

THE GUARDIAN

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Threat To Dairy Industry

Canadian dairy farmers, who lost a sizable part of their outlet for milk when margarine was allowed in this country, are understandably worried about reports coming across the border of the success of other imitation or synthetic dairy products now getting a firm foothold in U. S. markets. All contain vegetable oils which largely replace the usual butterfat content, and sell at considerably less than the straight dairy product. There are rumors that at least one of these products, the synthetic ice cream, may soon be offered for sale in Canada.

"While consumers may welcome anything that promises a cut in the food budget," says the Ottawa Journal, "there are other considerations which have to be weighed.

"First and foremost of these is the importance of our dairy industry to the economy of Canada. There are several hundred thousand dairy farmers in this country and many great industries and thousands of their workmen depend on dairy farmers for a livelihood. There is the matter of conservation of our good farmlands and what might happen to them if all milk prices were depressed by forced competition from cheaper, foreign-produced, oils. There is also a health angle to be considered as it is doubtful if anyone is fully aware of the effect on the human system of a large intake of vegetable oils over a long period. The possibility of widespread fraud has to be remembered. Coming on top of the loss of a chunk of their butter market to margarine, a shrinkage in the volume of other milk sales could well be a crippling blow to the dairy industry. There are a great many things that should be well considered before this business gets out of hand."

Aid To Fishermen

Federal Fisheries Department officials are reportedly devising a plan to establish a permanent program of insurance and loans to fishermen who sustain losses of gear and other equipment as a result of storms. A scheme of this nature has been urged for some time by several fishermen's organizations.

From the fund established under the projected scheme, says the Moncton Times, fishermen would be able to obtain payments amounting to the depreciated value of equipment lost. Then loans at low interest rates would be made to provide them with sufficient funds to buy new gear. This, it would seem, will give to fishermen the protection at least nearly akin to that enjoyed by Western grain growers under the P. F. A. Act.

But the plan in its finalized form must be awaited before definite evaluation of its provisions can be made. Moreover, the scheme will, reportedly, be submitted to the fishermen for their endorsement, or otherwise, before it is presented to the House of Commons for parliamentary approval.

Korean Hills

A despatch from an Associated Press correspondent explains how those Korean hills get the colorful names that crop up in news from the battlefield. Some are all but forgotten. There were the first Old Baldy, Bloody Ridge and Heartbreak Ridge, the greatest of them all. There were the second Old-Baldy, T-Bone Hill, Pork Chop Hill, Bunker Hill, Capital Hill, Kelly Hill and Finger Ridge. Now it's White Horse Mountain and Triangle Hill.

Where do they get their names? Some, like Fool's Mountain and White Horse, are translations of Korean. Others, such as Triangle, Lone Pine, Old Baldy, Pork Chop and T-Bone look that way from the ground or on a map. Bunker Hill is full of bunkers. Kelly Hill honours an unknown hero. Capital Hill belongs to the South Korean Capital Division. The naming is done sometimes by the troops that take the heights with sweat and blood, sometimes by staff officers back at division headquarters, and sometimes by war correspondents. The man mostly responsible for the colourful string of names is General Van Fleet, the Eighth Army commander.

Every hill in Korea more than 100 feet high has its own private number—its height in metres on the old Japanese military maps of Korea. Until July, 1951, with few exceptions, soldiers and war cor-

responds all used the numbers. But U. N. troops and the Communists use the same old Japanese army maps. When something was said about Hill 1451 the Communists knew exactly what was meant. So last year Gen. Van Fleet issued an order—no more hill numbers in news stories. Few other wars have generated so many hill names. The main reason is that Korea is practically all straight up and down.

Charting Ocean Depths

A great canyon, cut deep into the floor of the ocean, has been discovered by Dr. Maurice Ewing. Dr. Ewing with his little group of scientists, has just returned to New York after a 10,000 mile oceanographic expedition aboard the United States tug Kevin Moran.

The canyon, or crevasse, was discovered when the scientists were measuring ocean depths with an echo-sounding device similar to ones now being used by the British expedition on the Greenland ice cap. A charge of TNT is exploded at the surface. The echo bounces off the rocks underlying the ocean-bed and the elapsed time between the detonation and the resulting echo enables the scientist to calculate the depth.

Last July, when the Kevin Moran was cruising about 300 miles to the south-west of Newfoundland the echo-sounding device suddenly indicated a 300 foot drop. By ordering a zig-zag course Dr. Ewing and his men were able to chart 800 miles of the winding canyon. It runs south and then east toward the Virginia coast and it varies from one to two miles in width.

To most of us, says an exchange, the conformation of the ocean floor would seem to be a matter of doubtful importance. But to Dr. Ewing and his fellow geologists the giant gorge may provide a clue to the slow and mysterious birth of continents.

EDITORIAL NOTES

There is no unanimity on the dates for open seasons for lobster fishing but there seems to be general support for measures to maintain and raise the standards of quality of the pack.

Summerside is well on the way towards being able to finance the construction of a new rink starting next summer according to Mayor Henry Wedge. By following the good old fashioned policy of raising the money first the town will pay considerably less over a period of time for a rink than by borrowing the necessary funds.

The Canadian cost of living index is now about as low in comparison with the American index as it was in mid-1950 declares Trade Minister Howe, going on to predict a decline for the next monthly report. The situation is not quite so favorable as that might indicate. Much of the decline is due to such misfortunes as the American embargo on Canadian meat.

Before he even goes to Japan as ambassador, the Hon. Robert Mayhew is faced with at least one ticklish problem. The Japanese have not conceded to Canada or other Commonwealth countries the freedom of their troops from the civil power which was granted to the United States. It is rather late at this date to try for the concession but certainly that is not sufficient reason for letting it go by default.

A hundred newly minted shillings will play a big part in the Coronation. In a ceremony faithfully maintained at all Coronations since the Middle-Ages, the shillings will be used to redeem the magnificent jewelled State sword presented by the Sovereign in homage to the Church. Afterwards, the shillings and the velvet bag in which they are contained will remain the property of Westminster Abbey.

Canada was among the purchasing countries represented in the packed ring at the first draft sale held recently at Mill-hills, Crieff, Perthshire, Scotland, home of the noted Shorthorn herd owned by Mr. Duncan Stewart. Millhills Jubilee, a bull calved in March 1951, fetched 2,000 guineas (\$5,880) from Mr. F. E. B. Gourlay of Southern Alberta. Of 13 lots sold for export, 5 went to Canada.

This date 1942 General Alexander was ready to carry out Mr. Churchill's instructions of Aug. 10 to take or destroy at the earliest opportunity the German-Italian army commanded by Field Marshal Rommel, together with its supplies and establishments. Advancing 750 miles from El Alamein in three weeks, the Eighth Army under General Montgomery inflicted more than 70,000 casualties on the enemy. Aerial and naval ascendancy contributed to the success of the campaign. On Nov. 8 the Allied landings near Algiers then opened the Tunisian campaign.

Hunting Grounds



Notes From Another Island

By "Anson"

LONDON, England:

As to whether television is a blessing or not, opinion here, as in other countries that are able to rejoice in this particular modern miracle, is sharply divided. It didn't seem to matter so much a few years ago when television receivers were few compared with, say, radios, but now that the spider's web of TV is spreading over most of Great Britain as new BBC transmitters come into operation, the whole business seems to have become very much more important.

There are, of course, the moralists who declare that television is the invention of the devil. It makes us lazy; it makes our entertainment too easily come by; it puts another nail in the coffin of our initiative, because we are losing the will—and therefore the ability—to make our own amusements. In short, sigh one more for grandpa's day! Maybe they are right, but they are certainly not logical, the moralists, unless they are prepared to go the whole hog and, for example, scorn the use of all the latest medical sciences when they chance to fall ill.

Yet we must be fair, and admit that even some of the keen viewers themselves are not so sure that their keenness isn't after all a vice. To them the likeness to a spider's web may seem particularly apt: they are trapped, fascinated by the miraculous image that holds them spell-bound night after night!

On the other hand no one can deny that television, like radio, brings many blessings. As in most things, moderation is a virtue; without it anything can turn sour, ignoring the philosophy of it, television's entertainment value cannot be gainsaid. It brings into our homes many top-class performers who might otherwise go unseen by millions; and if some people might claim that certain of the same are better unseen anyway (and unheard, for that matter) surely this is a matter of personal opinion.

And, after all, there is another side to the question. Television has made many of us familiar with things that we might otherwise have done no more than nibble at: great plays, great music and opera, and other forms of art which, because our tastes lie in other directions, may have remained forever unknown to us. Now, they are delivered to us right here in our homes ready, as it were, for immediate consumption. No effort is required on our part. We settle down in familiar surroundings, maybe in our favourite armchair, look-in, and are often converted.

Then there are the feature programmes, to educate us to a greater awareness of current events and a better understanding of what is happening beyond our own immediate circle. This, we know, radio and literature can do, too; but how much more effective than the spoken or the written word is the dramatic picture.

Still controversy rages, and nowhere more, perhaps, than in the realm of sport, for here it is not a matter of ethics but of hard cash. When, for example, a soccer game is televised all sorts of complications arise. People who might have gone to witness the match may prefer to stay at home and watch it in comfort, which means a loss to the clubs concerned. If that were all it might be possible to arrange some sort of compensation, but far more is involved. It is found—or at any rate estimated—that if the televised match is likely to be attractive, people all over the country stay away from their local games (a point to the moralists, this) enjoy their football the lazy man's way. How the scores of clubs thus affected could be justly compensated presents a problem fit for Solomon.

But it is a problem to which a solution must be found, for the concerned.

Notes By The Way

Over 1,200 young Pakistanis are at present in England studying at various English Universities or taking technical training with English firms. Nearly half of the students—who are in England for three years—have won scholarships. The majority are men. Most popular subjects are engineering, law, and medicine. The women students are interested mainly in nursing, medicine, and art.—Pakistan Views and News.

We agree with Alderman Virtue when he says that too many "hot rods" are being applied to the streets and not enough to the seats. While we certainly don't agree that corporal punishment should be the rule rather than the exception in the handling of children and adolescents, we do think that these young irresponsibles who drive souped-up jalopies and other make-shift vehicles on residential streets need more than a good talking-to. Most of them are old enough to accept responsibility. Certainly they should all be old enough to know that these "hot rods" are public menaces anywhere but on race tracks and deserted highways.—Leithbridge Herald.

The other day we had occasion to tour some of the back roads of this area, through which the

Old Charlottetown

And P. E. I.]

STORM OF HAIL

"On Friday last, the labours of the hay makers were, throughout the country, suddenly suspended by a very heavy fall of rain, accompanied, as from the coldness of the air at the time we apprehended, with heavy showers of hail in several places not very far distant. Several farmers on the St. Peter's Road and in its vicinity have suffered so severely as to expect a total loss of crop. In Lot 49, the potatoes are said to be very much injured. In one spot on the Princetown Road, the hail stones are said to have lain on the ground nine inches deep and to have been of immense size.

"From the best information we can obtain at present, however, it would appear that the storm, although very violent and destructive in its effects, has not been attended with such ruinous results as that of the 4th of August last year, being accompanied with less wind. The range of the storm was similar, from west to east. Lightning accompanied the fall of hail, which was very vivid, and continued at intervals during the greater part of the day, but we heard of little injury done by it with the exception of striking the rail of a schooner at the South Shore and smashing the shaft of a cart and knocking down the horse attached thereto; the latter, after a short time, recovered."—Hazard's Gazette, July 30, 1844.

demand for sport on television cannot be denied; and it is a problem that will become more and more pressing in the course of the next few months, oddly enough as a result of developments quite far removed from sport. It is a safe bet that television is going to spread farther and wider during the coming winter and spring than ever before in this country, as people look ahead to the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth. This will be something positively not to be missed, and countless families now festering on the brink of buying a receiver will decide that if they are to do so at all, this will be the time. Then what? Those who were finally persuaded to install television because of the Coronation will not discard it afterwards. They will remain as part of a great army of viewers whose majority wishes will come very near to becoming law as far as the programmes are concerned.

farming country of Leeds, and Grenville-Dundas counties. We were greatly struck by the friendliness and politeness of the people we met on the roads. Without exception each farm person we met gave us a smiling hello or a tip of the hat, people who were complete strangers to us, or had the time and desire to engage in a little down-to-earth friendliness. We must say we found the experience heart-warming. If upon occasion, you are a bit fed up with humanity generally, take a slow trip through the countryside, and we think you'll find the world is full of nice people after all.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

McGill's School of Islamic Studies was formerly inaugurated at a little ceremony held in Divinity Hall Thursday night, thus launching one of the most interesting projects now under way in Canadian universities. Our tendency is to concentrate on work based upon, or flowing directly into, the Canadian scene. The imagination which has brought into being here a school designed to study the culture of Islam, whose adherents are physically at least remote from America, is greatly to be commended.—Montreal Star.

The Poet's Corner

AUTUMN

A spirit haunts the year's last hours, Dwelling amid these yellowing bow-ers; To himself he talks; For at eventide, listening earnestly, At his work you may hear him sob and sigh.

In the walks; Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks Of the mouldering flowers; Heavily hangs the broad sunflower Over its grave in the earth so chill; Heavily hangs the hollyhock, Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

The air is damp, and hush'd and close, As a sick man's room when he taketh repose; An hour before death; My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves.

At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves, And the breath Of the fading edges of box-benches, And the year's last rose; Heavily hangs the broad sunflower Over its grave in the earth so chill; Heavily hangs the hollyhock, Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

—Lord Tennyson.

The Age-Old Story

And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed. And Jacob asked him, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name. And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? And he blessed him there. And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.

The Passing Scene

By Observer

BABETTE, FELINE PHILOSOPHER

Recently we added a six months old kitten to our worldly possessions. Or perhaps I should say we have received the little creature into our household, for anyone at all familiar with this proud member of Genus Felis knows very well that she will never allow herself to be possessed by anybody. She can be a devoted companion (with some reservations), a co-operative member of the household (with still more reservations) and a joyful recipient of favours (with no reservation at all), but she can never be a chattel quite unlike a dog who surrenders himself unconditionally to the will of his master. A cat has no master and no mistress but only associates during the good behaviour of the latter.

"The friend who brought the little thing to us had named her, "Babette." It is a pretty enough name, but I think as she passes her adolescence we may change it to something more mature, more in keeping with her adult status. But that can wait. Not that it matters very much anyway, for she is present, at any rate, she doesn't seem to care whether or not we call her anything. She comes and goes according to her own feelings in the matter. To tell the plain truth the rest of us are rapidly becoming more dependent on Babette than vice-versa.

With the possible exceptions of Homer, Shakespeare, and George Bernard Shaw, more learned books have been written about cats than about any other creature, human or non-human. The reason being, of course, that they provide unusually fascinating study.

So far as I am aware no cat has ever been known to write poetry or any other kind of literature but, according to the experts, they have done about everything else. At present Babette is applying herself diligently to the typewriter. Up to this moment she can use only one finger. Even at that she is only slightly below myself in that particular skill. After more than thirty years of practice I can manage to use two.

Her chief difficulty appears to be more emotional than technical. As the keys spring up she imagines they are trying to elude her, and she must needs take time out to play with them. I have been trying to convince her that she will never get to be a proficient typist that way, but she lets me know, quietly but unmistakably, that I would be well advised to mind my own business. "If you can do that," she seems to say, "you and I will get along."

Minding one's own business has always been difficult for the simple reason that the business of one's neighbour appears to be more interesting. In these days, when individualism is looked upon as a grave sin against society, it is well nigh impossible. But a cat, individualistic to the last purr, with only an incidental interest in society, will not tolerate a relationship on any other basis. This much I have learned from Babette, and it leads me to doubt

whether the socialistic trend of our time is as deeply rooted in the natural order as its advocates would have us believe. If the animal world has any political parties and no one can say for sure that it has not, I am certain that cats are never disposed to vote the straight Socialist ticket. Every one of them is born a little Conservative. Being nothing more than an amateur in the study of animals of any sort I hesitate to argue with the many experts who write books about cats, but I do think they are wrong when they say, as most of them do, that cats are naturally affectionate. This I take to be a libelous statement, and I hope National Cat Week will do something to be sure they don't wear their hearts on their sleeves as dogs do, but what of that? As well compare the restrained emotions of an ivory tower mystic with the exuberant hilarity of a Jimmie Durante as to compare the temperament of a cat with that of a dog. My own opinion is that one is just as capable of affection as the other. There is, however, this difference. In the case of the dog, affection is bestowed as a gift. In the case of the cat, it has to be earned.

All the experts agree that a cat is the most philosophically inclined of all animals. This I can accept without question. Babette, young as she is, is already well on the way to sharing in that distinction, but I have not yet been able to determine the precise school to which she belongs. In most respects she seems to favour speculative Existentialism but in lesser ways she follows the pragmatism of William James. Her obvious interest in the pleasures and comforts of the moment gives evidence of the former, while her limited bias towards pragmatism is shown by the way she has of appraising everything she sees by its practical value to her own settled opinions and whims.

She loves social order but only so far as it can be made to contribute to her own worldly satisfaction. I am not sure in this respect she is noticeably different from the rest of us. She shows her serene attitude towards life (always a mark of the genuine philosopher) in other ways, too. For a week or more now she has insisted on sharpening her nails on the finest piece of furniture in the house. I have tried to explain to her that this is gross lawlessness and cannot be tolerated. After all, cat induced anarchy is just as bad as any other. When I am very firm she will resist but she lets me know in no uncertain manner that for her it must be the best or nothing. Rather than use any other device she will allow her nails to go unmanicured. This is an annoying trait but one cannot help admiring the determined inflexible attitude of mind it demonstrates. There are always dangers involved in persistence but most of us could very well do with a bit more of it.

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