

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

Moral And Ethical Teaching

There always has been controversy over whether or not any kind of religious instruction should be permitted in the public schools. In the United States where the division of opinion is especially acute it often has come up in the courts; invariably the ruling has been that the section of the Constitution which provides for the separation of Church and State prohibits any such religious teaching on either a denominational or inter-denominational basis.

At its recent annual meeting held in Milwaukee the National Association of Secondary School Principals adopted a resolution to the effect that "even though public schools cannot teach religious doctrine they should teach moral and spiritual values and the importance of religion." Dr. Clark Kuebler, President of Ripon College in Wisconsin, in supporting the resolution said that "teachers can let their pupils know indirectly that they themselves are people of principle, exemplars of the good life as well as imparters of knowledge and skills."

There seems to be no good reason why some systematic instruction in Christian morals and ethics should not be included in the regular Normal School training of prospective teachers. This would be of much benefit to the teacher in his classroom work for there is scarcely a subject in any school curriculum that does not have a moral and ethical angle somewhere or other in its structure. It still remains, however, that the teacher's good personal influence on young and impressionable minds means more than any formal instruction he might be disposed or permitted to impart.

Laundry Lists Before Homer

Some 2,000 clay tablets discovered by Sir Arthur Evans in Crete some fifty years ago can now be read, thanks to twenty-five years of work by an English architect, Michael Ventris is disappointed that all that has come of his efforts at solving the mystery of "linear script B" so far have been laundry lists and household inventories but his success means that new knowledge will be available of a civilization that preceded and was probably destroyed by Homer's heroes.

The key which unlocked the script was the assumption that a certain group of syllables stood for "Knossos", the ancient capital of Crete. Applying those syllables wherever they occurred made it possible to "break" the script as the architect had learned to "break" enemy codes during the war.

We know that there were kings before 1200 B. C. in Crete who had wealth to spend on buildings and ornaments, kings rich in gold, who used and perhaps controlled the sea; but their names and stories none has until now been able to tell. The ancient craftsmen wrought in gold, he carved stone, and he built ships. The modern world had to re-discover by experiment the true curves for a ship's hull which the ancient shipwrights knew.

Much of this civilization was swept away by big barbarian invaders from the north, the ancestors of the Homeric heroes, just as Roman civilization was largely swept away between 400 and 800 A.D.

An Historic Issue

In an excellent 40-page edition, the St. John's, Newfoundland, Evening Telegram celebrates its seventy-fifth anniversary as a newspaper and in doing so gives many interesting sidelights on the historic past of Canada's newest Province, on its busy present and promising future. Our contemporary recalls that within a year of its birth the first Railway Act was passed in Newfoundland, and in 1882 the first line was opened to Harbour Grace. Overruling the French Shore Treaty rights, the Government in 1881 for the first time authorized the issue of land grants to the West Coast settlers, and for the first time they were allowed to elect members to the House of Assembly. Manhood suffrage was granted seven years later. In 1886 occurred the Bait Act dispute in which the United Kingdom Government, yielding to the insistent demands of the local authorities, recognized the right of self-governing colonies to exercise their powers in such matters. In 1892 occurred the fire which reduced the greater part of St. John's to ashes, followed two years later by the Bank Crash. But the resiliency of the community was demonstrated in the next decade in the completion of the trans-insular railway, the installation of the street car system in St. John's, the institution of Municipal Government, the establishment of wireless stations, victory in the fight of nearly 300 years to eliminate French control over long stretches of the coastline. The opening of the Bell Island mines and, soon afterwards, the creation of the newsprint enterprise at Grand Falls by the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company marked the advent of new industrial fields.

Major events in recent years were the Humber project in 1925; formation of a Highroads Commission; the opening of a new drydock; the settlement of the Labrador dispute in Newfoundland's favour; the opening of Buchan's mine; the earthquake and tidal disaster on the South Coast; the establishment of the Memorial University College; political upheavals which in 1934 resulted in the appointment of Government by Commission, following the suspension of the Constitution; fourteen years under that regime, during which occurred World War II when Newfoundland's sons once again played a notable part. In 1949 came the decision that Newfoundland should become the tenth Province in the Dominion of Canada; and a strong note of optimism is sounded by The Telegram in dealing with this new era, and its possibilities for further growth and development.

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Jurisprudence And Ethics

The day is gone when the words "Christian vocation" were used almost exclusively to indicate a "call" to some distinctly religious work. It is being recognized more and more that any useful work can be classified as Christian service. If a man's (or woman's) heart is in it and if he does it to the best of his ability, having in mind the good of society as well as his own interests, he can claim to have a Christian vocation.

This explains why a group of faculty members and students at Harvard Law School recently met together and formed a committee for the purpose, as they put it, "of examining the relationships of jurisprudence and ethics and to confront together the meaning of Christian service for the modern lawyer." In addressing the group a prominent ecclesiastic who once was a professor of law said in part: "You should have a zest for this task because it is a frontier in the intellectual work of the Churches and of the legal profession."

Should this experiment at Harvard be found workable—and certainly there is no reason why it should not be—it may in time become standard practice in law schools everywhere; it may even find its way into the training schools of other professions, much to the advantage of all concerned.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Newfoundland's new fisheries development programme will cost \$100,000,000, according to Premier Smallwood. "We are going to launch into the deep," he told the Legislature, and the nautical and biblical expression seems highly appropriate.

Charlottetown cannot complain too much about the "freezing" of the valuation of Maritime Electric Co. property for tax purposes. The company is thus given a preferred position but not the completely tax free status of a Crown corporation.

Prince of Wales College is to have its board of governors or rather its Board of Trustees under legislation passed in the recent session and also a committee of administration for no apparent reason. The seven-member Board will consist of the Director of Education, the Principal of the college and five others who shall be members of the Government. The chairman will be appointed by Order-in-Council. The college is also to have a committee of administration made up of selected faculty members.

The British press and radio are intrigued by the claim of Barbara Woodhouse that if you breathe heavily down your nose at a savage horse, cow or bull it will immediately become friendly. It seems a South American Indian revealed the trick of taming wild horses. The horse invariably, she says, snorts back, advances and blows on her cheek. She can then saddle the animal at once. It seems likely, however, that it will not only be animal lovers who will snort.

The famous naval victory of the Battle of the Saints was won this date 1782. Admiral Rodney had accepted command of the Leeward Islands station but on his way encountered the combined French and Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, Dominica. The opposing forces were each in single line ahead but on opposite courses. By a brilliant manoeuvre Rodney divided the enemy into two portions which could not afford mutual support and thus secured a signal victory which secured the West Indies for the British.



Getting Somewhere At Last

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.

GOOD SAMARITANS OF THE ROAD

Sir,—We had bought a second-hand car whose owner had tried to run it without water or grease. I suppose our dealer didn't know that and sold her to me as in good condition. The next day we started for Sambre, near Halifax, and got within thirteen miles of our destination when our car broke down. It was nine o'clock at night and we had to find lodging. I knocked at the door where the light was shining and asked if they could put us up. After a little consultation they decided they could, and gave us their own bed. They were good Roman Catholics and I shall not forget the kindness of that home. A garage, recommended, was not far away, and we found Fred a good mechanic and his charges very reasonable. After some new parts and a day's repairs, Fred put us on the road again.

But that was not the end of our troubles. At Sambre our car broke down again, and had to be towed out, and on new parts and service I had spent \$116.60. However, it all seems worth it, because I had met so many good Samaritans. I never got stuck yet but along would come some one to help me out of my difficulty. On one occasion I got stalled in the midst of heavy traffic in Halifax, when along came a man and pulled me to a garage.

Who has not played the good Samaritan on the road? Last summer I was driving on the road toward Charlottetown and overtook three ten-aged girls hitchhiking from Summerside into the City. They had had no dinner. The Kensington eating houses were closed. I had a good basket of lunch in the back seat and a big thermos of tea, which I did not need as a Samaritan friend had given me my dinner, and the girls were invited to help themselves which they gladly did. When I dropped them off another good Samaritan came along and carried them into the city where their home was. Those Samaritans make one feel that after all there is much good in the world, many people who will put themselves out to help a brother in distress. This has been my experience more times than I have fingers and toes.

I am, Sir, etc., W. I. GREEN, Stanley Bridge.

The Age Old Story

O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.

The Poet's Corner

THE EAGLE He clasps the crag with crooked hands; Close to the sun in lonely lands, Ringed with the azure world, he stands. The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls; He watches from his mountain walls, And like a thunderbolt he falls.

—Lord Tennyson.

The Strange Spring

By Douglas Howe

How strange, the spring's coming, 1954. How strange, at least, to one who finds himself watching this miracle of the seasons amid the peace and the eternal things of a lovely rural valley, hearing all the while the turbulence and the fears from an outer world that seems both remote and hardly credible. How strange a planet's contrast.

There are three young lads on the neighboring farms and they've been raising shorthorn steers, for a year or more, feeding them well, preening them, proud as punch of them and then came the day to take them off to Amherst to the Maritime stock show and sale. The boys were scrubbed behind the ears and sent on their way to high adventure, sleeping that night in the great arena with boys and men from all over, and selling their steers the next day amid all the glory of the auctioneer's eloquence, at 19 cents a pound on the hoof. How proud they were, how happy. Their fathers grumbled about the price, as farmers will, but the boys were happy.

That was the day it was announced in Washington that man has devised a bomb big enough to eliminate New York.

When the weather warms, the farmers start burning over their blueberry land. They do this thoroughly because blueberries are a prosperous crop in the Cobequid Valley. The smoke rises high and can be seen from all directions. One night from our window on the hillside you could see flames like vivid pockets in the darkness, strangely comforting.

That was the day the papers had the picture of the mushroom cloud, hideous over the Pacific. For weeks now wild ducks have been camping in the meadow on the valley floor, easily visible and content amid the reeds and grasses and the inflated river. One day a great Bald Eagle flew in, inefably majestic on six feet of wing. The ducks flew about wildly until the eagle seated himself high in a tree and then they went back to eating. In time, he rose and circled, circled, circled, and then flew off with a monarch's nonchalance. The ducks remained.

That was the day the papers talked about hysteria in Britain and Europe and demands in Westminster that Churchill try to stop the tests in the Pacific.

Down the valley one day a little girl found some pussywillows and took them to her teacher in the one-roomed schoolhouse. She was a little vexed that another girl had already brought mayflower leaves.

That was the day thousands of besieging, screaming Reds were tearing at the heart of Dien Bien Phu. Along the ridges the shaggy old maples yielded inconspicuously, and as inevitably as the poets do, to their eternal urge to utter tributes to the spring. Men went to them

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NOTES BY THE WAY

Spring always brings the urge to hit the open road—which you find closed for repairs. —Kitchener-Waterloo Record.

Have you got the hiccups? It's uncomfortable, but the attack will pass—sooner or later. If it persists all your doctor may be able to do is recommend the old-fashioned remedies used by our parents' parents—such well-known standbys like holding one's breath, and blowing into a paper bag. We know very little about hiccups, but for some strange reason persistent attacks are considerably less common in women than in men. No one can explain why.—St. Catharines Standard.

It is frightening news that 100 tons of Roquefort cheese is currently travelling back and forth across the Atlantic in the hold of the French liner Liberté. The longshoremen of New York, currently on strike, refuse to unload it here. The owners of the cheese in France don't want to take it back, so it piles the Atlantic while tongues hang out on both sides of the ocean. Roquefort is a powerful, full-bodied cheese, and 100 tons of it are not to be taken lightly. Surely the world can find some place for this weary cheese to lay its head. Will not some one lend an ear, or better still, a baling hook? Man, after all, does not live by bread alone.—New York Herald Tribune.

A teacher in a Fort William school was using a tape recorder as a teaching aid. The children were much interested. When the teacher was called from the classroom, he warned the pupils to stay in their seats and be quiet. But Jimmy, the outstanding unruly member of the class, did not heed the warning. With one eye on the door, he tiptoed up to the front of the room to have a close look at the tape recorder. When he had almost reached it, the teacher's voice came from the recorder. It said, "Jimmy, get back to your seat and take out your books." Jimmy went—a trifle awestruck. The teacher had anticipated what would happen.—Fort William Times-Journal.

There may be, as the proverb asserts, better fish in the sea than ever came out of it, but the consensus of opinion seems to be that it should not be so. One authority after another tells Nova Scotians that there is no reason why the fish offered in hotels and restaurants in this province should not be better than any fish still in the sea, and just as good as fish offered for consumption anywhere else. The latest speaker to sound the challenge to Nova Scotian restaurateurs is an executive of National Sea Products, and during a Hotel Short Course in Halifax he has spoken candidly and with point. In particular, he remarked that it is possible to serve fish one day for years without repeating a dish. The statement is more interesting because of its major implication—that fish in these provinces is not always prepared for the table with the imagination which would add indefinitely to the attractiveness of this form of diet as a table delicacy.—Halifax Chronicle-Herald.

certainly wouldn't want to live in a place where there was all that hustle and bustle. (That was the day they opened the subterranean artery to carry off the congestion strangling Toronto's heart.) In the woods behind our place the men finished cutting down spruce trees and the last of the long, brown logs were trucked and dragged from the hills. Carl Fullerton's small mill started up, singing lustily as it cut them up into this size and that. The lumber piles of fresh-tanged evergreen kept growing. (That was the day they were preparing in Washington for the latest of the sordid episodes of McCarthyism in his war with the army.) Soon that episode would be on the knees, lights glazing, the abuse flying. But by then the blackbirds would be back, ostentatious heralds no spirit can deny.

Old Charlottetown

and P. E. I.

GOVERNMENT POND

"Government Pond had not been flooded up to noon today, although at the last meeting of the City Council a resolution was passed ordering that the work be done. The boys and girls are all anxious for some skating, and are loud in their protests against the delay in flooding the pond. This business of the Council passing resolutions and those in authority refusing or neglecting to carry them out, is becoming monotonous." —The Examiner, Nov. 24, 1884.

FAMOUS PARK

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