

THE GUARDIAN

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"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink". CHARLOTTETOWN, MONDAY, OCT. 22, 1951

People Who Are Blind

Although we may speak of blonds, of south-paws, of car-drivers and of teachers we are very well aware that it is people we are talking about and that the descriptive word leaves unsaid the essential individuality of the man, woman or child referred to.

All too often, however, unless we have close personal contact with some of them, we are prone to think and speak of "the blind" as though blindness were their principal characteristic. It is as though the wearer of false teeth were to be known and thought of first and foremost as a being lacking the biting and chewing equipment provided by nature.

Their blindness is not, of course, to be ignored. Indeed it makes necessary special types of training and special equipment for reading, playing games and, perhaps, getting about. These costs, like the provision of schools for minor language groups, must be met by society rather than the individual.

In short, we must provide for their special needs but always recognize that those needs are incidental to the full life which each is entitled to and capable of leading.

Scientific Isolationism

When Sir James Chadwick told the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia that completion of the atomic bomb was delayed about a year because of failure to achieve full co-operation between researchers in the United States and Britain he knows whereof he speaks and as the occasion was his receiving the Franklin Medal for his work in nuclear physics, it is obvious that his intention was to bring about an improvement rather than indulge in recrimination.

The strength and glory of science until very recent times has been the free exchange of information. The world could not possibly have reached its present stage of knowledge had each nation or group of scientists been obliged to make all its own mistakes and hit upon its own independent discoveries.

That idyllic freedom of scientific information has gone, of course, and considerations of security prevent its return. Unless, however, the interchange of ideas and information is renewed as far as security permits we can expect a barrenness of scientific discovery which may prove more harmful than any leakage of information.

Party Forecasts

"Canadian Business", published by the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, ventures upon the following political forecasts:

"From the watchtowers on Parliament Hill, observers do not seriously expect Premier Leslie Frost to lose in Ontario. But they are ready to place a few modest bets that Premier T. C. Douglas and his C.C.F. organization will bite the dust in the wheat-growing province. This should mean that, come the next Federal election, the Conservative Party will be in about the same position as it is now, relative to the dominant Liberal Party, and that the C. C. F. Party will have fewer resources on which to draw, and less prestige. It could mean the definite re-emergence of the Conservatives as the only party offering a practical alternative to the Liberals and the logical beneficiary of the many protest votes expected to be recorded at the next Federal election."

Chief of Clan Cameron

Sir Donald Walter Cameron of Lochiel, twenty-fifth Chief of Clan Cameron, died in London on October 11th at the age of 74. He is succeeded by his elder son, Donald Hamish, 49 years old, who now becomes head of the clan. Sir Donald's wife was the former Lady Hermine Emily Graham, second daughter of the fifth Duke of Montrose. Their marriage united two of Scotland's most distinguished and historical families.

The late Chief of Clan Cameron was Lord Lieutenant and Convener of Invernesshire and a deputy governor of the National Bank of Scotland. During the South African War he served in the Grenadier Guards. In the First Great War he raised a battalion of Cameron Highlanders and served with them throughout the war.

EDITORIAL NOTES

That was a graceful act of Islander M.P. Daniel A. Riley complimenting on the floor of the House his political opposite, J. Angus MacLean. Moreover, it was well-merited.

Furs will be the appropriate wear of the Princess until she reaches the Maritimes, when, we hope, she will have a taste of Indian Summer.

Scouting in Scotland is playing its part in boosting the number of Scouts in the world to the record total of 5,160,147. Scotland's contribution is 57,558 Scouts.

Andre Garnerin made the first parachute jump from a balloon this date 1787, a feat which he accomplished over Paris. Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) is credited with originating the idea, his rough sketch supposedly having suggested the design to later experimenters.

Having crossed this country one-way, the Royal couple probably feel that all that could be said officially has been repeated often enough and that the object from now on will be to see and be seen by as many people as possible.

Hon. Dougal MacKinnon, Minister of Public Works, is showing great initiative and enterprise in the performance of his duties. If he can produce a road surface to anyway come near being firm and dust free, he will have provided a memorial that future generations will appreciate.

No less than 6,500,000 pounds of foreign butter will be landed in Montreal this week. The Stella Marina will bring 2,500,000 pounds of Swedish butter. Most of it will be distributed in Ontario and Quebec. A 1,000,000-pound shipment from Holland is expected tomorrow, followed by 3,000,000 pounds from Denmark.

Brigadier Reid and the committee in charge of the Royal Welcome are having a strenuous time working out plans and making preparations for the 11-hour visit. Backed, as they will be, by the people as a whole the welcome will be as enthusiastic and sincere as the Princess and her consort have received anywhere where their stay has been more prolonged. It is the spirit that counts, and we, named after royalty, have ever the loyal patriotic spirit.

The kilt has always been looked upon as a most economical boys' wear in Scotland, descending from oldest brother to junior without any wear-out at the knees. But an exceptional case occurred in Laurencekirk, Scotland, recently, when Mr. George Farquharson wore at a rally of Clan Farquharson, a kilt 200 years old. It had been carefully laid away in a cedar chest and forgotten.

The Western farmers are in luck again, in having distributed a nice little nest egg, a payment representing the final clean-up of the pools. The farmers get an initial payment and then, when the grain all has been sold and handling charges deducted, the money left over is distributed to the producers as a final payment. The surplus available this year from the 1950-51 pools, Hon. Mr. Howe told Parliament, is "in excess of \$100,000,000."

What a lot of money is coming to the Province these days, all to be spent and enjoyed. In addition to our industries we have baby bonus millions, veterans and "means" test pensions, and soon, we shall have old age pensions when everybody of three-score years and ten will have their \$40 per month to play with or spend at their pleasure. Sure, an agricultural and fishing community is in the money class these days.

A very strange statement was reported to have been made by the Director of the Massachusetts Marine Fisheries Department, to the effect that he had "successfully negotiated" with Canadian authorities to raise the legal size of lobsters here to that of the Boston market which is to be increased at the end of the year and again in a year's time. Negotiations on the subject should certainly involve more than talks with Ottawa members of the Fisheries Department.

Sale of synthetic detergents may increase to 75 per cent of package sales within the next two years, according to an article in Agricultural Situation, a publication of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, Washington. Sales of detergents have increased from less than one pound per capita in 1942 to eight pounds in 1950. If temporary shortages of plants and raw materials are alleviated, trade sources believe, total sales in the next couple of years could hit 2,000,000,000 pounds. Total sales of the synthetics have been estimated at 1,200,000,000 pounds in 1950, one-fourth of the total for soaps and detergents that year.

Job At Hand



Old Charlottetown

(And P. E. I.)

QUARANTINE INSPECTION

As a colony Prince Edward Island had its own quarantine office and marine hospital in Charlottetown, which were maintained for some years after Confederation. In 1877 the inspecting physician was Dr. W. H. Hobbirk, whose report, dated Dec. 31 of that year, throws an interesting light on his duties.

"I have frequently had to visit vessels with sickness on board, to satisfy captains as to the nature of such sickness, also to inspect sick seamen before their admission into the marine hospital, in order to certify that they were not suffering from contagious or infectious diseases," the report states. "I have also occasionally been called upon to visit vessels about to proceed to sea, to examine and give certificates as to the state of health of sailors, who, on the plea of sickness (often feigned with the view of getting discharged) refuse to proceed on their passage. I have also visited steamers and other vessels carrying passengers from foreign ports, when suspected, or when coming from infected places."

"I have frequently had the honour to submit to the Department (of Agriculture at Ottawa) the necessity there is that the hospital should be placed in a good state of repair, as soon as possible. It is commodious and well suited for the purpose, but should be ready for the reception of the sick for we might at any time (as has been the case before) have an influx of patients with smallpox or some other infectious complaint."

"The inspection of vessels has been of late rendered more difficult and uncertain than it was in consequence of the local Government having removed from the Block House the signals which announced the arrival of vessels in port; also, by the removal from the station (by order of the Department) of the boatmen, whose duty it has been for some years to report daily to the inspecting physician the arrival of any vessel in the harbour which required to be visited. Now, being deprived of assistance from these quarters, I am left entirely on my own resources."

The Age-Old Story

And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves, and said unto them, It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves. And the blind and the lame came to him in the temple; and he healed them. And when the chief priests and scribes saw the wonderful things that he did, and the children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the son of David; they were sore displeased, and said unto him, Hearst thou what these say? And Jesus saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise? And he left them, and went out of the city into Bethany; and he lodged there.

BRERMERHAVEN, Germany, Oct. 21 (AP) — Men of the 43rd Infantry Division, New England National Guard, tramped down the gangplank of the U.S. transport Gen. Butler Saturday to join four U.S. combat troop total in Germany to at least 180,000 men.

MOSCOW, Oct. 21 (AP) — The Russian navy newspaper Red Fleet Saturday reported the death of Rear-Admiral Vladimir Christovserov, naval artillery expert.

SLIGHTLY FLATTENED

The east-west circumference of the earth is 24,902 miles, but the north-south circumference is 24,890 miles.

Notes By The Way

In France they are testing a rocket device for a quicker delivery of mail. Be wonderful when an executive can dictate: "Yours of tomorrow was received yesterday. This will confirm your arrangement of next week to meet you in Paris last Thursday. Regards, Monsieur."—Hamilton Spectator.

For some reason we just can't seem to get enthusiastic about a lovely, sunny Autumn day when it is the first day back at work after a long holiday week-end which was filled with nothing but chill winds and constant rain! The weatherman for this past Summer season has had a most peculiar sense of humor.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

It was bound to happen. The royal square dance at Rideau Hall has started what seems likely to become a London craze. It will not be surprising to find society this winter arrayed in peasant blouses and blue jeans, and a frantic call going out to Canada for "callers." Next thing will be that green and white polka-dot bow ties will become the fashion for men, if the Duke of Edinburgh wears in public his gift from the Governor of Michigan.—Ottawa Citizen.

When they began putting soda fountains on battleships we were quite sure the navy was going to the dogs. Not to the tough old sea dogs. A new generation of sailors is being developed and at the risk of having the crew of the next warship that visits the harbor descend on us in an angry body, we're going to suggest that it will be a generation of softies that would't even know how to "splice the main brace" if somebody ordered them to. Now comes something else to complete the softening process. A machine is being tested by the British Admiralty, reads a dispatch, "with which one man could swab the decks that seven sailors now do by hand." Using the floor-scrubbing machine, the men would not have to get down on their knees and would not even get their feet wet. Shades of Nelson!—Montreal Daily Star.

Wholesale prices in Canada fell off by 27 points in August and anxious housewives, working out their budgets, will be hopeful that this quiet substantial drop will be reflected in the cost of living index. It may not be, but, as indicators of a general trend in prices, the wholesale index is better over the whole price field than the selected items in the cost of living index. It just may be that the drop in wholesale prices is the harbinger of better things to come all round, something like the first robin in spring. Wholesale prices have been falling for some time in the United States. Canada usually lags a bit behind. But, on the other hand, the pressure on prices as a result of rearmament is still building up. However, in these inflationary days, we may be glad of any crumbs of comfort that come our way. The decrease in wholesale prices is such a crumb, though it has not yet turned into a substantial loaf.—Montreal Daily Star.

"I don't want anybody nattering at me before breakfast," remarked an acquaintance. We understood exactly how she felt and what she meant. Lots of people don't want to be nattered at early in the morning—or any other time of the day, for that matter. This is a good word which we haven't heard much used lately. Yet it is a useful one with a precise meaning of its own. It means to find fault, to be peevish or querulous. Nattering is somewhat less objectionable than nagging, because it isn't necessarily so repetitious; and it is somewhat milder in tone and content. We all have had experience with nattering people. They peevishly chatter about this or that, often about inconsequential things and usually in a pessimistic manner. And, in the morning, they do start the day off wrong for others. Nattering is a word we

shouldn't lose from our language. It describes a state of mind, or of tongue, more exactly than any substitute. If anyone disagrees about this, well, we hope he won't natter at us about it.—Windsor Daily Star.

Back in the 18th century, Josiah Wedgwood built up the famous pottery which bears his name, a name honored the world over for the excellence of Wedgwood ware. One day Joseph Wedgwood, walking through his factory, saw a workman packing a beautiful blue vase, exquisitely decorated in those finely etched designs in high relief which Wedgwood is famous for. The proprietor noticed a "tip," barely perceptible to the naked eye. Picking up the vase, he smashed it on the floor. Then he turned angrily to the workman who has been preparing the vase for shipment. "Why did you pass that damaged article?" he demanded. The workman answered fearfully, "I thought it was good enough for the trade!" "Nothing," said Josiah Wedgwood, "Nothing except a perfect article is good enough for Josiah Wedgwood!" There is a lesson for us today in that true story. There is no room for "good enough." That is why Jesus Christ set a humanly impossible standard and did it without apology: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect!" Unattainable in this life, perhaps, yet assuring, red that leaves no room for sluggishness, self-satisfaction or complacency.—Vancouver Sun.

Plowing on the Contour

(The Globe and Mail)

The International Plowing Match is one of the great annual events of rural Ontario. Held in various parts of the Province from year to year, it draws many thousands of people. Originally a plowing competition, the "finals" of a large number of local events, it has broadened out into a sort of exhibition, in which farm and other equipment for the farm almost overshadow the plowing in popular interest.

This year, for the first time, there were classes in contour plowing, which drew extraordinarily small interest. Only two plowing enthusiasts entered the first day, and but five the second. The crowd, such as it was, seemed to be little impressed by the work, and some are quoted as being unable to see why the furrows were not straight.

Contour plowing is plowing across the slope instead of up and down it. The furrow follows the contour of the land, being always more or less at right angles to the top of the slope at any particular point. This produces the characteristic wavy line of the plowing. The value of this method is that water does not run off so rapidly when it rains, and therefore does not carry the topsoil down the slope. When contour cultivation is adopted, the old-fashioned square or rectangular fields are abandoned, and the various crops are grown in strips, following the contour, also. Contour plowing is no more difficult than the straight plowing, once the pattern is set by an experienced agricultural representative.

Lessons From Europe In Community Progress

By Leo P. Molsaac Part One (continued) (All Rights Reserved)

THE OUTLOOK IN GERMANY

I had a chance to talk with several well-informed people, not only about labor, farm and co-operative organizations, but about the political situation, the tense-ness and the existing unreality that was apparent. The outlook of the people and the stories about general economic conditions in the southern part of the country were pretty well the same as those in the northern section, in and around Hamburg which I visited later.

On the trip north, it was the same story. Stations shattered, railways rebuilt, and freight trains by the dozens rushing about doing their part in the great job of reconstruction. There are many new and comfortable passenger cars now which is quite a change from the stories they told me about the first two or three years after the war. Then people had to ride when they could, often in open flat cars from town to town.

We stopped at Bremen, and rolled on to Hamburg, that old Hanseatic seaport, and one of the hardest hit centers during the war. Hamburg had one million, seven hundred thousand inhabitants before the war, but during the big air raids in 1943, more than a million of them fled to neighboring areas. When war was over in 1945, most of the factories and industrial plants had been flattened, and over 300,000 dwellings or fifty-three percent of the total buildings in the city were ruined. The harbor was blocked by nearly three thousand wrecked ships.

Then the people flocked back and rolled up their shirt sleeves and started to clean up. They removed most of the debris, cleaned up the city, planned its reconstruction and went to work. They gave primary importance to rebuilding the industrial centers, but are now working at the dwelling houses, in removing the rubble of houses, in finding the remains of many of their neighbors who were fatalities of the air raids in 1943. The population is almost back to its pre-war figure. Hamburg had been destroyed by war and rebuilt several times before.

Although I was in Germany for only a week, I talked with many people who have worked and lived there since the war and they confirm my belief that this is a fair and typical example of the reconstruction process in western Germany. The people are determined and hard working and all pitching in to complete the job as soon as possible.

There is no "sleeping in", and there is little regard for office hours or working time. At six-thirty and seven in the morning, the town is alive, the day's traffic and work has begun, the people are on the way to their job. The offices and shops open at eight and although most of the people take time to drink a cup of coffee, it is brought in to them at ten o'clock little or no time is lost. Even in the cities and larger towns many German families have a small garden of their own. If there is not room where they are living, they rent a plot in one of the numerous community gardens on the outskirts of the town.

About one-tenth of all the German vegetable requirements are produced in this way. Because it also occupies any spare time the people may have and gives them a feeling of independence and satisfaction, the Communists have tried to stop this practice.

There are many British and American troops there now, apparently just watching for a chance to distribute their dollars, and to trade their cigarettes for the fine food, the cheap cameras and other valuable German production. I had a chance to look around through some of the factories, where that real genius and skill are displayed. You will see the most ingenious machines doing the complicated jobs with unbelievable efficiency and speed.

The mechanical ability of the Germans cannot be overestimated. There are factories not only in the large cities but also in the small towns and villages dotted all over the country. One evening on a drive north from Hamburg, we called in at the match factory at building wholesales, by the co-operative wholesales. It was not far to the Russian border, so we took a drive over as far as the German guard would allow us to go.

It was on the bank of the Elbe; across a mile or so of marsh land, we could see the Russian guard house and the farm homes of some of the unfortunate victims in the eastern zone. The situation seemed to be tense; there were gangs of men out rebuilding roads and building new houses, going the German side, which was more uncertainly which was more pronounced here than further inland. The guard told us that many of the people, mostly intellectuals and discouraged leaders, were giving up and smuggling out by night carrying what little belongings they could bring with them.

We were told of the workers smuggling over articles even as large as sewing machines and selling them or trading for other small luxuries which they could not get at home now. We were told also how many of those same people were shot or arrested on the way home.

Two of the men with me had been Russian prisoners of war and to them, like most of the people not see the wisdom of preserving their primary asset—soil fertility—with every means at their disposal.

There are still some radical factions in the country and among those many old Nazi army officers who would welcome Russian occupation. Their idea is that in a few short years, they, the clever and great German leaders, would gradually get into key positions, obtain control of the dominating Russian and their Communist machine, and then take control not only of Eastern Europe, but Russia, and eventually the Far East and the whole world, turning the defeat of 1945 into a greater victory than Hitler ever dreamed of. Factions like this amaze people who, generally speaking, seem not to bother about it, make an otherwise encouraging picture rather blurred.

The present federal government has not the whole-hearted support even of those who are interested in politics and concerned with government affairs. Many of them smile about what they call "the new debating chamber at Bonn". Recent elections have shown that the German people will not accept Communism officially, but the danger seems to be in the widening of divisions between agriculture and industry, between religious groups and other small factions which may undermine the moral and individual spirit of the people. The Landers and provincial governments produce more of the legislation that touches private lives than does the National Government and leaves room for radical elements to gain some influence.

There are many different customs and traditions in Germany too. For instance, in the northern part, the oldest son automatically gets the estate at the death of the father, but in the south the estate is divided among all the members of the family. Another old custom that still obtains in some parts is the celebrating of a birthday, not on the anniversary of the date of birth into this world, but of the date of baptism when the person was cleansed of original sin and born into an Eternal World. On this day, the sponsors are invited, presents of a religious nature are given and the importance of the life of the soul and final end are emphasized and impressed on the mind of the child.

Despite the apathy and internal divisions however, there is ground for belief that the Germans will pull out of this depressed condition. They all love Germany and each and all are anxious to build her again to become one of the greatest countries in the world. Many of the Germans, pointing to the new super highways, to the tremendous hydro development, to modernization in nearly every field will tell you how much Hitler and national socialism did for them. Now they have lost some of the greatest resources, especially their agricultural territory to the east, and the future is so uncertain, it is understandable that general agreement among the people is difficult. (To be continued)

The Poet's Corner

THE ODYSSEY

As one that for a weary space has lain Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine In gardens near the pafe of Prosperpine, Where that Aean Isle forgets the main, And only the low lutes of love complain, And only shadows of wan lovers pine— As such an one were glad to know the brine Salt on his lips, and the large air again— So gladly, from the songs of modern speech Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free Shril wind beyond the close of heavy flowers, And through the music of the last quiet hours They hear like Ocean on the western beach The surge and thunder of the Odyssey. —Andrew Lang