

THE GUARDIAN

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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink".

CHARLOTTETOWN, MONDAY, OCT. 15, 1951.

Immunization Week

This week has been set apart as National Immunization Week. Sponsored by the Health League of Canada in co-operation with Departments of Health throughout the country, the observance has as its object the calling of public attention to the seriousness of diphtheria, whooping cough, tetanus and smallpox and the means of their prevention by immunization.

The effectiveness of immunization has been most spectacular in the case of diphtheria prevention. In 1924 just before the efficacy of immunizing methods was demonstrated, there were 9,057 cases of diphtheria in Canada with 1,281 deaths. Last year this toll had been reduced to 421 cases within 49 deaths. It is interesting to note the records of another disease much discussed in the press, poliomyelitis, or infantile paralysis. In the absence of an immunizing agent or other means of specific prevention the number of cases per year has changed but little and the death rate has remained unaltered. Last year there were 49 deaths from diphtheria as compared to 41 deaths from poliomyelitis. In spite of our success in diphtheria prevention there were still 49 deaths too many from this disease in Canada.

Rule of Law

When private citizens gave up enforcing their rights in exchange for the protection of the law the necessity for the application of force did not cease. Rather force was concentrated in the hands of the state, both to punish breaches of the peace and to support private rights.

In the international society that force and its exercise is only now in process of being forged. Much progress has been made in what may be considered the criminal side, the putting down of armed aggression.

There is a lag, however, in enforcing the equivalent of civil rights. When a nation chooses to disregard its international obligations there is as yet no effective procedure for enforcing the rulings of international tribunals. Thus Iran and Egypt have been able to defy the U. N., a situation which if not remedied leaves the world in the old position of each nation depending upon its own military power to maintain its rights.

Complaint From Ottawa

For the benefit of the millions of people who are still to see the Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip in Canada, the Ottawa Journal expresses the hope that the officials in charge of the tour will give the Royal visitors more chance to see and be seen. In Ottawa on Wednesday morning the Royal car sped much too quickly in many places, permitting only fleeting glimpses of a fast moving procession.

"It seemed to many citizens," says the Journal, "that the Princess and her consort were obliged to spend too much time with one set of officials or another and there was left all too little time for the street-side appearances, the mingling with children, the meeting of veterans, the inspecting of the guards and other essentially 'public' activities. . . . If the day's schedule was so tight that the Royal automobile had to be driven rapidly through crowd-lined streets we think that the visit to the Archives, for instance, could well have been left out and likewise the dull visit to the Senate where the Royal couple was taken to see the throne the King sat in. Only twenty-six Senators bothered to be in the Chamber at the time, and the galleries at either end were less than half filled. Princess Elizabeth must have wondered why her steps had been led into this by-pass—and all the while out on the lawns and roadways of 'the Hill' stood tens of thousands who had upon her return to be satisfied with another drive-by but no adequate pause for appearance upon the Peace Tower steps. We state these views frankly because we think it is still early enough to have the schedule of the balance of this tour examined with a view to putting first things first—their Royal Highnesses and the people of Canada. Let us spare them our dull spots and give them only short rations of officialdom!"

The Ottawa Journal is not given to carping criticism, and its comments on this occasion will, it is to be hoped, have a beneficial effect.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Today the salmon fishing season closes but the open season begins for ring-necked pheasant, Island partridge and Wilson's snipe.

Charlottetown will be well equipped with traffic lights by the time their Royal Highnesses arrive, but presumably the Royal Party will have the green light throughout their driving.

There is a noticeable scarcity in circulation of dollar bills, and an increase of two dollar ones. This indicates a higher standard of living. When nickles became popular copper all but disappeared in current purchases.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon, English poetess, died this date 1838 at the age of 36. She early contributed to the "Literary Gazette" and other journals. Her poetry, somewhat Byronic, written under the initials "L.E.L.", is often pleasing and her novels showed great promise.

Mr. H. W. Clay has done a public service in pointing out that the present surplus of meat is an annual event, due to the slaughtering of lambs and poultry. This necessitates recourse to cold storage with the risk of drop in prices later. But it being an annual experience there is not much that can be done about it.

Acree restriction does not seem to be the answer to the problems of the potato industry. A small acreage may result in bumper crops or, as this year, in a relative scarcity. There should be some way of maintaining maximum production with provision for taking the actual surplus off the market and using it for other purposes.

At one time Quebec stoutly opposed immigration from Europe, but now she is happy to encourage it. During the first six months of 1951 some 2,272 French persons have come to Canada, as against 502 in the last six months of 1950. In the same period more than 80,000 immigrants have reached Canada, most of them from the British Isles.

School trustees are to be congratulated on the progress they are making in providing up-to-date school conveniences as noted by Dr. L. W. Shaw, Deputy Minister and Director of Education. This is in line with the endeavour being made to improve the outward appearances of the rural schools that they might add picturesqueness to the landscape. Utility and beauty combined.

Government control of business proceeds apace. The ten per cent sales tax to provide old age pensions at seventy, is to be followed by prohibition of price arrangements between manufacturers and merchants; also by a law or regulations preventing the free and independent merchant utilizing a "leader" to attract customers to his store. At this rate it would not be long before we tend toward a totalitarian state.

The Ming Sung Shipping Company, registered here but having no other connection with the Province, is getting into financial trouble, and may have its vessels seized in connection with the Federal Government Bank loans an instalment of which the company failed to meet. That is a sort of "free publicity" which we would be infinitely better without. The latest move looks suspiciously like an attempt to manoeuvre the Canadian Government into applying pressure to the United States to release frozen Chinese assets.

Slowly it is becoming realized at Ottawa that cold war conditions will have to be taken as normal for some time, so that public and private policy must accept the economic effects as normal, and not as justification for any new inflationary boom. In short, the Governments of all free nations now face the urgent necessity of explaining to their people that new spending for defence purposes simply must be accompanied by a reduction of Government spending in other directions.

Instead of killing the piano trade—as was at first feared—the radio gave it a new lease of life. Something similar is happening to the beauty shop business as a result of the heavy sale of home hair wave and dye kits, and salon operators are now seeing better business immediately ahead, reports Women's Wear Daily. Ladies today are more hair care and colour conscious than they have ever been. Many women who never had a thought about dyeing their hair now think it terribly fashionable. This has prompted increased use of professional services, even among kit users who frequently trot off to the local beauty parlour for a "follow-up" to their home-applied job.

New Look



The Poet's Corner

TRANSFORMATION

Last night at dusk the wedged wild geese came over, Crying out of the north; crossing the thin And chilly noon they left the rusty hollows, The tattered pastures, taking Summer south.

Last night the lifting Pleiades swung over The black-frost hill in a bright and climbing mist, And late, later than midnight, Orion followed, Striding in glitter, hunting the Summer down.

But we who know the brittle weeds of Autumn, The naked rock, brown leaf and rattling stem, Who know the calm of bronze and barren meadows, Leave to the cricket Summer's requiem.

—Frances Frost.

Old Charlottetown (And P. E. I.)

SOURIS STATION SITE

"Those who placed Souris Railway Station where it is, doubtless thought they would at once do a measure of justice to Souris West, and have the Station convenient for the shipment of freight. But they failed to recognize the trouble, labour, and endless annoyance connected with transporting passengers and freight to and from the larger town of Souris East—over a long, narrow, bleak, shifting sand bank. Their motives were good. They tried to please both Souris West and Souris East. They pleased neither, and lost credit for good judgment into the bargain. Besides, since the erection of the station the position of Souris is changed. The breakwater has been built, and a safe artificial harbour has been formed close to Souris East. Therefore, the principal excuse for placing the station on the sand is removed. "The people of Souris are enterprising; they want to get on, and they are bound to make their town one of the chief towns of the Island; and the Railway Station is, and is consequently fit to be a serious drawback. Hotel keepers, merchants, tradesmen, visitors—all call for its removal as soon as possible." —The Examiner, Nov. 5, 1877.

Grandfather Does Well

(Ottawa Journal)

We can't get it out of our mind that airman always are young and daring and it takes an effort to accept that the captain of the ship that carried Princess Elizabeth across the Atlantic was Grandfather O. P. Jones, who has more than 50 years and 3,000,000 air miles behind him.

Grandfather Jones, with beard as black and crisp as that of an Elizabethan freebooter, hoisted that 60-ton airliner across the ocean with the skill of long practice. He started, like all the other pilots of his generation, flying in the seat of his pants, trusting to intuition, good eyesight and plain luck to bring him down alive. This time he flew with four engines, radio signals to keep him on course, the knowledge of where storms were and how to avoid them, and the support of a highly-trained and competent crew.

But Grandfather Jones did not have it easy. The captain of a surface ship can turn over to a subordinate and sleep, stand aloof on his bridge and watch his first mate make a success or a hash of docking, relegate to others the "long watches and the strain of long hours on duty in bad weather. But the captain of an airliner keeps his own hands on the controls, the safety of the whole enterprise reposing in his skill. Captain Jones, with the heir to

Notes By The Way

It was the late Mark Twain, as we recall, who used to say that "everybody talks about the weather, but nobody ever does anything about it." It may have been true then, but not now—as witness the success of those "rain makers" out in B.C., who get astonishing results by doing their stuff just before it's going to rain anyway. And also there's the official "weather office," which can bring on rain at the drop of the hat by forecasting a fine sunny weekend—and often does! Great strides have been made in meteorology since Mr. Clemens's day. —Ottawa Citizen.

When Senator Clyde R. Hoy (Dem. NC) read in a syndicated column that an ash tray, hand made to fit on the arm of President Truman's seat in his personal plane, the independence, cost \$18,000 he was so shocked he had a member of his staff make an investigation. The investigator reported: (1) There is no ash tray in the arm of the seat the President occupies in the plane. (2) There is an ash tray in each corner of a work table in the President's compartment, estimated to cost about \$1. (3) There is a standard type ash tray in the arm of each of the seats in the main passenger compartment of the plane. (4) The President does not smoke. —Philadelphia Inquirer.

The postmen at Ypsilanti, Michigan, have been refused a raise of pay, and by way of protest they have decided to grow whiskers until the Government grants their demand. The people of Ypsilanti will not care whether the postmen grow whiskers or are clean shaven so long as the mail is delivered and the postal services are continued. But it is rather regrettable to think that growing whiskers has become an act of defiance and a sort of joke. Time was when beards were regarded as a symbol of real manhood, and in some countries a beard was a sacred thing. It even had religious significance, and to pull a man's beard, or worse still, to cut it off, was the supreme insult and humiliation, and merited a With to the death. Beards are almost a rarity nowadays; for which womenfolk are presumably grateful, for there can be nothing more disagreeable, we should imagine, than for a woman to kiss a man's beard. —Hamilton Spectator.

When it came to an involved style, entangling sentence structure, and an effect which appears to be a studied attempt to confuse the mind, the late Gertrude Stein was the lady who could spread the literary smog. Some of her previously unpublished manuscripts have been rescued from oblivion and the first volume of them is issued by the Yale University Press. The writing is composed in her usual peculiar manner and in some instances is totally incomprehensible to the average reader. Depicting her brother at one point, she writes of him: "If he did something he did it and doing it he was doing it." But wait. Further on brother is again described as: "He did achieve that the light that was bright was light so that sound sounding was not destitute of continuing verification." The circumstance difficult to credit is that numerous persons read Miss Stein's books and pronounce her a great artist who is just too subtle for the commonherd to appreciate. —Hamilton Spectator.

In the last four months there have been issued as many four-cent stamps; the new four will be the fifth in the season. There has been the "old" red four, showing the King's head in traditional profile. Next came the MacKenzie King purple-pink. Then an orange four replaced the old red four; it is of the same design. Now on sale is a large grey four, one of the transportation series marking the centenary of postal service in Canada. Moderation in the issue of new stamp designs is as virtuous as moderation in other spheres. It is better to err on the side of staid British practice, where commemorative issues have come thick and fast on stamp collectors and discouraged their buying of them. Canada must be particularly wary, for seldom are its stamps valued for their beauty; if their value is lost as collector's items, all is lost. —Peterborough Examiner.

Gifts to be presented by Ottawa and other municipalities to Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh are tokens of the warm affection in which Canadians hold the Royal couple. Yet Canadian cities might well consider whether the whole practice of making gifts directly to Royal visitors is taken of affection might not be revised. Very often these gifts serve no useful purpose, and either clutter up the Royal household or must be given away. It would probably be better to send gifts directly to those who need them. For instance, Ottawa might have sent a present of sports equipment to a London youth club as a memento of the Royal visit. The Royal couple, who are deeply interested in youth activities, would very likely have been highly appreciative of so thoughtful a gesture. It would have departed from the obvious method of

showing affection for the monarchy, and would have brought Canada's feelings for the Royal couple directly home to a large number of Britons. Perhaps the gesture might still be made. It would be well worth while. —Ottawa Citizen.

The Age-Old Story

Eat thou not the bread of him that hath an evil eye, neither desire thou his dainty meats. For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he. . . . Apply thine heart unto instruction, and thine ears to the words of knowledge.

Lessons From Europe In Community Progress

By Leo P. McIsaac Part One (continued) (All Rights Reserved)

SOME IRISH CHARACTERISTICS

Many of those people just on the border are not anxious for union of North and South Ireland. They give the excuse that if this were done, many of the factories and ship-building companies in Belfast, financed by outside capital, would move away and the employment for their boys would be lost. But the truth could be that they are making too much on the side by smuggling across the border at night, in spite of the road patrol by the British customs. Although such smuggling is against the law, the Irish Patrol seldom looks in that direction if their neighbors are making a bit of extra cash on exporting a few hogs or eggs.

They told us the story of Connolly, whose brother lived across the border, and used to market his dressed pigs for him, at a higher price, of course. Connolly would carry them across on his back at night, all ready to be put on the market. One night he was taken to the custom officers coming and not wishing to be caught with that big white carcass of pork on his back, turned into the parish church. He had been suspected before. They saw him, but not before he had stowed the carcass of pork on end and started making love to the white beauty, with all the technique he could recollect. The brakes of the patrol screamed to a stop, the officer jumped out and could see the performance only in the shadows. Instead of examining more closely, he apologized, saying "Excuse me, old boy, and goodnight to the both of ye." Connolly got through again.

Then Danny arrived back with Fogarty and the fiddle. After playing out three of his tunes, sufficient to demonstrate his outstanding ability, two strings on the fiddle snapped. But sufficient tempo by this time had been worked up among the family and their visitors to indicate the happy ways of old Erin.

Donkeys are still quite common in Ireland. There are stubborn ones too, which irks the Irish temper an odd time. Danny told me of an incident that morning, which was rather amusing to him, but still, he said, improper. It was market day and his neighbor was away early to town with his load of fresh vegetables. But the footing was bad and the donkey balked. He was beating him severely when the parish priest came along. After getting no response to his pleadings for Pat to encourage the donkey and not beat him, he forced a severe reprimand at the owner saying, "You should not beat him, Pat, because the ass is a sacred animal. You know, Our Lord Himself rode into Jerusalem on an ass." "Yess'n, he jaspers," Pat said, "if it was this horse he had been a-ridin'. He wouldn't be there yet, and if he hadn't made it ye'd be out of a job, wouldn't ye?"

The next morning, instead of calling on Danny, we took the bus out to see the local cooperative creamery and some of the farms in daylight and to take some pictures before we left for Dublin. There are some beautiful stone and brick churches in Ireland, too, but they are in the cities and larger towns. At regular intervals along the countryside, you will see small humble, wooden churches, with their graveyards, well kept. Churches are well used in that homey contented atmosphere.

We took the local bus to Baileya. There was no fuss and no rush, and the passengers discussed with the ticket collector all the local news of the day. He was just one of the boys, and although business-like and official, stopped several times along the road to deliver to the door a parcel of goods which he had bought for "the dear lady" in town that day.

We got into Baileya, and finding ourselves up in the center of town, we should go to find the station. When he found out we were strangers, and going on the train, he said, "Just hang on a bit, until we unload and I'll drive ye up." He told the driver and they let us out at the station. The Dublin train rolled in and lost no time. But at the next station, we knew we were still in Ireland, when a young lady got on, carrying a huge gobble, the main part of his body tied in a potato sack, with his long neck sticking out, which allowed him to be a watchful eye on all that was going on. She told us all her mother had given her some turkeys when she was married recently but there must have been some mistake, because all hers were turkeys while her mother found herself with two gobblers. She had just been down that evening to arrange a swap.

It appeared to be good farming land down nearer Dublin. We found out later, after a tour of these farms and cooperatives, that the land is still better farther south. Dublin is a lovely city, clean and prosperous. The grey buildings of Irish granite sparkle with beauty. After visiting the headquarters of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society and Hwace Plunkett House on Merrion Square, we went to see the House of Parliament and then to Trinity College, in the heart of the City.

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Psychiatry In The Barber Shop

(Montreal Gazette)

At the National Barbers' College in the United States lectures on psychiatry are being worked out by specialists from the University of Michigan. It is felt that barbers need to know more about human personality if they are to perform their social function properly. Much of the psychiatrist's advice is eminently sound. "The barber," he says, "must remember he is working with people, and not just a head of hair."

This is very true. Too many barbers, even when they are working with a head of hair, act as though they weren't working with a head of hair. This is not at all the right attitude. They should make the most of their work. When a man's head looks like an egg, they should build up his ego.

The psychiatrist also recommends that barbers should not be amused at the odd or awkward way their customers sit in the chairs. "A barber should know a little about psychiatry," he suggests, "so that he can recognize human problems. Many people are nervous or afraid." The barber, no doubt, should speak sympathetically. He should reassure the customer that his friends will still recognize him when it is all over. But one of the psychiatrist's recommendations seems a counsel of perfection. He says that barbers should encourage their customer to talk. But who ever heard of a case of a listening barber? Since time immemorial the customer has had the barber emphasize his scissor point at the point of his scissors. And the helpless customer has only needed his half-shorn head.

Perhaps, indeed, instead of teaching psychology to barbers it might be better to psychoanalyze them. After all, it's rather alarming to think that one never knows when a split personality may be at one's throat.

COMPLETE VISUAL REFRACTION AND ANALYSIS G. F. HUTCHESON & SON Optometrists 53 Grafton St.