

THE GUARDIAN

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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink" CHARLOTTETOWN, TUESDAY, OCT. 9, 1951

Our Royal Visitors

It is a matter of great satisfaction to all our citizens that the Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip have been able, after all, to make their visit to Canada, just a week behind the earlier schedule; and their arrival at Montreal was the occasion for a tremendous demonstration of welcome which will be repeated, with local variations, from coast to coast as the tour gets under way.

The Ottawa Journal notes that elaborate arrangements have been made for the protection of the Royal visitors during their tour. It expresses satisfaction that such arrangements are in the efficient hands of the R. C. M. P., but suggests this feature of the programme may be over-accentuated. This is not a Balkan state, and the smallest part of the task of the police will be protection of Her Royal Highness against assassins.

At The Sign Of The Twin Pumps

Hotels and restaurants are not the sole successors of the old time inn. Travellers once looked for refreshment for man and beast and today an important aspect of travel is the availability of satisfactory supplies and service for the trusty family car.

Operators of service stations and garages inherit at least part of the role of mine host and like him they give the wayfarer a good or bad impression of the locality. It is to the credit of the members of the P. E. I. Garage Operators Association now meeting in Summerside that it is practically unknown in late years for motorists to be disgruntled because of slipshod service or sharp practice.

Fatal To Maritimes

Unless the Federal Government can give a quid pro pro to Quebec and the Maritime Provinces over the St. Lawrence deepening scheme, there is little probability of its being proceeded with. It would be suicidal to ports like Montreal, Halifax and Saint John, not to mention most industries this side of Montreal, for Canada to permit the opening up the middle west of U. S. A. to trans-Atlantic shipping.

Northern Election

An election in the Northwest Territories last month is cited by the Ottawa Citizen as indicating that Canada is not neglecting the political development of this vast region. It was the first election in a part of Canada that stands in relation to the rest of the country much as a colony stands to the mother country.

As the Edmonton Journal notes, "this election marks the Northwest Territories' first step towards territorial self-government such as the Yukon now enjoys, and eventually, no doubt, to the full status of

a province." The final stage of political evolution may yet be some distance away, for the region, though nearly a third of Canada in area, is thinly populated. Its list of voters, including Eskimos, numbers only 6,000. Climate and topography discourage large-scale settlement.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Nova Scotia apple-growers have made a voluntary agreement not to cut prices, and to substitute this "gentleman's agreement" for that of the disbanded Apple Marketing Board.

Absent minded parliamentarians with thoughts of the visiting Royal pair may well be excused if they occasionally break out with three cheers instead of the more sedate, "hear, hear".

The pace and scale of operations is being stepped up in Korea. Reserves and other preparations must not lag behind needs as they develop.

Parliament will no doubt be asked to vote further supply and one of the more embarrassing questions it may ask the Government is why so much already voted for defence remains unexpended.

It is unfortunate at this time the better of the two Northumberland Ferry steamers should have been grounded. It will be recalled that the late Captain Reid condemned the Caribou route because of the risk it would incur of just such happenings.

Deprived of protection by the fall of the French empire, Rome was taken by force this date 1870 by the Italian government and made capital of Italy. The Pope withdrew to the Vatican and remained in voluntary confinement.

Dr. Hugh L. Keenleyside may be a most competent civil service official, but he certainly is deficient in diplomacy or even common courtesy, or he would not have deliberately insulted a fellow guest at an official function, however much he detested his war record.

The official notification of a Provincial election in Ontario on Nov. 22 came as previously anticipated. It will be Premier Frost's first appeal to the country since his elevation as successor to Premier George A. Drew on his selection as leader of the Federal Conservative party.

According to External Affairs Minister Pearson, Canada is not now contemplating retaliatory action against the U. S. because Congress intends to rescind recent restrictions on dairy products from Canada and elsewhere. It took the threat of action, however, to bring this about.

When the Premier interviewed the Prime Minister at Ottawa it would not be about his appointment to the Senate, but about the respective claims of the prospects for succession. It is known that at least three members of the Legislature would not refuse the Premiership were it offered to them, and it is desirable that the successful one would meet with the approval of the powers-that-be of the Party at Ottawa.

A welcome is being extended to Mrs. W. T. O'Regan, Ottawa, president of the National Federation of Liberal Women of Canada, who is on a tour of the Maritimes and who arrived here Friday from Halifax. There will be a reception at noon today and a luncheon at one p. m. at The Charlottetown. From here, Mrs. O'Regan will go to Saint John.

Montreal is borrowing extensively to finance its municipal tunnel and other projects. The Council has been notified that the Quebec Municipal Commission has approved the proposed floating of a \$25,000,000 debenture issue for capital expenditures, as authorized by City Council, but has specified that utilization of proceeds of the loan will be subject to prior approval of the provincial body. This brings to \$92,877,000 the total of borrowing powers authorized by City Council and ratified by the commission.

The late Mr. J. P. Simmonds, president of Central Creameries, Limited, was noted for his ability, hard work and initiative, and these qualities would have brought him to the fore in any community. He had mastered every detail of dairying, developing his business into one of the most extensive of its kind in the Maritimes and incidentally contributing materially to the success of the industry in general.

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Spotlighting A Public Enemy



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.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

Sir,—When this phrase came into my mind I was not thinking particularly of the old song but rather of Georgetown and what the future might promise for this historic old town. Now that we have finally gotten our paved road after waiting so long, the battle of "Poole's Corner to Georgetown" appears to have finally been won and hence my question "Where do we go from here?"

We owe a great deal to certain progressive citizens of this town and to Premier Jones who kept his part of the bargain—it is, as it were, a new lease of life. But it should only be considered as a fresh beginning and not the end in itself.

This town has never really recovered from the blow it suffered in the early part of this century with the introduction of larger and more centralized methods of water transportation. We are also in a somewhat restricted area, agriculturally, on this point of land of only a few thousand acres and pinched out, as it were, by the Cardigan and Montague River districts.

For years it looked as if this geographical handicap would never be overcome; but now with the increase in general shipping, the apparent necessity for more adequate means of freight handling when volume must be handled without undue and costly delays, the great upsurge in tourist traffic in the past 10 years, it does begin to look as if the possibilities of Georgetown may again be given serious consideration to the point where positive action will take place.

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The Age-Old Story

Thou art my portion, O Lord: I have said that I would keep thy words. . . I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies.

more attractive; our climate is some degrees warmer than that of northern P. E. I. and we have many beautiful beaches here and nearby just waiting to be put to use by some nerve-weary tourist.

Here are some of the things we need and must have in the near future if the full benefits of the new road are to be realized: (1) We need a bank, if only on a part-week basis. There are many thousands of dollars coming into this town monthly and while it is admitted no bank can make business just cashing cheques, I am sure some progressive bank should investigate the possibilities of Georgetown. Under the present setup with producer's own affairs as a sample, many of us have to keep accounts in Montague and Charlottetown when it would be more convenient for us to be able to just step down the street instead of losing part of the day transacting our business elsewhere. Yes, Mr. Banker, Georgetown should be worth a try.

(2) We need someone to come in here and develop our tourist possibilities—someone with know-how and cash to build cottages in and around Georgetown.

(3) We need an expanded hotel service and an increase in our restaurant facilities.

(4) But above all we need some business concerns whose present setup with producer's shipment or the all-year-round processing and canning of the fruits of the land and sea, to come here, develop, and use the shipping facilities of Georgetown as their outlet.

Something of this kind will have to be done if Georgetown is not to slowly change into just an overgrown village. Maybe then we will be able to pick up a travel folder and find adequate mention made of Georgetown. Coming out of one of the city restaurants some time ago I stopped to look over some of the travel folders—one, in particular, was beautifully done with a map of the Island embossed on its pages. This map was entirely decorative and did not purport to show place names, but some half dozen were, however, shown—Souris, Montague, Alberton, etc., but I searched in vain for Georgetown although the other two capitals were clearly indicated. The person who designed that folder should be asked a pointed question or two and the people of Georgetown should stop taking it lying down.—And so, "Where do we go from here?"

I am, Sir, etc. A GEORGETOWNIAN.

THE TEACHER SHORTAGE

Sir,—The advocates of higher educational requirements for teachers find it difficult to understand why the amount of the cash for the higher requirements should make any worthwhile difference in the number of students that would take it. I believe that the reason for this is that the advocates and the parents of students who become teachers live in much different circumstances and in an effort to convince them of that assertion, it will be necessary to examine who, as a rule, does what, and why they do it.

Students from families of higher income are enabled to attend college long enough to qualify for occupations that will return a higher income, with better working and living conditions than teaching school, consequently, teachers are not from this group of students.

Students from the middle and lower income families who live in the larger urban centres do not aspire to teach because vacancies in the urban schools occur so

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

HOOK & LADDER DRILL

"The man of No. 1 Hook and Ladder Company, under the direction of Captain Butcher, went through drill with their ladders at the side of the Medical Hall yesterday. On the ladders used there was one extension, which gave them a height of about thirty-six feet. In the short space of one minute and a half the men had the ladders erected and ready for use. The ladders were taken down and everything made ready for departure in less than one minute. Captain Butcher has a smart lot of men under his control, and after a little more practice Charlottetown will have a good and efficient Hook and Ladder Company.

—The Examiner, Oct. 2, 1877.

The Poet's Corner

ECCLESIASTES

There is one sin: to call a green leaf gray.

Whereat the sun in heaven shudders.

There is one blasphemy: for death to pray,

For God alone knoweth the praise of death.

There is one creed: 'neath no world-terror's wing Apples forget to grow on apple-trees.

There is one thing is needful—everything— The rest is vanity of vanities.

—G. K. Chesterton.

infrequently that the odds against securing one of these positions within a reasonable time are too great, while teaching in rural schools and especially living there does not appeal to them. Hence this group of students take commercial or other training which will enable them to secure employment in their own localities, and where they can live at home, so, as a rule, teachers are not from this group.

Therefore, there only remains the students from the middle and lower income rural families from which the great majority of teachers and candidates can be expected, and this group find it very, very difficult to finance even one year at college because they must board away from home. The proof, that it is so difficult for them, is the shortage of teachers.

It is useless to argue that the student could "get-by" on \$450.00 for the first year because that amount to this group is a large sum of money. It is likewise useless to argue that the department will grant \$100.00 and loan \$250.00 for the second year, (that is for the year of teacher training), because, even if the department granted the full cash, it must be remembered that there is no income and this is what the student, and probably the family, urgently need, especially if the student is planning, after a few years of teaching, to return for higher education or training for some other occupation.

Again, the advocates of higher standards for teachers argue: We do not want teaching to be considered a stepping stone to other professions or occupations. My argument for that is in the form of a question. How many individuals who have made school teaching a life occupation intended it to be so? Consequently, my suggestion is—get them into the profession and many will remain who did not plan to do so. In that way the objective is much more likely to be achieved than by legislation.

I am, Sir, etc. PARENT

Lessons From Europe In Community Progress

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

VISIT TO EDINBURGH

Now, a little on what the English weather is like. Well, they have it all, except, perhaps extreme cold. At least, there is a great variety, and in winter, "It is cold, old chap!" Some of the English fog stories are almost as good as our fish stories. The best one I heard was from one of the boys who worked in Bristol during the blackout and lived on one of those new housing estates where all the houses look the same. The fog was so thick when he was coming home one night from work that he couldn't see the lamp post to the sign and feel the letters to see whether he was on the right street or not. Then he had to call at each door as he went along and feel the numbers until he could find his own home.

After living in Britain for some time, you cannot help liking and admiring the British people. They argue and criticize one another but an outsider must never take part. Though a group may be divided politically it is united in effort. The working people, not the nobility, they are perhaps now undertaking the greatest political experiment in world history and are willing to do it for the rest of the world. In spite of all the propaganda within and without England I have yet to meet any politician, philosopher or economist who could offer an alternative route to that which has been followed, by which the British people could have recovered from the destruction and losses of the last war. Nor has anything constructive been released in this field. It is commonly agreed that any other government or political party would have to follow the same general program if progress was to be assured.

It is difficult to put into words the reasons for this general attitude of spirit and unity among the British people. The most striking impressions might be summed up under the following headings, which are excerpts from various statements made there recently. First, "We must recover, because the whole world is watching us." Second, "Efficiency gets greater results with less sweat and blood." Third, "If we are to make progress and wise decisions, we need research, facts and new ideas, not only among the leaders, but among the people as well." Fourth, "A full life for all is the main ambition in this world and work is the only means to it. If the work is not done the end will not be attained. Let us do our work first, but always leave time for play."

Well, Easter season came before we knew it, and during the interim plans had been made for an official tour to Scotland, and a visit to Ireland. We had heard a lot of talk about the "Flying Scotsman" and decided to catch her at Gratham. She "flies" between Edinburgh and London every day, but this day she did not fly so far. That morning there had been a serious train wreck at Doncaster, in which several people had been killed and the tracks torn up. This meant we had to make a long detour out through Yorkshire causing several hours delay.

The detour did not please my Scottish friends who had been boasting about the speed which the side look like a plectrum. But we did get out through the land of James Watt, where the first steam engine and railway in the world were built and saw an exact replica of the old "Rocket". We eventually arrived at Newcastle-on-Tyne, the last stop in England and headed for Edinburgh, and began to make up time. As we crossed the Tweed into Berwick the music was merrier and the bartender busier. The boys loved "Old Scotia", and had been away for all of three months. My Scottish blood began to warm, as they described the unique superiority of the Scotch and pointed out the exquisite beauty of a sunset behind the Cheviot hills. Some of the boys from Africa even began to find something homey about this country, but were doubtful, a few minutes later when they saw real snow on the mountain tops.

We got into Edinburgh, hungry and nearly three hours late. The hotel was ready, as well as a delicious supper of lamb, with a copious helping of dressing and mint sauce, followed by cranberry pie and coffee with heavy cream; a feast not even imaginable in the country south of the border. At bedtime, I remembered it was Friday, and Lent. I thanked God that he had not reminded me until then.

Next morning we visited the headquarters of the Scottish Agricultural Organization Society and the National Farmers' Union and completed arrangements for our tour which was to begin on Monday. By phone I got in touch with one of the biggest farmers from Aberdeenshire, whom I had met when he was on a lecture tour in Canada last year. Arrangements were made to go up and see that part of the country and his farm, on Sunday.

That afternoon we struck out to see Edinburgh. After the meal of the evening before and two platefuls of real Scottish porridge in the morning, we had no thought of food. Heeded for the castle, we went down Princess Street which one can see at a glance provided the inspiration for some famous Highland tunes, the most popular one perhaps being,

"The Flowers of Edinburgh". It is a beautiful walk, looking down on the green lawns and flower beds and up at the one-time sky scrapers of Scotland.

Up around the University buildings we strolled and then down to parts of the old city where we could see the Castle, some 300 feet above. The buildings on this old citadel itself are not of much architectural value, rather, they seem to have been built as necessary demanded and as the feud became more numerous. The approach to, and layout of the Castle is different and captivating though. The portcullis entrance and the intriguing old gateway give one an idea of the fury of the garrison battles.

We saw that famous old gun of the fifteenth century, "Mons Meg", with a bore of twenty inches and which according to an old record when loaded with about one hundred pounds of gunpowder could fire a stone ball about a mile and a half. On the square in front, the open air Scottish dances and jigs are tapped out to the lil of the pipes, almost every evening in the summer. In days of old they took some clay from Nova Scotia and spread it here as a symbol of unity, so although in Scotland, one is actually walking on Canadian soil.

The little chapel of St. Margaret's is an interesting reminder of Norman times, and is still used for the occasional marriage or baptismal ceremony. In the castle we saw, too, the old crown jewels of Scotland and an interesting collection of the medals and uniforms of the famous Scotch regiments down through the years. A beautiful memorial building has been erected on top of this solid grey rock, in honor of the soldiers who fell in the two world wars. Many traces of the battles, the hardships, and the glories of old Scotland are to be found in and about the castle. The story of the castle of Edinburgh is almost inseparable from the history of Scotland as a whole. It was not merely a fortress, but a palace, a treasure, the home of the national records, a workshop and a storehouse for the nation. It was the place of refuge for sovereigns during their minorities, the prison for their enemies, and a post of defense of many causes. Really, it is a must for anyone visiting Great Britain.

We walked down the Royal Mile to see the old palace of Mary, Queen of Scots, and back to the home of John Knox, where one can still see the old "candle that burns at both ends". From Scott's monument, we took a drive to the suburbs to see some of the new housing projects, and back into Leith to see the docks and shipyards.

ELEMENTARY HAT

The first hat was probably nothing more than a broad leaf used to keep off the burning rays of the sun.

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