

Official Approval

Reference was made in these columns a short time ago to the current speculation as to whether Church leaders from behind the Iron Curtain will be permitted to enter the United States next month for the purpose of attending the Second Assembly of the World Council of Churches which is to be held in Evanston, Illinois. Since then, acting on the appeal of Dr. Visser 't Hooft, General Secretary of the Council, the Attorney General of the United States on the recommendation of the State Department has approved the entry of the group. In all, eleven delegates are involved, some or all of whom are said to be more or less sympathetic with the Communist political system although, so far as is known, none is a Communist Party member.

The State Department has issued a long formal statement explaining its recommendation. Following are some excerpts from it:

"It is felt that the importance of these forthcoming meetings from a world-wide religious point of view is so great that this government should permit the attendance of all invited delegates who are admissible under the law, in the belief that they will give and receive a spiritual contribution which will serve the cause of world Christianity.

"Freedom of religion has always been basic to our way of life. Clearly, the spiritual foundation on which the nation rests is too strong to be adversely affected by any pro-Communist activities in which this small group of delegates from Communist dominated areas might attempt to engage.

"The other participants in these gatherings, as well as the American people in general, will be in a position to judge by the conduct of these delegates whether they come here as churchmen or as propagandists for an aggressive and materialistic philosophy fundamentally hostile to religious faith."

A Task For Mendes-France

French Premier Mendes-France, now that the agreement has been won, at a price, for a cease-fire in Indo-China, will doubtless turn his attention to the no less urgent task of his country's economic problems. Lagging production, inflation and high prices, and an ever-worsening trade picture, combine to make France, in the economic sense, the sick man of Europe.

Useful not only to Mendes-France, but to political leaders in other countries confronted with similar, if somewhat less acute problems, is a report just completed by the eminent French economist and industrialist, Roger Nathan. M. Nathan heads a commission appointed by the French Government to investigate the causes of the high prices and unsatisfactory production which have so long plagued that country's economy.

The Nathan commission's findings are not without point, even for Canada. In essence, those findings are that France, in a legitimate effort to raise living standards and provide a greater measure of economic security for the people, chose the wrong economic means to achieve those ends. Social security costs, through taxation, coupled with organized labor's demands for ever-higher wages and shorter working hours, caused prices to rise and hampered output to the point where French goods were no longer able to compete with the products of foreign industry either at home or abroad.

The consequences of placing the emphasis upon economic security rather than productivity has been industrial stagnation in which living standards, rather than improve, have actually declined. To correct this situation will constitute a test of M. Mendes-France's political genius greater even than that of Geneva.

Labrador Power Possibilities

A study of the power possibilities at Grand Falls, Labrador, is being made by the British Newfoundland Corporation, a company founded by British bankers. The potentialities already known stir the imagination, and offer a challenge which, if met, could solve the power problems of the Maritime Provinces and Ontario for many years to come. According to General McNaughton, who has been interested in the site, Grand Falls has a potential of 5,000,

000 horsepower, or twice as much as the total to be obtained from the New York-Ontario development at the international rapids on the St. Lawrence River.

A power development of this magnitude, says the Ottawa Citizen, clearly transcends provincial interests, and should be considered almost a national project in scope. The growth of industry in the Maritime Provinces, and especially the exploitation of minerals in the Bathurst, N. B., area, is being delayed through lack of power. Inter-provincial co-operation and agreement on the use of power is already recognized in principle through deals made by Ontario with Quebec and Manitoba, and through a recent federal-provincial conference on atomic energy as a source of electricity. The principle might well apply to potential power at Grand Falls, with several provinces sharing the benefits.

A major purpose of federal-provincial financial agreements in recent years has been to iron out disabilities laid on some provinces by the accident of geography. The distribution of power sites is one of these, as much as the favorable location with respect to markets and transport that the central provinces enjoy. It would seem only fair that power should be distributed as widely as possible, from existing sites, at acceptable prices.

Farmer Drivers

The day has long passed when the farmer, driving a horse and buggy or a cart, looked with distaste at the city dweller roaring by in an automobile. Farmers rapidly became the most highly motorized section of the population simply because of necessity. "Accident Facts", published by the National Safety Council in Chicago hints that they have not become outstandingly careful drivers.

Complete and detailed information is not available, the council admits, but reports from 16 American states show that 14 per cent of all drivers involved in fatal accidents in 1953 were farmers and farm labourers. About one farmer in 1,000 was involved in a fatal motor vehicle accident last year, while for all other drivers in the United States the rate was about one in 1,500. The rate for all other male drivers was about one in 1,200.

Such statistics, admittedly, do not mean a great deal but it stands out plainly that more farmers than non-farmers are involved in fatal highway accidents. There are those who will maintain that the farmer-driver does not handle his car or truck as carefully as the non-farmer; or that he does his driving under conditions in which less elaborate provision for safety is made than in and around the cities.

A simpler explanation, however, is that there are simply more farmers who drive than other groups and that the statistics represent the numerical highway population rather than its relative tendency to get involved in accidents.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Canada's decision to serve on the Indo-Chinese truce commission is a favorable augury, not because of Canadian participation, but because the authorities must be satisfied that the cease-fire arrangements are practical.

Canada's larger universities and colleges, helped by Government grants, made a small profit collectively according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. It is satisfactory that our colleges are not going in the red financially but it is to be devoutly hoped that they are showing a much greater profit than indicated by balance sheets.

A senior official of the British Ministry of Health says that talk of the A-bomb has not affected people's mental health as much as having a mother-in-law overstay a visit to the home. It is the old story of heroism being called forth by the prospect of disaster and petty annoyances evoking irritation.

Consumer credit in Canada has dropped substantially from the figure it stood at a year ago but is still more than double what it was in 1950. Canadians, it seems, have been making their position more liquid which means that they may be ready to spend more heavily whenever they feel that conditions warrant.

Maximilien Marie Isidore Robespierre, French revolutionary leader, died this date 1794. An advocate, he was a deputy in the States-General which the king was forced to assemble. He became a leader of the extremist Jacobin club and was elected to the National Convention which proclaimed the French Republic. He helped to create the Revolutionary Tribunal and the Committee of Public Safety which became the real ruler of France and instituted the reign of terror. He, himself, however, became a victim and was guillotined.

The Neighbors

By George Clark



"Surplus from the boss' garden. He gives turnips and squash instead of raises."

An Interview With Kipling

By Maurice Cranston in London Calling

One morning when I was a boy of 14 I noticed in a large emporium in Tunbridge Wells a curiously melancholy figure: a little old grey man, in clothes which bespoke the fashion of a time long past, examining some hothouse grapes. He looked as if he yearned for them but could not afford to buy them. His back was bent, his eyebrows were enormous, a moustache drooped over his lips, and his spectacles were of the narrow, oval, gold-rimmed kind favored by Schubert and Crippen. It was a figure less from life than from comic iconography. I watched him move from the grapes to the peaches, then pick up the price-tag, strain his eyes to read it, and then replace it with a sigh. Then a command- ing voice rang out: "Rud! Rud! Rudyard!"

Rudyard! I had never heard of more than one man with that name. But could this, I asked myself, be Kipling? Kipling the great champion of empire and martial glory, the novelist of violent adventure and the poet of barrack-room gal- lantery?

It was. I discovered that Kipling lived only a few miles away—at Bateman's, near the village of Burwash; and that although he shunned the public gaze he was sometimes to be observed in the neighborhood. (Somehow, I expected him to look like an Indian Army officer; in fact he looked like a harassed draper's clerk.)

Soon afterwards I found I knew someone who knew Mr. and Mrs. Kipling, and I begged her to take me to see them. I am not what she thought, but she agreed, and a visit was arranged.

My friend and intermediary, a kindly woman of mature years, warned me not to be too eager. We would not be the only visitors, and we were to be received by Mr. Kipling himself. He was a very busy man, and often of an afternoon he retired to his study to work.

Kipling appeared, at first tentatively in the background, looking in his tweeds at once more shabby and more undistinguished than he seemed in the shop. He peered through those insect-like spectacles in a dazed, uncom- fortable, and not at all welcoming way.

But his formidable wife swept past him to greet us, and he was left swaying like a small boat in the wash of a millionaire's yacht. It was when Mrs. Kipling had mustered the ladies together and urged them into another room that I found myself the only male guest alone with Kipling. I was sudden- ly very shy. Perhaps he was shy, too. I averted my eyes, and stood there, silent, unhappy, and awk- ward, clutching the proverbial cap in my hand.

He said nothing. I remember vividly how my downcast glance fixed on a newspaper lying on one of the tables: it was the Morning Post. Eventually Kipling said: "Do you read the Morning Post?" "No, sir," I said. "The Socialist." "This was not a good beginning. But I cannot say that Kipling's reply was much more fortunate. "We mustn't put party before country, eh?"

I could think of no rejoinder to this discouraging cliché, and our conversation lapsed. I suppose it

was not really so long as it seemed before Kipling said "Like to look at the garden?" I answered very eagerly: "Oh yes, sir." He told me he had started his career as a journalist in India; and that he had started, what was more, when he was only 16. He had been a reporter first, but by the time he was 20 he was already an editor.

In the intervals of producing articles he had written stories. All the stories collected in his book Plain Tales From the Hills were written in his teens. So that when he came to London at 24 to make his bid for fame he had a considerable stock of literary capital; but, as he added, not much financial capital. He had lived frugally over a sausage-shop in Villiers Street for a while, but two years later he found himself no longer poor.

I am sorry I cannot remember everything Kipling said to me, and I was too ignorant to ask him the questions I wish now that I had. As it was, I asked him nothing; for having once broken through the barrier of shyness or antagony or whatever it was, he talked away unprompted, and I in the meantime allowed myself to look at him more closely. I realized that his face was really a much more sympathetic one than I had thought at first. I decided, as the very young do, to decide such things, that I rather liked him.

I have said he spoke without a show of modesty; in fact he spoke of his early work and early fame rather as an unsuccessful and unhappy man might relate the biography of a successful and happy brother lately dead. For Kipling, as I remember him, had very much the air of a man bereaved.

And when he turned the conversation once more to politics, he spoke as if his own right-wing opinions were those of a rejected minority, and my left-wing views those of the nation generally; an assumption wholly unwarranted by the vast majority of the Conservative Party commanded in the House of Commons.

I do not think this means he relished, as some men do, the role of the eccentric. I think he realized, with sound political prescience that his kind of High Tory imperialism was doomed. "What do people want nowadays?" he asked. "Home rule for India. The dole. Disarmament." I agreed that some of us, at any rate, did. "But what is the good of home rule without justice, or the dole without work, or disarm- ing peaceful countries when the deligent ones are armed?" he asked.

We were interrupted by a summons for tea. In the drawing room the tall ladies stopped their talking out of deference to the literary lion, but Mrs. Kipling promptly signalled them into conversation again, and her husband was allowed to relapse into his chair and his silent simulation of consent. "The air of authority he had lately worn now completely left him, and I saw him again as I had first seen him in Tunbridge Wells the harassed draper's clerk. But I no longer felt any incredulity. In the garden I had seen Kipling for a little while as I like to think he really was.

The Empire Games

Winnipeg Free Press

In 1911 a modest tournament of athletic contests formed part of an Empire celebration at the Crystal Palace, London, England. This was the cradle of the British Empire Games. The success of the meeting inspired the idea of an inter-Commonwealth athletic assembly to be staged every four years, time to alternate with the Olympic games. The First World War disrupted the movement but ultimately the Empire games were resumed at Hamilton, Ontario, in 1930.

The Hamilton meeting met with such an enthusiastic response that a more ambitious tourney was planned. The next contest was in 1934, at the White City Stadium in London, England. Star track and field athletes competed in the events and women athletes were included. Public interest had been roused and the games were firmly established. England gathered the majority of the honors on that occasion but when the game were held in Australia, in 1938, the Australians scored many notable victories.

The Second World War caused another interruption. The games, however, had achieved a solid foundation and in 1950 the Empire was resumed at Auckland, New Zealand. Fourteen Commonwealth countries took part, establishing a record. The Australians again scored the most victories. Ceylon and Fiji entered the winning lists.

The games at Vancouver this year will elevate the Empire to a new and spectacular level. The competing nations span the world. No fewer than twenty five countries affiliated to the Empire Games and Commonwealth Federation are sending competitors. Canada has a notable entry. The rising standard of performance that has been characteristic of the evolution of the games is singularly demonstrated by the remarkable fact that the only men to run the mile in less than four minutes will be in competition. This marks an epoch in athletic contest. Roger Bannister of England and John Landy of Australia will star in the "mile of the century", but while this epic event

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.

THE JOY OF DRIVING

Sir,—With a good car, in good condition on a good road going at 60 or 70, is a thrilling experience. Drivers often pass me at that rate. I do not envy them, but I know they are enjoying it, and every year they seem to be going a little faster, and going around the curves on two wheels, and then there are such fine filling stations. I remember when often I had to get gas from a drum by the gallon, and drain it through chamois leather.

Yes, the modern car is a wonderful machine. It is bringing to the Island this summer relatives that have not met for many years, and right across the continent, and not a flat.

I remember on one trip we made down from Oshawa to P. E. Island that while tape of our Model T, pulled out to 38 and the boys shouted: "let her go, Dad." Of course it was down hill, and yet on those trips at an average of twenty-five miles we had great times.

But an accident takes the joy out of driving, and one may be just as careful as he can be and yet he may have an accident. I remember a minister friend who was a very careful driver, but there met him on an Ontario highway a man who was unfitted for driving and as a result my friend is crippled for the rest of his life. The driver went to jail and my friend and his wife went to hospital, and never after did he have the same pleasure in driving.

Not this year have I seen any signs of drunken driving, but I am always on the watch for cars off-side or wobbling, for as I see by the press reckless driving continues.

Alcohol and gasoline don't mix. Each in its proper place is an excellent liquid, but when an attempt is made to coordinate them in a human brain they cause unspeakable loss and sorrow, for which there is no excuse.

I am, Sir, etc., W. I. GREEN, Stanley Bridge.

The Poet's Corner

THE UNIVERSAL FRONTIER

Now that all peaks are conquered, and all seas and all withdraw round man's victorious prow, Little remains of earth's old mysteries Save one, which still the sardonic fates allow.

For though we measure and dissect the stars, And plumb the ages, yet we grope half blind,

Few men can thread the foggy island bars That wall the wisest from a neighbor's mind.

—Stanton A. Coblenz, in the New York Times.

Old Charlottetown

and P. E. I.

DELEGATES RETURN

"The delegates who represented this Island at the Quebec Conference have, with one exception, returned home. Their stay in Canada was, we understand, an exceedingly pleasant and agreeable one; but it is said that some of them are in high dudgeon because of the sappiness of our citizens in not greeting their return by a public demonstration. Even the good people of Summerside, although possessed of a wooden cannon, did not, it seems, make any attempt at setting their gun on fire in honour of their call at that place on their way to Charlotte- town."

—The Herald, Nov. 16, 1964.

The Age Old Story

Whoever therefore shall break one of these least command- ments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

naturally fires the imagination and captures world-wide attention, it can also be anticipated that with such a wealth of talent in action records will be established in other athletic fields.

The large entry and the calibre of the contestants are not the only gratifying features of the Vancouver meeting. The presence of representatives from so many countries is a heartening demon- stration of Commonwealth com- radeship and co-operation.

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NOTES BY THE WAY

Parents of new babies don't worry so much about an eight-hour day; they'd settle for an eight-hour night. —Toronto Star

With tuition going up at some colleges, education is almost as expensive as ignorance. —Kitchener-Waterloo Record.

If you don't care for the idea of "peaceful existence", how would you go for "simultaneous mutual annihilation"? —Decatur (Ill.) Herald.

"An insurance man says it is necessary to walk 36 miles to reduce body weight by one pound. But sore feet could still be less trying than the diet needed to shed that pound." —Ottawa Journal.

The longest day of the year has passed but the opinion of many, those who have not yet, is that every Monday is the longest day. —St. Thomas Times - Journal.

A wolf-whistle in Manchester, England, was found to have come from a gas meter with a mechanical defect. Over here those wolf sounds generally come from gas bags with mental defects. —Windsor Star.

One of the nicest compliments you can pay a man is to send him a letter marked "personal", which subtly suggests that he is so important someone else normally opens his mail. —Edmonton - Journal.

"A cockroach breeder in Don- caster, England, was evicted from his county-owned home because he refused to give up his pets." He took 500 of them with him, much to the satisfaction of the authorities." —St. Thomas Times - Journal.

The world has always been able to survive crises which probably seemed as final at the time as our present one, so we'll consider it a pleasure to be bored, if history will kindly go right on repeating itself. —Stratford Beacon-Herald.

Sarracenia purpurea Linnaeus is to get official recognition as Newfoundland's floral emblem. Second reading was given in the House to a bill which designates the tongue- twisting flower, more commonly known as the "Pitcher Plant," as Newfoundland's emblem. —St. John's News.

It has been suggested that a vacation spent at home gives Father a chance to become ac- quainted with the children, but it is the experience of many dads that you never really get to know the little monsters until you have spent two weeks with them in a sedan. —Winnipeg Tribune.

Women's recent interest in pastel and jeweled pipes to match their ensembles may be only a fad. It may reflect their desire to play safe until it is definitely determined whether cigarette smoking con- tributes to lung cancer in men. Or it may indicate the cigaret cycle has come full turn, and smoking styles are turn- ing back toward the rugged pio- neer (or pioneeress) with the corn- cob pipe. —Washington Post.

As close as can be estimated, there are 500,000,000 children in the world. And according to the di- rector-general of the United Nations Educational Scientific and Cultural Organizations, fully one-half of this number receive no schooling whatsoever. The fact points up the long road which people must travel before condi- tions are such that nations can bring about intelligent and peace- ful international relations. —Port William Times - Journal.

For years there have been jokes about the skywriter who mis- spelled a word. Well, it actually happened in Melbourne, Australia, recently. The hapless skywriter made a "6" instead of a "9" with the result that hundreds of bar- gain hunters called the wrong tele- phone number. The besieged owner of the number, frantically insisted that the skywriter take to the air and correct the mistake. The cost of making the correction amounted to about \$680. The Australian wild blue yonder was probably a bit wilder than usual that day. —Win- nipeg Tribune.

It's easy to understand how the pioneers got along without gas or electricity, but how did they manage without cellophane tape or paper towels? —Chicago Daily News.

As a member of the Order of the Garter, Sir Winston Churchill receives two decorations, one called the George, and the other The Lesser George. The latter, we pre- sume, is the George that everybody is so willing to let 'do it'. —Peter- borough Examiner.

The kitchen appliances people are making excellent progress. They have produced a kitchen cabinet the doors of which open and close with the wave of the hand, and before long, no doubt, the homemaker will be able to sit in the living room and do her kitchen work by pointing at pushbuttons. —Peterborough Examiner.

Canadians consumed a value of \$821,000,000 in liquor in 1952, ac- cording to recent statistics. This is five times the amount of 22 years ago and a \$90,000,000 increase from 1951. When we hear people grum- bling about the high costs of essen- tial products, and then remember the amount spent on liquor, one is tempted to think many Canadians have more money than brains. —Windsor Daily Star.

In a contest just completed at Arras, France, all that the com- petitors had to do was to eat every- thing placed before them, which in France is not supposed to be a difficult chore. The winner of this unusual contest was a M. Andre Pollaert, a butcher by profession and a man who might be expected to appreciate food, or at least food prices. The meal that M. Pollaert polished off is too lengthy to be detailed here, but it included such viands as hors d'oeuvres, soup, chicken, chicken pie, duck, steak, ham, cheese, salad, tarts and cookies, all accompanied by appropriate vegetables and wines. —New York Herald Tribune.

A great first came upon David Bronstein, one of the Russian chess masters playing a U. S. team in the international match held at New York's Roosevelt Hotel the other day. He asked for a drink: "A glass of lemon juice." One of the Americans tried to correct him and said: "You mean a glass of lemonade—lemons, water and sugar." Mr. Bronstein repeated his order: "A glass of lemon juice." It took nine large lemons to fill a glass. The man from Moscow downed it, neat. Then he went on with his game. —New York Times.

Indium is a metal which Canada has in abundance. The only rea- son it does not figure in our na- tional resources is that no use for the material has been found which comes close to absorbing the avail- able supply. The Consolidated Min- ing and Smelting Company has a reserve of ten million ounces of in- dium at Trail, British Columbia. That may well be the largest supply of the metal, which is rather rare as a byproduct from the zinc smel- lers there. Indium is so soft that it is almost like chewing gum, ex- plains The Cornwall Standard-Free- holder. It is one-fourth as hard as lead. —Stratford Beacon-Herald.

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