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ACROSS THE ISLAND

Tot Darts Before Car, Naked Terror Is Felt

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I'VE OFTEN sat in my car silently cursing the 30 miles-per-hour City speed limit and thought it's completely unrealistic; those automatic transmission type cars just won't run that slowly. But a startling experience this week has caused a sober second thought. I don't think I'll criticize seriously a city speed limit sign again.

I had just pulled through an intersection as the light turned green. I was travelling, perhaps, at 10 to 15 miles per hour, certainly not faster, when a little girl - she could be anywhere between six and nine or ten - suddenly darted out in front of my car.

THE REACTION was entirely automatic as I tramped on the brake with all of my strength. I'm sure I must have stopped in not less than three feet. But the youngster had just reached a spot that was past the headlight nearest to her, and I'll never forget the feeling of indescribable horror as I saw her head disappear in front of me as she was tipped off balance.

It couldn't have been more than two or three seconds as I applied the footbrake to lock the car in position and had just started to climb out to see how she was when she rose suddenly to her feet and darted away.

My wife and I asked anxiously if she was hurt and she assured us several times that she wasn't as she ran around a corner and disappeared rubbing her arm with evidence of injury showing in her face.

Concentrated Period Of Terror

THE ENTIRE incident didn't last 30 seconds, but the first ten of them were the longest, and the most concentrated period of terror through which I have ever lived, and I do not scare easily.

Had I been driving at even the posted speed limit of 20 miles per hour, I couldn't possibly have stopped in time, for the little girl darted out from not five feet away, and she was moving rapidly.

I'm using the story here in hope it may cause extra caution on the part of some who drive through the city as though they were on an open highway.

Had I hit the girl and killed her, the fact that it might have been her fault and not mine, would have been a small comfort. It could be you Mr. And Mrs. Motorist, and you would have a terrible incident on your mind for as long as you live. As I said, even though it shouldn't be your fault, the death of a little child beneath your car wheels would be a terrible thought to haunt you for the rest of your life.

Quilts Are Internationally Famous

I CALLED a few days ago on Mrs. Warren Dawson, the former Marguerite Cobb of Crapaud, at her home in Uigg to see some of the fancy quilts she has been making for some internationally-known clients in the United States.

For some ten years, Marguerite has been making her fancy quilts which have been sold through several of the tourist shop outlets. Recently, however, Dr. H. Sherman Hirst and Mrs. Hirst, Hyde Park, New York became personally interested in Mrs. Dawson's work and last May 25, Claire Hirst (The Doctor's wife) wrote a letter informing Marguerite:

"Dr. Hirst and I have been invited to the wedding and reception for Nina Roosevelt, granddaughter of Franklin D. Roosevelt. We would like to present her with one of your quilts for a wedding present. . . It will be the finest present she will receive."

Mrs. Dawson made the quilt, a Dresden plate design, and embroidered in one corner the following at the express wish of the Hirsts:

"NINA ROOSEVELT - Presented to Nina Roosevelt on her wedding day, June 20, 1964"

A later letter from the Hirsts said the quilt was displayed prominently and was draped over two chairs in the Roosevelt home - Nina's father is John - where gifts were displayed.

Mrs. Dawson is now working on an order for seven quilts, two of them for a crib, received from Mrs. Linda Pniewski, a Hyde Park lady who saw the one Nina Roosevelt had received from the Hirsts.

Picture Is On Women's Page

I'M NOT accustomed to describing quilts but one of the crib pieces is a "Mary and her little lamb" design, the other a Scottie dog blowing bubbles. Right now she is working on a design "The old woman who lived in a shoe."

Marguerite was just getting ready for making a quilt with a tulip pattern when Mrs. Matheson and I called on her late Saturday evening. A picture I took is displayed today on the women's page, thanks to the co-operation of Women's Editor, Audrey Jenkins.

Because of production problems occasioned by the Queen's visit, today's column is being purposely short. But I want to make two observations before I close.

1939 Royal Visit Recalled

THERE WERE two Canadian Army men here in Charlottetown - one sergeant major was stationed here as an instructor and another was sent from Halifax for the occasion of the visit of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in 1939. There were some 1200 service people sent here from regular forces this time. But the cars were driven so fast on the parade route in 1939 there were bitter complaints because the people could only catch a glimpse of the Royal couple. This time the pace was leisurely and it was easy to see the Queen and her husband.

AS I SAID last week, I shall be in West Prince this weekend hunting stories for this column - I'm leaving this afternoon - and will appreciate any hints any of you have for

likely column items. If you will notify either Frank Weeks at Alberton or Mrs. Edith Eldershaw at Tignish, I shall visit you or go to any other place you suggest there may be a worthwhile story.

Hi-Fi Set Presented To MacKinnons

THERE WERE many highlights to this week's Royal Visit and the official opening of the Fathers of Confederation Memorial Complex, but the feature that impressed me most came when Dr. Frank MacKinnon, president of the Fathers of Confederation Memorial Citizens Foundation escorted Queen Elizabeth to Memorial Plaza where she unveiled the plaques, one in English, the other in French, which tell briefly what the larger building complex really means.

It was my friend, Dr. Frank who was largely responsible for the work needed to organize the foundation, and as its president he was perhaps closest to the many problems that kept developing from the time the first planning was started, until the day before Her Majesty pulled the cords that unveiled the memorial plaques.

The public knew little or nothing about the problems, but they were many. "You name it and we've had it", Dr. MacKinnon told me once when I chatted with him perhaps a year ago. They have been having the problems right up to the final day of construction and that was on Monday of this week.

Knowing how largely responsible he was for this part of the memorial structure, I was happy to learn this week that his fellow members of the Foundation presented a beautiful Hi-Fi set to Dr. MacKinnon and his charming wife, Daphne, at their home on Fitzroy Street earlier this week.