

THE GUARDIAN

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The R.C.N.'s Big Job

An exchange points out that among the navies of the free nations, the R.C.N. is best fitted as a composite force for the defensive role at sea. Unlike those of Britain and the United States, the bulk of Canadian naval vessels are designed and fitted primarily for the escorting of convoys and the hunting of submarines. Only one ship, the cruiser Ontario, is designed chiefly for offensive fleet duty. Our twelve destroyers and five frigates are equipped with the latest in anti-submarine weapons. Half a dozen specially designed "anti-submarine escorts" will be available shortly. At present the destroyers Huron and Micmac and the aircraft carrier Magnificent are carrying out extensive anti-submarine exercises off the coast of Ireland in co-operation with the Royal Navy and the R. A. F. Out of four operational naval air squadrons, two are specially adapted to anti-submarine warfare.

Vice-Admiral H. T. W. Grant, chief of the naval staff, has made it clear that Canadian seamen and naval airmen will be expected to carry on the splendid reputation gained seven years ago on the convoy lanes of the Atlantic. During the last two years of the war, the R. C. N. was almost solely responsible for protecting the Atlantic lines of communication. Adding to the technical knowledge of anti-submarine warfare gained in those years has been a major project of Canadian naval planners.

In the event of war, Canada will be responsible for the operation of the Ontario, and possibly another cruiser borrowed from the Royal Navy. These big ships, whose manning will represent a heavy drain on Canadian manpower, will be employed as units of the British and American battle fleets. Two squadrons of naval fighters and bombers may also take part in fleet operations. But the main job of Canadian naval units not assigned to anti-submarine duties will be protection of Canada's coasts against attack from the sea. In designing its sea forces for maximum usefulness in line with the naval policies of other Western powers, Canada is honoring its commitments.

Self Censorship

At first it seems astonishing that the Overseas Press Club should "deplore the condition in the Far East whereby correspondents are required to censor their own dispatches under the broadest and vaguest guidance." Yet such a resolution was passed in New York by the board of governors, going on to urge "full security control of news material by the armed forces in any active combat theatre."

The explanation lies in the blighting effect of censorship on any form of effort. It is not that parts of a story will be deleted that is the chief objection. Rather it is the effect on the writer of feeling that his efforts may be in vain or even may prejudice the survival of work already done.

There would be far more vigorous journalism if censorship could be abolished but the O. P. C. seems to feel that the responsibility of always writing with security problems in mind is more blighting than getting off the story anyway and letting it take its chances with the military censors.

It seems probable that if a system of regular censorship were to be applied, the war correspondents would speedily find that their condition was not better but worse for the change.

Banking and Politics

Banks do not have politics, at least not in Canada. The reason is that the ten chartered banks of Canada are private institutions, under strict government supervision, but definitely not controlled or run by Ottawa.

Some folk think the banks ought to be nationalized and run by the Government. They point to the Canadian National Railways and other government operated enterprises and ask why should not the banks be taken over and run by Ottawa too.

One good reason why they shouldn't is that the C. N. R. and quite a lot of government enterprises are operated at a loss. Banks that run at a loss soon go out of business. If they keep on operating at a loss, as would be the case if they were run by the government, banknotes would soon become worthless and the kind of inflation Canadians would experience would

make people talk about the 1950 cost-of-living index in terms of "the good old days."

The most important reason for governments staying out of banking is that banking and politics don't mix. Consider, for example, the position any Canadian municipality would be in if it wanted to borrow money for some undertaking such as a bridge, or new fire-fighting equipment, or a new hospital. Today any chartered bank will make loans to municipalities for such purposes, provided only the credit standing of the municipality asking for the loan is good. But supposing Ottawa had to decide? Supposing the funds had to come from a bank run by the Government? No matter how impartial official bankers at Ottawa might try to be, they would still remember that they held their jobs by the grace of the government in power. And supposing the government in power thought the municipality didn't need a new hospital, or a new bridge?

The same argument would hold for provincial governments wanting to borrow money for public projects. Imagine the flutter in bureaucratic banking quarters in Ottawa if the C. C. F. Government of Saskatchewan wanted a loan to start some socialist enterprise. Still worse would be the plight of those individuals politically opposed to the government in power. Politics and banking don't mix.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The new blight resistant varieties of potatoes will probably be distributed in the Spring on a first come, first served basis. One result should be to cause farmers to keep in close touch with the Experimental Station.

The Dental Division of the Department of Public Health is advocating that teachers try to do away with too much sweets in school lunches. Mr. Abbott's recent budget shows that there is remarkable similarity between Dominion and Provincial views on the matter.

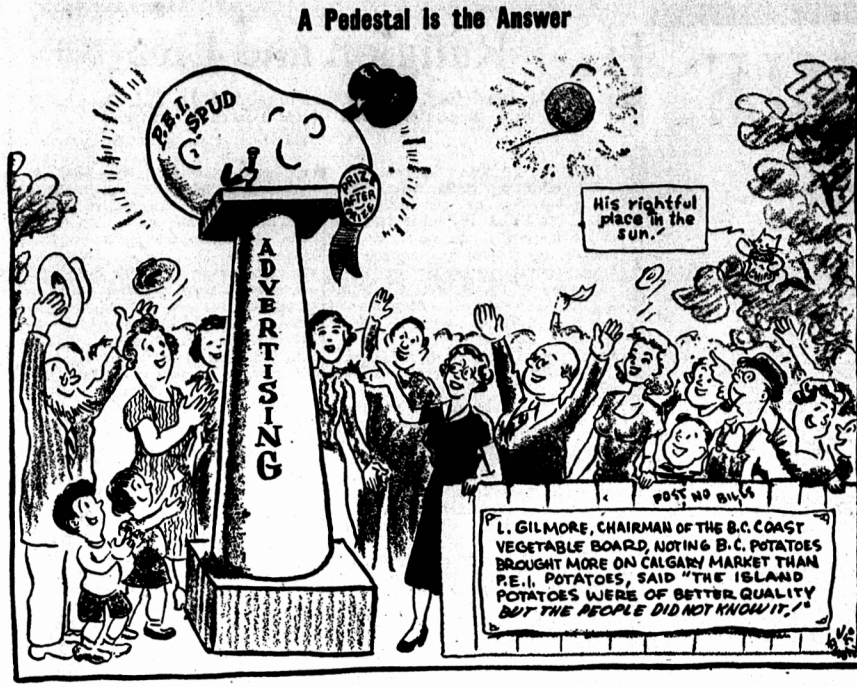
The communist plot to disrupt European industry and seaports drove the Korean assault landings from the headlines of the British press. It has never been clearer than today that communism is not a political theory of faith, but merely an agency of Russian imperialism, and its followers the skirmishers of the Red Army.

William Hazlett, English critic and essayist, died this date 1830. He first became known in 1817 by his "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays." Other publications include "The Spirit of the Age," "Life of Napoleon." He was recognized in his day as the greatest of critics ("the critic's critic"), and left a lasting impression on the profession he adorned.

As our Ottawa correspondent pointed out recently, appeal to the Exchequer Court is not often beneficial financially and he cited the case in Ottawa where the Government offered \$125,000 and the Court gave \$140,000, the difference no doubt being swallowed up in legal expenses. Some people do not know the meaning of expropriation and seek to kick against the pricks.

Certified seed potato acreage in Canada has increased from slightly more than 72 thousand acres entered for inspection in 1949 to 74 thousand acres entered this year, according to preliminary figures released by Mr. J. W. Scannell, assistant chief of the Canada Department of Agriculture's seed potato certification work administered by the Division of Plant Protection, Science Service, Ottawa. Mr. Scannell said that while the acreage entered for inspection in 1950 had increased over last year, there was no appreciable increase in the numbers of farmers growing seed potatoes, both years showing approximately 9000 growers. Last year 89 per cent of the acreage entered was certified for seed, and officials expect about the same percentage to qualify from the 1950 crop.

Here is something from discussion in Parliament which seems to have escaped general attention. Mr. Philippe Picard, Liberal, Bellchasse: "Personally, I can see no reason why this country should blindly follow the lead of the United States in all matters, any more than it previously followed the lead of Great Britain; and I do not for a moment believe this Government would freely adopt that policy. I do not say this because of any antagonism to the United States. On the contrary, I would not have the objection of many honorable members of this House to the Canadian provinces becoming states of the union. Economically I think we might fare better if all the people north of the Rio Grande constituted one great, united nation. As things are at the present time we experience most of the difficulties that may befall the United States citizen, without enjoying all the same privileges."



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.

"THE HUNTER'S CORNER"

Sir,—I've always been interested in hunting, both with rifle and gun, but for many years I have had to indulge in it vicariously through such entertaining columns as the Hunter's Corner. I learned to hunt at the age of 10 with a single-barrelled muzzle loader that was a family heirloom, and, looking backward, a great source of wonder as to why I am still alive. However, by the age of 12 I had shot some brant and ducks and partridge—never had the heart to shoot a rabbit at that age—and that was about all the game there was to be had at that time in and around the South Shore at Bedeque.

I left the Island in 1905, living in various parts of the Prairies until the Great War. I'll say this for the old m.l.s. When your hands were cold with cold it was no pleasure to handle powder, wads and shot, and it did make a boy cautious about missing a shot, and took the itch out of his trigger-finger. Along with two older (adult) men I recall bringing down four rocketing partridges with four shots—thereby earning a respect that was hitherto denied me. In fact, I remember times when adults wouldn't allow a boy to hunt brant within 300 yards of them, which usually meant "no game" for the boy. However, after that incident—or accident—I was suffered to go along and taught a good deal which later I never forgot.

I have had many good days to remember, and have been fortunate to shoot with some expert hunters—particularly in Kisson County, Minnesota, and in Southwestern Manitoba and around Battleford, Saskatchewan. Since I read in one of your recent columns the mention of the Scarpe it struck me that the writer must be of about my age, and might be interested in my very last bird-hunting experience.

The occasion (for me) was quite memorable. It was the first and last time I ever shot a pheasant; and the last time I ever shot anything in the shape of game. It was in the fall of 1915 and our 2nd Brigade was up on the Messines front; our 8th Battalion straddling the Ash Road which wound through a chateau estate (attributed to 3-star Hennessey ownership) on which there were still many covies of grouse and a few pheasants. There was an order against shooting them, of course. Gosh, how my mouth watered after a meal of bully, particularly. Our company lay in support about 150 yards behind the front line with the enemy on higher ground some 350 yards forward. Where our support trench crossed the Ash Road we had a challenge post, and one fine dawn found me on sentry with a fine ground mist that shut off all view of Jerry. A flock of pheasants flew by and marked them with a number of whistles just in front of our 3rd line—about 300 yards in the rear. I got itchy feet. I heard my relief sloshing through the trench and I didn't wait. I really deserted my post—contrary to K.R. and O. When my Scotch pal climbed up I was 100 yards away, much to his surprise. By signs I told him what I was after. "Come back, Mac," he called, "I'll be kill."

I had a triple problem. First I had to stalk the birds so that a Lee-Enfield couldn't miss; next, I could only have one shot as it would arouse the attention of the guys in the reserve trench which was unpleasantly near where I had marked the birds—and which contained a mess of trigger-happy bombers; lastly, I had to work fast before the mist disappeared and I became a target for an anti-aircraft Jerry sniper. Finally I got on the spot I wanted, but, while the twitching wheat marked the flock, it was so high, as to prevent a clear shot. I threw a shell in among them, and, sure enough a big cock stuck his head up to find out what was going on. I was on my knees and succeeded in getting him in the neck cutting his head off almost as cleanly as with an axe. Then I had to take cover—but fast. Nets were craned over the parapet. "Who fired that shot?" etc.

Perhaps it was the incidence of the rum being issued that saved me from picking Mills bombs out of my hide, but pretty soon they

A Pedestal is the Answer



Just Supposing!

(New Glasgow Evening News)

Doughty Islanders are still irked by that situation in the rail strike of recent memory in which the Borden ferries were tied up and the smaller Northumberland ferries from Cariboo.

They are asking for damages, no less, and a guarantee this will not happen again. To back that up, they want the Department of Transport to take the ferry operation over—although the rail executive tells us the same union represents the sailors there.

Anyway it isn't hard to understand the Island case; they have got grounds for being upset over this, considering the promises made when they came into confederation—promises they claim were written into the law.

Let us assume that is so and go on from there into what might have been an interesting point of law had the Islanders taken matters into their own hands at the height of the strike.

Supposing Premier Walter Jones had decided he wanted that ferry running so badly that, as the King of first minister for Prince Edward Island called in on the Lieutenant-Governor, the King's legal representative at Charlottetown, and advised him to call out the naval reserves.

The King's representative, according to British practice, must accept advice given him by his ministers and can it be argued the King can't call out his naval reserves?—For aught the sailors would have gone on orders (and probably with a certain amount of glee) and taken over the said ferries—providing one or both of them had been left on the Island side.

That wouldn't be theft at all, because the ferries are owned by the state, which means in the name of the King, even if it was the King of the Dominion, meaning the Federal Government, which put up the cash for them, not the King of the Province, meaning the P. E. I. Government.

quieted down, and I crawled on and picked up my bird. Judge of my feelings when, on looking to the front, I found I could draw a blue-print of the German line a half-mile wide—and they with the sun in their backs. However, I made the 100 yards to the nearest communication trench and hit for home, with the giant-sized cock tied to the back of my equipment, and managed to sneak it to our dugout safely enough.

Carabally I skinned it, and carefully I sliced off the breasts, the legs, even the wings, leaving nothing to waste. In two mess tins I left them soaking in a little salty water, and was just burying the carcasses when along came our M. G. Officer, a character named Gene Houghton—an ex-grain broker from Winnipeg and an American with a great name for sport. "What have you there, MacLeod?" says he with a bad look in his eye. "Oh, just a new kind of bully I've been trying out, sir," said I—cursing all M.G.O.'s. "Looks good," said he, "but it also looks as if it didn't have the approval of the Q.M. and it might be against the law. But just to keep you out of trouble, I'll just take along one of the mess tins and I'll give you my opinion of it." With that, he collars a tin and walks off grinning like the devil. I was on the spot.

There isn't much more. In half-an-hour our platoon was called away on a working party. As usual our activity stirred up the Jerry artillery and he blasted the whole front for over two hours. Coming back for lunch—and the bird-remnant—we found our trench and dugouts smashed to bits—mine included. I had to indent for a new kit—but I couldn't indent for a new pheasant. Later Houghton asked me how I liked my share (it was originally intended for three men's share). I told him. He laughed and said he was getting a shougun sent out from London. He did—but they took it away from him. Served him right. Our Indian snipers, however, lived on grouse and pheasant right along—but they travelled not in the way of the high-priced help.

Hope I haven't bored you. One of the great privileges of advancing age, I notice, is that of boring other people—ourselves having been bored. Good hunting. I am, Sir, etc. W. SCOTT MacLEOD 3535 West 39th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.

Geological Changes in P.E.I.

Text of an address by the late Mr. Thomas May before the Natural History and Antiquarian Society of Prince Edward Island, 1899

Concluded from Saturday's issue

The Morell River gave the same evidence of a subsidence of the land in former ages. When the railway embankment was being built there the line crossed the river, earth and stone were dumped from each side into the stream, but for a long time no apparent progress was made. All the earth and stone seemed to disappear into the mud.

At last a bank of mud rose up each side of the place where the earth and stone disappeared, to a height of some feet above the water, and this continued to increase and spread out until the material thrown in had found hard bottom, and then the embankment was easily completed. I believe more than 40 feet of mud was found here by actual sounding. The same thing was found at the bridge across Fullerton's Marsh in Lot 48, when building the abutment a few years ago. A rod 30 feet long found no hard bottom in the centre of the stream which is perfectly dry when the tide is only half out.

I believe the same experience will be met with at all similar places all round the Island. One rather singular proof of this I found at Covehead about twelve years ago. I was staying, at that time, at Point Pleasant for a few weeks during the summer. Mr. MacMillan the proprietor of the hotel I was staying at, had a boat in which I used to sail about the bay, and sometimes out to sea.

One day I was sailing on the bay when the tide was low, and suddenly I found I was aground in the middle of the bay. I was forced to get out of the boat to try to push her into deeper water. To my surprise when I got out I found myself standing on old sod, and after a great deal of effort I pushed the boat off into a narrow channel, which seemed to me to have been once the channel of a stream.

The next year I stayed at Mr. John Leitch's farm, which is situated at the head of the bay. There, one day, his son went down to the shore and at some distance below high water mark began to shovel the sand off a space about 8 feet square. After digging down about a foot and a half or two feet he came upon some dark looking stuff, which appeared to be half mud and half sod. He threw this out, and it was hauled away to the barn yard. It appeared to be much the same kind of material all through, and was about 6 feet deep.

Near the bottom some old sticks were found. Here was evidently the remains of an old marsh, similar to those now existing at Fullerton's Marsh, John's River, Piquet River, the Head of Hillsborough, and other places, but with this difference, that instead of having its upper surface on a level or slightly above high-water mark. This was clear evidence of a depression.

The old sod out in the bay and the marsh mud under the sand were evidently part of the same original height. And moreover, this sinking must have been very sudden, geologically speaking, for had it sunk any only one quarter inch a year, the marsh would have grown sufficiently, to keep its head above water as it were. But it went down so suddenly that the marsh reeds and grasses were drowned by the sea, and now the marsh lies beneath the waves.

That this took place a long time ago, and that the land has remained stationary at its present level for a great many years, is proved by the Indian arrow heads that I found along the present high-water mark just below McMillan's house inside the Point, and also Leitch's shore where the marsh-mud was dug from beneath the sand. These places were evidently the sites of Indian encampments, and had been occupied for a long time.

A further corroboration of the gradual lowering of the general level of the Island can be found in the formation of the bottom of the Straits between Cape Traverse and Cape Tormentine. The profile or plan of the soundings, taken on a few years ago across the Straits at that point, shows a sudden dip down in the centre, exactly similar to the profile shown by the levels of a railway line crossing a stream on land. A person used to seeing profiles of railway lines would say at once that the depression in the centre of the Northumberland Straits was formerly the bed of a stream. There is some seventy feet of water there now, so that the subsidence there now, so that the subsidence of the land must have been

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The Poet's Corner

FOUR EPITAPHS

John Bird, a laborer, lies here, Who served the earth for sixty year With spade and mattock, drill and plow; But never found it kindling now.

I, an unwedded wandering dame, For quiet unto the country came; Here, halted it; but did not forget I'd stay so long and rest so well.

I, Richard Kent, beneath these stones, Sheltered my old and trembling bones; But my best manhood, quick and brave, Lies buried in another grave.

Her grieving parents cradled here Ann Monk, a gracious child and dear. Lord, let this epitaph suffice: Early to Bed and Early Rise.

— Sylvia Townsend Warner.

The Age-Old Story

Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. For his thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heaven is higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts.