

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, MARCH 11, 1952

The Statute Book

To Prince Edward Islanders last week the Statute Book consisted of row upon row of annual statutes enacted by Legislatures since the year 1773. Since yesterday the Statute Book consists of the two volumes of Revised Statutes of Prince Edward Island, 1951, together with a few private acts relating to title to land, to Provincial debentures, marriage and divorce acts and a list of acts left to be repealed by the present Legislature.

The monumental task of reorganizing and revising 178 years of legislation into two volumes of 1585 pages was authorized in 1930 but the present revision was commenced when Mr. J. O. C. Campbell, Q.C., was appointed sole Commissioner for the purpose, May 17, 1951. Mr. Campbell completed his work, reported to the Lieutenant Governor, the Revised Statutes were proclaimed in force as of March 10, and a printed roll under the signature of the Lieutenant Governor and of the Provincial Secretary has been deposited with the Clerk of the Legislative Assembly.

Disastrous And Irresponsible

The terms used by the National Council of the C. C. F., "disastrous and irresponsible", to describe the rearmament programme of Canada and other N.A.T.O. powers are accurately descriptive of that party's stand on the question. The Council is reported to have criticized the Federal Government for failing to rally the Alliance powers around a programme of less armament and more economic rebuilding of Europe, and to have urged the Government to oppose vigorously the armaments goals set at Lisbon.

We have been through all this before, of course. Between the First and Second World Wars a highly vocal body of public opinion induced the democracies to strip themselves of arms to the point where sabre rattling Dictators could do practically as they pleased. There will be few with short enough memories to want the experience repeated.

Britain's Outbreak

As a result of the sudden onslaught of foot and mouth disease in Canada, new interest attaches to the attempts to stem a similar outbreak in England. The epidemic in that country dates from last November 14 and has already involved the slaughter of more than 8,500 animals.

Since 1839, with the exception of a short period after 1902, foot and mouth disease has infected British cattle either in isolated cases or in serious outbreaks. The disease is not endemic to England, but the Channel offers little protection against invasion.

For many years isolated cases of the disease have been detected among cattle which graze along the river estuaries. There is strong evidence that the infection is carried in to the coast with garbage cast overboard from passing ships. Attempts are now being made to deal with this problem. But another source of infection, migratory birds, is more difficult to cope with.

The outbreak of England's present epidemic, notes the Winnipeg Free Press, occurred far from the river estuaries, and experts now agree that the source of infection must be traced to migratory starlings and gulls.

Britain's geographical position almost precludes the eradication of foot and mouth disease, but heroic measures are being used to stem the present attack.

Many English farmers have quite naturally objected to the rigid application of the Government's slaughter policy. The answers to these objections as given by Dr. W. R. Woolridge, who is the Scientific Director of the Animal Health Trust, are of interest

here because the same policy of slaughter is being followed here. Britain, he says, cannot afford to risk having the value of her livestock industry halved or quartered. Foot and mouth is the most infectious of all diseases and even "recovered" animals still carry the virus. A reluctance to destroy all "carriers" would almost inevitably result in making the disease endemic.

Compensation paid to owners of slaughtered animals in Britain reveals only a pale reflection of the grievous loss to the country in terms of real wealth. This is vividly illustrated in the catastrophe which struck the Beccles Artificial Insemination Centre in Norfolk, where \$67,000 was paid in compensation for the loss of the entire stud of 37 pedigree bulls. The necessary destruction of these animals not only interrupted important experimental work, but will affect the breeding season on more than 4,000 farms.

EDITORIAL NOTES

St. Dunstan's, as an educational institution, has a long record of successes of which she has reason to be proud. Her faculty members stick to their jobs and the students and the college benefit thereby.

Farmer Woodside and his passenger were fortunate in escaping unhurt in the plane crash on Saturday on harbour ice. Mr. Woodside has a long list of successful mercy flights to his credit, and it is hoped he will soon be back on the job.

There is no guarantee that prices will not go down when Island lobstermen begin their operations, but the present record price of 60 cents a pound being received in other Maritime centres is distinctly encouraging to fishermen, if not to epicures.

Britain's exports in January reached a record \$750,000,000 (3/4 billion dollars). Exports to Canada dropped to \$25,500,000—less than both the fourth quarter average (\$28,800,000), and the year's average (\$34,200,000) for 1951.

It is the second session of the 47th General Assembly that is meeting today. Provincial Statutes dating back almost to 1773 as well as much older English ones are still in force in this Province. The proposed Revised Statutes are expected to supersede all previous Island public statutes.

All U. S. A. eyes will be centred on Hampshire today to discover prospects of the various candidates for nomination as President. It should be known definitely today whether both Truman and Eisenhower will be the standard bearers for their respective Democratic and Republican Parties.

The suggestion before the Students' Council of Prince of Wales College that athletic scholarships be instituted should not be allowed to become more than a suggestion. It is quite in order to consider athletic prowess in determining all-round qualifications for a scholarship but not without reference to scholastic or other qualities.

The day of the horse is not past though machinery has largely taken its place on farms and elsewhere. The consignment of horses from the West recently arrived at Kentville, N. S., is a reminder of days past when there was considerable resentment that Western stock should be brought to the Maritimes in competition with Island bred and raised horses for which we earned the sobriquet of the Kentucky of Canada.

It was almost certain that Australia would share in the austerity plight of the Mother Country. Shutting out of Australian products from the British market because of dollar shortage, meant Australia's national economy was disastrously affected. Recently an endeavour was made to expand export trade with the U. S. A., but there again tariff restrictions proved an almost insurmountable barrier.

David, first Earl Beatty, British admiral, died this date 1936. He served in the naval brigade at Khartoum and in the Boxer rebellion. He became naval secretary to First Lord of the Admiralty, Winston Churchill, in 1912 and took command of the battle-cruiser squadron on outbreak of war. He raided Heligoland, encountered von Hippel off the East coast and at Jutland. The latter action gave rise to wide controversy but Beatty became commander-in-chief of the Grand Fleet until the end of the war.

Locking the stable door after the steed has been stolen is a folly attributed to the negligent. At Ottawa it is now reported that there is going to be a shake-up in the Department of Agriculture affecting the Health of Animals Division. The report suggests that a number of Government veterinarians will be eased into retirement as soon as Parliament and the public have begun to lose interest in the foot-and-mouth plague.

Charlottetown Bound



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.

UNDESIRABLE PUBLICITY

Sir,—Now that the sensationalism about the "plight" of the people of North Rustico has passed which we never looked for or desired, we would like to say that the conditions here were not in any way whatsoever as they were pictured. For over three weeks we, and the people of the surrounding districts, were anxiously waiting for the plow to open our roads. A great many calls were made to the Department of Public Works, but still the roads were not opened. So, as a result of this, and when an occasion presented itself, information was given to the Press in order to support our request. Our only purpose in doing this was to bring the matter before the proper authorities in order that the situation would be remedied. Our purpose has been accomplished and the road is now open. We are grateful to the Department and to those who worked so hard to make it possible.

Journalism is such to-day that any news that has a human interest angle must be exploited for all that it is worth, and as a result our situation was really exploited. (Kirk Douglas in his picture "The Great Carnival" portrays this sensationalism to the extreme.) We regret this very much as it leaves people with a poor impression of our lovely village and its good people.

As to the letter which appeared in The Guardian of March 8th, we know the writer well and the source of his information, so no reply is necessary. We thank you, Sir, for the opportunity to express our feelings in your esteemed paper. On behalf of the people, I am Sir, etc. JOHN JAMES BLAQUIERE, J.P. North Rustico, P. E. I.

UNINFORMED ORACLES

Sir,—Ignorance is our mind is never bliss and thus the reason for this letter. On Saturday evenings at 8:30 a Halifax radio station carries a program called "Stop The Press". The idea, as is the idea of many programs these days, is to stump the "experts". Maritime listeners are invited to send in their questions. Usually four or five related to a particular topic are required, and if the "experts" fail to answer a certain percentage of them correctly, the sender receives a prize.

Last Saturday a lady from Moncton submitted the following questions to this "enlightened" program: "What college in the Maritimes won the Maritime Intercollegiate Debating championship this year?" "What colleges participated in the debates of the Maritime Intercollegiate Debating League?" "What college did winners defeat to win the championship?" "What is the name of the trophy emblematic of the debating championship?" The long and short of it is that none of the "experts" could answer any of the questions. True, they all made a blind guess at the winner, probably hoping to save some face. Mount Allison, Acadia, Dalhousie, and finally St. F.X. were all proffered as probable winners. None of them even came that close to the other answers. It ought to be understandable to you why we at St. Dunstan's feel gravely slighted by this ignorance. Not only is our College Maritime champions, but now we are champions of all Canada. What a distinction! What a tremendous record for a small university such as St. Dunstan's! And to think that it was scarcely known outside the province! How long have our sister provinces been submitting to such ignorance? Will somebody not tell them that St. Dunstan's exists (and how truly wonderfully does she do so) and that she claims her rightful place

The Age-Old Story

And while he yet spoke, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people. . . . And, behold, one of them which were with Jesus stretched out his hand, and drew his sword, and struck a servant of the high priests, and smote off his ear. Then said Jesus unto him, Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Think ye that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be?

among Maritime universities.

You know, Sir, that we cast no aspersions on your fine paper. You have always been generous to St. Dunstan's and we do appreciate it. But we feel that such appalling ignorance and indifference (for that is why the ignorance exists) on the part of others should be brought to light. It seems obvious that the ignorance was caused by indifference to the Maritime intercollegiate debates and gross negligence in reporting their activities to the public. And here we should like to go on record as making a strong protest through your columns of the poor journalism exemplified by the ignorance. Certainly the Maritime intercollegiate debating Championships are worthy of as much consideration as are the many sporting events which rate wide coverage week after week. Certainly they are worthy of some space when columns to the level and columns on how to remain young even through old and pages of society news are cast at the readers of daily newspapers day after day.

St. Dunstan's has brought great honor not only to Prince Edward Island but to the Maritimes for St. Dunstan's was representative of the Maritimes as well as of Prince Edward Island at Ottawa. Let us hope that those who apparently never heard of St. Dunstan's will feel some shame and that those who ignored St. Dunstan's so flagrantly will acknowledge their mistake by giving her the recognition she so richly deserves. We are, Sir, etc. The Executive ST. DUNSTAN'S STUDENTS' UNION. George Cameron, President.

TEA AT INTERNATIONAL HOUSE

Sir,—Last Sunday I was invited for tea and an evening program of "The Islands" at International House. I came early, on purpose, and sank down in corner of one of the many luxurious settees in the spacious lounge, and watched with fascination the individuals from almost every corner of the globe, sitting near me, or passing back and forth. One really startling figure in heavy cream and blue and light jacket and trousers of a rich gold and brown material: He came from the Sudan, I was told. Many were dressed in the colorful costumes we associate with China and Japan, India and Hawaii, but most of the men wore conventional suits and the women, the shirt waists and full skirts so popular here (and probably on P. E. I., also).

Even if all were in familiar western clothes, it would still be thrilling to look at so many fine and intelligent faces of different cast and color. About 40% of the residents are from the U. S. but even they are from many different races. There are 35 students from Canada and nine from England and others from countries where light skins predominate; but there are also many from such

The Poet's Corner

WHEN
When mine hour is come
Let no tear-drop fall
Let no darkness hover
Round me where I lie.
Let the vastest call
One who was its lover.
Let me breathe the sky,
Where the lordly light
Walks along the world
And its silent tread
Leaves the grasses bright,
Leaves the flowers uncurled,
Let me to the dead
Breathe a gay goodnight.

G. W. Russell.

places as Nigeria, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Liberia, and Ethiopia. The president of the student council is from that country. Fair faces, and dark, chiseled features and blunt, slant eyes and round, how little it seems to matter here where all are united in the common quest for knowledge and an understanding of each other's problems.

International House is now in its 28th year and since its beginning, 25,000 students from over 100 countries, colonies, dependencies and protectorates have lived here or been associated with the house. As at present, they have been graduate students at every school and college in and around New York and have studied in practically every area: technology, diplomacy, medicine, nursing, teaching, business, dancing, drama and music. About a fourth have scholarships from the U.S. Government, many from their own Governments; some have private scholarships and some are sent here by their parents.

Can living in the same house, working, studying and relaxing together help build that understanding that will lead to a better world? That of course is the belief of such men as General George Marshall, and Lester Pearson of Canada who are actively interested in International House. They feel their confidence is justified by the thousands of former residents who go back to their own countries to foster cooperation and by the many who are now exerting influence as members of United Nations delegations and members of foreign embassies.

I, too, felt this assurance as I mingled with these sons and daughters of such different cultures, during the tea hour and while watching the program. A pretty girl from England "poured" and I spoke with several Canadians at the party. We took our tea to individual tables and at mine were classmates from Holland, Liberia, Israel, Colombia, S. A., Greece and South Carolina. As a student in the field of Human Behavior, it is interesting to me that I find no greater differences among these friends, from such different backgrounds, than among a group of friends who all happen to be born and raised in New York City, or on P. E. I.

There are those who are outgoing and those who are reserved; there are those who question, and those who accept; those who worry and fuss, and those who attack their problems with self-confidence. People are just people—with the same need to think, and achieve, be liked and respected. Later, watching a slender young girl from Formosa sway and bow in a "Moon Dance", and a thin bespectacled young man from Korea play his adaptation of an ancient musical score, Formosa and Korea lost their purely threatening significance and became places where people lived, went away to study and went back to share what they learned. Formosa, Korea, Ceylon, Jamaica, Hawaii, and all the other Islands, and countries too, are the homes of people who need our friendship as we need theirs. International House does it on a big scale, but wherever people from different cultures accept each other, there is an International House. I am, Sir, etc. RUHAMAH SCHEINFELD FRANK 431 Riverside Drive, New York City

The Passing Scene

By Observer
SNOW
The dictionary I consult when I am in doubt over an unfamiliar word defines snow as "atmospheric vapour frozen into ice crystals and falling to earth in white flakes or spread on it as a white layer." Crystals. Flakes. White layer. What pretty words they are! This is what the poets have sung about with careless abandon. And if only it would stay that way we could all join in rapturous praise of "the snow that comes in winter to whiten all the plain."

It isn't the snow itself we grumble about, but the drifts, just as in summer we say, "it isn't the heat; it's the humidity." But, with an occasional exception—Robert Service, for one—the poets say nothing about drifts. Perhaps because, while there is more than a touch of romance in tiny white flakes falling wonderingly from the sky, there is none at all in huge snow mountains, and, of course, poets are romantic people.

Like a great many other residents of this Island I was beginning to feel that we had had more than our share of snow storms and blizzards since December came in. "It couldn't be much worse," I kept saying to anyone who would listen, until letters with newspaper clippings attached began arriving from friends in the North-Eastern States. Then I was forced to admit that our worst storms have been little more than scattered snow-furries in comparison with the furious things they have had to contend with in New England, from Aroostook in Northern Maine right down to Southern Massachusetts and beyond.

In one blizzard more than a thousand motorists were stranded for 48 hours along a few miles of highway. Those who could, waded and crawled to roadside houses. The others shivered in buried cars. The biggest plows were powerless. "No better than toys" was the way one witness expressed it. In several cities emergency shelters had to be set up in City halls, schools and churches to handle the hundreds of "refugees" who considered themselves lucky to find any sort of haven from the white fury.

A clipping showed the main street of a city of one hundred thousand utterly deserted in broad daylight. The snow, twenty feet of it and more in places, had taken the city over block by block. In at least one instance a sick woman had to be hauled to hospital on a bob-sleigh. This, mind you, in a large metropolitan area. In the height of the storm a number of street crews were delayed several hours from getting to work. The reason? Their plows were snowed under, having been stored in the open. But dozens finally came to their aid and got them going. When I read all this I thought came to me that the Island's worst storms are not so very bad after all. I went back to my shovelling with a light heart, thanked the snow under, having been stored in the open. But dozens finally came to their aid and got them going.

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Everything in this world, including wind and blizzard, has a purpose. But for the loss of life there being on land and sea, especially on sea, howling storms could be called benefactors of man. Nothing in our part of the world like a snow filled Nor-Easter to bring us down to size. We boast of our inventions, glory in our high-powered vehicles, and consider ourselves monarchs of all we survey. So we are, when we are let alone to play with the gadgets we have created. But when Nature decides to take over—and she can do so at will—all our inventions are as children's playthings. In a ten-foot snow bank an automobile is a symbol of man's helplessness in the face of natural, fundamental Force.

The scientists know how to produce rain, but they have no way of stopping it when it comes. In spite of all the engineers can do, floods continue on their way year after year bearing destruction and chaos. Atomic fission, jet propulsion, radar, supersonic waves, space charges—these are symptoms of our materialistic culture. They are so familiar that even the youngsters are talking about them with ease. Words like id, libido, ego, all emblematic of our so-called moral "maturity", are commonplace. In fact, there is little we cannot do and practically nothing we do not know. Still the snow falls, the winds blow, scattering danger and ferocity as well as beauty and drama indiscriminately on the

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