

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, JUNE 10, 1952

Mineral Search In Newfoundland

Never before in Newfoundland's history has there been so much activity in the mineral field, reports the St. John's Evening Telegram. There are almost a score of investigations being conducted by American, Canadian and local active mining companies, but all of these quests will not succeed.

A valuable asset in these enterprises are the geological surveys issued by the Government's Geological Division. One information circular, for example, lists discoveries of lead, limestone, gold, diatomite, phosphate, graphite, lead-zinc, molybdenite, slate, copper, iron (in several places other than Bell Island and Labrador), gypsum, marl, peat, flourspar, chromite, asbestos, strontianite, manganese, garnets, coal, marble and granite, cement rock, nickel, antimony, pyrite, barite, brick clay, oil shale and petroleum, salt, soapstone, feldspar, arsenic, lead-zinc-silver, bitumen, mica, titanium. Except for the three or four mines actively producing, however, insufficient quantities have prevented many of the discoveries from being exploited.

Realizing the need for special attention to the island's mineral potentialities, the Newfoundland Government has reorganized the old Natural Resources Department and it is now known as Mines and Resources with two divisional deputies—or at least that will be the ultimate result in the present planning. Some Newfoundlanders are still mindful of the money they invested and lost in coal and gold shares and that is why they cannot show much enthusiasm over the present mineral investigation, but they may be wrong because there are few investments more speculative than minerals.

Retiring Too Early

A speaker before the U. S. Industrial Medical Association warned the other day that employers would have to stop being "old fashioned about hiring older people." He pointed out that before very long 10% of the population of the United States will soon be over 65 and that the normal age of retirement may have to be raised to 70 or even 75.

Commenting on the above statement, the Financial Post notes that the Canadian population due to immigration and other reasons, is slightly younger than that of the United States. But here, too, the proportion of people over 65 is growing steadily. "To put all these citizens out to pasture, to compel them to retire just because they had reached a certain birthday, would be absurd. It would be cruel and inhuman because many of them would prefer to go on working, at least part-time, and they would be happier and live longer if they were allowed to do so. Moreover, no nation, not even one as rich as Canada could afford either financially or physically to have such a large proportion of its mature population doing nothing. There would not be enough younger people left to produce the goods, services and food the nation would need."

Modern civilization, the Post concludes, has added years of health and strength to the ends of our lives. Modern industry is going to have to recognize that fact

EDITORIAL NOTES

After one holiday we look forward to the next, in the present instance, Dominion Day.

A large number of visitors have arrived for the summer, and are missing our customary bright sunshine at this season, but not more than the farmers who want to get ahead with their work.

Among the numerous progressive communities at present are Summerside and

Montague fortunate in possession of men of vision and aggression in their midst. Both towns are making tremendous headway.

The average residential housing rent in Canada was only \$34 a month in 1951, up \$10 from 1941, according to the Bureau of Statistics. It is surprising how exceptional the average seems to be.

Canada admitted 71,719 immigrants in 1946; 62,127 in 1947; 125,414 in 1948; 95,217 in 1949; 73,912 in 1950, and 194,000 last year. The total was the largest for any year since 1913.

H. R. H. Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, was born this date 1921. In February, 1947 he relinquished the title of Prince Phillip of Greece and Denmark to marry the then Princess Elizabeth, Nov. 20, 1947.

Russia is not noted for any addiction to free speech so the telephone bill of \$14,000,000 presented to the United States will not at least bring any charges of inconsistency.

The R. C. A. F.'s Thunderbird squadron's North Stars may not be the least noisy craft but their record for the Korean air-lift certainly indicates smooth organization and good piloting.

Welcoming 1,031 Canadian servicemen from Korea last Thursday the Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia said: "All Canada is proud of you. That is all I am going to say." That, indeed, sums up the feeling of one and all.

Not a bad profit considering all the international trouble. Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's results for 1951 just published show a consolidated net profit before tax of \$52.2 million, compared with £84.46 million in the previous year.

Potato prices, in the States at any rate, have reached fabulous figures as did live foxes in the twenties. In the long run no one is the better for such extremes; a happy medium is what both farmer and consumer would like, and we would be better all round.

Life insurance salesmen are meeting in Charlottetown today. They will listen to discussions by leading authorities on insurance from this country and the United States. Prime Minister Churchill, however, will no doubt be quoted: "Insure, insure, insure."

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics reports that Canada's per capita expenditure on food last year was about \$245. This figure may be compared with Federal taxation per capita, which came to about \$285. When a nation pays more to be governed than it pays to be fed, it had better stop and take a look at itself, says the Letter Review.

Under a bill now before Parliament, the Federal Government will contribute a third of the cost of providing warehouses and cold storage plants for farmer co-operatives or others. Should the provincial governments make a similar contribution, the cost for the promoters would be infinitesimal.

Purely voluntary contributions for the maintenance of the Presbyterian Church are now to be a thing of the past. The General Assembly has ordained that the minimum stipend of ministers shall be \$2,600, together with manse and travelling allowance. To raise the necessary funds each congregation must be canvassed every year, and the Presbytery must see that the "directive" is carried out.

Soldiers' wives and mothers insist upon being allowed to wear hats at Legion functions. A Canadian Press despatch from London says: "Thousands of British Legion women, demanding compulsory wearing of hats at legion parades and services, won their claim that a woman is not properly dressed without one. 'Hats give elegance and dignity,' said those in favor." That, too, is the opinion of churches of all denominations.

Comparisons are odious. Poverty of Turkey is described in The New York Times. Average Turk has a daily food consumption of 2,000 calories; the lowest in free Europe. Wool and cotton consumption also are Europe's lowest. Meat consumption per capita is 9.6 pounds annually, compared with 36.9 pounds in U. K., 48 pounds in U. S. Only one Turk in 2,000 owns an automobile. Despite all this, Turkey has virtually no Communists; has contributed the largest armed forces to NATO. Turkish example explodes the foolish legend that poverty is the root cause of Communism. If it were, the Turks would be the most pro-Russian people in Europe. Actually, they are the most anti-Russian.

"Proudly We Lift Our Hats"



Notes From Another Island

By "Anson"

LONDON, England: Tradition is a fine thing, of course, and we like it. At least, most of us do, even if we sometimes make light of it. To take only one example, everybody likes to watch a parade, especially if it is traditional—and most of ours are. Any spectacle of pomp and pageantry that has been carried on through the centuries will capture our imagination, will quite likely bring a lump to our throats (to our embarrassment, it might be admitted) and make us glad that there are such things.

But not all of us. There are those among us who consider that we should move with the times, and dispense with many of our customary ceremonies. Logically they are on firm ground, for these things cost money and money is tight these days. Yet the critics are strangely little support. Recently there was a suggestion that the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth next year should be made as simple as possible, in keeping with the austere times we live in. The reaction was illuminating. A critic asked: "Never! was the answer. For we may be (relatively speaking) but we still have pride."

Yes, but a major issue is involved there. Other things, long accepted as traditional, have gone or are on the way out. Sheer force of circumstance has had its effect, not any desire to be twentieth-century in outlook. The roast beef of old England, for instance. There was a time when the Sunday joint was big enough to render service on Monday and Tuesday, too, as of routine. If it does so these days it is a tribute to the housewife's ingenuity, not to the size of the ration. Most families still cling to the tradition of a joint for Sunday, but many others are tending to forego the idea in favour of some arrangement that allows more equitable distribution of meat over the week's seven days.

Tea continues as our national beverage, even if the tradition of tea at all times is being slightly weakened by the necessity of turning to coffee for help in eking out the tea ration; and as for the famed English bacon-and-eggs to start the day right, it is no longer quite so amusing as it once was to say "If we had some bacon and eggs—could we have some bacon and eggs—if we had some eggs!"

Yet even in the face of such portents of changing times there were still some things that were thought changeless until now something has come to pass that is considered in some die-hard circles to spell T-H-E E-N-D. A professional player has been appointed captain of the England cricket team for the first of this season's Test (international) matches against the touring team from India.

This is a revolution if ever there was one. It is an event of far greater significance than is indicated by the mere fact that it is the first time in the history of international cricket that a professional has been chosen for the job. Hitherto it has been strictly "amateurs only". Every other member of the team may be a professional, but tradition has demanded that the leader must be a man possessed of such private means that he can afford to play the game for love if it alone. And the tradition is backed by some pretty strong words spoken about half a century ago by Lord Hawke, one of cricket's great men.

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DEBATE AT MOUNT MELICK

"A lively discussion took place in the schoolroom at Mount Mellick on Thursday evening, under the auspices of the Farmers' Debating Club, on the all-important subject: 'Will creameries and cheese factories conduce to the prosperity of the farmers of this island?' Those, Delhanly, Esq., opened the debate in a short and spirited speech in favor of creameries, ably supported by Francis Praught, Esq., and others, Messrs. Michael Haley, Joseph Praught and others making a good opposition.

At a late hour the house was divided, majority in favor of creameries, the leader in opposition voting with the majority, thus showing that the arguments adduced in favor of creameries and cheese factories must have been conclusive—and convincing. The farmers of this section are of opinion that factories of this kind are a great benefit, and should be supported."

—The Examiner, April 20, 1883.

His words have been widely misinterpreted ever since as a confession of snobbery. All he meant was that he hoped there would always be amateur players good enough for the task, for amateurs are a welcome feature of cricket. They are able, perhaps from their freedom from worry over their livelihood, to take chances and bring a dash of the cavalier spirit to the game, and to be less cautious than the professional whose bread and butter may depend on his performances.

Whether or not the custom of the amateur captain of England springs from that thought, or from notions not strictly democratic in the minds of the authorities, we cannot know. At any rate Lord Hawke would be saddened to find that at present there seems to be no amateur available who is good enough to make the grade. So the team selectors have finally bowed to the inevitable, a professional has been chosen, and one more of England's unwritten laws is shattered.

Perhaps, when things are back to something like the pre-war normal and the Dollar Gap is an unhappy memory, there will once again be young men of top-class cricketing ability, with means substantial enough to enable them to retain their amateur status whilst devoting all their summers—and often winters, too—to the game. Their temporary scarcity is a sign of the times; there is not so much wealth about these days. No doubt the amateurs will be plentiful again in due course, just like roast beef, bacon and eggs.

HISTORIC COLLEGE The first class, numbering four, graduated from Acadia University at Wolfville, N. S. in 1843.

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The Poet's Corner

GROWTH Now there is need of words to fashion joy Since robins bravely sing. Should any sad remembering destroy The rapture of the Spring? When life stirs in the darkness of the earth Reaching to light again, And beauty is awakened to new birth, We should make peace with pain. Trees have no memory of fallen leaves Nor flowers of withered stem; Not any lovely thing in nature grieves When living ends for them.

The end is the beginning; unaware They go to God—made way, In season blooming and in season bare— Should we do less than they? —Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.

The Age-Old Story

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variability, neither shadow of turning. Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of firstfruits of his creatures.

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Notes By The Way

Decidedly the best answer given by a centenarian as a reason for longevity was that of an Ohio woman interviewed by reporters on her 106th birthday. She said the reason she was so old was that she was born so long ago. — Kingston Whig-Standard.

A man and his wife in Manitoba were fined \$20 or ten days on charges of illegal drinking. The husband could dig up only \$20 for himself, and told the court his wife would have to serve the ten days. That is one way to make a marriage vow look sick. — Fort William Times-Journal.

Mr. Rodney Adams, MP for York West, thinks small airstrips should be built in national parks to make them more accessible to people of "modest" means. At a time when the government is trying to find money for housing, old age pensions, family allowances, defence, and a score of other essential national needs, the answer to Mr. Adams is likely to be "No." — Ottawa Citizen.

By an amendment to its by-laws, the Board of Education now requires its solicitor to advise the trustees immediately when in his opinion a proposed expenditure is not within the legal powers of the board. Heretofore, the solicitor appears to have maintained a modest silence, offering advice only when it was specifically requested. — Toronto Telegram.

We are not setting up in the medical line, but we suspect that fear kills as many people as occasional frolics or unusual efforts. To begin, at thirty, to be afraid to lift anything, or jump anything, or run anywhere, is as good a way as any to lose one's joy in life. What says Holy Writ? "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones." So jump the fence, Grandpa! It kills you, at least you will not die by choking on one of your vitamin pills. — Peterborough Examiner.

There seems to be a childish faith on the part of Sudbury's traffic "experts" that the installation of a few more traffic lights will solve the city's problems. It would appear that the Sudbury City Council is following this will-o'-the-wisp thinking to the tune of another \$9,000 rate. This blind faith in traffic lights is demonstrated by the fact that the old rule of silence has been banished in a new public library in Toronto, and the visitors are encouraged to relax in lounge chairs or around the coffee tables. In a declaimed world of roaring traffic, blaring radios and riveting noises, the Silence Please signs in any but soundproof library buildings have been meaningless for the past 20 years. The deathly hush enforced in public libraries had a funeral air, and the occasional bouquet of flowers that adorned the librarian's desk was a "prop" that added to the Give Up Hope All Ye Who Enter Here atmosphere. 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