

THE GUARDIAN

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CIRCULATION "Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew"

"The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink"

CHARLOTTETOWN TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1953

New Brunswick Power Scheme

The International Joint (Waterways) Commission has placed its approval on the plan of New Brunswick Electric Power Commission to harness the waters of the St. John River at Beechwood, Carleton County. The proposal would, if carried out, make more electrical energy available to industrial and commercial users as well as domestic consumers in our sister Province.

The Beechwood site is one of several potential sources of power within what is termed the St. John River basin. Its development has for some time been envisioned by the Electric Power Commission. Now, with the feasibility for harnessing the waters there favorably determined and approved by the International Joint Commission, the provincial authority has been given the "green light" to proceed with the work necessary for the production of electrical energy at this source.

The estimated productive capacity of the new site at Beechwood is placed at 48,000 horsepower. Already the Power Commission has preliminary plans well advanced for carrying out the project. And the Legislature at the past session gave authority to the Commission to make financial arrangements for undertaking the development when it considered this should be done. If the work begins this year, it has been estimated that power would be available by 1956. With the widening development of new sources of electric energy, Premier Flemming predicts that New Brunswick will gain definitely in industrial and commercial importance.

No More Tank Towns

In common parlance, whatever railwaymen thought about it, "tank town" has long been used to denote the very minimum of municipal facilities and existence. There is nothing to get off for nor anywhere to come from. Without the water tank, the tank town is nothing. Canadians, however, may have to seek a new term of opprobrium to denote just how insignificant we consider a community to be. Tank towns will be no more, because the tanks are disappearing.

The introduction of the diesel locomotive spelled the doom of great numbers of these elevated reservoirs. Steam locomotives had an enormous thirst which required closely spaced water tanks to satisfy. The diesel, however, has no such need and so the tanks are to go.

It is to reduce costs, of course, that the railways are turning to diesel so that it is not to be expected that they would keep up unnecessary equipment. At the same time local authorities would do well to take note of the location of water tanks and determine their value for other than railway purposes. Not infrequently, although water sources are plentiful in this Province, such a tank is a valuable source of water for fire-fighting and other purposes.

New U. N. Chief Functionary

The first task of the new Secretary-General of the United Nations, Mr. Dag Hammarskjold, will be to restore the morale of the Secretariat, some members of which have been under attack by American senators and newspapers for alleged contamination by subversive and Communist influences. Mr. Hammarskjold has given considerable thought to the relations of civil servants and governments, and he will certainly bring some order into the present hopeless confusion. But, notes the London Observer, the U.N. Secretariat suffers from a more profound complaint than disloyalty. They are civil servants of a world government that does not exist. No Secretary-General can fill that gap, though he may give the technical departments a sense of more precise purpose and procedure.

Mr. Hammarskjold (who recommends the pronunciation "Hammershield") has had a good deal of experience with international co-operation since the war. As Sweden's representative at the original Marshall Plan meetings, he was with Sir Oliver Franks, one of the main architects of the Organization for European Economic Co-operation. He also attended many meetings of the Council of Europe, and occasionally, of the United Nations. There is no doubt that he is an ardent internationalist, and a neutralist in the special Swedish way. For the last 140 years Sweden has not

taken part in any war, but she has usually maintained strong armed forces and regarded her neutrality as a bargaining counter in the power politics of nations, rather than as absolute doctrine to be guarded inviolate as the Swiss regard theirs. The leading advocate of Swedish isolation was the present Secretary-General's father, Mjalmar Hammarskjold, who as Prime Minister attempted to remain absolutely neutral in World War One.

Today, though Sweden lives under the shadow of Russia, she has not proved subservient to Soviet policy. When war broke out in Korea, Sweden declared that the North Koreans were the aggressors, but confined her contributions to the U.N. forces to field ambulances. A year later, when a Swedish plane was shot down over the Baltic Sea by Russian planes, it fell to Dag Hammarskjold, as temporary head of the Foreign Office, to send three forthright notes of protest to Russia.

In dealing with the high politics of international wrangling, the new Secretary-General may be expected to be correct and ingenious, though it is unlikely that he will undertake the bold initiative that sometimes characterized his predecessor's, Trygve Lie's, period of office. His interests, it is anticipated, will lie more in the opportunities for playing a positive role through the specialized agencies which are the welfare departments of the United Nations.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Pan-American Day

Today is budget day in Britain. Presumably there are always optimists hoping for tax cuts, but with a £436,000,000 deficit for the past year they must be few and far between.

According to reports Canada will have an army contingent at the Coronation of which we may well be proud, both as to membership and appearance. It should be a gallant band, gallantly turned out.

Tomorrow the trout fishing season opens and at any time after midnight tonight enthusiasts will be able to wet a line. Less hardy types and those more interested in the eating qualities of their catch will not be in a hurry to be under the wire.

Air Cadet Week is well under way. The Air Cadet League of Canada branches in Summerside and Charlottetown and the air cadet squadrons are putting on special shows. In this Province they are fortunate in having generous assistance and facilities provided by the Commanding Officer, R.C. A.F. Station Summerside.

The London County Council has offered accommodation at two of its school camps—at Marchant's Hill, Hindhead, and Sayers Croft, Ewhurst in the English county of Surrey—to parties of children from overseas who wish to visit London for Coronation week. Invitations have been sent to the Commonwealth and Western European countries.

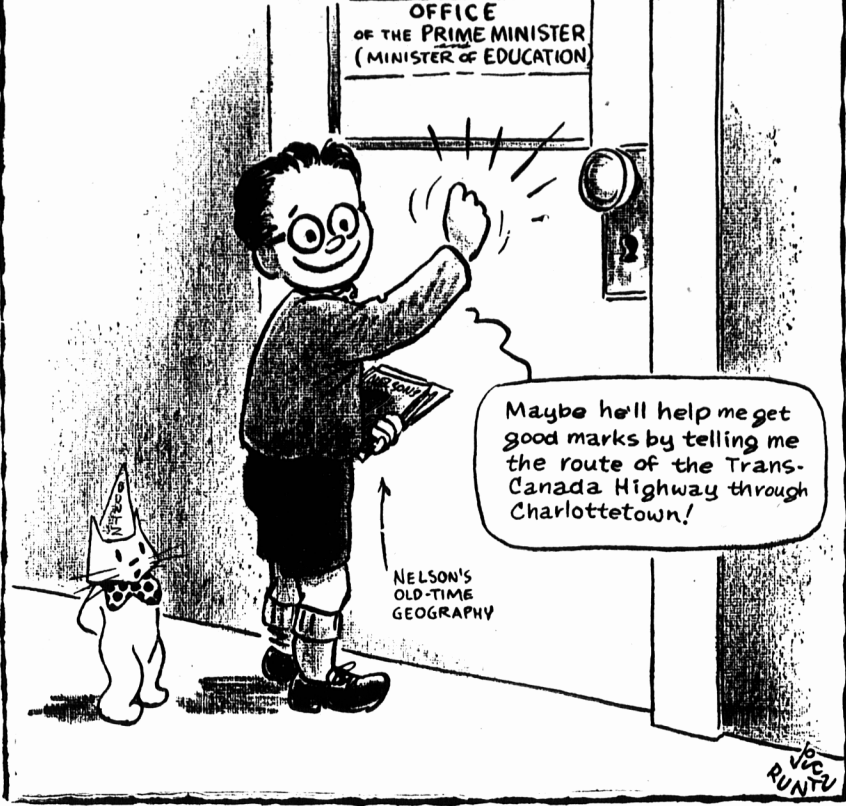
At last the explanation of soap operas has been revealed. Mr. A. B. Dunton, chairman of the C.B.C. board of governors, told a House committee that psychologists reasoned that soap operas provide a good emotional outlet for women and that it had been suggested that there would be many more divorces if it weren't for the serials. Presumably the most miserable of women can take comfort that things are not so bad as in her favorite soap opera.

Georg Friedrich Handel, German musician, died this date 1759. He early produced operas in Hamburg, Florence, Venice, Rome, Naples and London. From 1711 until his death he made his home in England, becoming a close friend of Pope, Fielding, Arne, Hogarth and others. He composed fifteen oratorios of unique, unprecedented splendour, including "Israel in Egypt" and the "Messiah". He is remembered as an English composer because of the tradition of big choral writing which has developed only in England.

Dr. U. R. Bryner, a member of a team of five physicians sent by the American Medical Association to spend six weeks studying socialized medicine in Great Britain, feels that the general practitioner in Britain is no longer a free, independent professional person. He is part of the state machine. "His work tends to become more superficial," Dr. Bryner told a group of doctors in St. Louis on his return, "as he is increasingly concerned with clerical and technical trivialities. His importance in diagnosis, in treatment and in preventive medicine diminishes as these functions are increasingly taken over by specialists, health officials, midwives, hospital laboratories and technical services."

Possible Unforeseen Developments

NEWS ITEM: The Premier suggests today's geography teach highway routes as arteries of commerce rather than rivers and bays.



The Poet's Corner

TO SPRING O Thou with dewy locks, who look'st down Through the clear windows of the morning, Turn Thine angel eyes upon our western isle, Which full choir hails thy approach, O Spring! The hills tell one another, and the listening Valleys hear: all our longing eyes are turned Up to thy bright pavilions: issue forth And let thy holy feet visit our clime! Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds Kiss thy perfumed garments; let us taste Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls Upon our loveless land that mourns for thee. —William Blake.

I Am A Barbarian Here . . .

By Peter Duberg, Editor, UNESCO FEATURES "Barbarian." This complacent, hateful, exploitive was to become the justification for murder, the fighting slogan for one war after another, the self-sufficient explanation for enslavement and persecution. The most British cruelties were to be come respectable — so long as they were practised upon "barbarians". No single word is better fitted to typify the complex of hostilities, suspicions and fears which have divided mankind.

It is reasonable to suppose that the word resulted from an encounter in Ancient Greece between two men who spoke different dialects of the extinct Indo-Aryan language, of which Greek was an offshoot. Hopelessly misunderstanding each other, the language of one man seemed to the other to consist only of meaningless syllables, "bar-bar-bar" (much as one man may still say that another merely speaks "bla-bla-bla"). At any rate, the Greek "barbaros" appears originally to have meant only "not Greek" and was applied to all those who spoke different languages. Later, it came to mean "outlandish", "uncivilized", "cruel" and "coarse."

Publius Ovid, popular poet of the early Roman Empire, may have been one of the first to recognize that the contemptuous epithet was a two-edged sword — and to apply it to himself. After five years' exile from his beloved Rome, in the town of Tomi on the Black Sea, he wrote: "I am a barbarian here, because I am understood by no one."

Millions of boys and girls spend from two to four years in the study of living languages. A few years later, only a few of them can read books and newspapers or carry on a reasonable conversation in the languages they have studied. Many of them, in fact, have had their original interest and enthusiasm destroyed by the teaching itself. It is important to note that there have always been exceptions to this — for the selections provide a clue to the solution: natives of many geographically small countries, the Netherlands, for example, are very often fluent in other languages — the languages of their neighbors, and of countries with which they share extensive commercial or cultural interests. Interest and necessity, therefore, have something to do with ability to learn languages.

Notes By The Ways

The Department of Fisheries has been formed to revive the beautiful penmanship of the Elizabethan era. Anyone who has ever seen a phlostat of a sixteenth century manuscript will realize how alarming this is. The penmanship of that period was undoubtedly beautiful, in an ornate sort of way, with wavy lines and spirals and curls spreading in all directions. The only trouble with it is that it is practically impossible to read. For example, after a careful study of a number of William Shakespeare's signatures on legal documents, even the experts can't tell whether he spelled his name Shakespeare, Shakespeare, or Shakspeare. —Edmonton Journal.

Old Charlottetown

The beautiful steamer "St. George" made her first trip to Pictou on Wednesday morning last, having on board an overflow of passengers. The directors of the Company and their families, with other principal inhabitants of Charlottetown, to the number of sixty, accompanied by a numerous Amateur Band, took passage in her. The "St. George" left Charlottetown at half-past nine o'clock, amidst the cheers of a large crowd of spectators, who had assembled to witness her departure, and arrived at Pictou at 3, having been 5 1/2 hours from wharf to wharf, and proving herself in every respect worthy of the high character which report gave her for comfort, superior accommodation and efficiency. Her reception at Pictou was exceedingly creditable to the liberality and good feeling of the inhabitants. Salutes were fired from different positions commanding the River, as she approached the Town, while crowds of people welcomed her with their cheers as she passed up to her destination, the band playing the whole time with great taste and execution several appropriate airs. —The "St. George" sailed on her second trip for Pictou about half-past seven o'clock this morning. After proceeding some distance, it was discovered that the Mail had been left behind. Intimation thereof was immediately communicated to the Garrison, when several guns were fired, and a signal hoisted; but by this time the Steamer was at least two miles distant. She, however, proceeded on her way without seeming to take any notice of the firing, and was soon outside of the heads. The Schooner "Margaret" was immediately dispatched with the mail. —Colonial Herald, Aug. 26, 1842.

The Age-Old Story

After these things the Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before his face into every city and place, whether he himself would come. Therefore said he unto them, The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest. . . . And the seventy returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name. And he said unto them, I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven. Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall by any means hurt you. Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven.

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The Passing Scene

By Observer FURTHER PISCATORIAL REFLECTIONS

I am not a weather prophet nor the son of one. Nevertheless, I venture to predict that it will rain on Wednesday, the 15th inst. My sole reason for "making this prediction is that as far back as I can remember it has always rained (sometimes it has snowed, too) on Opening Day. Whether this be a boon or a bane to trout fishermen depends, of course, on the point of view. My own belief is that a little rain is helpful. It encourages the fish to be a bit more cheerful and co-operative. This view, however, is by no means universally shared. Many fishermen, more weather-wise than I, claim that a bright sunny day provides the ideal conditions. The truth is that trout fishermen are in their views concerning such matters just as noticeably as in their political convictions. The controversy about the effect of east wind has gone on for centuries and shows no sign of abatement. Personally I take my stand with the who say that an east wind blows nobody any good. I cannot recall catching a single fish worth keeping when the wind has been from that quarter. Whether the wind or my own psychological preconception has been to blame I cannot say. I am ready to admit that the latter may have had something to do with it, for my friend Jim Skinner of Bridgetown, who in his day has landed as many big trout as any two men on the Island (according to his own testimony), stoutly maintains that the wind has nothing whatever to say in the matter. Time and time again I have debated the question with him, but always my theoretical arguments have been rendered weak and almost puerile by the strength of the facts and figures which he has been able to produce at a moment's notice.

For years I had been under the impression that an electric storm played havoc with any fishing prospects, until an old gentleman from Washington, D.C., for whose skill I learned to have a high respect, after a careful study, convinced me that my impression in this respect was nothing but a delusion and a snare. "Nothing brings the trout to the surface," he used to tell me, "like the roar of thunder and the flash of lightning." . . . Now there are times when I half revert to my former view, but out of respect to my good American friend I don't allow it to get the upper hand. Now, when anyone blames the thunder and lightning for his ill fortune, I merely smile and say nothing. To most trout fishermen, the mosquito, especially the female of the species, is public enemy No. 1. Go where you will, the pesky little creature is abused. Not so however, in the case of one man with whom I used to fish some years ago. "I just love them," he used to say many times as if he were talking about a cherished pet. His theory was that there was some sort of working agreement between the trout below and the mosquitoes above. When planning a trip he would want to know what the prospects were for big clouds of mosquitoes. If good, he would feel reasonably certain of getting his limit. Otherwise, he would be pessimistic about the whole thing. Mad? Of course not. At least, no more so than the rest of us. . . . Troublesome as the mosquito is, compared with the so-called "chigger" that haunts the fishing places in Michigan and other parts of the Middle West and South, the name, incidentally, is a corruption of "chigoe", a well but not favourably known West India fly that somehow found its way into the rich American continent. This little creature, so small that it cannot be seen with the naked eye, is not satisfied to bite and be on her way in the manner of the mosquito. No, indeed. She gets right under the skin and stays there until she has started a good sized family. Then she comes out leaving her young brood to grow and get fat as best they can. And it is surprising how quickly the youngsters catch on to the lucrative racket. . . . Meanwhile, the luckless fisherman feels as if a million sharp gimlets were boring into his flesh and bones. The only remedy, so far as I know, is for the more rigid angler to put his gear together and make for home. Then, for some reason, the chiggers appear to vacate the premises and the agony is on the wane. . . . A curious thing, and a very fortunate one, is that chiggers and mosquitoes don't seem to get along well together. At any rate, they don't usually mix socially or politically. Perhaps they have a mutual agreement whereby they divide their zones of operation. This would be by no means impossible, for specialists in such matters say that treaties in the insect world have been diplomatically practiced for many centuries. So far, man has not managed to get in on them; that may come as civilization advances. . . . One of the questions that trout fishermen in this part of the world have to consider at this time of the year is that of bait versus fly. To use or not to use, that is the question. Some of the more rigid purists with respect to fly fishing are inclined to bend a little for the first month or so of the season on the grounds that only a bait can bring results. They don't talk much about it, and deep down in their hearts they are likely to feel a twinge of shame when in the act of stringing the worm on the hook. If caught in said act they would try, usually unconvincedly, to laugh it off as an extremely uncommittal occurrence. In this I can speak from personal experience. . . . I know there are any number of fishermen who can use a fly to successful advantage any time of the year, even in the middle of winter if the law permitted. While I cannot claim to be of their number I never cease to marvel at their skill and know-how. It is sheer waste of time for me to use a fly until the middle of May at the earliest. I have tried it many times, and no doubt I will try it again this coming Wednesday. The outcome will be the same as it has always been — a purely negative response. . . . It is a very sad confession to have to make. However, since the summer will provide plenty of opportunity for me to indulge in exaggerations and even predictions, the least I can do is to begin the season with a clear conscience. . . . The Coronation service at Westminster Abbey June 2 lasts from 11.15 a. m. to 1.45 p. m.

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