

# THE EDUCATIONAL HORIZON

## -A SATURDAY FEATURE-

### PRESENTING NEWS AND VIEWS OF INTEREST TO TEACHERS AND ALL OTHERS SEEKING IMPROVEMENT IN EDUCATION

This column is conducted by the Prince Edward Island Teachers' Federation Committee in charge: Ralph MacLean, Zilpha Linkletter, Millar MacFadyen, Dan MacDonald, and Harold Lawton. We welcome contributions which should be addressed to H. Lawton, Charlottetown.

#### LET US GET IN LINE

In these trying times through which we are passing we feel sure all our teachers are determined to do their utmost in whatever capacity they may be called upon to act.

We believe that, next to our armed forces, in public services teachers play a part second to none. A great statesman once said, "What you want in the life of a nation put it in your schools". Today our nation is crying for a clarifying and re-vitalizing of our democratic way of life. If our democratic institutions are to survive, if the abuses which have crept into our democratic system are to be removed, and if we are to remain a strong and verile nation, true ideas must be inculcated and fostered in the youth of our country; our educational system must be adequate. That is primarily the work of our schools; it is a direct challenge not only to our teachers and educational leaders, but also concerns each citizen of our country. Our educational leaders must formulate and direct the course to be taught; our teachers must diligently strive to carry out this course effectively; and the citizens of our country must be prepared to provide good schools, adequate equipment, and qualified teachers.

The value we place on an article is represented in the amount we are willing to pay for that article. No up to date farmer would put poor seed in the soil and expect a good crop, nor would a carpenter buy cheap tools and expect to do a good job. Now let us look at the value we place on education as compared with other places (in dollars and cents per child) New York State—\$124.32; United States—\$84.76; British Columbia (1937)—\$78.38 \$49.86; P. E. I.—\$32.72; P. E. I. out- Ontario (1937)—\$67.39; Canada—\$29.56; Charlottetown and Summerside—\$29.56.

It is a recognized principle that in order to have good results in our schools we must have good teachers. In order to induce the best teachers to remain in the profession they must be offered an adequate living wage. This is clearly evident to-day for many of our good teachers have already left the profession, and many more, if they so desired, may accept positions at higher salaries than they are now receiving. If as many of our teachers leave the profession during the next two years there is grave danger of our breaking down the structure of our public educational system. If that should happen where are the teachers to come from? Certainly not from the other provinces, where there is a scarcity of teach-

ers at present, and where they are offered higher wages than teachers in this province.

Recognizing the vital need of a sound education for the children of our country, the Government is attempting to do something about it: In British Columbia the minimum salary for elementary teachers is \$780. Negotiations are under way to have this minimum raised to \$840. The average salary of teachers in B. C. is \$1297. In Alberta the minimum is \$840; in Saskatchewan teachers are looking forward to a raise this year, as the Government promises to spend the record sum of \$4,692,000 on education; in Manitoba the average salary paid teachers is \$707 and they also are negotiating for increases; in Ontario the teachers' salaries are increasing from year to year; Premier Godbout's Government is placing increasing emphasis on the needs of education; New Brunswick teachers average rose last year. In the recent election in Nova Scotia the premier had this to say in announcing his platform, "I make but one specific promise. We will proceed with a comprehensive plan to provide our young people and old with educational facilities equal to or superior to anything on the continent. To stimulate our energies and thinking we propose that a program covering the next five years be inaugurated to equip us for the world of the future."

Our minimum salary is \$312, and our average salary is \$483.

We believe that our citizens realize the utter inadequacy of the present scale of salaries paid our teachers.

We were very much encouraged by the following statements of our Minister of Education at Lorne Valley as reported in the Oct. 30, 1941, issue of the local press: "Teachers will have to be paid; supplements will have to be increased. Money should not be considered when it is a question of education. With these statements of our Minister we heartily concur. We feel that all citizens who are interested in the welfare of their children will do their utmost to see that his wishes are carried out. We suggest that citizens hold meetings to discuss this important question, and, if they decide, in order to avert the impending crisis, teachers should be better paid, they should have their commendations sent in to the Department of Education as soon as possible."

Let us get in line with the other provinces.

J. R. MacDonald,  
Gen. Secy, P. E. I. T. F.

#### CURRENT EVENTS

##### DIARY OF THE WAR

September 16th. The Shah of Persia, now Iran, abdicated in favour of his son.

September 17th. United States Secretary of the Navy Knox declared that the escorts of convoys by war vessels "would be used in all defensive areas."

September 18th. Russia conscripted all men from 16 to 80 for military training after working hours. Reserves of 20,000,000 men will be affected by this order.

September 19th. Kiev was occupied by the Germans after a 69-day siege. Japan protested to Russia against floating mines in the Sea of Japan.

September 20th. King Boris of Bulgaria declared a state of national emergency. The R. A. F. bombed Stettin heavily. It is the big German Baltic port for shipping supplies for the Russian Campaign.

September 21st. The Germans occupied the island of Oesel in the Baltic. They cut off the Crimean by reaching the Sea of Azov.

September 23rd. General de Gaulle announced the formation of a Free French National Council to serve as a provisional government.

September 24th. In London, the delegates of eleven Allied governments pledged full adherence to the "Atlantic Charter" of Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt. British submarines destroyed five Axis ships in the Mediterranean.

September 25th. The Russians relieved pressure on Leningrad by launching a counter-offensive.

September 28th. The Anglo-Am-

erican delegation arrived in Moscow for the Tri-power Economic Conference in Aid to Russia.

September 29th. The Russians announced that the Germans had been driven back on the Leningrad, Moscow and Odessa fronts.

October 1st. The Russians admitted the loss of Poltava, one-third of the way from the Dnieper River to Kharkov, but claimed fresh troops in the Leningrad area. The United States government released the news that large American forces landed at Iceland on Sept. 17.

October 2nd. The Germans bombed four northeast coast cities and one south-east city in the heaviest raid on Britain in five months.

October 3rd. Russian forces broke through the German ring around Leningrad and established contact with the central forces. Speaking in the Sportplatz, Berlin, Hitler announced a new gigantic offensive aimed at Moscow. He also warned Germans to prepare for a long war. An American owned tanker was torpedoed and sunk on Sept. 27 in the South Atlantic.

October 6th. The German offensive against Moscow was estimated to total a force of 3,000,000 men operating in a two-pronged drive north and south of the city.

October 7th. The U. S. Government used its influence to back up a British attempt to induce Finland to withdraw her troops from Soviet territory.

October 8th. The Russian forces admitted the loss of Orel 200 miles south of Moscow.

October 11th. A German radio station was discovered and destroyed in Greenland by U. S. A. naval patrol. All women and children not working in factories were ordered to leave Moscow.

October 13th. The Russians admitted the loss of Bryansk.

October 14th. The Russians army evacuated Vyazma, 130 miles west of Moscow.

October 15th. Moscow acknowledged that German forces had reached Mzhsak, 60 miles west, and Kalinin, 100 miles northwest of the capital.

October 16th. Soviet forces withdrew from Kalinin. The Black Sea port of Odessa fell to German and Rumanian armies after almost two months' siege. The Japanese cabinet of Premier Prince Konoye resigned.

#### THE FAR EAST

States will not bring pressure on China to settle the Manchurian and other Sino-Japanese question to suit Japan.

As the Normura-Hull talks failed, the Japanese government sent Saburo Kurusu to Washington as a special Ambassador to assist Normura. This special mission has failed to remove the impasse. On Dec. 3 the President addressed a direct question to the Japanese Government demanding an explanation of the concentration of Japanese air, land, and sea forces in French Indo-China forces that far exceed the number agreed to in the original treaty with the Vichy Government. Mr. Roosevelt addressed his inquiries to the Japanese Government through Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura, the Japanese Ambassador, and Saburo Kurusu Japan's special envoy. It was taken for granted that negotiations would have been resumed. The whole episode was generally considered the equivalent of an effort to determine the extent of Tokyo's good faith in conducting negotiations aimed at peace.

The real obstacle in the way of peace and rapprochement is Japan's ambition to establish a great Far Eastern empire by military force. The U. S. A. insists that they renounce this plan. If they do, Great Britain and U. S. A. will help them to find prosperity as a commercial power. So far they refused. If they persist in the refusal the nations of the world expect the expansion to be carried out by three successive steps: (1) A drive from Indo-China through Yunnan Province to cut the Burma Road; (2) occupation of Thailand (Siam) by negotiation or force; (3) an attack on Rangoon. The possibility of a thrust into Siberia is not excluded, but it is doubtful if the Japanese will attempt it unless the Germans bring the Russians to the verge of collapse.

1. Locate on the map and explain the importance of Leningrad, the Donets Basin, Rurik, Kharkov, Rostov, Astrakhan, Odessa, Sebastopol.

(2) Trace the great river systems of Russia—Dnieper, Dniester, Don, Volga, and the Ural. Observe how they have served as separate industrial zones, and now constitute successive defence barriers to the German Advance.

(3) Locate the oil-producing areas of Malokop, Grozny, Teflis, Baku and Kaschaghi (North Caspian).

(4) Locate and explain the importance of Manila, Pearl Harbour, Singapore, Hong Kong, the Aleutian Islands, and Vladivostok. (To Be Continued)

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#### Write for These

- Addresses from which materials such as samples, booklets, pamphlets or maps may be obtained.
- ALCOHOL**
  - U. S. Industrial Alcohol Co., 110 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. (Booklet—"Industrial Alcohol" Manufacture and uses.)
- ALUMINUM**
  - Aluminum Co. of Canada, 158 Sterling Rd., Toronto 3, Ont. (Booklet—"Canadian Aluminum Industry.") Ore Exhibit—50c.
- ASBESTOS**
  - Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Asbestos, Que. (Booklet—"Story of Asbestos.")
- CANADA YEAR BOOK**
  - Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Ottawa, Can. (Canada Year Book, 50c. "A Fact a Day about Canada"—Monthly—1 year subscription—25c.)
- BIRDS**
  - National Parks Branch, Dept. of Interior, Ottawa, Canada. (Pamphlets—Birds, 2 Construction of Bird Houses.)
- PROVINCES**
  - Dept. of Interior, Ottawa, Canada (Booklet on each Province; National Parks, Glaciers, etc.)
- SALT**
  - Canadian Industries Ltd., Windsor Salt Section, Windsor, Ont. (Booklet—"Salt").
- TELEVISION**
  - Bell Telephone Laboratories, 462 West Street, New York, N. Y. (Booklet—"Through the Electrical Eye.")
- TRANSPORTATION**
  - General Motors Corporation Detroit, Mich. U. S. A. (Booklet—"Transportation Progress, Outline of History.")
- TREES**
  - Dominion Forest Service, Dept. of Mines and Resources, Ottawa, Canada. (Pamphlet on Canadian Trees. Colored Map of Canadian vegetation.)
- WOOD**
  - Forest Products Laboratories of Canada, Ottawa, Canada. (Samples of Wood—\$1.00.)
- PEOPLE**
  - Quaker Oats Co., Saskatoon, Sask. (Picture Sets) People of All Lands.
- TEA**
  - Salada Tea Co. of Canada Ltd., 459-463 King Street, West, Toronto 2, Ont. (Pamphlet—"Story of Tea Plant.")
- SCIENCE**
  - Canadian Industries Ltd., Head Office, Montreal, P. Q. (C. I. L. Oval—four times a year—free.)

#### THE WANDERERS

From Maine to California  
From the Lakes to Mexico,  
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You find them in the mill and shop  
In store and warehouse too;  
In factory of every sort;  
Their daily tasks pursue;

You find them by an office desk  
In court and government;  
Some practice law and medicine  
Some join a regiment;

They plow the land and spin the cloth  
Do work of every kind  
And oft their thoughts go back  
To the Island left behind

And soon or late most all return  
To the land they knew as Home  
And find there peace and sweet content  
And care no more to roam

How like the prodigal of old  
Who left his own homeland  
But gladdened returned again  
To clasp His Father's hand!  
J. H. C. MacDougall  
Cambridge, Mass.

#### CHECK-CHAIN-LETTERS

NEW YORK (CP)—Attempting to put an end to anti-Nazi secret publications and chain letters the authorities have prescribed sentences up to five years for convictions.

### Three Traveled East

By RUTH AYERS  
Author of "Meet Me At Midnight", "Blackout", "Drafted For Love"

#### CHAPTER I

All eyes in the city room of the Sentinel were on Miss Connie Dawson as she walked through the door marked "Editor."

Connie herself was unaware of the riveted attention. Her head was in the clouds, and a very pretty head, too. A little arrogant, perhaps, but with dark, clipped curls making a frame for a piquant face.

"Good morning, Connie. Sit down."

"Thank you, Mr. Williams. It's likely you want to give me final instructions and have one of my way."

Mr. Williams, editor of the Sentinel, didn't look up at once. Instead, he stared at the telegram in his hand.

The clock ticked. From the other side of the closed door came the familiar tap of typewriter keys, the shrill of telephone bells. It was edited. Press Bureau machines spilled out cascades of yellow paper carrying dispatches from London, Berlin and Moscow. A war-torn world, but peculiarly remote for this minute in the quiet office of the editor.

"Connie, I've something to tell you. Something that's going to be hard to take."

She repeated his words, still smiling, but with the first chill of panic striking. "Hard to take?"

"In answer, the editor handed her the telegram. She picked it up, unfolded it.

"Sorry — last minute decision to send a man on the Newfoundland assignment. No place for a girl. Letter follows."

Connie read it twice. The third time the letters jumped up and leered at her through blurring eyes.

"But this can't be true," she said, and managed a laugh. Perhaps it was a joke, figured out by the boys on the copy desk to give her a scare.

Mr. Williams wasn't smiling. "I checked by telephone to make sure," he said. "The chief in the New York Press Bureau confirmed it. He believes you too young and—"

"Yes?" Connie's eyes were level.

"Well—not quite seasoned and experienced enough. It's a shame, of course. I know you're all set to go but there's nothing I can do. The orders come from the top."

Connie Dawson walked to the window. Outside, the western city stretched to the lake rim. Not sharp today in the grey light of December, but dimmed a little like a half-moon. Snow drifted gently down, patting the glass panes.

She was twenty-one years old, a girl reporter for a newspaper family.

No struggle for her to have found a job on this great metropolitan journal. Her name had been a magic key to unlock the gate to the city desk. Her name the key, too, which should have opened this job as correspondent in the north.

There was reason why Connie Dawson wanted the position — wanted to be in St. John's before Christmas. And it wasn't a reason concerning only with the thrill of journalism.

No, the real reason Connie had pulled strings and spared no effort, was the man she loved, Jerry. Jerry was a pilot, stationed at the far northern base, whose work it was to fly bombers across the border and across the sea for Britain.

"Can't you arrange a transfer here?" Jerry had begged in one of his letters to her. "Swell stories for you to write. I'd be through for the holidays and we can be married. Then you can be close by, working-waiting for me."

It was two weeks to Christmas. Connie had everything ready. Clothes, little knickknacks for the home she would make, a new portable typewriter.

Oh, she could still go of course — without the typewriter. But that wouldn't be the same. Besides, unless she had the assignment from the Press Bureau in New York, she'd never get her credentials filed in time to be with Jerry at Christmas.

Her hands clenched in the pocket of her smartly tailored suit. She would go! The matter was there as she had planned!

Turning, she faced Mr. Williams. A grand guy, this editor of hers. Funny, understanding. Not the old-time chief who thunders around and tore up papers and created scenes. "Who is this man?" she asked. "Who has taken the job from me?"

Mr. Williams shook his head. "I don't know, Connie."

She took a step closer, struggling to keep her voice calm. "You know, she began slowly. "I don't take a licking sitting down. If it's all right with you, I'd like to leave at once to see the chief in New York. I think I can make it clear to him why I have to go."

The editor's eyes, kindly behind steel-rimmed glasses, met hers. "You're very much in love with Jerry, aren't you, Connie?"

"Yes, of course. But I'd do a good job, too."

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He said, "I'm afraid it's going to be hopeless to convince the chief. He may be right. You've a great newspaper tradition behind you, yea. I think you have a real future ahead. But covering assignments at one of these posts in a time like this, is difficult for a man or a woman. You've not had quite the experience — quite the toughening you need."

Connie's head went up. The gesture spoke for her. Headstrong, determined. "I'm sure I can convince the New York office," she said. "That's all I need to do."

"All right if you want — try it. Good luck, but if it shouldn't work out, come back to us."

Connie picked up the telegram again. "Sorry — last minute decision to send a man on the Newfoundland assignment." Then she crumpled the sheet in her hand and tossed it into the waste basket.

The plane came down slowly, like a snowbird, heavy-winged.

Connie looked out. She saw the landing field, the small terminal with the letters on the roof — "County Airport."

The pilot was talking. "Too bad," he said, "but we'll have to lay over. Overcast and low ceiling all the way east." He was grinning, but there were sweat beads on his forehead.

Connie calmly unfastened her safety belt. And when she spoke she was calm, too, because with this panic in her heart there was no room for any other fear. "Where are we?" she asked.

"Smithton," he said. "Smithton, Ohio."

"How far to New York?"

"To New York? Oh, about six hundred miles."

The other people in the plane began to file out, like sheep herding. They were glad to get down with their lives. Relaxing, smiling, kidding the stewardess. It was as if the low, dark clouds had yawned with a doom from which they had suddenly been relieved.

Connie pushed by them into the tiny building. She checked schedules. She questioned the harried young man in charge of operations. The nearest big city was Pittsburgh, but that was one hundred and fifty miles away, he told her. No way to get there except by bus.

"Unless, of course, you want to wait for the local train which comes through here at night."

Connie didn't want to wait, either for the train or for the weather. It was clear so the plane could take off again. Action, motion, was what she needed — with no stopovers. "How do I get the bus?" she asked.

"The wretched attendant, who showed plainly he wasn't used to such determination, tried to explain that this wasn't the hour of scheduled plane arrivals and no vehicles into town were available.

"Maybe you can catch a ride," he said.

"I'll walk."

She took her bag and hurried across the frozen, rutted ground to the spur road which led to the main highway. There was plenty of time. It was three o'clock and the bus wouldn't come through until four.

The bag was light. The road was level. Smithton, Ohio!

She looked around. Not much to see in this gray and bleak town. Snowflakes swirled from a heavy sky. The few houses along the way looked blurry and forlorn.

At the bus stop sign, she put the bag down and opened her purse. Yes, she had money enough and she had the exquisite diamond clips Jerry had given her as a farewell gift before New Year's.

She glanced into it. A pair of unusual speckled, gray eyes looked back. Thick, unsmiling lashes. No nose with the exact right tilt.

But nothing else seemed right. Her hair was straggly and wind-blown from the walk along the road. The lipstick was worn off, and her face was a tight, unhappy look on her mouth. Even the expensive sports coat was wrinkled and her shoes were soggy.

Other women reporters on The Sentinel, hard-working girls who were likely to have runs in their stockings and ink smudges on their chins, always had regard for their own candid admiration. They wouldn't no. Even the men on the staff who used to say they'd match her (for looks) against any movie star who ever scooped the town, would hardly recognize her as she stood at the Smithton crossroads.

Well, it didn't matter, for far down the highway loomed the bus. It was streamlined and silvery against the bleak background. And it moved that which was what counted. Connie Dawson signaled.

When she entered there was only one empty seat.

She slipped into it without even noticing who was beside her. Then she sank back. Pittsburgh — New York tonight — Press Bureau.



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"It's wonderful, isn't it?" The voice was pert, cocky. Connie turned her head to the passenger beside her and stared hard.

The passenger was a young man, red-haired, lanky-legged, he moved as if to give her more room and then said, "Yep, it's sure something to see."

"What?" It was only one word but it snapped.

"He reneaded didn't notice. He waved a hand in the direction of the town's main square, where the little town square spire, still staring, coldly.

"It gets you, doesn't it?" he asked. "These people on the bus — going home for the holidays. All the kids waving excitedly as you go by. It's something in the air. The Christmas spirit."

"Christmas spirit!" Connie Dawson left her mouth agape more than ever. The least thing in the world she felt was the Christmas spirit. All that had gone when a. r. Williams had shown her the telegram. Oh, she was racing east, of course — hoping above hope that she would be the one to reach Jerry in her heart, frightening her, Jerry, as gallant rider, waiting for her — and she, here on a bus, two thousand miles away and a hard road — the spirit of Christmas left. Miss Connie Dawson very cold.

"Nothing bigger than it — nothing quite like it, which is the philosopher on the same seat."

Connie turned her back and closed her eyes.

(To Be Continued)

### REDDIN BROS.

GIFT TIPS

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The number and variety of our gifts make it almost impossible to make a complete list. Best of all come in and just look over our large assortment and be convinced that we have the Gift you were looking for.

### REDDIN BROS.

PHONE 86

LEO M. DOUCETTE  
ROY M. SMALLMAN

Mr. Lloyd Waddell, teller at the Bank of Nova Scotia here, has joined the R. C. A. F. and is leaving Thursday for Toronto, Ont., where he is to be located for the present. Previous to his departure he was given a farewell party at his home in Keley's Cross, and presented with a ring.

Mr. Harold Jones of Charlottetown has been transferred here to take the place of Mr. Waddell at the Bank.

L. D. Macleod & Sons are constructing a new shed to house their ever increasing herd of foxes.

Miss Ada Bouler recently returned from an enjoyable visit to Maine.

Mrs. Bertha MacQuarrie has taken up her residence in Charlottetown for the winter.

Miss Belle Rogerson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Rogerson, left on Monday for Roxbury, Mass. to visit her sister Mary, Mrs. Rod MacNeil.

Mr. F. A. Wotton intends to re-

#### OUT OUR WAY



#### OUR BOARDING HOUSE



#### By J. R. Williams



#### With Major Hoop



As British fight in Libya they take precautions against large-scale air raids on Cairo. Here anti-aircraft searchlights play over ancient Egyptian city.