

Published every week-day morning at 136 Prince Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I., by The Thomson Company Limited.  
 "Covers Prince Edward Island Like the Dew"  
 Editor and Manager, Ian A. Burnett.  
 Associate Editor, Frank Walker.  
 Branch offices at Summerside, Montserrat and Alberton. Authorized as Second Class Mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa.  
 By Carrier: Charlottetown, Summerside \$15.00 per annum. Elsewhere in P. E. I. \$20.00. Other Provinces and U. S. A. \$12.00 per annum.  
 "The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink."  
 FRIDAY, DEC. 10, 1954

**Canso Causeway**

Today, it is expected, the two ends of the Canso causeway will be linked. The long anticipated land bridge linking Cape Breton Island with the mainland is a reality. There is much to be done, of course, before use can be made of the passageway, indeed it is estimated that the complete job, including rail and highway construction, will cost some \$20,000,000 or four times the cost of the causeway itself.

The gains from this important transportation link will be important. The coal fields and steel works of Cape Breton are brought closer to the rest of the country, a valuable development in peace time and even more so in time of emergency. No longer will connections depend upon the uncertainties of navigation. From the point of view of speeding up the movement of freight cars alone, the new causeway will be a decided asset.

The whole of the Maritimes stand to benefit if coal and steel production can be put on a paying basis and be developed in proportion to the nation's growth. They have many natural advantages. The coal is brought to the surface at tidewater and iron ore landed at the steel mills without costly transshipment. In the past this has been low grade ore but Sydney is but a short haul also from the source of high grade ore in Labrador and Quebec.

The product of mines and mills can be shipped abroad by sea and, when the new causeway is in operation, it will be convenient to ship it to Canadian points so that there will be every opportunity for industrial development in this part of the country. It is to be hoped that full advantage will be taken of the new situation to resume the long-delayed industrialization of these Provinces.

**\$50 A Year**

General William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, had a three-fold formula for dealing with derelicts from underprivileged areas: soap, soup, salvation. He worked on the belief that before a half-starved and unkempt individual can be persuaded to cultivate religious habits some attention must be paid to his physical needs. The same principle must be applied to the vast underprivileged and undeveloped areas of the world if they are to be protected from Communist intrigue and saved from its eventual domination. Hungry people are more likely to be interested in promise of immediate relief than in long-range plans for democratic growth. Even political freedom must seem of little value to a man who does not know where his next meal is coming from or whether it is coming at all.

The simple and stark fact is that this uncertainty is being experienced by hundreds of millions of people in Asia where, at the moment, Communism is making its boldest and most thorough bid for economic and political power. Just the other day Pakistan's permanent representative to the United Nations said that the average income in all Asia is no more than \$50 a year. This is the sort of thing that the many technical agencies of the United Nations are trying to correct, and which adds a sense of extreme urgency to the Colombo Plan and all other devices for the building up of a better way of life for distressed peoples of Asia. Meanwhile, agitators are going from one end of that Continent to the other promising economic contentment for all who embrace the Communist creed.

Countries with high standards of living must continue to share their wealth and good fortune with those countries where hunger is rampant; and, perhaps more important still in the long run, they must continue to provide the technical assistance which undeveloped countries need in their efforts to make better use of their own resources. Common humanitarianism demands it; the bold and constant threat of Communism makes it more and more imperative every day.

**Black Stars And Space Gas**

Astronomers listening to unseen stars can hear faint radio signals even from "empty" space. They actually pick up, at one certain frequency on giant radio telescopes, a high-pitched hum from hydrogen atoms thinly scattered in the interstellar void. In that "single significant note," physicists now find a new measuring rod to map the universe. Radio astronomy, barely two decades old, already is probing new regions in the heavens, according to National Geographic Society. It pierces dark clouds in the Milky Way and hears

galaxies colliding. It records what optical telescopes can never see, through a radio-wave window in the earth's atmosphere.

In December, 1931, a Bell Telephone Laboratories engineer, Karl G. Jansky, first discovered mysterious background hissing in his radio set while tracking down atmospheric static. He showed conclusively that the noise was coming from outer space. Little attention was paid, for equipment was inadequate to show much about the signals. Then World War II accelerated development of radio and radar equipment. With big new dish-shaped antennae, astronomers began sweeping the skies. Not only did they find hissing from the heavens as a whole, but louder noises from certain spots.

These are the "radio stars." They broadcast energy, similar to light but at a longer wavelength. Of the several hundred known today, few can be identified with visible objects in the heavens. An expanding shell of dust and gas called the Crab Nebula, remnant of a giant star explosion seen by Chinese astronomers in 1054, seems to hold one strong radio source. Others lie in the constellations Cassiopeia, Sagittarius, and Cygnus—the Swan. Two have been identified as turbulent gas clouds in the Milky Way. Still another, according to Dr. Walter Baade and Dr. Rudolph Minkowski of Palomar Observatory, represents a vast collision between two entire galaxies.

Because radio waves have far greater length than light, radio telescopes must have far wider "mirrors." Even then they are less accurate than optical telescopes. To match the focusing power of a one-inch conventional telescope, a radio antenna 150 miles across would be required for some wavelengths.

At Jodrell Bank near Manchester, England, a mammoth metal-mesh saucer 250 feet in diameter nears completion. Unlike a 220-foot predecessor, this great antenna can be turned, tilted, and aimed at particular radio stars. Another like it is being built in Australia.

In the United States, Harvard, Cornell, and Ohio State Universities, the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington, D. C., and the National Bureau of Standards pioneer in radio astronomy. At Seneca, Maryland, an X-shaped antenna with fixed arms 2,040 feet long is operated by the Carnegie Institution of Washington. The Navy already has a radio sextant for navigation by invisible stars. Astronomers point to other uses. With added equipment, great saucers similar to the one at Jodrell Bank could bounce a radar echo off the moon that would return to earth not as a faint pip, but a roar. It might be possible to send a signal to Mars or Venus, or track a rocket as far away as the moon.

**EDITORIAL NOTES**

New York has been intrigued by a fashion show featuring Canadian designs and Canadian models. Both had a favorable reception and the clothing industry deserves thanks for doing its bit to educate Americans to realize that Canada represents more than an icy wilderness patrolled by Mounties.

Loans for home improvement under the National Housing Act will become available to some 30,000 veterans after January 1, rather than immediately as was indicated in an Ottawa report. The difference in date is more significant in the case of loans for improvements than for construction because they are apt to be in greater demand during the winter months.

Dr. Brock Chisholm has modified his statements to the effect that it is wrong and dangerous to tell children about Santa Claus. He now claims to have been misquoted in 1946 and considers that "the fable of Santa, treated as a fable, is a good thing." It must have been brought home to him by his own family that "make believe" is something we simply cannot take away from children.

Alfred Bernhard Nobel, Swedish engineer and chemist, died this date 1896. He studied the construction of torpedoes and marine mines at St. Petersburg and returned to Sweden to study explosives, particularly nitro-glycerine. In 1867 he discovered and patented dynamite, laying the foundation for a large fortune to which oil made an important contribution. The bulk of his fortune was left to provide five annual prizes for eminence in physics, chemistry, medicine, literature and the service of peace.

This continent has always been pre-occupied with size but, perhaps, a striving for height is relatively new. At any rate the National Geographic Society reports that two pyramids in North America occupy a larger ground area than the largest pyramids of ancient Egypt, but they are not as high. One, covering three and a half times the area of the Pyramid of Cheops at El Giza, stands at Cholula in Mexico's State of Puebla. The other, Cahokia Mound, rises in the suburbs of East St. Louis, Illinois.

**Mr. P. Barlow, Provincial Examiner, reports P.E.I. accident figures for November as 63 in number, resulting in two deaths, 27 hospitalizations and property damage exceeding \$25,000.**



Often There's A Choice

**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.

**WESTERN ART EXHIBIT**

Sir.—I stand corrected: My good friend Victor Runtz points out that the Art Society of P. E. Island did not request this exhibition. However the responsibility for the quality of the work exhibited lies with the Maritime Art Association and not with the local Art Association who merely requested the parent "Maritime" association to ship it here. The quality of the pictures shown speaks for itself.

I am, Sir, etc.,  
A. L. WRIGHT  
Charlottetown.

**VISITING THE SHUT-INS**

Sir.—The twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew clearly says that our eternal salvation depends on the doing of this very thing. Christ mentions the hungry, the homeless, the poorly clad, the sick and those in prison. He could have added the deaf and the blind. To be like the orphans and the shut-ins, faith motivated by Christian sympathy, or faith in action; and anyone at this Christmas season who is not grappling with this opportunity for service is certainly allowing his soul to shrivel up. He or she or this friend who does contribute when the collector calls to help the orphan the sick and the blind. But, in stopping there one misses the personal touch. You do not get much of a thrill in passing a dollar bill to the collector. If he or she had not called, you might not go to the trouble of mailing in your gift. We should bear our share in these appeals, but to scatter real happiness and enjoy a sound sleep next night run out your car, have some eats in it if required on the trip, call like the orphans and the shut-ins musical, build up a tiny orchestra. This will cheer the man with the broken limb or the woman with neuritis. Yes, even the case of a heart condition is helped by music. And "a merry heart doeth good like medicine." Shut-ins with cheerfulness and don't let the fellow who belongs to some other church.

Most of us have read of Ralston Young of Red Cap 42 at Grand Central Station in New York. One writer pictures him trying to comfort a delicate, weeping woman in a wheelchair. His cap is off and eyes closed. He opens a conversation by saying—That's a pretty hat you are wearing lady. And your dress, it's the nicest I've seen on any one today. She raises her eyes to look into his face and says—Why do you say things like that? Oh the good Lord told me to take a look at your hat. But with a chuckle he adds—the dress is my own idea. This interests the little woman, to be complimented on her dress, and she tells of her arthritis being the cause of her breakdown. He tells of having to lose an eye and suffering as from a hot iron. How did you stand it? Oh just by prayers. Does prayer take pain away? No, but it gives strength to stand it, he explains.

Thousands pass daily through this big depot, and scores come to the information wicket where Ralston is standing, waiting to help those who have lost luggage or lost relatives, no two alike. But Red Cap 42 is the happiest, most loved and best known negro perhaps on this continent.

I am, Sir, etc.,  
ARCH. MacKENZIE  
Kensington.

**The Age Old Story**

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding.

**TIME-SAVER**

LONDON (CP)—A store in north London is holding handwriting classes for its staff—so that cashiers can read the bills more easily.

**ATLANTIC LETTER**

**THE WORKER**

By Douglas How

NORTHPORT, N. S., is a fishing village on Northumberland Strait. Twice a day the waters from the strait urge in past the wharf and on up into the Shinimic river and then in time they retreat again, back into the strait, with the classic impulses of the tides. The heart of the village is in the wharf. Its tempo is largely in the tides. There are a dozen 25-foot motor boats mated with the wharf, white things, scrubbed but smelling of fish and oil and the salt sea, grace things almost in spite of themselves. Their masters fish the cycle of the seasons, smelt in winter, herring in the spring, mackerel in the early summer, lobster in the late summer and the fall. They make a reasonably good living this way if they work hard, although it would be almost treason to confess it. They have cars and trucks and stout white wooden homes and modern living.

They are a solid breed, with a strong faces the sea can form. They like to drink a bit, some of them, and have the fumes in their very deaths of night. They laugh a lot as though the sun that has unconquered their flesh has also found their souls. They are a good people. It is an easy thing to spend some time among them on their wharf or out in their boats and, if you do, sooner or later you will meet George Allen who is the most remarkable of them all.

George Allen is a small man, thin almost to the point of frailty, white haired, restless, impatient. But above all he is a worker. He is the personification of the worker in the finest and even the noblest sense of the term. There are some men who can do from day to day the simplest shapes of oil and impart to them a dignity that is one of the finer things of the human mystery. This is one of them. In a day and age when men think not of more work but of less, when men look more and less to themselves, when men are trending away from the earthy tasks of the farm and the forest and the sea, George Allen is remarkable not only because the stamp and grain of his character run counter to all these things, but because at the age of 80 years he still actively defies them all.

Let us tell you one of his working days, one this summer when the mackerel were in the strait and we went out with him. George Allen was up at 3:30 that morning. Within an hour he had fed and milked his cows, fed his hens, geese and pigs and his dog Oliver Twist, made sure his lunch was ready, called his son Robert by phone to make sure he was up and then drove down the red dirt road through the village in his half-ton truck. In the last lingering of the night, their little boat put out from the wharf. We went out roughly 10 miles, moving across the trackless wilderness of the sea as unerringly as a farmer in his fields. At each set of markers, they pulled in the vast webbed nets and as they came up out of the depths the superb bodies of the mackerel glistening in the sun, you could hear the comments and the opinions. George Allen would help haul in and free the fish and throw them in the crates.

**Old Charlottetown**

and P. E. I.

**THE MAILS**

"The storm of last night having cleared the ice from the harbour, the steamer St. Lawrence left today with mails for Pictou, and is expected to return tomorrow. The Northern Light has been ordered from Pictou to Georgetown direct, with the mails of yesterday and today, and will continue to make daily return trips on that route while practicable. As the communication between Charlottetown and Pictou, by the summer boats,

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**NOTES BY THE WAY**

New and strange inventions we know will be evolved constantly. New approaches to defence. New theories of international relations. The great hope is that the nations will become so excited about possibilities that they'll scrap ideas about wars for ideas about human betterment. After all, science should someday be able to show its power and declare for everlasting peace. A world strike of scientists against warfare is one that might be popular. — Vancouver Sun.

Even were another North American city cursed with anything so obnoxious as the City Fire Horn New York friends about her weird experience. They will sympathize with her and have a few laughs about it. They will have an impression of Sydney being a primitive place. — Sydney Post-Record.

In this age of H-bombs, taxes, insecurity and stomach ulcers, troubles have stretched out their tentacles and enmeshed almost everyone in their net of worries. Everyone, it appears, has worries, big, seemingly important worries and little, unimportant nagging ones. Sometimes the things that we worry about never happen. The damage has been done, however, to our minds and bodies. On the other hand, simply worrying about something has brought it about — "The thing that I greatly feared has come upon me." — Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

No sense: a woman wishes to earn the reputation for being a back-seat driver. But she cannot expect to achieve that desirable end without personal sacrifice. It will involve her maintaining silence while the person at the wheel unconsciously drives to town in second gear or with the brakes on. It will involve saying not a word while he selects the lane to the far left in spite of the fact that he must eventually make a right-hand turn, so that when the time comes he cannot shift without inviting disaster, and confesses, "I can't make it now." It will involve unusual restraint on her part to refrain from saying, "I could have told you fifteen minutes ago." — Vancouver Herald.

The dead turkey that attacked a West Virginian who was carrying the bird home for a family meal seems to have taken its post mortem revenge on the wrong guy. After all he hadn't decapitated the turkey. This was done before it was purchased in the store. When the purchaser slipped after leaving the store, the bird's claws tore a nine-stitch gash in the man's face and the fall broke his nose. He was patched up in time to know the turkey's tough leg at dinner. Just how injuries happen sometimes is a little too fantastic for anyone to believe when the inevitable questions are asked about how you got hurt. Since the real season leaves the questioner incredulous one might as well invent a cock and bull story, or as in this instance, a turkey story. — Sydney Post-Record.

**The Poet's Corner**

**THE DAY OF THE HAWK**

The eye of the hawk is on this hill,  
The circling hawk from a cloudless sky  
Puts fear in the fowl in the poultry yard  
And they run in the dust of the day  
And flutter drab wings which cannot fly,  
While houses keep to the shade on guard,  
And every action of man is still

Stand firm, stand firm on the day of the hawk,  
The weapon he sends before us to ferret the meek from out the bush

And stun the heart as the strike is near,  
Stand true, stand firm, and the world shall hear

Sharp in the moment's sudden  
The gun, and the rider's plummeting shock!

—Charles Malony in the New York Times

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