THE GUARDIAN

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CIRCULATION
"Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew"

"The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink".

CHARLOTTETOWN, THURSDAY, MAR. 11, 1954

No Shows

A perennial problem for the transportation industry is provided by people who reserve accommodation and then do not make use of it. To the companies involved, be they steamship lines, railways or airlines, the practice means serious loss through unused accommodation and the employment of unnecessary equipment. To the travelling public it means that after all attempts to secure the desired accommodation have failed, the space in question goes unused.

In the United States the Air Transport Association operating low-fare flights will initiate on Sunday a policy of having "no-shows" forfeit 20 per cent of the one-way cost of their ticket if they do not notify the airlines of their intention to cancel three hours before departure time. What brought the situation dramatically to their attention was enough applications being received to fill an inaugural flight from New York to Miami twice over but when the flight was made only 32 out of 61 seats were occupied. The other 29 would in due course demand full refunds.

It is quite unreasonable that carriers should suffer loss in this way and equally unfair to those who wish to travel and are prevented by the prior reservations which turn out to be unused. Similar efforts to make the "no-shows" pay for their lack of consideration have broken down in the past. It is to be hoped that the latest efforts to correct the situation may prove successful.

Morality And Atomic Power

Ever since atomic power first entered the scientific picture it has been the subject of intense controversy. Some say it is the greatest discovery in human history and in due time will prove to be civilization's most beneficient scientific aid. Others say it is diabolical in both nature and potentiality; its discovery marked an evil day for the human race. Early in the atomic bomb development there were a few scientists who for conscientious reasons refused to have anything to do with it; they felt that their minds would never be at peace so long as their brains and hands were engaged in building such a fearful instrument.

With all this in mind it is refreshing to read what a noted atomic scientist, Thomas Murray of Washington, D. C., has to say on the subject. Mr. Murray holds a responsible position in the United States Atomic Energy Commission; he is an industrial engineer of distinction and an inventor with several hundred electrical devices to his credit. All his life he has been engaged in scientific research of one kind and another and he has been in the atomic field from the start.

Mr. Murray is also a religious man; he is considered to be one of the leading Catholic lay Churchmen in America; he has been honoured three times by the Pope for his humanitarian and religious work. In a recent press conference Mr. Murray stated his views on atomic research in its relationship to moral principles. "The atom is good," he said, "because God made it. Man never has anything to fear in God's material creation. Our only fear is not what we do with things but what we do with ourselves."

That just about sums it up. The task before humanity now is not to curtail scientific strength but to match it with even greater moral power. Then, everything, including the atom, would be safe and good.

No Easy Task

Public attention is being directed with such intensity towards Europe and the Far East that very little heed is being paid to conditions in the Republics and semi-Republics of Latin America. Yet, there, too, movements are afoot which will bear watching and which will require more than Pan-American resolutions if they are to be kept from getting out of hand.

For some weeks now an Inter-American Conference has been going on at Caracas, Venezuela, attended by delegates from all the South American governments and, of course, the United States. Ostensibly, the chief subject for discussion has been trade and how it may help to strengthen mutual relations. However, as in all other conferences these days, the menace of Communism has been influencing the talks and doubtless will have some bearing on the final decisions and recommendations.

Unlike Europe and the Far East, the South American countries, thus far, have not experienced any great pressure of the Soviet passion for political domination. Consequently, they do not regard Communism with the same fear that is felt by people in other parts of the world. This, in itself, is a great danger; already its effects are being seen in Gautemala where Communists are in virtual control. The position of the United States government is particularly difficult. While trying to keep alive the Good Neighbour policy originated by the late President Roosevelt, the State Department must try to avoid the appearance of intervening in the internal affairs of the various countries. This is no easy task, especially in view of the fact that most South Americans seem to fear United States intervention more than Communist infiltration which, at the moment, seems of little importance.

A bigger volume of sales to the United States at better prices than they have been getting, not more advice from Washington on how to combat Communism, appears to be the chief matter of interest to South Americans at the present time. This, of course, is exactly what the international Communist strategists like to hear; as they see it, the more they can encourage and develop the thought that the United States government is a chronic meddler in other people's affairs, the better it will be for their own designs and purposes. Everybody in the Free World will hope that South Americans will see through this Communist scheme before it is too late to do very much about it.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Ontario has caught up with this Province by at last providing for a right-turn signal by motorists. At the same time they have got ahead of us by also permitting that and other signals to be made either by hand or an approved signalling device.

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Diesel fuel has largely escaped the taxation levied on gasoline for the purpose of highway construction and maintenance. New Brunswick, however, has now determined that the three-cent winter road tax will be paid by vehicles using diesel oil.

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After nearly eight years Bikini is again to be a testing place for man's most frightful weapons. According to the National Geographic Society the island shows scarcely a trace of the 1946 damage but if a hydrogen explosion takes place the island may well disappear into the sea.

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The Government's plan for construction of rural power lines should result in rapid extension of coverage in the Province. The cost of line construction is paid by the Government which is reimbursed by a charge of $1.41 per month per customer. Four customers to the mile are required to make it practical. Customers are required to provide their own wiring including the lead in from the main line.

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Torquato Tasso, Italian poet, son of Bernardo Tasso, also a poet, was born this date 1544. Writing late in the Renaissance period, his work brings this period to a close, his successors being devoid of imagination, passion and sentiment. Tasso's early writings include 'Rinaldo" and "Aminta", a beautiful pastoral play, but his life work was the "Gerusalemme Liberata", a poem on the heroic scale, in which is expressed the profundity of his feeling and the deep melancholy of his soul.

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The "Venture plan" of the R. C. N. to help relieve the shortage of junior officers offers excellent opportunities for youths between 16 and 19 years of age willing to accept a 7-year commission. The estimated time spent in the various ranks, however, might well be varied. Two years as an officer cadet, 16 months as a midshipman, 14 months as an acting sub-lieutenant and 18 to 34 months as a sub-lieutenant will place the traditional junior rank of midshipman in the category of a mere temporary appointment between the principal rank step between cadet and sub-lieutenant.

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Good advice given to Canadian and American students by Mr. William Hamilton, M.P., included the admonition to think for themselves. "One of the weaknesses of our civilization today, and particularly our governments with their legions of ghost-writers, is that we allow a comparatively few people to do our thinking for us, even though we may try to absolve ourselves by putting the icing on their predigested baby-food. We can progress only as fast and as far as we develop new ideas and new methods of approach to old problems. The only way in which I know that this can be done is by original thinking . . . and the students of today, must accept their share of this responsibility if they want to shape the world of tomorrow in which they will live."

Wanted: A Bridge For The Gap

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.

THE PROPOSED POLL TAX

Sir,—On page eight of your fine paper yesterday morning, I happened to notice a little reference to an item concerning the taxation of female persons over twenty-one (women) doing business and being employed in the city (working) for the space of two months during the year and earning at least sixty dollars ($60.00) per month.

Is it possible, Sir, that people are actually considering taxing the working girls of this city, most of whom earn little more than the said $60.00 per month and most of whom pay at least $40 per month for room and board? With the little they have left over, Sir, these girls must buy their clothing, find some amusement, and generally, just make ends meet.

I fail to see how this tax of not more than $15 a year, will, in any substantial way, help pay off the great educational expenses to be met in the coming years.

I am, Sir, etc.,
IDA MORAN

Charlottetown.

TREES

Sir,—
I think I shall never see
A poem as lovely as a tree
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

By Joyce Kilmer, a soldier killed in the First Great War.

If you want to worship God in spirit and in truth make friends with the trees. They are a divine creation. Only God can make a tree. The Hindus worship the pepul tree. I have seen them tie a card around the pepul tree, throw holy water against its roots and then fall down and worship the tree where they believed God dwelt.

A tree is often a memorial. An old man took me out and pointed to a great maple in front which his deceased wife had planted seventy years ago, "and every time I come out and look up at that tree", he said, "I thank God for one so good as she was." He loves that tree, above all the trees that surround his home.

I have gone out into the woods in Northern New Brunswick where the trees grow big, just to look at them, and after feasting my eyes a whole afternoon have gone home to think upon what I had seen. The thrill of the forest is still with me.

How many kinds of trees there are! In the tropics they are all dierent from trees that grow in Canada. Some older than Methuselah, some taller than the highest church tower, some harder than iron and sink in water like a stove. The cedar is the most interesting. Its wood is bitter. No wood lice or ants will eat it. I had a church eaten by wood lice. We had it rebuilt with cedar and there it stands after forty-two years. Cedar is a handsome tree, forty feet without a limb and straight as an arrow. The Negroes whip-saw it into boards or skantling. I had samples of sixteen building woods but cedar is king.

The most interesting and profitable of all tropical trees is the cocoanut palm. It grows fifty feet tall and leans toward the sea. It loves sandy soil. The natives call it the poor man's cow. The nuts provide milk which can be churned into butter. Its oil is one of the bases used in the making of margarine. A tree yields an average of sixty nuts a year; and it is fun to watch the natives scale a tree. It makes one think of the monkeys from which we sprang.

A tree, how strong it is! And when it is in danger it strikes its roots deeper and clings to its mother earth. Never lightly cut down a tree, rather plant one and let God grow it. He has clothed the earth with trees. Blessed be His Name!

I am, Sir, etc.,
W. I. GREEN.

Stanley Bridge.

Notes By The Way

Fact is that running people down is a bad habit — whether you are a gossip or a motorist.—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

The reason a dog has so many friends, we have read, is that his tail wags instead of his tongue. —Woodstock Sentinel-Review

The actions and motives of United States foreign policy have come in for a good deal of criticism by suspicious persons over the world. It is good, then, to hear our country's policies and aims vigorously defended by Canadian Prime Minister St. Laurent. And where better to have that defence than in Indian, where there is so much suspicion of us? . . . These are fine and gratifying words to come from the leader of a great nation and to be heard by the people of a great new nation still feeling its way, suspiciously, into freedom. And they are words that deserve all the more credence because they come from our closest neighbor, which has more opportunity than others to keep an eye on us and understand what makes us tick. —Milwaukee Journal.

Ten months ago Babe Zaharias was in a hospital in Beaumont, Tex., for an operation for cancer. One of the doctors said, regretfully that it was highly doubtful that her great competitive athletic career could ever be resumed. All of us feared for her life. Over last week-end the indestructible Mrs. Zaharias won the $5,000 Serbin women's golf tournament, her first triumph since the operation. She was tired when she finished. As she walked off the green at the end of a par round she said: "I didn't think I would ever win another one." But she did win it and not only for herself, but for all the handicaped persons who are trying to make some sort of a comeback. She showed what the right sort of courage can do.—New York Times.

A Lebanese shepherd, reportedly 115 years of age, is growing a new set of teeth. His grandfather lived to 122, and his father to 132, having sired seven children after the age of 80. It often is difficult to authenticate instances of such advanced ages. Probability is no birth records were kept, and when one is more than 100 years of age it must be a bit difficult to keep exact count. Contemporaries, who could vouch for the age, long since have died. But it is intriguing that so many reports of so many very aged persons come from the area around the eastern end of the Mediterranean or back beyond. Is there something in the climate, or in the conditions of life, which make such longevity possible? This old fellow unlikely will be able to use his new teeth as long as he did his former ones. But none can sugget he isn't entitled to a new set of choppers.—From Windsor Star.

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

EARLY SCIENCE LESSONS

"Prince of Wales was a public institution supported by public funds. Principal Anderson did not assume that public opinion of education was entirely to be neglected; but he strove to guide and control the public mind, check the enthusiasm of visionaries bent upon new and untried experiments. The College was based upon the grammar schools, and the policy was uniform: to deny entrance and drive out all boys who were incapable of profiting by them. If the boy had no aptitude for books, he should not waste his time, but had better betake himself to the land, the sea, or the workshop, lest he might fall into that abyss of unemployment and poverty that lies between a profession and a trade...

"But in time the rising cry for the practical, for science, was heard upon this far shore. Principal Anderson was compelled to meet the charge, that the old system was obsolete, by establishing new courses in French, natural philosophy, chemistry and agriculture, but without increase in the number or pay of his staff, with which the reformers and the taxpayers were equally satisfied. He, himself, was adequate for all these new tasks...

"Physics or natural philosophy, as it was called, presented no difficulty. It was purely experimental. He procured an air-pump, and fastened to the nozzle a bottle commonly called a 'square-face.' A boy bold enough to enquire why a cylindrical bottle would not serve the purpose was sent from the room; the course was experimental. Principal Anderson would not himself deign to operate the machine; he had engaged a mechanic for the purpose, and stood by an air of sardonic amusement and triumph when the bottle burst in pieces.

"The course in electricity followed. The apparatus was a long stick of sealing wax, a piece of silk, and a bottle with two pieces of gold leaf suspended within. A smart boy who had made private study of electricity referred to it as a Leyden jar; it was an electroscope, the mechanic corrected him; and that boy was sent from the room.

"An experiment in chemistry followed. Two harmless substances were placed in a mortar, borrowed from a chemist's shop. They were ground to powder by the pestle, a loud explosion followed accompanied by a foul smell that pervaded the whole room.

"To complete the course, electricity was given a renewed experiment. A dozen boys were set in a row grasping hands; the end boys were given a moist sponge connected with wires attached to an induction coil and battery, as it was explained. The machanic did something; the boys were thrown to the floor. They thought he had taken advantage, of his position, and seized the mechanic; and the lesson ended in disorder. The course in science for the year was finished. Principal Anderson had yielded to the modern, scientific spirit and to the reformers of education. 'Tomorrow morning at eight o'clock,' he said, 'we shall resume Arnold's Greek Composition'."

—From reminiscences of student days at Prince of Wales College by the late Sir Andrew Macphail.

The Poet's Corner

AT THE FAIR

When first my way to fair I took
Few pence in purse had I,
And long I used to stand and look
At things I could not buy.

Now times are altered: if I care
To buy a thing, I can;
The pence are here and here's the fair,
But where's the lost young man?

—To think that two and two are four
And neither five nor three
The heart of man has long been sore
And long 'tis like to be.

—A. E. Housman.

The Passing Scene

By Observer

THE RUSSIANS AND THE EAST YORKERS

The Russian announcement that they would compete in the Hockey Championship Tournament in Sweden was received generally as a piece of good news. Not that anybody expected the action would do very much to lessen tension between East and West; but at least it showed that the blight of dictatorship which had fallen over the Russian people had not isolated them entirely from contact with the rest of the world. The Iron Curtain had been lifted ever so little; it might in time go up a bit higher. Besides, their experiences in the rink might very well help to correct the very false and foolish notion that everybody in the West was out to hurt them and, if possible, bring about the destruction of their country.

The announcement from Moscow that the Russian team would beat all comers was received with perhaps a little less enthusiasm but with good humour nevertheless. There was at the time some talk over here about the terrible consequences to Canadian prestige which would follow a Russian victory, but I doubt that many people took it seriously; after all there were no political or ideological principles involved. According to reports from Stockholm everything went along just as well as if all the teams were of the same political persuasion. In fact, there seems to have been fewer rough tactics than have featured some of the games between the Islanders and the Atlantics.

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Now that it is all over and the Russians have made good their boast there is nothing to cry about and it isn't at all likely that their 7-2 victory will encourage the Russians to march into the Canadian Northlands right away. There will be a lot of rejoicing in Moscow and other Communist centres and, particularly, in the home towns of the players, much drinking of vodka and other barbarian beverages, and it may be some foolish opinions concerning the alleged "decadence" of capitalistic and bourgeois youth.

These are all perfectly harmless diversions, except perhaps the vodka revelry, and hardly likely to make matters between East and West any worse than they have been all along. It is not to be expected that Mr. Molotov will be any harder to get along with, or any easier, than he would have been if Canada had won.

• • •

It may be true, as the old saying goes, that Britain's battles have been won on the playing fields of Eton; it certainly isn't true that Communist aggression will be stepped up because of what a few young men managed to do in a rink in Stockholm. The fact is that the Russians have been broadcasting suspicions and fears for so long that it might do their souls good to have something really tangible to shout about. (They still have souls, Marxist scepticism notwithstanding.)

It is just possible that the Russian team will go back home and report that Canadians and others they met in their travels are not as bad as they had been led to believe. (This, of course, will be in the secrecy of their own homes; it would never do for such radical views to reach the ears of Mr. Malenkov or Mr. Molotov.)

In that case, the Canadian defeat may not be an unmixed evil. The tiniest shred of goodwill for the outside world on the part of the Russian people is of tremendous importance in these days. The truth is that, however much they may bluster and rant and roar, the Russian nation is the victim of a huge and terrifying persecution complex, just as the German nation was under Hitler.

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The fine way in which the Canadian team took their defeat must necessarily touch some kind of emotional chord in the hearts of the Russians, unless indeed Communism has rendered them wholly unreceptive to grace and courtesy.

I notice that some sports commentators are saying that Canada should have won, and would have won if a better team had been sent over. That is, of course, possible; but there is no use in talking about it now; anyway, it is very poor sportsmanship. The East Yorkers were selected to represent Canadian Hockey; from all reports they represented it well and honourably. "We have no excuses to offer," said their captain, "we did our best."

It would have been a fine thing if the East Yorkers had brought the emblem of world championship to Canada; my own opinion is that they brought back a much finer emblem, that of an ethic which modern society needs desperately, the ethic of accepting setbacks with good grace. A good athlete is one who follows the rules of the game as well as he can without concerning himself over much with the trophy that comes with success. He is like the "gentleman" of whom Thackeray wrote:

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer, as you can;
But, if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman".

• • •

Russian youth have been brought up in the belief that the "capitalistic" system is corrupt and decadent. The young men who went to Stockholm have been hearing every day of their lives of the meanness and greed and ill manners of all Americans; and it may be assumed that to the average Russian the words "American" and "Canadian" have much the same meaning. If the East Yorkers have demonstrated that this popular Russian view is unjustified they have accomplished something which will more than compensate for their five goal failure.

The Age Old Story

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne.

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