

THE GUARDIAN

Authorized as Second Class Mail Post Office Department, Ottawa. The Island Guardian Publishing Co. President and Associate Editor, Ian A. Burnett, Associate Editor, Frank Walker. CIRCULATION "Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew" "The Strongest Memory is Weaker than the Weakest Ink". CHARLOTTETOWN, THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1952

Government By Plebiscite

Saint John, New Brunswick, is to have a second plebiscite on public or private ownership of the city's bus transportation system. There is nothing in the news report to indicate why the previous vote in favour of taking over the system was not acted upon. The explanation, however, is probably simple. The exact terms, which are all-important in any such transaction, were not decided by the plebiscite so that negotiations would not be carried very far forward by the vote. In addition, the plebiscite did not at the time ensure that those charged with civic administration were convinced and enthusiastic supporters of the scheme. That is the real objection to plebiscites. They represent the substitution of a mass decision for that of elected representatives. In our form of democracy it is most unsatisfactory either to require our representatives to carry out a policy in which they do not believe, or to give them instructions based on a choice between simple alternatives.

Territorial Waters

In accordance with notice given in March, and following the ruling in favour of Norway by the International Court at the Hague, Iceland has put into force regulations by which her territorial waters will be marked, and within which foreign fishing vessels will not be permitted to operate. The waters are enclosed in a four mile strip measured from base lines from point to point between promontories, islands and rocks off the coast.

Britain's request for a modification of the regulations, a dispatch states, has been rejected. It was based upon the ground that British vessels are excluded from large areas in which they had been accustomed to fish for over half a century. The amendment suggested was a three-mile limit and a change of one of the baselines. Under the present ruling, British fishing fleets will be excluded from areas in which they had been taking about a million and a half cwt. of fish a year.

Norway's action in extending her territorial waters was taken as a result of the ruling of the Hague Court. Iceland has acted in the matter unilaterally. Both decisions, however, stress the need of fishing countries to take measures for the protection of the inshore fisheries from the operation of foreign nationals in the interests of their own people.

There have already been protests made against foreign druggers operating within the coastal waters of Newfoundland. A St. John's exchange notes that in the Menzies report on the Atlantic salmon fisheries of Canada, the falling-off of the number of salmon entering certain rivers emptying into the Gulf of St. Lawrence is attributed to the activities of drift-netting off Miramichi, Port aux Basques and in the Bay of Fundy. In order to protect the fishing industry in countries where it represents a major factor in their economy, in view of increasing prosecution by foreign concerns, the matter of extending the area of territorial waters is due for consideration.

Racing Time

Like Prince Edward Island, Alberta has avoided going on Daylight Saving Time, which gives point to the comments on DST from the Calgary Herald:

"As you might have suspected this device for making something out of nothing was invented by an Englishman, William Willett, who in 1907, having decided that folks weren't getting up early enough in the summertime to enjoy nature and outdoor recreation, began a campaign for DST. It wasn't until the First Great War that the British Parliament succumbed and the first legal switching of the clocks began, in order to help the war effort, in 1916.

"People, who had been itching to tinker with their clocks, then persuaded legislatures and municipal councils everywhere to adopt DST. . . In a Dominion already cluttered with seven time zones, the haphazard adoption of DST was nerve-wracking. Only in 1942, as a wartime necessity, was order achieved by the Federal government enforcing national Daylight Saving Time, even on trains.

"The farmers have always fought these sleight-of-time artists. The cows, they said, just wouldn't give milk an hour earlier,

But the evidence of two wars is that the cows would do their duty, when pressed, and the farmers were just naturally irked at having to get up so early. Although we can't blame them, it is true that for the city slicker, once he gets acclimatized, that extra hour does come in handy to enjoy the sun and the golf course. But if people insist in racing time this way, the Federal government should be persuaded to make the change to DST nation-wide and make everybody stick to it, in the interests of national sanity."

EDITORIAL NOTES

Ascension Day. Holy Thursday. This Province already has a very fine library system and now, through the Maritime Library Association we will have access to books throughout the Maritimes.

In Britain it is reported that one of the country's small group of censors has written and produced a play. Not altogether surprisingly it closed after only five days.

There is only until the end of this present month for various groups to file proposals and briefs to put before the Legislative Committee on bus and truck transportation.

That was a splendidly arranged reception Tuesday for the visiting Trade Commissioners, and has left a deep impression upon them. What is worth doing, is worth doing well, and the Hon. Eugene Cullen, and Mr. Graham Rogers lived up to their reputations in this respect.

Charlottetown fire fighters are quick to respond to calls but sometimes the address given is in error. Provided the call has been phoned directly to the Fire Station, 337, it can usually be quickly traced, but all too many citizens persist in routing fire calls through the Police Station.

Does efficient attention to breeding cattle pay? Premier Jones answers in the affirmative, and the prices he obtains for his stock proves it conclusively. \$1,500 for one bull calf, and \$1,000 for another at the C. N. Holstein sales this week is something to crow over, and of which the Premier has reason to be proud.

Mr. C. T. Montgomery, C.N.R. superintendent, has not been slow to take up the challenge on behalf of the proposed Railway bus service. His letter to the employees shows that not only will the innovation be an improvement and advantage all around, but will lead to greater employment than the existing system provides.

Defence Minister Claxton announces there is not enough barracks to absorb many more troops than those already enlisted. Isn't that an argument in favour of our proposed new armories and a reflection on the government for consistent neglect all these years to provide them? First things first is a good maxim, and certainly providing the nest for the expected family connotes good administration.

Field Marshal French, first Earl of Ypres, died this date 1925. He early transferred from the navy to the army and was in campaigns in the Sudan and South Africa. At the outbreak of the First World War he was appointed to command the B. E. F. His failure at Neuve Chapelle and Loos in 1915 to pierce the German line was very costly and he was recalled to command the forces in the United Kingdom.

The current year is to see an increase all around, with one or two exceptions, in our agricultural planting. This year has been one of shortages and consequent high prices, which actually did not flow into the pockets of the producers, but those of the middle men. An increased production will in all probability lead to better prices for the farmer from the outset, and not likely so high to the consumer later in the year.

Discussing the South African segregation issue the London Times says: "To give such a tribunal the right to reverse the judgments of the Supreme Court is from a professional point of view to institute an appeal from the best lawyers in the country to the second best. Dr. Nolan, however, would certainly repudiate the professional criterion. He is contending for what he represents to be the sovereignty of Parliament, and it is consistent with his principles to appeal from the lawyers to the laity. The last word on the law is not with the judicial committee, but with the whole body of members, the jury rather than the judge; and their will is in effect made the source of their powers. The establishment of such a political tribunal certainly makes a deep inroad upon the independence of the judiciary and the traditional doctrine of the rule of law."

Commencing The Spade Work



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.

RUBBISH DISPOSAL

Sir,—"The time has come, the walrus said, To talk of many things . . ." I should like to take over where the walrus left off and speak of the urgent need of suitable places in which the accumulated rubbish from Island farms, homes and village dwellings might be disposed of.

Today, this litter is thrown into rivers, brooks, and along our highways, and who likes to see the beauty of our wayside marred by these ugly scars in the form of bottles, tin cans, old shoes and so on? Certainly the sight of so much litter scattered here and there on our roads does not speak well for Islanders' tidiness. And those who possess a fine sense of beauty abhor such carelessness.

With community dumps, all this could be changed over night for I am sure that once a suitable sight is picked out and the stuff carried there, it would not be a difficult thing to have the Dept. of Public Works furnish a bulldozer to bury the unsightly mess.

I should like to hear what other readers of The Guardian have to say about this important question and will be looking forward to seeing their letters in the Public Forum column.

I am, Sir, etc., F. H. MacARTHUR.

The Age-Old Story

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto their children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them. The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.) ISLANDERS ABROAD "The distinction of the first birth in the town of Broadview, Northwest Territory, belongs to Mr. G. Clark and wife, formerly of Alberton, P. E. Island. Mr. Clark has been presented with a handsome baby carriage by the citizens, and in accordance with the custom, it is said that the C. P. Railroad Company will convey a deed of a town lot to the baby."—The Examiner, April 13, 1883.

The Poet's Corner

BOUNDARIES The fields cross-stitched with fences Lie bright beneath the sun. And over them, wind-footed, The blue cloud shadows run. Timothy-pale, wheat-golden, Corn-colored, lie the fields. Solit' rail and boundary thickets Mark each farmer's yields. But up pine hills the tumbled Adventurous stone walls say: "Come climb up and discover What lies the other way!" —Frances Frost.

Notes By The Ways

Premier Duplessis' announcement that margarine "imitations" may soon be banned in Quebec indicates that the product which was described rather contemptuously as "imitation" butter several years ago has already achieved respectability. It also indicates how difficult is enforcement of regulations that reflect the will of only a small part of the public. —Ottawa Citizen.

As lovers of fresh air, some children acquire the habit at an early age of hanging out car windows. Not only do they like to get a better view of the countryside, but they very much enjoy waving and shouting at passing cars. The dear little souls undoubtedly don't appreciate the risks they are running. It goes without saying that hanging out car windows is not a very healthy practice, especially if the car happens to be moving. People have been known to lose their heads while doing so, while others have lost arms or hands. It is obvious what the dangers are, so we won't bore you with details. Suffice to say that children should be told that they shouldn't hang any part of their body out of a car window. If they cannot be reasoned with successfully, a spot of corporal punishment might do the trick. —Leithbridge Herald.

Notes From Another Island

By "Anson" LONDON, England: Football has its "fans"; followers of the turf are "racegoers"; eighteen-hole men may be golf "addicts" (especially in the view of their lonely wives), but the man who takes his sporting pleasure on the cricket field is frequently referred to as a cricket "lover". This is significant. It points to the hold which the sport has over those who have fallen under its spell. To them it is more than a mere game; it is a hobby. More even than that: in extreme cases it is almost a religion, and if not that at least it provides certain guiding principles for a way of life—a yard-stick for sportsman-like conduct. For is it not said of anything that is not in the best of taste, or that strays from the path of honesty, "That's not cricket?" There is a vast literature on the subject of cricket, and it is part of the lover's homage to the game to build up his own library of books on its history (which is long), and the memoirs and other literary works of its great players and connoisseurs. Epic matches of the past are played again in retrospect by these experienced men, and in almost all the books written by the star performers one thing shines out like a beacon—their intense affection for what has been called "the beautiful game with a beautiful name."

Many of the authors have spent their entire working lives, up to the time of their writing, as professional players, depending on their skill with bat or ball for their livelihood. They have known triumph, and disappointment bordering on despair, and they have known the grinding hour upon hour of practice, practice, practice that was necessary to get to the top, and the incessant struggle to stay there. And among those at the very pinnacle of success, those who are chosen to play for England, there are few indeed, there can be none) who have not felt the lash of criticism if once they fall below their own high standards. In view of all this it becomes all the more remarkable that they all avow that, given their time over again, they would once more devote their lives to cricket. Yet despite the fascination that the game holds for its "lovers" it is hard to imagine a time when it has been more criticised than it is at present. People from lands where cricket does not flourish have been encouraged to believe that to the English it is sacrosanct; that not a word may be said against it without giving offence. They may be forgiven their

surprise if, on reading the sports pages of almost any of our national newspapers, they gain the impression that cricket as it is played today is the dulllest thing in the world. A campaign is being waged to try to encourage what is being termed "brighter cricket." It seems as though no sports columnist can feel he is doing his job properly unless he can weigh in with his own ideas on what is wrong with the game and what is needed to improve it. One feels that any or every one of them would rather go to prison than watch another cricket match. One suspects that somebody started off the idea, and the rest are pursuing it so as not to be left of the merry-go-round of popularity. It is to be hoped that one of these days somebody else will raise a voice loud enough to be heard to say that, oddly enough in view of all the furor, many, many thousands of people still flock to the major cricket grounds and enjoy what they see there. Probably they are more discerning than the so-called "experts" themselves; yet that seems hard to believe, because many of the critics are ex-players of wide experience. Perhaps, then, the explanation is that the critics do not give the paying spectators enough credit for appreciating the finer points of what is a very subtle game needing understanding for its proper enjoyment.

It is, indeed, to be hoped that somebody will rise in defence of cricket before it is too late. Before some of the changes that its critics advocate are introduced, if some of their suggestions were acted upon, and cricket were to be brightened in some of the ways proposed the effect would be the opposite of what was intended. The game might easily lose much of its subtlety and become just another gaudy spectacle, as of fensive to the true cricket lover as an attempt to "brighten" a Beethoven symphony by playing it in waltz time would be to a serious musician. Of the result one could only say: "That's not cricket!"

The Passing Scene

By Observer

A STORY OF TWO BROTHERS

Their names were Eddie and Malcolm and they were brought up on a small Island farm. Their father, had never been wealthy. In fact, more than once he had all he could do to make both ends meet. But, because he and his wife were thrifty and careful with what they had, they always managed to keep out of debt. When Eddie was twelve and his brother a year or so older their mother died, but the father carried on and kept the home together. A few years later, he too, passed away. By this time Eddie was around eighteen and Malcolm going on twenty.

As was quite common in those days (the early 1900's) the father left no Will, and of course the property and about \$4,000.00 in cash went jointly to the two brothers. The older boy had always liked to assist on the farm and resolved to make that his life work. Eddie, however, decided to take his share of the money and go to the States. Malcolm did not think much of the idea and begged his brother to stay with him. "We've always been together, Eddie," he said, "and it's going to be pretty lonesome here without you. Besides, I am sure father would like us to work the farm together." But nothing could change Eddie's mind, and it came to pass that not many days after the younger son gathered "all together" (his \$2,000) and took his journey into a far country. Unlike the famous prodigal, however, he did not proceed to waste his substance in riotous living. On the contrary, he started out very well indeed.

His first stop was Boston where he managed to get a job at fairly good pay in a warehouse. It wasn't long before he became restless again and decided to head the ad-vice of a former great American, "Go West, young man, go West!" In Texas he somehow managed to get "Inio oil" in a small way. Having been always of a shrewd disposition he soon went further and in a few years was making a lot of money which, of course, was what he had always wanted to do. By this time his days, for the most part, were spent in an office and about the only play he had was that involving the Stock Market.

His health was not as good as it had been before he left the Island, but Fortune in the way he liked her best stayed by him with never a break and never a frown. The dollars piled up, seemingly without much effort on Eddie's part. Now and then his thoughts carried him back to the place of his childhood, but on the whole he was contented and proud of himself. Why shouldn't he be? Money was what he had always coveted and he now had plenty of it. The doctors advised him more than once to "blow" but that was easier said than done when the voice of ambition was that much more insistent and plausible than that of the physicians.

He still kept in touch with Malcolm but, whenever he offered to share some of his wealth with him, Malcolm, strangely enough, used to reply that he was getting along quite comfortably. "If ever I need anything, Eddie," he would write, "I'll let you know but at present I'm doing not too badly. Thanks just the same." The truth was that Malcolm, back home on the farm, had never been able to save very much. When his brother went off to the States he was at a loose end for a while but gradually got himself established in the kind of work he liked to do. After a time he married a young girl he had always known and soon there was a small family to add to both the cost and enjoyment of living.

It was often "tough sledding" (a phrase, Malcolm remembered, his father had been in the habit of using) but he and his wife managed to keep the farm, pay their bills and keep the children in school. Many a time as the years went by Malcolm, as he went about routine chores, thought of Eddie in the States making a fortune, and now and then he wondered if he might have been better off if he had gone with him. These musings, however, were only incidental to his main thoughts which centered round his quiet and, on the whole, satisfying way of life. He never had more than a few hundred dollars at any one time but, even so, he kept out of debt and there was always a quarter or half-dollar to put in the collection plate on Sunday. Every day during the summer he could put his hands in soft earth and, although he could not have put his thoughts into words, he realized a true and abiding kinship with the Infinite, as any farmer with a sense of vocation should be able to do.

There was always something new and exciting in which the whole family could share, such as the first budding of the trees, the emergence of fresh plants from the soil, the arrival of baby animals in the stable, and the shining melody of the little stream that flowed with playful joyousness along the side of the farm. There were sicknesses in the family from time to time but no very serious ones, and there was never any trouble about getting to sleep at night. The hard work of the day combined with the cleanest air in the world saw to that. All in all, Malcolm's life and the lives of his family were full and enriching. Sprituous gifts which no amount of money could buy more than made up, in Malcolm's view, for lack of financial rewards. After twenty-five years Malcolm was certain that he had made a good decision when he elected to stay on the farm.

Then, quite unexpectedly, but much to Malcolm's delight, Eddie came back home for a visit, the first since he went away to the States. Malcolm and his wife did not kill the fatted calf but they received him cordially and gave him the "spare room," the best in the house. It soon became clear that Eddie's health was anything but good and somehow, or so it seemed to Malcolm, he was unable to find much pleasure in anything. Malcolm took him out to the garden, then in full bloom, but he started to cough. "It's the East wind," said he. "See that tree there?" asked Malcolm. "It was only a little thing when father died." But Eddie was unimpressed. "I don't understand how anyone can see anything beautiful about a tree," he said. His brother was surprised and a little hurt, but he let it pass.

"We'll have to do something to entertain Eddie," he confided to his wife that night after his brother had gone upstairs. "Perhaps," she suggested, "he'd like to see the States. That's it," he agreed. "That's the very thing. No man can feel out of sorts with a trout rod in his hand." So next morning as Eddie tried to eat breakfast without making much of a hand at it the matter was brought up. "I've got a couple of rods," Malcolm said, "and there are still a few good ones down in the pool. How about it?" "I guess not," said Eddie. "I don't get much out of fishing. Besides, I don't feel very well. Didn't sleep much last night. If you don't mind, I'd like you to drive me to town. I want to call at the Bank." It puzzled Malcolm how any man in his senses would prefer to call at a bank when he could just as easily go fishing, but any way he got the old Ford out and took his brother to town. On the way back Eddie muttered a good deal about falling stocks, bearish market and other things equally unintelligible to Malcolm.

The next day was Sunday and, following his usual custom, Malcolm got ready for Church. Eddie had been much too busy for that sort of thing all along, but he thought he would go with Malcolm just for the look of the thing. "Any way," he said, "I don't suppose it will do me any harm." The sermon was not particularly good, but the text was. (The text was usually much better than the sermon.) "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" It did not impress Malcolm very much for he never had any desire to gain the whole world anyway. If he could manage to keep the little bit of earth on which he lived he would be content. Eddie, however, as the words were read, seemed a bit more uncomfortable than usual.

MANILA, May 20 (AP)—Hibok Hibok Volcano today showed signs of calming down after two months of steaming activity. The Manila Weather Bureau said observers of the Southern Philippine volcano reported smoke and steam rising from the crater had subsided considerably.

BABY CHICKS

We have on hand 75 HNR crossedbred pullets and 250 N.H. pullets 1 week old which we offer at day-old prices for immediate delivery. Those intending to order had better do so at once as we have some mixed or sexed chickens available on May 29th and June 5th. The chickens available on those two dates mentioned will be all we will have available this season. MacDONALD'S HATCHERY Covehead Rd., P.E.I.

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