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

CHARLOTTETOWN, TUESDAY, SEPT. 23, 1952

New Brunswick Election

After 17 years of Liberal government—Premier McNair being in office 13 years—New Brunswick voters yesterday swung to the Progressive-Conservative party under its new leader Mr. Hugh John Flemming. The victorious Progressive-Conservatives had deliberately ignored the "official" issue proposed by Premier McNair—the recent walk-out of provincial hydro employees demanding recognition of their international union. In fact Mr. Flemming made a point of asking the union to call off its strike so that the election could be fought on wide grounds rather than the particular issue chosen by the Liberal Government. The strike was accordingly called off.

What the voters did take into consideration seems to have been the brand of government which has been carried on; the increase of the public debt to the point where it was the highest in Canada despite such measures as a provincial sales tax; charges of mismanagement of highway contracts which even a Royal Commission report exonerating members of the Government from any charge of dishonesty failed to counteract.

Even the usually potent factor of prosperity did not save the Government for Mr. Flemming and his colleagues pointedly referred to the exodus of New Brunswickers to other Provinces in search of employment.

Some of the hottest and possibly most telling debate had to do with the administration of the public health programme. There the Government turned on its own public servants of the medical profession in what appeared to be an attempt to find scape-goats. The apparent attempt to shift responsibility from the shoulders of the Government to private individuals certainly failed to pay off.

The election was followed with much interest across Canada, and while it was generally conceded that the McNair Government would lose some of its huge majority in the last Legislature (46 Liberals, 5 Conservative, with one vacant seat) few could have anticipated such a complete turnover.

Premier MacNair has taken his party's defeat gamely, and in a public statement has announced that "now that the contest is over we can all go forward together in what we shall hope will prove the uninterrupted march of progress in our Province." This exemplifies the true spirit of democracy, and establishes a common ground on which victors and vanquished can work together constructively.

Greek Women To Vote

Greece this year passed a law granting full political rights to women, according to a recent report by U. N. Secretary-General Trygve Lie, thus bringing to 57 the number of countries in which women have equal voting rights with men. That Greece should be so late recognizing women as full citizens will come as no surprise to the great numbers of moderns who take their ideas about the classical Greeks from references and lack of references in Greek literature and from the tradition that Greek society was almost wholly masculine; that Greek women lived in an almost Oriental seclusion.

That conception, however, has been effectively challenged by Professor H. D F. Kitto in "The Greeks", published by the Penguin Books last year. Professor Kitto admits that women were not full citizens in ancient times. They did not vote in the Assembly, much less hold office, for the reason that they could not be expected to march or row and fight in the campaigns decided upon by the Assembly. Other groups were without the franchise for the same reason.

For the rest, however, they seem to have occupied a position of some dignity. They were educated in the household arts, as boys were educated for war and public life. Attic vases and sculptured tombstones portray domestic scenes indicating that the wife held an honoured place in Attic society.

Euripides, many of whose strongest characters are women, puts this into the mouth of a prosecutor: "Gentlemen, if you acquit this woman, what will you say to your wives and daughters when you go home? They will ask you where you have been. You will say, 'In the courts'. They will say, 'What was the case?' You of course will say . . . You will tell them all the details of the case, and you will tell them how carefully and completely the case was proved. When you have finished they will say, 'And what did you do?' And you will reply, 'We acquitted her',—And then the fat will be in the fire!"

Fire Protection

By Royal Proclamation at Ottawa, October 5th to 11th has been designated "Fire Prevention Week." And it is alarming to learn from the Proclamation that in the last ten years 534,777 fires in Canada have destroyed property valued at $542 million. In that time 4,087 persons have lost their lives and it is estimated that at least 15,000 others have been seriously injured as a result of fire. What the Proclamation cannot show, of course, is the number of lives that could have been saved, the value of property that could have been protected, if a systematic inspection had been made beforehand of all conditions likely to cause or promote the spread of fire.

Apart from the obvious inspection of public buildings—fire drill in schools, factories and offices; education in fire protection in schools, to Boy Scout groups and the like—every householder can be a voluntary fire warden by checking his own home for fire hazards. An obvious place to start is in the basement with the furnace pipes—a frequent cause of fire. And the average basement is cluttered with inflammable material that serves little purpose except to add fuel to a potential fire. It's best out on the dump.

Faulty electric switches are best replaced, they're worn out anyway and can be a fire hazard. An open fireplace without a guard—particularly with children around—is an unnecessary risk. A faulty chimney can bring fire-producing sparks. The modern home is full of labour-saving devices and comforts which in good condition are harmless, but worn out or faulty, can spell disaster through fire.

"Fire Protection Week" is one week that should be taken seriously. A couple of hours spent by every householder in checking possible fire hazards would be amply repaid by a reduction in fire losses in Canada.

EDITORIAL NOTES

A useful catalogue gives complete details of all English-language publications now in print issued by Unesco since its inception. Publications in Spanish, Italian and other languages are also listed, but no descriptions are given.

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Of some 98,000 seats along the route of the Coronation procession next July 2 about 30,000 will be allotted to Commonwealth countries, of which Canada's share will be about 5,000 seats. Already several thousand applications have been received by the Secretary of State of Canada.

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The election of Mr. A. Walthen Gaudet to be national president of the Association of Kinsmen's Clubs of Canada, and his fellow Charlottetown officers being the other national officers is matter of congratulation both for the new officers and for the organization.

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The Charlottetown Hospital Bazaar is having its grand opening at the Forum this evening with several attractive features, including a concert by the 17th Recce Band. All our citizens enjoy entertainment of this kind, particularly when associated with such a worthy cause.

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William Wilkie Collins, English novelist, died this date 1889. Under the inspiration of youthful years in Italy he wrote "Antonina", his earliest novel and was permitted to give up the tea business and study law. A lifelong friend of Dickens, many of his works were first published in Dickens' periodical "Household Words". One of his inimitable characters is Count Fosco in "The Woman in White."

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The commercial uses of Irish moss are steadily increasing. This product should be made the foundation of local industries rather than being merely shipped in its raw state, after being merely cleaned and dried. French dressing for salads which does not require shaking before use and chocolate milk which remains a perfect mixture are only two of a multitude of products for which the moss can be used.

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Rev. Canon Malone's departure from the Province this week is indeed a matter of regret, not only to his long-time parishioners at St. Peter's Cathedral but to all our citizens. Fortunately, however, his new duties as lecturer and chaplain at King's College will enable him to revisit us frequently. All will join in wishing for his successor at St. Peter's, Rev. Mr. Moffatt, the same measure of success which has attended, in such an outstanding degree, Canon Malone's incumbency.

Possible Unforeseen Developments

The Poet's Corner

INSECURITY

Go not too near a house of rose,
The depredation of a breeze
Or inundation of a dew
Alarm its walls away;

Nor try to tie the butterfly;
Nor climb the bars of ecstasy
In insecurity to lie
Is joy's insuring quality.

—Emily Dickinson.

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

IMPROVED TROTTING STOCK

"With the proposal of the Government to import well-bred horses this spring, and the laudable enterprise of private gentlemen, this Province at once takes a high stand in the breeding of high-styled carriage horses and first-class trotters. We are informed that enterprising persons in the Province have purchased from General Withers 'Lexington Kentucky', a fine bay colt sired by that renowned sire of trotters, 'Almont'. 'Almont', we may remark, has sired more trotters in the 2.30 class than any other stud living or that ever lived for the time he has been in stud. In his veins flows the blood of Hambletonian, Membrine Chief, Clay Pilot and Morgan families of trotters, through the best channels and based on a strictly thoroughbred foundation. This colt, which will be an invaluable acquisition to the horse breeders of this Province, will arrive here about the first of May next. General Withers, from whom he was purchased, is one of the most successful breeders of trotters in the United States."

—The Examiner, March 3, 1881.

Fantastic Prices For Coronation Seats

(London Observer.)

Fantastic prices are being demanded for seats in privately owned premises with windows overlooking next year's Coronation route in London.

Generally speaking, the figures are now so high that reputable agencies are sitting back and waiting for prices to stabilize at a somewhat more rational level.

But the demand for any kind of accommodation is reported to be overwhelming. One of the biggest ticket agencies says that so many applications have come in, from all over the world, that even if prices were more sensible they could not all be satisfied.

Another agency reports that at the time of the late King's funeral, they hired premises overlooking the route, and accommodating 160 people, for 8,000 pounds. The owners of the property say that they have already been offered 17,000 pounds and are standing out for more.

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"For a single seat," an agency official said, 50 or 60 pounds seems at the moment to be nothing out of the way and there are people willing to pay this price. I've already sold 26 tickets to an American at 50 pounds a seat and he would have taken a lot more if we had had them."

A few days ago an applicant for a family batch of seats consulted one of the smaller agencies and was told prices would probably be from five guineas to 30 guineas a seat. The applicant called on the agency yesterday and was told that all seats would be at the top price or over, and that in any event new applicants would have very little chance as there was already a waiting list of between 30,000 and 40,000 on the Agency's books.

A shop on the route is offering seats on their first floor at 50 guineas each. A window in Piccadilly, with room for six people, is said to have been offered through an agency for 600 pounds.

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In some instances, owners of window space have declined to commit themselves to a price, but have called the agencies in and asked what the accommodation is worth—a question to which no agency is, for the moment, willing to offer a positive answer.

A few stands are being erected by private enterprise on bombed sites and privately-owned open spaces, but these are limited. At the last Coronation, in 1937 seats on these stands were sold at five guineas a time. For the coming Coronation the price will probably be double, and agencies feel that this could be justified by the increased charge for the land and the higher cost of building stands.

The established agencies in London have met, it is understood, to consider the situation and have evolved a policy of prudent inactivity. But the fear that "get-rich-quick" people may organize deals outside the normal agency channels is said to be causing the agencies "acute discomfort."

Notes By The Way

Toronto's Don Jail seems like the ideal hotel. Not only are room and board free, but there are no formalities about checking out. — Edmonton Journal.

There is pleasure in saving. Fortunate are those who like to read their bank books. To most people, regrettably, a bank book is a book of horrors — something to be glanced at with a shudder and then thrust out of sight. — Montreal Gazette.

It is a fallacy to think that a group of men who have shown no particular competence in their own affairs can by the simple expedient of a vote acquire the ability to control and direct all phases of a nation's business according to a vague blueprint for state control.—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

A Manitoba physician has specified in his will that all debts owing him are to be forgiven. Another doctor did the same less than a year ago. This is going to lead people with expensive illnesses to seek elderly and weary-looking doctors. — Kingston Whig-Standard.

The younger set may have an unconventional way of expressing it, but they manage to get the idea across pretty well. A five-year-old girl excused her three-year-old sister for tossing her glass of milk on the floor this way: "She is so little her know-better hasn't growed up yet. — Kitchener-Waterloo Record.

A unique documentary film on an industrial subject will be shown at the Edinburgh Festival. It was designed to fit an original musical score—a symphonic study in three movements by Richard Arnell. The work is played by the London Symphony Oorchestra, conducted by Edward Renton, and the film—Opus 65—draws an analogy between a great orchestra at work on a new score and a great body of skilled technicians at work on a new car.—Hamilton Spectator.

From all accounts the new London airport is a splendid creation, with great runways, sideshows, sandpits for the children, restaurants and bars. But the airborne cynic, knowing the inconvenience of airports, will note first that all this is 14 miles by road from Charing Cross, the centre of the city, and nearly an hour's travel in crowded streets. — Ottawa Journal.

To pull down a modern, or semi-modern structure requires little more than a few trmpet blasts of the kind that toppled the walls of Jericho. There are homes around the city that could be razed by a good loud sneeze, and if our Victorian ancestors knew that $10,000 was paid for them, they would whirl around in their graves. — Toronto Globe and Mail.

Circus clowns behind the Iron Curtain in Hungary are being criticized for indulging in slapstick and making the people laugh whereas they are told they should be upholding Marxist culture. It's rather hard, though to be gravely ideological with a grotesquely painted nose and an inflated sausage skin.—Hamilton Spectator.

A coat of arms, a memorial of Tudor England, has recently been brought into fresh prominence by cleaning during during the routine maintenance of Windsor Castle. The coat of arms is embedded in the wall of the first floor window of the tower occupied by the Governor of the Military Knights. Originally called the belfry tower, this has now, by command of the Queen, been renamed the Mary Tudor tower. The achievement shows the combined coats of arms of Mary Tudor and of Philip II of Spain, who were married in 1554.—London Times.

The Age-Old Story

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

The Passing Scene

By Observer

THE 20TH CENTURY TROUT FISHERMAN

No one can predict with any accuracy just what our world will be like in A.D. 2102. Indeed, there is no certainty it will be around at all. But, assuming that atom and hydrogen bombs and their even more lethal successors have not blown it to bits before then, it is safe to say that atomic power will be commonplace. It will be called upon to stimulate everything that man will do with the time at his disposal for play. And there will be plenty to it for, of course, there will be little or no work for anybody to do. Even the trout fisherman will use some sort of atomic device to attract the big ones.

An interesting question is: What will the historians of that period say about the fisherman of the 20th. century and his primitive methods?

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I have been thinking about this situation a good deal since the 15th. when, reluctantly, I put my gear in metaphorical moth balls for another seven months. (Incidentally, the long sabbath seems to begin earlier and earlier as the years go by.)

My guess is that the 2102 historians will say something like this:

It is difficult for the present day trout fisherman to visualize the life and manners of the species only a hundred and fifty years ago. Today he has only to press a small button in the back of his watch and almost instantly he is at his favourite trout stream forty or fifty miles away. Not so in the year 1952. Believe it or not, it took him more than an hour to make a similar journey.

He had to fool around with four wheel vehicles commonly called motor cars, sometimes automobiles, which in our time can be seen only in museums. What crude machines they were to be sure! Switches, gears, clutches, steering wheels, gas tanks, and other gadgets which are now unremembered by even the oldest inhabitants.

Sometimes, indeed, these vehicles would not move at all without much coaxing on the part of the unfortunate 'drivers' as the men or women who sat in them were called. Not infrequently they stalled completely. When they did move it was at an extremely slow speed and the time wasted in going to and fro was terrific according to modern standards.

Still, as Dr. Bugsby has so well pointed out in his recent monumental work "The Primitive Twentieth Century", it is probable that people then were just as happy as they are now. Admittedly, fifty or sixty miles an hour was pretty slow going but at least it provided room for relaxation and thought which is hardly possible now when a man can glide from Charlottetown to Toronto in a matter of minutes.

For all that, very few among us would wish to see a return of the "good old days". Life was leisurely and tranquil no doubt, but it was also dull and monotonous. Imagine sitting in a gas powered vehicle for hours at a time. It seems almost incredible to this generation. No wonder people hardly ever lived more than a hundred years.

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The trout fisherman's gear was every bit as crude as his automobile referred to above. It consisted of a rod which was simply a length of wood, usually bamboo, in three sections, a reel, line, and various forms of lures. The reel was attached to one end of the rod and, apparently, had no practical use whatsoever. It may have had some psychological effect, though just what it was nobody seems to know.

The line was usually made of nylon which at that time was much used for all sorts of purposes. It has long ago gone out of fashion. The lures were of every conceivable color and design and the more common ones were called flies. These had no resemblance to any natural fly (mosquito, black-flies, gnats, etc., all now extinct) but the innocent fisherman thought they did, and he would spend hours in throwing them on the water in an effort to fool the fish. The strange thing is that occasionally — not often — he was successful. On these rare occasions he would call his friends and neighbours together that they might rejoice with him and praise his wonderful skill and ingenuity.

In this day and age such juvenile antics seem pathetic but in those far off days, when science had only just begun its crude efforts at enlightenment, it must have been great fun. In charity it must be remembered that man was only just emerging from the dark ages, and his idea of entertainment was naturally childish and immature.

It must be remembered, too, that 20th. century man had to work, or at least make a show of working, for as much as five or six hours a day. Some were known to put in as much as eight hours. The purpose of all this work was to "make a living", a phrase never heard nowadays when atomic force does everything.

Naturally enough, these hard-pressed citizens of the 20th. century would do almost anything to "get away from it all", and they seemed to think that throwing so-called flies across a trout pond was a diversion.

Let us not laugh at their innocence but rather build monuments to their fortitude, for trout fishing in A.D. 1952 was little less than martyrdom. A picture at present in the National Museum shows a civil servant from Charlottetown, P. E. I. being eaten alive by black-flies while in the act of trying one lure after another without the slightest response from the fish he sought so diligently and at such a horrible risk.

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Perhaps the outstanding characteristic of the 20th. century trout fisherman was his well developed faculty for prevarication and, in many cases, downright lying. Extant records indicate that this curious faculty was generally regarded as essential to expertness in the sport. The bigger the lie a man could tell the more highly esteemed he was bound to be, although in other matters lying was much frowned upon.

Some day the sociological experts will find out the fundamental basis for this strange quirk in 20th. century morality but so far it has them baffled. Professor J. Small Bass, Jr., in his "A Study In Certain Historical Habits" suggests it had its origin in too much intellectual activity. This view, however, is not generally held since, according to such records as are available, 20th. century man, especially that part of the species that liked to fish, was not noted for any appreciable mental vigor. We may yet have to go back to the old fashioned Dr. Freud for the answer.

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