

THE GUARDIAN

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CIRCULATION "Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew" "The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink"

CHARLOTTETOWN, FRIDAY, FEB. 22, 1952

EDITORIAL NOTES

Washington's birthday.

Snow-shoeing was the only practical means of transport in many parts of the country Wednesday and yesterday, and few there were who attempted it.

Windsor's fears of a lengthy Ford strike have fortunately not been realized, at which all have rejoiced. May the Nova Scotia teachers' dispute soon have as happy an ending.

The forthcoming B. C. Provincial election will pose an unusually difficult problem for the pollsters. Not only has the long-standing coalition broken up but new voters have moved into the Pacific Coast area on a large scale.

The hazards of fire in snow-blocked areas are well illustrated in the disastrous outbreak at Southport, just across the Hillsborough Bridge. Neither fire apparatus nor even snow plough could negotiate the short distance between the city and scene of outbreak.

It is persistently reported that War Veterans' Allowances will be increased and that the allowable other income will be raised to at least the maximum permitted old age pensioners under 70. Such a move is overdue but should be carried to the logical conclusion of disregarding each allowance in computing qualification for the other.

Eric Gill, English sculptor, was born this date 1882. The study of architecture led him into the designing of type faces, notably the font known as Gill sans-serif, and the carving of the human figure in stone. He designed the George VI series of British postal stamps. Much of his work is exquisite in its simplicity and decidedly unconventional.

Charlottetown, along with Moncton and Truro, is to be a filter station in the R. C. A. F.'s ground observer corps setup. Once regional supervisors are appointed there will be the task of signing up 672 chief observers, 20,160 observers, 1,000 of a staff for the filter stations and 10 technical advisers in the Maritime and Gaspe area.

Though the union of the Crowns of Scotland and England did not take place till after the reign of Elizabeth I, the Scottish Supreme Court has ruled that the new Queen is properly designated Elizabeth II. This settles a newspaper controversy which Scottish Nationalists have been carrying on.

Should Hon. Mr. Pearson become the head of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization staff, it would spell the end of his career as a Canadian politician, unless, like Eisenhower, he kept in touch with his party organization. He is young, able, and has prospects of becoming Liberal Leader in time, so he will have a hard decision to make.

The sudden passing hence yesterday of that well-known and popular sportsman, Herb Campbell, may be termed a casualty of the storm, for he trodged to and from his store on Wednesday through all the accumulation of snow which was a severe tax on him with his lameness. Always cheery and optimistic, he had a good word to say about most people, especially of those unfortunate in making their way in the world. He will be greatly missed by many.

Montreal Gazette boasts a poetically inclined member on its staff who reports as follows on the recent snowstorm: "There are signs that the hounds of spring are on winter's traces (Swinburne). Optimists are convinced the present unpleasantness is just a last spasm from a dying Old Man Winter. But not so the health department. The department—Cassandra-like prognosticating woe (Tennyson)—warns that preceding the flowers that bloom in the spring tra la (Sir W. S. Gilbert) is a season when coughs, colds, chills and fevers lie in wait for the unwary citizen (Cahill). This season is now upon us."

A change of sovereign brings problems for military messes. According to the Canadian Press, officers of the three armed services now are wondering what to do with pictures of the late King George VI which hang in all officers' messes. Should they remain in their positions of honor until after the coronation of Queen Elizabeth or should they be replaced by portraits of the new Queen taken when she was Princess Elizabeth? Or again should the messes remove pictures of all royalty until the Queen is crowned and official portraits of her are available? Right now no one is sure and so far no directives have been issued by Ottawa.

Hold Onto Your Man!



Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

A FINE VESSEL

The ship 'James Duncan', which will clear for Liverpool today with 32,000 bushels of oats and 100 mt. of deals, is one of the finest vessels that ever left this port. She was built, under shed, at Bay Fortune, by John F. MacKay, Esq., for the firm of J. Duncan & Co. She is classed A-1 for eight years at Lloyds, intended for the trade between here and Liverpool, and is as regards material, workmanship, strength and finish, a credit to her master builder, Capt. McInnis. 'The James Duncan' is 180 1/2 ft. long, 32 ft. beam, 18 1/3 feet hold, and 756 tons register measurement. She has a splendid spread of canvas, and will, we believe, prove to be a fast sailer. Her lower yards are 69 ft. long, of pitch pine, and her lower masts, Quebec pine, 25 inches in diameter. Her cabin is painted and gilded in Mr. Murphy's best style, and the carved work done by Mr. Allen is well done. The vessel will have first-class accommodation for ten or a dozen passengers, and is commanded by Captain Kieckham, who is one of the most successful seamen afloat. —The Islander, April 21, 1871.

The Music Goes Round And Round

(Anacanda Spearhead) Once there was a farmer who raised corn, and a man who raised hens but no corn. The hens said "no corn no eggs." So the man agreed to work for the farmer one day a week for \$5 a day. And the farmer agreed to sell corn to the man for \$1 a bushel. They paid each other off every time with the "long green." The farmer paid the man \$5 and the man paid the \$5 back to the farmer for the five bushels of corn which he wheeled home in his wheelbarrow. After a while, the man said to the farmer, "Everything's gone up, and I regret intensely to inform you that I can't work for less than \$6 a day."

The farmer said "I understand. But you must understand that everything's gone up with me too, and I regret intensely to inform you that I can't sell you my corn for less than \$1.20 a bushel." The man said he understood. So, the man got \$6 a day and at \$1.20 a bushel paid the farmer the \$6 for five bushels of corn. Both of them said, "Happy days are here again."

By and by the man said to the farmer, "Things have gone up still more, and I can't work for less than \$7.50 a day. The farmer agreed that was fair, but told the man that things were going up still higher with him. He would have to get \$15.00 a bushel for the corn. The man agreed that was fair, and both said, "Prosperity is here." After all, the man was getting \$15.00 a bushel for corn, and the hens were getting five bushels as always.

And so things went until the man was getting \$10 a day and the farmer got \$2 for a bushel and the man gave the farmer \$10 for five bushels. And the hens kept right on laying, even on Thursdays, and the man told his wife, "Ain't it wonderful?... \$10 a day!"

And the farmer told his wife, "Ain't it wonderful... \$2 a bushel!" And the hens kept clucking away on five bushels of corn. And the statisticians down in Washington said "Ain't it wonderful?... National income at record levels." And the politicians said "Ain't it wonderful..." and bragged that they had done it. And everybody felt so good and prosperous that the man and the farmer voted for the politicians; and that is how it was "eggsactly."

The tips of tender bamboo shoots are pickled and eaten in parts of the West Indies.

Notes By The Way

Refusal of the young king of Belgium to attend the funeral of King George VI in London gives the impression that not much was accomplished by the change of Belgian rulers from the father Leopold to the son Baudouin. —Ottawa Journal.

Officially or unofficially, in periods of royal mourning or otherwise, Queen Juliana of The Netherlands always will be welcome in Ottawa where she and her children lived safely and contentedly during the war. —Ottawa Journal.

The British Broadcasting Corporation's report of the Royal funeral, brought to Canada by the CBC, was a beautiful piece of work, a superlative job. So vivid was the description of scenes at Westminster Hall, in the London streets, at Paddington station, at Windsor (by a woman) and in the Royal chapel that the listener in Ottawa almost could imagine himself an actual spectator; and the lovely singing of the choir in the burial service at St. George's was something to linger in the memory. —Ottawa Journal.

Mr. Dan McLean, president of the Federation of Automobile Dealer Associations of Canada, offered a unique comparison to tax on Canadian automobiles. "When you buy a new car, or an old one," he told the annual BC Automotive Trade dinner and the 31st annual meeting of the Vancouver Motor Dealers' Association, "you pay 25 per cent excise tax, and 10 per cent sales tax, and when you take the two together and figure them out on the retail price it amounts to 21 per cent. If you were a slot machine operator you'd pay exactly the same tax." —Vancouver Province.

Police are reporting trouble coming from a new form of drink which is said to be made by dropping a particular sleeping tablet into a glass of beer. The tablet dissolves quickly and while, they say, the taste of the drink is not improved, the "kick" is multiplied. Instead of producing sleep the tablet in its new chemical composition seems to have the opposite effect. Police say it puts the drinker into a violent and destructive mood and he becomes hard to handle when apprehended on the street or at the police station. How to deal with the situation is a new problem for the authorities. It would seem to depend on means for controlling the sale of the sleeping tablets. How that can satisfactorily be done is another matter. —Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Get rid of the notion that you drive better after a couple of drinks. Two "bracers" can increase your chances of getting into an accident by 55 times, recent U. S. researchers show. So-called "moderate" drinking figures in up to 20 per cent of fatal car accidents in U. S. Three to four ounces of whiskey produce the same effect as "putting a grey glass in front of your windshield" or wearing sunglasses in twilight. You just can't see clearly. And you can't react quickly enough if you see that emergency looming. The real danger of alcohol in small quantities is that it deceives people. People who wouldn't dream of driving when they're "a little high" don't realize the danger of "just a couple." —Vancouver Sun.

The Scottish Nationalists wish to call the new Sovereign Queen Elizabeth I and not II, because she is the first of that name to reign since England and Scotland were united in 1707. They are very late in raising this question. It should have been brought up by their great-grandfathers, up by any one. When George IV died in 1830, the new King was the first William to ascend the Throne since the Act of Union. Nevertheless, he was known as William IV.

Soldier Of Misfortune

The Story of a Remarkable Prince Edward Islander By Harold Garnet Black, L.L.D.

(The author of the following sketch has resided for many years in California but is well known here and is a brother of Mr. Charles H. Black, of Charlottetown, and of Dr. William A. Black, Toronto. He has published several books and contributed to numerous religious and educational publications. A native of Pugwash, N. S., he taught at Mount Allison and Acadia Universities before removing to California, where he followed the teaching profession for over thirty years. Robert Alder MacLeod of Bedeque, whose remarkable career he describes, was an uncle of the Black brothers on the maternal side.)

Just forty-three years ago I spoke to President Charles W. Elliot of Harvard one night as he came down the central aisle of the Fogg Museum in Cambridge, at the conclusion of his lecture on Municipal Government.

"President Elliot," said I, "do you happen to recall in the Class of 1869 a young man named Robert Alder MacLeod?" "Oh yes, very distinctly; I remember him well," he flashed back. "He had been in the Civil War on the Southern side—lost his right arm—a very brilliant and most remarkable fellow!"

Why should the mere name of Robert Alder MacLeod at once recall so vivid a memory after forty years—during which, as president of the oldest and perhaps greatest American university, Dr. Elliot had come into contact with unnumbered thousands of other students? Doubtless it was because of MacLeod's unique background and because he had achieved, amid most adverse circumstances, what was probably the highest under-graduate record ever made up to that time at Harvard.

Robert Alder MacLeod was of Revolutionary ancestry. His great-grandfather was a chief of the Clan of MacLeod, whose residence was Dunvegan Castle on the Island of Skye, that ancient castle which Dr. Johnson and James Boswell visited in 1773, as recorded in the latter's famous Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides. During World War II, MacLeod's grand-nephew Captain Fred Black, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Black of Charlottetown and now Superintendent of Veterans' Insurance in Ottawa, was the guest of Chief Flora MacLeod of MacLeod, the present "lady" and owner of Dunvegan Castle, whose visit to Charlottetown last summer will be pleasantly remembered by all our citizens.

At the outbreak of the American Revolution a company of MacLeods was raised for the 71st Highlanders in the English service. At the close of that war Lieutenant Rhoderick MacLeod received a grant of land from the Crown and settled in the Province of New Brunswick, then part of Nova Scotia. Robert Alder MacLeod was Rhoderick's great-grandson. On his mother's side he was descended from William Trueman, a Yorkshire emigrant.

From a brief autobiographical sketch written at graduation, and from other class records found in the Harvard archives, I am indebted for certain details of a career which, unfortunately came to an untimely end in Algeria. One of his classmates who described MacLeod as "easily the first scholar in each branch of study" and as "the romantic figure" of the class, wrote this further tribute: "He died before he could win for himself and us those honors which we expected from that persevering industry which put him so unflinchingly at our head in every intellectual contest in college."

Such a career is the more remarkable because of its unpromising beginning. But let MacLeod tell his own story.

"I was born in Bedeque, Prince Edward Island, December 21, 1813," he wrote at graduation. "My father, Rev. Alexander William MacLeod, D.D., was at that time a Wesleyan Methodist minister and consequently had frequently changed his residence. Shortly after my birth he was stationed in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and, having been chosen editor of the Provincial Wesleyan and of the Atholstan, to reside in Halifax for ten years. "Until I was nearly nine years old, I went to no school, except for a few weeks to a country school in Point de Bute. (N. B.), while there on a visit. In August, 1822 I was sent to the Mt. Allison Academy, Sackville, N. B., about a month after the term had commenced and studied there during the rest of the school year. Being remarkably small for my age, I was chosen to read an original composition at the Commencement, June, 1833. In September, 1834, our family moved from Halifax to Baltimore, Md.

"My father began in March, 1835 to edit and publish the Methodist Magazine and, in connection with this undertaking, opened a bookstore. The two enterprises were carried on together till the close of 1837, when both ended, having turned out unprofitably. "During these two years I assisted in the store and with the magazine in such ways as I could, but went for three months, in 1836 to a public school. About the beginning of 1838 I opened a bookstore on my own account and carried it on profitably for somewhat less than a year, selling out at last in order to make another effort to accomplish what had always been my chief wish—to get a regular education."

Then came three months more school, followed by nearly two years more work in a bookstore. "In October, 1840," MacLeod continues, "I went to Charlottetown, P. E. I., hoping soon to make money enough to enable me to go to school, and attracted also to the South by the prospect of stirring times there. I remained one year, employing all my evenings and leisure moments in studying chiefly the common English branches. "I had been present in the Charlottetown Convention, December, 1840, when the Ordinance of Secession was passed, and had witnessed the first attack on Sumter, and was very enthusiastic for the Southern cause. Having enlisted as private in the Washington Light Infantry of Charlottetown, I spent three months, beginning November 8th 1861, with this company in active service. On February 24, 1862, our company enlisted for one year and was mustered into the Confederate service. Somewhat later we all enlisted 'for the war.' I was elected Corporal and rose later by successive steps to be Orderly Sergeant."

Then followed a succession of engagements and scouting expeditions. Concerning one of these he writes: "One of our party was captured but the other and I escaped taking Charles Moore prisoner. From his diary we learned the plans of Gillmore's attack on Morris Island, made on July 10, and forewarned General Beauregard of it." "Then came other skirmishes and fighting and a 'very interesting experience'—being struck on the knee by a piece of shell 'but not much hurt!' From October 3 to November 3 he was in Fort Sumter and witnessed Gillmore's severest bombardment when the fort's falling wall killed eleven of his company. Afterwards came numerous other engagements—Drury's Bluff, Mechanicville, Cold Harbor etc. At Petersburg his division began digging in and fighting. "June 17, 1864," he writes, "we repulsed the enemy who attacked our lines. For sixty-six days our brigade was kept in the trenches, very near the enemy, without relief, except for two days, all the time doing hard work, having insufficient food, and only three hours of sleep allowed each night."

On Sunday, August 21, MacLeod was in an engagement in which two Southern brigades were nearly annihilated. "I was on that day, as for some time before," he writes, "in command of our company. Within a few yards of the enemy's breastworks I fell, a minie-ball having passed through my right arm. Being taken prisoner, I was sent to City Point Hospital; then by a fortunate mistake to Hower Hospital, Philadelphia, where it was customary to send only the Union wounded."

"There, September 1, 1864, my arm was amputated by Dr. Moor between the elbow and shoulder. Towards the end of October, I was sent to the rebel hospital at Baltimore, where the treatment of the prisoners was bad. I was soon sent to Point Lookout, and there, with many other disabled prisoners put aboard the Baltic, and carried to Savannah for exchange. "The voyage of the Baltic showed me the most dreadful scenes which I have ever witnessed. The sailors were miserably small and always falled to go round, so that men actually died of starvation; wounds went long undressed; the boys in attendance cursed and kicked the dying and offered insults to the dead."

Later young MacLeod got to Spartanburg, S. C., where he studied Greek and Latin for five months. During his service as a soldier he had never lost sight of his chief aim—study. His plan was to make abstracts of whatever he studied in the quiet of camp, and commit these to memory, so as to have something to repeat to himself or the march or in the face of the enemy, when books were hard to procure. In this way he got some knowledge of world history and Latin grammar. "As a private," he writes, "I made my hours of guard-duty pass pleasantly by reciting to myself the whole of the 'School of the Company' and the 'School of the Battalion' of Hardee's Tactics—one volume and a half, which I learned by heart. I went through Davies' Bourdon twice in camp. Having found a copy of Caesar in a sacked house near Richmond, I was making good progress in it in the trenches around Petersburg, when I was taken prisoner. In 1861 I invented a new system of signals for the navy, to keep up practice in composition. I kept a diary throughout the war. "What a valuable light that diary would throw on the war, were it now in existence! (To be continued)

The Poet's Corner

THE IDEAL CAPTAIN A long-legged straddling giant I not my choice for a chief— Curled and haughty and shaven, I proper sort of a beau; Give me a bow-legged bantam stout if his body is brief, Firm of feet, quick witted, full of spirit and go. —Archilocheus. (700 B.C.)

SPRING PROJECT

GLACE BAY, N. S. (CP)—Work of beautifying the town park will get under way early in the spring. Plans completed in recent months include the planting of up to 500 trees and shrubs.