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

CHARLOTTETOWN THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1950

Liability To Asset

Generations of Prince Edward Islanders have had impressed upon them the disadvantages of our insularity, our separation from markets, the difficulty of carrying goods by rail and truck across the barrier of Northumberland Strait, our being off the beaten track for all descriptions of visitors and delegations to this country.

Local Investment

It is the veriest platitude to say that local capital is necessary for the proper development of local industries. The organized money markets seem better qualified to find backing for large enterprises than for small ones.

Bare Heads

It is fashionable among young men to appear out-of-doors hatless, the idea being—though long ago disproved by physicians, that the tight pressure of the hat around the forehead, tends to develop, or alternately, that leaving the head uncovered prevents early baldness.

In this connection it is interesting to find that the Toronto Star has been giving attention to another hat custom, which will be appreciated. It says:

"The practice of tipping the hat as a mark of respect is said by an encyclopaedia to have originated in the days when men wore helmets. On entering a house a warrior took off his helmet to indicate that he trusted the people within not to attack him, and held out his hand to show he was not carrying a weapon.

"But who originated the custom of baring the head at funerals? And why? And was it in a climate such as Canada's?"

"Funerals are known to be the cause of additional funerals. People go to them in a depressed state of mind, fair targets for the colds which so many of them contract as a result of standing bareheaded at the graveside. It is done as a mark of respect for the deceased, but sometimes at a price which the deceased would not have liked a friend to pay.

"There is no necessity for it. People respect the memory of the dead just as much with their hats on as with their hats off. Some ministers, especially at winter funerals, ask those waiting outside the

church or standing by the grave to keep their hats on their heads. It is a custom which should be followed oftener"

Proposed Retail Merchants' Organization

A Retail Merchants' Organization seems to be in the offing for Charlottetown. Lt.-Col. Frank J. Storey, Chairman of the Retail Merchants Committee of the Charlottetown Board of Trade suggests calling a meeting for Monday evening 27th inst. to consider whether such an organization should be set up within the framework of the Board of Trade, at least for the present.

EDITORIAL NOTES

"Young Paddy Barry" at the Prince Edward.

Premier Jones' reception of the farmers' organizations' delegates was both forceful and warm.

"It pays to advertise" even the shortage of reefer cars. Publicity did the trick, making the powers-that-be sit up and go into action.

The British order, small though it is, for Maritime softwood will keep numbers of workers from idleness, and add a bit to the prosperity of these Provinces.

Edward Clodd, English writer of folklore, myth, evolution, etc., was twice president of the Folk-lore Society; was a friend of George Meredith; wrote "Childhood of the World", "Story of Primitive Man", "Story of the Alphabet", and "Animism."

Prime Minister St. Laurent strikingly called for action by people, and not governments to solve the problem of expanding Canadian trade. He spoke of the early English companies of gentlemen adventurers who developed this continent in point of trade.

Canada is assembling a nucleus of trained scientists for the development of rocket weapons and other guided missiles, according to Dr. O. M. Solandt, chairman of the Defence Research Board. Perhaps the skills so assembled could also produce an intercity rocket express.

The opening of D. V. A. hospitals to all veterans, whether entitled to free treatment or required to pay regular hospital rates, should extend that much the veteran's choice of place of hospitalization. Perhaps some saving in cost to the individual also will follow at a respectable distance.

In the performance of their duties, the Scottish police are no respecter of persons. At Perth, Scotland, a charge against the 31-year-old Earl of Strathmore, nephew of Queen Elizabeth, of driving a jeep while under the influence of drink has been adjourned until July 17 because of illness of a witness, Dr. P. P. Moffatt, police surgeon. The Earl has pleaded innocent to the charge.

The proposed establishment of an abattoir on a public utility or co-operative basis as suggested by the P. E. I. Federation of Agriculture shows that the Federation's brief on the subject was far from being completely thought out. The two forms of organization are radically different, and an enterprise suitable to the one would almost certainly be most ill adapted to the other.

Here is how Ontario farms are developed and kept ahead of the times. At October 31, 1949, there were 102,000 Ontario farms, five acres and over, getting power from the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission. An additional 1,500 farms were getting power from local sources. It is reliably estimated that, by December 31, 1949, there were approximately 105,000 electrified farms in Ontario. How many, if any, have we here? This is a line of progress long promised and long overdue.

Now that education is under discussion in the Legislature our legislators and educationists generally will be interested to learn that more attention than ever is being given to classics in the Old Country, and that too under a Labour Government. Mr. L. P. Wilkinson, Cambridge University, writes to The Times: "In view of your special article on Greek and Latin studies, it may interest your readers to know that well over three thousand boys and girls from all over England are coming to Cambridge this week to see the Oedipus at Colonus of Sophocles produced in Greek. This is a larger number than ever before in the records of the triennial Cambridge Greek play, now in its sixty-ninth year."

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.

HIGH SCHOOLS AND LIQUOR

Sir, — The writer who signed himself "T.M." under his letter in your paper of March 14th is either not a parent himself, or else he is singularly misinformed about the results of the liquor traffic. As a parent of two boys, I am deeply anxious to see educational facilities expanded, but not as the result of any expansion in liquor consumption. If "T.M." could persuade those who waste their share of the million dollars each day in purchase of liquor to give directly only 5 per cent to educational work, and use the remainder to purchase things that contribute to the welfare of homes and communities, we could have high schools, not only in Queen's County, but in every suitable area.

It is an established fact that more money is spent on liquor than on all educational, religious, and six large charitable organizations combined. More liquor means more traffic accidents, more crime more broken homes, more diseased bodies.

I could give facts and figures to support this last sentence, but I am afraid "T.M." would not read them.

We shall get more high schools when we waste less on liquor. I am, Sir, etc., T. G. HEAD, Hampton, P.E.I.

The Chamois Valley

(Ivor Benson, in London Calling) Chamois, as we all know, is the name of a nimble, longhorned, mountain goat, and it is the name of the soft leather duster with which we wash down our cars. Chamois is, also, the name of the little valley and its community, to which I recently paid a very interesting visit.

There were two disappointments in store for me: there are no more mountain goats left at Chamois, and the people of Chamois have never heard of a 'shummy' leather because such leather happens to have nothing whatever to do with Chamois goat.

The people of Chamois make only one claim to fame: they say they live higher up in the clouds than any other people in Europe. They may be right and they may be wrong, but I can tell you this: they grow edelweiss in the front gardens.

There are only two possible ways of reaching Chamois—by the winding, stony footpath from the bottom of the Valtouranche, or by helicopter. As there are no helicopters to be had in the Aosta valley, I had to walk, carrying on my back enough bread rolls and smoked sausages to last a week. For there is no shop at Chamois, and nothing to buy except milk and butter.

And for a week I lived in the peasant's house at Chamois, studying the life of the most interesting communities in the world. The twentieth century, with all its bustle and its inventions, is sweeping us along with it; but here is a cluster of 150 people who have been bypassed and left behind; to go on living exactly as their forefathers lived for many centuries.

First of all, a short word-picture of the place: The air is clear and crisp; the clouds are whiter, and the sky beyond is bluer than anywhere else in Italy. Far to the south are the snow-streaked mountains of Gran Paradiso. Here, on the sloping fields in front of the white-washed church, the women are working. They wear long cotton frocks with aprons. On their heads they wear kerchiefs, and on their feet big wooden clogs. With rasping sounds from their sharp scythes, they cut the rich grass, and with it the white and yellow daisies and wild violets. In another field, the grass cut yesterday is now dry and pale, and is being gathered into neat bundles and carried into the storage bins situated above the cowsheds.

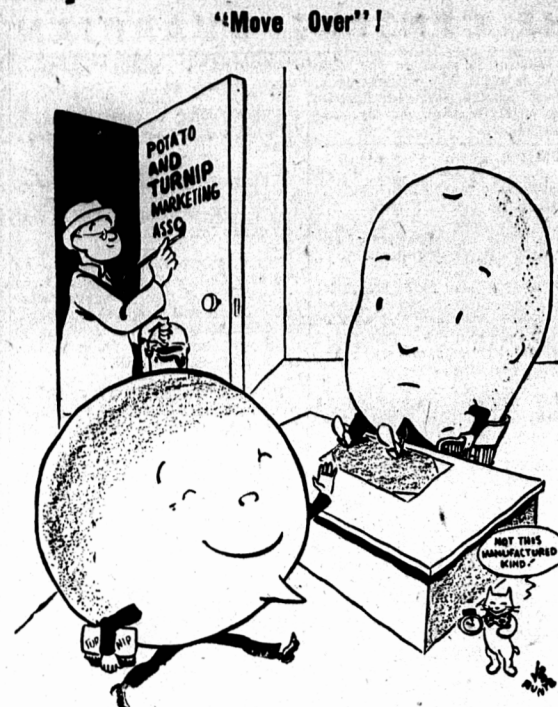
Higher up in the mountain slopes, the small red-and-white cattle are grazing contentedly, the bells about their necks making a perpetual din that can be heard a mile away. The men sit and watch, now and again sending their dogs to round up one or two beasts that are straying too far from the herd.

Most of the milk from these herds is made into a sweet, soft, cheese called Fontina, for which Aosta is famous. The money they get for it the peasants spend on matches, salt and the few other things they must buy.

Here, life is simple. The daily menu is maize, porridge, which they call polenta, potatoes, and always some milk. Sometimes they have an egg, meat only in November, when a few pigs are slaughtered. When the sun goes down, it is bedtime. And long before dawn, they are up again and working.

Life is hard. The people are all lean and tough; the women have deeply lined faces; for they generally do the heaviest work. With long horned-shaped baskets strapped to their backs, they carry seventy-five-pound loads of cheese and butter to the bottom of the valley, and, most times, they have to carry similar loads of provisions back to their homes.

In autumn, they carry larch logs from the mountain-sides, and in the winter, when the snow is a metre-and-a-half deep outside, the men and women cut this timber into laths and weave baskets for the markets lower down the main valley. Every moment of the day they must work, if they are to keep themselves alive on this



Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.) SUPPLIES REFUSED

House of Assembly, Thursday, March 12, 1950:

"Resolved, that it be recommended to the House to appoint a committee to draw up an Address to Her Majesty, stating the grounds on which the House has been obliged to pass a vote of Want of Confidence in the Executive Council of this Colony, and that, as a consequence, they are under the necessity of refusing the Supplies, until the Government of this Island shall be remodelled, so as to enjoy the confidence of the people, and that the moneys which shall in future be taken from the people shall be expended judiciously and for their benefit; or, in other words, until the people of this Colony obtain what is usually termed Responsible Government."

The above resolution was carried on the following division: Yeas: Messrs. Coles, LeLacheur, Clark, Jardine, Lord, Davies, Beaton, Flynn, MacNeill, Warburton, Whelan, Fraser, Pope, Montgomery, Mooney, Macdonald, Laird, Nays: Hon. Mr. Thornton, Mr. Haviland.

A committee comprising Mr. Warburton, Mr. Coles, Mr. Pope, Mr. Davies, Mr. Jardine, Mr. Fraser and Mr. Clark was appointed to draw up an Address in conformity with the foregoing and other resolutions.

The Age-Old Story

The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads; they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.

The Poets Corner

BOOKS

Books are not seldom talismans and spells. By which the magic art of shrewd-er wits Holds an unthinking multitude enthralled. Surrender judgment, hoodwinked, Some the style Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds Of error leads them by a tune enchanted. While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear The insupportable fatigue of thought, And swallowing, therefore, without pause or choice, The total grist unsifted, husks and all.

—William Cowper (1731-1800).

We, Not The Totalitarians Are The Revolutionists

(The Ottawa Journal) In his address over the CBC on Sunday night Erwin D. Canham, editor of that great newspaper the Christian Science Monitor, strikingly made a point too little known or understood. This: "We in the western world—the world of western civilization—have long been stupefied into defeatism in the war of ideas which is the actual conflict now going on in the world. We have been fooled into accepting the assertion that we are defending the status quo, or reaction, while the other great power in the world is disseminating the revolution. The very reverse is true.

"We in the free societies are the inheritors of revolution. For revolution means setting the people free. That is what our system does. Totalitarianism in any form is the reaction. There is nothing new or revolutionary about the police state: It is a despotism as old and as black as materialism itself.

Nightier would be our ramparts against communism if we grasped better this truth. Understood and proclaimed to all the world that what exists in Russia today, where even the professed aims of Lenin have been swept away in blood, is retreat to human slavery, that man's eternal disquiet is satisfied only by moral values nourished by a spirit that is free. MacAulay once pictured an Australian lying under the Southern Cross and reading by its light the words of Magna Carta: "To no man shall we sell, to no man deny, to no man delay, justice and right." The men who penned those glorious lines, wresting freedom from a king, they it was who were the revolutionaries, who handed on to succeeding genera-

Notes By The Way

If the public health service thinks life expectancy is higher than ever before, perhaps it believes the H-bomb is one of the newer vitamin preparations.—Edmonton Journal.

Moving pictures, the radio and the automobile have done things to the dining room and the specious table that used to grace it. All the same the room and the table were an integral part of family life. On festive occasions like Christmas and New Year's they might ravish the eye with their decorations, nappery, crystal and generous board. They put much of sweetness and love into a home. The childhood that knew them both has memories that are worth cherishing.—Hamilton Spectator.

A peace-loving country, Canada yet has to lay upon itself a burdensome defence budget. It would be criminal for a country situated as ours is to neglect its own protection at a time when the international situation is so strained and threatening. But, thank God, our budget for national health and social security is still higher, as is only logical. The billion that will be spent in 1950 for the health and wellbeing of Canadians is a billion that will serve effectively against Communism by abolishing the causes of suffering and discontent.—Le Canada, Montreal.

Being a new settler is still a grim struggle. As a rule, these people build their own dwellings—log cabins and tarpaper shanties first—with comfortable frame houses a dream of the future to buoy up their spirits. They plant their first crops between the stumps, depend on selling pulpwood to tide them over, and do without any of the so-called modern conveniences. Some of them find the battle too

tions in all lands a concept and legacy of liberty broadening down with succeeding generations "from precedent to precedent." Not enough do we glory in that heritage. As the Monitor's editor put it eloquently: "We need to rise in the might of the truth that is ours, and proclaim our doctrine from the heights. We are the people who should be singing songs and waving banners from the ramparts of the human spirit. For we are the heirs of the greatest revolution in human history. It is a revolution which goes back to the mighty Judaic concept of one God and one Law. It shares the Grecian ideal of government: Organized and orderly. It is irradiated by the Christian doctrine of love and the inviolable integrity of God's individual man linked in brotherhood."

hard, and give up in despair. But others stick it out and eventually establish communities. In Restigouche, Gloucester, Northumberland and Madawaska, there are today a score of villages which weren't there twenty years ago. They improve every year. Collectively, these places have upwards of 2,000 families and a population of perhaps 10,000.—Saint John Telegraph-Journal.

Of all the minority nationalistic groups in Canada which are busier with the affairs of their former countries than with the country into which they have been accepted as citizens, the Ukrainian organizations are the worst offenders. They ought to have realized by this time—and if they haven't, somebody in authority ought to have told them—that being a good Canadian is a full-time job, and leaves no time or energy to spare for agitations about domestic problems in Southern Russia.—Calgary Herald.

There are widespread doubts in this country as to whether governments or industry have adequately investigated the utility of Canadian coal. If fixed, minimum volumes of Alberta and Nova Scotia coal were guaranteed markets in Central Canada it would become the basis of a national coal policy. Additional requirements would continue to be imported, but the diminished imports would be measurably closer to the recoverable waterborne cargoes from the United States. It is doubtful whether actual costs would be more than they are now. It is certain that we would have adequate supplies on hand when and where needed through the winter.—Toronto Globe and Mail.

It was curious that the news of Sir Harry Lauder's death coincided with a reference to him in the current installment of Mr. Churchill's memoirs in the New York Times. Mr. Churchill said he had quoted Lauder in his Canadian speech in 1940. The words "that grand old comedian" were in Mr. Churchill's notes, and on the way to the Parliament House where the speech was delivered, Mr. Churchill thought of "minstrel" instead. Mr. Churchill exclaims: "What an improvement!" Harry Lauder, who was listening at home in Scotland, was enchanted with the reference. It pleased Mr. Churchill, too; for he is always in search of exactly the you can hear us, that is, that it is one who "by his inspiring songs and valiant life, has rendered measureless service to the Scottish race and to the British Empire."—The Washington Post.

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