

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, DEC. 20, 1952

Christmas - Tide

A notable contrast between the celebration of Christmas and the New Year is that while the big city seems to have great advantages for the latter, the tiniest community is far superior for celebrating Christmas.

On the farm, in particular, this is the perfect time of year. The fields are covered with a clean white blanket which has not yet become a problem for those who are trying to keep roads and lanes open.

In town and country there is a feeling of good will which is far more important than differences of detail in celebrating the Christmas season. The cheery, "Merry Christmas", or more thoughtful, "Happy Christmas", are exchanged by all and an atmosphere of friendliness prevails which make the wishes expressed real and heartfelt although repeated again and again in unchanged form.

The Farmer's Side

A delegation from the steelworkers' union met cabinet ministers in Ottawa to ask aid for the farm machinery industry, complaining of drastic lay-offs in the large plants due to lack of orders.

Apparently, says the Ottawa Journal, there was no mention of what appears an obvious explanation of sales resistance in this particular industry. It is that a lot of Canadian farmers lack the money this year with which to buy new machinery.

"The agricultural economy of Eastern Canada centres around dairying and the production of meat animals," adds The Journal. "Due to the U. S. embargo resulting from foot-and-mouth disease and to lower meat prices throughout America, Eastern farmers lost millions of dollars this year, in comparison with the record high income of 1951."

"Consumers, and union members who work in farm machinery plants are among them, have been in recent years complaining about high food prices. Now these are lower. Industry should not expect ever-increasing wages and cheap food at the same time."

Operations In Labrador

The vast scale of the operations in Labrador in connection with development of the iron ore deposits is indicated in an article and photographs dealing with the construction of the railway which will eventually convey this natural wealth to the world's steel plants.

confronted such undertakings formerly, however, notes the St. John's Telegram, the work proceeds under very different circumstances. Better clothed and fed to face climatic conditions, the workmen are not exposed to the same hardships.

It is news to learn that in addition to the Canadians from the mainland and from Newfoundland, there are engaged in the construction of the railway nations from almost every country in Europe as well as from other parts of the world. How the problem of overcoming the language difficulty is solved in what might be regarded as a modern Tower of Babel is not explained, but this does not appear to offer any great handicap.

Here, too, in the depths of what was long spoken of as Newfoundland's dependency, and by some regarded as a liability, is being brought to pass development which will materially affect the economic life of the country. The extent of the iron ore deposits is almost beyond estimate.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Ember Day. Tomorrow, 4th Sunday in Advent.

Tomorrow is the shortest day, although the sun has been setting later for some days and will continue for a while to rise later. Winter begins at 5:44 p.m.

We had to wait considerably longer than parts of California and other places but Prince Edward Islanders are also enjoying seasonable Christmas weather in time to get in the mood for the festive season.

At this season the Post Office staff, aided by numerous temporary workers, is coping with a vast flood of Christmas mail. Their success in an individual parcel buried in that mass of letters and packages may mean a happy Christmas or one of disappointment for someone.

So many letters are addressed to "Santa Claus, Norway" that postal authorities in Oslo arranged to turn this mail over to the Norwegian Travel Association, which maintains a regular "Santa Claus Service."

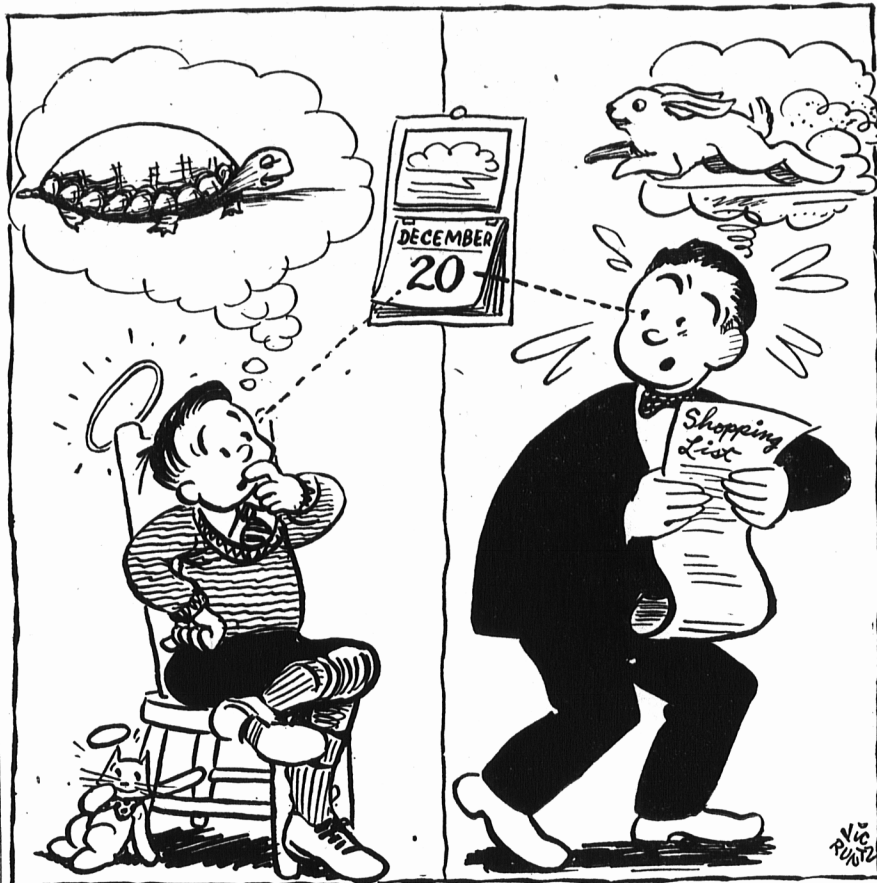
The closing last Thursday of the port of Montreal for the winter is probably the best Christmas gift Halifax and Saint John looked for. The Maritime ports have already been busy, of course, with the traffic which did not head up the river during the past few weeks.

Lights are appearing all over the City and Towns to help give a Christmas air to our communities. Services, choir practice and other activities result in beautiful church windows being seen much more than usual. It would be well worth while if the churches would remain lighted even when no special activity is going on during the Christmas season.

Robert Gordon Menzies, Australian statesman and lawyer, was born this date 1894. After serving as Attorney-general, minister of railways and deputy premier of Victoria, he became attorney-general of Australia from 1935-1939. Then he became Prime Minister, leading the United Australia party, and controlled the war effort until 1941 when a Labour government took over. He became Prime Minister again in December, 1949.

A museum can be a profitable investment if the subject is of sufficient interest. After the Thor Heyderdahl expedition to the Polynesian Islands on the primitive balsa raft Kon Tiki, the Norwegian Government established a museum in Oslo, displaying the famous raft. With profits from the museum a scholarship worth \$700 will be awarded for ethnographical studies, preferably in connection with the problems of the Kon Tiki expedition.

Just Before Christmas



Notes From Another Island

LONDON, England.—We can fly faster than the speed of sound, and we can send radar signals to the moon; we can make a machine that will give us the answer to a fearfully complicated mathematical problem in less time than it takes you or me to take out pencil and paper; and, of course, we can split the atom.

From time to time the scientific ego receives something of a knock. Such an occasion came recently—and doubtless will return before the winter is through—when London and a large area of the surrounding country as well as other parts of England lay shrouded in dense fog. Thus it was that whilst a giant air liner might come across the Atlantic in a few hours in total darkness, with never a suggestion that it might get lost, nothing yet devised by human brains could get it down to earth with safety at London airport.

So inevitably we find ourselves faced with the problem of what ails it to span the globe at hundreds of miles an hour, if at times like our recent foggy weekend, it remains an adventure fraught with excitement even to walk to the end of the street? Looking at it in that light one can see the whimsicality of the situation. Those among us who, being of a philosophical turn of mind, can bear with the annoyance and discomfort, may even derive some sort of sardonic amusement from the seeming impotence of the scientists to whom it is natural to look for the solution to the problem. But it is not really very funny.

The London fog costs money by clogging the wheels of industry, commerce and pleasure. It also costs life; many people, especially the elderly, find the fog getting into their throats and lungs with consequences often fatal. For the London fog is dirty; after our latest encounter with it, it was behind us on a scale of several tons per square mile. Housewives needed no telling about this; the evidence was all too plain, in the extra house-cleaning that was necessary and in the linen that looked as if it would never come clean again.

It is an invader difficult to keep out of heart and home, this London fog; it creeps in everywhere, grey and dank, until there is almost as little comfort indoors as out. And not the least infuriating thing about it seems to be that it has its own way with us; it will go away only when it chooses. Science remains silent on the matter of a cure, in the way that science has, perhaps the experts are working on it, if they have any time to spare from their other pursuits. At least newspaper—and public—comment has made it plain to them that for all the wonders that they have so far wrought here is something that demands their urgent attention.

Royalty On Stamps

Portraits of Prince Charles and Princess Anne grace this year's issue of "Health" stamps from New Zealand. Effectively reproduced in photogravure, the baby Princess appears on the 1½d. stamp, in red (sold at a premium of ½d. in aid of Children's Health Camps), while the 3d. brown (premium 1d.) has an up-to-date likeness of the young Duke of Cornwall. This is Prince Charles' second appearance on these annual postage-cum-charity stamps of the Dominion, the first being two years ago, when he was portrayed seated years of age.

Notes By The Way

A photograph of the moon, "a close-up" taken through the giant 200-inch telescope on Mt. Palomar, is now being displayed. Prospective picnic parties awaiting the first rocket passenger service will now have a better idea what the satellite looks like. Maybe they won't be so eager to go. —Ottawa Citizen.

Britons bathe less than twice weekly on the average, says the government's department of scientific and industrial research. About eight per cent of the nation gets a scrubbing five times or more a week but over half the population enjoys a tub or shower less than once weekly. The researchers claim the British really want about three baths weekly but lack enough hot water. —Wall Street Journal.

To refer to Oslo, Italy, will no longer be an example of ignorance or carelessness, with completion of a village now being built near Rovigo, in the Province of Venezia. The village bearing that name will consist of pre-fabricated houses from Norway, bought with contributions to the Norwegian Red Cross, following disastrous floods in the Po Valley. —UNESCO Bulletin.

A Quebec City alderman is enraged at a column by Maurice Richard of Les Canadiens reflecting on the sportsmanship of Quebec City hockey fans. The piece appeared in a Montreal paper, and the alderman is reported as saying that if Mayor Houde had known about its publication, "tries like the freedom of the press, don't seem to worry this public servant." —Ottawa Citizen.

As an antidote to pessimism about the future of humanity, consider the case of the two British scientists who have gone to West Africa to conquer a deadly river fly which is the scourge of the native inhabitants. Dr. Frederick C. Rodger, 36 years of age, is an eye surgeon; his companion, Dr. Geoffrey Crisp, only twenty-six, is an entomologist. Of their own accord, they are vanishing into the obscurity of the West African wilds for three years to save thousands of unknown natives from blindness. —Edmonton Journal.

So the Prague trial is not entirely a comedy; rather it may well mark the beginning of major tragedy as the Kremlin swings further toward anti-Semitism masked as anti-Zionism. For Slansky and his co-defendants, their real crimes as Stalin's executioners make them as worthy of condemnation as are their prosecutors, with whom they worked hand in glove only a year or two ago. But well over 2,000,000 Jews live in Stalin's empire, and this latest evidence that Stalin can emulate Hitler bodes ill indeed for these helpless people, so terribly conveniently located to become the scapegoats for Communist misrule. —From New York Times.

Saskatchewan's Premier Douglas recently appointed two more

cabinet ministers, bringing the total strength of the cabinet to fourteen. One of the two will be minister of telephones and also in charge of two or three government offices. The other will be provincial secretary, a job with practically no duties, and also in charge of publicity and parks branches. The size of the cabinet is becoming just a little bit ridiculous. —Calgary Albertan.

Suppose we decide to embark on a nation-wide health insurance scheme, now, and make arrangements to find money for it, we should be stymied because of the lack of personnel and physical equipment. We have not the hospitals, we have not the machinery, we have not the nurses or the doctors or the therapists or the facilities for training them. To get this personnel and these physical necessities should be a first step. But it should be a planned step. Though this is not an appropriate time to inaugurate a health insurance scheme it is the time to be thinking about it and preparing the blueprints. —Vancouver Province.

The powerful carpenters' union of this province has shown wisdom and an understanding of its responsibilities in refusing at this time to go after the 30-hour week. There had been some talk that it would, but its leaders evidently came to the conclusion that to do so would be to deal a crippling blow to our present economy. The 30-hour work week will come in time, but surely that time is not now. This generation has a responsibility to the future, as past generations had a responsibility to us—mostly they fulfilled it by working hard for British Columbia. —Vancouver News-Herald.

The Poet's Corner

SONG IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

He that is down, needs fear no fall; He that is low, no pride; He that is humble, ever shall Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have, Little be it, or much; And, Lord, contentment still I crave, Because Thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is That go on pilgrimage; Here little, and hereafter bliss, Is best from age to age. —John Bunyan.

The Age-Old Story

And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn... And when the days of her purification according to the law of Moses were accomplished, they brought him to Jerusalem, to present him to the Lord... And when they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth... And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.

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The Passing Scene

By Observer

IN PRAISE OF LEISURE

Is it morally practicable to sing the praises of work and of leisure at one and the same time? Certainly. The one is complementary to the other. Indeed, one is necessary to the other. No man can work intelligently—whether it be pushing a wheelbarrow or making a symphony—who does not find time for silent reflection. And I am sure it is equally true that no man can engage in honest reflection (or meditation which means much the same thing) unless he knows what it is to work and work hard.

I have already suggested in another article that there are people who look upon work, especially the physical kind, as a necessary inconvenience. There are also people—a great many of them—who are so busy doing things that they cannot think of leisure in any kind of way. In fact, they see no sense in it. The chronic idler is, of course, a nuisance to himself and to society, but the man who plans both his work and leisure intelligently is to be honoured as a public benefactor.

To be leisurely in a reflective sense as distinct from the playful sense (which also has its place) means to be absolutely silent. Now it is unfortunately true that most people are literally afraid to be silent. And, like badly trained children, they have a terror of being alone. Yet, if the records were searched, I believe they would reveal that many of the bright things in history were brought about by those who knew how to take advantage of deep solitude. In silence—perhaps for only five minutes a day—one finds the strength to cope with problems that speak out very loudly, or at least gets to know more accurately what one's problems really are. In systematic loneliness one is fortified for mingling with the crowd in reflection one is more likely to see life as it is.

It is noteworthy that all the great world religions have allotted time and space in their liturgies and formulas for silence. My knowledge of Buddhists and Hindus or any other non-Christian religions is necessarily second hand. I know only what I have been able to read about them. But so far as Christians are concerned it seems fairly clear that only a few here and there have been well trained in the art of systematic silence. So far as I know, only the Quakers have traditionally and normally used silence as a real spiritual aid to the practice of religion and report has it that even they are gradually losing their hold on it. One can speak only for oneself in a matter like this but I am frank to say that one of the richest experiences in my life was when I sat down, by invitation, at an old-fashioned Quaker meeting which was part of an anniversary celebration of a college which had been founded by that group.

There were, of course, the usual speeches which one expects at a gathering of that nature. But the distinctive highlight and one which I shall remember always was the long period of silence during which the crowd that filled the large auditorium waited and waited and waited for what Quakers call the "Voice of the Spirit". Being unaccustomed to such discipline I first found the silent period a bit wearying. But as the minutes passed I began to feel that here was something these people had cultivated as a pure, healing art. Among the distinguished people on the platform was the great Rufus Jones, then well up in his eighties, one of the really profound scholars and mystics of our time. I recall wondering how much the art of silence, which he had cultivated so richly, had contributed to his sanctity and to his usefulness in a noisy world. No one could gauge it, of course, but it must have been considerable.

One of the bright pieces of news, recently reported, among many alarming and depressing ones, tells of a group of workmen (whose lives are not important) who once a month meet together for a whole day of intensive silence. Included in the group are factory workers, miners, mechanics, carpenters, and others who make their livings by working with their hands. They eat together in silence and sit around a common room in silence. There is no recreational play, no pep talks. Apparently, the only reason for meeting in group is to emphasize the fact that systematic silence can have a social content and significance. And of course it can. Silence can be shared as well as anything else and being alone, which is the normally essential mark of solitude, does not always and necessarily mean going into a corner by oneself.

A man who goes apart and reads, for example, is not alone by any means. If he is reading anything worthwhile he is in good company and he may be in distinguished company. And the oft-repeated assertion that Times Square, New York, with its hurrying thousands, can be the loneliest spot on earth is undoubtedly true. Statistics will not reveal how much better these workmen are for their adventures in silence but I expect they themselves would testify to much good.

A farmer I know told me the other day he is so busy he hardly has time for his meals. Poor man! I had almost written "poor foolish man", but that wouldn't be fair. He isn't foolish. Like many, many others in all walks of life he just hasn't been trained in the philosophy of work. Probably he is unaware that every human avocation, including his own, has need for silence somewhere or other in the day's routine. I would go so far as to say that farmers, regardless of how busy they happen to be at any particular time, need a time of silence more urgently than any other class of men, for the simple reason that they have more really fundamental things to think about.

Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. L.)

SKATING MARATHON

"The Skating Tournament at the Rink last evening attracted a large audience. Five contestants entered viz.: Messrs Moore, DesBrisay, Doyle, Baldwin, and Johnson. It was expected that several others would enter but unforeseen causes prevented them. The contestants were started at about a quarter past eight. They went off very leisurely. No one seemed inclined to force a regular pace with the exception of Mr. Doyle who rapidly went to the front and at the end of the first hour led the field. The ice which at first was very good was now much cut up. Brooms were called in requisition and consequently the time made the second hour was not as good as the first. Mr. Johnson having retired, about this time the field was limited to four. By a succession of successful sprints, Messrs. Moore and DesBrisay passed Mr. Doyle who had exerted himself so much at the beginning, and came to the front and concluded in the following order: Mr. Moore, 23 miles, 15 laps; Mr. T. DesBrisay, 23, 5; Mr. Doyle, 22, 19. The Band of the 82nd Battalion was present and added much to the interest of the race which was orderly and successful." —The Examiner, April 7, 1881.

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