

THE GUARDIAN

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CHARLOTTETOWN WEDNESDAY, NOV. 11, 1953

We Will Remember Them

Remembrance Day is observed best, perhaps, by the surviving comrades of those who gave their lives in the service of their country and their fellows. There is reason, of course, the veterans knew and understood one another. They went through the same experiences, were moved by the same impulses.

It was not for their comrades alone, however, that men fought and died. Every school child should realize that he owes a debt to young men who never lived to watch families of their own growing up. We who are older must remember that our daily lives are lived in freedom and a measure of security because their lives were so freely given.

Remembering them must make us thankful. It must also make us aware of the responsibility which they have thrown on our shoulders. They saved civilization, three times within the memory of great numbers of us. They left to us the task of making civilization worth the saving.

We cannot be second rate citizens, second rate workmen, second rate parents without falling down on a task that they might have done better had they not died that we might have the chance to do it at all. We cannot nourish hatred nor injustice nor indifference without depriving their sacrifice of its proper fruits. We cannot fail in carrying on their tasks and responsibilities and claim to remember them.

Village Scrapbooks

Material of considerable historical value often is found in small towns and villages, as well as in the great industrial centres. Endeavors in the field of scrapbook history, notes an exchange, have proved successful in England and could with advantage be introduced into many centres in Canada. Encouraged by a competition for the best village scrapbook organized by the Women's Institutes of east Sussex, the residents of a number of villages delved into old books, documents, manuscripts and newspapers.

Commenting in London Calling on the endeavor, Sylvia Gray observes that for months these women in the villages of east Sussex have been going through the family albums, turning out their cottage cupboards, searching in their own memoirs and their families as well, and now they have produced this wonderful picture of Sussex that starts right back in the days of the Piltown Man and recalls, in passing, days when there were many shepherds roaming the Sussex Downs, and nights when the smugglers used to come up from the coast.

The scrapbooks themselves are astonishingly beautiful. Often they are written in fine script and illustrated, and in some villages the women had special lessons in book-binding and then made the actual books before filling them. In one of the villages the women even made the paper themselves.

The finished books are much more than just a village guide: they tell anecdotes and they record the sort of stories that outsiders do not usually hear. One village Miss Gray noticed particularly was Kingston, just outside Lewes. Their scrapbook spoke again and again of one family—the Tupper. It seems that the Tupper go right back to Saxon days in the village.

Another of the Tupper family told some of the local smuggling secrets to the Women's Institutes for their book. He said that the old miller at Kingston used the sails of his windmill high on the Downs to warn the smugglers of the Excisemen.

A Threat To Peace

The United Nations commission which has been studying racial conditions in the Union of South Africa has reported that Premier Malan's extreme segregation policy constitutes a threat to peace. The report undermines the position of many nations—including Canada—which have deplored the Nationalist government's apartheid program in South Africa for humanitarian reasons, but have declined to take a stand, on the ground that it was South Africa's business.

The report emphasized that South Africa's apartheid policy had caused great alarm in Africa, the Middle East, and generally "everywhere where there is solidarity

between men of color... There is no doubt that the situation in the Union of South Africa is, to use the terms of article 14 of the (U.N.) charter, 'likely to impair the general welfare of friendly relations among nations'.

This is, notes the Ottawa Citizen, the crucial point and the one that has concerned so many people outside South Africa. A majority of the people in the world are non-European, and their help must be enlisted if the struggle for freedom is to be won by the West. South Africa's policy is aimed at keeping non-Europeans in a position of social, economic and political inferiority. Dr. Malan may try to camouflage his program by declaring that he is for separate but parallel development of Europeans and non-Europeans. He might argue, as he has, that apartheid is aimed at protecting the non-Europeans, who cannot compete on an equal basis with Europeans. But the fact is that segregation in South Africa is turning non-Europeans into a race of helots, without a voice in their own future, without control over their conditions of life.

This program has earned hostility toward Europeans in Africa, the Middle East, and Asia, as the U. N. commission has pointed out. It has created unnecessary tensions, and is seen as a threat to peace. For this reason alone it is far more than an internal matter, confined to South Africa alone. Finally, at a time when the friendship of non-Europeans is so urgently needed, the West, for its own survival, must continue to press the case against apartheid.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Armistice Day, 1918. Remembrance Day, 1939-1945.

The great American game of baseball has again triumphed in the courts. The United States Supreme Court has again ruled that it is a sport and not an interstate business, subject to anti-trust laws.

Finance Minister Abbott's view is that opinion on trade and currency is developing on converging lines in the United States and the sterling area. The principle of "one world" is as desirable economically as politically or socially.

Simultaneous translation of English and French speeches in the House of Commons is under consideration. The system has proved invaluable in facilitating debate in international bodies and should help make the House debates more intelligible both to members and visitors.

Quebec's commission on Dominion-Provincial financial arrangements was told while direct taxation was going out in other countries the new trend is not yet apparent in Canada. Actually this country is in the van so far as that trend is concerned if it is acknowledged that an Income Tax deducted 100 per cent at source is no longer a direct but an indirect tax.

The prospect that Canada's population will exceed the 15,000,000 mark by the end of the year means that the population of this country has almost tripled since the turn of the century. We are a long way behind the more than 150,000,000 of the United States but it is rather pleasant to reflect that expansion to a similar figure is all ahead of us.

The power portion of the St. Lawrence seaway project has become an international undertaking with the appointment of the New York State power authority as the American partner in the development along with the Ontario Hydro-electric Commission. The project is an excellent thing for the prosperity of both countries but Maritimers can be forgiven for reflecting that it is another example of the principle that to him that hath shall be given.

King Abdul-Aziz Ibn Abdurrahman al-Faisal al-Sa'ud of Saudi Arabia who died Monday, co-operated with Britain and America to develop his country's remarkable oil reserves. He took advantage of the oil-drilling equipment, however, to sink deep water wells in a land in which water is even more valuable than oil and arranged for American engineers to build railways in his country.

Louis Antoine de Bougainville, French navigator, was born this date 1729. He studied law but became a soldier, published a treatise on integral calculus, was secretary to the French embassy in London and came to Canada in 1756 as captain of the dragoons and aide-de-camp to Montcalm. He served in the Seven Years' War and undertook to colonise the Falkland Islands but they were given up to Spain. He made an extended voyage of discovery, attained high rank in the navy and was a senator under Napoleon.

The Flame Burns Brightly



We Remember Its Price

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.

CLASS ROOM DISCIPLINE

Sir,—I believe I owe "Gastrie" an apology: At least I should explain that it was not my intention to leave him bound in the presence of his pupils. I assumed, merely, that it might be necessary to bind him to get him into the school. But since he suggests it, he might be more interesting to the "kids" bound, rather than free. For my experiment, however, perfect freedom would have been allowed within the precincts of the school and in the presence of the pupils.

But enough of nonsense. He did get one of the points I have been trying to make: children should be taught "to think for themselves". In other words they should not be disciplined, in so many words, but "rather taught to discipline" themselves, and thereby, to increase their own security and happiness as well as that of others.

This does not mean that you can fill a barrel with vinegar while it is on its side and rolling madly down a hill, even if education could be compared to filling a barrel full of vinegar.

You'll surely have to catch the barrel and set it up on end on level ground before you start filling it. So of children, you must get them sitting up and still before you begin pouring in the "rhetoric and spellin"—if that were education.

But if education is teaching children to govern themselves and think for themselves, the teacher must have some means, of keeping these naturally animated little creatures within speaking distance, to say nothing of regulating the nature of voice and tongue to reasonable order.

The visitor cannot always tell by visiting a school in session whether the teacher is the "vinegar barrel type" or the true educator who moulds the character as she or he teaches. I have seen up to the present, three types of teachers: (1) those who educate and mould for life; (2) those who set the children up in the room and pour in the facts; (3) those who seem to do neither, where results are uncertain. Of the three, to me the most deplorable is what I have described as the "vinegar barrel" type.

If you visit his or her school in session, you will likely discover every pupil sitting up like a statue, uniformly, and each child will move and speak under command. Everything in the school may even move like a machine.

The little heads are stuffed and padded all day long with spellings and numbers, etc.—some will be found in tears at night struggling with more spellings or homework then he or she can master irrespective of age or natural adjustment.

Freed from the class room, they are wild and unheeding, exploding into all sorts of misdemeanors that have no thought or responsibility behind them. Secondly, there is the group whom you find in loud disorder in the class room, all trying to talk at once and each trying to out-scream the other to be heard—There are many degrees and stages of this type of class room.

The Age Old Story

Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord, according as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue: whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.

fellows work if he is noisy. The children all obey the teacher, not because they fear him, but because they have learned that it is bad taste and bad manners to disrespect authority, that is properly placed. These pupils in free meeting have decided together with the teacher, and agreed that in order that everyone get the most out of his classes, a few rules about the class room should be observed.

Pencils may be sharpened only when no one is reciting or discussing. No two people get up at once, except on special occasions, because it is conducive to school room atmosphere to be quiet. Thus and thus pupils learn to discipline themselves. They do nothing, just because the teacher says so but because there is a good reason, in their own interest why they should do it.

Primaries, of course, must be treated as primaries, but it amazes me, how fast and readily and happily, little tots learn to reason and obey for reasons rather than because of fear or teachers' orders. It is surprising how readily, too, little tots can learn to walk about quietly and close and open doors noiselessly when they know that if they make noise they hurt someone whom they love, and who loves them.

Yet, I have seen in a primary room under the "vinegar barrel" type about 35 to 40 children—perfect in class, making such un-earthy racket coming and going through doors, which the 35 banged more than 70 times daily to add up to the clatter of unrestrained heavy walking—so much so, that other classes in the same building found concentration and interest impossible. Such children may have perfect class discipline but they certainly are not being educated in the proper sense of the word—to my mind.

I am, Sir, etc. ULRIC.

MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS

Fifty different parliaments in the Commonwealth sent gifts to help furnish the new British House of Commons.

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

BEARS

"The curiosity of many of the inhabitants of West River, East Point, was much gratified on the morning of Thursday, the 1st inst., in having the pleasure of examining two bears, which were killed on the previous evening by Mr. James Robertson of that place.

"Mr. Robertson having been informed late in the afternoon that a sheep had been killed in the pasture lands of his neighbour, Mr. David Young, loaded his gun and hastened to the spot. He had not been there more than five minutes when a little boy who accompanied him pointed in the direction of a fence close by, and there, sure enough, was Bruin already arrived. The huge brute nimbly leaped over the fence and made towards the carcass of sheep. Mr. Robertson took aim and fired, and down tumbled his bearship to rise no more.

"They had scarcely time to examine the brute when they heard a rustling among the leaves, and looked, and lo! what a sight. The woods seemed alive with bears running in every direction, and it appeared as if the whole tribe had assembled to have a feast at Mr. Young's expense. Two of them, however, ran up on trees and perched amongst the branches, whence one of them was immediately despatched by a second shot from Mr. Robertson's gun. He then loaded the third time, and was preparing to fire, when, to their great amazement, they heard behind them another bear growling, and rushing furiously towards them through the bushes.

"Mr. Robertson wheeled about and stood on the defensive, knowing that to meet a bear robbed of her whelps, on a dark night, and with a single gun, was not a position to be envied. He stood thus for a minute awaiting her debouche from the thicket; but whilst waiting, the one on the tree slipped down and both immediately disappeared.

"This is not the only occasion in which Mr. Robertson has been successful in destroying some of these marauders, thus saving a large amount of property in the district. The larger of the two bears killed measured about five and a half feet from the snout to the rump, and in his paw were found not only the farmer's mutton, but a considerable portion of his peas and wheat."

—The Islander, Sept. 30, 1864.

GOOD FOOTING

LONDON (CP)—Nylon football studs or cleats are a new idea here. The studs are fitted to football boots as part of a long sole, and the makers claim they cannot get kicked loose.

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The 35th Anniversary

From The Legionary

Incredible as it will seem to all veterans of the First World War, it is 35 years this month since that grey, grisly morning when the bugles rang out the Cease Fire and a strange silence descended upon the long battlefields of France and Flanders: Yes, 35 years have passed since the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month of that fateful year 1918.

Thirty-five years is a long time, but one recaptures some of the atmosphere of the first Armistice Day in perusing news despatches published at the time. They mirror scenes which reflect the soul of a delivered humanity gone wild with joy—scenes such as were to be repeated when the bells of victory pealed again at the end of the Second World War 27 years later.

Canadian soldiers who happened to be on leave in the Empire capital on November 11, 1918, witnessed a spectacle of delirious delight. Staid old London cut loose with a vengeance, as may be seen from the following press extract:— "The climax of the revelry of the day that lulled but little before the revelry of the night was the passing of the King and Queen through the streets. Without escort, save for two mounted policemen, they drove through their delirious people—the King and Queen who, when thrones are falling like autumn leaves, can ride not only the escort of a people's love. A shattering 'Hurrah!' rose above the wild cheering that never ceased..."

The following despatch tells of how the capital of France reacted to the news of the Armistice:— "In the twinkling of an eye the entire aspect of Paris changed. The inebriated air of four years of war from the shoulders of the capital like a discarded cloak. People in the streets sang, wept, and shouted for joy. Thoroughfares which a few minutes earlier had merely had their everyday appearance suddenly filled with rejoicing crowds, flags appeared from nowhere, and the roadway was taken possession of by triumphant processions of men, women and children, carrying the banners of all the Allies and singing the 'Marseillaise', 'God Save the King' and the 'Brabanconne'."

"Outside the British Embassy, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, a scene of indescribable enthusiasm occurred. The famous old street was choked with people who cheered again and again for Great Britain... Parisians massed on the pavement shed tears of joy, and more than one kilted sergeant has been more frequently kissed during the last few hours than since he was a baby in arms."

In a despatch captioned "The Cease Fire", Beach Thomas, the well-known war correspondent, described a memorable scene on November 11 near Mons, Belgium, where the First World War began and ended so far as the British Army (which included the Canadian Corps) was concerned:— "With an inspired sense of historic fitness, the Canadians had sworn to be in Mons while the war lasted, even if it cost life. They owed its capture to the spirit of the Old Contemptibles. The 5th Lancers shared the historic event with them and heard, three repeated on a clarion, the three notes of the 'Cease Fire'—repeated alongside mouldered houses ruined by German howitzers when the

German imperial army set forth to dominate the world.

"I saw some of the Canadians on the road to Mons at 11 o'clock this morning. While starved, tired and a strange silence descended upon the long battlefields of France and Flanders: Yes, 35 years have passed since the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month of that fateful year 1918.

"The Canadians looked happy, but the steadfastness that has won the war was still the master attribute of the soldiers who, ready to meet any demands, went continuously forward in panoply—gas masks, tin hats, and the rest. 'It is too good to be true', said a stalwart Canadian sergeant to me, and then, with a 'Keep close to the right', an order that has won battles, he sent the procession forward. So, and no otherwise, was the great news received on the road to Mons."

And thus was mankind delivered from German bondage 35 years ago.

The Poet's Corner

FOR THE FALLEN

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres...

They went with songs to the battle, they were young, Straight of limb, true of eye, ready and aglow...

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old; Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn...

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again; They sit no more at familiar tables of home...

They sleep beyond England's foam But where our desires are and our hopes profound, Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight...

To the innermost heart of their own land they are known As the stars are known to the night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust, Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain, As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness, To the end, to the end, they gleam.

—Laurence Binyon.

HOW MANY?

If all the little islands are counted there are about 5,000 islands in the British Isles.

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