THE GUARDIAN

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CIRCULATION
"Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew"

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

CHARLOTTETOWN, SATURDAY, OCT. 25, 1952

No General Freight Increase

There will be general relief in the Atlantic Provinces at the decision of the Board of Transport Commissioners to turn down the railway application for a general increase of eight per cent in freight rates. The Commissioners were convinced that conditions have not changed enough since the last rate increase in January to require another general increase at this time. A small increase, however, was allowed on western wheat.

These across the board increases have been consistently opposed by eight of the ten provinces. Ontario and Quebec on the other hand displayed no concern about them because rates in those provinces were kept well below the level allowed by the Board because of high water competition. The Maritime Provinces Board of Trade through its Maritime Transportation Commission has played a major role in presenting the Maritimes' case in the various hearings by the Transport Board.

The threat of increases is not yet removed, of course. Earlier this week the railways filed an application to have rates based on the capital investment owned by the C. P. R. and adjusted to give a return of 6½ per cent. The eight provinces oppose that move on the grounds that returns to the railways are already sufficient, that much of the capital equipment was paid for by the government and that the rate of return asked is too high. It has been calculated that carrying out the railway proposals would permit a freight rate increase of 30 per cent.

Federal Nominations

Messrs. Cecil Miller and Neil Matheson are to be congratulated on their success in winning over so many competitors at the Liberal nominating convention for Queen's. For Mr. Miller this will be the third occasion on which he has been chosen as standard-bearer, for Mr. Matheson the first. The real test, of course, is still to come in the general election campaign. In the meantime the Conservatives are nominating their candidates for Queen's on November 14, with the strong likelihood of the two sitting members, Messrs. McLure and MacLean, being renominated. There may also be C. C. F. candidates in the running before the race is called. The essential thing is that the will of the people, both at conventions and at the polls, be expressed freely, and the best candidates chosen in every case.

People have different views as to what constitutes a best candidate, but all are agreed that his first duty is to get elected. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but neither of these qualifications is to be discounted. A good deal also will depend upon the general public feeling at the time the elections are held. Governments for this reason choose what they regard as the most propitious season for seeking a fresh mandate. Hence we may assume, despite Finance Minister Abbott's recently expressed doubts about balancing the budget, that tax concessions are in the offing at Ottawa, and perhaps even a start on some of our long-delayed Federal projects for Charlottetown.

In any case, after the conventions are over and all the candidates are in the field, the political temperature will rise considerably. It is to be hoped that we shall get some light as well as heat from the energy generated by their activities during the long winter evenings.

Britain's Situation

Britain's situation at the present time was forcefully summed up at a recent meeting of the Royal Empire Society in London by one of the chief speakers in a panel discussion, Sir Clifford Heathcote-Smith, K. B. E. From being in a privileged position at the beginning of the century, almost without rivals industrially, with the terms of trade in her favour, with immense investments overseas, and with no rival threatening either economically or militarily, Britain today finds the picture almost diametrically reversed. She can no longer feed much more than half of her population of fifty million, and the terms of trade are now such that the equivalent of what she produced before industrially no longer brings in more than half the value in food.

"In the last two wars," Sir Clifford pointed out, "our overseas supply of food and industrial products were so dangerously threatened that we only just pulled through the starvation net closing in on us, and that with much outside help. This time, if there is another war, with our packed populations, and in an atomic age, we are threatened as never before."

This picture would be all gloom and blackness but for one mighty factor, he added. "That factor is that the British Commonwealth still exists; but it is only by ensuring a joint and prosperous future for the British Commonwealth and ourselves that we can keep it intact. If we can do this, we can emerge secure and prosperous and indeed strengthened from the unprecedented danger to our future that faces the United Kingdom in the coming years. But to do this requires an entirely new and fresh attitude towards all our problems.

"Joint action by as many of the British Commonwealth Governments as will agree must be worked out. An overall plan for the future should be a matter of profound study and regarded as of first urgency. The economic problem, problems of finance, housing, shipping; cross section migration of the population, the manner of migration and reception at the other ends; large scale development projects; communications; long-term measures for the closer teaming up of ourselves and our sister-states, and then others, too—these should be brought to the forefront. . . What we aim at is the ideal of the Great British Commonwealth and think its realization will mean the strengthening of the Free West alongside our friends and allies, the United States; together, defense of the Free West against the Kremlin, against Communism in general, against the tremendous pressure the countless millions in Asia may present for those portions of the British Commonwealth in the South and the Pacific. The stronger and more prosperous we are, the more we can help the rest of the world."

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow, 20th Sunday after Trinity.

* * *

The British House of Commons has taken a decision to unscramble the omelette. Government plans to de-nationalize the steel industry have been approved in principle.

* * *

When Britain's First Sea Lord says that the Atlantic Pact Community is short of anti-submarine escort vessels and mine-sweepers it means that Canada is short of the former. This country is charged with a great deal of the responsibility for anti-submarine work in the Atlantic.

* * *

The Board of Governors of Dalhousie University announce the establishment of the Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe Foundation in Engineering, this made possible by a group of friends and admirers of Mr. Howe who wished recognition of his services to the nation, to the engineering profession, and to Dalhousie, where he was the first head of the Department of Engineering.

* * *

Signal recognition of the capacity of Chief Justice Thane A. Campbell is given in his appointment as Chief War Claims Commissioner. Claims for war damage to soldiers and civilians throughout Canada will have to be passed upon by him and his assistants. The funds available for those who have claims against former enemy countries are reparations made available under the various peace treaties.

* * *

The consumer price index has various advantages over the old cost of living index but one of them is not the treatment of seasonal price variations. Consumption falls off when prices are high. The new index then gives the article a lesser place because less money is being spent on it. On that basis when articles go sky high they will cease to have any effect on the tabulated price index.

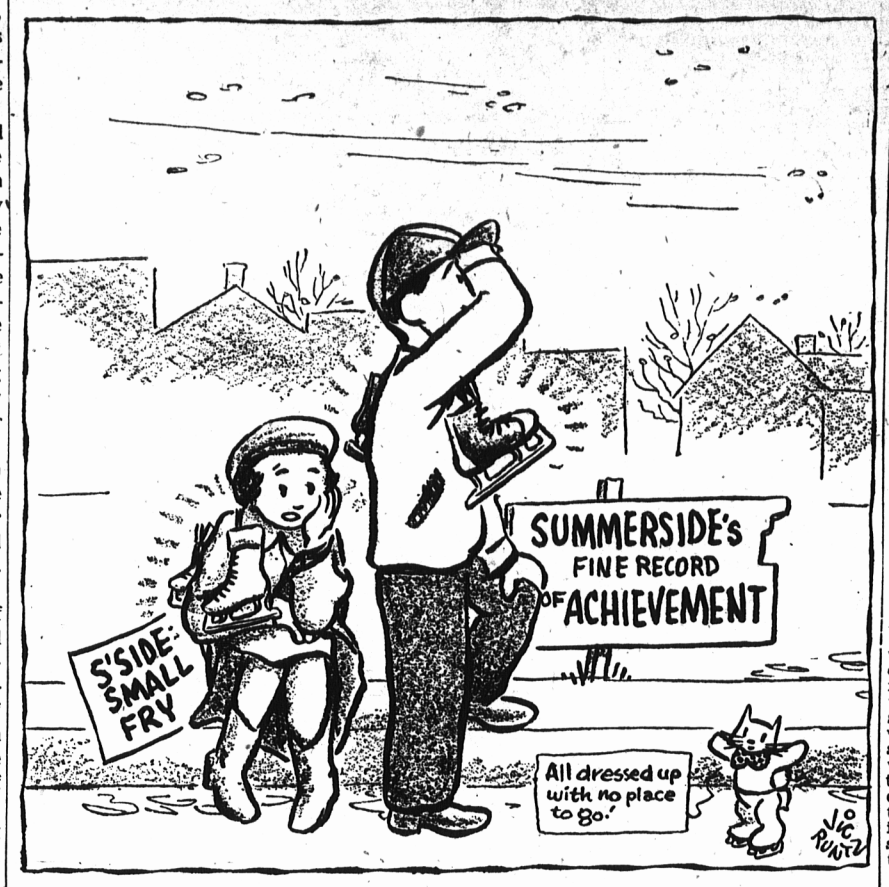
* * *

Robert Seymour Bridges, English poet, was born this date 1844. He retired from medical practice, having ample means, and devoted himself to literature. In 1913 he was appointed poet laureate. He is a sort of link between the older and the younger schools of lyrical poets. His workmanship is deft and he shows a deep and subtle insight into human nature. "Eros and Psyche" is one of his finest poems. He also produced numerous essays of a high order and a few plays and anthologies.

* * *

A widening gap between the supply of and demand for new dwellings is revealed in the summary of housing in Canada for the first six months of 1952, prepared by Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation. During this year's first quarter, the net formation of families was 9,200, more than twice the level of the first three months of 1951. But completion of dwellings in the first four months of 1952 was 27 per cent below the comparable 1951 figure, and starts in the same period of 1952 were 17 per cent below those of 1951.

"Not This Winter, But It Is Coming!"



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.

TEACHING OF LANGUAGES

Sir,—In your editorial columns of Friday, October 17th, under the heading "Teaching languages," you referred to the decision by many school systems in the United States to begin the teaching of modern languages in the lower grades of the elementary schools. The article further stated that Professor Thomas Anderson of Yale University, called this a "revolution" in language learning and language teaching. Professor Anderson is also quoted as saying that "the trend toward introducing languages in United States elementary schools is snowballing so rapidly that the question no longer is, whether languages will be taught in the elementary schools, but how they will be taught."

With reference to this, it may be remarked that this departure in the teaching of modern languages is certainly no "revolution" in the Model School of Prince of Wales College, where, for many years, Miss Mildred Harrington has regularly begun the teaching of French in grades five and six with very considerable success. For several years, while serving on the teaching staff of the College, I used to invite Miss Harrington's French classes to read and answer oral questions in French for the College students. I feel sure that the students of those days have retained pleasant memories of these visits, and they, no doubt, could testify to the success of the method followed by Miss Harrington.

With your permission, Sir, I should like to express the opinion that the method of teaching French by beginning in grades nine and ten with such texts as Fraser and Squair, MacDonald, or the present Jeanneret grammars, while it may have some merit as "mental gymnastics", as a means of acquiring a working knowledge of the French language has proved a dismal failure. Generations of college students who have wrestled with these texts and have submitted to the drudgery involved in such a method, will, I believe, concur in this verdict.

I am, Sir, etc.
J. H. BLANCHARD

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

CAPES CABLE OFFICES

"The telegraph offices at Capes Tormentine and Traverse will be opened for business in a few days. Mr. Singleton Muncey is to be operator at Cape Tormentine, and Mr. Leslie, of the Summerside office, is to be operator at Cape Traverse. Circumstances favor the expectation that the cable across the Straits will not be disabled during the winter now setting in. For two seasons past in succession the cable became useless for the transmission of messages, but it is to be hoped that P. E. Island will enjoy this one mode of quick communication during the winter, free from interruption."
—The Islander, Dec. 12, 1862.

The Age-Old Story

And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. . . And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. . . For who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? But we have the mind of Christ.

Memories Of "The Island"

By Evelyn Murray Duke, New Hampshire, U. S. A.

I have often been asked if I am a Canadian. The question no longer surprises me. I realize that when I speak of Canada it is as though I spoke of "the promised Land". You see I am remembering Prince Edward Island, as I knew it thirty years ago.

For purposes of identification, may I say that I am an American citizen by birth. It was my father who was lucky enough to have been born on Prince Edward Island. Mother was born in the northern part of New Brunswick. We used to visit there too, but somehow memories of Prince Edward Island are stronger.

I first visited the Maritime Provinces when I was two years old, in the company of my parents. We came frequently after that, and usually stayed at Uncle Major's (my father's oldest brother). Uncle Major was a prosperous farmer, living a mile outside the village of Breadalbane. Uncle Major's farm opened a new world to me.

There came a wonderful evening when my cousins told me I might try milking a cow. They let me sit down by Old Bess who, psychologically speaking, was known as a cow with a sanguine temperament. Grasping the pail firmly in hand, I set to work. As might be expected there were no results. Then suddenly and unexpectedly, perhaps because I relaxed and didn't try so hard, milk began coming into the pail. Everything happened at once after that. I gave a whoop of delight. Old Bess gave a startled look behind her, kicked up her heels, and away went bucket and pail. Bess went in one direction, and I in another. (We were milking out in the field that evening). It was some time before cow and child were rounded up, and each returned to her proper abode.

* * *

Besides having a large farm, Uncle Major had a large family, which was quite customary in those days. Two of the older girls had steady beaux, and I'm sure that at times they wished their American cousin might drop out of sight in the Dunk River (a stream of water well known to that locality). I always managed to be around when Dawson and Ira arrived. There were two good reasons for this. In the first place, their arrival was a thrilling event (in my mind at least). Tea was served early, and chores were quickly done on these special nights. Just about sunset a shout would go up, "Here come the boys!" I would dash to the window to watch both teams race down the lane. Uncle Major's house set back some distince from the road, and it gave the boys a good chance to bring their teams down neck and neck. On they came through the gate, flung open by one of my boy cousins at the last minute, around the corner of the house on two wheels, and up to the front door with a breath taking flourish.

* * *

A second reason for being on hand at such times was that both Ira and Dawson were very generous with little brown bags of candy, which they carried in their coat pockets. These bags of candy were given to me 'en toto", and I immediately become a winged Mercury hastening to deliver their messages. Sometimes there would be a brief delay in departure. At such times Dawson, whom I remember as having a mass of curly hair, and a deep bass voice, used to take me up and dangle me on his knee. There was a time when I became his abject slave. I remember one summer having returned home, I laboriously wrote him a letter which began, "Dear Dozen".

Uncle Major was a kind friendly person, which almost proved to be his undoing. One evening all the older folk went out, leaving Uncle Major in charge. I suppose we would say now that he was my baby sitter. Mamma left strict instructions that I was to go to bed, and go to sleep. When she returned and walked into the bedroom, Uncle Major was sitting at the bottom of the bed playing "Soldier's Joy". (I can still hear him beating out the time with his foot.) I sat up in bed entranced, clapping my hands, and keeping time to the music. I saw Mamma first, and did a quick dive under the bed covers. Uncle Major caught on fast, and like the Arabs in the poem of long ago, he folded his fiddle (instead of a tent) and quietly slipped away. I don't know what Mamma said to Uncle Major. She said plenty to me!

* * *

Mamma wasn't always the strict disciplinarian, however. Most of the time she was full of fun. I remember one afternoon we were all sitting around in the kitchen. Talk dwindled, and everyone sat in a thumb twiddling mood. Mamma walked to the window, and stood looking out toward the road. Suddenly she whirled about and said, "Let's race to the road and back". Quickly we lined up. The men and boys were out in the field haying, but I had lots of girl cousins. Aunt Annie held the stop watch on us. "Away with you now", she would say. Mamma ran like a deer, and was out to the road and back, while my much younger cousins came huffing and puffing and laughing behind. They were all sitting around the kitchen table having a cup of tea, when last and least I came staggering in, greeted with howls of friendly derision.

They used to have a lot of spruce trees on Uncle Major's farm. Mamma was a confessed spruce gum addict, and initiated me. Not long ago, my husband, the children and I, were picknicking in a wooded grove near our home. When I discovered there were spruce trees all about us, I set the family to work gathering spruce gum, meanwhile telling them of the wonderful spruce gum I used to get in Canada long ago. The children came hurrying back, each one bearing a generous portion. Thoughtlessly I rammed it all into my mouth, then suffered agonies trying to pry it loose.

* * *

Aunt Annie had a nice little garden of herbs down back of the barn. It was there her gooseberry bushes grew. To get into the garden you opened a small white gate and went through, being careful to close the gate after you, lest the geese get in. My father-in-law out in Illinois wrote me recently that he was growing a gooseberry bush this year, and having pretty good luck with it. How easily my mind shifted to a little Canadian garden of long ago, where gooseberry bushes also grew.

It was an exciting occasion when travelling stock companies came to the small country towns to put on shows. It was a one night stand, and farm families filled the Town Hall to capacity. I remember the time we all went to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Breadalbane Town Hall. Mamma dressed me up in my best bib and tucker, which at that time consisted of a pink silk dress with many ruffles, and a wide sash. I suppose she hoped to be proud of me, but I almost disgraced her. When little Eva died, and started her slow and precarious ascent to heaven (via the ceiling of the Town Hall) I bust into tears and sobbing uncontrollably wailed, "Poor little Eva", "Poor little Eva!"

* * *

One summer I attended school with my cousins. We had a walk of a mile or two along a back country road. Climbing a hill, we came to a little white school house. Each of us carried our lunch in a tin pail. There were woods out back of the school, and a lovely, cool spring. We were drinking at the spring one noon when some of the children, who were playing in the school yard, shouted to us, "There's a mad bull coming up the road. Get into the school house." With a wild rush, we scrambled up and into the building, slamming the door behind us. Then we flew to the window to watch this fearsome creature, who had so nearly attacked us. He was certainly mad at something! Round and round the schoolhouse he charged, pawing the ground with his hoofs, then tossing his head wildly about. Some of the kids were crying. I wasn't crying. I was too scared. Eventually he remembered something else he was mad at, and went tearing off down the road, roaring and bellowing with rage.

It was during this school session that I studied about Lord Kitchener (I'm afraid I'd flunk a test now). We had big copy books to write our lessons in, and I brought some of these back to the States with me. I thoroughly enjoyed sharing my new found knowledge with the other children at recess time. Finally this all came to the ears of my teacher, and she asked to see the copy book. She read it, but she just said "Humph!", so I never did know what she thought of it.

* * *

The following summer when we came to The Island we lived in the Station House at Breadalbane. Uncle Pomeroy was the station agent, and lived across the tracks in the big white house on the hill, where my grandmother and grandfather lived. It was great fun living in the Station House. I've not been inside it since, and my memory may be faulty. I remember a pleasant kitchen, with a large wood burning stove. Mamma was brought up in the country, so she knew how to handle the stove. There were several windows in the room, and lots of sunshine in the mornings as we sat around the kitchen table. The bedrooms upstairs were furnished. At least we didn't bring any furniture with us, so it must have all been there.

Living at the Station House was most exciting at night, when the last train to go through, came thundering down the track. This was the ten o'clock Express, and was known as the Boat Train, bringing passengers from Borden to Charlottetown. In those days auto travel wasn't so common, and people visiting the Island mostly came by train. We could hear the train when it blew at Emerald Junction. That just gave time to blow out the lamp, rush to the window and throw it up. I could hear the rails humming.

* * *

The woods and field in the near distance were bathed in a sea of moonlight. The night air was quiet and soft. In a field at the side of the station house a horse was tethered, and I could hear the steady rhythm of his chewing, as he chopped the grass. Below on the station platform, there was a soft shuffling of feet, and the murmur of voices, as people waited to greet their relatives, or just stood round to watch the train go through. Suddenly, the quietness was broken. "There she comes" someone from down below said, and at that moment the tracks were laid bare in a blinding swath of light. With a swishing sound of escaping steam, the Iron Horse plunged by my window, snorting to an indignant stop a short distance up the track. Car doors were thrown open, and as passengers came down the steps they were eagerly greeted, and often told, "I've got the team hitched out back of the station". It was never a long stop. Soon the engine gave a warning toot, then the brakeman's voice came loud and clear, "All Aboard!" As the train began to stretch and strain forward the bobbing light in the brakeman's hand seemed to say to me, "Good night little girl. Sleep well".

(To be concluded)

Notes By The Way

Tom Sharkey, a gigantic figure in the history of boxing, has entered a San Francisco hospital, old, feeble and lonely. Born in 1873, he fought his way to a fortune of $250,000, but of late he has been in poverty, his portion no better than that of so many others who thought victories, youth and strength would last forever.—Ottawa Journal.

One of the best examples of Northern Ontario co-operation in getting things done is the year-old dairy industry at Hearst, started by eighty farmers who pooled their knowledge and resources and organized the Regional Co-operative Dairy. The dairy is now selling 900 quarts of milk daily in the town of Hearst and is producing milk at the rate of 7,500 pounds daily, the bulk of which must be shipped over distances ranging up to 180 miles. The agricultural representative for the district, Raoul Portelance, is justly proud of the achievement, and points out that the demand now exceeds the supply. — Sudbury Star.

"Corncobs," it says here, "are first converted into furfural, then into adiponitrile, and finally into nylons." Now that you know the process, girls, you can make 'em yourselves. Ottawa Citizen.

Those who might be tempted to question the fact that things are changing rapidly might study two items: For the first time in history, women have been listed as jurors — forming 15 per cent of the total list of 591 names — and women in the RCAF are being taught how to shoot a pistol. There is no reason why a woman should not be as wise a juror or as good a shot as a man. Men now have to accept them as marksmen — and as arbiters of the fate of accused persons. They had better; some of them are excellent shots.—London Free Press.

Fish are caught and kept not only in illegal numbers, but by illegal means. The Barrie Examiner says editorially that "we are all aware that the spearing of fish is quite predominant here, but there seems to be little done about remedying the matter." The retention of undersized fish is another violation of the law which tends to deplete the supply, and many fishermen do not take the trouble to wet their hands before handling fish that are to be thrown back, and do not exercise care in extracting the hook from these. Then they are surprised, in following years, that fish are not so plentiful.—Toronto Star.

During the past Summer much criticism was directed at a party of United States visitors who exceeded their quota of pickerel. The criticism was deserved, for these people had acted in the manner of "fish hogs" and were punished as such. We think it is all the more disgraceful when Canadians make fish hogs of themselves in their own land. If a man cannot resist the temptation to quit when he has reached his quota he is a disgrace to himself and his fellow fishermen. Gluttony is never an admirable trait, in fishing or any other human activity.—North Bay Nugget.

The Poet's Corner

RECESSIONAL

Now along the solemn heights
Fade the Autumn's altar-lights;
Down the great earth's glimmering chancel
Glide the days and nights.

Little kindred of the grass,
Like a shadow in a glass
Falls the dark and falls the stillness;
We must rise and pass.

Little brothers of the clod,
Soul of fire and seed of sod,
We must fare into the silence
At the knees of God.

Little comrades of the sky,
Wing to wing we wander by,
Going, going, going, going,
Softly as a sigh.

Hark, the moving shapes confer.
Globe of dew and gossamer,
Fading and ephemeral spirits
In the dusk astir.

Moth and blossom, blade and bee,
Worlds must go as well as we,
In the long procession joining
Mount and star and sea.

Toward the shadow brink we climb
Where the round year rolls sublime,
Rolls, and drops, and falls forever
In the vast of Time.

—Sir Chas. G. D. Roberts.

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