The Guardian

Covers Prince Edward Island Like The Dew

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Eighteen Years After

From Edmonton comes the story of a Second World War veteran who has just received his war medals by mail from Ottawa—18 years after his discharge from the RCAF. It was nobody's fault, it seems! Government policy has been to send medals only on request and this veteran had never asked for them. He figures that the Glassco royal commission on government efficiency "must have found a warehouse full of the medals, and in order to sell the building they had them sent out."

In Ottawa, the veterans' affairs department has explained that about three years ago, it was advertised that the medals were available and some veterans claimed them. But a big stockpile remained and for the last two years the department has been mailing the medals to the last known address of veterans.

Surely this is a matter which could have been tackled in a more efficient and energetic manner from the start. These medals represent the "blood, toil and sweat" of the men who earned them; a token recognition of the nation's indebtedness to them. They were not something to be dished out on the basis of the old army cookhouse call: "Come and get it!" The least of the Government's responsibilities to our war veterans goes further than that. Every possible means should have been taken, years ago, to have these service decorations made available and to see that they reached every recipient's hands.

If an extra staff was required to trace the whereabouts of veterans in some—or even in many—cases, what of it? The Glassco report revealed a spate of bureaucratic activities in other departments that added up to nothing at all, and that could have been much better dispensed with. That stockpile of undistributed war medals wouldn't be there if priority had been given to the kind of chores that mattered most.

U.S. Potato Issue

The Maritimes are not unique in having their potato marketing problems, and in having difficulty in coming to agreement on the best methods of dealing with them. United States potato growers have expressed conflicting views on the same subject, and their conflicts pinpoint the problem confronting any Secretary of Agriculture at Washington who attempts to shape farm programs.

To help the Secretary decide whether national marketing orders should be instituted to control production and marketing of U.S. potatoes, public hearings have been held this month in Denver, Colorado. The hearings have continued a series of six regional sessions which began last March in New York City and were recessed in Atlanta a few weeks later. They brought out some support but also sparked considerable opposition to the administration's efforts to introduce national federal "supply management" into the potato business.

The split in viewpoints comes on the question of who is to do the supply management—government or the farmer himself? Both camps at the potato hearings in Denver last week voiced their views decisively. A spokesman for the National Potato Advisory Committee said the committee will ask the new Congress to enact acreage allotments for potatoes. A proposal to restrict the volume to be marketed has been discarded in favor of the acreage control. During a recess in the Denver hearings, however, growers and shippers from 13 states allied themselves into an informal organization opposing any kind of nationwide program on potatoes. They felt it would be "unworkable, unfair, unnecessary, expensive, restrictive of progress in the industry, not responsive to new technology, not in the public welfare, and would result in substantial waste through forced destruction of edible food."

This statement further contended that the order would reduce the income of potato producers and the consumers' freedom of choice by holding off the market certain grades and sizes of potatoes. A spokesman for the Idaho Growers and Shippers Association said the proposed agreement would place Idaho's potato industry in the hands of 46 persons, only two of them from the state.

Hearings in six cities have produced some 6,300 pages of testimony full of pros and cons, which will be studied by Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman. If Mr. Freeman decides marketing orders are needed, he will later submit the proposal to potato growers in a special referendum. This is an old political method of handling "hot potatoes" of all kinds, and of relieving governments of the embarrassment of taking the onus for them.

Mr. Otto Speaks Out

It couldn't have been a comfortable experience for Mr. Pearson and his chief Liberal lieutenants to hear Mr. Steven Otto, their party stalwart for York East, denounce the party's shortcomings in the House of Commons the other day. According to Mr. Otto, the Liberals were failing to be a liberal party. They had neglected to introduce internal reforms, had campaigned on a platform that was "not concrete, nor solid, but fuzzy," and had refused to take a firm stand on any issue because some part of the public might be opposed.

Mr. Pearson, of course, disagreed with Mr. Otto's assessments of his party. But, suggests an exchange, it is likely that the electorate would not disagree. It would probably be inclined to extend the charges to cover the other major party as well. In fact, the electorate said as much in the June 18 election when it found that no party offered a sufficiently concrete program or sufficiently strong and decisive leadership to merit a majority in the House.

A patchwork of promises born of what they think will please the voters has carried parties into power in this country before. But, in the federal field at least, it doesn't seem to work any more. Canadians want to know where they are going, and they can know this only if their political leaders know where they are going and have the courage to map the road that must be travelled. Mr. Otto is in favor of his party's rediscovering what it is and where it thinks we ought to go, and letting Canadians know. Perhaps, in caucus, he has already been taken over the coals for his outspoken comments on this delicate subject, but his frankness has served to clear the air.

The Conservatives, who applauded his remarks, would do well to take stock of their own predicament. If they had a few backbenchers of their own who resorted to free expressions of this kind, it wouldn't do any harm at all. It might put the faultfinding members beyond hope of ever getting a senatorship, but it could jolt the party awake and help it to advance on the future.

EDITORIAL NOTE

The School of Hygiene of the University of Toronto has decided to award the Robert Wood Johnson Award of $1,000 this year to Dr. M. Z. Husain, a young physician from Pakistan. This is the first time that an overseas student has won this award which is given to a graduate in hospital administration who achieves high standing and gives the most promise of making a major contribution to the field of health.

THIS YEAR'S HOBGOBLEN

OTTAWA REPORT by Patrick Nicholson

The New Tory Heir Apparent?

No Party leader in Ottawa today wears his crown jauntily and unchallenged, this column reported last month. And mentioning a name which will be increasingly in the news, I said: "The Crown Prince of the Conservative Party, popular, undisputed across the country, and a likely election winner, is Trade Minister George Hees. Today rated Canada's best salesman, he would be equally capable of selling himself and his Party."

Later in that same month, this column referred to "our go-getting Minister of Trade and Commerce, Hon. George Hees." Not having been a sports-writer, I never reported George Hees the Footballer, who won the Grey Cup with the Toronto Argonauts in 1938; nor George Hees the boxer, who won the heavyweight championship of Eastern Canadian universities before that. And having been a combatant rather than a correspondent during the war, I never had occasion to write of George Hees, Brigade Major with the army overseas.

SPRUCE GROWTH

But month by month and year by year this column has recorded the development of George Hees, politician and campaigner, since he entered our Parliament for the first time in May 1950.

"Housing, the Cinderella of federal politics, has found its Prince Charming in George Hees, the up-and-coming Conservative M.P. from Toronto," I wrote in 1952. "If he is successful in forcing the Liberal Government to adopt his proposals, this Prince Charming will put new homes within the means of most Canadians, and deserve the gratitude of the 500,000 families who need a new home today but cannot afford the cost under the present government plan."

So fast did George Hees develop as a campaigner that two years later this column proclaimed "Hees of decline over P.C. choice", as his name was put forward for the office of president of the party association by the forward-looking section. "The Old Guard is going all out to Stop Hees," I reported. A week later, the story was "The new president of the Conservative Association, George Hees, has many plans for strengthening his Party."

For his two years of office, he travelled the width of this broad land, meeting and cheering party workers in very nearly every riding, and laying the organisational groundwork for his party's victory at the next election. It was his achievement in this period more than anything else which disclosed his high qualifications for a senior post in the new Conservative Cabinet in 1957.

Another election intervened, and this column reported: "In this campaign, George Hees toured and spoke in more ridings than any other Con servative except his chief. By train, plane, car, boat and even helicopter, he visited 71 ridings during the battle, and spent no less than 24 days in Quebec Province. Torontonian Hees speaks French fluently and off the cuff, with full confidence and with lavish interpolation of the most frightful slang, and with sufficient grammatical errors to win the fellow-feeling of his audience."

Then I reported: "Hon George Hees has proved himself so able as Minister of Transport that industrial executives are lobbying to have him transferred to be Minister of Trade and Commerce."

This transfer was made. Then began the most successful era in the Hees saga, typified by his remark which I reported: "Canadian businessmen need a little shove, to get them off their backsides and out across the world to sell their goods." Canada began to export more manufactured products than ever before, under the spur of the Hees export drive. Trade Conferences, Samples Shows, and Fly- and - By Missions followed. An executive was speaking for all Canadian industry when he told me: "This guy Hees is a dynamo. If any Canadian manufacturer does not go along with him, he is a damn fool."

Meanwhile, and for obviously sufficient reason, this column had reported in March 1961; "The Prince Charming of the Conservative Party has become the heir apparent of the Conservative throne."

This is the record of the political maturing of the politician from O. Hees once called "the immature Member from Toronto", now seen as Canada's future first "managerial Prime Minister.

Nature's Time Of Rest

Ottawa Journal

Nature is locking up for the year and posting the books on another cycle. Daylight hours are few. When the sun has followed its low arc across the southern sky, night's curtain drops abruptly.

For a brief interlude mountain peaks flame in a glowing pageant; then the brilliant colors fade to silvery grey and steel - blue. Maples and oaks on the ridges are silhouetted like steel etchings. For a few minutes the evergreen slopes are paintings of deep purples. Then darkness closes in and golden shafts of light slant from farm kitchen windows.

There are December days when nimbus clouds hang low and a bare countryside is pewter-hued. There are brooding days when a pale golden platter sun shines from a cloudless sky; fences and silos, trees in the meadows ant the church spire in the village are sharply limned.

As a man rides to town on a sunlit day, the slanting rays reach far into the woodlands. Swamps and swales are open and and ice eyelids cover the dark pools that stared at the sky a few weeks ago. Groundhogs are sleeping in their burrows and queen bumblebees are in their hibernating spots. Whether the land be brown and grey or the fields and uplands are white with snow, one can sense the completeness of the cycle.

There are those who are impatient with the short days and long nights; but he who has wisdom as well as knowledge accepts Nature's plan. Man who is delving into the innermost secrets of matter can neither lengthen nor shorten time. It is the one common denominator of all men. December is part of the master plan, a time when the rest period begins—for Nature, if not for people scurrying about with Christmas lists and worries.

The Little Fire

New York Times

Twenty years ago today a group of 47 men and one woman, headed by Enrico Fermi, working in great secrecy in a gloomy squash court on the campus of the University of Chicago, lighted the first atomic fire on earth. It was only a little fire, generating heat energy at the rate of half a watt, and it was allowed to burn for only 28 minutes before it was deliberately extinguished at a command from Dr. Fermi. But in that little fire a new age—the Atomic Age—was born. The world as we knew it was never to be the same again.

It was the first time that a new kind of fire had been lighted on earth since the legendary Prometheus stole fire from the gods. That little fire lighted in Chicago 20 years ago today was the first that did not have its origin in sunlight. Its source was the nucleus of the atom, the same cosmic source from which the sun itself and all the luminous stars derive their energy.

On that historic day in 1942 man achieved the first self-sustaining chain reaction and thereby initiated the controlled release of atomic energy. It was the first demonstration that just one atom of uranium split will release neutrons to split other atoms in the manner of a chain of firecrackers, either in an uncontrolled reaction as an explosive millions of times more powerful than TNT, or in a controlled reaction for the generation of vast quantities of energy millions of times greater than the energy yield of equivalent amounts of coal or oil.

But that little fire proved much more than the fact that an atomic bomb and a nuclear reactor were at last within reach. It also proved that the primitive nuclear reactor of bricks and uranium and graphite was, indeed, a neutron machine for the transmutation of the elements. Man at last had found a Philosopher's Stone for increasing the world's foodfield the niggardly supply of nature's nuclear fuels and for creating a host of other new elements for improving his life on this planet and for use in the exploration of other planets.

Our Yesterday's

(From the Guardian Files)

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
December 14, 1937

Major T.E. McNutt was guest speaker at the weekly supper meeting of the Charlottetown Y's Men's Club last night. Major McNutt gave an interesting talk on the history of the Old Forts at Charlottetown. The club voted $25. to the Dispensary Christmas Fund.

Thirteen South Kings County owners of radio sets were convicted under the Radio Telegraph Act at Murray River this week. They were operating sets without a licence. A fine was imposed in each case.

TEN YEARS AGO
December 14, 1952

Brigadier W. E. Reid was re-elected president of the Prince Edward Island Rifle Association last night at the annual meeting of the association aboard the HMCS Queen Charlotte. The Honorary President, Lt-Col. D.A. MacKinnon, and vice presidents Major J.M. Jones G.A. Coles and Major J.A. MacDinald were named.

Beverley Ann MacGregor of Grahams Road becomes the first Lone Guide on P.E.I. to receive the Girl Guide 2nd class badge. Mrs. Charles Linkletter made the presentation recently, in the Summerside High School.

Goya's Illness Still Mystery

By Dr. Theodore R. Van Dellen

FRANCISCO GOYA, the great Spanish painter, lived two lives. He was bold and boisterous as a youth; following one of his escapades, he was found with a knife in his back. But his talent was so great in time he became a court painter where he had access to the highest circle of Spanish town and country life in which all the ladies were young and comely and the men handsome and well turned out."

According to Terence Cawthorne, Goya became a favorite of the heir to the throne and his wife; he was taken up by society in general and a few of the duchesses in particular. Reading between the lines, we assume that this aspect of his life was all work and all play, which is not easy to do, despite a strong constitution.

In 1793, at the age of 47, Goya was attacked by a mysterious illness which started rumors about his wild life. He became dizzy, deaf, and partially blind. Overexposure and overexertion were blamed because the illness followed an attempt to mend the axle of a coach. He was plagued by bouts of dizziness and head noises for some time. His sight improved eventually but he remained totally deaf for the remainding 35 years of his life.

During this second period of his life, the color and character of his imaginative paintings changed entirely. Says Cawthorne says the change was from "gay to macabre, from colorful to somber, and from pleasant dream to ghastly nightmare."

Some believed the illness changed his brain. Others, that his actions represented a rebellion against being stone deaf. We will never know except that Goya's behavior during the first part of his life suggests considerable emotional immaturity. This background becomes a real handicap when the chips are down and the bubble of a gay and carefree life bursts.

It sometimes is difficult for the average man to understand how a person can be so talented in one field yet make a complete mess of his private life. Creativity is one side of a genius; the ability to control himself and his thoughts is another. This may explain why many of our most valued and beautiful paintings, stories, musical compositions, and other artistic endeavors were created by first class scoundrels.

(Dr. Van Dellen will answer questions on medical topics if stamped, self-addressed envelope accompanies request.)

STIES ARE INFECTIONS

T.M. writes: Can parakeets infect the human eye? I have had two of these birds for a year now and have developed a sty in each eye.

REPLY

Parakeets cannot be blamed for sties. These lesions usually stem from a staphylococcal infection of one of the glands in the eyelid. There may be an associated irritation of the lids or refractive errors may need correction. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for leaflet on sties.

ATROPHIED MUSCLES

P.H. writes: Does amyotrophic lateral sclerosis cause paralysis?

EWPLY

Yes, in that the muscles in the extremities or other parts of the body become so weak they cannot be used.

PAIN NOT NORMAL

R.Y. writes; Is pain always an indication of something wrong?

REPLY

Yes, but the cause may not be serious. A temporary muscle spasm or an occasional headache is nothing to worry about.

BUG DETERRENT

G.G. writes: Is it true that no self-respecting germ will come near you if you eat plenty of onions and garlic?

REPLY

I didn't know these microorganisms could smell.

TODAY'S HEALTH HINT—

Accident prevention is an individual and a community project.

JAILHOUSE BLUES

LONDON (CP) — Commenting on the poor state of Dartmoor Jail, Devon, a prison commissioner said "the effect of one another on present buildings has been such that we almost thought of asking the prisoners not to lean to heavily against the walls."

PLAN BETTER TRAINS

DERBY, England (CP) — British Railways plan to make train travel more luxurious. Prototype coaches being built here have armchair-style seats, deep carpets, headphones for piped radio, fold-away writing desks and radio telephones.

NOTES BY THE WAY

The word is that beehive hairdos are out. The only thing wrong with that encouraging news is the prospect of what might be next. — Ottawa Journal.

There is a strong possibility that in the near future the oleomargarine bootleggers who ply their trade across the Wisconsin state line may be out of business. In the future it may no longer be necessary for a Wisconsin host to extend an invitation — "Come to dinner on Sunday. Be sure to bring along five pounds of oleo." — Chicago Sun-Times.

"Judge, so help me, I wasn't going 60 or 50 miles an hour; I wasn't even going 40 or 30." "Stop," said the judge, "before you back up and hurt somebody." — Montreal Star.

In his anti-noise campaign Colonel Rissben Aoma, governor of Casablanca, has decreed that cars in a wedding procession must give up the custom of horn blowing. Police are now authorized to stop noisy parades, impound the cars, and let the wedding procession proceed on foot. — La Vigie Casablanca.

Just For The Fun

Washington Post

Out at George Washington university something modestly calling itself the human resources research office is busily devising "stress situations" to test how men behave in fear and danger. They've worked out a number of really quite jolly practical jokes.

One hilariously comic contrivance is to tell a young rookie to throw a switch — and then let him believe that he has set off an explosion fatally injuring a detail of his buddies. The testers then watch how efficiently he manages to repair a telephone box through which he is to call for help for the wounded. What a good laugh they must have together when the testers tell the testee that it was all a great big hoax.

The testers have tried simulated emergency plane landings, the stranding of men in areas supposedly subject to atomic fallout or to forest fires and other such spoofs and merry pranks.

And don't think for a minute that this has all been mere empty fun making. No indeed, it has led the psychologists to a considered conclusion that the more frightened a man is, the less well he generally does his job. That's very interesting, isn't it?

The only thing that seriously disturbs us about this testing is the report that not a single recruit objected to being made an unwitting subject of the tests. In our frightened view, the testees ought to have descended in a body on the human resources research office, and on the whole army high command that established that office, and ought to have tossed the whole bunch of them, with their brass hats fastened firmly on their brass heads, into one of those troughs that form a particularly deep portion of the Atlantic ocean —just for the fun of it, of course, and to test how they'd react.

New Round With Tshombe

Milwaukee Journal

Another attempt to clip the wings of President Tshombe of Congo's Katanga province is in the works. The Belgians, long supporters of Tshombe, have finally lined up on the side of the United States. Foreign Minister Spaak of Belgium and President Kennedy have proposed a plan to the United Nations for economic sanctions unless Katanga joins the central Congolese government of Premier Aoula. The UN has warned Tshombe to co-operate or face drastic action.

The proposal has not been made fully public. But it includes a demand that Tshombe immediately start sharing Katanga's income from rich mining fees with the central government.

There are several obvious sanctions that could be used against Tshombe. Postal, aerial and telegraphic communications with the outside world could be cut. Belgium, which has been paying the salaries of a number of Tshombe's civil servants, could stop paying them, and Spaak apparently has made that threat. Trade could be sharply limited. Such measures could bring Tshombe to his knees if the UN is willing to use them.

The Congo mess has dragged on much too long. The cost of preserving peace there is bringing the UN to the central government, denied income from Katanga, is in serious financial straits.

Premier Adoula, the most moderate and promising of Congolese leaders, is in danger. His government lost a no-confidence vote by 50 to 47 in parliament recently and stayed on only because a two-thirds vote is needed to overthrow a government. Adoula is in trouble mainly because the question of Katanga is not settled. He has survived politically so far through ability. That may no longer be enough unless Tshombe is brought in line.

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CANADIAN DEATH RATE FALLING

The tuberculosis death rate in Canada is falling steadily, but despite this fact there were 769 deaths from the disease in 1961. (1960—823 deaths).

In the fight against tuberculosis public apathy has become almost as great an enemy as the tuberculosis germ.

Support your voluntary organization, the Prince Edward Island Tuberculosis League by buying Christmas Seals.