Voice Of The Press

Watch the Others

If every person who handles a motor vehicle could be brought to obey the behest of "watch the other fellow", highway travel would be safer in very great measure. A great number of accidents are caused by pure carlessness and a great deal of this carelessness lies in simply neglecting to notice what the drivers of other machines are doing or likely to do.

—Chatham News.

'Why' of Accidents

The great majority of automobile accidents are not caused by lack of skill, physical incapacity or handicaps of drivers, nor by failure of the car mechanism—the greatest percentage are due to ill-temper, gross bad manners, or bad judgment.

—Winnipeg Free Press.

They Wouldn't

Those who do not know the difference between right and wrong seldom make the mistake of doing right.

—Quebec Chronical-Telegraph.

Very Doubtful

St. Thomas Times-Journal says there was a time "when you could find a tiny square of pork among the beans, if you had good eyesight." And a well equipped micro-analyst might still be able to detect it, but we don't think so.

—Ottawa Journal.

That Annual Illusion

Now comes the worst illusion of man, that a straw hat tossed in the closet last fall will be wearable in June.

—Brandon Sun.

Still They Get Killed

Lights, bells, watchmen and even lowered gates are insufficient to cause all motorists to stop, look or listen when approaching a railroad crossing. Of the accidents at such crossings last year, 37 per cent. were at spots protected by one of these means.

—New York Sun.

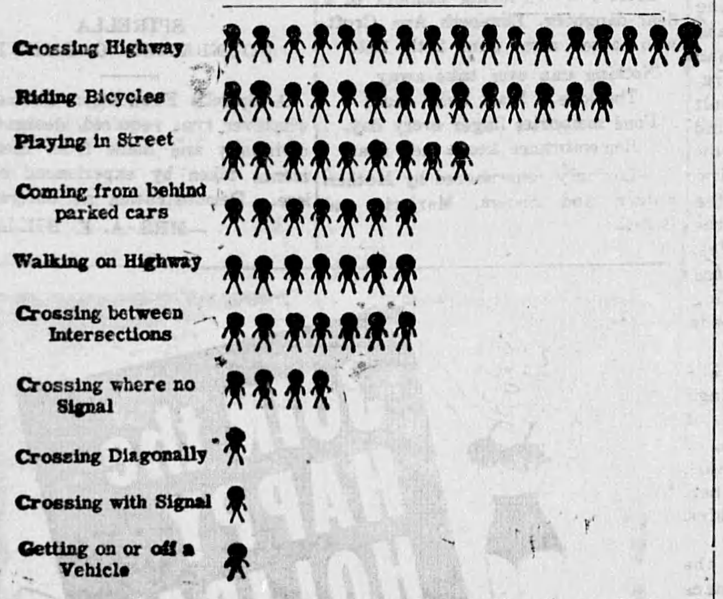
Animal Fare—Bartending in Chicago is going to the dogs, as evidenced by these pictures of Baron, a Doberman Pinscher, as he waits on customers in his owner's tavern. At left, he deftly removes a dollar bill from the bar. Holding it in his mouth, he turns and places it in cash register drawer, right, as Anthony Katalinich, full-time bartender who helped owner Luke Botica train the dog, looks on.

This soaked and abandoned kitten finds refuge between two torn boards of a shack in Canton, Mo., as flood waters swirl around it below.

Cop who found this duck strutting down busy street in Los Angeles, Calif., gets armed escort as he takes it on leash to Humane Society.

It's full speed ahead for this rooster as it experiences a new thrill by sailing down the flooded Main St., in Canton, Mo., on a floating board.

How 68 Children Of School Age Were Killed In 1946 In Ontario



There is no "percentage" in being careless in traffic. This statement can be proven.

You read the papers and listen to the radio. You learn from these sources details of individual traffic fatalities and injuries in Ontario but you have not a clear conception of just what your own chances are of being involved.

Just what are your chances? Worse than you might think!

* * *

Based on statistics compiled by the Ontario Department of Highways, here are some of the chances you face of being involved in a traffic accident in Ontario in 1947, if the experience this year duplicates that of 1946.

—Your chances of being killed in a traffic accident in Ontario this year are about 6,000 to 1 and your chances of being involved in a motor traffic accident of some kind are 236 to 1.

—Your chances are worse in the tourist season, just opening, because highway traffic is heaviest then; and your chances are not particularly improved in the country because about 46% of all accidents occurred in rural areas last year.

* * *

Neither youth nor age is immune from the disaster riding the streets and highways. Last year, out of a total of 12,228 fatal and non-fatal accidents, 19% happened to children under 14, and 10% to those over 65 years. People between 15 and 35 have more accidents than any other group, but there are more people that age in the population. Actual fatalities (persons killed per 100,000 population) are highest among older people and lowest in the group aged 5-14.

* * *

Last year, 1 out of every 25 licensed Ontario drivers got into an accident involving death, injury or property damage.

These figures are no mere guesses. They are official statistics provided by Hon. George H. Doucett, Ontario Minister of Highways, in urging safety on motor vehicle operators.

Traffic safety is a gigantic problem. Public officials and safety leaders cannot handle it alone. Individual drivers and pedestrians are the only persons who can cut down the mounting death and accident toll. The life you save by being careful may be your own.

Right of Freedom For Princely States

Many people are asking: Under this change in India, what of the Princely States?

The answer—made clear by Mr. Attlee and Lord Mountbatten—is that the Indian States ruled by Princes are left free to choose joining the new regimes—Hindustan or Pakistan—or to remain independent, without British interference. In other words, the British are not setting part of India free and maintaining bases or bastions or other control in other parts of India. When they say they are getting out, they mean it.—Ottawa Journal.

STUFF AND THINGS

"Come, come! A good brisk walk will put new life in you!"

Shipping Losses on Great Lakes Sharply Reduced in Recent Years

Memory which sometimes finds expression on this page goes back to earlier years when shipping accidents and disasters on the Great Lakes were much more common than in recent years. A generation ago the young reporter in any town along the Great Lakes kept constant watch over the shipping offices and other offices of like character, fully conscious of what was likely and, in all too many instances did come.

The fall seasons especially were known for the accidents that were due to the stress of weather, says the Port Arthur News-Chronical. Exposed points on the Great Lakes were the scene of many accidents when ships, seeking shelter in their lee failed to find it and, instead were driven on the rocks.

On all the lakes there was no place more productive of accidents than Whitefish Point, where Lake Superior narrows into channels that farther down become St. Mary's River. The steamer routes converge there and it is also a place where fogs are frequent and collisions were many. A picture of the bottom of Whitefish Point would show it strewn with the hulls of sunken steamers, some probably on top of others.

Keweenaw Point took its toll as ships sought protection that also could be had when once it was rounded. The passage between Isle Royale and the mainland to the north, used by all ships in and out of Port Arthur and Fort William, was, and, as the most recent disaster proves, still is a danger spot. It was always easy for a vessel to get off course in that vicinity. Explanation more common in former days than at present was magnetic disturbances which were claimed to affect compasses. Whatever the explanation, there have been many bad accidents thereabouts.

Another location that seems to have taken high toll is some miles to the south of Port Coldwell, about on a line between Thunder Bay and Michipicoten. A few years ago it was learned that there are bad shoals in that area and certain findings since indicate that they hold the explanation of a number of cases of complete disappearance, like that of the Bannockburn which sailed out of Port Arthur and was never again heard of, or the mine sweepers which sailed from Fort William with their French crews during the First Great War and of which there has since been no word or trace.

More recent yeas have seen a marked diminution in the number of accidents. There are several reasons. Probaby the most important one is the great improvement, in aids to navigation, telephones, range finders and weather reports. It is also a fact that vessel captains are more cautious than formerly, especially as regards the weather. In earlier days no skipper yould admit that he feared any weather and it was considered a lasting disgrace to take shelter or refuse to go out in a gale. That idea cost good money and still more valuable lives. Ship owners discouraged it.

Today the vessel captain is expected to put safety first. For that reason Port Arthur people can frequently see Thunder Bay spotted with ships carrying ore from Two Harbors or Duluth that have put in here for shelter, instead of continuing down the lake in the face of gales.

Also there are better ships. The safety provisions are a governmental must and inspections are severe. All have been worth while in saving of life and property. Accidents have not been entirely eliminated but they have been sharply reduced.

Dawdling Drivers Must "Speed 'er Up"

Provincial Police have started a campaign against slow drivers on the highways. In the long run, it may do as much to cut down the accident rate as the prosecution of motorists for speeding and other dangerous driving practices, says the Cornwall Standard-Freeholder.

The Provincial Police are not setting a precedent with this campaign. There is a section of the Ontario Traffic Act that lays down definite penalties for driving on the highway at a speed slow enough to impede normal traffic.

No motorist, then, should be incensed if the police check him up for driving too slowly. He can remember, first, that he's breaking the law and secondly, he might recall the last time he made a long trip himself, and think of all the hard things he said about the dawdlers then.

Three Minutes of Fiction Fun

SHORT SHORT STORY

Good Business

By M. J. COLLINS

Uncle Joe came stamping into the kitchen making about as much noise as a small herd of cattle.

"Here! You be careful!" Aunt Martha warned, waving a large mixing spoon threateningly. "I have bread settin.' And wipe your feet, don't you dare traipse in here from that dirty old barn yard."

"Gol darn it, woman, you put what I was goin' to say clean out of my head," he grumbled. "Oh, yes, now I remember—I think we should sell out and go live in town." There was a faraway look in his eyes and he thought of all the pleasures of retirement. Perhaps they'd buy a new car and do a little traveling.

"Huh! I'm not moving to town and leave our home just to suit a whim of yours. Just get the whole idea out of your head!" There

was finality in her voice. "You go and clean up. Ralph and Jenny are coming over for supper. All your clothes are on the bed so don't ask me where they are when they're right under your nose."

We didn't have the slightest inkling of what Uncle had suggested until supper was nearly over and then Aunt Martha asked:

"Do you know what your uncle wants to do?" and as she generally does, answered herself before we could even open our months. "Sell the farm and move to town."

"Oh, I think that's a good idea!" Jenny cried. "It'll be so much easier for you."

The first thing we knew, we were involved in a full scale battle, three against Aunt Martha, but she wasn't giving an inch. Not her! Finally she did admit that she didn't get her work done as spryly as before and from there on the battle was won.

Uncle Joe was jubilant. It had been easier than he'd dreamed.

During the next few weeks several would-be buyers came to appraise the farm and finally one of them said he would buy it. Uncle Joe and Aunt Martha had been shopping around trying to find a house in town but getting one was a tougher proposition than they'd expected

Eventually the sale was completed and the new owner bought the farm complete with stock and implements for ten thousand dollars. He told Uncle Joe they could have another additional two weeks to find a house and move.

Early next morning we were over at their place and into the job of packing up. About nine-thirty the new owner drove out and hailed Uncle Joe.

"I've been thinking it over, Mr. Quinn, and this place doesn't quite suit me. How would you like to buy it back at the same price?"

Uncle Joe sort of looked at him popeyed and we all crowded around: "Well, sir! I just don't know what to say," he mumbled, "the wife has sort of set her mind on movin' to town."

"Faith, and I haven't!" Aunt Martha swung her arms around excitedly. "You buy it back, Joe Quinn, if you know what's good for you."

"Well, let's go to town," there was no reluctance in Uncle Joe's voice, "and get the papers fixed up."

We went outside leaving. Aunt Martha crying softly in Jenny's arms. I watched them drive away and Uncle Joe was grinning for all he was worth.

Later when we were driving home, Jenny said. "It was lucky the man wanted to sell it back. Neither one of them wanted to leave the farm."

"Lucky my eye!" I snorted. "It was just plain conniving on Uncle Joe's part. He made an agreement to pay the owner an extra thousand if he'd come out and say what he did. Don't say a word to Aunt Martha, he told me to keep it under my hat."

"Well, what do you know," Jenny laughed. "Uncle is still a bit of a gallant."

"An expensive one," I grumbled.

Jenny smiled to herself. There was no sense in telling him that Aunt Martha had already paid the new owner five hundred dollars to sell the farm back to her husband.

What Science is Doing

80 Pound Piano

Once upon a time, the piano was one of the few instruments a musician could not pack on his back.

An eastern manufacturer has brought out a series of ivories you can carry with you to the fishing lodge, or even take on the train and play in your roomette as you roll along.

Peter N. Comstock, the inventor, doesn't even call it a piano because it has 64 keys instead of the conventional 88. A pianist doesn't need the extra 24 keys, anyway, he said, unless he wants to go into the long-haired stuff. This little job starts with "A," 2 and one-third octaves below middle "C," which is down deep enough in Comstock's opinion.

Packed and looking like a suitcase with the legs folded under, the "piano" weighs only 80 pounds. The porter can carry it, if he can lift 80 pounds. Set up, it is 31¼ inches high, 38¼ inches wide and 23 inches deep.

You can take the legs off and put it on a card table, controlling the pedals with a simple contraption operated with the knees.

The new instrument, which will sell for less than $300 and which isn't in production yet, was demonstrated before the public for the first time at the National Association of Music Merchants show at Chicago.

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