

THE GUARDIAN

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More Than A Myth

In his first interview after thirty-four years of open and underground anti-Communist activity in Canada, Superintendent John Leopold of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police said Canadian people should be alert to the dangers they face. Communists are reported to have lost 10,000 of the 18,000 members they had in Canada in 1949, but the movement is now "stripped down to a hard core of men and women whose loyalty to Russia takes precedence over everything else."

After thirty-four years of investigation, Supt. Leopold can hardly be accused of Red-baiting, the favorite expression of Communists and their sympathizers. His knowledge, which is also the knowledge of the national police force, reveals that Tim Buck is not the real leader of the Communists in Canada. The real leaders are known to the RCMP, but for obvious reasons they just aren't talking. They also know the "underlings" in the movement.

Supt. Leopold points out that the danger from Communists in Canada lies in their fifth column activities in the event of war. Their numbers are not large enough to present any physical threat to Canada in either peace or war, but their existence in our democracy should by no means be taken as a myth.

Avoidable Highway Crashes

There is, says the Ottawa Journal, a depressing and frightening similarity in the news accounts of many highway accidents. All too often when a head-on crash is reported, and there are deaths and heavy property damage, it is told that one of the drivers attempted to pass another vehicle only to meet an oncoming car, or that the passing was attempted on a curve, at the brow of a hill, or in some situation where it was apparent a clear view ahead was impossible. All too often neither driver lives to make the exact facts clear.

These avoidable crashes (they can hardly be called accidents) are mostly the result of a combination of circumstances which highway experts have seen coming for years. Yet, despite their frequency, and the gruesome details which usually accompany the news reports, it is apparent that many drivers will not pause to absorb the obvious lesson. It is simply: never pass another vehicle unless there is a clear and unobstructed view ahead.

"The modern motor car," concludes the Journal, "has become a precision machine, capable of high speeds and quick acceleration. The average highway remains an old-fashioned horse-and-buggy road, often narrow and with blind curves and sudden dips and hills. It was never planned to carry the dense traffic of today, nor vehicles capable of the speed of the modern car. On the human side drivers have changed little and a great many seem incompetent, or refuse to accept the fact that they cannot drive today as they did years ago. They have not adjusted themselves to the split-second decisions and reactions now a necessary part of driving. Many persons who have studied the problem have come to the conclusion that the modern car has outstripped both the efficiency of the roads and the human capacity to react quickly to the emergency."

Pilgrimage To Mecca

This month it is that the annual Pilgrimage to Mecca, one of the fundamental rites of the Muslim religion, will take place, reports the Morocco News Bulletin. The Pilgrimage is not rigorously required of every Muslim, but every Muslim is supposed to accomplish it once in his lifetime provided he has the means to do so and his health permits.

In Morocco, due to the constant improvement in transportation facilities and to the aid given by the administration in organizing the voyage, the number of Moroccans participating is yearly greater; this year it is expected that some 1500 pilgrims will leave the country. They will leave early this month, some by boat, some by plane, some by bus . . . and, to be sure, as every year, a certain number of hardy souls are already on their way by foot: these latter will surely be in trouble before they get to the Hijaz frontier (last year, Egypt had to pay the tax for them and the French government helped them to get back). Two boats, the Athos II and the Corsica, are

specially reserved for the purpose; the former left July 29 from Casablanca and the Corsica will leave soon after. Special planes and buses are likewise reserved.

The role of the administration is not confined to organizing transportation. Medical examinations and vaccinations began several weeks ago for the pilgrims. An official of the Sharifian administration will accompany the group throughout the trip, as also a doctor (Dr. Yusof ben Abbas) charged with assuring proper medical care during the voyage. In addition to those enrolled individually, there is a special delegation sent, this year as each year, by the Sultan to effectuate the pilgrimage and to carry royal gifts to the Holy Cities and to King Ibn Saud; the delegation will be preceded by the pasha of Fes, Hadj Fatmi ben Sliman.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Youth Day at the Provincial Exhibition.

Tomorrow the schools taking two weeks' vacation in the autumn require to open in order to get in their 200 school days before June 30, 1953.

Today Dr. J. A. Clark, first superintendent of the Charlottetown Experimental Farm, will plant a Norway Maple tree there in the presence of ministers and deputy ministers of agriculture for the various Provinces.

It's an ill wind that blows no good. The fire in the Library of Parliament impressed on Prime Minister St. Laurent the need for fire-proof protection for national records. "The Government", he declared, "will consider the question of establishing a national library as soon as possible."

A good cause is the Y Youth Camp, Holland Cove. The Centennial Y's Men's Club is employing a unique method of raising funds to aid this project. They invite "Old Home Week" patrons to visit a domesticated cow and her calf at the Exhibition Grounds.

From early days of flying, Canadians have taken a strong interest in aircraft changes and development. Both civil and service Canadians are due to attend the annual flying display and exhibition of the British Society of Aircraft Constructors at Farnborough, Hampshire, in the first week of September, when the latest British and aero-engines will be on display.

William Blake, English poet and engraver, died this date 1827. As a boy he had mystical tendencies and saw visions. He was apprenticed to an engraver. In 1787 he experimented in printing with etched copper plates and subsequently, with the aid of his wife, designed and produced his "Songs of Innocence". He wrote many prophetic books and engraved the illustrations for many others.

There is a job coming up for some information expert. When Sir Harry Lindsay, director of both the Imperial Institute and its London museum and centre of Commonwealth and Colonial Information, retires early next year, his job will be open to suitable candidates from all parts of the British Commonwealth and Empire. The post is being advertised at a salary of £1,850 a year. First-hand knowledge of conditions in the Commonwealth is an essential qualification. Applications have to reach London by September 1.

From Australia comes news of an airport that has been built on the tiny Cocos Islands in the Indian Ocean in four months. The island is to be a stopping place for planes on new air services between Australia and South Africa. Building the airfield was a tremendous achievement for the Royal Australian Air Force. Thousands of tons of equipment and supplies were got ashore within 20 days, although there was no wharf to receive them. A runway ten thousand feet long was built of the coral which surrounds the island shore, and later 600 feet of dispersal space, ten miles of road, a jetty and buildings for the Australian Department of Civil Aviation.

Before the Gold Rush of 1898, Alaska was populated largely by Indians and Aleuts. Visitors from the outside were fur trappers, hunters and fishermen. When Secretary of State William H. Seward bought the territory from Russia in 1867 for \$7,200,000, many Americans thought the price too high and called the new possession "Seward's Folly", or 590,000 square miles "of icebergs and polar bears." Since those days, the value of the gold, silver, tin, copper, platinum, timber, furs, and salmon taken out of Alaska has amounted to many times the purchase price. Today, reports the National Geographic Society, no travel permit is required, and a motor trip to Alaska is a safe, simple possibility for anyone with a good car and a respectable vacation budget.

Today At The Fair



Fumbling With The Crown

(Montreal Gazette)

Now that people are looking forward to another Coronation, there is much interest in looking back at the last one. Such a long and complex and infrequent ceremony is not easy to perform without some error or hesitation.

It may be recalled that in the Coronation of George VI the Archbishop of Canterbury, Most Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, was said to have fumbled with the Crown before he placed it upon the King's head. Indeed, some observers and commentators even said that it seemed for a moment that he might drop it.

There is an inside story to this "fumbling". It has now been told in the new biography of Archbishop Lang by J. G. Lockhart (published by Hodder and Stoughton).

The ceremony of placing the Crown upon the King's head had been very carefully rehearsed. It was noticed that the Crown had a front and a back, though the difference was so slight as to be scarcely visible. The King, however, being anxious that everything should be done with strict accuracy, had a very small piece of red thread placed across the front side of the Crown. Nobody in the vast gathering would ever notice this small piece of thread, but when the Archbishop picked up the Crown to place it on the King's head, he would be able to tell at a glance which was the front and which the back.

Unfortunately, however, some official person, in making a hurried last-minute examination, happened to come upon this bit of thread and at once picked it up and threw it away. When the great moment of the ceremony arrived, the Archbishop picked up the Crown. He turned it one way and then the other.

To observers, it seemed as though the Archbishop was fumbling with the great Crown in his nervous and uncertain fingers, and was even on the point of dropping it. Actually, he was only looking for the bit of thread, and when he did not find the thread on one side, he very naturally turned the Crown around the other way, looking for it on that side.

There is always more to any historical event than the onlooker imagines.

The Poet's Corner

BEAUTEOUS THINGS

I love all beauteous things. I seek and adore them; God hath no better praise. And man in his hasty days Is honoured for them. I too will something make And joy in the making; Altho' tomorrow it seem Like the empty words of a dream Remembered at waking.

—Robert Bridges.

A Water Peril

(Toronto Star)

Two Toronto boys, one four, the other five, were drowned at Springhurst Beach near Wasaga when the inner tubes which they were using in the water were carried away by an offshore wind.

A warning news article in the Star only a week ago said: "Lifesavers on many beaches will not allow rubber tubes or toys. A child could be blown out beyond his depth on one of these, they say, and not realize it until he tries to stand up. 'We have a lot of accidents with inner tubes. The first thing you know the wind has blown the child out over the head. That's why we condemn them,' said one official."

Children who cannot swim and who use inner tubes in the water, or the more elaborate floats which are being sold for child use, should

Notes By The Ways

Former King Farouk of Egypt, what he owns or receives and all waste is eliminated, there is little we can do about it.—Fort Williams Times-Journal.

Perhaps ordinary people should pray that scientists never do learn to control the elements as they are now learning to control the atom. Just the other day the papers carried items about the weather war being staged in Washington state. The wheat growers of central Washington wanted rain in the worst way. They hired a rain-maker. But the cherry growers in the same area wanted it dry so their fruit could ripen safely. What did they do? They hired a rain-maker to make rain somewhere else.—Vancouver Sun.

A junior postman at Ely post office who recently took out for delivery a telegram addressed to a workman employed on the renovation of Ely Cathedral found that the workman was at the top of the scaffolding in the Lantern Tower. After all efforts to attract the man's attention from the ground had failed the postman delivered the telegram by mounting the ladders and climbing 170 feet of scaffolding.—London Times.

Any man who trusts a Communist, who demands for him the same rights and the same tolerance as we are prepared to give to ordinary, decent Canadians who believe in those freedoms and rights is a deluded fool. He is as much a fool as the farmer of the legend who placed a snake in his bosom to warm it. But the farmer only jeopardized his own life. The nourisher of Communism jeopardizes all of us.—Vancouver Sun.

We will always have taxes to pay, but it can well be that if we escape war and its drain on the public purse, the taxes we now pay will be drastically reduced. This is the hope which urges the statesmen of the world to keep plodding along with such plans as a unity of nations to outlaw wars of aggression, relieve distress and promulgate world brotherhood. It is a tough rocky road, but we think we are making progress. In the meantime, high taxes are inevitable, and as long as every one pays his share on

Old Charlottetown (And P. E. I.) TREES NEGLECTED "Some eighteen months ago, several hundred pounds were expended in planting trees along our sidewalks. Although the trees were not planted in a very scientific manner, yet they were protected by proper stands. A fair proportion of them escaped death, and the mischievous hands of boys and men, and last summer gave promise of one day contributing to the beauty and comfort of our metropolises. "They were, however, wholly neglected—we believe not one in a hundred was secured so as to protect the bark from being injured, by rubbing against the stands in which the trees were confined, and the consequence has been nearly every tree has had the bark removed from it in such a manner as almost totally to destroy it. We would recommend the persons whose duty it was to look after the trees, either to get some straw wisps, and bind them round the few trees that may not yet be beyond redemption, or to ask for permission to sell the stands, which are no longer required, and thus save a few pounds."—The Islander, Nov. 7, 1952.

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The Passing Scene

By Observer

NOTHING TO BE SEEN?

How often does one hear: "There's nothing to be seen on the island! It simply isn't true. From Tignish to East Point this island has plenty to show anyone who has the faculty of perceiving interesting things. Take the little trip I made yesterday for instance. All together it covered a little more than forty miles and there was a favourite trout stream at the end (no trout, though, I am sorry to say). Nothing to see enough? Why, it would take a dozen such articles as this to describe all the sights I saw through the windshield, in spite of the clouds of dust which, incidentally, seem to get worse and worse every summer. I can mention here only two or three of the outstanding ones.

There were first of all the cattle, sheep, and horses, grazing quietly and apparently contentedly in the pastures and meadows. The almost endless rows of potatoes, fields "standing so thick with corn that they laugh and sing". Together, these commonplace things (commonplace to us, that is) make up a picture which seems to symbolize the largesse with which a benevolent Nature has endowed this little piece of land set down in the sea. It does something else, too. It brings to mind the hunger which, even in this scientifically enlightened age stalks menacingly across wide areas of the world, bringing all sorts of evil in its wake. As one looks at our rich fields it seems incredible that at this very moment millions of young children are literally dying for want of bread. And yet it is so. The science which the modern world has made into a god has indeed done many worthy things as well as many unworthy ones. But somehow it has not yet been able to do the one thing needful. It has not been able to assure each child its daily bread.

It is a long way from an island farm to the United Nations Headquarters. Nevertheless there is a connection between them, for U.N. food experts say that famine is still man's worst enemy. It is even more devastating than war itself. Will the time ever come when every human being on this earth will have opportunity to share in God's plenty for no other reason than that he is a member of the human family—a child of God?

Such were some of the thoughts that came to me yesterday as I stood almost white unto harvest. To be sure I see it almost every day but it is always a new picture. Each time I see in it something I had not noticed before. That pleases me, for when a man fails to see something new in familiar things it is a sign that his spirit is aging, whatever the number of his birthdays may be. But when he does see a new tint in an old picture it means that his spirit is still young and growing and he need not bother overmuch about the years that have come and gone.

An entirely different sight but, in its own way, just as productive of thought, was that of the young lad with his home-made rod and his can of worms. Almost always he makes his appearance when I am on my way to a fishing stream or after I get there. I am glad to

see him for he contributes something to my own pleasure of anticipation. In addition to that he takes my mind back to the time when I was as he is now, master of the world. If he tells me, as yesterday's boy did, all about his pole, where he got it, how strong and durable it is, and so on, I listen intently and seriously, for that is one of the great human stories of the ages. But, unless he make specific inquiries about it, I do not tell him about my own rod, for that would be too much like condescension, a sore wound in the heart of a twelve year old boy. Wars and rumours of wars may shake the world; political and ideological tensions may cause immeasurable disarray in human relations; racial hatreds may do incalculable harm to the ideal of universal peace. However, I do not believe that civilization will utterly perish so long as boys everywhere are drawn irresistibly to the nearest fishing stream. For a man, fishing is good pastime. For a boy who has been initiated into its mysteries it is one of the indispensable gifts from the treasure chest of fortune. And it doesn't matter much who the boy is or where he happens to be living. The young lad in Upton, N. E. I. and the young negro fishing for suckers from the muddy, hot banks of the Mississippi are brothers at least in this. I wonder if young Russians ever get permission from their lords and masters to see if there are any big ones in the pool. If so, there is still hope for that unhappy people.

It was high tide when I came in full view of St. Peter's Bay. I had seen nothing else, the grandeur of this scene would have made the short journey well worth while. Here was loveliness unspoiled by the meddling hand of science. Here was proof that the divine artist is always at work, conveying beauty to the eye and heart of man.

Surely, only a thoughtless, un-discerning person, or someone un-receptive to beauty in any form, would say there is nothing much to be seen on this island. It is noteworthy that first time visitors are lavish in their praises of the quiet scenery, adorned only by the colour that God gives it.

I myself have been in forty of the forty-eight States of the U.S. A. Each has its own peculiar attractions. But I would say that this Province can hold its own with the best of them. Moreover, it has one characteristic which the rest of the States do not have—invariably. This can sometimes be a disadvantage, but it can also be a blessing. It is my belief that this Province has not yet even begun to take its rightful place as a holiday resort. Its potentialities in this respect are immense. The officials responsible for making known our unique attractions are doing a good work with the facilities they have. Unfortunately, and I believe unwisely, these facilities are extremely limited, and they are backed by most inadequate financial resources. Perhaps another generation will see to it that their island is really marked on the Tourists' maps.

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