

# Canada's Dr. Penfield Is Big Name in Russia

By Bill Ross

MOSCOW, (CP)—A big name in Russian surgical and medical circles is Montreal's Dr. Wilder G. Penfield.

He is remembered for a post-war visit made in 1945, and known throughout the Soviet Union for his book "The Cerebral Cortex of Man."

In it, says one of Russia's greatest surgeons, Penfield was one of the first to confirm a particular theory of the famous Russian physiologist Ivan Petrovich Pavlov.

### Important Theories

Pavlov is the basic figure in Russian physiology, medicine and surgery, and his theories on the function of the nervous system are all-important. Pavlov, who died in 1936, won a Nobel Prize in 1904 for his research.

Penfield's Moscow admirers are Professors Alexander A. Vyshnyevsky and Peter K. Anokhin.

Vyshnyevsky is director of the surgical institute of the Academy of Medicine of the U.S.S.R., a general of the Red army medical corps, and one of Russia's greatest clinicians. Anokhin heads the institute's physiology department. He met Penfield here in 1945.

Vyshnyevsky is a squat 47-year-old dynamo with sparkling brown eyes and a direct, vivacious approach. His father before him directed the institute. The son was on the western front during the war then became general of the Red army's medical services in the Far East, was in the thrust down through Manchuria and Korea against the Japanese, and remained briefly in Korea after that campaign.

### Special Groups

His is one of the several types of specialized institutes working on particular problems in Russia. The surgical problem, he said, is that techniques today have out-run theory.

"So we have planned the work of this institute to further theoretical aspects in the context of their physiology," Vyshnyevsky said.

One of the problems being studied by the institute is that of transplanting organs from one body to another.

The institute claims to have wholly removed the left hind legs of three dogs, keeping them apart from the body for periods of 45 minutes, then restoring the legs to the body, reconnecting bone, nerves, muscles and tissues. The animals are still romping around and I saw motion pictures taken during the operation.

Within one year the dogs were running and jumping, although the legs were imperfectly coordinated. Within another year

they were normal. The Russians call this "autoplastic" surgery—the restoration to the same organism of elements earlier removed from it.

### Transplant Organs

From this they have gone on to the problem of transplanting organs from one organism to another.

"In this we must say that so far we are not making much progress," said Vyshnyevsky. "We have managed to transplant the heart from one dog to another but after eight to 12 days of apparent post-operative recovery the dogs die. The same is true of our work with kidneys.

"But we keep at it. We know that one day one of us is bound to succeed—once we have caught up with our theoretical knowledge."

The work on the nervous system, for instance, produced the technique of painless surgery under local anaesthesia.

"Now where does Penfield come into our major work? It is in his book, "The Cerebral Cortex of Man."

"The results it gives of direct action on the human brain confirm entirely Pavlov's point of view, which was expressed in 1930, on the physiological possibilities of a moving analyzer."

"While most neurologists said the locomotor region of the surface of the human brain directed movement only, Pavlov on the basis of his work said it also analyzed from the sensory impulses coming from the periphery."

"The work of Penfield on the brain confirms this point of view because activity on the locomotor region caused sensation in the related part of the patient's body."

"Penfield and Pavlov both link sensation with movement. This opens new fields in research into the function of the nervous system."

### HUNTER RIVER UNITED CHURCH W. M. S.

Mrs. Christie entertained the members of the Auxiliary of the W. M. S. on Thursday, March 4. The theme being, "The Church in Their House." The vice president took charge, and opened the meeting by reading the call to worship. Hymn, "O Lord, Thou Art My God and King" was sung. The 10th chapter of 2nd Corinthians was read by members in turn and all knelt in the circle of prayer. "Our own backyard" the ninth chapter of the study book, "Where'er the Sun" was presented by Mrs. Fred Smith and Mrs. John Craswell. Hymn "Take time to be Holy" and prayer closed the worship period.

Fourteen members present. A letter was read by Mrs. Cousins regarding the allocation. It was agreed to accept the \$200, and the 10% increase as the allocation. Mrs. Spence reported 38 home and 6 hospital calls. There were four books read. Roll call for April is the word "Love." Lunch committee for April are Mrs. LePage, Mrs. Sellar, and Mrs. Andrews.

### PIONEER ROUTE

The Assiniboine River, flowing 450 miles through Saskatchewan and Manitoba, was an important channel of the early fur trade.

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# New Applications To Irish "Sod" May Solve Its Economic Problem

DUBLIN (AP)—St. Patrick's Day, 1954, finds the Republic of Ireland at a crossroads.

The government of Prime Minister Eamon de Valera wants to change the historic forces which for 100 years have bled the land of its youth. It wants to modernize and industrialize the "old sod."

In 1841 there were 5,111,000 people in Ireland. By 1901 the population had shrunk to 3,221,000. Now there is 2,960,000 in the Republic of Ireland.

In the last five years, while the population increased slightly, 120,000 Irish emigrated. Why?

Rightly or wrongly, large numbers of Irish consider life hard. They seek in other lands more comforts, more luxuries, more opportunities and a future need of the gnawing fear of unemployment.

And they seek an earlier chance to marry. Ireland is unique in the world in late marriages. The average man weds at 40, the woman at 29. They can't afford to marry earlier. Women never find a husband—even though Ireland is a country with the rare proportion of more men than women.

### Cause Is Economic

The reason Ireland, a country of large families, became a land of bachelors and old maids is basically economic. On the farm the custom is for the eldest son to get the property. Younger sons and daughters must leave if they intend to wed. Two-thirds of the farms cover 30 acres or less and there is no room for another family on the small holdings.

So they go to the cities. There, industries are not yet developed enough to absorb the influx. The next step is to emigrate.

The government's answer is a campaign to develop an export market and to bring in capital investment for new or enlarged industries. Another proposed solution is to electrify the farmlands to make the countryside modern, and life less rugged.

Drive out past Dublin airport. Overhead, the newest of passenger airliners of the turbo-prop class, the Viscount, is coming in for a practice landing. It will go on regular passenger service next month for Irish Air Lines Aer Lingus.

### Irish Eat Well

The four-engine plane swoops low over the granite, thatched-roof farmhouse where the Carberry family has lived for at least 300 years. Here, on about 70 acres, the Carberrys keep cattle and sheep and do some tillage.

Monica Carberry, a widowed mother of six, shyly welcomes strangers inside her two-story home. A few months ago electricity reached Mrs. Carberry's home.

"It's a marvelous improvement," she said simply. "We seemed to have been left out of it. It was a case of a bit of a job to get them, the government to do it. I think."

### INDIAN RIVER W. I.

Seventeen members and two visitors were present at the March meeting held at Mrs. William Hickey's home, and after the recitation of the Creed, responded to the roll call with their mothers' maiden names.

Following the business meeting a debate was held, the title being "Resolved that reading is more educational than radio." The affirmative was upheld by Mrs. Turner, captain, Mrs. Leslie Ramson and Mrs. Keith Mann; the negative supported by Mrs. Peter MacLellan, Miss Donald MacLellan and Miss Grace Easter. The verdict of the judges, who were Mrs. Thomas Humphrey, Mrs. Hubert Gillis and Mrs. Justin MacLellan, was announced as a draw by Mrs. Humphrey.

# Dark Lightning

By Helen Topping Miller

### Synopsis

Gary Tallman, young petroleum engineer from Alabama, misses his bus in Texas and Mona Mason, wife of a cattle rancher, gives him a lift. Gary is injured when her car crashes in a ditch and the Masons nurse him back to health. He falls in love with Adelaide Mason but will not propose until he has a job. Gary suspects there is oil on Harvey Mason's land and Hickey is employed to drill. Harvey persuades Gary to remain until after Harvey is called away and Gary superintends the work. No oil appears at the stipulated depth, but Hickey makes an agreement with Mona to carry on the drilling with Gary at his own risk.

### CHAPTER XXIX

It was a strange and eerie night. Gary found himself thrilling with a kind of drunken recklessness, his depression gone, his heart pounding with exhilarated excitement. Hickey changed his clothes in the garage and with his ancient overalls and grease-smear shirt, the old man put on a taut and slightly belligerent air of authority. He gave orders in a hoarse, barking voice, but Gary saw that his hands were shaking as he snapped the buckles on his bib.

"You take my car," he directed, "and go get the stuff to shoot her with."

"Any idea where I can get explosive at this time of night?"

"Yeah, I know. You go to my place and wake up my old lady and tell her to show you where Ham Frazier lives. He's got some stuff and here's some money to buy it easy."

"Don't worry. It's my head that will get blown off. I won't take any chances."

He ran, kicked Hickey's old car into life, and then wondered if it would hold together. But it went, and the night wind tore past his hot face and sang in his ears. It took him two hours, jolting over rough roads, to find the place Hickey had told him about, but by one o'clock he was at the gate again, having driven a cautious fifteen miles an hour all the way back.

The house was quiet, but a light was burning below, and Mona Lee came out the minute she heard the jangle and squawk of Hickey's car springs on the drive. She wanted to ride back to the well with him, but Gary wouldn't take that chance.

"You wait till I'm past that pasture gate before you start off that step," Mrs. Mason. If this soup should turn loose when I hit the rough ground out there, you want to be far, far away. I'll come back for you when I get this stuff delivered to Hickey."

He steered the old car down the rutted lane over trucks had made, eased it over every remembered bump, keyed up and linging with mingled apprehension and excitement. And then Hickey came out and lifted the dangerous cargo down as callously as if it were so much apple butter.

"Got to wait till the boys get here," Hickey said. "Mis' Mason telephoned—had to get 'em out of bed, but we got to be ready to handle her and shut her off if

she comes in. I've seen 'em blow and run wild—waste a million barrels of oil, more or less. We don't want any monkey business in this. That there's our money down there, part of it."

The roughneck came rattling out in the decrepit truck, grumbling to cover up their own excitement. Gary went back for Mona Lee and found Adelaide there, an old coat over her dancing dress. "Adelaide wants to go, too," Mona Lee said.

"She'd better change her clothes, then," Gary said stiffly, keeping his eyes away from Adelaide.

"Go ahead—put on some slacks or something," Mona Lee said. "We'll wait."

He guided the women through the ragged pasture with a flashlight and backed the truck up a safe distance so they could sit in it to watch. Dawn was beginning to gray the sky when the taut moment came.

Slowly, into the black, silent hole, the shot went. The men around the derrick stood like dark statues, tense, forgetting to breathe. Gary found himself swallowing hard, and a hot, tight pain gripped his jaw. Hickey looked now, in the weird half light, like some god from the underworld. The sunken contours of his face fell into eerie shadows and planes, he looked unearthly, he looked like a genie—he looked exactly like a man who knew what he was doing and had a hunch about doing it.

And then suddenly Hickey yelled, and the men jumped clear, braced and ready—and the plunger of the battery went down.

(Continued)

### SOUTH WINSLOW Y. P. U.

The members of South Winslow Y. P. U. were entertained at the home of Rena and Nelson Stevenson on March 9 with an attendance of 12.

The call to worship was given by the Mission Convener, Lillian Coles after which Hymns "Showers of Blessing" and "Rescue The

Perishing" were sung. Scripture passage was taken from 126th Psalm. A story "The Silver Coin" was read by the leader. Hymn "Jesus I Come" and prayer by Mr. Hardy closed this part of the meeting.

An interesting study period followed on "Christian Ideals For Family Living" led by Mr. Hardy. The business period followed with the president Doris Hughes presiding. The treasurer reported proceeds from social evening

as \$12.55 and \$40.61 cash on hand. It was decided to have a croquet party on March 22 at the home of Rena and Nelson Stevenson. Collection amounted to \$3.15.

Mrs. Hardy invited the members to the parsonage for the next meeting, on March 19. The culture convener, Florence Gillespie will be in charge of the meeting. Lunch committee are Helen Rodd and Dorothy Taylor. An enjoyable recreation period

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