwhelmingly attentive. Try to look beyond the disability to the mind that has mastered it—and, if the mastery is not complete, do all you can to help to make it so. Remember that the disabled—like the rest of us—have only one life on earth, so try to make it a good one. And, in a way that isn't easy to explain, you'll find that it will enrich your own."

Holiday Bound



Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

WHITE'S TEA GARDENS

"R. White's Public Tea Gardens will open on Tuesday the 21st inst. at Ellen's Grove for the reception of Ladies and Gentlemen who may be pleased to favour him with their company, and it is his determination to use his utmost endeavours to make them comfortable. "N. B. Good accommodation for pleasure parties. Skittles, and other amusements." —Prince Edward Island Register, June 17, 1825.

Notes From Another Island

By "Anson"

LONDON, England.

Progress, in its inexorable onward march, brooks no interference from sentiment. The most that personal feelings can do is relieve the occasional harshness of advancement by a little harmless remembrance of the days when things were done differently. We get set in our ways, and for all the advantages that modernity brings, few of the outmoded notions disappear from our ken without some tinge of regret at their passing. Many an old seafarer, for example, whilst recognising, with perhaps grudging admiration, the magnificence of the modern ocean liner will nevertheless recall with a sigh the bygone glories of the windjammer, with its flapping sails and creaking of timbers that had the sound of music in his ears. Now the bulldozer of Progress has swept away the last survivors of a species that had long been familiar to us all in the London streets. The last London tram (call it a street-car if you will, but to us it has been a tram from beginning to end of its noble career) has been retired, and has yielded its jealously guarded route to its hated enemy, the motor bus.

One might suppose that there would be no regrets at the passing of the trams, especially in London, whose roads are already painfully congested, and the truth is that most people are glad to see them go. But they deserve — and have — a place in our affections, if only for the yeoman service they have rendered over many years. The words of the popular song: "We don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go" could be their epitaph.

They had character. A ride in a tram was always an experience. Their speed was modest; it could hardly be otherwise, for their stopping places were invariably so close together that it seemed the driver hardly got his monster on the move before he had to be thinking about stopping it again. Yet it, through lack of people wishing to get on or off, he were able to miss a stop or two he could make it rattle along at a pace that appeared quite reckless because of the trams disposition to sway and pitch in exaggerated pleasure at its own performance.

With its wheels firmly fixed (one hoped) on its tracks, it would make the most of what freedom of movement its springs allowed, bounding along rather like an overgrown puppy left off its leash.

Relaxation was then impossible for its passengers. They could only hang on to their seats, and this required unrelenting concentration, for tram seats were invariably by wooden and shiny; every bend in the tracks threatened an ignominious slide on to the floor.

But trams had more endearing qualities. They were comparatively cheap to ride in, and at peak travel hours their carrying capacity seemed to be inexhaustible. There were times, indeed, when rules and bye-laws appeared to be waived, and the numbers of people who clambered aboard or hung on out-

A Stone In Athens

(Winnipeg Free Press.)

Not long ago archaeologists of Princeton University excavated in Athens a marble slab which had been carved in 336 BC but is as timely as today's news despatches. On the slab was inscribed a law forbidding the establishment of a dictatorship in the Athenian city state and prescribing heavy penalties for anyone who aided a dictator.

Yet within two years of this enactment Athens was over-run by the conquering Alexander and lost its independent existence. All the city states of ancient Greece thus collapsed. While some of them had learned to operate democracy of a sort, they had not learned the essential lesson of unity, of collective security. Combined in a larger political organization for their joint defence they could have resisted invasion. Divided into single units, they fell prey to the successive dictators against whom Athens had vainly legislated.

On a much larger scale but for essentially the same reasons the free states of today's world are in peril.

sides on rails, steps, bumpers and anything else that offered any sort of hold must have taxed the vehicles' stamina to the utmost. Trams had no union, evidently, or they would never have put up with such treatment. Especially as it could hardly be supposed that the conductor could possibly collect all the fare before the end of the line.

And what of the drivers? They had an air of mysticism. Always they stood in splendid isolation, manipulating controls that only they knew the purpose of. A gentle profession, theirs, one felt; none of that jugging at gear levers for them — just a couple of handles (or, in recent times, we saw, sometimes one handle and a mysterious wheel) to be moved with easy confidence. The only sign of anything like violence was the occasional stamping of a foot on a pedal set in the floor, which rang a bell warning of the vehicle's approach.

The bell always sounded cracked. Perhaps it always was; perhaps it was made that way because any sound bell would have seemed like snobbery on anything so completely without class-consciousness as a tram.

Now they are gone. They have been on the way out for some time. Many provincial cities scrapped their trams long ago and those in London have been removed from one route after another over a period of time until, now, not a tram is left in the Capital. Some have been sold to other towns where they are still in use; many have been reduced to scrap or ashes in a place for which a new, solemn-sounding word was coined — tramatorium.

Sad to think of it, after all they've done for us. But there — that's Progress.

The Poet's Corner

PRESCRIPTION

Sometimes when faith in man is shaken sore, Sometimes when light of man-made creed is dim, Sometimes when, in the busy market-place Of life, I have lost sight of Him; I leave my work and sit beside the sea, In quietness watch ocean ebb and flow; In every breaking wave He speaks to me A timeless truth; renewed, I rise and go. —R. C. Bayley

Briarcliff, Fernwood, Lower Bedouque, P.E.I.

The Age-Old Story

For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him. The words of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times. Thou shalt keep them, O Lord, thou shalt preserve them from this generation for ever.

NAUGHTY DOG

LONDON —(CP)— An inspector, whose clothes were badly torn by a watchdog as he entered the engine room of a refuse disposal plant, has been awarded costs toward the replacement of his uniform. The watchdog also has been replaced.

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Notes By The Way

The greatness of these natural resources is shown by the fact that Canada ranks first in the world in production of nickel, asbestos and platinum, second in aluminum, gold, cadmium and zinc, third in silver and fourth in cobalt and copper. Coupled with the great new oil developments, the enormous production of pulp and paper and the unmatched power development potentialities of the country, these facts show clearly why Canada is becoming so highly regarded by United States investors. They seem to have an even greater appreciation of the future possibilities of this country than do our own people.—Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph.

Two daring Filipinos have obtained permission from the government to seek buried treasure in the very heart of Manila. The story is that the Japanese conquerors buried gold and jewels in the Augustinian compound near the end of the war. The Augustinian compound is in the historic walled city, Intramuros, in Manila. American artillery pounded the walled city into rubble, and infantrymen had to blast the Japanese from the wreckage, building by building. Today the wreckage is untouched—a graveyard of mines, booby traps and unexploded ammunition. The treasure hunt to be conducted by the two Filipinos is not to be a very healthful one. If they survive, they are to keep 40 per cent of what they find, with the rest split between the government and the monks.—New York Herald Tribune.

Unhappiness in marriage is not lessened by the existence of strict and antiquated divorce laws. And we do not believe that a liberalizing of the laws relating to divorce would cause a large increase in the incidence of divorce. The common sense and basic decency of the Canadian people can be trusted; only a few marry without giving the matter proper thought, and only a few would divorce hastily if that course were open to them. But people who have sustained deep injury in marriage—by desertion, by crime or insanity, or outright incompatibility (including cruelty)—ought to have legal means of righting that wrong. To deny them this right is not to strengthen the moral fibre of the nation, but to weaken it.—Peterborough Examiner.

Amid all the plush resplendency and solemnity of a review of the Grenadier Guards by Queen Elizabeth II the other day, three-year-old Prince Charles leaned out a window of Windsor Castle and called cheerily: "Hello Mummy!" The Queen looked up and smiled at her son. Next day as Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, having left four daughters at home, laid wreath on Canada's War Memorial in Ottawa, an andy, herbiboned little girl waved a welcome. The news photographers show Her Majesty responding with a hearty acknowledgment. It has long been a proverb that "A cat may look at a king;" but in these days of democratic royalty a small child may not only wave at a ruler but receive a smile in return—especially if the monarch is a mother.—Christian Science Monitor.

With the sun rising so early these mornings, some urban residents complain about the birds. The singing and chatter of the birds awakes them, and the sun being up, it is not so easy to resume sleep. On those farms which have fowl and livestock, early morning noises are welcome as part of the way of life. The crowing of the rooster (on farms which still have roosters) is the equivalent of an alarm clock. This foolish fellow is an early bird, and wants everyone to know it. And soon starts the entire morning chorus. The calves begin to bawl for their breakfast; the pigs to squeal for food. The hens begin to cackle. It is then time for the farm family to be up and about. If, indeed, it is not already up. It is not the time for a vacation. In summer at least, to rise early and be at the work. But, even if they weren't this disposition, or necessity, it would be a sound sleeper whom the rooster couldn't wake.—Windsor Daily Star.

The Canadian Parliament has adjourned and left us in suspense about the propriety of using the word "nuts" as an answer in debate. Although a ruling was asked, no declaration was made. During the rowing over redistribution, Mr Leslie A. Mutch, Liberal M. P. for Winnipeg South and Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Veterans Affairs, became engaged in a considerable cross-fire with Conservatives. At one stage of the debate, Mr. Mutch asked if it would be unparliamentary to say "nuts" by way of reply. Although he waited for an answer and a ruling from the chair, it never came. The drift of debate went surging on and Mr. Mutch was left to take up with the Portage avenue squirrels about the question of nuts. This should never be. When Parliament is engaged in weighing the important affairs of state, the people should not be left without an answer. They should know what is parliamentary language and what is not. Or, did someone say, "Nuts!" —Windsor Star.

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