

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, MAY 9, 1953

VE Day

This is the eighth anniversary of the end of the war against Nazi Germany. Tomorrow services and parades will be held in many parts of the world, including this Province, to commemorate the sacrifice of those who gave their lives in that struggle against aggression.

It is well to recall the sacrifice which so many young men, and young women, too, made a decade ago. They belonged to a cynical generation. They had no illusions about the glory of war or of a wonderful age that it would usher in.

They succeeded in their aim. The world did not fall under the Dictator's heel and their successors are free to work and plan for a better civilization. Their successors, too, have met another challenge which could have undone the gallant defence of freedom.

Lesson From Ontario

It is not necessary to go outside our own provincial highway accident record for reasons for commending the Government's new traffic program and urging its full support by the public. But the annual statistics covering motor vehicle accidents in Ontario, just released in the form of an official document from the Ontario Department of Highways, show how necessary safety measures have become.

Nearly all of them (51,639) happened on paved road; and 36,493 were on dry surface against only 11,199 on wet surface. There were approximately as many accidents on straight roads (15,137) as at intersections (15,753). Also, the majority (33,665) happened in daylight.

So material hazards were a lesser quantity; the overwhelming cause of accidents lay in drivers themselves. Here the statistics carry a few salutary indictments: "speed too fast for road or traffic conditions" was No. 1 cause with 3,876 drivers in that category; 3,719 did not have the right of way; 2,144 were on the wrong side of the road; 2,634 drove off the roadway.

An analysis of these figures will show that in general they parallel the situation here and in other Provinces—a situation brought about by the failure to keep abreast, in safety precautions, of the tremendous increase in motor traffic. If the regulations now in effect in Prince Edward Island are given wholehearted co-operation by our citizens, we may yet enjoy the privilege and advantage of leading all Canada in restoring the balance and reducing our highway casualty toll to saner proportions.

Solar Energy

Localities which are not blessed with adequate resources of coal or water power have been looking forward to the day when atomic energy will be available on a commercial basis. There is, in addition, another source of energy which may well become important in future.

Only a tiny proportion of the heat radiated in all directions by the sun reaches the earth, but this quantity, in human terms, is enormous. It has been calculated, for example, that it is as much as would be produced by burning 50,000 times the amount of coal which is mined each year—or enough in one year to melt a layer of 90 feet thick, covering the entire globe.

For thousands of years, comments UNESCO Features, men have dreamed of harnessing this power. Plutarch mentioned the problem, and we know it also pre-occupied Archimedes. Modern attempts to utilize solar energy directly began with the construction by Buffon in the 18th century of a huge mirror designed to focus the sun's rays on a single point.

It is now possible to report that research has passed beyond the laboratory phase and that we can look forward with confidence to practical industrial use of the sun's heat. The biggest installation in the world for this purpose, supervised by Professor Felix Trombe, is in the little village of Mont Louis in the French Pyrenees. This consists of two large mirrors facing each other. The first of these is a flat rectangular reflector 42 feet long, mounted on bearings and turned constantly by a motor to follow the sun throughout the day.

This procedure presents enormous advantages. Not only does it produce high temperatures, at no cost in fuel, but it creates these temperatures in the form of pure, radiant heat. Other industrial ovens, using coal, oil or electricity result in undesirable fumes and other combustion products and, in some cases, particles from the lining of the oven. Such impurities are sometimes incorporated into the substances being heated, seriously impairing the quality of the finished product.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Tomorrow, Mother's Day.

Memorial Day church parade, tomorrow.

Tomorrow, 5th Sunday after Easter, Rogation Sunday.

A decidedly encouraging announcement is the statement by the City assessor that he has never raised the assessed value of a property because it was cleaned up or painted, nor does he intend to.

The National Beautification Campaign next week comes a little late to interest Islanders in entering the Rural Beautification Contest but it should encourage those who have entered to put their best foot forward to make a good showing. Charlottetown is expected to observe the following week.

The tightened traffic regulations announced by Attorney-General Walter E. Darby should make for easier as well as safer driving. It can be very nerve-wracking indeed to have to counter a series of unexpected and dangerous moves by users of the highway.

The formal ratification of the German surrender took place in Berlin this date 1945. When the advancing western Allies had reached the Elbe they were ordered to halt, evidently in order not to encroach on a sphere already earmarked for the Russians. The Russians captured Vienna April 13 and met American troops on the Elbe on April 25. The final German stand was in Berlin. The surrender of Japan followed on Sept. 12, at Singapore.

Charlottetown citizens have been asked to co-operate with the City Council and Community Planning Association in improving the appearance of the city. We should be as particular about not throwing waste paper and other things to clutter up the streets for our own enjoyment as for the sake of making a favorable impression on visitors. The coming tourist season does, however, give an extra impetus to the urge for community-wide Spring cleaning.

A new road map of Prince Edward Island, published by the Travel Bureau, has the new route numbers for the various highways, and indicates recent extensions of pavement. A great deal of information is attractively presented. Surprisingly, however, two level crossings are shown between Travellers Rest and Kensington which have been eliminated by the Department of Public Works and Highways.

Kitchen Coronation



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.

MOTHERS' DAY

Sir:—Once more the drudgery of winter has gone and as we move along this glorious month of May once more we see and hear about Mother's Day. I, as one who for the twenty-sixth year has been trying to picture mother as she really is, admit I have failed in what I would like to see her pictured, and I am sure all mothers are as dear to their own as mine.

I learn from her again the lesson so often taught me, to see God, in this lovely month of May, to see Him in the flowers, to see Him in everything; to learn again to be meek and kind to others, to be honest and faithful to the end of the journey over the stormy sea of life. To me she is the one we can go back to when all others fail us. Nothing can kill a mother's love, not even the roaring sea can quench the burning love of a mother's heart for her children.

The Poet's Corner

"THIS MESS WE'RE IN"

This mess we're in: it tops the lists Of subjects for psychiatrists. The laymen and the ministers, The bachelors and the spinsters, The barbers and the pessimists, The taximen and optimists, The politicians and the wags— And often serves for corny gags.

It's dished up at the Country Club And hic-coughed at the lowly pub. Comedians give it a twist; It's welcomed by the fatalist. They gesture through their diagnoses To prove we're going to the dogs; Their tears well up as each portrays The blessings of the good old days.

Adam grew old and weak and thin Fretting about "this mess we're in". For many days old Noah heaved And backed and sawed and pegged and stewed, And frowned on all with deep chagrin Because of the mess they were in. Moses oft heard his flock apply The same old sorry, dog-eared cry.

Since those far days of ancient creed, Each generation has agreed Their era saw the sore distress Of mankind in its deepest mess. The world would soon come to an end Too horrible to comprehend. They all joined in long, loud hoorays For life back in the good old days.

Grandfather lived to ninety-eight With grave misgivings for the fate Of future generations' lot— The universe had gone to pot! He whose life is destined to be In fifty hundred-fifty three, Will hear the sad and doleful din We hear today: "This mess we're in". —S. Barlow Bird, Freetown, P.E.I.

The Age Old Story

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is in part shall be done away... For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

A few days ago we read of the joy of two mothers who were told more than a year ago their only son were killed in the war only to find out a few days ago they were alive; their joy not even they themselves could describe. As I write these lines tonight I think with sorrow of the scores of mothers who are neglected and abused by their very own. But now Mother's Day is here; let us all turn to that dear soul no matter where she is, no matter what she is doing, no matter if she is alive or dead; through her who I am here. Remember her now. In another year so many more mothers will have gone, like mine, to their eternal reward; and standing at her grave with wet eyes will not bring her back. The door of life closes behind us once more forever. Tomorrow is Mother's Day; and, mothers everywhere, for the twenty-sixth time I salute you and honor you as mothers on this your day.

I am Sir! etc., Walter A. O'Brien, Morrell, P.E.I.

MOTHER'S LOVE

Sir:—Mother's Day being here we wish to pay our everyday sentiment of high respect to woman and motherhood. It is something unforgettable to keep a vigil in life of what is good, true and beautiful. "The heavens declare the glory of God." The earth proclaims the nobility of womanhood. Noble indeed are the mothers who mould the characters of the little men and women who are to be the leaders in succeeding generations. But for mothers' co-operation in child-building the human race would revert to barbarism.

Men in all walks of life abound in loving reference to their mothers. Out of hundreds we herewith present a few: "One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters." —George Herbert. "All that I am my mother made me." John Quincy Adams. "Men are what their mothers made them." —Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall; A mother's hope outlives them all." —Oliver Wendell Holmes. A mother's love begins before her child is born; it lives in every pulsation of the child's heart, in every drop of its blood and after birth even unto death. It is the child's first impressions, first thoughts, first lessons in life come from the mother. Its first words are caught from a mother's loving lips. Good mothers are blossoms of hope in God's earthly garden. A child's life is a blossoming example of affection, of what man hopes his heaven will be like. Indeed, the promise of what a man is to be is contained as in a golden vessel in a mother's soul.

In the following words Longfellow describes the Son of the World's concern for His most glorious mother: "Even He who died on the Cross, in the last hour, in the unutterable agony of death, was mindful of His mother, as if to teach us that this holy love should be our last worldly thought—the last point of earth from which the soul would take its flight for heaven." History records the deeds of great men. Little is known of the mothers who started these sons on the road to high recognition. Left to pagan legend the founding heroes were suckled by a she-wolf or other wild animal. Christianity in the fullest of time gave motherhood the dignity it deserved. History tells us little about the mothers of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle; of Homer,

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

FIRE ENGINE ORDERED

"A letter has been received by Mr. J. O. Nantes, chairman of the Pump and Well Assessors of Charlottetown, from David Macgill, Esq., Dumfries, in which that gentleman states that as far back as the 5th July last he had entered into a contract with Messrs. James Sleight & Co., engineers to the Highland Society of Scotland, for the construction of a fire engine, of a very superior description, for the use of this town.

The engine has two 7-inch brass working barrels and copper air vessel, oak cistern, etc., also 80 feet 2 1/2 inch leather, riveted nose-pipe, 20 feet suction-pipe, two brass jet-pipes, etc.—the whole to be furnished in a complete working state, equal in all respects to those of the Edinburgh Fire Establishment, for the sum of £100 Sterling.

The engine was to have been delivered on or before the 7th of September, but owing to various circumstances the contractor had been unable to fulfil this part of his agreement. When Mr. Macgill wrote, the engine was nearly ready for shipment, and he was waiting for further instructions on the subject. The Assessors have, we believe, directed Mr. Macgill to send out the engine by the first vessel which may offer next Spring, direct for this port."

—Colonial Herald, Nov. 12, 1842.

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The Passing Scene

By Observer

MOTHER'S DAY THOUGHTS

Henry Ward Beecher, the noted 19th century preacher, said in one of his addresses: "When God thought of mother He must have framed it quickly, so rich, so deep, so divine, so full of soul, power and beauty, was the conception". He was probably thinking specifically of his own mother, for it is a fact that men who have reached great distinction have generally lavished praise on their mothers.

The poet Coleridge said that a mother was "the holiest thing alive". John Quincy Adams, one time American president, is quoted as saying: "All that I am my mother made me." And the great Lincoln once remarked: "No man is poor who has had a godly mother."

It would be easy enough for the cynic to find sentimental traces in all such testimonials. For that matter, there is a sentimental touch in every human relationship. But testimonials like the few I have quoted do reveal something of the wide and far reaching influence for good that the mothers of our race have exercised and are now exercising in the living story of humanity.

It must be admitted that not all the influence of mothers as recorded in history and literature has been good and ennobling. In the Biblical story the mother of Esau and Jacob was noted more for a scheming temperament than for a self-sacrificing spirit which seems, usually, to belong to motherhood. The mother of Shakespeare's Hamlet was not a particularly noble soul. In fact, she was of such a character as to make her son exclaim: "Fratricide, thy name is woman; 'No doubt, there have been mothers of that type in real life as well as in fiction. But these and other instances to the contrary, the word

Dante and Shakespeare; of Michelangelo or Mozart; of Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, Poch and Eisenhower. It is but another example of selfish acclaim in a mother's devotion to duty.

In his lust for political power Napoleon was a ruthless dictator. Yet where his political ambition was not involved he was capable of shrewd observations on society. He said: "The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother." And again: "France needs nothing so much to promote her regeneration as good mothers."

To me, more beautiful than the most glorious sunset is the face of a loving mother. "What is a mother's love? A noble, pure and tender flame Enkindled from above. To bless the heart of earthly mould, The warmest love that can't grow cold: This is a mother's love." I am, Sir, etc., J.P.M. Charlottetown.

While on Mother's Day we pay due respect and honour to mothers the world over, the great and the humble, it is fitting, too, to think with devotion of the great mother of all—the Earth, whence we came and wither we go.

"The common growth of Mother Earth," wrote Wordsworth, "suffices me—her tears, her mirth, her humblest mirrins and tears". Most of us, in our prosaic manners and vision, see only the mirrins. The tears are hidden from us. How loving, true, and faithful, Mother Earth is! Like all mothers of worth she gives and gives and gives. It is a pity and it is a tragedy that we so often careen of her treasures and unmindful of her benevolence. Man cannot for ever exploit the good gifts of nature without bringing upon himself the penalty of guilt.

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