

THE GUARDIAN

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CHARLOTTETOWN, THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1952

The Politbureau's New Diplomacy

The Politbureau's new diplomacy, which replaces the abortive "peace" offensive of the now defunct Stockholm Manifesto, promises plenty of headaches for the chancelleries of the West. The vituperative utterances which characterized the conduct of Soviet diplomats until a few short weeks ago, has been superseded by an air of sweet reasonableness which is as bewildering as it is suspect in foreign offices on this side of the Iron Curtain.

In essence, Stalin's latest "cold war" diplomacy revolves about four main points. First, Soviet diplomats have let it be known that Moscow believes East-West troubles capable of being solved by negotiation. Second, rumours are rife that the Soviet Note regarding a peace treaty for Germany will shortly be followed by tempting proposals for a free election throughout the now divided Reich. Third, the recently concluded Moscow Economic Conference has dangled before the western democracies the promise of billions of dollars of trade with the Iron Curtain countries. Fourth, in Asia Peiping has raised hopes of an early compromise in the Korean impasse and the possibility of a settlement of the Indo-Chinese dispute.

Top level negotiation among the Big Four on any of these points is likely to prove more embarrassing than helpful to the governments of the western democracies at the present time. A truce in Korea, much as that is to be desired, would raise the old ghosts of Red China's admission to UN, the ticklish issue of Formosa, and what to do about Chiang Kai-shek. Unification talks with the East and West Germans would mean suspended animation for the whole scheme of the rearmament of Western Europe. Talks on trade with the Iron Curtain countries would divide opinion in the business world on the issue of whether or not it is possible to do business with Stalin.

Soviet diplomats are far more dangerous when they appear to talk sense than when they indulge in vilification and vituperation. The Politbureau's new diplomacy is deliberately tailored to sound like commonsense not because the leaders of the Communist world have suddenly come to their senses, but rather because by talking what sounds like sense they hope to make us less defence-conscious.

Farming in Scotland

Nearly 12,000 farms—more than a third of all the farms in Scotland—are worked by the family with no hired help. This is the type of farm found widely in the north-east and in the Highlands. The south-east is a district of large farms, but in the south-west and the east approximately one-quarter are family farms. Of all the family farms 6,246, or rather more than half, are worked by husband and wife alone. Among different types of farm the proportion of family farms varies. On stock-rearing farms the percentage is 65, while it is 38 on stock-rearing and feeding farms, 27 on hill sheep farms, 26 on cropping farms, 23 on dairy farms and 19 on the dairy with hill sheep farms. These figures are disclosed in a booklet entitled "Types of Farming in Scotland" published for the Department of Agriculture for Scotland (price \$0.90 from the U. K. I. O. Sales Section).

The Wrong Approach

Speaking last week to the Ontario Educational Association, Professor A. R. M. Lower of Queen's University is quoted as saying that the educated man must expect to be lonely in Canada, because 99 per cent of the people around him are Philistines; that is, narrow-minded and materialistic. He cannot expect to be rich, because his education unfits him for the crude, competitive world of commercialism.

This, argues the Globe and Mail, is wrong factually and wrong morally. A good many educated people manage to survive, and indeed to flourish, in the world of commerce and industry. These people do not regard education as a barrier to commercial success, or commercial success as a barrier to education. On the contrary, they have found that the two often go together. And even when they don't, what of that? Education is precious enough to be its own reward. In any event, the truly educated man knows that material success is not important.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The annual meeting of the Charlottetown branch of the Canadian Legion takes place this evening.

The reduction in the wholesale price of gasoline and light fuel is welcome, though hardly perceptible to the average consumer.

The Queen's birthday holiday is not to be allowed to interfere with the Railway Bus Service hearing on June 9th. Those conducting it will be fishing for evidence instead of trout.

Deer as plentiful here as rabbits in Australia it is predicted as a consequence of the importation of the pair by Premier Jones and gifted to the leader of the Opposition. We don't require to go to Australia for an example of what may happen, we have it here now in respect to discarded foxes.

Charlottetown is now to be included in a triangle steamer freight service between here, Boston and St. John's, Nfld., operated by the Blue Peter S. S. Co., and sponsored by the Natural Resources Department. This should encourage and develop our agriculture exports to the new province, but ordinary exports will favour Boston.

It is a coincidence that the World Chief Scout, Lord Rowallan and Judge Palmer, Provincial President here are to have university honour conferred upon them at the same time. Lord Rowallan is to receive the LL.D. degree from Glasgow University, and Judge Palmer the corresponding degree from King's College University.

This is how veterinarian Dr. Kenneth Wells of Ottawa accounts for the new outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease in Saskatchewan: "The infection was spread to the Ormiston area by purchase of a quarter of beef from a premises infected in the original disease outbreak. The meat was kept frozen until about two weeks ago when it was thawed and canned. In the process, uncooked scraps and bones were thrown about the barnyard and the virus was spread to the livestock."

A word to the wise is contained in the warning issued to motorists by Attorney-General Darby to slow down when approaching a railway crossing, and not to attempt crossing the line until it is safe to do so. As a rule autoists do this, but there are always those who take risks, or are practically asleep at the wheel when a crossing is in sight. Better to be sure all is safe than risk a collision and mayhap tragedy. Any way, under the Highway Traffic Act it is the law, and should be obeyed.

Sir Stafford Cripps, English politician and lawyer, was born this date 1889. Like his father he became a Labour politician. He was supposed to lead a British trade mission to Russia in 1940 but the Soviet Government killed the proposal. The same year he was appointed British ambassador to Moscow, a post he held until 1942. Afterwards he resumed cabinet rank as Minister of Aircraft Production. After the war he became President of the Board of Trade, minister for economic affairs and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

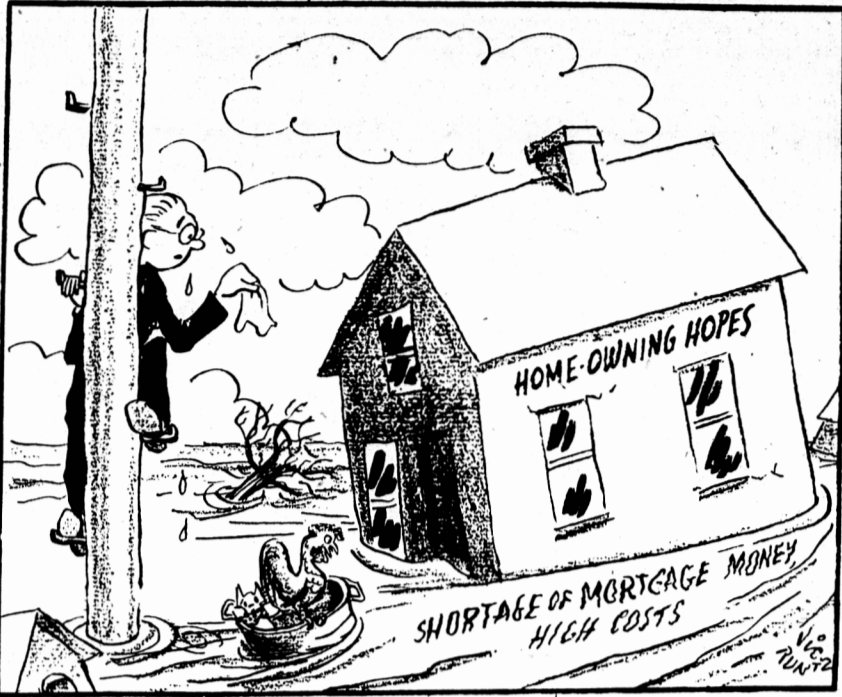
Following figures, tabled in House of Commons, show what percentage of each province's revenue was used for the purpose of education during 1951:

Table with 2 columns: Province and Percentage. Nova Scotia 25.8, Ontario 24.8, Newfoundland 22.5, New Brunswick 20, Alberta 19.9, P. E. I. 19.1, Quebec 17.2, British Columbia 16.9, Manitoba 16.4, Saskatchewan 15.8

Thus, Saskatchewan is spending less of its revenue on education than any other province in Canada.

Mr. Rodney Adamson (PC, York West) sees things clearly, says The Letter Review. He points out that Europe, well endowed with natural resources, has only itself to blame for its recurrent economic crises: "The economy cannot be made prosperous by continuous gifts, whether they are food, money, dollars or anything else. The salvation must come from the European continent." Since Canada and U. S. have decided that their front line is in Germany, military aid to Western Europe may be justified. But there is no longer any justification for economic aid. Its only effect today is to conceal the facts of life from people who will never get straightened out until they recognize them. Biggest contribution North America could make to European recovery would be to announce that from now on, dealings are strictly business.

Drifting Away



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.

MARATHON SWIM FOR CENTENNIAL FEATURE

Sir,—It was appropriately suggested in The Guardian editorial comments that a fitting event be held to commemorate the centenary of the laying of the first submarine cable in America in 1852. Thus it would seem that this summer would be the logical and acceptable time to start the Maritime swim contest over practically the same course as was taken in the laying of the cable. It could be made an annual event, in order to have continued commemoration. It could occupy part of one of the days of Festival Week, or a day during the last week in August. It should be held before the warmer water in the Strait begins to get cold. During the interval (about five hours) between start and finish, a full list of aquatic sports could be held at Borden. High diving, spring swimming for boys, girls and adults would occupy the time interval. The water sports, promoted by the Red Cross last year, showed increasing popularity. This is the way it should be in our insular Province, not in any point more than ten miles from tide water, everybody should be able to swim. Those who can't swim should learn the time and persevere in learning. It is a great exercise, and it requires many times in self-preservation.

The writer proposed a "Northumberland Marathon" in a letter to The Guardian last winter, with an invitation to Maritime sport writers to make known their reactions—if any. It didn't "set the heather on fire." There was little or no reaction seen by the writer except from John McNeill (Summer-side Journal Sport Realm). They didn't even "damn it with faint praise or were so poor as to do reverence" (as the late Mr. F. J. Nash used to quote). The hockey fever was then at its height and it was a bit hard for the writer to visualize the little wavelets gently lapping against the Cape Tormentine and Borden shores. Notwithstanding the apparent apathy, the writer has reason to believe that a big majority of our people would like to see the event take place. If the Teachers' Association and Travel Bureau cooperate there ought to be little trouble in promoting it and getting together the largest crowd of the season. I am, Sir, etc. JAMES PENDERGAST, Kensington, P. E. I.

TEACHER TRAINING

Sir,—Of all that you have published recently concerning teachers and teachers' training, I consider a letter in last Saturday's issue by M. MacKenzie to be the most logical on the subject. He is also deserving of commendation for not having "cast serious and dishonorable reflection on a host of our outstanding men" and women who spent a number of their early years in the teaching profession and who did not have the one year of normal training. The same applies to many of our present and most efficient teachers and those who proclaim that unless a teacher has one year of normal training they are not capable of teaching our children, do "cast serious and dishonorable reflection" on these teachers.

The worst, and practically only, offenders in this regard are some officials of the Department of Education and of the Teachers' Federation. They appear to overlook the fact that many of this Province's famous sons and daughters sat at the feet of these lesser-qualified teachers. Adults of today are the products of the school teachers of the past fifty years, consequently these adults do not approve of the present teacher training system, especially since it has caused the teacher shortage. Is it fair to imply that our lives have been ruined by not having had teachers with more normal training? Would it not be better to shorten the period of normal training rather than having some school vacant? The intense propaganda campaign for more teacher training is no help or consolation for parents who have been unable to secure a teacher for their children.

The Poet's Corner

FROM: THE LEECHGATHERER There was a roaring in the wind all night; The rain came heavily and fell in floods; But now the sun is rising calm and bright; The birds are singing in the distant woods; Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods; The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters; And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters. All things that love the sun are out of doors; The sky rejoices in the morning's birth; The grass is bright with raindrops;—On the moors The hare is running races in her mirth; And with her feet she from the splashy earth Raises a mist; that glittering in the sun, Runs with her, all the way, wherever she doth run. —William Wordsworth.

The Age-Old Story

Who hath believed our report? and to whom in the arm of the Lord revealed? Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

Notes By The Way

Dispute between President Harry S. Truman and former Secretary of State James F. Byrnes, as to who was responsible for what value of the Canadian system of cabinet solidarity. Where all are bound to agree upon, and accept, government policies, there isn't the opportunity for unseemly disputes as to credit or blame. All are jointly responsible. — Windsor Daily Star.

Miss Catharine Perry, a history teacher in Chattanooga, Tenn., in the greatest of all give-away contests, won a \$100 prize in a grocery store draw. Her good fortune is the reason for her standing out as an exceptional person. She refused to accept the \$100, and her reason: "I feel that accepting things we don't earn is one of the things wrong with this country. I certainly didn't do anything to earn this money." — Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

For more than five years, the Conservative party in Britain eagerly sought office. Now it has it. It also has a slump in the textile industry, with more than 70,000 unemployed; an economic crisis that has compelled it to impose fresh austerities on the British public; and a severe setback in the recent local elections. Despite such harassment, able men still seek office. This makes them a source of mystery and wonder to most of their fellow men, and of hope for the future of democracy. —Ottawa Citizen.

Not capricious, but necessity takes women out to work. This was revealed by a survey conducted by the U. S. women's bureau in 103 trade union locals having large female membership. The findings showed that six out of 10 women worked to support dependents and that a large proportion of the women were the sole supporters of their families. The co-operating industries covered textiles, garment manufacturing, hotels and restaurants, railway clerks and communications. —Toronto Star.

Whereas at the turn of the century three-fifths of Canadians lived in rural areas, in 1941 56.3 per cent lived in cities and towns. Statisticians compiling census figures report this urban percentage has increased to 61.6. This isn't merely a statistical transposition.

Through the kindness of David Laird, Esq., we were shown through the Charlottetown Woolen Factory, now in operation. This establishment is beautifully located, near Spring Park, on the Malpeque Road. The building which contains the machinery is a fine three-story structure, 80 by 30 feet. At its end is a much smaller building where the washing, drying and dyeing processes are carried on. Mr. Robert Fraser, of Rocklin Mills, Pictou, has the full management of the business. The carding machines, manufactured at Andover, Mass., are as fine a piece of mechanism as ever came from the United States. Two spinning jacks are in full operation on the third story, one of which has 240 spindles, the other 200. On the second floor three looms are at work, one dresser, and one reel.

The company now has about 1500 worth of wool on hand. They manufacture about 200 lbs. of wool per day, and they find that the enterprise is likely to prove a paying speculation, inasmuch as they have the machinery at work. The specimens of cloth, flannel and woollen wear generally, looked very well indeed. The present directors are Henry Longworth, Esq., president; D. R. Hooper, G. R. Beer, Alex. McMillan, James Laird, Charles Gregor, David Laird, and P. R. Blatch, Esq. The chief manager of the establishment is Mr. A. P. Capron, a gentleman very well qualified to conduct such an important business. —The Islander, Sept. 29, 1871.

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The Passing Scene

By Observer A TROUT STREAM TELLS ITS STORY The incredulous and the ignorant will scoff at the idea of my having a story to tell, for they think of me as an inanimate "thing". The truth is I am not a "thing" at all. I am a life and I have personality all my own. Sometimes, I must confess, I am a bit too lively, but that is a fault which my admirers apparently overlook, for they come to me in large numbers at certain times in the year. Did I not sing a song for the gentle Mr. Tennyson who set it to sweet and poetic metre? It is true that I then made some pretensions which critical research would not justify. For instance, I don't really go on for ever. Nothing does. I had a beginning and some day I will have an end. Perhaps man-made machines will put dams in my way. There is always the possibility that a drought will choke me. But, certainly, I have been "slipping, sliding, glooming, and glancing" longer than any of my friends can remember, and it is more than probable that I shall outlive most of them. It is equally certain that while I live I will "chatter, chatter, as I flow to join the brimming river". That is one of the principal reasons for my being here.

For about seven months in the year my way of life is generally quiet and uneventful. Chiefly, it is a matter of stealing by lawns and grassy plots, murmuring under moon and stars, and babbling on the pebbles. There are always, except in the dead of winter, song birds to keep me company, and sometimes I help them with their music. Cattle often come to me for refreshment and bathe their hot bodies in my cool waters. It is in mid-Spring that my life becomes really exciting. For then men and boys, occasionally women and girls, come trooping down to me in every conceivable garb, carrying rods and reels of every description, and every artifice that now and then entice unwary trout into their baskets. This marks the beginning of what men call the fishing season and what the trout themselves call the months of risk. For about a hundred and fifty days they have to contend with, and dodge if they can, all kinds of cunning lures intended for their destruction.

Between you and me, an experienced trout who has managed to outlive the foolish days of youth, has more brain power, pound for pound, than his adversary behind the rod and reel. It is true that calculation and then one makes a mistake, anything, he is flat on his back in a wicker basket. But, for the one who meets such an unhappy fate, there are thousands who live to laugh at the confusion of their would-be captors. I know, for I have often listened as they boasted of their daring escapades in the dark of night, far down in their places of revelry.

I should say here that I have no real power to save trout from their wily enemies. I give them the protection and I supply them with plenty of food for their normal needs. When one is foolish enough, or adventurous enough, to leave the known and snatch at

the unknown, I can do nothing for him. He has to learn the hard way, if he is to learn at all, that pretty things are not always harmless things. It is to their credit that many trout whom I know intimately have cultivated a good and wise philosophy. The most beautiful streamer ever put together could not catch where they are happy enough where they are and with what they have, so they don't take chances. Others, however, are not so wise, and about them I could tell some very tragic stories. In this I understand they have an affinity with creatures of other species, including the Homo Sapiens.

From my place of vantage I see many interesting sights and hear many interesting conversations round. This year was no exception. I knew what was expected, before dawn, to be exact, and the newly-arrived birds were in the act of singing their Matins, when I heard the sound of footsteps. The birds were perturbed, as they always seem to be when foreign elements interrupt their morning exercises. I knew well what it meant and so, apparently, did my tenants, for here and there a lusty trout suddenly became wary and suspicious. Their time of testing had come. Before another day had passed many of the alert would be literally "fish out of water". From my experience of other years, however, I knew that the day's story would not be altogether one-sided. In the same period, many men and boys would trudge wearily and homesickly back to their homes, with nothing to tell but tales of the big one they almost landed. They would be sadder but not wiser, for it seems that the ardent angler never learns wisdom. And if he did, what indescribable fun he would miss!

Some of the things I have seen and heard are almost unbelievable. Much of it, indeed, I could not put in detail. It must remain for ever locked in my long memory. But I can give you an inkling, if you are interested. Men who, normally, do nothing more unusual than sit in offices and perhaps attend Rotary once a week, stamp their feet and make all sorts of incongruous noises when a pound trout happens to slip from the hook only an inch or so from their grasp. From their cries of rage and frustration you would think they had been robbed of their most cherished possessions. A man who attends Church every Sunday and even teaches a Sunday School class will think nothing of telling his neighbour, "Today I lost the biggest fish I have ever seen in my life!" I would have talked about too much, but I have even known preachers themselves to indulge in such tactics without a twinge of shame. Newspaper editors are, I sincerely believe, the worst of the lot, with the possible exception of the politicians. Of course, some excuse should be made for the latter, for the habit of saying one thing and meaning another rather belongs to their avocation. At least, that is the rumour that I hear from time to time as I go to join the brimming river.

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