

THE GUARDIAN

Authorized as Second Class Mail Post Office Department, Ottawa. The Island Guardian Publishing Co. CIRCULATION Total City Zone 3,765 Retail Trading Zone 8,457 All Others 827 Total Net Paid 13,049

President and Associate Editor, Ian A. Burnett, Associate Editor, Frank Walker.

"The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink"

CHARLOTTETOWN, FRIDAY, OCT. 12, 1951

Commemorative Stamps

The less than enthusiastic reception of the 4-cent postage stamps being issued to commemorate the Royal visit is a warning against going in for commemorative stamp issues generally.

It is no more possible to turn out beautiful stamps when limited as to time and design than for a painter or musician to produce a work of art to order and to meet a deadline.

There are great events which it is desirable to commemorate by a special issue, but they should be kept to a minimum and the artists concerned given ample time and as free a hand as possible in the design and execution.

Treaty Obligations

The North Atlantic Treaty contains a clause (largely of Canadian origin) by which the signatories pledge themselves, rather vaguely, to economic as well as military co-operation.

Today the Princess and the Duke visit the Ontario centres of Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Trenton and Toronto. After that a Toronto week-end must seem ideally restful.

"Parent" is contributing a series of six letters to the Forum on the Teacher situation in which he outlines a policy deserving the full consideration of the educational authorities.

Mr. Leo McIsaac, having covered England and Scotland in his most interesting contribution is now in Ireland where he is bringing his powers of observation to bear on many interesting phases of the country's development.

Miss Edith Cavell, English nurse, head of a nursing institution in Brussels, was shot this date 1915 after being secretly tried by a German court-martial on a charge of aiding English, French and Belgian soldiers to escape from Belgium.

Soon we shall all hear City fire alarms, though what that will benefit us is hard to understand. What is essential is that the members of the fire brigade be immediately contacted when an alarm reaches the police department or fire office.

"Can anyone identify a crest that appears on my signet ring," asks a correspondent. "It consists of the side view of a standing wolf or dog, and bears the motto 'Tak Tent'." "Tak Tent" (Take Heed), writes the editor of The Scotsman, is the motto of a branch of the Crocketts.

In the absence of magnesium, fluoride enriches mineralization, according to an account in the New York Times, whereas in its presence fluoride blocks mineralization. It would seem that adding fluoride to drinking water would only be useful in preventing tooth decay in children where the supply of magnesium is limited.

Remembrance Day is yet a month away and perhaps it seems out of place to refer to it at this time. Some thought, however, should be given to making the services and ceremonies on that day a fitting tribute to valour and sacrifice.

(3) that this was the last season of Indian attacks on the settlements of the whites; (4) that the season partook of the Indian character of deceptiveness; (5) that the name was given because one of the seasons of East India was similar in character. "Horace Walpole used the term in 1778, not in reference to America, but in relation to weather in the tropics. Squaw Winter was a name for the spell of cold weather preceding the Indian Summer, and perhaps the key to the nomenclature is to be sought in this latter term."

The Britannica provides the best answer as to the correct time of the season. On this point, it says:

"Indian Summer is a season of several weeks duration in the late Autumn characterized by a calm translucent atmosphere and mellow sunshine, in sharp contrast to climatic conditions which precede and follow it. . . . The haziness in the atmosphere is attributed to the smoke and dust floating in the still, dry air, which absence of wind and rain makes possible. Indian Summer is preceded by Squaw Winter, a cold spell when the thermometer first dips below the freezing point."

EDITORIAL NOTES

The best wishes of Islanders go to our representative plowman, Mr. Frank Clay competing today in the international plowing match at Woodstock, Ont.

Canada will soon have a brigade in Europe as well as in Korea which tells, as words could never do, where this country stands in regard to aggressors.

The Royal Edinburghs reached Canada by air and will return to England from here via Sydney and Newfoundland by sea.

Today the Princess and the Duke visit the Ontario centres of Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Trenton and Toronto. After that a Toronto week-end must seem ideally restful.

"Parent" is contributing a series of six letters to the Forum on the Teacher situation in which he outlines a policy deserving the full consideration of the educational authorities.

Mr. Leo McIsaac, having covered England and Scotland in his most interesting contribution is now in Ireland where he is bringing his powers of observation to bear on many interesting phases of the country's development.

Miss Edith Cavell, English nurse, head of a nursing institution in Brussels, was shot this date 1915 after being secretly tried by a German court-martial on a charge of aiding English, French and Belgian soldiers to escape from Belgium.

Soon we shall all hear City fire alarms, though what that will benefit us is hard to understand. What is essential is that the members of the fire brigade be immediately contacted when an alarm reaches the police department or fire office.

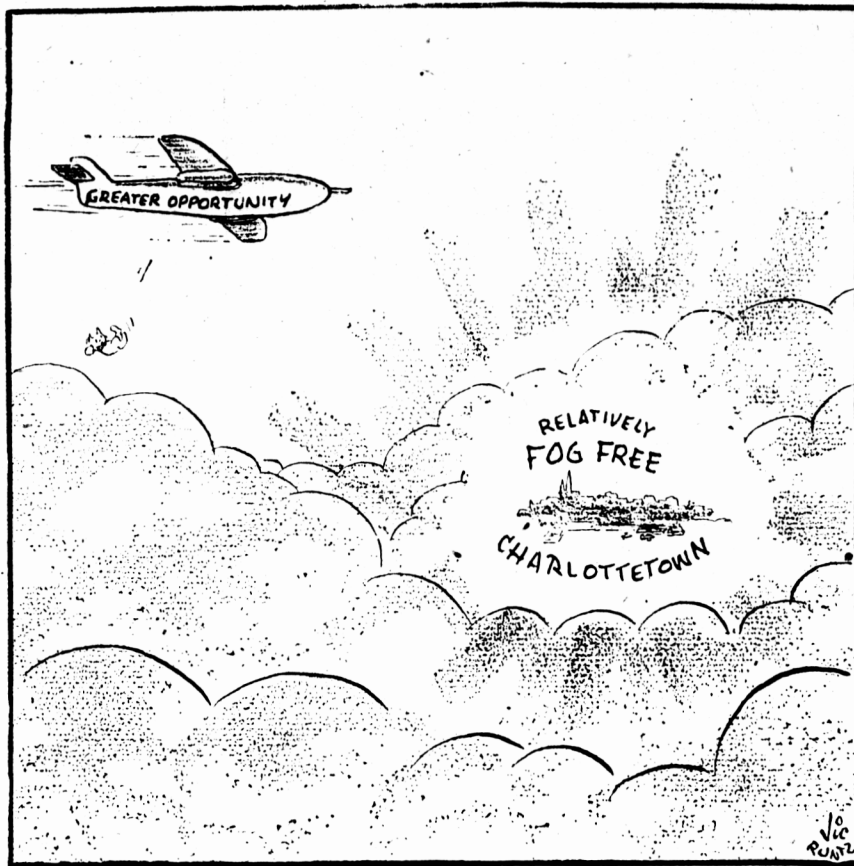
"Can anyone identify a crest that appears on my signet ring," asks a correspondent. "It consists of the side view of a standing wolf or dog, and bears the motto 'Tak Tent'." "Tak Tent" (Take Heed), writes the editor of The Scotsman, is the motto of a branch of the Crocketts.

In the absence of magnesium, fluoride enriches mineralization, according to an account in the New York Times, whereas in its presence fluoride blocks mineralization. It would seem that adding fluoride to drinking water would only be useful in preventing tooth decay in children where the supply of magnesium is limited.

Remembrance Day is yet a month away and perhaps it seems out of place to refer to it at this time. Some thought, however, should be given to making the services and ceremonies on that day a fitting tribute to valour and sacrifice.

Children should be instructed in the significance of the two-minute silence and all of us, whether attending a service or not, should make a point of observing at least that minimum tribute. Traffic should halt and horns as well as voices keep silence.

Landing Place?



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.

DRUNKEN DRIVERS

Sir.—An excerpt from this week's "Quick" magazine entitled "Practical Punishment" states: "Drunk drivers in Helsinki, Finland, got short shrift. When picked up, they're driven to the Helsinki airport, fed, handed a pick and shovel and put to work extending new runways."

TEACHER TRAINING

Sir.—Now a brief summary of my previous letters would be that there is injustice, confusion and abnormalities in the present teacher situation and a very definite shortage of teachers because one year or more of academic study beyond Grade X can secure only a "permit" to teach at a very low rate of salary.

Likewise the younger teacher who spent two years under the present system of training holds only a second-class license, while the older teacher, who spent two years at college holds a first-class license.

That the present one-year teacher training course is impractical and almost useless to teachers of the one and two-roomed schools. That the yearly vacancies in grade schools are so few and most that do occur are filled by experienced teachers from the one and two-room schools.

Therefore, either the teacher's income must be considerably increased or the requirements lowered if adequate numbers are to become teachers. That all existing licenses and their classifications be cancelled and one year qualifications Grade I, two years Grade II, etc., so that all teachers, both old and new, will be equally classified and paid according to qualifications.

For Children Of All Ages

(The Times, London)

Learned annotation of nursery rhymes might seem, at first sight, to be as odd an exercise as wearing cap and gown when bathing a baby.

Even those baleful pedants who blighted Shakespeare for generations of school children by tracing the plays back to unreadable sources might get off with a lighter sentence than is deserved by the commentator who finds a Greek original, complete with accents, for "hey diddy diddle."

Notes By The Way

The cub reporter called his rewrite desk, started dictating. "I've just interviewed Robert X. Roberts, and he says he has never tasted spirits or tobacco, he's been a vegetarian since his twentieth year, always sleeps nine hours a night, uses no profanity, has been touched by no breath of scandal, either in business or private life, indulges in no excesses, has no vices, and his advice to . . ."

The good earth turns over at the plowing matches and the organizers wonder at the crowds who come to see this familiar farm process. Here is the preparation have been known when Shakespeare was a young man.

Few of the old authors wrote for children and their original wording was often unsuited, by modern standards, for the nursery. All manner of adult echoes can be detected. There are fragments of ballad and folk song, of ancient custom and ritual, and memories of street cry and mummers' plays.

The only rhymes going back before 1800 which were written for the nursery seem to be rhyming alphabets, verses to go with games and lullabies. Even the riddles were in the first place designed for adult perplexity.

lona and Peter Opie, the editors of this new Oxford Dictionary, argue that Stuart and early Hanoverian parents saw nothing unusual in their children hearing strong language and savouring strong drink.

So slow was the growth of a special literature in this genre that no earlier use of the term "nursery rhyme" can be found than 1824. Still, there were collections before that, and an old name for them, "Mother Goose Songs," still holds the field in America.

When the origin of the favourites is explored, honest scholarship has often to confess itself baffled. Who killed Cock Robin is for instance, a question that may have been asked at the fall of Walpole's Ministry in 1742 and may have had something to do with the Norse tale of the death of Balder. Jack Spratt may have been a Frenchman, known to the peasants of the Bocage who were allied to him.

Jacques Spas Naimot pas le gras. Sa femme le maigre detestolt; Ainsi, que ses deux Kien au monde n'alloit leux. Et rien sur la table ne restait. If this is accepted as the Oxford editors are too full of fun to do, then the coast is clear for other theorists. Bo-peep becomes Mary Queen of Scots, Curlylocks Charles II. Old Mother Hubbard Cardinal Wolsey, and the pussy in "I love little pussy," Queen Elizabeth.

It would be nice to have faith in the theory that "Hush-a-bye, baby," the best known lullaby on either side of the Atlantic, was composed by a Pilgrim youth who went over on the Mayflower and who was influenced by the way the Red Indian hung his birch-bark cradle on the branch of the tree.

Enthusiasm more tepid is provoked by the suggestion that "baa baa black sheep's" three bags full is a reference to an export tax of 1278. Imagination shrinks from the thought of "Taffy was a Thief" being sung on the first of March on the Welsh border.

The charm of this Dictionary is that it glosses the rhymes with so graceful a mixture of scholarship and humour. Too ponderous for childish hands to hold, it is admirable for reading aloud and its pictures can be shared by all eyes.

This is as it should be in an art that is first loved before the meaning of words is known.

The Poet's Corner

SALUTE FOR AUTUMN

Arrive, then, pallid ghost of Summer's day, Spread withered wreaths after rich piteous; No sun-warm calyx will prod buds to play Good host to swarming, honey-laden bees. Green leaves that briefly shone in bloom's deep jade, Turned russet, gold; O, bright, ye life-devoid; Silk fronds whose damask sheen began to fade With winds that left frail aster stems destroyed. Behold chilled Autumn moons . . . the frozen boughs, So like the scarecrow in some barren field; Bleak clouds swim overhead, and idle plows Will rust until new roots cut through earth's shield. The night must pass before bright day begins; So, too, both May and frost are nature's twins.

Old Charlottetown

POSTMASTERS IN 1851 The Royal Gazette of July 15, 1851, carried the following notice from the office of the Executive Council, signed by Charles Desbrisay, Clerk of Council: "The Imperial regulations respecting the Post Office of this Colony having ceased to be in authority, and the Colonial Act having come into operation the functions of all offices under the Imperial Acts having terminated, the following appointments have been made by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor in Council: Barrett's Cross, William Glover; Bay Fortune, William Underhay; Bedeque, Colin McLennan; Belfast, Joseph Atkinson; Cape Traverse, Hector Campbell; Casimpepe, Alexander Maggieson; Cavendish, Daniel McNeill; West Cape, James Kinlay; Fairfield, Patrick Kavanagh; Georgetown, Martin Byrne; Lot 16, James Lyle; Lot 47, Alexander M'vane; Most Pleasant, Michael Egan; Murray Harbour, John Dalziel; New Glasgow, Andrew Nesbitt; New London, Duncan M'Intyre; Park Corner, William Cousins; Port Hill, James Crosswell; Princetown, George Sinclair; St. Eleanor, James I. Fraser; St. Margaret's, Donald McDonald; St. Peter's, John Jardine Jr.; Souris, James M'Farlane; Tignish, Martin Walsh; Travellers Rest, John Townsend; Tryon, Thomas Hockin; Vernon River, Matthew Redmond; White Sands, William Bell."

Lessons From Europe In Community Progress

By Leo P. McIsaac

Part One, (continued)

(All Rights Reserved)

IRISH HOSPITALITY

Our main mission to Ireland was to visit Mr. Patrick Gallagher, better known as "Paddy the Cope", that famous promoter, pioneer and cooperator of County Donegal. We were headed for Dunjloe on the far north east corner of Ireland. As soon as we boarded the train for Londonderry, we noticed the carefree and happy outlook of the people. The trains were crowded and a bit on the dusty side. One would wonder if the windows were really designed to let in light and allow passengers to look out, or built in just for old times' sake.

It was almost time to pull out when, lo and behold, two old railway veterans sauntered along with a hose and the intention of washing off the windows. The following conversation took place between the conductor, who was anxious to get away, and the man with the hose.

Conductor: "As usual you made it just when we are ready to go. Did ye bring the water with ye or do ye still have to go back and turn it on?" Pat: "Be japers, man, where have ye been with this thing, a-rolling in the sand somewhere?" (With this he turned the tap and a heavy squirt of water struck an open window instead of a muddy one, and landed on some new Easter bonnets inside. This caused our first bit of excitement on the train.)

Conductor: "Damit man, be careful, and git that mud washed off before I have to pull out and leave ye."

We were fortunate in getting our window washed, but passengers on the other side of the car could see no better. The conductor blew the whistle and shouted to Pat. "See ye're out here early and have this cleaning done as soon as she comes back in the morning." Pat answered, "Indeed, sir, if she does come back, but it will likely be aftermoon by the time ye make it."

We were headed for Dunjloe, north past Lough Neagh, Antrim, Ballymena and Ballymoney. A member of the colonial group, having to go on to London, did not come to Ireland. But there were twelve of us and it was a pleasant journey up through this diverse country. The contrast between the different districts was greater than anything that could be found even in Wales. The rich farming country near the shores of Lough Foyle and the river Bann were something like that of the lowlands. The small holding districts in Donegal which we came to later, were much rockier and bleaker than even our wildest dream.

We did not rush, but lost no time on the train. As we went North, we came closer to the homes of some of the passengers and they grew still more talkative. While the train stopped at the small stations and sidings, and the crew loaded and unloaded the mail and parcels, the conductor gave the station master all the latest news from Belfast and in exchange got the latest local gossip.

We arrived in Derry, the main harbor and town of those north parts, got off the train and went into the station. Everyone seemed interested in our mixed international group, and when we enquired about finding a restaurant and the bus stop for Dunjloe about a dozen people gave us directions in chorus, and of course, ended emphatically with, "You can't miss it."

We made good connections but just as the bus was pulling out there was a delay, which was the first indication of the excitement we were to cause during the next couple of days. It was the newspaper reporter with his photographic camera. So we had to get off the bus and pose for a group picture. The weather was rather overcast, but we went through the procedure anyway, hoping it would not turn out. The next day it was on the front page of the Herald, which is the largest paper in that part of the country. The foot-note explained that this was a group of colored visitors from the International Co-operative College. Mr. and Mrs. McIsaac were from Nova Scotia which, according to the wording of the footnote, was a colony in East Africa!

On the bus, everyone was most anxious to help us. We soon came to the border of Donegal, which is in Eire, and of course, had to go through the custom house Mr. Gallagher met us at the next bus terminal. Although an old man of eighty, he was just as vigorous and spry as the book outlining the story of his life and great work, "Paddy said, as he great work," "I'm glad to see you all," as he shook hands with each of us. "You're welcome," he said, "and we're honored to have you."

We had a tiring trip and it was a long slow journey to Dunjloe. The bus is the only means of public conveyance over this northern route now. There used to be a train, they said, but it did not pay, and so was discontinued a few years ago. "Just a minute," Paddy said, as he hopped off and into the office at the end of the bus officials. He was back in a minute with a radiant smile and said, "Ye know they all know me around here, so they have given us a special bus for this group to Dunjloe. We shan't have to go around the long way at all. Now what will you have for dinner when you get there? We would have been quite late but now we should make it by nine o'clock. All arrangements are made. You can have roast beef or chicken when you arrive, but I want to wear ahead and tell them," said Paddy. This stunned the boys for a minute, but someone modestly suggested that roast beef would be fine. "Good," he said and shouted to the bus driver, "What's your name?" "Jim," said he, "God man, I knew your father well," he said, "The bus is all ours now. Pull her down to the hotel opposite the square so I can make a phone call and the boys can get some refreshments."

In Ireland, we soon came to know that refreshments are much lower in price and higher in quality than in England. They are mostly Irish products. And so, refreshed, we started out through this wild and rocky, yet thickly populated country. The roads run along the cultivated land which is like a narrow ribbon between the mountain and the bog. It was broken into numberless tiny fields with a house to each half dozen or so. The small barns and buildings are not the most modern, but with their blocks of peat drying in the sun for next year, with the thatched roofs and white-washed walls, they looked like real homes, with real family ties, which mean more to those people than anything else in the world.

Paddy had friends all along these highways, and I still do not believe Jim needed to stop for petrol three times during that four hour drive. Paddy told us, "Well, we can't treat the bus better than ourselves," and so, although many of us declined, he insisted that the human engine needed refueling as well as the bus.

We took the "short-cut" through the Rosses, and when we arrived at Dunjloe, everyone was beginning to appreciate, love and admire this old gentleman with his active friendly manner and his sharp eye that resembles a seacaptain's. The meal was ready and was as good as the appetites, but the dessert came afterwards. Instead of retiring to our rooms, we were invited into the living room before the glow of the peat burning in the fireplace, and were taken to take part in a sing-song with the hotel keeper's family, and their guests, until the roast beef was well on the road to digestion.

The next morning, we went out to see some of the projects of this famous cooperator of Donegal. They are all mentioned in his widely read book, (Gallagher, Patrick: "My Story"). We went first to the main store of the Templemore Co-operative Society, from which several branch stores in the surrounding villages are served. We soon came to know why everyone seemed to be expecting us, and why the paper had been so interested. On large posters here at the post office and on other public buildings, there was an invitation to all to attend a "huge rally" in the town hall that evening, to be addressed by members of the international co-operative tour, who were here from various parts of the world. This was entirely unexpected. Everyone was talking about next meeting and was coming. We had neither heard of it nor were prepared for such a session.

After our own little tour of the town, cars were brought, and we were taken out to see the house where Paddy was born as well as the farm and pools of interest so aptly described in his book. It is hard to imagine how anyone could even eke out an existence living from the small strips of soil here and there between the huge rocks. We saw the donkeys with their side baskets, filled with turf, and along the shore the moss hung to dry. Paddy took us to see the bakery, which now supplies the bread for the town. It used to be hauled in from Derry, and was very often in a stale and unappetizing condition after such a long and slow haul.

We went to the electric power plant, which was organized as a community project and which now supplies the electricity for the town and the small factories. The hosiery factory is another branch of the cooperative, but for it a great deal of the knitting is done in the homes. The yarns and small knitting machines are supplied, not to every home, but to one in each small community, where from three to six women get together and do the work. The yarn is sent out from the factory to them and the finished product comes back for inspection and marketing. (To be continued)

The Age-Old Story

The wicked, through the pride of his countenance, will not seek after God: God is not in all his thoughts. His ways are always grievous; his judgments are far above out of his sight.

ANCIENT ORNAMENT

Use of combs is very ancient and specimens have been found in early Egyptian, Greek and Roman tombs.

LUNAR MAGNET

The tide-producing power of the moon upon the earth's surface is more than twice that of the sun.