

Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur
Chapter VI
ANYONE CAN BE A CHAUFFEUR

When I returned home everybody I met and talked with had foxes on the brain. "Why don't you buy yourself a pair," they said, "and get rich quick. Everybody's doing it." And they were—I mean buying foxes—not getting rich quick. So, along with a lot of other suckers I bought foxes and of course lost my money pronto. I soon got fed up on foxes, as the saying goes, and managed to trade my last one for a second hand car of ancient vintage and saw a bit of my native Province before she came up the ghost. You didn't have to have a license in those days because if you killed anyone it would most probably be yourself, or perhaps a passenger, who accompanied you at the risk of his own life. While I didn't happen to kill myself I did run into several gate posts trying to keep the old lizzie on the too narrow lanes that led to our house. One day lizzie bogged down on the road on the main highway right in front of our home. No amount of scolding or swearing did any good, so I left the pile of junk right where it was and took the train for the City of Beaus. The very next day the ad that caught my eye in the Boston Post read like this: "Wanted—Private chauffeur. Apply in person to 146 Pleasant St., Belmont, Mass." I clipped the ad and took a street car to Belmont. 146 was at the corner of Pleasant and Leonard streets. I rang the door bell. An Irish maid answered it and ushered me into the living room where sat the man of the house, and his wife. They were an old couple—too old I thought to be needing a chauffeur. The old gentleman put on his spectacles and looked down his nose at me. His wife said nothing. It was quite obvious that he and not she ruled the roost. After he'd appraised me to his satisfaction, he said, "Ever drive in heavy traffic?" "Yes," I said. "Then get a license," he said, "and come back and we'll talk business."

Luckily, I passed my tests, got a license and became a private chauffeur to the most unforgettable character I've ever met. His name was Richard Hopgood. He was 82 and his wife one year younger. They had no family. Mr. Hopgood had pulled himself up by his own bootstraps from a stable boy with the Electric Tram system to his superintendent at the time of his retirement. What's more, he made himself a tidy fortune in the climb. I often pondered how he got the Super's position and a quarter of a million dollars because the man could hardly sign his own name. Later, when I had been in his employ for some months, he revealed the mystery. Namely, that he never drank, nor smoked, nor gambled, nor gadded about with wild women. Everything he had he put into the company. Hours never counted with him, nor did the small pay he got back in those days when he cleaned the stable and groomed the horses for the host cars. Too, he was honest, reliable and industrious. These were the good points the company checked up in his favor, so when the breaks came, he got them over more talented though less reliable men. Having told me this bit of personal history, he added: "But I'd never do it again for the best company on earth. I spent all my best years slaving for what? A position of importance and a pile of money that I don't know what to do with. When I was saving I was too eager to hold onto it. When I'd got just about all I wanted I was too old to enjoy it."

The first time I got behind the wheel of any employer's car he had me drive him to the busiest part of Boston. That was quite an ordeal for one who didn't know the roads or the rules, or the city. When we got into the real heavy traffic of Tremont and Washington Streets my hands and feet actually trembled at the controls, but I had plenty of spunk in those days so I trembled and kept driving where my boss steered me and hoping that we'd get by without an accident. When we came to a parking place in front of the bank I breathed a sigh of relief. On the return trip, I somehow got into a one-way street and got a bawling out from a policeman "Can't you read English," he barked out of the corner of his mouth. "Back your car out to where you belong, and then keep going!" I could hear my boss chuckling to himself in the back seat. I knew then that he had a sense of humor in spite of his usually stern face. The brush with the law made me more jittery than ever and I said a little silent prayer when we reached home without further incident. By the end of the week, however, I got the know of things pretty well and from that time on I had no further trouble with the law or the route. But I did have a clash with my boss over the car.

One day while returning home from the garage (I was solo at the time) the car left hand tire picked up a good sized stone and jammed it so hard against the fender that that digit actually split out from the body of the car. It took me several minutes to remove the

stone. Then I drove right home and tried to explain the odd happening to the boss.

"Here, help me on with my coat," he said. "I want to take a look at the automobile." He looked. Then he swore, then looked again and swore some more. I never knew till that moment what a terrible temper my boss had. It was even worse than my own, I thought.

"You're telling me a cock and bull story," he raged. "Why don't you tell me who you ran into or who ran into you. The car's a total wreck. Why \$300 won't put her back in the shape she was. Now, Mac, let's have the truth. Just how did you come to smash up my car like that?" "I've told you the truth," I said. "If you don't believe me you don't have to. Besides, I won't stand for your abusing me when it was an accident over which I had no control. Just pay me what you owe me and I'll quit."

"Then I turned on my heel, went to my room, and began packing my bags for a quick get-away. I'd been told by the boys in Belmont that my boss was a hard, unfeeling man, a slave-driver all his life; that he could never keep a chauffeur more than a few weeks. I didn't believe their stories at that time. Now, however, I had reason to believe all I had heard about my boss, and anything I was likely to hear about him in the future.

I had just slammed down the cover of my trunk when Mrs. Hopgood came into my room, the same frigid like raindrops down her faded cheeks.

"Mac," she said, "What has happened between you and Richard? Surely you are not leaving us, are you?" "Yes, Ma'am," I said. "The quicker I can get out of that man's sight the better I'll like it. He may think himself a pretty important person, but where I come from he wouldn't count for much."

"Now, now," she soothed. "Don't lose your temper because my husband lost his. Try to be calm and I am sure everything will turn out all right in the end."

I felt sorry for Mrs. Hopgood because I had a hunch her life with her husband hadn't been any bed of roses. But I saw no reason why I should repeat to her a story which to say the least, did sound like a tall tale. But I was saved from saying anything by the sudden appearance at the door of my room of the boss himself.

"Put away those bags, Mac," he ordered. "You are not leaving. Nell and I will need you more than ever. My wife says that years ago of bossing wild Irishmen and lazy Italians has ruined my disposition. Well, maybe it has. Anyway, I'm sorry, Mac, that I went into such a rage over a mere trifle. Put away your bags and I promise never to act like a fool again."

I could see the surprised look these words brought to madam's face. It was quite obvious that her husband had a quick change of heart. Perhaps he was going to die right away. Anyway that ended the war of words. The old man had at last hung out the flag of truce. So I did the only thing most persons would have done under the circumstances—stayed put. And that, incidentally, was the first and last quarrel I ever had with my boss. From that day until the day of his death I was accepted as one of the family. I never wore a uniform, never ate my meals alone, never had to account for my hours when away from the place, and always met friends of the family on equal terms. All in all, my life with the Hopgoods was for the first year and a half, a most happy experience. (To be Continued)

Newlyweds Honeymoon In Helicopter Near North Pole



A Canadian couple from Dartmouth, N. S., has settled down to domestic life in Pangnirtung, Baffin Land, after a wedding 700 miles farther north and just 900 miles from the Pole. The marriage of RCMP Constable J. A. Johnston and Rita McDonald—seen in the centre of wedding party—on Aug. 12 in the lounge of the government icebreaker D'Iberville at Craig Harbor, Ellesmere Island, where the constable has been stationed for two years, was performed closer to the pole than any other Canadian one in history. After a brief helicopter honeymoon, the couple sailed north to Twin Glacier, 700 miles from the pole, where the groom put in 10 days helping to build a new RCMP post. Later, he took up a new station at Pangnirtung, just below the Arctic circle.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. If a girl is invited for a week-end visit and she is not sure what kind of clothes to take, what should she do? A. The best thing for her to do under these circumstances is to ask her hostess what clothes will be appropriate. Q. When a woman is wearing gloves at a formal reception, what does she do with them when eating refreshments? A. At a stand-up reception, she takes the right glove off and either puts it into her bag or holds it in her left hand. Q. Is it considered proper for a bridegroom to begin arranging his cards before the deal has been completed? A. No; this is very rude. He should not touch nor pick up his cards until the last one has been dealt.

The folding fan popular in earlier days originally came from Japan through China to Europe.

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

THE VALUE OF PREFRONTAL LOBOTOMY WHICH RELIEVES GRIEF AND INTRACTABLE PAIN

It is only within recent years that we have been hearing and reading about the operation known as prefrontal lobotomy in which the nerves controlling the front lobes of the brain are cut in order that patients suffering with great depression, uncontrollable pain and grief are given relief. Although this operation has been used only in cases in which all other forms of treatment have failed, it is now used in practically all parts of the world.

In The Journal of the American Medical Association, Dr. Lawrence C. Kolb, Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn., states that a survey made by the National Institute of Mental Health indicates that by the end of 1949 about ten thousand persons in the United States had undergone lobotomy or other methods of destroying the nerves controlling the intellectual part of the patient.

After this operation, first performed in America by Drs. Freeman and Watts, it was found that while these patients lost their great pain, depression and uncontrollable grief, they also lost some of their intellectual strength and felt no responsibility about their everyday affairs or those of their families. Later, prefrontal lobotomy performed by Drs. Freeman and Watts and other surgeons left these patients free of pain and grief and with apparently a full sense of life's responsibilities and they returned to their former occupations or professions.

Because of the great interest in this operation by patients and their families, Dr. Kolb reports that extensive surgical, anatomic, physiological and psychological studies have resulted from the investigation of patients treated by this method, showing that while many of these patients returned to their former kinds of work, close observation by the families and social workers showed some decrease in their social adaptability and so

physicians and social workers decided to await estimating the results, beneficial or otherwise, for a period of five years after operation was performed.

The summary as of today is as follows: "Prefrontal lobotomy has proved, over 15 years' experience, to be a useful method of treatment in certain emotional disorders and causes of intractable pain." It has proved most effective in relieving destructive drives, chronic depression and obsessions, impulsiveness and overactivity. "While most patients show evidence of some deficit after operation, this deficit is not often as disturbing as the emotional illness they had."

The above shows the great value of this operation, particularly when all other methods of treatment had failed.

Morning Smile

A father thought it was about time to lecture his son who was rather a scatter-brain and frivolous. "Jimmy," he said, "you're getting to be a young man now and I think you ought to take life more seriously. Just think, if I died suddenly, where would you be?" "I'd be here," the kid said. "The question is, where would you be?"

The Stars Say -

By Genevieve Kambale

For Tomorrow TRY to get some relaxation this day. Put worries and problems aside and concentrate on the pleasant aspects of your life. You have no cause for pessimism now. Congenial companionship can be mentally stimulating, so why not go out of your way to entertain a bit or otherwise show hospitality to loved ones? The evening hours are excellent for creative interests so you should find great pleasure in hobbies which require imagination and skill or in cultural and artistic pursuits. Caution is advised in handling chemicals, electrical or mechanical equipment.

For the Birthday If tomorrow is your birthday, the months ahead should find you in excellent position to forge ahead since your horoscope promises not only excellent opportunities for expansion, but the hearty encouragement and support of persons in a position to help you. Sound judgment and meticulous attention to detail will be required in your efforts to get ahead, but since these characteristics are inherent in your nature, you should have no difficulties whatsoever. Romance, domestic affairs and travel are all under most beneficial aspects during most of 1954 so that, all in all, you should find the year ahead a most satisfactory and

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rewarding one. A child born on this day will be energetic, aggressive and courageous in later life.

The Day After Tomorrow THE headway you make this day can well be the basis for future advancement and promotion, so keep on your toes and seize every opportunity presented—even if it means taking on new responsibilities. Set an example of poise and self-assurance for those who may be observing the attitude with which you work.

During the evening hours, plan something stimulating in the way of recreation rather than allowing yourself to be drawn against your will into dull pastimes.

For the Birthday If Monday is your birthday your horoscope augurs well for enterprises requiring ingenuity and imagination and the coming year should be marked with excellent progress—provided you are alert enough to grasp the opportunities at hand. Financially, you should be in fairly good position now and there is no reason why you should not continue to follow your present

4732 13-17 by Anne Adams

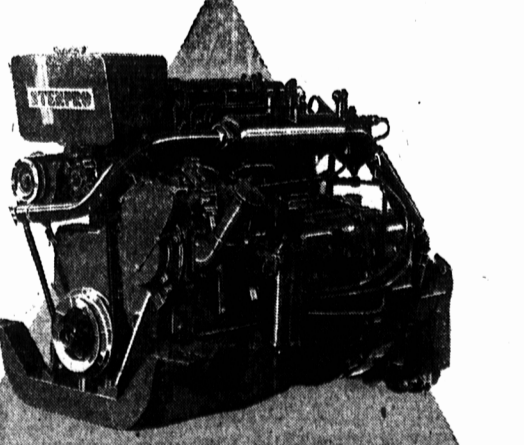
program for future security. Others observing your success may, through envy or jealousy, try to interfere with your plans or sway you from your course—especially during the present month—but disregard their criticisms. With your goals in mind, keep plugging. Family and household affairs should prosper and there is promise of great social activity in the near future. A child born on this day will be sincere, generous and loyal.

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