

THE GUARDIAN

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Changing Seasons

It has always seemed a pity that the great majority of our visitors should leave by Labour Day, although the opening of schools probably makes it inevitable. For those who remain and those who make a point of coming during the next few months there is a rich return.

Evenings are cool but autumn days in Prince Edward Island are incomparable. It is a poor soul indeed who does not feel a thrill when tramping over stubble fields or along the shore whether with gun in hand or merely walking for walking's sake. Distant farmhouses seem near though tiny and the smoke drifts quickly skyward. Colour there is aplenty, although the Island is far from alone in that.

Unlike spring when we all feel lazy after the long winter, autumn finds us keen to do things and go places.

Rockingham On Korea

Addressing a service club in Winnipeg recently, Brigadier Rockingham, former commander of the Canadian Infantry Brigade in Korea, had some words of warning for those who cherish the illusion that the languid war in Korea may continue indefinitely. The Chinese have built up massive artillery power, to which they are adding all the time. Brigadier Rockingham seemed quietly confident that the Reds could not achieve their objective of pushing the United Nations troops off the Korean peninsula should all-out fighting once again be resumed; but by the same token he gave no assurance of an early military victory by the United Nations.

Timely emphasis was placed on a fact which tends too frequently to be forgotten, namely, that the United Nations never entered Korea with the intention of unifying the entire country, north and south, by force of arms. It entered Korea in order to repel aggression, to establish a system of collective security in resistance to an armed Communist attack, to ensure the safety and rehabilitation of South Korea, and to prove by deeds to all the other menaced countries of Asia that they would not be seized one by one by Russia or her agents in aggression without the swift mobilization of aid from the western democracies. Judged by these tests, the Korean war, otherwise so disappointing, has marked one of the turning points of history and opened a new era in the defence of peace by collective action.

Traffic Kindergarten

Play is an excellent way of inculcating knowledge in children, and this maxim is being followed in Edmonton, Alberta, where a Traffic Kindergarten is being operated by the city's Recreation Commission. The "kindergarten" consists of a portable street intersection, complete with traffic lights, curbs, land markings and pedestrian crosswalks. The Council appoints a trained supervisor to direct its use in the city's playgrounds. The objective of the program is to fix certain basic traffic rules in the minds of children so that they will accept these rules as right and proper when they become a part of traffic on their bikes and, later on, when they begin to drive cars.

They are shown how to position their vehicles for left turns, for right turns, and for through traffic. They learn that the amber light, as well as the red, means stop and that pedestrians in crosswalks have right-of-way over vehicles. As pedestrians, they learn to remain on the curb until the light shows in their favor and then to watch for right- or left-turning vehicles. At the beginning of a session, the instructor demonstrates all these movements and then leads the whole class through in single file. Next step is to divide the class into two files and direct their movements from the sidelines, where he has a control switch for the lights. When the children seem ready, the orderly files are broken up and each vehicle is on its own. At first the confusion resembles a real intersection at a rush hour but, in a surprisingly short time, everyone learns his place and order prevails.

To sustain interest and prolong the session, a game is then started. A group is divided into two teams with crepe paper arm bands to distinguish the players. Policemen are chosen for each corner and a jail is established a little way off. Play proceeds as before but the police "arrest"

anyone committing a violation and cart the offender off to jail. The team with the least number in jail at the end of twenty minutes wins the contest.

Traffic Kindergarten is obviously not a pretentious effort, but the idea behind it is excellent, and it could be developed with modifications at comparatively little expense in every community. If in every such community it helped to reduce street accident tolls by even a small percentage it would be well worth while.

Paying The Bills

In Canada last year premiums paid on automobile insurance amounted to \$105,284,000, out of which the companies paid in claims \$65,259,000, a loss ratio of 61.98 per cent as compared to the 10-year loss of 53.61 per cent. The whole cost of doing business in the ten Provinces had to be met out of the remaining 40 millions—the paraphernalia on a national scale of agencies, offices, investigators—and it is not surprising that companies claim there is little if any profit in this branch of their business.

This points up the moral that repair bills for automobiles damaged in traffic accidents are not just the concern of the owners of the cars involved. The rates of automobile insurance are set by such incidents, and every insured driver feels, eventually, in his pockets, the effects of heavy and numerous claims. It must be expected, if the accident-rate continues, that insurance will cost more. Safer and saner driving is the only alternative to higher rates.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Great Britain has one store for every 68 1/2 people, a London Board of Trade survey showed, compared with one for every 107 people in Canada and one for every 131 in the United States.

The city of Ottawa, whose firemen have complained about vacancies in their ranks lasting as much as six months, has diverted unexpended salary to purchase a boiler for a fire station. Possibly the idea is to cool down the fire fighters by keeping them warm.

Albert, the Prince Consort to Queen Victoria, was born this date 1819. The cousins were married in 1840. Only after his death did the full value of the work he had done become apparent. He was greatly interested in science and art and the Great Exhibition of 1851 was due to his inspiration.

It is surprising to learn from a correspondent in the Vancouver News-Herald that it is Canadian customs and excise duties which make paper-bound editions of British books sell at more than 20 per cent higher prices here than in the United States. Shades of Empire preference!

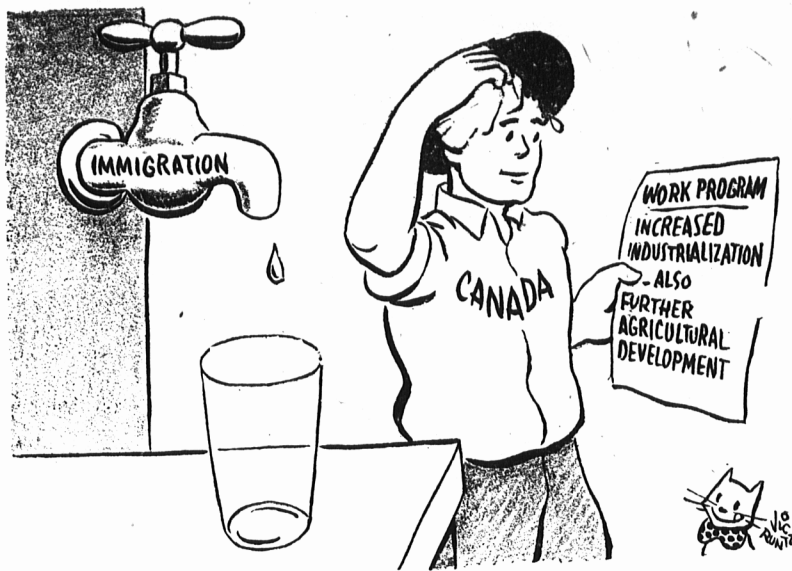
Russian industrial capacity continues to lag behind that of the United States and other countries. Commentators take comfort in the thought, despite the more drastic power available to the Communists to concentrate on war production. Such disregard for the consumer, however, would hardly rebound to the credit of the Soviet system.

Polygamy has declined in parts of French African possessions. Before the ladies are in too much of a hurry, however, to claim an advance for their sex it would be as well to look into some of the reasons behind the change. The Paris paper, Noir et Blanc, reports that an investigator came back with the explanation that the chiefs were beginning to realize that a tractor is better than 10 wives.

The R. C. N.'s Sikorsky H-04S helicopter made a record flight to Toronto recently from Dartmouth. The trip of 750 miles took 11 hours and 11 minutes with stops every 200 or 300 miles for fuel. This does not compare with the speed of other aircraft but it shows, as did a recent Atlantic crossing by American "egg-beaters", that these machines are not merely useful when available but can get to the spot when needed, under their own power.

Communist propaganda is now entering Canada through the mails from Czechoslovakia. The booklets would indicate that the Russians believe that the average Canadian will at least frown upon the savage tactics of the United Nations troops who are charged with wholesale destruction, arson, looting, rape, torture, mass murder, and the senseless execution of civilians. The booklets do reveal that if this is the type of propaganda to which the Russians themselves are subject, the average Russian Homo Sapiens must indeed be a sorry specimen. For this propaganda to be effective, the subject must be highly regimented, poorly educated, denied all comparative literature and information, extremely gullible, and broken to the whip.

Time For Another Invigorating Draught



Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

FIREMEN'S ACTIVITIES

Some interesting news of old-time Fire Brigade activities is contained in the report submitted at the annual meeting of the City Council on Jan. 10, 1881. A few years previously the fire bell known as "Big Donald" had become cracked and efforts made to repair it proved unsatisfactory. It was shipped back to Boston to be recast. The 1881 report notes that "the old cracked fire bell was sold for \$866.62, and a new bell was purchased and placed in the Market House tower for \$822.96; so that the transaction netted \$43.66 to the City treasury."

Reference is made in the report to the retirement of Lieut. Strickland from the command of the Sibley Company. "He took an active part in the service ever since the introduction of steam engines, embracing a period of fourteen years. On the importation of the Sibley engine in November, 1875, he was transferred from the Rebo and put in charge of that engine, and continued his services from that time to the present. At his request, Lieut. Hickey was appointed his successor and duly commissioned."

There is also reference to the death, Nov. 3, 1880, of James J. Hertz, a member of the Hook and Ladder Company, who was accidentally shot while on duty at rifle practice. As a tribute of respect, the whole Brigade attended the funeral solemnities.

In the preceding February it was thought proper that No. 2 Fire Company, located on Pownall Street, should be disbanded and their engine laid up in ordinary. The Board recommended that the plot of freehold occupied by that engine should be disposed of, the area being too confined and remote to be of any useful purpose. The other manual engines now in store have been offered for sale to the leading inhabitants of the several villages in the country at reasonable terms. No sale has been effected.

The Brigade answered fourteen calls during the year under review, the fire losses amounting to about \$10,345. "The steam fire engines were both out of repair; and having been repaired, their power became so much more effective that the hose broke under the increased pressure." A thousand feet more hose was consequently obtained.

The Poet's Corner

AS DAY BEGINS TO WANE

Encompassed by a thousand nameless fears, I see life's little day begin to wane, And hear the well-loved voices call me in vain. Across the narrowing margin of my years; And as the Valley of the Shadow nears, Such yearning tides of tenderness and pain Sweep over me that I can scarce restrain. The gathering flood of ineffectual tears. Yet there are moments when the shadows bring No sense of parting or approaching night. But, rather, all my soul seems broadening Before the dawn of unimagined light— As if within the heart a folded wing Were making ready for a wider flight.

—Helena Coleman.

The Age-Old Story

You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that you should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever you shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, who proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me.

Notes By The Way

An artist has ended a two-year contract painting South Australian railway stations a "fervent resonant blue," and now says he hates the color. Exactly the sentiments of Ottawa householders who have finished painting their houses the colors they liked in the Spring.—Ottawa Journal.

It is traditional for English missionaries to be eaten, but Rev. Eric Robinson, a Methodist missionary from that country, has suffered a somewhat different fate. The Daily Telegraph, London, reports in a regrettable brief dispatch from Colombo that Mr. Robinson "took part in a Hindu fire-walking ceremony in a South Ceylon jungle," and is now in a nursing home with blistered feet.—Toronto Globe and Mail.

The Pashas of Egypt were originally purely military—as for that matter were also the medieval orders of chivalry of the West—and were graded according to the military rank of the holder and the number of horses' tails that he was consequently permitted to display. The highest rank was the Pasha of Three Tails, and the Pasha of Two Tails must have felt something like the ladies to whom the Turkish government used to award the Order of Chastity of the Second Class.—Saturday Night.

William Hall, buried at Hantsport, N. S., a Negro, brought the first naval Victoria Cross to Canada. His comrades dead or wounded continued to fire a gun at a wall near Lucknow in the Indian Mutiny in 1857. His citation said: "Finally, in one of the most supreme moments in all the age-long story of human courage, Hall fired the charge which opened the walls and enabled the British to push through to the relief of the garrison and ultimately to the quelling of the mutiny and the restoration of peace and order in India.—Brandon Sun.

There has been no more welcome guest in our harbor's waters this year than the spanking new Dutch liner, Maasdam. We are happy to welcome her, and not only as an evidence of the industrious vigor with which Holland is going about enlarging her place in the world's business and rebuilding the damage done by the war. Her off-route visit here was made in tribute to the friendship between our two countries, a friendship of long standing bolstered by the part Canada was able to play in freeing Holland from the trials of occupation. May the Maasdam long ply the Atlantic in peace if not in calm like that of her maiden voyage.—Montreal Star.

Science and mechanization are having some unexpected results in darkest Africa. According to the Paris newspaper Noir et Blanc, polygamy has declined in parts of the French African dominions where modern methods of agriculture have been introduced. An investigator who asked the local chiefs for an explanation of the trend to smaller harems received the reply: "We have realized that a tractor is better than 10 wives." This is almost as unromantic as the reason given by some travelers for the virtual disappearance of cannibalism in most parts of the

South Seas—not lack of missionary, or better law and order, but the introduction of canned beef.—Edmonton Journal.

It is very easy to establish a habit. With a few repetitions of one form of speech or action, the process is well under way. But it is, of course, not nearly so easy to uproot a habit that has already taken firm hold. The man on the street, as well as the man who is in the higher echelons of public affairs, is now going to be required to drop one habit of speech and replace it with another. The one that is to be dropped has been well established through constant use over a period of some eleven years. The world at large must now learn to apply a new title to an old friend. General Eisenhower will, in the future, be known as just plain mister.—Montreal Gazette.

The Peking Man

(Hamilton Spectator)

A man, or rather a composite skeleton of a man, disappeared one night in China just before the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbour. And now the Communists, who hold sway where the missing one walked warily 500,000 years ago, are charging the United States with his kidnapping. The story begins in 1927 when a fossilized fragment of a human skeleton was found in cave deposits, believed to be more than 500,000 years old, at Choukoutien, near Peking. From the solitary fragment, a young Canadian professor of anatomy, at the Peking Medical College, Davidson Black, established one of man's most remote ancestors, the neanderthal, or Chinese Man of Peking.

When the Japanese occupied Peking in 1937, they launched an intensive search for the priceless bones, but the college's faculty guarded them well. Just before the attack on Pearl Harbour, the Chinese and Americans tried to smuggle them out of China. The bones were placed on a train carrying U. S. Marines from Peking on December 5, 1941. Two days later, the train arrived at Tientsin, and it was at this point that the fascinating mystery of the vanished bones began.

Some hold the belief that the baggage train was looted by Jap troops before it arrived at Tientsin, that that the packing cases were smashed open and the bones scattered along the right of way. Others say they were loaded on a lighter at Tientsin which capsized sending them to the bottom or drifting away. A frenzied world war had little time for a man who dwelt upon it half a million years before and Sinanthropus pekinesis was forgotten by most. The Chinese Communists, however, probably because the missing bones were a handy propaganda device, recently began to charge that the Peking Man had arrived in the United States and was in the New York Museum of Natural History. Museum officials have denied the charge. Uncertainly, mystery and speculation, then, swirl about those fabulous bones. One thing, however, is certain: Man's recent "progress" is hardly an indication that the Peking Man will be greeted by a more peaceful world than the twentieth century's even though he wait another 500,000 to reappear.

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The Passing Scene

By Observer INTER-BORDER REFLECTIONS "Are you planning to take any trip across with you?" I recently asked an American friend who had been spending a few days on the Island. "Why, yes," he said, "I'm going to take a few of those good Canadian cigarettes. You just can't beat them. They cost a lot more than ours but for my money they are worth it." Many will recognize this attitude as an old trend in reverse, for I suppose almost every Canadian who visits the United States thinks he is breaking one of the tourists' essential commandments if he fails to bring back a few packages of "good American cigarettes." And for the watchful eye and meddling ways of border officials many would bring back enough to last them a year. What kind of quirk is involved here I am not prepared to say but I do know it is very common both sides of the border. Perhaps it constitutes one of the reasons why there is no need for guns at our common boundary lines, for there is nothing like a good psychological absurdity to keep people friendly.

Nor is this quirk, absurdity, idiosyncrasy, or whatever the proper name may be, confined to such trivial things as cigarettes. There is apparently scarcely anything that does not come in some measure under its influence. Here in Canada we complain a good deal about our winter weather. This is a special pastime of P. E. Islanders in spite of the fact that we have the mildest winter this side of British Columbia. As soon as the first snow flies almost everybody becomes envious of folk who are fortunate enough to live, move, and have their being in the Sunny South. Many people who can afford the time and expense hurry off to Florida or California, "nor cast one longing, lingering look behind." Others would like nothing better than to follow them in haste, but their jobs, their responsibilities, or the paucity of their finances keep them back to shiver in the cold blasts of winter.

If one were directed by the sentiments of Northerners one would be forced to the conclusion that Floridians and Californians are already enjoying the Elysian benefits of the best. Their advertising booklets tell somewhat the same story. If, however, you happen to get into a heart to heart talk with many private citizens of these States, you soon discover that continuous sunshine has its critics as well as its staunch admirers.

Here I recall a friend with whom I fished for black bass on Lake Ochlocknee in the Everglades section of Florida. It was in late November and the mosquitoes were just beginning their second semester in human torment. The bass were responding so well that we caught out limit in a few minutes. It was simply a matter of casting and reeling in. The fish put up resistance whatever. In fact, they

seemed delighted to be dragged out of the tepid water, and "Now if we were only in Northern Michigan or Minnesota," said my companion, "there would be some sport to this," and I was bound to agree with him. Then I went on to praise the delights of a northern winter. How lucky I was, he reminded me, to be able to share in these delights. The absence of monotonous sameness, the joy of coming from the frosty out-doors into the warmth of the bright fire-place, the ecstasy of gliding over snow covered roads to the accompaniment of sleigh bells, the luxury of being able to sleep under blankets without fear of what humidity might do to your body and soul. These things he remembered from his childhood before he came with his parents to the Sunshine State. "If ever I can afford to retire," he told me, "I'm going as far North in Canada as the railway will take me. I'm still hoping that some day I will see some real old-fashioned winters."

Whatever Californians may say Florida is a beautiful State. And Floridians view to the contrary, California is equally beautiful. But thousands of year-round residents in both regions will tell you in confidence that neither indicates the ideal dwelling place.

The fact seems to be that, climatically and geographically, as well as in the desires of his appetites, man is not destined to find perfection. It is always a little farther on from where he stands. Canadians generally believe that the United States has the highest standard of living in the world. World statisticians agree with this view and it is also the corporate belief of Americans themselves. Still, it is not at all difficult to come across individuals among them who take it to be a myth. "Canada is the place for good living," they will tell their friends and neighbors and cite all manner of "facts and figures" to prove it.

Most of the "facts" are probably vacation hang-overs and many of the figures would scarcely stand up under critical examination, but together they make a good story. As for the dramatic as well as the given top place in the claims of any country, we are constantly being told that Canada has far behind the U. S. A. Whether or not this be so can be competently argued only by the experts. I do know, however, that many of these "fact-creers in the U. S. A. do not agree with the common Canadian view. Time and time again I have been told by Americans: "If you want to see a really good play or enjoy a first-class concert you just have to go to Toronto."

Why Toronto especially? I am sure I can't say, unless it be that to many Americans Toronto is Canada. Incidentally, the further South you go the more likely you are to run into the strange concept of Canadian geography. It is probable that the extreme heat has something to do with it.

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