The Guardian

Covers Prince Edward Island Like The Dew

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PAGE 4 SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1963.

Father William Recalls

"Well," said old Father William, "now that you ask, it was pretty bad Thursday night, I guess. But one swallow doesn't make a summer and one storm doesn't make a winter you can brag about afterwards like that one we had back in—when was it?—1904-5. When people talk about the kind of storms we get nowadays they leave themselves open for a horse laugh from us oldtimers, specially if we worked on the railway, battling drifts for weeks on end.

"I bet Premier Shaw—who I notice had his 76th birthday yesterday—can remember that winter, though he was only a youngster at the time. Probably he helped his dad with the teams of horses that used to follow the engines to supply coal from the tops of the banks as the plows tried to ram their way through the snow.

"Farmers could look down the funnels of the engines, the banks were so high. They could sit on top of the telegraph poles and watch as the engines backed up about a mile and charged at the rate of about 40 miles an hour—making just about as much dint in the banks as to gain their own length, or maybe two lengths. There were no rotary plows then, of course!

"Walter may remember than it took five weeks for the Tignish train to get to Charlottetown that winter, and three weeks for the Charlottetown train to get to Fredericton. At Watt's cutting it took six men to relay the snow to the crest of the bank and all along the line there were armies of men—a thousand or more—throwing snow with everything from spades to coal shovels.

"The engine crews got precious little sleep, and as for grub—one fellow told me he ate so much cheese on one trip that he has never touched the stuff since. They were nearly suffocated, too, with snow getting down the smokestack and into the ash pan, forcing them to crawl up on the tender for air. The pan filled every time the engine charged the banks, and the fireman had to crawl on his stomach with a rake to clean it. One conductor got his toes frozen in the baggage car and it took him two weeks to get back to Charlottetown, travelling by sleigh."

"You are old, Father William," the young man said, "but your memory's remarkably good. Can you tell me, pray, were there other mild winters as bad as that?"

"Plenty of them," chortled the old sister; "but those were farther back. I mentioned this one because I wanted to bring my young friend Walter into the picture, somehow or other. A fine lad he was when I knew him, and a fine man he's grown to be today. Just in his prime, too, and him Premier and all. Off with you, now, while I write a note congratulating him on his birthday, and wishing him many more!"

Nazi Treasure Hunt

For years there have been rumors of a secret Nazi treasure hoard lying on the bottom of the remote alpine Lake Toplitz, in Austria. A young West German was drowned in the lake seeking the loot, and an Austrian search team, sponsored by the government, set out to recover the body and clear up the rumors once and for all and thus prevent further irresponsible treasure hunts. Experts worked with special electronic sounding equipment. Others have been conducting an underwater television probe.

The hunt has taken two months and cost 2.1 million Austrian schillings (about $84,000.) It has involved 11 divers and frogmen as well as technical experts, but the only "treasure" recovered has been a pile of counterfeit British bank notes forged by the Nazis during World War Two, in an effort to harm England's currency.

That's disappointing, because the rumors were to the effect that the retreating Germans had dumped three separate hoards into the deepest part of the lake, one of them comprising containers full of top-secret documents. These documents were said to include lists of accounts opened in Swiss banks by prominent Nazi leaders and valued at nearly $3 billion. It was said the accounts were due to expire after 20 years in 1964 when the money would become the property of the Swiss banks. A second cache was rumored to be 22 cases, each containing 22 pounds of gold.

It was the third cache, reportedly of forged British bills, that has come to light. Perhaps the others are there too, but the searchers have decided to call it quits for the present. Already the green-black waters are beginning to freeze around the gloomy shores and heavy snow has fallen on the rocky, pine-covered mountain slopes. An uninviting place to winter in. The searchers were hampered, too, by underwater tree trunks, and thick, slimy, mud-covered fragments of weapons and military gear.

Perhaps another try will be made, under more favorable conditions. Or it may be that the Austrians have decided to let Lake Tolpitz keep its secret, if it has any beyond what has already come to light.

Period Extended

There is still opportunity for employers in this Province, and elsewhere, to take advantage of federal incentives to hire older workers. Labor Minister MacEachen has announced that the program has been extended two months, to the end of March, 1964. At the same time he announced a change in regulations so that these older workers will no longer have to exhaust their unemployment insurance benefits before being eligible under the plan.

Officials here report that the reaction to the program has not been as encouraging as was hoped and expected. Surely this is not because we are in the enviable position of having no older workers' unemployment problem! The plan has been in operation now since November 1. Under it, Ottawa pays employers half of the monthly wage or $75, whichever is less, for unemployed persons over 45 who are given jobs. The worker must be kept on the job for at least three months and given an amount of training.

This was one of the progressive measures introduced in the Gordon Budget, and was received with general approval. The Government would like to see more advantage taken of it, and has accordingly extended the period of its operation. We feel that it is to be commended on its initiative in this regard; but as in other policies of this kind, success will depend on the amount of co-operation received from all concerned.

EDITORIAL NOTES

A French inventor has a machine which he says will put even an insomniac to sleep in no time. It looks like a television set. It gives off a light with a halo effect that expands and contracts. The monotony of watching it, he claims, will bring the sandman to anyone.

* * *

Present-day detergents cannot be decomposed in sewage plants, as soap can. There has been growing concern over the effect of this undissolved detergent upon fish and its seepage into drinking water sources. In West Germany the government tackled this problem by enacting a law forcing detergent makers to change the molecular structure of their product so that it will be capable of being decomposed by bacteria. Now a German company has announced that it will have a "soft" detergent on the market by 1965.

TRIM THE FAT BUT NOT THE MUSCLE

OTTAWA REPORT by Patrick Nicholson

Record Of Quebec Folk Handicraft

Many Canadians are going to find beneath their Christmas tree a fascinating and invaluable review of a newly - treasured part of our cultural inheritance. This is the book "The early furniture of French Canada" by Jean Palardy, published by MacmiHans.

This truly beautiful book lavishly illustrated with coloured plates, black and white photographs and line drawings, gives us the first and very complete record of the origins, development and survivals of the distinctive folk handicraft which once flourished along the shores of the St. Lawrence. It has an added interest in that its publication has come at a time when early Canadian pine furniture, and especially that of Quebec, is attracting the interest of collectors and museums, and is selling for rapidly rising prices.

Mr. Palardy incidentally traces the early social history of Quebec, describing how the early settlers could bring with them from France nothing but a chest containing their clothes. Their first problem was to cope with the natural dangers found in their new country, the cold, and the possibility of an attack by the Indians. Wood workers were among the craftsmen who came in those early days, but their first concern was to build warm houses. Later, they were able to begin making furniture, basing their designs on what they remembered from their homes in the French regions of Brittany, Normandy and Picardy.

FIRST SHIPMENTS

The first recorded arrival of furniture was that brought by the governors, church dignitaries and the ladies who came to found hospitals and convents in 1640 or later. Before that, one nursing sister reported, "we begged a kindly priest to have the goodness to send us a few tree branches on which to sleep, but they were so infested by caterpillars that we were completely covered by them."

Between 1650 and 1750, the French provincial style of furniture peculiar to Quebec, and made of the light Canadian woods white pine, butternut and yellow birch, emerged. It was a simplification of the Louis XIII and Louis XV styles, and at first based on the principle "that each piece of furniture corresponds to a need and that no piece of furniture is superfluous." Political and economic ties with France were completely cut by the English conquest, yet this traditional furniture flowered its finest between 1785 and 1820. "It is touching," muses Mr. Palardy, "to think that the Canadian branch produced its finest French flower after being lopped from the tree."

DAMAGE AND LOSS

Furniture of the early period is extremely rare now. Few pieces have survived the devastating fires and the acts of vandalism "which could be called an old Canadian custom." So severe has been the toll of fires that there is now only one 17th century building in the whole of Quebec City which has escaped fire. But, through a search so thorough that it was almost house - to - house, Mr. Palardy has traced and catalogued and often photographed the best remaining pieces.

It seems likely that, especially as automation ensures a revival of craftsmanship, many of these sturdy and attractive pieces will now be reproduced.

Mr. Palardy philosophizes that the lure of ephemeral fashions and the rejection of the past contributed to the loss of a French Canadian identity and obscured Quebec's distinctive character. Social history is reflected in furniture, and a study of this could "overcome today's French Canadian inferiority complex," suggests the author of this very remarkable book.

The Chains Of Habit

The Printed Word

Habits of all kinds, good, bad or indifferent, are part of the equipment of every normal human being. The indifferent ones, such as the routine one follows in dressing, putting on the left or the right shoe first, shaving different areas of the face in the same order every day, may be the most important. The actions become automatic and leave the mind free to pursue a train of thought, or more likely in the early morning, to drift aimlessly. If one thought about each routine action as it was performed, the process of dressing would take one at least twice as long and the final result might be less satisfactory.

The chains of bad habits, most people will agree, must be broken. This only requires will power. The word "only" is invariably inserted in that sentence by those who have been successful in giving up smoking or drinking or staying up too late. Those who are still in the chains may well believe that the word makes the sentence a deplorable understatement.

There is one aid to acquirement of the necessary will power. If one analyzes the habit one wishes to break it will usually be found associated with a good or innocent habit: if the first cigarette of the day is associated with the breakfast of coffee, one can omit the coffee and the craving for the cigarette will vanish. The habit of watching those one wishes may be conquered by immersion in a good book.

Altering good or indifferent habits may return unexpected rewards. If one is accustomed to going to lunch at one o'clock, for example, one will meet the same persons at the club or restaurant every day. Alter the time to half an hour earlier or later and one will see a whole new set of friends or acquaintances whose lives are bound by a different chain.

Feud In The Sudan

Chatham Daily News

Free from the white man's supposedly pernicious domination, the Sudan, far from being a terrestrial paradise, seems to have more difficulties than ever.

So far as racial elements go, it is a country divided, or that ought to be divided.

The Arabic Somalis rule the Sudan and live mainly in the northern half. The people in the southern half of the country are negroes.

These southerners complain that the ruling Arabic elements are oppressors. Specifically, the Arab Sudanese marry their women, expel their Catholic missionaries, enforce Moslem teaching— and the use of Arabic—and monopolize all the worthwhile government jobs.

As far back as 1955, there was a mutiny by southern troops. At that time, though, the country was still under Anglo- Egyptian rule, and the trouble was contained.

Since November, 1958, General Ibrahim Abboud has been military dictator of the entire country. According to exiles, his methods have been pretty rough.

As mission - educated men, most of these exiles speak English and are Christians. Some of them justify the armed revolt, which they claim is by no means crushed, and which seeks Independence for the south.

But the southerners' position is not too happy. Pan- American congresses have brushed aside their complaints, largely because taking the side of Southern Sudan would jeopardize their hope of unity between Negro and Arab. Indeed Uganda and Ethiopia have been rounding up rebel refugees and handing them over to the Sudan authorities. The formerly French Central African Republic has been a kinder host, accepting thousands of fleeing tribesmen.

Israel is naturally interested in any issue that might separate tropical Africa from its Arab brothers, and the Vatican radio has expressed its displeasure at the treatment of Catholic missionaries in the south (most of whom have been expelled). These international ripples apart, almost every African or African- involved government is doing its best to pretend that the revolt in the southern Sudan never happened.

PLAN MARINELAND

SOUTHSEA, England (CP)—Britain's first marineland — a cross between a zoo and an aquarium—is to be built in this Hampshire coastal town. Sea mammals, including a whale and dolphins, are to be supplied by a famous Florida marineland.

The Road To Asia

Montreal Star

Sometimes history chases its own tail, as witness the diplomatic drift of France back toward South-East Asia.

It is not quite ten years yet since the fall of Deinbienphu sealed the defeat of France in Indo- China war — the longest war in the twentieth century—which cost France 100,000 dead or missing and, in money, twice what she received in aid under the Marshall plan.

The war started in 1946, when the Vietminh, organized by the Communists in China in 1941 under the leadership of Ho Chi minh and later encouraged by the Japanese, struck at French.

The Chinese Communists, who were soon to become the effective government of all China except the island of Formosa, provided a base, arms and advice for the invaders.

Defeat, culminating in the ceasefire signed at Geneva in July 1954, was a staggering blow to French morale—worse, by far, than the failure in Algeria was to prove later.

It was at the very roots of the political demoralization which led eventually to the breakdown of the Fourth Republic and the accession of General de Gaulle to power.

Now that same de Gaulle is trying to establish a line of communication with China, primarily for purposes of trade, but inevitably leading in the end to diplomatic contact.

France, in fact, is seeking to return to the Asia from which she was chased a decade ago.

At the same time that de Gaulle is making overtures to China, one of the states of the former Indo-China is making overtures to him.

Cambodia, neutralized by the Geneva Treaty and left pretty much alone by the Communists since, has suddenly asked the United States to cancel its $30,- million-a-year aid program and get out, and has let it be known that it would like France to help make up the loss by sending teachers, technicians and any old military equipment it can spare.

China has promised an all-out support if the Cambodians need it, with the Americans gone.

Can it really be coincidence?

Leisure Time Can Be Boost

By Dr. Theodore R. Van Dellen

Time spent doing nothing is not necessarily wasted, whether we use it listening to music, watching TV, reading, painting, or just daydreaming. This is well to remember during the next two weeks of our holiday season. Once the mad rush is over, sit down, relax, and recharge those batteries.

Leisure time is wasted when undirected, poorly organized, or done at the expense of housework, homework, or regular chores. Everyone deserves some freedom to do as he pleases. The shorter working hours and labor- saving devices allow more leisure time, and the man of tomorrow ought to learn to use it wisely and for creative purposes. A healthy concept along this line will enable us to get more out of life, because there is nothing more rewarding than the satisfaction that comes from accomplishment.

Work creates the tension that leisure relieves. This should be incorporated into our basic philosophy. There is disagreement, however, where leisure ends and laziness begins. In my opinion, all leisure and no work comes close.

The adult with nothing to do in his spare time is a lost soul, quite the opposite of the man or woman with a hobby. A man who knows how to work with tools, for example, has an engrossing diversion; he can spend hours to years on projects that bring pride and joy.

New worlds are opened to men and women who go in for photography, painting, gardening or astronomy. This is well to remember when considering Christmas gifts for adults. Educational toys for children are popular. Why not consider comparable presents for dad and mother that will encourage mental or physical activity for the months to follow? Most adults thrive on several hobbies, and this is the time to get them interested.

BOWLING AFTER CORONARY

I. A. writes: I am a truck driver of 50 and got out of the hospital two weeks ago after a heart attack. Is it all right to go bowling?

REPLY

There is no harm in bowling after the heart has recovered. This type of recreation is one of the best for heart patients because it offers a minimal amount of exertion and excitement.

OPEN SPINE

P. H. writes: If one child is born with spina bifida, are other children in the family likely to come into the world with this defect?

REPLY

This is a congenital rather than a hereditary malformation. It consists of a developmental gap or defeat in the vertebras through which the spinal contents may protrude.

Our Yesterdays

(From the Guardian Files)

TWENTY - FIVE YEARS AGO

(December 21, 1938)

MONTREAL, Dec. 21 (CP)—Miss Mercy Haines Ball, granddaughter of Hon. George Coles, a Father of Confederation, died here today. She was a native of Charlottetown. Miss Ball was head of a school for young children at Windsor, N.S., before coming to Montreal, where she conducted a similar school.

Burton Trerice, former pilot with Canadian Airways, sent greetings to the staff here and at Moncton by radiogram from a polar expedition he is with in the Antarctic. Pilot Trerice was with Canadian Airways here during the summer of 1936, and flew on the Charlottetown- Summerside- Moncton run.

TEN YEARS AGO

(December 21, 1953)

OTTAWA (CP)— A 10-year-old boy, pulling a wire plug linked to Christmas tree lights, accidentally started a two- alarm $80,- 000 blaze that threatened to destroy a half-century-old separate section of Lowertown Ottawa. Firemen battled the fire for more than an hour before controlling the flames.

"Let us follow in the great procession of the Wise Men and file into the manager of the Christ Child, swelling the throng until His cause becomes established among men", said Rev. A. Frank MacLean of Trinity United Church in concluding his Christmas address before the Rotary Club here yesterday.

PARCHED PAKISTAN

A prolonged drought in 1963 forced more than 30,000 Pakistanis to abandon their homes in search of food and water.

More Than Hollow Words

By Alan Harvey

Canadian Press Staff Writer

President Johnson's call for an end to the cold war may be more than hollow words.

Unthinkable as such relaxation may have seemed a few years ago, it is clear that the possibilities of live-and-let-live are greatly enhanced.

Enormous risks and difficulties remain. Meanwhile there are promising pointers for those who take a rosy view.

"Inside stories" published in a number of British and European newspapers suggest that Russia's Nikita Khrushchev and the late president John F. Kennedy had been much closer to agreement on some basic issues, including possibly the future of Germany, than most people think.

WEST WARY

Cold-war habits die hard. The Western mind is wary of wistful thinking and false dawns. The Soviet Union is still a one-party state with total power vested in a handful of men.

Nevertheless, the cagiest of diplomats will admit that there is a change in the international climate, a new feel in the air.

As astute a man as Sir Fitzroy Maclean, British Conservative Member of Parliament and former diplomat who knows Russia intimately, said recently he has confidence that the spirit of the Russian people will make itself felt upon the leadership.

And the spirit of the people, to any visitor, seems unmistakable. They yearn for peace and a chance to enjoy, finally, the fruits of the long hard years they have had to endure.

In a month-long tour of the Soviet Union last summer, this reporter was repeatedly struck by the obvious anxiety for peace a genuine longing not to be discounted merely because peaceful slogans have sometimes seemed a cover for aggressive actions.

KENNEDY POPULAR

A letter I received this week from a Russian citizen in Moscow, speaking of the reaction to Kennedy's assassination, expresses surprise at the depth of Soviet sympathy.

"Everybody who can hear, read or come in contact with other people in any way know what has happened, and they take it greatly to heart," the letter says.

"They go into the facts of Mr. Kennedy's private life, they go over his decency and courage, they talk of how he saved his men after his motor-torpedo boat went down in the war, they feel a deep sense of shame for what has happened."

Shirt Collars Attached

Ottawa Journal

Naval Headquarters has approved the introduction of dripdry shirts with attached collars for officers, men and Wrens in the RCN. This is not as big as changing from sail to steam but it is an event not to be passed over lightly. If there was one part of naval dress landlubbers admired it was the white collar and immaculate black tie of the navy men in blue uniform. The Navy stood aside from the atrocities in ties and the gyrations in collars civilians have had to endure and contrived to have its men look like gentlemen on all occasions.

Perhaps they will continue to but with shirts, collars attached, they will lose the discipline of studs. Finding a stud, getting it through a starched collar, and placing a neat tie knot over it have been enough to beat a civilian in the quiet of his own home. Seagoing officers, we are proud to think, accomplished all this on corvettes dancing about the Atlantic.

We learn from the Navy magazine Crowsnest, that it has become increasingly difficult to produce shirts with detached collars and those collars, when at sea, created a laundry problem. The problem, we assume, was that sometimes an officer had a shirt but no collar, a condition just this side of nudity. The introduction of the new shirt will be gradual," says Crowsnest, and we are glad that in the electronic age the Navy is not being hustled into change. Studs, like hearts of oak, deserve the dignity of slow retirement.

To Speak Of Youth

Cape Breton Post

In recalling one's own youth, it must be confessed that the years between 12 and 20 seem the hardest in recollection. There was the big build-up in energy, zeal and imagination and seemingly no place to express it decently.

The parents seemed oblivious of what was happening to their maturing son, or, to whatever degree they were aware, it made them impatient and apparently scornful, yet each parent was a good person.

One had ceased to be a boy but wasn't yet a man. It was a time in which one felt terribly alone. You may wonder why alone, when surrounded by age were in the school. The aloneness was because of nobody with whom to share the individual interest in reading and music or if so, no social bridge was found on which to cross.

Since growing old this writer is much aware that between him and the people today called "teen-agers" is a chasm that cannot be crossed. One remembers vividly the condition of growing from child to man, but nothing is possible now except a silent sympathy in recollection of having been there once.

Let it be known that one respects the teen-agers for the promise of their beings and their humanity even when they put coins in the juke box to produce those horrible sounds.

At their age, one was awakening to the glories of Mozart and Beethoven, music one had heard without comprehending, since babyhood. All of a sudden, one day when the mother was playing Moonlight Sonata on the home piano, the teen-age boy became aware for the first time of tonal beauty. It was rather similar to the blinding experience of Paul in journeying between Jerusalem and Damascus.

As a child, one had cried loudly in indignation, to draw attention. This time, when the melodious thoughts of Beethoven were struck from the piano, one hurried to the kitchen to wipe tears from the eyes, before anybody could notice.

BASIC ECONOMY

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