

THE GUARDIAN

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CIRCULATION "Covers Prince Edward Island like the dew" "The Strongest Memory is Weaker Than the Weakest Ink" CHARLOTTETOWN, MONDAY, AUG. 18, 1952

Austria's Dilemma

The people of Austria want the Americans to go home. In fact, they want the British, the French and the Russians to go home, too. Vienna, it seems, is tired of being the capital of an occupied country.

Nobody can blame the Austrians for wanting to be a free country. Not since Hitler's triumphal entry into Vienna one Spring day in 1938, while the Nazi traitor Seyss-Inquart cheered and strewed flowers in his path have the Austrians known freedom.

Probably the American, and British, and French and even Russian troops in Austria would like to go home too. One reason why they haven't done so long ago is that Moscow refuses to reach agreement with the other occupying powers regarding the reparations which Austria ought to pay for her part in World War II.

The western powers' experience with South Korea should be enough to dictate the policy to be followed in Austria. The South Koreans, like the Austrians, wanted to be free. But scarcely had their freedom been granted than Communist hordes overran their borders and the western powers had to go to their rescue.

Self-determination is an understandable aspiration for a country such as Austria. Paradox of the situation is that the Austrians seem unable to discern that self-determination for their country while the Soviet colossus encircles them geographically and outnumbers them without limitation, could lead only to self-destruction.

Climatic Changes

Dr. C. E. P. Brooks, a noted British meteorologist, has been telling a gathering of experts of the United States Weather Bureau, in Washington, that there is the possibility of a quite appreciable and permanent change in the world's climate during the next 25 or 50 years.

The world's glaciers and the Arctic ice pack have been retreating for the last 100 years, Dr. Brooks reminds his listeners; unless this condition abates, then he feels reasonably confident that the climatic changes he mentions will result. Canada and the northern parts of the world would probably benefit economically as a consequence of these milder temperatures; the wheat belt would be extended and wider development of natural resources would be possible.

A Lively Theme

"Women and the State" is the lively topic that the Canadian Federation of University Women will develop at its triennial convention at Ottawa this week. The university women's choice of such a theme, says the "Citizen", is encouraging to those who would like to see Canadian women in a more active role in public affairs than they presently play.

the finest speakers in the country. One is the Begum.

"Canadian women have not shown themselves to be complacent about their situation," concludes our Ottawa contemporary. "At gatherings of women's groups, the lament that only a single member of their sex sits in the Federal House is regularly heard. But behind some of these laments, there is no acknowledgment of a fact of Canadian life—that a woman is no longer elected or defeated because of her sex.

Reward For Good Drivers

Highway patrol officers in Georgia have recently adopted the policy of noting and praising good driving as well as of penalizing misdoing. In some instances, notes an exchange, the procedure has involved highly humorous reactions from the good drivers, unaccustomed as they are to having anything said about them.

The motorist who has been going along his way doing as well as he knew how is motioned off the highway by the officer. As he pulls over the driver wonders what in the name of tarnation is wrong now. Then the officer remarks politely: "I have been watching you. You have held to a steady speed. You have made all necessary signals. You have obeyed stop signs and other directives. I want to thank and compliment you for helping keep Georgia highways safe."

After the praised driver recovers from his first shock of disbelief, he likes it. It is also true that motorists from other parts go away profoundly impressed on the credit side with the State of Georgia. The technique is on the positive side and might profitably be adopted all over the land.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Charlottetown is playing host to lady golfers of the Maritime Golf Association. The devotees of the Royal and Ancient game can be sure of a hearty welcome, and stiff competition.

Islanders practically purr when visitors such as Montreal artist Campbell Tinning tell us that the Island is the most paintable part of Canada. On the other hand we would not seriously object to a few eyeglasses in the form of smoking factory chimneys.

Yesterday the International Grassland Congress opened its sessions at Pennsylvania State College. This is one aspect of international affairs that the man with the lawn mower can understand and sympathize with. The problems are right by his doorstep.

For many years coal was Britain's basic export commodity. The years when she became a coal-importing country were dark indeed economically. Now, however, for the fourth time this year the U. K. has been able to raise its coal export target. It now stands at 15 1/2 million tons—double the 1951 figure.

Noisy trucks and motorists who disturb the sleep of citizens by thoughtless conduct after midnight are to be curbed by the efforts of the city police, and the Council is advertising for tenders for the supplying of a motorcycle for this purpose. It is to be hoped that the specifications do not include siren and cut-out.

Louis de Freycinet, French naval captain, died this date 1842. Deeply interested in natural history, he was sent to Polynesia to ascertain more exactly the shape of the earth, study terrestrial magnetism and meteorology and to collect museum specimens. He discovered more than 100 species of animals previously unknown to Europeans and studied the peoples of Oceania and Polynesia.

Twenty months of work by a group of six experts has resulted in a draft international convention to establish a uniform system of road signs, signals and pavement markings. If the recommendations are accepted by the United Nations Communications Commission and the Economic and Social Council it should soon be possible to travel almost anywhere and see familiar signs having the same significance.

The job of a pedologist or soil expert bears more relation to that of a doctor than a geologist. Such men as Mr. P. C. Stobbe of the Federal Department of Agriculture, now visiting here, do not simply observe and classify soils. They do that and a very valuable report was a recent result of such work. In addition, however, they try to keep in touch with the varying condition of the soil and make recommendations for its improvement.



Old Charlottetown (And P. E. I.)

GOLD FEVER DAYS The following news item published in The Examiner of May 23, 1883, appears to have caused a great deal of excitement at the time:

"We were shown today, by Mr. Hughes, a button of gold weighing one and a-half pennyweights, and a button of silver weighing an eighth of an ounce. Both were actually extracted from 250 pounds of conglomerate taken from Mr. Hughes' property at Cape Wolfe. This test shows the value of the ore, per ton, to be \$13.60. The precious metal is remarkably rich in color, and from appearance will compare with the gold or silver of any country in the world.

Helicopters will never rival the much faster airliners as transport carriers, but it is expressive of their growing importance in post-war aviation that ferrying them across the Atlantic is now being attempted. The aim is simply to prove the feasibility and economy of air delivery of "flying-eggbeaters." The extent to which use in Korea has boosted the stock of the helicopter may be gauged from this U. S. Army forecast; that the helicopter in five years will become the workhorse of military transport, succeeding the truck. That remains to be seen, but certainly in Korea it has proved very useful not only for rescuing casualties but also for transporting supplies and for some offensive operations.

Notes By The Way

"Farming remains work despite mechanization," says a headline. Written by someone who tried to get a cold bit in a horse's mouth at dawn on a bitter Fall morning. —Ottawa Journal.

As befitting the Motor City of Detroit the police thereabouts have modern methods of catching speeders. Here and there are signs saying: "35-mile speed limit. Radar controlled." That means the area is watched by scanning radar screens and officers are ready to pounce out upon the offenders. Other signs say: "45-mile speed limit. Electrically timed." Police at each end of the sector watch for the speeders. It would be useless trying to talk a magistrate into believing radar and electrical devices were wrong and the speeder right. — St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Medical science has made such strides lately in conquering human ills, that it comes as a shock to find it admitting complete helplessness before one of man's ancient scourges. After many years of research, Dr. Herbert Raitner, professor of dermatology at Northwestern University, Chicago, confesses that he has failed to find either the cause or cure of baldness. Science, it seems, has no comfort for those who must bear the burden of the great open spaces. They will just have to console themselves with the thought that grass never grows on a busy street. —Edmonton Journal.

The Poet's Corner

WARNING Trust not the flesh; its walls are frail To keep a lovely thing for long; Seek what whose door-hangs will not fail; House the heart's riches in a song, That owns the spirit's hardness. For flesh is weak, its walls may fall, And all you wanted to possess Will be as lost or broken things; So capture beauty with a rhyme, And you will see its phoenix wings Rise brightly from the shards of Time. —Pauline Havard.

The Age-Old Story

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come. He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you. Popular Villa." In the same issue The Examiner reports that "Capt. Joseph Campbell, foreman of J. H. Myrick's fishing establishment, Rustico Island, while digging in that locality struck a vein of what he believed to be gold-bearing quartz."

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The Public Forum

ARCHBISHOP SINNOTT'S HOMECOMING

Sir,—May I crave the courtesy of your columns to express some observations which occurred to me during my recent visit to Prince Edward Island.

When I was crossing the Straits, I strained my eyes to catch the first glimpse of the Island. When I saw the red roads, I could not help exclaiming: "Thank God, I'm home!" My first observation is that Prince Edward Island is the prettiest spot on God's earth. I had always thought that England was the prettiest country in the world. From Liverpool to London it is just one long Park. The sheep are the motor-mower that keeps the grass down, and the outbuildings are kept in such perfect order that they do not disfigure the landscape.

My first wish of course was to see the old home at St. Peter's Harbor and, if possible, to greet the Presbyterian friends of my childhood. Unfortunately, it appeared that there was not one left in the neighborhood. I can never forget the old School House, when I was the only Catholic boy there, and not a word disrespectful of my faith was ever uttered. I can never forget my dear old Master, Bob McEwen, who knew more of Yenni's Grammar than anyone who ever lived and could point out the beauties of the English tongue in the old Royal Readers in a manner that could not be surpassed.

I was pleased to notice that the old spirit of tolerance still existed, as I knew it sixty years ago. Bigotry is such a foolish, unchristian thing. We, Ministers of the Lord, all preach that charity is the fulfillment of the law of God, and then give an exemplification of it by hating and abusing one another. Our religious differences are not our fault, they are our inheritance. In ecumenicity there will be no Jew or Gentile, no Protestant or Catholic. We will be divided into two classes only, the saved and the unsaved. And there will be too many Catholics and too many Protestants in the latter class, the unsaved.

To revert to my classmates in the old school, two of them, Harry Davison and Eric Coffin, called on me at the Charlottetown Hospital, but, unfortunately, I was out. For two days I tried to get in touch with them by telephone, but no one answered the phone. I would like to tell them by this letter how much I appreciated the courtesy of their visit. Later, in Boston, Lowell Anderson called upon me, and I fear that the bystanders must have been shocked by the effusiveness of our greeting. We could not tear ourselves apart, and it was bitterly sad for both of us when we had to say "Good Bye."

One thing I long desired was to visit the beautiful Monument of Scotch granite erected to the memory of the Scottish Catholics at Scotchfort. The Monument was erected in 1922, one hundred and fifty years after the arrival of these heroic Scottish pioneers on our shores. The site of the Monument was once an Acadian burying ground and, need I say, I felt quite at home.

My own ancestors came from Normandy. The noble family of de Snyot, Sinnott, came over to England with William the Conqueror in 1066, and one of them was a standard bearer in his army. Being of the nobility, they were granted the whole of Somersetshire, and Sirs were as plentiful among them as grapes in Normandy.

My French blood answered to the call of the poor Acadians who rested beneath the sod. My Scotch blood on my mother's side (McAulay) responded to the heartbeats of the noble Scottish who braved the dangers of the Atlantic, to find a home where they could worship God without being subjected to the punishment they had to suffer in the old land. What heroic men and women they must have been to leave all that they held most dear in their homeland, not knowing what awaited them in the New World!

It was at Scotchfort they first landed and there in the wilderness they established their homes and found the freedom which they sought. My father was Irish; and I think I can say without fear of contradiction that these three races, the French, the Scottish and the Irish, have done more for our civilization than any other race or races, that ever inhabited the globe.

I had the great honor and distinction of meeting Lieutenant Governor Prowse and the Honorable Premier Jones during my visit; both of them courtly, cultured gentlemen, true specimens. I should say, of the blood royal. Premier Jones showed me the Confederation Room in the Provincial Building, and I hope the people of Prince Edward Island realize that they possess the finest historic chamber that exists in the Dominion of Canada.

And now, Sir, to conclude, may I say that The Guardian is not only a very credible journal, but it takes a very high place among the very best in our country. Your editorials, especially, are splendidly written and contain more sense and good sound reasoning than most of the papers that I have the good or ill fortune to see. But, best of all, your ambition and purpose is not to sow the seeds of discord between sect and sect, between class and class. You are eminently fair to all, and your pages are never marked by the foul blot of intolerance, that has done more harm in our country than anything I know of. I have much pleasure in extending to you my heartiest congratulations.

I am, Sir, etc. IALFRED A. SINNOTT, Archbishop of Winnipeg, Camp Morton, Man., August 14, 1952.

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