

THE GUARDIAN

Authorized as Second Class Mail Post Office Department, Ottawa. The Island Guardian Publishing Co. CIRCULATION Total City Zone 3,763 Retail Trading Zone 8,457 All Others 827 Total Net Paid 13,048

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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink"

CHARLOTTETOWN, SATURDAY, JAN. 19, 1952

Snow Clearance

It is not so long ago that with the coming of winter cars were put away until the motoring season again came around. That has all been changed through the use of powerful specialized snow-clearing equipment by the Government and Councils, and even more, perhaps, because of the building of broad highways, cleared on either side and built well up. The finest equipment could hardly keep open the old sunken roads, closely bordered by trees.

The change means that business goes on almost uninterrupted twelve months of the year. Produce can be marketed to best advantage. Merchants are busy at what used to be slack seasons and the Provincial Government receives an ever increasing revenue from the users of gasoline.

It is all very expensive, of course, but the money is largely spent to increase real wealth and who would want to go back to a winter resembling hibernation?

Newfoundland's Resources

Newfoundland's fish and game resources are unexcelled by any Province, but even so the problem of conservation is becoming a serious one. Recently Dr. W. Templeton reported before the Fisheries Research Board on the destructive methods used by Newfoundland and Spanish druggers in securing catches of haddock. He stated that Spanish ships were taking immature fish, but the Newfoundland trawlers discarded haddock too small for commercial use—about 50 per cent of the catch. As indication of the depletion of the species, he pointed out that the quantity exported by Newfoundland was 1,300,000 lbs. in 1951, compared with 5,700,000 lbs. in 1950.

Another cause for concern is the report of the Chief Game Warden, who stated that 1,500,000 pounds of moose and caribou meat had been consumed in Newfoundland during the past year, and the question was raised whether the supply could possibly be expected to survive slaughter on such a scale—to which had to be added the number of animals which had been wounded and struggled away to die in concealment and others killed by poachers.

Again, the Atlantic Salmon Association in October last quoted particulars to show that a "critical situation" with respect to the salmon stock had been reached in Newfoundland and in the Maritime Provinces. Diminishing returns as indicated by statistics both in the coastal and inland fisheries clearly pointed to the effects of methods of prosecution by which the catches had been exceeding the rate of natural reproduction. It was further suggested that the construction of power dams in certain rivers and tributaries was impeding the salmon in reaching the spawning grounds.

And now the St. John's Evening Telegram raises the question of forest depletion in Newfoundland. Each year the cut to supply the newsprint plants is increasing. Wood is taken for railway ties, for the mills, for fuel, and now to provide the birch industry with raw material. "Failing reliable information which would give assurance that the supply is able to withstand the drain," says our St. John's contemporary, "Newfoundland might find before long that its entire economy was jeopardized. Not only the forest industries, but the fish and game resources would be endangered if the timberlands were depleted, since the former depends upon the condition of the inland waters in the propagation of the species, and the game birds and animals would not long survive in a country stripped of its forests."

It recalls other experiences of wasteful and guilty excess in the killing of wild life. "The great Auk was exterminated. The caribou was barely saved from sharing the same fate. Where is the Arctic hare, once plentiful on the West Coast? Hunters protest that ptarmigan are as plentiful as ever, and oppose a close or shortened season, but the shooting results prove the fallacy of their claim. . . The time is inevitable when our game stocks will have shrunk to the point where they are no longer able to contribute anything to the general economy."

With resources still so plentiful, it may be an uphill fight convincing Newfoundlanders of the imperative need of conservation. But the Telegram makes out a strong case against "discarding the substance in snatching at shadows" in the way of industrial development, no matter what hopes

may be held out in this connection. Natural resources, once depleted, can never be fully restored, and there is no excuse in this scientific age for omitting the necessary safeguards.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow, the second Sunday after Epiphany.

Congratulations are in order to Summerside on the official opening of the new Federal Building.

To enable Western Germany get back on her feet, Britain has helped her with assistance costing \$563,300,000.

Defence Minister Claxton is sending hockey equipment to Canadians in Korea. Protests from the Communists may be expected at any time now.

The renewal of the agitation for a new naval headquarters for Charlottetown should not be allowed to collapse. Otherwise another location, and not in this city, could be found for them.

The Island community of New Glasgow must hold something of a record for hens' eggs. One is reported to measure nine inches from end to end, seven inches in circumference and to weigh four ounces.

The annual convention of the Canadian Federation of Agriculture opens in Montreal on Monday. Despite good markets and improved quality of agricultural products the farmers have many and serious problems to face.

Pulpwood buyers have taken a wise step in establishing standards of quality for shipment. They can, by faithful adherence to their agreement, assure this Province of the best available price and at the same time prevent ruthless despoiling of woodlots.

Toronto seems to be getting along all right without its public transportation services. The citizens are rallying to help one another, and now there are more voluntary taxis carrying people to and from work than ever the most optimistic social reformer dreamed of. A prelude to Brotherhood Week.

It is good and in the public interest that the various questions at issue in the city should be aired on the eve of the civic election. Attention should be given to the matters raised by the Fire Department, a body of public spirited men who devote so much valuable time and efforts for the betterment of the community.

General Robert Edward Lee, American soldier, was born this date 1807 at Stratford, Virginia. He married a daughter of the adopted son of George Washington. At the outbreak of civil war he was in command of West Point. As a Confederate leader he proved to be one of the greatest generals of modern times but failed to offset the vastly superior resources of the Union.

Prospective councillors, even if they get no farther than being candidates, should go through their wards, street by street, and see what is necessary to be done in the way of repairs and improvements. A personal acquaintance with the affairs of the ward is a sine qua non of every councillor, apart altogether from his knowledge of the general requirements for the administration of the City's affairs.

The Canadian National Magazine in its current issue is in the form of a souvenir album of photographs of the Royal Visit, and should provide an interesting keepsake for all those in anyway associated with the visit. Among the views here are illustrations of Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Prowse accompanying the Royal couple from the railway depot to their auto; their Royal Highnesses at the State dinner, and at the hockey match, as well as the Duke inspecting the interior of the Ferry Abegweit.

Among the names mentioned as prospects for Governor-General in the event of Field Marshal Lord Alexander's departure, one omission is noted, viz., that of the present Prime Minister, Mr. St. Laurent. It may be argued that as a politician he should be excluded, but whatever else he may, or may not, be, Mr. St. Laurent is not a politician in the accepted meaning of that term. A statesman, yes, as Mr. Churchill gave him credit for being, and surely that should be one of his highest recommendations! He is a universal favourite both inside and outside Parliament. It must be borne in mind he entered the cabinet only at the urgent behest of Prime Minister King, having had no previous experience of parliamentary life.

For Keeps?



PUBLIC FORUM

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UNDUE HARDSHIP

Sir.—The present high cost of living is causing just as great a hardship for low bracket wage earners as it was in World War II when the Government saw fit to institute controls. Yes indeed, eating is habit forming in these days as in those.

I am, Sir, etc., GEORGETOWN

THE CIVIC FRANCHISE

Sir.—On behalf of the Charlottetown Business and Professional Women's Club we wish strongly to recommend to the Board of Qualification for the forthcoming Civic Election should exercise their franchise. They are privileged in being able to cast a ballot for a Civic Representative, and we feel they should, therefore, make it a point to vote on Election Day, February 13th next.

Not only would we request that all ladies qualified exercise their franchise on Election Day, but we would suggest that, if possible, they attend future meetings of the City Council so that those who represent them will know of their interest.

As a result, we feel sure there will be a tremendous improvement in civic affairs which will be due, in no small part, to their efforts.

We are, Sir, etc., CIVIC AFFAIRS COMMITTEE BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL WOMEN'S CLUB, Frances Johnson, Chairman, Dorothy Cullen, Irela Sheehy, Helen Dunbar, Lillian Duchemin.

Bright Dollar Sign

(Hamilton Spectator)

Canada's dollar has climbed to within one cent of Uncle Sam's and if there is a bright ray through an overcast of uncertainty at the year's opening, that is it. No confusion about exchange or mummified monetary theory can twist this picture too much, for that it means that all kinds of shrewd people outside this country (most of them in the U.S.) want our dollars to buy a stake in this country. Like any other commodity our unit of currency bows to the rule of supply and demand—especially since it has been freed now from Ottawa's toll gate.

Yesterday it took only \$1.01 in our money to buy an American dollar, whereas not so long ago it took \$1.10. Why the change? The gloomiest verdict could be that it is a flight from American currency, but still still paints our relative position as a rosy one. Hundreds of millions are not pouring into Alberta's oil fields, Quebec's iron ore development, British Columbia's aluminum bonanza, and into our booming industry just as a cushion against a runaway U.S. inflation. We are still too closely tied to the economy to the south of us to sit comfortably while Uncle Sam goes into a tailspin. It doesn't make sense.

No, odd as it sounds in these days when our prosperity and welfare are supposed to be neatly adjusted by political circus masters, the only way to create wealth is by turning savings, which is capital, into producing the things people want in greater abundance; printing more money unbacked by goods and services in corresponding increase merely paints a rainbow with dust at the end of it. If we don't know that now, we never will. That is why we perhaps take for granted the significance of the huge investments being made right now in Canada. Old-fashioned perhaps to get excited about them—about the almost fantastic iron potential in Quebec; the projects in Alberta alone that will mean spending of \$1,000,000,000 in the next few years; the way our cheap power (big factor in aluminum production) is already shap-

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

CITY SCHOOLS IN 1870

The need of a grading system and other improvements in the schools of Charlottetown was emphasized in a report to the Board of Education, dated Feb. 23, 1870, from a committee appointed by the Board to inquire into these matters. The committee comprised Messrs. Charles Palmer, Edward Roche, Isaac Murray and George Beer. The following excerpts from their report throw a revealing light on existing conditions: "We lately personally inspected the ten district schools in Charlottetown, the teachers of which receive government pay under the Education Act, viz.: No. 1, Rochford District School, kept in Scott's Hall, teacher M. McKenzie; No. 2, DesBrisay's Lane School, kept in DesBrisay's Building, teacher Miss McKenna; No. 3, Spring Park School, teacher John Carroll; No. 4, Union Hall School, teacher Miss Dixon; No. 5, Trowan's Hall School, teacher Miss Scoblebury; No. 6, Trowan's Hall School, up stairs, teacher Miss Lawson; No. 7, Hillsborough School, teacher Mr. Higgins; No. 8, Kensington School, teacher Mr. McKenna; No. 9, the Athenaeum School, teachers Messrs. Douglas and Oxenham; No. 10, Pownall District School, held in the old Roman Catholic chapel in two spacious and well ventilated rooms where three teachers are employed. In one room, taught by Messrs. Roche and Smyth, there are 92 pupils on the register, and in the other room taught by Miss McDonald, there are 32. For this school no rent is charged, but a small fee of eighteen pence per quarter is charged each pupil.

The Age-Old Story

Now when he had ended all his sayings in the audience of the people, he entered into Capernaum. And a certain centurion's servant, who was dear unto him, was sick, and ready to die. And when he heard of Jesus, he sent unto him the elders of the Jews, beseeching him that he would come and heal his servant. . . . Then Jesus went with them. And when he was now not far from the house, the centurion sent his friends to him, saying unto him, Lord, trouble not thyself: for I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof: wherefore neither thought I myself worthy to come unto thee: but say in a word, and my servant shall be healed. For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers, and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it. When Jesus heard these things he marvelled at him, and turned him about, and said unto the people that followed him, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel, and they that were sent, returning to the house, told the servant whole that had been sick.

Churchill At Ottawa

(I. N. S. in The Ottawa Journal)

If you felt this would be a grueling occasion for the 77-year-old Mr. Churchill and that therefore he would conserve his energies during dinner, you were mistaken. He talked almost continually during the whole long meal-time, with Mr. St. Laurent or Mr. Howe on either side—and with relish and gusto. Lord Alexander sets the terse—and of course, proper—style for toasting the King. He rises and extends his glass. He waits that extra few seconds until all are quiet. Then, crisply: "The King." And he sits down. A colorful scene, yes; but restrained. The carpeted floor, the simple rich red of roses against green fern, the scarlet robes of two churchmen, the R. C. M. P. Commissioner—these were pleasant but not so riotous or so numerous as to arouse the general sobriety of black dinner jackets against white linen. In those tense few moments before the speeches began, Mr. St. Laurent it was who looked a touch uneasy, a bit concerned about the still-lingering waiters and the broadcast technicians tinkering with their mysteries. Mr. Churchill on the other hand seemed happy, happy, somewhat satisfied with the excitement. It seems he's been in crises before. . . . There were 30 at the head table. The big five, reading from left to right, were Lord Alexander, Mr. St. Laurent, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Howe, Lord Ismay. That table ran along the north wall of the ballroom. Eight tables ran south from it, about 40 at each. Geometric in layout, but the soft light of candles, the congeniality of coffee, cigars and liqueurs and the suppressed whispers of the RCAF card kept at ear's length in the next room. . . . During dinner Mr. Churchill occasionally waved at familiar faces at the "lesser" tables. He beckoned first George Drew and then General McNaughton, to come up and say "hello." They did. Charlotte Whitton in black evening gown, sitting beside Mr. Coldwell and opposite Archbishop Vachon. Two other ladies were there: Senator Cairine Wilson and Mrs. Ellen Fairclough, the member from Hamilton West. The Chateau, God bless it, can do a thing like this well. Its ballroom looks like a barn when empty. Last night it was alive, warm, a scene for history. And the job of serving those 350 dinners was done easily, quickly, in good taste. Some hapless fellow left the microphones turned on during the early part of the dinner and some of the chit-chat between the two Prime Ministers might have been "out differently had they known it could be heard in the overhanging galleries filled with press. I wonder will it be cold for him in Siberia?"

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"Your Excellencies Mr. Churchill, Ladies and Gentlemen," was the way Mr. St. Laurent began. He read his speech as a man who had something important to say and he wanted to say it properly. He wasn't concerned about using this occasion to make his own reputation as an orator. He spoke only six minutes but it was, as Mr. Churchill later acknowledged, a "most gracious, most kindly" introduction. Did you hear the occasional devalued "hear, hear," as Mr. St. Laurent spoke? It was Mr. Churchill, now sitting up close to the table (and microphones) and looking eager almost belligerently keen, to get on his feet. When Mr. Churchill did rise the whole assembly did likewise and cheered, while Mr. Churchill kept perfectly straight face, placed his text on the table, arranged his glasses. No fidgeting though, he was just attending to the essentials of his business and using the moments of cheering to get them done. Then, in clear voice: "Your Excellency, Prime Minister, Mr. Lords and Gentlemen." At that point he looked carefully at his watch and then without any unprepared preamble plunged at once into the text of his speech. All of which made you think that if Churchill were asked to give tips on speech-making he would say: "If you are going to make a speech—make a speech and don't fool around about it."

So, too, with the matter of giving emphasis. If you are going to refer to a "famous governor general" then call him that in clear plain words so everyone can hear and turn slowly and thoroughly towards him and bow to him with your head and hands and body. (Meanwhile His Excellency sat however.

The Poet's Corner

A PORTRAIT I am a kind of farthing dip. Unfriendly to the nose and eyes: A blue-behind-ed ape, I skip Upon the trees of Paradise. At mankind's feast, I take my place In solemn, sanctimonious state, And have the air of saying grace While I defile the dinner plate. I am "the smiler with the knife." The batten upon garbage, I—Dear Heaven, with such a raucous life Were it not better far to die? Yet still, about the human pale, I love to scamper, love to race, To swing by my irreverent tail All over the most holy place. And when at length, some golden day, The unfailing Sportsman, aiming at Shall bag me—all the world shall say: "Thank God! and there's an end of that!" —Robert Louis Stevenson

CHURCH VANDALS

SAULT STE. MARIE. ON—(CP)—Vandals, believed to have been children, raided the sanctuary of St. Ignace Church here and caused extensive damage to the altar in their search for loot. Police reported nothing was missing.

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