

Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur

After 30 years a 1/4 inch long pencil has been removed from the ear canal of Charles Yates of Newport, Kentucky. Doctors took it out during a mastoid operation. The pencil was driven into Yates' ear 30 years ago when he fell from a truck.

Does the word cockney refer to all persons born within the city of London, England? Not exactly. Cockney is a name given to all those Londoners who are born within sound of the Bow Bells, i.e., the bells of Bow Church, Cheapside, in the city.

Four years ago Emory Johnson found a ring in a discarded roll of paper. He took the ring home and gave it to his small daughter, Linda.

Recently a visitor to the Johnson home noticed the ring and advised Johnson to have it appraised. He did. And the jeweler said it was the real McCoy—a diamond worth \$3,000.

Perhaps one reason why romance lasted longer in our grand-parents days is that the bride looked much the same after washing her face. Ever hear of angel money? No? An English coin known by such a name was used in Saxony times. It was a gold coin worth approximately 10 shillings.

For more than 2,000 years coins have been in use for purposes of trade or rather exchange. The older specimens are much sought after by collectors. Incidentally, the first coins in the world were made in the ancient kingdom of Lydia, eight centuries before the birth of Christ. Those and other old coins unearthed from time to time tell us many useful details of Roman occupation, and throughout Asia the finding of coins tells us of the extensive travels of the ancient Greeks.

The famous "piece of eight" which all of us have read about in Treasure Island figured in many romances of buccaneering and piracy. It took its name from the fact that it was valued at eight "reals."

The natural division between Norway and Sweden is a mountain range. To every square mile of Norway there are only 22 persons. Round the equator day is always 12 hours' duration, but at the poles it lasts for six months. In other places it varies in between these two extremes.

At a feast given by the archbishop of York during the reign of Edward IV, the following were eaten: 400 swans, 400 plovers, 500 partidges, 4,000 pigeons, 500 stags, 4,000 venison patties, 1,500 hot pasties, 2,000 hot custards, 12 porpoises and 100 dishes of jelly.

That must have been quite a feast. In our day it would cost a small fortune, but then the cost of 4 pigeons was only two cents. Other items of food carried a similar low price tag.

This was the first century when people wrote letters in the English language. In those days boys were taught at home or boarded out in masteries. Discipline was strict. Girls as well as boys were flogged without mercy. Marriages were still "arranged" in childhood and love never entered the picture.

In those days a common servant received a wage of 16s 8d with food, and as a year for riches. Men wore gulls and feathers in their hats and their hair was generally quite long, often in curls half-way down the back. One striped hose and one plain was also fashionable. Women folk went in for the steeple headress, a long flowing veil and no hair visible.

The diary kept by Samuel Pepys, who wrote it in a sort of shorthand of his own invention, is the most famous diary ever written. Why? Because it records a vast amount of valuable knowledge of the life and times in which Pepys lived.

The first dictionary was compiled in the year 1100 B.C. by the Chinese. A Latin dictionary was published in the year 28 B.C. There are dictionaries of music, biography, art and other subjects.

The term dog-days has nothing to do with dogs, but are named for Sirius, the dog star. The draining of a lake in Ireland has brought to light a number of artificial islands on which a Neolithic race made their homes 4,500 years ago.

The level of the lake, Lough Gara, one of the headwaters of the River Shannon, was drained by the Irish Department of Agriculture as part of a land reclamation scheme.

The artificial islands—called crannogs—consist of timber supports resting on the lake bed and

Reviews Criticism Of Modern Public School

The following reference to Dr. Neatby's criticism of modern school methods was made by Mr. R. A. Parker, Superintendent of City Schools, in an address on Wednesday evening before the Parent-Teacher Organizations of Prince Street and West Kent Schools:

"A highly critical and provocative attack on the modern public school has recently appeared in the book 'So Little For The Mind', by Dr. Hilda Neatby, a brilliant scholar and university professor in one of our western universities. It is recommended reading for all those who have any interest and concern for public education in this country. The burden of her thesis is that prevailing educational practices are rapidly bringing this generation of young people to a level of mediocrity, both intellectually, culturally, and morally. This can only mean ultimate disaster to the race and nation if they are allowed to continue. As a corollary she submits that the ranks of the professional educators are filled with too many incompetents. As a result the public has been the victim of their dreamy, visionary and frothy concepts as represented by present curricula and methods.

"It would be foolish indeed to ignore the positive contribution which the book is capable of making to the educational effort. Dr. Neatby's concern for what she calls 'moral anarchy' is based on abundant evidence. Undoubtedly one of the great needs of the present day is to re-emphasize the spiritual significance of life. It is surely patent to any thinking person that purely secular education is not sufficient for the need of man in this day and age, or for that matter, in any age. Insofar as one can observe the vast majority of educationalists are and have been concerned with this important problem. It is not being ignored or lost sight of in the rush to adopt so-called progressive methods.

"At the same time it would be equally foolish for the casual reader of this book to assume, despite the wealth of documentation, that the situation is quite as bleak as suggested by the title. Just take the example of the increasing number of students enrolled in our universities, the quality of research maintained in every branch of human knowledge, the calibre of those engaged in industry and commerce, and so on would suggest that a reasonable proportion of our high school graduates have found something for the mind in their curricula.

"Despite the able presentation which Dr. Neatby has made, I still remain a supporter of the modern school with its use of progressive methods. Primarily because of two fundamental principles which appear to be largely ignored or lost sight of in her analysis. "First, the acceptance of the philosophy that it is the responsibility of a democratic society to provide equal educational opportunities for all its potential citizens. No longer can a democratic society afford the luxury of providing an education suited alone for the upper ten per cent of the population, those from whom our political, scientific, and industrial leaders are largely drawn. No sane educationalist ignores the importance and significance of this section of our society but it could be greater folly to ignore the rights and privileges of the 90% and less highly intellectually endowed. As someone has said God must have loved the common man, he made so many of them. So it is conceived to be the primary function of our public schools to provide every child with the type of education which will ensure his greatest possible development in harmony with his own abilities and needs.

"The crude stone tools found among the ruins date back 2,500 years before the Bronze Age. No doubt the crannogs were erected to furnish their occupants protection against enemies, both animal and human. Stepping stones which led to each island were set in zigzag paths so that anyone attempting to use them would go astray and fall into the treacherous mud. Crannogs and crude tools similar to those of Lough Gara have also been uncovered in Switzerland and Austria. This would seem to bear out the evidence that Neolithic tribes ranged the wilds between Northern Europe and Ireland.

"The death of Mr. Augustine Wisner occurred in the Charlottetown Hospital on October 27. Born at Waterville the son of the late Capt. Jas. J. and Mrs. Wisner (nee Mary Carroll) where he resided until about 15 years ago when he and his family moved to their new home on the Mt. Edward Road. During this time he was in the employ of the Dominion Experimental Farm and later H. M. Schurman Company.

"Possessing a kind and cheerful disposition he made many friends and was in his usual good health until about a year ago. He was tenderly cared for until about ten days previous to his death when he entered the hospital and passed peacefully away on October 27. He leaves to mourn the loss of a kind husband and father, his wife the former Mary Kelly, Lake Verde, three daughters: Irene, Mrs. John L. Beston, Central Royalty; Isabel, Mrs. Francis O'Donnell, Senneterre, Que.; Priscilla, Mrs. Arthur Monaghan, Mt. Edward Road. Also three brothers and three sisters: James and Margaret, Charlottetown; John C. Gagnary, George, Winnipeg; Carol and Josephine, Roxbury, Mass., who visited him during his illness. He also leaves to mourn nine grandchildren who will cherish the memory of a kind and loving grandfather. Two sons predeceased him several years ago.

"His funeral, largely attended, was at St. Dunstan's Basilica where Requiem High Mass was sung by Rev. Clarence Roach. Reverend Farnell Wood was present in the sanctuary. Burial services at the grave were conducted by Rev. C. Roach.

"Palbearers were Messrs. Ernest MacMillan, Francis Gaudet, Arnold Roper, Harry MacDonald, Benjamin Livingstone and John Aylward.

"Eternal rest, grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him."

Dark Lightning

By Helen Topping Miller

CHAPTER IV (Continued)

Some prescience, a reluctance perhaps to change all this that was so ordered and pleasant, pressed upon Gary. Afterward he remembered and wondered why he had ignored his hunches, and then ceased to wonder, knowing that he would have ignored thunder or rumors of war for Adelaide when she looked at him with light in her eyes. To please her he would have taken the world apart.

A young man in love is so vulnerable, so defenseless, so much a part of the sweet youth of the world. So happily mad, torn between ecstasy and despair.

It was not easy to find a map. They tried a half-dozen places, and Gary saw the old, avid, half-suspicious look come into the eyes of the men from whom he inquired. Like the widened nostrils of a wolf on the scent, like the taut suspension of movement that stiffens a crowd when a voice cries "Fire!"

"They're all alike," he told Adelaide. "I can walk into any hotel in this state and just say 'oil' to somebody in a low tone—and every man in the place will watch me after, and a lot of them would follow me."

"I'd follow you, too. Oh, Gary, I'm so excited!"

"Ever hear the story of the well rigger who got to heaven and the place was so crowded he could not get in?"

"No. I'll bite. What did he do?"

"He stuck his head in through the gate and yelled, 'They've struck oil in hell!' And in five seconds, flat, half the crowd had run out, and the well rigger moved into the best mansion on the golden street."

"Maybe they'll have a map at the book store—let's try there."

But the book store had no map, though the clerk looked at them with quickened interest. "Only one man around here who might have a map like that is old Hughie Fothergill. He worked down yonder at Spindletop when old man Lucas brought that big gusher in, thirty years ago—and he's been prowling around with a doodlebug ever since, looking for oil. If he has a map, you could maybe get a look at it, but I doubt if he'd give it up."

"I know old Hughie," Adelaide said dubiously when they were in the car again. "He's sort of crazy and horribly dirty. He lives down behind the waterworks in a house made out of an old freight car."

"All right, we'll try Hughie."

"What's a doodlebug?"

"It's a kind of contraption made out of a twig or something. They walk around with it—and it's supposed to dip and tremble when there's oil under the surface."

"Well does it?"

"I've heard stories from old-timers who claim that oil was found that way. Probably it was luck."

"This is his house—there, where the pig's asleep in the yard. You go in, Gary. You'll know how to talk to him. If you don't sit down. They say he's terribly buggy."

The door of the sooty little shack stood open. Gary banged on it and shouted, "Hello—anybody home?"

A heap of dirty bedclothes stirred, and a whispy face seemed to swim up above a chaotic tide of rags. A pair of very thin legs swung down and two naked feet hit the floor. "Get out," croaked a voice. "If you're one of them relievers, I don't want nothing. I just want to be left alone."

"I'm not an investigator," Gary said. "You're Mr. Fothergill? I'm Tallman—a petroleum engineer. They told me uptown that you might have a geological map of this country."

Instantly, old Hughie extricated himself from the confusion of his bedding. His sunken, dead-black eyes began to gleam. He clawed at Gary's arm, jerked him inside, and slammed the door.

"Don't let none of them folks around hear you," he warned. "Set down. Yeh, I got a map. But I'm keeping it. What you want with it?"

"I'm studying the structures around here. Thought maybe you'd let me look at your map. You know this county pretty well, do you?"

"Know it?" shrilled the old man, pulling out a drawer from a lopsided chest and fumbling feverishly in it. "I know every fold and fault and sand in it. Walked every foot of it. Son, you can look at my map, but there ain't no oil under this county, not a drop. There ain't nothing but lime and salt water. If there was oil here, I'd be a rich man now. Know who it was found oil floating in? Know who yonder on top of Sour Lake? It was me! It was me! I told Sharp and Cullinan where to drill. They got rich, didn't they?"

He straightened, brought out a packet carefully wrapped in oilcloth and secured with a tightly knotted shoestring. Slowly, almost reverently, he untied a dozen knots. A roll of slippery maps slid out, unsecured themselves, grease-spotted and faded.

Winnipeg Youth Has Become Authority On Indian Life

WINNIPEG (CP) — Peter Martin's interest in history winds along the tom-tom trail of Crazy Horse, Big Bear, Dull Knife, Sitting Bull and other warriors of the western plains.

The Winnipeg youth is only 20, but few can read history's tracks better, or even as well.

The January issue of American magazine named Peter among its 12 "personalities of the month," and called him "probably North America's youngest authority on early Indian life."

Peter's interest in Indian lore and costume began 10 years ago when "Big Chief"—his father, Fred—presented him with a small Indian tomahawk.

Young Martin immediately tried his hand at fashioning Indian ware, came up with a crude but recognizable wooden hunting knife. Then he began buying books on how to make Indian head-dresses, buck-skin shirts, beaded ornaments, rattles, drums, quivers and many other articles.

The result is a rumpus room full of authentic Indian ware. Peter's beautifully-worked Black-foot shirt and flowing Sioux head-dress are only two of the many exhibits. The shirt took him three years to make—from tanning the original elk-hide to stringing the

last bead on the fine decorations. Now a fourth-year commerce student at University of Manitoba, Peter has exhibited his work—with the help of his two younger brothers—at church and club gatherings. He also entertains with Indian dances, which he has studied.

Last summer he won first place in flight competition and was third in a hunting event at the Manitoba Archery Association championships at Bird's Hill, Man.

To gather material for his Indian work, Peter has made friends with local tannery men, bead shops, millinery shops for feathers from hats. He also has imported material from New York and from a leading post at Banff, Alta., operated by a former Winnipegger.

Peter's interest in Indians of the plains is not confined to costume-making. "Whenever we give a show," he said, "I try to impress on the

audience that there is something to be learned from the character of the early Indian. The American Indian far surpassed the white man in physical perfection of the human body and in high moral ideals.

"Olympic runner? Those Indians could out-run them every day." Peter said he has spent every spare cent on his work, "probably close to \$1,000."

Since he started out, he has only run into one real snag. "Mum took a dim view when I brought the first old deer hide into the house. I guess the smell was awful. But she's used to it now."

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Advertisement for SYLVAPLY DOUGLAS PLYWOOD featuring 'take-home-panels'. The ad includes illustrations of people using panels in various home settings (kitchen, bedroom, bathroom) and text describing the benefits of the panels, such as being easy to install and suitable for small jobs. It also lists the company's name and contact information for various locations.

Advertisement for Dabberg Tru-Sonic Canal Earphone. The ad features a large illustration of the earphone and text describing its features, including its soft, air-light tube and foam rubber tip. It also includes a coupon for a free home tryout.

Advertisement for BUCKLEY'S CINNAMATED CAPSULES. The ad features a large illustration of the product box and text describing its benefits for fighting colds, coughs, and sore throats. It also includes a coupon for a free home tryout.

Advertisement for CHANDLER BROS. CUSTOM WOODWORKERS. The ad includes the company name, address (Belmont St.), phone number (Dial 6557), and a list of services offered.

Advertisement for MacDONALD-ROWE WOODWORKING CO. LTD. The ad includes the company name, address (36 Lr. Water St.), phone number (Dial 8575-8576), and a list of services offered.

Advertisement for M. F. SCHURMAN Co. LIMITED. The ad includes the company name and a list of locations: KENSINGTON, SUMMERSIDE, and CHARLOTTETOWN.