THE GUARDIAN

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CIRCULATION
"Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew"

"The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink".

CHARLOTTETOWN, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1954

Education Week

Schools and educational systems have been increasingly in the news and in the public mind. Since the Canadian Teachers' Federation established Education Week in 1935 there has been a striking growth of public interest in the problems of the schools. Perhaps the fact that the teachers associated an impressive number of organizations with the sponsorship of the project had something to do with the change.

Be that as it may, the teaching profession need no longer complain of a cold indifference on the part of the public. Indeed there is some danger of controversy becoming too hot for the comfort of those immediately concerned.

Much of the difference of opinion is occasioned, not by fundamental differences as to ideal objectives but by the choice of practical means of attaining them. Nearly everyone would subscribe to the principle that it is desirable to educate everyone to the limit imposed by his or her own capacity. The difficulty is that we simply do not have the resources to carry it out.

Short of the ideal, the choice is between the extremes of giving the "lad o' pairts" every opportunity for full realization of his high qualities or on the other hand of offering to all the very modest amount of education which the slowest learners are capable of absorbing. Controversy is apt to result in the participants classing their opponents as extremists on one side or the other.

In the mean time more children are actually attending school than ever before. We are, perhaps belatedly, providing adequate buildings and equipment. Standards are probably lower than a few years ago but the average of educational attainment is considerably higher. After the demand for mass education has really begun to be met there will probably be a much stronger demand for the best education.

The Bible Society 1804-1954

"To encourage a wider circulation of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment", has been the purpose of the British and Foreign Bible Society and its associated societies and auxiliaries for 150 years. Celebrating its Third Jubilee tomorrow the Bible Society asks a recall to the Bible to stress the fact that our country needs the Divine Word; services of thanksgiving in every community for God's blessing during 150 years on its work; and dedication of its members so that they "may be able to make His purposes known by their daily living and by sending abroad the Holy Scriptures to help meet the great need of mankind in our day."

The achievements of the Bible Society are truly impressive. Some 23,000,000 volumes of Scripture are distributed annually. Ten more languages have been added in which it is published, making 818 out of a world total of 1,059. In Canada 327,733 Bibles, Testaments and portions were distributed last year in no less than 67 languages. 13,677 immigrants were welcomed to this country with the gift of a scripture portion in their own tongue.

All this and much more is being done by the Bible Society, including the Prince Edward Island Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Canada. By making the Bible available anywhere in the world the Bible Society has greatly assisted the work of churches which would be faced with an almost impossible task if they had to publish the Bible wherever they preached the word. For many readers the Bible so provided is their first and only text book. There could not be a better one.

What Mr. Pearson Said

While on vacation in Florida recently, Hon. Lester Pearson, Secretary of State for External Affairs, made a short speech at Rollins College, Winter Park, in which he was reported as saying that Canada would range herself at the side of the United States and under that country's leadership in the event of war. The news was carried by the Canadian Press and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and caused considerable comment. In the House of Commons, Opposition Leader Drew asked if Mr. Pearson's statement represented "a new declaration of policy by the Government." Mr. Howe asked that the question stand until the State Secretary returned from his trip.

Mr. Pearson has now given an explanation to Parliament and the people of Canada, and few indeed will be prepared to cavil with it. He explained that he had told his U. S. audience that Canadians are particularly conscious that they live under the friendly, but at times overwhelming shadow of a mighty neighbor. Canadians watched with special interest everything that the United States did, often with admiration, at times with anxiety and always with friendly understanding.

"If at times we may seem to be a little critical or worried, our reactions are the same as Americans would be if the positions were reversed," Mr. Pearson told his U. S. listeners; "if we were the world's mightiest power, with control over atomic weapons, and with control, also, over the decision where and when and how to use them. If, however, we may be at times a shade anxious about your policies and your power, I can assure you that we would worry far more if you didn't have this power, or if your policies were concerned solely with continental matters . . . We are the junior member of a North American partnership which will not be dissolved by Communist blandishment or isolationist timidity.

"You will not be surprised, however, if the junior partner occasionally expresses its own point of view and in the North American idiom. That is because freedom is the basis and the glory of our partnership; a partnership far removed from the kind of relationship between a Communist dictatorial power and its disagreement only emphasizes its fundamental unity. Let those who would divide the nations of the free world coalition remember that the things that hold us together are far stronger than those that would pull us apart. That is especially true of . the friendship between Canada and the United States."

He concluded by declaring to his audience in Florida: "Canada is a young country, crying out for development; a country of vast differences and expanses, difficult to govern and administer. Hers is not a determining voice when the big international decisions are to be made, nor will her contribution be decisive in the conference room or where the conflict rages. It might therefore be tempting to try to stand aside in any struggle between the giants and excuse that course by arguing that those who call the tune should pay the piper. But that is not the way we in Canada feel about it. The conflict today is not between empires or between one super-power and another, but between freedom and slavery, despotism and democracy, right and wrong. So we range ourselves on the side of freedom, under the leadership of the United States of America, and we will play, I hope, a good part in the long and unending fight for peace and a decent world."

It is reported that when Mr. Pearson finished repeating his remarks on the floor of the House of Commons there was a spontaneous outburst of applause. It was well deserved. Few statements have summed up so well the prevailing attitude in this country on the defence issue, and it is to be hoped that they will receive wide publicity in the United States as well as in Canada.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow, the 1st Sunday in Lent.

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A national meeting of the Navy League of Canada in Sydney Friday and Saturday will study facilities at the Point Edward naval base as a site for a possible Sea Cadet training camp. The base, it will be recalled was extensively developed during wartime and it would indeed be satisfactory if a permanent use could be found for it in training youthful sailors-to-be.

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The opinion was expressed before the Summerside Board of Trade that the parking problem would be solved if motorists would park their cars on the streets north of Water. That is precisely what the installation of parking meters was intended to accomplish. Its success depends, however, on suitable non-metered being available at convenient places.

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Buonarotti Michelangelo, Italian sculptor, architect, painter and poet, was born this date 1474. His talent was very marked even at an early age and he was allowed to work under Bertoldo in the garden of Lorenzo de' Medici, who treated him as a son. His greatest work, painting the vaulting of the Sistine Chapel, took twenty months to finish and represents the Creation and other biblical events.

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The plight of the residents on the Connolly Estate which no longer collects water rates and from whom the Commission will not accept direct payment focusses attention on the problem of water and sewerage for the outskirts of Charlottetown. A single authority is the only practical way of dealing with the overall problem and can be achieved either by extending the city's boundaries or by establishing a water commission representative of all the municipalities concerned.

P. E. I. Could Nominate A Pair

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.

QUITE ALL RIGHT

Sir, — The writer of "Education, etc." in your issue of March 4th need hardly have been so definite in his signature. The contents of his letter were quite sufficient to indicate his identity.

A great many readers will not likely agree with him when he suggests that a new dictionary is needed to understand Mr. Enright's vocabulary. Rather, they are of the opinion that Mr. Enright's vocabulary—excepting where he quotes the progressivists — is quite all right.

I am, Sir, etc.,
RIGHTIST.

NOT THE MARKETING BOARD

Sir,—The press report of debates in the Legislature attributes to Mr. R. R. Bell, Q.C., Leader of the Opposition, the following statement:

"Mr. Roland MacDonald, President of the Federation, in his report at the Federation's annual meeting had said: 'The task of straightening out the Marketing Board did not meet with the desired results'."

For the information of Mr. Bell and also for that of the public I wish to state that Mr. Bell has misquoted my statement, which was as follows:

"The next project we undertook was to try and straighten out the Provincial Marketing Act. Now we did not succeed in getting that Act just the way we wanted it but, due to existing legislation which we hope will be amended, we consented to a license fee being placed on all shippers and growers."

From the above it will be apparent that my "straightening out" reference was not to the Potato Marketing Board nor did I infer that it needed straightening out.

For the sake of accuracy and in all fairness I believe that Mr. Bell should correct his statement and the misleading impression which it gave.

I am, Sir, etc.,
ROLAND MacDONALD,
President of the P.E.I.
Federation of Agriculture.

ANOTHER SCOTS VERSION

Sir, — The North American Indian's version and the Scotchman's version of the 23rd Psalm appearing in The Guardian were both interesting and beautiful. I too, have a Scots version of this beautiful Psalm. It was published by the Edinburgh Scotsman fr July 13, 1940, republished by the Northern Messenger, now out of print. Maybe some other Scots friend would like a copy. Here it is:

My Shepherd
(In Braid Scots)

The Lord is my Shepherd, in nocht am I wantin'
In the haughs o' green girse does he mak' me lie doon.
While mony puir straiglers are bleatin' and pantin'
By saft flowin' burnie He leads me at noon.

When aince I had strayed far awa' in the bracken,
And daidled till gloamin' cam' owre a' the hills.
Nae dribble o' water my sair drouth tae slacken,
And dark grow'd the nicht wi' its hoar and its chills.

Awa' frae the fauld strayin' fitsore and weary,
I thacht I had naething tae dae but to dee.
He socht me and fand me in mountain hichts dreary,
He gangs by fell paths which he kens best for me.

And noo for his namesake I'm dune wi' a fearin',
Though cluds may aft gaither and soughin' winds blaw.
"Hoo this", or "Hoo that", oh, prevent me frae speirin',
His will is aye best and I daurna say na.

The valley o' daith winna fley me to tread it,
Though awfu' the darkness I weel can foresee,
Wi' His rod and His staff He will help me to tread it
And then will its shadows nae gruesome a' flee.

Forfochen in presence o' foes that surround me,
My Shepherd a table wi' denties has spread,
The thyme and the myrtle blaw fragrant aroond me,
He brims a fu' cup and poors oil on my heid.

Surely guidness and mercy despite a' my roamin'
Will gang wi' me doon tae the brink o' the river.
Ayont it, na mair o' the eerie and gloamin —
I will bide in the Hame o' my Faither for ever.

I am, Sir, etc.,
MRS. WINSTON WOOD
Mount Herbert.

WHICH WAY, EDUCATION?

Sir,—I have read with real interest small "d's" contribution to The Guardian entitled "Let Us Talk It Over," during the past year of 1953, and during the present year, up to date. I observed in d's letters of 1953 that his attitude then on the present educational debate between the so-called traditionalists and progressivists, was a "much may be said on both sides" attitude — after the manner of Addison's Classic Squire. Of late, however, d's attitude as Mr. Enwright in your issue of March 1st, has pointed out, is now strongly inclined towards the side of the progressivists. One wonders, in fact, in reading d's latest contribution that d's ideas are as advanced as they really are, seeing that he has long dwelt among a people who consider the very word "new" to be "blasphemous."

Small "d" like his "via media" friend Mr. Chandler does not wish to be called a traditionalist; neither does he wish to be called a progressivist. I presume, however, from what he has said that he is quite willing to be designated as a "middle of the roadist." It is to be sure, a rather funny party-name, but nevertheless a quite logical one under certain conditions. It reminds me of a verse in an old song—a MacGill College song I think — that I heard sung by a young MacGill graduate at a young peoples' party, about fifty years ago — in "The good old Days." The song I regret to say loses much of its force and beauty by being divorced from its air; but as I cannot here submit the air, I am giving the words alone as closely as I can recall them, as follows:

"General Jackson had an army, boys,
Of forty thousand men.
He marched them up the hill, my boys,
And he marched them down again.
And when they were up, they were up, my boys.
And when they were down, they were down;
O, but when they were in the middle
They were neither up nor down."

No one can possibly deny that there is sound logic in the above lines, and no one can deny the same when "d" and Mr. Chandler argue that when they keep strictly to the middle of the road, they cannot justly be said to be on either side of it.

Small "d" refers to Mr. Enwright's jocular reference to the modern pedagogical device for associating the word (or symbol) "jump" with the real act of jumping. According to this device whenever the teacher and pupil come to the word "jump," then teacher and pupil should jump, and instantly, of course, Johnny, or Mary, gets the idea. Small "d" says that owing to certain symptoms in his limbs, he himself would not care to learn to read by this method, but he argues nevertheless, that no one can possibly deny the pedagogical soundness of the process. I regret that I cannot fully agree with "d" as to the soundness of the process. In the case of blind, deaf and dumb Helen Keller and her glorious teacher, the process might be sound enough, but I seriously doubt its soundness in the case of boys and girls who have had the full use of their eyes and ears from the day on which they were born till the first day on which they entered school. Nevertheless, we all have to admit that the author of this pedagogical device makes a magnificent effort to get down to the level of the dullest geese among us, including teachers, who today are not supposed to have ideas and methods of their own. And why should they need these home-made products when they can get for the asking all sorts of ready-made ones from the pedagogical shops of the United States of America?

Finally, small "d" insists that traditionalists, including Mr. Enwright, should describe more definitely than they usually do, just what they mean by traditional education. But surely this demand is not only superfluous but also insincere on the part of "d." Every well-informed person, including "d" himself, knows perfectly well what traditional education means. And none knows better than those progressivists who too often caricature it by insinuating, for instance, that traditionalists think the world is flat, and that it was made in one hundred and forty-four hours as measured by the Town clock.

The traditionalists at least on P. E. Island, are much more consistent and sincere in their demands when they ask their progressive friends to explain more definitely the changes they advocate in our Island system of education. Small "d" in one of his letters goes so far as to suggest that any change at all might now be better than none at all, seeing, so he says, that our Island system has been for so long absolutely static. Even if the change turned out to be a bad one, he suggests in one of his letters that this would only be a case of learning by trial and error. Quite true! But let me remind "d" that learning by this method may be a very costly way. Many a costly ship has gone to the bottom of the sea by this process of learning.

I rejoice to see that "d" has not yet progressed so far as to get beyond the use of a little well-advised Latin. He points out to us that "progress" is really a Latin word, and means literally forward motion. That is quite true — it does mean forward motion, but not necesarily motion in a right direction. And when "d" next proposes to the "Old Guard" to remove the education ship out of its time honored well-mapped course, let me beg of him to describe definitely the new course he proposes, and the particular landmark that he has in view.

I am, Sir, Etc.
"LOOKING ON"

The Age Old Story

O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard: which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

From The Examiner, Oct. 18, 1888:

The Government steamer Stanley, building at Glasgow for winter services between P. E. Island and the mainland, was successfully launched on Tuesday. The vessel will probably leave for Canada next month, under the command of Capt. McElhinney.

Launched yesterday from the shipyard of Mr. John Ellis, Grand River, Lot 14, for the Hon. John Yeo, Port Hill, a fine barquentine, 353 tons register, to class A1 ten years at English Lloyds, named the Thetis. This splendid vessel, for beauty of model, excellence of materials, good workmanship and finish, excels any vessel yet built this side of Charlottetown.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. Alexander Anderson, son of Mr. Anderson, of the Prince of Wales College, has passed an examination before the New England Exchange, obtaining his diploma as a first-class electrician.

No less that three bridal parties crossed in the Princess of Wales form Summerside today, namely: Dr. and Mrs. Bearisto, Dr. and Mrs. McDonald, of Belfast, and Mr. and Mrs. Norman Wright, of Crapaud. The steamer was gaily decorated.

Some of our young people who visited the Fair at Charlottetown this week made the acquaintance of the pea under the nutshell trick; and we regret to say that a prominent teacher in our Sunday School lost a brand new five dollar bill at the gay and festive sport.

The Passing Scene

By Observer

SOME POST-THRONE SPEECH THOUGHTS

One good thing, among many others, about living in a democratic society is that anyone who feels like it — and many do — can criticize the government to his heart's content. This is taken so much for granted that most of us never give it a thought. Yet there are millions of people in the world today, as there always have been, who dare not so much as whisper to their neighbours about government policy. It has been said that if some way could be found to make such an innovation temporary, it might be a good thing if every country were placed under an authoritarian form of government for a few months. The idea is, of course, that the temporary loss of political freedom would make people appreciate democratic rights and privileges all the more. Perhaps, however, we had better leave well enough alone; once a dictator got in he might not want to go out.

It is certain, and I suppose inevitable, that the democratic privilege of criticism and censure is much abused. Governments on all levels are regarded as fair game, and there is no closed season. If thorough research were made into the matter, it would almost certainly reveal that many critics of government policy and actions have very little knowledge of either. All they know is they are against everything the government does and in favour of everything it doesn't.

Then there are others who would continue to praise the government even though it should make the heavens fall. Neither group is particularly helpful to government; but, on the other hand, we cannot imagine a society without chronic political irritants and counter-irritants.

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All in all it probably is a good thing that nothing in our political way of life is held to be sacrosanct; even the Crown itself is not immune from criticism though, happily, in our time the right of censure has been used only rarely. Now and then however, someone gets up in the British Commons, more often in Hyde Park, and lashes out at the Monarchy as an institution; not, of course, at the Monarch as a person.

As for Premiers, Cabinet Ministers, and so on down the line, everything they do and say (often what they don't do and say) is commented on, praised or blamed, pronounced good or bad, wise or foolish, according to the mood (or, as often happens, to the body metabolism) of the critic. It's all very bewildering, confusing, helpful, harmful, sensible, nonsensical, . . . and wonderful!

Actually, there isn't very much of a spectacular nature that any government on this Island could do; the greater part of governmental responsibility is in the field of routine. One of these days, perhaps, somebody will run across an oil well or an uranium deposit. While we are waiting for that to happen there is only so much money for roads, bridges, electrification, and schools. There is no sense in saying that our roads are good, when everybody knows they are not; but I wouldn't say that this government or any other is to blame for it. What amazes me is that our roads generally are as good as they are and that we have so many of them.

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This year's Throne Speech, the reading of which put me in the mood for the foregoing observations, such as they are, is very much like it always is: a mixture of reassurance, caution, and optimism, in about equal parts, all seasoned by grace. (Incidentally, somebody asked me the other day if I could explain how the Queen who is now somewhere in the Pacific could possibly tell the Governor what to say at the opening of our Legislature! I told him I was sorry I could not.)

I hate to say this (I hope the statement will not make me out a progressivist!) but I was a little disappointed in this year's Throne Speech; not so much because of what it did or did not contain as because of what might be called the "seating arrangements" for some of the items.

The first thing mentioned, following the formal amenities is the tourist industry. Farming and fishing are given places a long way down the list and then only, or so it would seem, by way of justifying the creation, some time in the future, of an Economic Development Council. Without the slightest desire to impute any improper intent to anyone I state merely that in a speech which contains roughly 1600 words the reference to our two natural resources is covered in less than a dozen.

In a Province like this one would expect agriculture to come first in any formal declaration of government interest. Not that the government can do very much more than is being done to improve agricultural conditions; but surely it is the responsibility of government — any government — to add whatever dignity it can to the most important branch of its economy. It makes the farmers feel better, anyway; and I should think that is of some consequence in a community of this kind.

I, for one, should be very sorry to hear that catering to tourists or even building highways should come to be regarded as the Island's chief interest.

The Poet's Corner

I CANNA SEE THE SERGEANT

I canna see the sergeant,
I canna see the sergeant,
I canna—see the—sergeant,
He's owre far awa'.
Bring the wee chap nearer,
Bring the wee chap nearer,
O bring the—wee chap—nearer—
He's owre bloomin' sma'.

We canna see the sergeant,
The five foot five inch sergeant,
We canna—see the—sergeant
For smoke and shell, and a'—
Now we can see him clearer,
Now we can see him nearer—
Upon the topmost parapet
He's foremost o' us all!

We canna see the sergeant,
The sma', stout-hearted sergeant,
We canna—see the—sergeant,
He's dead and gone awa'.
Bring the wee chap nearer,
Bring the wee chap nearer,
O, he has grown the dearer
Now that he's far awa'!

—Joseph Lee

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