THE GUARDIAN

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"The strongest memory is weaker than the weakest ink."

TUESDAY, AUGUST, 2, 1955

Moscow-Peiping Relations

Some Western diplomats, chiefly those of Great Britain, have made no secret of their hope that one day the Moscow-Peiping alliance, built on seemingly congenial social tenets, will fall apart. This hope is based on a number of considerations, chief of which is the historical fact that the Russians have never taken kindly to the emergence of a great power very close to their own borders. Critics—mostly American—of this trend of thought have called it wishful thinking and have argued, with much logic on their side, that political and military interests, to say nothing of ideological sympathies, require the Russians and the Red Chinese to stay together, come what may.

There is some little evidence, however, that in this instance the critics may be wrong, the logic of their arguments notwithstanding. For one thing, the songs of eternal devotion which the Russians and the Chinese, only a year or two ago, were in the habit of singing to one another with gusto, have subsided to an almost inaudible note. True, Moscow officials applauded Peiping's "rights" in Formosa. But at no time during the period of acute tension was their applause anything more than a polite gesture of formal friendliness; definite promises of help in the event of serious trouble with the United States Seventh Fleet were not forthcoming. It is noticeable, too, that very little of consequence was said at the Big Four meeting in Geneva with respect to Red China's claim to a seat in the United Nations, although it is reported that American officials expected the matter to develop into a lengthy controversy.

One little incident that happened at Geneva may have special significance. At a social function, Mr. Krushchev, the Communist party leader, turned to a young airman, who was present as an aide to one of the United States officials, and said: "If we must fight, let's be on the same side." It was a strange utterance to come from a top-notch diplomat, and it was passed off as a joke, probably inspired by the social levities of the occasion. Nevertheless, several newspaper correspondents considered it worth mentioning; and one may be sure that it was not exactly the sort of joke that would be relished in Peiping. More than once in the history of political intrigue has an apparently harmless aside had an important hidden meaning.

Stalking The Thunder-storms

Science is stalking the thunderstorms that fill summer skies with jagged light and rolling sound. Still only half understood, these black booming deluges of sultry afternoons are among nature's most fascinating phenomena, the National Geographic Society says. They generate electricity and spread fertilizer. They hurl ice balls and stab fire. For ten years United States air, navy, and weather scientists have studied such storms—often from inside out. This summer the United Nations' World Meteorological Organization is completing a map showing where earth's thunderstorms—44,000 a day—crash down on every continent but Antarctica.

An average thunderstorm releases 50 times the energy of the first atomic bomb. Yet it begins as a column of gently rising air, warm, moist, walled by a chimney of cooler air, topped by a cottony cumulus cloud. This thunderstorm "cell" of rising warmth, if conditions are just right, gains power as it lifts. Air expands and cools; it begins wringing out its load of water vapor. Droplets form and grow heavier. The cloud boils higher and darker. A "cumulus gone wild" becomes a thunderhead.

Ice crystals cap the cloud, but in its middle water drops grow heavy enough to overcome the updraft and fall. They drag cool air with them, the cold gust that blows out from the skirts of the storm. Rain pours down—110,000 tons of it across eight square miles in the average storm. But only one in nine potential raindrops actually reaches ground. Most evaporate. Others may be flung back up the chimney to freeze before falling again. Repeated trips up and down can build hailstones as big as softballs.

Vertical currents inside the thunderstorms are often strong enough to rip an airplane apart, tossing it thousands of feet in a minute. The greatest violence occurs 15,000 to 25,000 feet in the air. Massive charges of electricity form inside the thundercloud. Air insulates, but only until the tension grows too high. Then an invisible trail opens from cloud to cloud or to the earth, and back up that trail a gigantic jolt of power flows. Air blazes into fiery lightning and sends out sharp sound waves—thunder.

How this crackling dynamo works is scarcely understood, even 150 years after Ben Franklin's time. But scientists say that lightning, flashing between earth and clouds, continually recharges nature's electrical system. Lightning, in addition, combines nitrogen and oxygen in the air into priceless fertilizer for the soil. Rain washes it down. An estimated 100 million tons of usable plant food is thus produced each year, far more than all the fertilizer man makes.

Being in the path of an earth-to-sky spark—that is, "struck by lightning"—means split-second electrocution. In a summer storm, don't lift a metal-shafted golf club or seek shelter under a tree, for they make ideal electrical pathways. A ditch, ravine or cave is preferable to a solitary hut on a hilltop. A car gives good shielding to occupants. Don't stay in the water or near a metal fence.

There is an old but apt quotation: "If you heard the thunder, the lightning did not strike you. If you saw the lightning, it missed you; and if it did strike you, you would not have known it."

EDITORIAL NOTES

The battle of Blenheim, this date 1704.

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According to recent reports, wild life experts are undecided about the prospects for game birds this fall. They are unanimous, however, in predicting a good season for hares in most areas of the Atlantic region. For those who relish that gustatory delicacy, this is good news indeed.

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If Senator Walter George, Democratic Chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, can bring it about, there will be another summit meeting shortly, this time a bilateral one. The principals: President Eisenhower and Red China's President Mao.

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There are more ways than one for governments to get their will in parliament. President Magsaysay of the Philippines, having had trouble with his land reform program, called the legislators back into session and told them they would not be permitted to leave until the legislation has been approved.

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A new constitution is being created for Guatemala, and most of its provisions are democratic enough. There is one, however, which will cause women at home and abroad to lift inquiring eyebrows. While it provides for general male suffrage, it says that only those women who can read and write will be permitted to vote.

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How can one escape the heat Easily enough, says a psychologist Just concentrate on imaginary waterfalls, tinkling ice, snowdrifts, and—if it is really scorching—huge icebergs out in the ocean. In hardly any time at all the hitherto perspiring victim will be looking around for wraps and hot water bottles.

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Unlike some other Western statesmen who have gone to Russia, External Affairs Minister Pearson will be in a position to get reliable information beforehand on what to expect in the course of his trip. His friend and colleague, Fisheries Minister Sinclair, who has been behind the curtain for the last couple of weeks, and apparently getting along all right, will be able to tell him all about it.

Thankfully Careful

Nikki Of The RCMP

Canadian Press, Winnipeg

Man's best friend can, at times, be his greatest enemy. Nikki proves it.

The husky, black and bronze German shepherd dog has become one of the RCMP's leading sleuths in Manitoba, tracking down escaped prisoners, thieves and illicit stills.

Nikki, a four-year-old, received 88 requests for help last year. He is a member of one of the least publicized branches of the RCMP—the canine patrol which this year is marking its 20th anniversary across Canada.

One of Nikki's greatest tracking feats came up last September when two prisoners escaped from Stony Mountain penitentiary, 10 miles north of Winnipeg. Dog master constable Ernie Bonderud lost little time in getting the German shepherd to the scene. He slipped the tracking harness on, took the leash and gave the command "soo."

PICKED UP SCENT

Nikki picked up the scent of the fugitives and the chase was on. He found the two men, quivering in their hideout under a hsystack. Within an hour after the prisoners had made their bid for freedom they were back inside their cells.

This was only one of the many jobs the four-legged detective has performed throughout his career. He has often tracked over open fields and through wooded areas to uncover illegal liquor stills.

Lack of an assignment does not mean inactivity for the dog or his master. To keep alert, Nikki must continue his learning. A day in his outdoor classroom includes practice in tracking, attack work, retrieving, water rescue and obedience.

His training began at the age of two months; six months later he was a full-fledged detective.

Constable Bonderud has been a dog fancier for as long as he can remember but Nikki was his first charge in the police force.

"The most essential characteristic of a dog master is patience," Const. Bonderud said. "You can't lose your temper and expect your dog to perform. Of course, a strong pair of legs are also a help."

ONE MASTER

To insure loyalty to one master and as a precaution against poisoning, the dogs are taught to accept food from no one but their masters. A petting for a job well done is all the recognition Nikki gets. He knows no other reward.

The dog section has become a vital section of the RCMP. Today it maintains an up-to-date training school at Sydney Forks on Cape Breton island where promising pups are given a sound basic training in police work.

Many breeds were tried before the RCMP settled on the German shepherd for their tracking patrols. This breed was found to be best suited for police duty in Canada. They are capable of adapting themselves to the wintry cold by growing a thick coat which they shed in the spring. Their size and strength give them the stamina the job requires.

Although the mounties' horses have given way to the squad car, it is hard to imagine the day when mechanical ingenuity will create a replacement for the dog's "sniffer."

Scouts 'Round The World

London Calling

Fifty years ago there were no Boy Scouts anywhere; today there are six million Boy Scouts in more than fifty countries. How has this remarkable achievement come about? Like other big things, the idea was essentially a simple one—one of those simple ideas that it takes genius to reveal.

Robert Baden-Powell knew what boys wanted—to get out of doors, to hike, to camp, make fires and cook, to climb trees and mountains, to make things; in other words they wanted the freedom of the woods and hills, and the chance to rough it like pioneers.

When Baden-Powell began he had no idea of doing anything more than suggesting an interesting way of training boys in his own country. The enthusiasm with which they greeted the scheme was overwhelming, and before long, he had a big and ever-growing national movement on his hands.

It was not long before other countries decided that Scouting was what their boys also needed. This extension of the movement did not come about by deliberate propaganda or publicity. Success in one country was the chief recommendation. Scouting was too good a thing to be kept shut up in one place.

When the first jamboree was held in 1920 in England it was thought of as a British jamboree, but it was quickly realised that something astonishing had happened—Scouting was world-wide, and the jamboree was in fact a world jamboree. The six that have followed have all demonstrated the hold that Scouting has on boys of all races and creeds.

The first world jamboree was notable for two things, one spectacular, and one that was not much noticed at the time. The spectacular event was when the Scouts of some twenty different countries proclaimed Baden-Powell to be Chief Scout of the World— a title that died with him. The less exciting event was the first meeting of the international conference, The leaders of the national contingents found that it was encouraging and useful to get to know each other and to discuss common problems, and to plan future developments. It was decided that a similar conference should be convened every other year, and that an International Bureau should be set up to maintain contact and to strengthen the brotherhood.

The bureau, then, carries on the everyday work. This is not just a matter of correspondence, though there is plenty of that. It also means being always on the lookout for ways and means of strengthening the ties between the members; it also means helping struggling national associations in their early days to get on their feet this is done by advice, by visits by running training camps, and by the distribution of various publications.

The bureau also works closely with the International Training Camp at Gilwell Park in England; this is the world training centre for instructors, and one sees at Gilwell the international movement at work.

The system of Scoutmaster training begun there by Baden-Powell is the foundation for all Scouting; it means the main principles and methods are being put into practice on Baden-Powell's own lines.

But, when all is said and done, the boys themselves are our best ambassadors. Every year Scouts cross the frontiers—as they have done since 1909—to camp and hike with their fellows in other countries.

This year the eighth world jamboree is being held at Niagara-on-the-Lake in Canada. This is the first time that such an event has taken place outside Europe, so there will probably be an even greater mingling of the nations; the European Scouts will be there, but this time the Scouts of the western hemisphere will be more fully represented.

However, in 1957, at the time of the fiftieth anniversary of Scouting, the world jamboree will be in Great Britain, when I am sure thousands of men and boys will be welcomed by their British brothers.

It has been given to few men in their life-time to see the fruits of their labours to the extent that Baden-Powell did. When he died just before his eighty-fourth birthday, in 1941, there were about 3,500,000 Boy Scouts in the world. As I have said, the number is now more than six million, so you see since his death the influence of his ideas has gone on growing in strength.

The founder, were he alive today, would take great pleasure in observing the continued growth and development of this movement he gave to the boys of the world.

All of us who are privileged to wear the Scout uniform, wherever we may be, whatever may be our role in Scouting, join together in gratitude to our founder—a man

The Poet's Corner

THE GRAY AND THE GREEN

There are only two colors to be seen
In the rain, gray and green.
The green is meadow, lawn, and high
Mountain. The gray is sky
And bark and barn and slabs of stone
Made into fenceposts. The gray tone
was invented by which one?
Strange if sky should copy bark,
Being all over gray and dark.
Strange if barn should copy tree,
Having been barn a century.
But the gray, the weathered stain
Of barn will be here after rain,
Showing a little lichen where
The ground sends feelers into air,
As if exploring on barn gray
What the sky is like today.

—Elizabeth Jane Astley.

Medically Speaking

By Herman N. Bundesen, M. D.

By Herman N. Bundesen, M.D.

There are several ways of lowering the temperature of a feverish baby. But the one that is probably used by most mothers and approved by doctors is the sponge bath.

If your baby is a little too old for a convenient sponge bath, or if the sponging method does not drop his fever, you might try a wet pack. Use this procedure, however, only under your doctor's instructions.

Giving your baby wet pack is a simple thing.

First, place a large, dry bath towel on a piece of oil cloth or rubber sheet atop a table or the baby's crib.

WRAP IN TOWELS

Then take another towel, large enough to encircle your tot's body completely, and soak it in water heated to about 100 degrees. Make sure the water is lukewarm, not hot. Wring out this towel and place it on the dry towel.

Quickly place your undressed baby on the wet towel. Wrap the wet towel and then the dry towel about him. Leave only his head and arms exposed. Keep him in this wet towel pack for about five minutes.

If his temperature has not dropped and if he does not appear chilled, unwrap the outer, dry towel, leaving the wet towel in place. Sprinkle some more lukewarm water on the wet towel and then again cover him with the dry towel.

Let him remain encased in this pack for another five minutes.

Then, remove the towels, dry him gently and put on his sleeping clothes. Get him to bed right away, but don't make the mistake of covering him too warmly. His usual number of covers will be plenty

As a rule, a wet pack will lower your baby's temperature from one to two degrees, maybe more.

It is especially recommended if the child has a very high fever.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

Mrs. V. L. B. Will you please tell me something about glaucoma?

Answer: The cause for glaucoma is not known.

In this condition, the circulation of the fluids in the eyeball is obstructed and the pressure of these fluids increases, eventually resulting in blindness unless relief is obtained.

An operation may be required to produce a cure.

INTERNATIONAL CLUB

The Rotary Club of Benoni, a small town near Johannesburg, South Africa, has produced a film on housing projects for use by clubs in the United States.

Morale Boosted

By Heath Macquarrie

There is no doubt about the changed outlook of the Ottawa Progressive Conservatives. The long parliamentary session just prorogued brought them their greatest rebirth of hope and confidence in many, many years. By their determined opposition to the broad powers granted Mr. Howe in the Defence Production Bill they won approval of press and public, and in forcing the government to surrender they scored a major triumph. In many quarters where there has long been a tendency to write off the Tories as "has beens", there is now a willingness to recognize the merits of the chief opposition group. Mr. Drew described the successful outcome of his party's fight on the Defence Production Bill as marking a great day in parliamentary history. Sincere democrats will agree with his appraisal, and shrewd political observers will regard the whole effort as marking a particularly bright chapter in the history of his party. The small group of Progressive Conservatives have demonstrated the effectiveness of an opposition when it makes a determined stand on an issue of principle. It will also serve to dispel the oft-repeated claim that the party is lacking in men of ability

One important result of the new feeling among Progressive Conservatives may well be a lessening of anxieties over the leadership question. Ever since the days of John A. Macdonald the Conservative party has been notorious for its disloyalty to its chosen chieftains. Borden had many troubles with the unfaithful, the brilliant Meighen was sent off the stage far too soon, and the post-Bennett days were marked by a game of musical chairs which reached almost ridiculous proportions. There have been and are still some party members dissatisfied with the leadership of George Drew, and at the beginning of the present session there was a good deal of concern about the prospect of another change in command. But Drew's return to good health, as demonstrated in his masterly handling of the filibuster, has set at rest the question of the leadership. Thoughtful Progressive Conservatives realize that they have a leader of ability who is quite capable of holding his own with members of the cabinet, and a man possessed of all the requisites of a potential prime minister.

It is always a healthy sign in a two-party state to see a balance between competing political forces, and the present resurgence or Conservative confidence will be welcomed by all but their most partisan opponents. Yet the perceptive viewer of the situation will not allow the shining success of recent triumphs to prevent him from seeing other hard realities. The Progressive Conservatives have won great credit from the electorate and have even shaken, if only slightly, the long established self-confidence of the governing party. But this is only a starting point on the road to political victory. After twenty years of defeat and division the Progressive Conservatives have a long way to go before they reach the promised land of electoral success. There is a tremendous task of organization ahead. There is a crying need for some real thinking on vital matters of policy. Old slogans need to be discarded where they have become meaningless. In many places new men as well as new ideas must be recruited. There must be a wholehearted effort at making the party national in scope, and ending the defaults and token contests which have long been prevalent in many of the provinces. The challenge before the members of the official opposition is as great as it is immediate. If the two-party system is to be saved in Canada the development of an alternative to the long-triumphant Liberals must come about very soon. The Progressive Conservatives are the logical alternative. It is to be hoped that their recent success will act as a hypodermic to a restoration of their old time political vigor.

The Age Old Story

Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in: behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts. But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap: and he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver: and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.

NOTES BY THE WAY

The lure of hidden treasure, based partly on human greed but to a larger extent on the romance of the past, crops up again this week in Tobermory, Scotland, where salvage experts think they have located the wreck of a treasure-laden Spanish Armada galleon.

Nearly 400 years ago the Spanish ship sank to the bottom, taking with her the payroll for the Armada and reputedly the crown which Phillip of Spain had prepared for his coronation in Westminster Abbey. Phillip's hopes vanished soon afterwards, as swiftly as his ship.

The visitors who have thronged the village of Tobermory in hopes of seeing the galleon raised can have no financial interest in the project. Their presence is due rather to the fascination of recovering buried treasure, and perhaps to curiosity about a 400-year-old reminder that attempts to conquer England often meet with failure —Windsor Star.

The glory of the Opposition in this special instance lay in the fact that it made Parliament work as a Parliament, and not as an assenting chorus to the ministry. The Prime Minister took a very sensible view of the situation, but he took it too late.

The hero of the affair was Mr. George Drew, that much-abused leader of the Conservatives. His party has blamed him often because he cannot lead it to parliamentary victory.

We hope that those who have been hardest on him are able to see that this was a parliamentary victory of no mean order, and that winning elections is not the only purpose of a leader. —Peterborough Examiner.

The Brantford Expositor says that owing money is now so common as to be respectable. And a news item tells us that Canada is suffering from a serious shortage of bankers. Are we to understand, then, that never in the history of mankind has so much been owed by so many to so few? —Peterborough Examiner.

One reason why democracy in Britain works better than in any other land is (a) because Britain's government doesn't hesitate to adopt strong unpopular measures when it believes the long-term public interest demands them, and (b) because the people of the Old Country have enough sense of order and discipline to accept such measures and to make them work —Ottawa Journal.

One of the most difficult things for most people to do is to wait. They may not think so. They may think they would like to have nothing to do and lots of time to do it in. But let them have it that way for a while and they become bored. Witness the frustration expressed in the armed services by the saying, "Hurry up and wait!"

The most significant kind of waiting is not idleness. It usually involves some element of suspense. It is a matter of waiting for something to happen which we fear or desire, a condition to unfold which requires adjustment or embodies opportunity. It may be a young man saving to buy a car a farmer waiting for right conditions for plowing, a workman waiting for materials, a mother watching her child work out a problem he must solve for himself, a civic leader waiting for the community to awaken to a latent need. —Christian Science Monitor.

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