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"The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink."

THURSDAY, AUG. 11, 1955

The Provincial Examinations

The results of Grades Ten and Eleven Provincial examinations are now in, and they show commendable work and industry on the part of teachers and students alike.

Written examinations may not be the best way to gauge the intellectual ability of young people; indeed, there are many educators today who feel that such tests do as much harm as good.

But, until something better and more practical comes along, the distinction of a pass mark—if with honours, so much the better—will continue to be coveted by students of all ages and grades.

Without wishing to be dogmatic in the matter, one might be permitted to suggest that, by and large, the system has well earned the respect it has been accorded by successive generations of teachers and students; although there is no denying that too much has been expected from it and too much blame attached to it when expectations in the field of education have gone awry.

Those students who have satisfied their critical examiners as to their academic fitness for promotion are to be congratulated, of course. They have passed an important milestone in their pursuit of a liberal and all-round education.

But, a special word of encouragement is due those who, for one reason or another, did not quite make the grade. They must bear in mind that the partition between success and failure is often very slender, indeed, and that, in many instances, a temporary setback—whether as the result of an examination or of some other incident—is an incentive to greater effort and, what is perhaps even more important, to a more satisfying achievement at the next attempt.

Michigan State College, the oldest agricultural school in the United States, is now observing its centennial. In its Pageant of Farm Mechanization to be shown on its 60 acre campus will be agricultural exhibits to the value of \$20 million.

This is one branch of science at least which has adhered consistently to creative work that is useful and constructive.

Prime Minister Nehru is sending two elephants to the Soviet Union as a mark of appreciation for the hospitality he received on his recent visit to that country. It is to be hoped that the newcomers will not do anything to antagonize the native bears and thus hinder the "peaceful co-existence" which leaders of both countries are talking about so volubly.

The "atoms for peace" conference now under way in Geneva will be devoted mainly to discussion of the technical aspects of the proposal. Plans are afoot, however, to bring the assembled scientists to Britain to see for themselves the progress that has been made in the use of atomic energy for industrial purposes.

This, no doubt, will be a welcome change from listening to long-drawn out dissertations on speculative and theoretical plans.

At least two prominent public figures don't think much of the summit meeting. Governor Harriman of New York, visiting in Italy, said "it had the patter of an oft-repeated Victrola record". On the other side of the world, Ok Yui, Premier of Formosa, called it "a peace-coated war, not a conference for peace".

Time will tell whether they are right or wrong, but at the moment they seem to be in a minority.

succession. This, however, is pretty far-fetched, and it is hard to see how anyone but a Philadelphia lawyer could make much sense of it. In any case, we like the Boston-related version, as told by Mr. McNichol very much better.

Worth Pondering

Major General John Rockingham, commander of the 1st Canadian Infantry Division, now engaged in extensive exercises at Camp Gagetown, told a news conference the other day that he firmly believes there will be no atomic war.

The reasoning behind his prediction is that which happens to be fashionable at the moment: "no country would be foolish enough to undertake atomic war because of the ghastly consequences, especially for cities and civilian populations."

That, of course, is a reasonable assumption; or it would be if we could be sure that calm sanity and plain common sense were to be permitted henceforth to guide the counsels of all the nations.

Unfortunately, there is nothing in history or in contemporary events to convey that assurance; so, it may be just as well—as General Rockingham suggested, by way of a postscript to his main thesis—to keep Canadian troops familiar with counter measures—if there be any—against the use of atomic and hydrogen bombs.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about the General's statement is that there is nothing in it to indicate belief that it itself is well on the way to obsolescence. It is interesting because it seems to tally with views which have been expressed from time to time by other prominent soldiers. Indeed, it would be difficult to recall a single instance where any outstanding military leader expressed himself as being in full agreement with those political leaders who seem to think that there will be no more major wars, atomic or conventional. (President Eisenhower, to be sure, is on the side of the optimists; but his status is much more political than military at the moment.) Regardless of the logic, or lack of it, of either of the two views, the evident discrepancy between them is worth pondering.

South American countries may not be as well off economically as their North American neighbours; but their politicians seem to travel in style. For instance, when President Falla of Colombia paid his recent visit to Ecuador he was accompanied by an official retinue of 100, with the government treasury footing the bill.

His job is a vigorous one. To produce the cadenzas of sound which ring out over the city he performs on a six-foot-long keyboard, striking wooden pegs with his fists, pressing pedals with his feet for the bass notes.

The largest bell, with a 504-pound clapper, could cover a bridge table and four players without touching them. Counterweights help Mr. Donnell move the larger clappers, but he must start action on the large bells several beats before they sound forth.

Much advance planning goes into his concerts—three week-day concerts when Parliament is in session, and two evening ones each week during summer months.

There are so few carillons in the world—only 98 in North America—and they differ so greatly that Mr. Donnell must arrange his music specially.

He meets special problems. Last year he planned to play the national anthems of 17 countries represented here at a Colombo Plan conference. One of the Asian countries had no copy of its anthem available and its delegates whistled the tune onto a tape recorder from which Mr. Donnell arranged the music.

The carillon's bells were cast in Croydon, England, in the 1920s and are mounted on a 91 foot section of the 300-foot peace tower built to commemorate Canada's dead in the First World War. The first concert was given on Dominion Day, 1928.

This year the congress of the Guild of Carilloneurs in North America will meet here Aug. 30-31 and many of the visitors likely will give guest recitals.

Mr. Donnell received his musical training in Canada, the United States and Europe and came to Ottawa in 1939, a year after graduating from the Mechlin carillon school in Belgium.

Today he has more than 3,000 selections in his repertoire. He also has composed the music for Canada's official citizenship song, "This Canada of Ours."

With flying fists and feet, Dominion carillonneur Robert Donnell produces peals of great music from 60 tons of bells hung high in the Peace Tower of the Parliament Buildings.

Thousands of tourists and residents visit the broad lawns and shady corners of Parliament Hill to enjoy the beautiful but difficult artistry of his rare profession.

Mr. Donnell, who became interested in the music of bells as a choir-boy in his hometown of Guelph, Ont., has since 1939 been in charge of the Peace Tower's carillon—53 bells ranging from 10 pounds to 11 tons.

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Infernal Is The Word

Ottawa's Carillonneur

Canadian Press, Ottawa

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Medically Speaking

By Herman N. Bundenen, M. D.

CHEMICAL WEED-KILLERS

The best way to prevent poison ivy is to avoid the poisonous plants. And the best way to avoid them is to destroy any which might be growing in your vicinity.

Poison ivy and other dangerous ivy plants are all distinguished by a "three-leaf" cluster. A creeping and climbing plant, poison ivy also spreads by sending up shoots from its roots.

A HANDSOME PLANT

A handsome plant with glossy green leaves and reddish stems, it tends to turn a beautiful scarlet in early Autumn.

But don't let its looks fool you. The whole plant—leaves, branch stems and roots—is saturated with poison. Get rid of it, fast.

There are several modern chemical weed-killers which can do the job. You can spray the plant with 2, 4-D, Weed-n-more, Ammate, or other recommended brands.

For the greatest effectiveness, spray the plants on hot days. The chemicals are especially effective when the leaves are fully formed.

Of course, you'll want to destroy the plants as soon as you spot them. So, don't wait for them to become fully developed before launching your attack.

If you have to clear out a lot of ivy, spray on the weed-killer generously.

VALUABLE PLANTS

You can protect valuable plants nearby by carrying a cardboard shield on your arm and holding it between the spray and the plant you want to save.

If you have only a few small, isolated poisonous plants, wet them down and shake a little dry 2 or 4-D or Ammate on each leaf. Within two or three days the treated plants will wither.

Then, using gloves or newspaper you plan to throw away, dig and pull out the ivy by the root. It will grow back if you don't get the entire root.

Don't try to pull out untreated ivy. And don't burn a poison ivy plant, carefully. The toxic oil can be carried by the smoke and can cause severe ivy poisoning, if inhaled.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

C.K.: I constantly have circles under my eyes. What causes this? Answer: Circles under the eyes are usually caused by what is known as unbalancing of the water absorption and output, which has no particular significance from the standpoint of health.

Summer's Lease

The month turns and high summer lies lazy across the land. Beneath a cotton-flecked sky, the grain fields, golden and yellow in the heat of noon, shimmer away to hazy horizons.

By the millpond still river, the oaks and willows drowse over their reflection in the grey-green water. The hardy flowers of late summer—bindweed, thistle, aster, goldenrod—crowd the weed-choked ditches.

Across the surface of the pond, a series of ducks trails a series of quickly vanishing Vs. On its muddy edge the sand piper is already on their way south, wheel and cry; and above them the blackbirds swirl and chatter in rehearsal for the time when they too will go.

In the city, the gardens bear the fruits and the flowers of the gardener's earlier labor. The tomatoes may still be green, but the flower beds bear more than a passing resemblance to the displays in the seed catalogues at which the gardener gazed with such impatience a few short months ago.

The little mountain ash are bowed beneath the weight of their yellowing berries and the fruit trees are almost ripe for picking. The tree swallows and their young have deserted the bird house for the river bank where the insects are more plentiful.

Each trim lawn has its quota of speckled baby robins, digging up frantic morning worms with frantic energy. A young oriole makes a splash of vivid orange in the hollyhocks as he picks at a crimson-petalled flower.

This is the zenith of the year, a moment so fleeting it can hardly be grasped. Soon the silence of the countryside will be shattered by the roar and whirl of harvesting machinery. The flowers of the wayside and garden will wither; the reflection of the trees turn from green to scarlet and gold. The sky will be filled with the sound of the passing birds and the slough will be deserted. In truth, as Will Shakespeare wrote, "Summer's lease hath all too short a date."

FALLS 100 FEET

VANCOUVER (CP)—Michael Hay, 4, was in fair condition after falling down a 150-foot cliff into capilano canyon in North Vancouver Tuesday night. The boy suffered undetermined injuries in the fall but the stern staff. Firemen used ropes and a stretcher to hoist the lad to safety.

PUBLIC FORUM

This column is open to the discussion of current events. The opinions expressed are those of the correspondents.

RESCUE AT BEACH

Sir,—In regard to the news item, "Life Guards in the Park Area," published in The Guardian of Monday, August 8th, I would like to bring to your attention an actual eye-witness account of the rescue at Shaw's Hotel, Brackley Beach.

On Saturday afternoon last, at approximately 4.45 p.m., while swimming at Brackley Beach, Mr. Bill Robinson, of Charlottetown, found himself being taken out from shore by the undertow. His cries for help were answered by his companion, Mr. Norman Stewart, also of Charlottetown. Mr. Donnell, of Ottawa, and Mr. Elwood LeVelle, of Philadelphia, Penn., guests of Shaw's Hotel, also went to Mr. Robinson's rescue, at great personal risk to themselves.

Mr. McGuigan arrived at the scene of the accident shortly after four had managed, with great difficulty, to reach shore.

This letter is not meant to take anything away from Mr. McGuigan's capabilities and willingness to do his job; but I think it only fair to present the true facts.

I am, Sir, etc., BIRCK HYNDMAN (Montreal, P.Q.) Brackley Beach

THE BUTTER SURPLUS

Sir,—A brace of items on "Butter" in the news of recent days tempts me to ask for a spot of your valued space, in which to say my say. No. 1 is the following closing paragraph in an Ottawa story: "More than 1,000 institutions are buying the government's surplus (butter) stocks under the plan arranged by the agricultural prices support board. The 21-cent discount made the price to them 40 cents before April 29 and 35 cents after that date."

No. 2 carries the shocked surprise of a correspondent in the course of his letter to the editor: "Imagine, Canadians eating margarine, while the Commies (in Czechoslovakia) eat our butter!"

This reader is not aware, at the moment, as to the precise money loss to the Ottawa treasury, involved in the much-publicized shipment of Canadian butter to the Czechs; but can see no valid reason why this vital stuff could not also be made available here at home at the same valuations. I am not sure as to just who pays the transportation costs. It seems to me that, once out of storage, the movement of this 'cheap' Canadian butter should be shouldered by the buyers.

My own view is that No. 1 Creamery butter, priced at 60 cents in, in terms of the 1955 dollar, is quite modestly priced. I come to this conclusion against the anaemic buying power of today's 52-cent-dollar; also, because only last week I read in the course of an authoritative survey on "The High Cost of Food" that "one hour of off-the-farm or industrial labor today buys 2 1/2 pounds of butter as against 1 pound in 1929." (Farm & Ranch Review, July).

I have no doubt that one of your Toronto contemporaries (Evening Telegram) is pretty well on the target in a recent flare headline: "Butter Surplus To Be Melted By Drought."

I am, Sir, etc., ONTARIO READER

SHAW CAR RECORD

OSHAWA (CP)—Retail sales of the General Motors of Canada passenger cars during July were the highest in history for that period. W. A. Wecker, president, said Wednesday. Mr. Wecker said all GM passenger car divisions—Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac—posted records for both the July and for the first seven months of 1955.

BANDMASTERS MEET

LONDON, Ont. (CP)—Londoners will have a chance Friday, Saturday and Sunday to hear several top-notch Canadian bands during the 24th annual convention of the Canadian Bandmaster's Association here. About 250 bandmasters from across Canada are expected to attend.

NOTES BY THE WAY

King Midas found that the golden touch had some serious drawbacks. He couldn't eat because his food turned to gold. Some communities on this continent are suffering from a surplus of riches, too. Last month it was in Fredonia, Kentucky. After \$2,000 worth of drilling for water, the drill crew struck oil instead. Well, oil has been called black gold. This week it was an oil-and-gas-rich Alberta. Natural gas, which other communities would like very much to have, is altogether too free in Big Valley. It has seeped into the water supply to such an extent that residents can light with a match the stuff coming out of their water taps. Midas, of course, asked for the troubles he suffered. Big Valley does not share his feeling of guilt. But its people can appreciate the Midas story more keenly now. —Montreal Gazette.

If a farm pond is to be used for swimming, changes in construction methods are called for. Farm ponds are inherently dangerous due to their steep slopes and abrupt drop offs. There is also a danger from entanglement with underwater growths or materials which were not removed from the reservoirs area. A farm pond should be fenced. A life preserver should be handy or, failing that, some old rafts should be available to push out to the person in trouble. It is much wiser for the rescuer to use this type of aid unless he has experience in doing rescue work. The toll in farm ponds is mounting. Many of these dead are young people whose life expectancy was ahead of them. Anything any of us can do to reduce this tragic waste is eminently worthwhile. —Guelph Mercury.

Canada's Indians must have a second chance in the seldom suspected their white brethren. This is the only explanation can find for the Blackfoot tribe giving RCMP Commissioner Nicholson the name Chief Never-Sit-Down.

In another sense we think it is a tribute to the national police force which was once more demonstrating man's inoperable. He was showing a given chance at all, man can do almost anything by staying at it. —Vancouver Sun.

Chief Never-Sit-Down (Sudbury Star)

The Indians know that if they get into trouble there is never a Mountie very far away. They also know that when they need help they can turn to the scarlet tunics for a helping hand.

The famous police force is scattered everywhere through the West. The Indians meet them everywhere. No wonder they think up such a fitting title as Chief Never-Sit-Down. While it might be humorous in its intent, the title is also a tribute to the force which is responsible for bringing law and order to Western Canada, and is so doing living up to its official motto—Maintain The Right.

TO ERECT PLAQUE

OTTAWA (CP)—A plaque commemorating the last-ditch defence of a blockhouse by a handful of British seamen against an invading American force in the war of 1812 will be unveiled at Wasaga Beach, Ont., Aug. 14, the northern affairs department announced Tuesday. The fight took place Aug. 14, 1814, on the shore of Georgian Bay near what is now Wasaga Beach.

VETERANS IN CRASH

OTTAWA (CP)—Two veteran air force men were aboard a civilian plane which crashed near Churchill, Man., Tuesday. Spartan Air Service Ltd., Wednesday identified them as L. W. (Len) Cook, 32, of Ottawa and Richard H. Patterson, 34, of Toronto. Cook, a war-time bomber pilot with the RCAF, and Patterson won the Distinguished Flying Cross and bar with the RCAF during the Second World War.

INDIA'S GOVERNMENT PLANS TO CHART fishing grounds off the southwest coast to help commercial deep-sea fishing.

MINE SHAFT DEATH

TIMMINS, Ont. (CP)—Isaac Luoma, 54, of nearby South Porcupine was found dead Tuesday night at the bottom of the main shaft of the Halloran mine near South Porcupine. Mine officials said Luoma was found with his hard hat still on but with a small hole in the top of it. They said he was alone at the time of the accident and a falling piece of rock may have caused his death.

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THE POETS CORNER

HOPE

Hope is the thing with feathers That perches in the soul, And sings the tune without the words, And never stops at all, And sweetest in the gale is heard; And sore must be the storm That could abash the little bird That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the chilliest land, And on the strangest sea; Yet, never, in extremity, It asked a crumb of me. —Emily Dickinson.

Paris Relents

(Ottawa Citizen)

The word from Paris is that flat chests are out of style again. The news comes with less electrifying effect than it might otherwise have because in these parts of the world, at any rate, it is not too clear that the other kind was ever really eclipsed. Those with horrid memories of the pencil shape circa 1927 can have had no genuine cause for complaint about the prevalent fashions of 1955. Either the Dior revolution was milder than expected, or else a counter-revolution set in.

At all events, there is to be no further attempt, for the time being, to repress some of the more admirable works of Nature. Possessors of those attributes are now told they may discard the K-line and the A-line—if indeed they are adopted in these parts—see instead what the Y-line does to them. Judging from advance descriptions, it will do very nicely.

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