THE GUARDIAN

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

SATURDAY, AUG. 27, 1955

A Hundred Thousand Years

A long time, 100,000 years! That, according to Hon. Brooke Claxton, who is presiding as chairman of the Canadian highways safety conference at Ottawa this week, is the period of useful life lost through 3,000 traffic fatalities in Canada every year. This does not take into account the 65,000 persons who are injured annually but who survive.

Public men do a good service by pointing up, in this striking manner, the appalling death toll on our highways and arousing the public conscience to greater effort in the way of safety precautions. Mr. Claxton says the short-term view of accident prevention is to "get dangerous drivers off the road"; the long-term view is education of drivers. But education is a slow process, and in the meantime the slaughter goes on.

Commended by the conference chairman was an announcement by the Ontario Highways Minister that drivers' licenses in that Province, renewed after cancellation for drunken driving, will hereafter be printed on red paper and stamped "reinstated". This, it is believed, will be effective in curtailing accidents from this cause. If so, it should be adopted in every Province. There is no question here of infringement on personal rights. No person has any right whatever to endanger the lives of others, and this is what happens every time an even partially intoxicated driver takes the wheel.

There is a story going the rounds about four drunks who entered a roadside tavern. One of them fell flat on his face and the other three ordered liquor. "What about him?" asked the bartender, pointing to their prone companion. "Don't give him any," said one of the party in stern disapproval: "He's driving." This couldn't happen here, of course! But the moral of the story is that if it did happen, a driver in the condition above described would be less a menace than if he had not "passed out" but was still in the stage of overconfident maneuverability.

Idealistic Tenets

"Of making of many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flest." So did a wise man of ancient times counsel a young man who probably took it to mean that homework was not only boring but definitely harmful to one's health. This, by way of preamble to a few comments on a booklet just issued by New York school authorities. It begins by saying "a surprising number of boys and girls simply do not know how to study." Well, there is nothing particularly original in that, and nothing that in justice can be held against modern youth, since their elders, by and large, are in no better way. Furthermore, considering the distractions that most boys and girls have to contend with these days and nights, it is nothing short of marvellous that they manage to do any studying at all. How can a youngster be expected to keep his mind on his homework when somebody else insists on giving some slapdash radio announcer permission to fill the house with strange noises which extoll the merits of dogfood or hair lotion!

With most of the tips in the booklet no one would disagree. Physical fitness, budgeting of time, taking notes, memory development, making good use of library books—all these are good and much to be desired. But here's a code that must have been drawn up by perfectionists or else by witty men with their tongues in their cheeks: "I will become and stay interested. I will concentrate. I will listen. I will take my proper part in class. I will think. I will improve." It is easy enough to think of any number of boys and girls who would adhere to one or perhaps two of these idealistic tenets. But all of them at once? Hardly. Paragons, yes, but not the average care-free and playful ten-year-old.

Perhaps the best thing about the little booklet is that its authors seem to realize the value of homework. It is not long since anything done by way of study after school hours—and in school hours, too, some say—was looked upon with virtual disdain by many educational theorists.

Signs Of Weakening

There are those who believe that the present flowery talk coming out of Moscow and other Communist centres is simply part of a plan to do by guile what has been found impossible to achieve by force and threats. This is associated especially with Russian attempts to weaken Nato's defence of Western Europe. However that may be—at present one guess probably is as good as another—reports from on the spot observers would seem to indicate that Nato is, in fact, facing a crisis. There are, for instance, growing rumours that several European countries, including France, would like to ease up on defence expenditures and even reduce their armies below the standards originally agreed upon by the Nato powers. Again, American attempts to lease new land for extension of airfields are meeting with unusual opposition. European countries have never taken too kindly to the expansion of United States military facilities on their soil. Only anxiety for their own security has permitted it all along; now that they feel the danger of war has lessened they are beginning to doubt the necessity.

Only a few weeks ago French authorities flatly refused to allow construction of new American air bases in North Africa; now the French Government is suggesting that all French troops attached to Nato be sent to North Africa where, so the French believe, the need is greater and more urgent than it is in Europe. It is rumoured also that soon the French will demand the removal of all American forces from North Africa. Taken all together, these reports and rumours provide evidence of growing European belief in the good intentions of the Soviet Union. Fortunately, neither Britain nor Canada has yet shown any inclination to seek modification of prior commitments. Whatever trust their Government may have in the Soviet Union's proferred friendship, they are acting on the time honoured principle that it is better to be sure than sorry. Time enough for relaxation when security has been doubly assured. They will not be slow, however, in letting up on defence expenditures once [illegible] convinced that all danger has passed.

EDITORIAL NOTES

A shortage of imagination is reported in Tibet. This is a serious matter, for the government employs great numbers of them to prevent pain, which is called the "devil's mischief", from striking the holy city of the Dalai Lamas. The pay is good.

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Sponsors of a school survey report that on an average the boys were just a little bit brighter than the girls. The only important thing that the announcement reveals is a lack of chivalry on the part of the sponsors. Even if the finding is scientifically-based, which is doubtful, they needn't have made it public.

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A group of educators has come up with the announcement that modern pupils are more proficient than the 1933 crop in such subjects as reading, writing, and arithmetic. Since Dewyism—which, rightly or wrongly, is blamed for many of our educational ills—was at its height in that year, it would be better to go back further, say to 1903.

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The first atomic energy reactor specifically designed for medical treatment and research is to be built at the Medical Centre of the University of California, in Los Angeles. The reactor, which will produce gamma rays and neutrons for cancer therapy, has also been designed to serve a variety of medical and non-medical uses. These include the production of radio-isotopes and radiation for experimental sterilization and preservation of food and drugs. The reactor is expected to be available for clinical use in 1957, after a two-year period of experimenting and measuring neutron and gamma output.

The More, The Merrier

PUBLIC FORUM

MORE HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

Sir,—Summer is far spent—and what a wonderful one it is on the Island with the Charlottetown Centennial, and all the "big doings"—never a dull moment judging by accounts and pictures I see in The Guardian.

A paragraph in a recent letter from a niece—who is spending a summer on the island Paradise she calls it—for the first time in seven years—has set my thoughts travelling back to the "North Shore" as we comment: "We are contemplating going to Cavendish . . . a couple of weeks if we can get a cabin—or cottage—this late in the season." Then she added "aren't you envious of that thought?" After which she decided, under the circumstances, she wasn't specially nice to have made that remark. I'm not envious! but, nonetheless, I feel she should be punished a bit, so what better way than to write a long, and involved—do I ever write any other kind?—letter to the most widely-read and popular newspaper on the "Isle"; as she feels she must read, any, and all my published efforts from a sense of duty.

The day my eye fell on this caption, "Pioneer Traditions Enshrined in United Church At Cavendish" near the picture of my old childhood church, I received two papers the one containing the article the latest date. As I'm inclined to be rather methodical, I read the one of the earlier date first. Usually I read front page first and work my way through as I did on that occasion; so by the time I reached the ninth page containing the aforesaid article the evening was far spent.

How very familiar every line of the outside of the old church was, and it took little effort to visualize every minutest detail of the interior as I last saw it. The only change in the sanctuary I noted, when I attended service there in 1946, was the position of the organ had been changed a bit. I did not realize that it was a different organ—the one from the Sunday School room donated by L.M. Montgomery. My people may have written me about that, but during my busy years perhaps I did not pay too much attention to such items of news.

Of course thirty-one years leaves its mark—even on Island folk, who seldom seem to grow old—and, except for a few, those I recognized resembled their parents as I'd remembered them. Strange, but I believe true—we do grow more like our parents in looks with the passing years. A cousin of mine made that remark when he saw me, "every one of you look like your mother as you get older." That's the way my nieces recognized me when they met me at Borden—one I'd seen when she was a little tot, but of course she did not remember me, although she travelled West with me when I made the trek the first time; as, although I'd always wanted to go, I went to help my sister with her small children when she was faring forth on a visit to our sister on the Prairie. My sister was only on a visit, but the West had claimed me for keeps, as it has done since with my Island nieces. Three of my sisters were already there when I went—two teaching school and one married. However, the barrenness of Saskatchewan could not hold me for long: so soon I went farther afield in search of some of the beauty I'd known all my years on P. E. I., and I found it in B.C., although the atmosphere seemed so heavy after the ozone of the Prairie that I could scarcely breathe, and the growth was so luxuriant that it took me a little time to adapt to the climate. However, I've digressed and that's another story!

My nearest relatives still occupied the same pew in the church, on the right side from the entry near the front and in full view of the pulpit and choir. The difference was, of course, my brother was the Elder and a new generation partly filled the pew. In connection with that I recall Mr. MacDonald glancing around the table the first time he was a supper guest at our home—also the first call—and remarking "they'd almost fill a pew." We did! However, I cannot spell "pew" to sound the way he pronounced it; although Island born his accent was definitely "Ay Scotia. There were at least four members of our family absent from the board that afternoon so vividly remembered, and so long ago. Mother, my eldest sister—home on vacation from Charlottetown—and my baby-sister were spending the afternoon with relatives and friends in the community, and another sister was teaching school in another locale. The rest of the younger generation—except this writer—were in school. I seemed to be always the one kept home to help with extras, etc., and there are many such on a farm. So when Rev. MacDonald called I had to greet him, and after seating him in the parlor—all such rooms were designated such in those days—I ran to the field to summon my father.

I seem to have only few and faint memories of the old church in the cemetery, and Rev. Archibald and family. One instance though stands out in memory's hall. I think it must have been a Saturday afternoon service in preparation for Communion the following day; as, although I've no recollection of anything inside the sanctuary, I do recall mother and two of my sisters and I (me) waiting outside the church for my dad to get through a session meeting so we might go home. After repeated requests for us to wait at the manse, Mrs. Archibald finally persuaded mother to accompany her there and accept her invitation for supper. The older daughters of the manse took us and the little ones in their family out to the backyard to play while their mother entertained her guests and prepared the evening repast. We had a lot of fun swinging. One reason for believing it must have been a Saturday, was I feel almost certain children of a Presbyterian minister in those days would not be allowed the privilege of even such a harmless pastime on the Sabbath. Sometimes when my parents were at morning worship the small fry in our family indulged in that play, but my dad was only an Elder. Had he been home I don't if we would have been censored, as, although strict Sabbath observance was the rule, he was not unreasonable when it came to children.

The only other recollection I have of the old church is not exactly a conventional one—perhaps should not be related here—but I remember finding, and yes, eating wild strawberries in the-then-ill-cared-for cemetery around the church while we played between Sunday School and church service. It almost makes me shudder to even recall it today, but children evidently are no respecters of cemetries and will romp and play as light-heartedly there as anywhere. Wordsworth's, "We Are Seven" portrays that aspect of childhood so well.

Of Rev. Robertson and family I have several memories. Their children—like steps of stairs—were the cutest little lassies and laddies. I believe the Robertson's came directly from Scotland to Cavendish—all had that delightful accent! Mrs. Robertson evidently was unfamiliar with the art of bread-making "Cavendish-wise;" although her scones - according to report—were most delicious. Some of the kind ladies of the congregation, no doubt conscientiously believing that her family could not receive proper nourishment from scones, offered to instruct her in the bread-making art. A minister's wife, in a country congregation with a family of small children, had anything but an enviable role. Not only was she required to be ready to entertain callers at the early hour of 10:00 a. m.; but she was expected to shoulder far more than her share of the activities in the work of the church.

Of Mr. MacIntosh's ministry, I have many memories, for did he not marry one of my best-loved first cousins, and also rob us of one of the finest school teachers Hope River ever had! Mrs. MacIntosh (Mabel) was a most exemplary minister's helpmate despite playing the church organ on a warm summer's day garbed in an attractive dress with elbow length sleeves — styles were just changing from the wrist length sleeve to shorter, and I assume it took some of the older folk some time to get used to the change-over. Another item which might have implanted doubts in some die-hards' minds as to her suitability to be a parson's wife was her selection of texts when she took the preacher's role — on account of her advanced years! — when she played church with her younger cousins. To put it mildly they were not exactly scriptural. I can still see her in the dimmey corner of the old home kitchen perched on a high stool and expounding eloquently as she saw it, but not in the approved manner of a Billy Graham nor any other theologian-in-fact of any age. However, we gave her our undivided attention and listened reverently. When I reminded her of those occasions long forgotten by her—she laughed and laughed.

I spent the last time I ever saw my beloved Cawnpore with Mabel and a teen age niece of mine, and also Mabel's grand-niece. We spent the whole afternoon listening to the roar of the waves, and the cry of the gulls and reminiscing — we 'two while the children played around. Mabel told me about her fine family, and I a bit about mine; but mostly we recalled old days and old times and both were loath to leave the shore and go on to the cemetery — our next port of call—after which we had dinner at Green Gables—a never-to-be forgotten experience for me.

Before we returned home we called at a well-remembered home, as my cousin wanted to see a native daughter home on vacation, and I was certainly not adverse to seeing old friends again. When we returned to my old home, Mabel - before going to her nephew's across the road where she was staying—asked me to show her all through the old home, which she was accustomed to doing each time she was in Bay View I learned, and I remember how lovingly she touched the old mahogany table in the old parlor.

Our home meant much to her as we were closer than most first cousins, as her dad had been tragically killed when she was an infant, and my dad had been almost like a father to her and her sister and brothers. Although the MacIntosh children were not all Island born, their mother told me that they loved the little "Isle" perhaps partly because each year as soon as school closed they packed up and spent the summer there.

If Mrs. Frank were looking for a true success story of an Island family she could not find a finer one than the younger generation of that MacIntosh family. Every one of them was well-educated—not easy to do on the salary of a country or small town pastor, but they were willing to make sacrifices for their higher learning. Mabel told me sometimes they—her boys—would have only one suit when in college and that thread-bare. I felt rather honored when Mrs. MacIntosh, Mabel, told me she had come to the Island especially to see me, as she might never see me again—how right she was about that, although neither of us realized it at the time. I had always hoped she might wend her way to California some day on her travels, but with her failing health that seems to be a vain hope. She said she had to hurry back home to greet a new daughter-in-law her son was bringing home from England. He was taking post-graduate work there.

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Rev. John Sterling was pastor in Cavendish when I left my native heath, and I was home little during his pastorate—part of the time I was in a little Nova Scotia town with my uncle (Rev. Allan Simpson) and aunt, and I guess the rest in Charlottetown. However, I heard him preach several times, and recall my dad remarking he was quite a thinker. All the ministers we had in Cavendish were fine preachers, and what's more, excellent pastors! which cannot be said of many of our Western divines, as the social activities in most churches take up far too much of their time. This is not meant for criticism at all, just a statement of fact. The minister of the church of which I am a member, recently remarked, "We are all caught up in this busyness, and cannot seem to extricate ourselves."

Mrs. Sterling was a lovely lady and I knew her better than any of our pastors' wives except my cousin, as she hailed from Stanley Bridge. I think she was the recipient of some of my long and involved epistles when I sojourned with my uncle. I remember her being amused at some of my descriptions of our social doings there—no doubt I colored them a bit; but there were many retired wealthy folk in that attractive little town and some former members of uncle's church in Halifax. They about worshipped him, so treated his niece also with some deference, but that's another tale. This is much, much too long, but I've only skimmed the surface of my memories.

Although it's long since I've been heard from, I've been following closely everything that's doing in the "Garden of the Gulf." Ellen's Diary keeps me better informed re "seedtime and harvest" than any of my rural relatives—I shall have to send her a personal message soon. That's it for now, except to say Hello! to all interested parties; and thanks for continued courtesy on the part of the press.

—I am, Sir, etc.,
G. S. GORDON
(Mrs. D. J.)
Oakland, California

Medically Speaking

By Herman N. Bundesen, M. D.

WHAT ARE THE CAUSES OF SEASONAL ALLERGIES?

By this time of year, if you are a hay fever victim, you are probably sneezing, sniffling and wiping your tear-filled eyes every few minutes. But don't doom yourself to this life of distress for the remainder of the summer. All is not lost. There's a lot you can do to relieve those troublesome symptoms.

The same goes for the more than 2,000,000 sufferers of bronchial asthma throughout the country, many of whom find this the most troublesome season.

Let's see just what is causing all this sneezing and wheezing.

If you're a hay fever victim or a seasonal asthmatic, your trouble is probably wind-borne pollen. By far the greatest cause of hay fever and the source of a major number of asthma attacks is the pollen or ragweed. But there are other offenders, too, such as sage of wormwood, elm, hemp, chenopod-amaranth, English plantain and timothy grass.

CONTAMINATED AIR

Most wind-pollinated plants ripen early in the morning. Although they discharge their pollen at this time, it is usually 10 or 11 a.m. before the air is heavily contaminated. Usually, the greatest concentration occurs in the forenoon. After midnight the air is relatively free.

After being discharged from the plant, these little masses of yellow pollen cling to the open pollen cases until they are dried thoroughly. Then, they are whisked from their perch by the next wind.

Luckily, most of them fall to the ground near the plant. The remainder, however, are carried aloft by rising air currents even above the layer of air we breathe. Thus, they can be carried great distances before coming to earth to find victims and set them sneezing.

More than 600 cities in North America conduct routine pollen counts, results of which are published in daily newspapers to advise pollen victims of allergy conditions.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

J. K.: At what age does acne disappear?

Answer: In most instances, acne disappears after the period of adolescence. However, in some instances it persists well into adult life.

The condition should be treated by a physician.

The Poet's Corner

FOR ANNE GREGORY

'Never shall a young man,
Thrown into despair
By those great honey-coloured
Ramparts of your ear,
Love you for yourself alone
And not your yellow hair.'

'But I can get a hair-dye
And set such colour there,
Brown, or black, or carrot,
That young men in despair
May love me for myself alone
And not my yellow hair.'

'I heard an old religious man
But yesternight declare
That he had found a text to prove
That only God, my dear,
Could love you for yourself alone
And not your yellow hair.'

—W. B. Yeats.

The Age Old Story

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying . . . Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.

NOTES BY THE WAY

A vacation seems to excel all other methods making time and money vanish. — St. Catherines Standard.

Much is made of a new aircraft which can be converted from a helicopter into conventional plane while in motion, but an even riskier trick, converting a car into a pile of junk at top speed receives little applause. — (Edmonton Journal)

Happily, people are constantly discovering for themselves the pleasures of creation and of self-participation. Besides music there are the various other art forms and even lately, handwriting. The results for our civilization, such as it is, cannot but be good. We need more individual endeavour, more individual concern for matters of taste and good living generally. Only this individually creative attitude can save this country from the mediocrity of the democratized industrial state. — Kingston Whig-Standard.

We have it from Alexander Graham Bell himself that he invented the telephone in the summer of 1874 at his father's home in Brantford. It was at Brantford, too, that the first long-distance telephone call was made on August 10, 1876—to Paris, eight miles away. These facts are duly noted on a monument at the Bell homestead in Brantford, which has since been known as "The Telephone City". That was eighty years ago. At Tehran last week, the Iranian Government awarded a $30 million contract for the installation of 108,000 telephones. West Germany won it against competition from five other countries—Britain, the United States, Sweden, Belgium and Japan. — Toronto Globe and Mail.

Cloak-and-dagger police work is not confined to the movies. It happens in real life, too. A powerful drug ring has been hit in Vancouver and the mass roundup of suspected pedlars was made possible by "undercover work."

Two rookie constables were specially trained for the work by Vancouver city police and the R. C. M. P. They were even given convincing looking needle scars to make them appear to be long-time drug addicts.

Then they were turned loose to find pedlars. Each of them was able to name a score of drug sellers, people from whom they themselves had bought illegal narcotics. They played their roles so well that when one suspect was identified by them he blurted out "but one of those punks was wired himself!" The police doctor had done the needle scars very well. — Montreal Gazette.

—A visitor to a town deep in the state of Maine joined a small group of men on a store porch and made a few remarks. No one replied and the visitor asked, "What is there, a law here against talk?" One of the natives replied: "No, but there's a sort of mutual agreement among us that nobody says anything unless he can improve on the silence. . . ."—Kitchener Waterloo Record.

There have been, and are, those in Canada who would dispense with the Upper House in Ottawa, but we would think that they are very much in the minority. Members of the Commons, particularly, would not relish the idea of abolishing the Senate, if only on account of the fact that it would give the Commons a lot more work to do. A solid core among the Senators themselves see the need for Senate reform. The time has long passed when the problem should have been tackled. Let us get busy on it: but there is no need for casting stones at the present membership of the Red Chamber. — Financial Times.

—Those who understand the Gaelic, and they were out in force at the Canso Causeway dedication, were reported to have been vastly entertained by some reference to Ottawa made by the distinguished Gaelic speaker, a brother of the late Hon. Angus L. MacDonald. The Gaelic address was limited to two minutes by official decree of the rapid agenda. Too short a time for all that called for being said in the Gaelic, but two minutes can suffice for a pointed remark in the Gaelic as well as English. It can't be said here that it was a barbed remark for it had a point that tickled the fancy of thousands present with a knowledge of the Gaelic. And it can be conjectured that the dignitaries present from Ottawa wished they knew precisely what it was that so neatly in Gaelic phraseology struck home. — Sydney Post Record.

HIGHEST CABLES

CHAMONIX, France (Reuters) — One of the highest cable railways in the world was opened Thursday on a peak of the Aiguille du Midi, 12,500 feet up in the French Alps.

END CANADIAN TOUR

MONTREAL (CP)—Eight children from Kansas, who visited Ottawa and Quebec city on a "fact finding mission," left for home Friday. The five girls and three boys made the trip under a plan known as "Operation Goodwill," sponsored by Kansas war veterans. Four similar tours of Canada have been sponsored since 1950.

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