

The Maritime Broadcaster

The Maritime Broadcaster is published each week in Saint John, N. B., by the Broadcaster Publishing Company, Limited, with offices at 22 Canterbury Street.

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Wholesale Distributors for The Maritime Broadcaster
 NEW BRUNSWICK—C. A. Munro, Ltd., 16 Canterbury St., Saint John.
 NOVA SCOTIA—H. H. Marshall, Ltd., 96 Granville St., Halifax, and 409
 Charlotte St., Sydney.
 PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND—H. H. Marshall, Ltd., Charlottetown.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., APRIL 26, 1935

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE

JUST THINK if Henry Ford had devoted his talents to the manufacture of saxophones instead of automobiles? This world would be no place for any save a deaf man.

Suppose John D. Rockefeller had decided to erect a pig sty on every corner where he now has gasoline tanks. His abilities would have found some way to overcome the objections to having them inside the city limits. Only those who have been near a pig sty on a hot night can know what misery the world has been saved.

Instead of giving libraries to municipalities, suppose Andrew Carnegie had decided to erect equestrian statues to the local heroes? Everyone has seen equestrian statues of bewhiskered heroes of another day and almost everyone has seen Carnegie libraries. There is a vast difference even to a man without a knowledge of art.

Nothing which is, but might have been worse! Even that man who bores you with his old stories, or makes puns, might have a louder voice. Or you might have been wrecked with him on a desert island from which you could not escape.

So many are the things which might have been worse, that it is a comfort to think them over at odd times.

MUST WOMEN STAND?

NEW YORK is having another controversy over the problem of men and women and seats in public conveyances. Complaint has been made that husky men sit in serried rows on the subway or the bus while elderly women hang on straps before them. If the man, who behaves like that, is really as husky as he looks he is no gentleman to let a tired woman stand.

However, it must be recognized that the women who ride from work on the bus and subway are not so tired as they were twenty years ago. Taking all women in gainful employment, a much larger proportion of them have chair and desk jobs than formerly. Comparatively few women have work that keeps them on their feet the greater part of the day. Here again etiquette should rest on commonsense.

If the young woman on a strap in front of a man is obviously coming home from a day behind the counter or the laundry machine, a gentleman will at once give up his seat. If the young woman has plainly been sitting in an office chair all day while the man in the subway seat has been running around town trying to sell life insurance, the young woman should be allowed to stand, unless she is so good-looking that there can be no debate in the matter.

A GENEROUS PEOPLE

THE LATEST overseas sweepstakes, proudly designated by the sponsors as the "greatest in history," recently has been completed and the winners announced. It was probably the greatest in respect to the amount of prize money distributed to a few individuals, while thousands all over the world looked on in hope, and, being disappointed, look forward to the next one.

Meanwhile hospitals in Ireland are being rebuilt, re-furnished and re-equipped with every modern surgical device for combatting sickness, pain and disease with the aid of hundreds of thousands of dollars from Canada. But here in Canada there is another sort of picture. Our hospitals, our orphanages and similar institutions are clamoring for cash and needing it in their campaigns against sickness, pain, disease and distress. Today an especial appeal goes out for money for the King George V. Silver Jubilee Cancer Fund for Canada, which is to establish a permanent national anti-cancer fund to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of His Majesty's accession to the Throne.

In Canada, as yet, there exists no central organization to combat this dread disease, which is taking toll of more than 10,000 Canadian lives yearly. Every dollar contributed to this fund by Canadians will be spent in Canada in saving Canadian lives. It is to be hoped that the Canadian people will be even more generous in contributing to the support of this Canadian endeavor than they are in contributing to the upkeep of hospitals in foreign lands. Or must we have a sweepstake to ensure proper safeguards for the health of our Canadian people and thus keep our money in Canada?

THE SCOUT LEADER'S VISIT

CANADIANS will heartily welcome Lord Robert Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scout movement, on his visit to the Dominion. In Saint John it is expected that all citizens will join with the members of the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides organization in making his visit a memorable event.

A Thought for Today



"Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass."

—St. Matthew, 21:5.

Haytassel Says . . .



"War is gittin unpopular these days, if one kin judge by wot one sees in the noosepapers, but I gess sum uv them that air hollerin the loudest aint jist decided how war kin be stopt." Thus was Josh Haytassel expounding when he took a seat in the office of "The Broadcaster" this week. "I aint in favor uv war nether," said Mr. Haytassel, "but I dont think we kin stop it by jist sittin still end lettin nations wauk over us. Peace end gud will air the aims uv awl rite thinkin peepul end if awl the nashuns wud decided not to fite no more we cud hev peace for a time. But I kant see how one nashun kin stop war by decidin not to fite. Thet nashun will jist be the victim uv them that will fite.

"Thair hev bin wars sins histry started end fitters hev a big place in histry. We heer uv the Church militant end we reed thet the founder uv the Christian religion made a scourge end cleaned up the temple et Jerusalem. Sum-times it may be thet the Almighty makes war one uv his ways uv cleanin up this ole wurld. Wen I see awl them moves abowt stoppin war end peepul sayin they will not fite I kant help but think thet they better be more consairned with teachin Christianity to the peepul end wen they git the hole wurld converted then thair jist wont be enny mor war. But I gess wile we air still pore sinners we will go on hevin wars end other disturbances, end murders, end hangins end sich affairs.

"Its a quare wurld end we hev a lot uv quare peepul end I gess a few hundred heer end thair decidin agin war wont stop war. I gess the churches will jist hev to keep on preechin end the peepul will hev to keep on believin mor end more until everyone hes equired the rite spirit end then war will jist naturlly stop. I didnt kum heer to preech a sermon but I cum pretty neer doin it. I gess I better be startin back for the Washademoak fer we hev sum gud mapel sirup end sum pancakes thet air a lot bettern yewr c'ty grub. So thet is wer I am heddin fer end if ye hev another war jist let me stay out uv it till after the mapel sirup season is over. S'long!"

"Our entire educational system should be charged with a new spirit, instead of perpetuating ancient rancors and prejudices."—Albert Einstein.



MR. B. WISE

B. WISE says:

A spider kept putting up web after web in our basement, as fast as I would tear them down. He taught me that, by using the same sort of persistency, I could be a better salesman.

What the PEOPLE Say

(Letters are published in "The Maritime Broadcaster" with the understanding that they are expressing the ideas of the writer and not necessarily the policy of this paper.)

EDUCATION

Editor,
The Maritime Broadcaster.

Sir:—Your editorial of April 5 in reference to "Education or Architecture" should arouse the people of our province to a greater interest in education and the appreciation of a press that promotes constructive thinking.

It seems we have many excellent men and women in New Brunswick on our school boards. Some have been reappointed by city councils and the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council for a great many years. Is it possible that some of our trustee members who have worked so ably to supply the necessary equipment and to construct the beautiful school buildings you mention, have failed to grasp the real significance of education as a means to supply the "Highway to Life," which was the theme of so many excellent addresses heard recently across Canada. These educational leaders surely deserve the support of an intelligent people. Is it possible that the minds of some urban school boards are so filled with prejudices against the many parents who perhaps have approached them with individual and misunderstood child problems that co-operation between educators and parents is not as active in these centres as it might be? In other provinces, where the study of the most vital needs of our boys and girls is not prevented, there is an opportunity for an exchange of ideas regarding child problems.

The rich experience of years of long service on school boards and school staffs has invaluable merits if it is gained on a broad and constructive basis. If, however, it is narrowed to almost individual thinking where an exchange of ideas is seldom heard, it is questionable if these merits are in evidence. Perhaps their long, stormy wind-blown road, marked by lack of support from the parents, has caused the authorities to follow the road of least resistance. On the other hand, the conservative methods adhered to by the powers that be, have held many of us parents aloof from interest in the school life of the child. Are they to blame or are we parents? Are we not allowing them to shoulder our burdens and then are we showing our trustees but little appreciation for their free service? Surely the office of school trustee should be deemed a high honor. Can such an honor be appreciated unless the school boards members realize that they are placed in these high offices by election of their respective constituencies? Government officials represent the people. Is it an honor to represent an indifferent populace? If urban centres do not elect their school boards does not that fact encourage non-interest in school matters in these larger centres? Was any measure proposed for improvement in New Brunswick during the past session of the Legislative Assembly? Did the ratepayers ask that anything be done or are we depending on our officials and teachers alone to suggest the legislation necessary for educational progress?

God has placed the little child in our midst as the most sacred

trust. Are we betraying that trust? Are the leaders of our Provincial Government not too much involved in the work of fostering other valuable assets of our province to study the needs of our boys and girls? Is it their duty alone? Does our chief superintendent of education have our full support in the responsibilities of his high office? Can he get it if the full knowledge of the school problems is withheld from the people? Is the school not defeating its true purpose? Isn't it true that our educational system seems to be trying to force all people to think alike, both by its methods of control as well as by its school curricula and examination system? To quote "Haytassel" from the same page of your paper, Mr. Editor, he says: "Howsumever we kant all luk et things the same way fer ef we did wed all be alike end thet wud never do fer a country thet expects to go ahead."

Wouldn't an exchange of ideas regarding child problems be valuable even to our educational officials and couldn't benefits for the child be conserved by a pooling of resources and an exchange of ideas? The Home and School organizations functioning in seven provinces in Canada and 33 countries of the world providing for co-operation of trustees, teachers and parents, provide the opportunity for citizens to become acquainted with the methods of the schools and for schools, more adequately to train the future citizens.

What is the matter with New Brunswick? Let's put the little child in our midst for awhile and think it over.

MARGARET MENZIES.

Fredericton, April 17, 1935.

A RIVER POET

Editor,
The Maritime Broadcaster.

Sir:—Have received a letter post-marked "Oak Point," commenting favorably on an article in your issue of April 5 about Indian Harbor and the poem about the "Big Mill," in which was enclosed the following, and on account of the "urgent request" feel it should be published. It is headed as follows:

"A WAIL FROM THE LONESOME REACH"

The ice is moving in the river
 Past the lighthouse, slowly
 floats;
 Still the cold wind makes one
 shiver;
 Say Frank, hurry up the boats.

The hay is 'way down in the mow,
 And we are out of feed and
 oats.

There is a lot of stuff we're need-
 ing now;
 Say Frank, hurry up the boats.

We long to see the steamboats
 come;
 Their whistles will be gladsome
 notes;
 Just try and make them hustle
 some,
 And let them hurry up the
 boats.

The old cow has wintered fine;
 Likewise the sheep and goats.
 I am sending you this little
 rhyme, so
 Tell Frank to hurry up the
 boats.

—SAINT JOHN RIVER POET.

Thanking you for giving this "poem" the publication it deserves.
 THOMAS HART.

Saint John, April 20, 1935.