

Retirement Age

Scientists in the fields of medicine and sociology from fifty countries are now meeting in London for the third Congress of the International Association of Gerontology. Their discussions will revolve round the physical, mental, and social aspects of old age.

This appears to be a sensible view although it is not in accordance with the theories and the normal practices of recent years. During the war, however, large numbers of men in their late sixties and early seventies worked in defence plants of various kinds and rendered good and useful service.

It seems to be pretty well agreed now that hard work, whether mental or physical, never killed anybody. Indeed, when indulged in sensibly and with due allowance for periods of adequate rest and recuperation, it may be conducive to longevity; certainly it is conducive to contentment.

Tropical Substitute

Writing in a recent issue of Natural History Magazine Dr. Paul Allen tells of places in South America where cows, for the usual purpose of milk producing, are not needed; a tree that flourishes in the regions can do just as well.

The milk and cream which come from the cow tree are no thin and watery substitutes for the real thing; in both taste and nutrition they are hardly distinguishable from the best products of the dairy.

Presumably, the cow tree does not need pasturing, watering, or any of the other personal attentions which milch cows usually demand. Its owner does not have to lose any sleep over the possibility of its jumping over barbed wire fences and, if on occasion, he feels like skipping the morning chores in order to do a bit of fishing, there is no great harm done; unlike the cow, the cow tree is not a stickler for regular hours and punctual appointments. It is not likely, though, that the

tree will ever enter into serious competition with Canadian dairies. It belongs to the tropics and would not thrive in our climate. Our summers are much too short and our winter frosts much too unkind for a tree that has been inured to the permanent warmth of its native shores.

Hard To Believe

A report from New Delhi says that Indian Government officials have so far given very little serious thought to the possibility of participating in any collective defence system because to do so would "presuppose the existence of a hostile power", and that would be contrary to India's neutralist foreign policy.

Taken at its face value that would seem to mean one of two things; either that Prime Minister Nehru thinks that Communist China's actions in Korea and Indo-China were playful little excursions for the entertainment of the Koreans and Indo-Chinese, or that he feels the Communists have a perfect right to overrun any country they may select for conquest, provided they promise to let India alone.

Mr. Nehru is reputed to be a shrewd politician, and it is almost impossible to believe that Premier Chou En-lai has convinced him that, once Communist China has gobbled up all the small Asiatic nations one by one, China and India will settle down to permanent and undisturbed peace and harmony.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Trick photographs of fish held at arm's length towards the camera are making their appearance in newspapers. It is at least a variation on the older fisherman's posture of holding the arms fully extended sideways.

Figures from the Dominion Bureau of Statistics show that Canadians between 1950 and 1953 practically doubled the percentage of the national income put into savings, and on the other hand spent in 1953 on tobacco and liquor a smaller percentage than in 1950 of the total expenditure on what are called consumer goods.

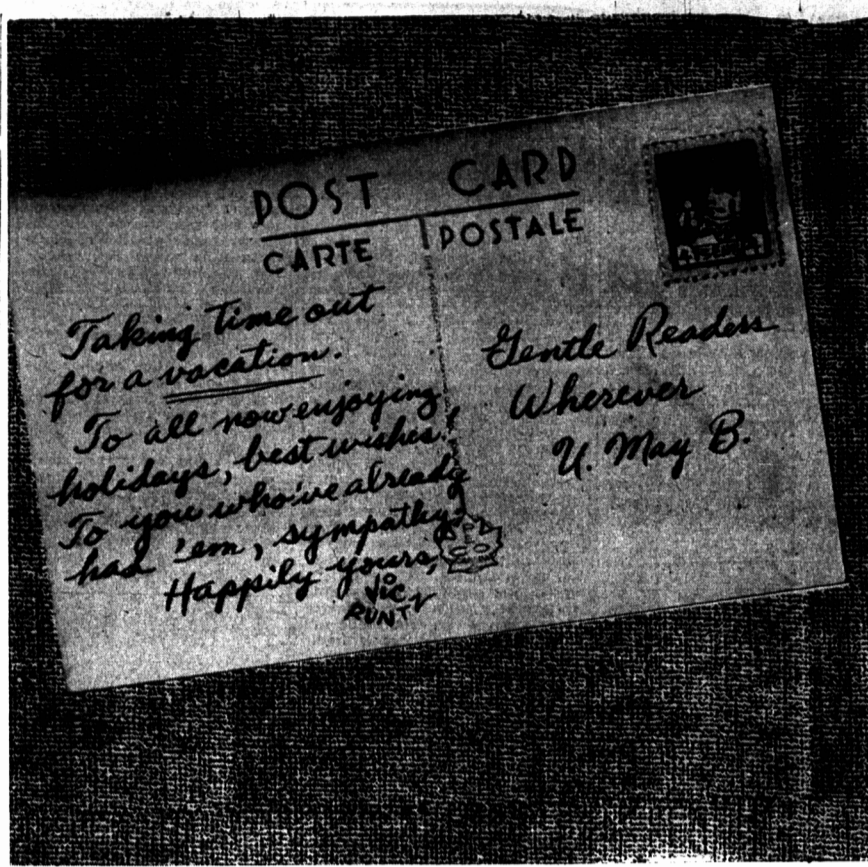
An admirable choice has been made by the Charlottetown Centennial Committee in appointing Mr. A. Walthen Gaudet to co-ordinate and manage preparations for the extensive celebrations. He exemplifies the saying that if you want someone who can find time to do a job, select a busy man.

'Rubber roads as well as rubber tires may well be the rule in future. The 1953 annual report of the British Rubber Development Board notes that 59 rubberized roads were laid in countries throughout the world during that period. Conclusive proof of the advantages had come from wearing tests scientifically controlled.

The warning of a former military security officer and his successor that Communist preparations for a fifth column in Canada are already under way is one to be heeded. It is necessary, of course, to avoid hysteria and the witch-hunting spirit but at the same time those officially responsible for security and the public in general must realize the need for vigilance.

Aldous Huxley, English author, son and brother of the famous biologists, was born this date 1894. Much of his poetry and later his novels may be described as scientifically satirical. He flattens out all emotion but sustains interest by brilliance of observation, wit and satire. He has the mocking humour of a Hogarth. His most successful medium, perhaps, is the short story.

A former Indian Governor General has expressed horror at the thought that scientists may prolong old age. C. Rajagopalachari says that something much more calamitous and catastrophic than the atom danger would result if scientists succeed in turning harmless old persons into a "dynamic, active and dangerous" lot. He has, presumably, had unfortunate experiences of elderly people who do not act their age.



Just A Card

The Public Forum

MORE HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

Sir, — I did not get home on Dominion Day as I had planned, but I did the evening of the second, and what a thrill! Home! Home! there's magic in the word! How right the poet was in saying there's no place like it! No more hospital bed, or routine, but the wonderful feeling of being able to do as one wished. I felt as I'm sure a bird would after being shut up in a cage and then suddenly freed to soar aloft at will.

Speaking of values, I was telling the postman — a nice youngster — the other morning when he rang the bell to collect on the road. I addressed the little about Prince Edward Island as it still seems to me. Perhaps it is not quite as I picture it any more, but I am sure it is fairly free of crime, etc. Some years ago I read an article in the American Magazine with this caption, "Prince Edward Island—No Crime and No Divorce."

There was never any question of not going to church in the old days. The problem in our home was how many could go, as the family was large at all times even with some grown and away from home ere the younger ones were born. We had a double seated buggy, and later a second carriage, single-seated, but there was not room for all. My dad always insisted on being early for all meetings he attended, and with a three mile drive and Sunday school at 10 a.m. that meant quite a rush to attend to absolutely necessary chores and get dressed for the "synagogue," especially for girls with quantities of hair to arrange in the prevailing style. We always arrived first and stayed last—the latter suited us youngsters fine for it gave us an opportunity to visit with other young folk. In those days a sermon lasted almost an hour, so by the time we reached home it was well past noon; but generally dinner was partly prepared on Saturday so it did not take too long to put the finishing touches on.

I loved Mrs. Frank's column re "Gardens and Duty." Although it was whimsical and written half in fun, I assume, it contained a fine philosophy for this busy workaday world which so many take much too seriously. How much better to "Rest awhile!" It took me back across the miles and the years to a garden in a lovely little vale where I idled away many hours the last summer I spent on the Isle ere the lure of the West took me far afield. I had been working in Charlottetown — had caught cold from walking through slush ere any bedroom with slanting side-walls in one day with very primitive tools. To make a long story short, after all the spring work was completed I found myself with a cough that refused to clear up. I rested and spent hours in the hammock under the cherry trees, and much of the rest of the time rowing on the pond in a flat-bottomed boat. It was fun and the pond was quite pretty, especially far up the stream where

The Poet's Corner

A CRADLE SONG

O men from the fields, Come gently within. Tread softly, softly, O men coming in! Mavourneen is going! From me and from you, Where Mary will fold him With mantle of blue!

From reek of the smoke And cold of the floor And the peering of things Across the half-door.

O men of the fields, Soft, softly come thro'. Mary put round him! Her mantle of blue. Padraic Colum

it narrowed and the branches of the trees over-hung the water. There were purple lilacs in that garden and snowball roses (we named them) but, of course, that was not the proper name; however, they were lovely and fragrant and the honeysuckle and moss roses, as well as the annuals, added to the garden's perfume. We always had beautiful sweet peas, pansies, dahlias, and nasturtiums in rock gardens—just the simple little flowers as there was not too much time to spend on the flower garden as vegetables had to be cared for also—some in the garden and more in the field. There were gooseberries and black currants, as well as strawberries, in that oft-remembered garden and it also contained the crab apple and apple orchard. Hops, too, were grown for making yeast for sponge for setting bread—a chore which fell to my lot frequently from the time I was eleven. We set the bread in the evening in a big wooden box, (homemade by my grandfather, I believe) and in the morning my mother completed the task of bread making. I still recall the aroma of that fresh-baked bread, and if the butter was also freshly churned a heft of the loaf was a delicacy—which, I am sure, many a country born lad and lass remembers all through the years.

I note the cultivated strawberries are abundant this year. The biggest and best I ever ate were in my maternal grandmother's garden, and a sister and I visited there at the heyday of their season. While the cultivated strawberries have a luscious flavor they can, or could not compete with the wild we picked in the pasture lands in the long ago. It will not be long ere the wild raspberries are ripe — we picked buckets full and the best were always in the most difficult places to reach and the greatest danger of snakes, wasps, etc. Yet seldom were we ever stung by the latter and never by the former. I note St. John Ambulance recommends the old-fashioned remedy—baking soda — for bee stings. So some of the old remedies so often scoffed at must still have merit.

I cannot conclude without saying how much pleasure we felt at hearing "that grand old man" — Sir Winston — speak a few appropriate words on reaching, as he said, "his mother's land." I, too, feel I am of two countries, my adopted and native, and may they ever be friendly despite the few short-sighted individuals who seek to stir up and keep alive ill-feeling between the greatest nations on earth. Long may they live in freedom! Well, that's about it for now, except to wish a banner tourist year for P.E.I. I can scarcely await the arrival of near relatives from the "Garden of the Gulf" who are at present visiting in the Canadian northwest (not territories) and will shortly arrive in this "land of sunshine." Then I shall have first-hand news. Cheerio!

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

The Age Old Story

Known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world.

NOTES BY THE WAY

Perhaps it is odd in an age which has less need of teeth than any previous one, more care is taken to preserve them.—Peterborough Examiner.

The average bachelor would get married if he could find a girl who loves him as much as he does.—Galt Reporter.

It's easy to determine direction without a compass: As you head north the air-conditioner ads get smaller.—Hamilton Spectator.

Some towns are small enough that if you see a pretty young woman dining with a man old enough to be her father, he is.—St. Catharines Standard.

Most of the newspapers in Canada made a terrific hullabaloo when this country's team went down to a 7-2 defeat at the hands of the Russians last winter. It assumed the aspects of a national calamity. Therefore, the least we can do is hail the victory of a University of Toronto student in a chess match against the Russian grand master and champion.—Cornwall Standard-Freeholder.

A recommendation that government and private maritime interests in the United States should take a leading role in efforts to reduce pollution of the oceans by discharges of waste oil from ships, has been made by the U.S. State Department. This action is urged by the United States delegation which attended a conference of 40 nations, held in London early in May. The conference considered means of controlling pollution, which has been causing severe damage to beaches along the English Channel and which has killed thousands of sea birds along the coasts of various cities.—Halifax Chronicle-Herald.

"When his boy came home from journalism school, his publisher father quizzed him to see if he had mastered the canons of the profession. He grilled him on the libel laws. He questioned him on the technique of the interview and he probed him on typography. And then the father came to the final question, the crucial test. 'And what do you do, son, if an error appears in the paper?' 'Why, that's easy dad,' the candidate replied. 'You blame it on the printer.' 'Splendid, my boy! Splendid!' he father replied. 'Take over the editor's desk. You are ready!' 'The good has taught you well!'—tania Constitution.

I pause we can't get along without them, it is necessary that we learn to get along with them. Since the United States contains only six per cent of the population of the globe, our foreign policy, powerful as we are, must rest on a system of alliances. Too

Old Charlottetown and P. E. I.

DELEGATES' COMPENSATION

"The Canadian Government steamer 'Queen Victoria' arrived here on Thursday morning last, from Quebec and Pictou, having on board His Excellency Sir R.G. McDonnell, Governor of Nova Scotia, Lady McDonnell, Mrs. and the Misses Tupper, Mrs. Archibald, Miss McKean and other ladies, and the delegates of Nova Scotia on their way to attend the Intercolonial Conference in Quebec. After remaining for about four hours, the 'Victoria' left again, with the addition of the following Island delegates for Shediac, where she will be joined by the New Brunswickers: Hon. Col. Grey, Hon. Edward Palmer, Hon. W. H. Pope, Hon. T. H. Haviland, Hon. Daniel Davies, Hon. George Coles, Hon. A. A. Macdonald and Hon. Edward Whelan. "We have heard, but what truth there may be in the statement we are not prepared to say, that the Island delegates will receive respectively through the Treasury the sum of eight dollars per day in addition to personal or incidental expenses, as remuneration for their services whilst on their Confederation mission. If this be so, we hope their absence from the Colony will be of very brief duration."—Charlottetown Herald, Oct. 12, 1864.

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