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I See by THE PAPERS

LONDON — That traditional menace of the roads, the woman driver, was cleared of the blame for most accidents.

William Gissane, clinical director of the Birmingham Accident Hospital, writing in the British Medical Association's magazine, Family Doctor, said:

"The built-in urge of the male to take risks, entirely admirable in many fields of endeavor, is a main cause, perhaps the main cause, of road accidents."

He said women drivers are more careful than men.

COLOGNE, Germany — The early-morning quiet at police headquarters was disturbed when the telephone rang and a desperate voice shouted: "Help, help, I've been bitten by a camel."

"Look, friend, you're drunk," retorted the duty sergeant. "Carnival is over and it's too early for April Fool's Day."

But on second thoughts he sent a police car to the call box, where the cops found 50-year-old Hans Busbach with two bites on his left arm.

Busbach led the policemen to the scene of the attack and, sure enough, there was the camel quietly grazing on a lawn.

The camel had broken out from a small circus and roamed through Cologne's deserted streets till it met Busbach en route home.

The camel was rounded up and returned to its keepers, and police

are pondering whether to file charges against them for negligence.

TORONTO — Wanted: Old Newspapers.

The Ontario Archives, to build up its historical library, is seeking any old provincial newspapers for its files, the Ontario Government Services News Letter reports.

A house demolished in Toronto recently gave up some 40 newspapers, including 10 issues not previously known to exist. They included:

The Kingston Spectator, April 14, 1836; The Liberal, St. Thomas, three issues of February, 1836; the Niagara Chronicle, two issues of 1846; the Old Countryman, Toronto, October 19, 1853, and the Reformer, Cobourg, February 23, 1836.

"Since several were published in 1836, the year of the election before the 1837 rebellion in Upper Canada, they have particular interest to historians," the publication says.

TORONTO — "High-flagging," a practice by which a taxi driver can cheat his boss by neglecting to register parts of trips — or entire trips — on his meter, has been countered by one Toronto cab owner in ingenious fashion.

Mickey Key, who started driving cabs 25 years ago and now runs his own fleet, devised the plan. It involves an intricate wiring system under the upholstery of passengers' seats—a total of 720 tiny electrical currents.

If the cab driver does not turn on the meter within 20 seconds of the time a passenger is seated, a delayed-action switch short-circuits the car engine at the distributor, and the engine stalls.

"The high-flagging driver does not have time to get away from the curb," says Mickey.

The driver who cheats in this fashion can't start his engine again until he pulls down the flag to engage the meter.

In return for the assurance he can't be cheated, Mickey pays his drivers a bigger share of the "take", 60 per cent instead of the usual 50.

He says he doesn't want to do this, but "high-flagging" is such an accepted part of the taxi business that he could not get drivers to work for him any other way.

Mickey has offered a \$75 prize to any of his drivers who can beat the system. Several of his drivers have tried to collect, he said, but no one yet has succeeded.

HELL, Calif. — It was 98 degrees in Hell last week.

But this little community of six persons wasn't quite as hot as nearby Thousand Palms, where a temperature reading of 99 was recorded in early afternoon.

The weather man said it would turn slightly cooler.

OTTAWA — There's more psychology to green lipstick than meets the eye.

Carleton University co-eds here wore it to test the pressures of conformity. They were preparing for a spring essay on Conformity, but the lipstick's clinical purpose was a secret of the psychology class.

Campus reaction of observers—and observed—surprised even the psychology professor, Dr. F. R. Wake. "I expected teasing, not strong comment," he said.

It showed that Carleton isn't as free-thinking as the professor or students had believed.

Green lipstick blossoming among the knee-sock crowd did not start a fad, and participants in the demonstration of applied psychology found being different was harrowing.

"Girls noticed faster than fellows," it was reported to the pro-

Diary of a Vagabond

Poets have written inspired stanzas describing it, composers have become lyrical and natives have exaggerated about spring-time in the Rockies. They needn't have, for Vancouver in April needs no exaggeration to sell tourists the idea that they can gain a weather-bonus to add to summer's short season by planning to visit the west coast at this time of year.

Sure it will rain. It did the day I quickly unpacked my train case to hurry makeup repair before embarking on my first jaunt to West Vancouver. It beat a tattoo on my plastic raincape and big fat drops trickled off the edge of the hood and down the bridge of my nose. I was oblivious of this discomfort for I was enchanted with my surroundings. I watched the bus that had brought me across Lions Gate bridge disappear around a bend in the road as I started a slow climb on foot to the home of a friend.

The smell of wet earth was hauntingly familiar. I paused just for a moment to watch the red mud slither from the roots of a huge pine tree a bulldozer had recently uprooted to make room for another home. This was one of the most beautiful residential developments in all Canada. I was told British capital had been poured into the project and month after month, new homes climb higher and ever higher up Grouse Mountain.

Flowers everywhere reminded me of a quilt I once made with my grandmother's help. When the sun peeped through a wandering cloud, their bright colours were even more intense. Unbelievable yellows and blues blended with strong purples and pinks in a massive spectrum.

For an untrained mountaineer, the climb left me slightly breathless and I paused a moment to perch on a huge chip off the old mountain.

It was then I noticed the little cripple boy poking at a clump of flowers with the end of one of his

fessor. Girls also were more cutting. "Is that the only way you can get attention" was one barbed co-ed missile.

"Honestly, it doesn't do justice to your looks," was the kindest female comment.

"Go away and come back when you are ripe," quipped an unimpressed male.

Pretty brunette Lorna Fielding, 19, started what the demonstrators thought would blossom into a fad by pretending she had received a tube of green lipstick from a relative in the United States.

"It's the rage down there . . . I like it very much," she said bravely to the girls in the wash-room. Two others asked if they could try it, wore it to one lecture, then said they felt too conspicuous.

Next day, classmates joined Lorna wearing green lipstick to give the impression the fad was catching fire. But they were disillusioned by the campus reaction.

Darrienne Soucy, a dark-haired beauty who might be expected to get away even with green lipstick, said she was subjected to "cruel comment" and would never try anything like that again.

"You should be able to wear a toga at a university and not be noticed," said Ron Ward, one of the psychology class boys who was in on the secret. "It is remarkable that a small thing like green lipstick would cause a commotion."

"It is not a small thing when you are wearing it," said Lorna. "You think of nothing else."

"Maybe it would have worked at a bigger university," said Bill Robinson. "Here we're all friends."

At the end of a week those using green lipstick were being told: "Take it off—we all know." This proved one fact—psychology students are no better than any one else at keeping secrets.

KING'S LYNN, England — The once-thriving herring industry is dying out in this Norfolk town. A huge colony of seals has settled on sandbanks around the coast, and they are eating an estimated 80,000 tons of herring a year.

crutches. At first I wanted to chastise him and then I noticed he was trying to firm the earth around their roots.

"Let me help," I said as I approached the youngster, my green thumbs itching.

"Thanks, but they come popping out every time we have a heavy rain, like last night. Then my mother lets me come out of doors when it stops a little and push them back underground again," he said.

I asked him what the small flowers were and he replied in some surprise, as if all adults should know every flower that blooms, that they were Job's Tears.

When we had patted the little bulbs safely back in their bed of good earth he asked me if I knew the story of how the flowers got their name. He was so eager to tell me that I forgot my luncheon engagement and settled down with the brace on his little leg perched on the rock beside me.

In dramatic, hushed tones only a child can use when enthralled with the story he is telling, my newly found friend recalled the entire Book of Job. He told of Job's wealth and large family which were all taken from him at the height of his power. "When Job had lost everything he held dear, his faith in God was sorely tried," related the child precociously in phraseology far beyond his years. His round eyes fairly popped as he related Job's struggle and how, when the Lord blessed him for his sustained faith, Job put his head in his hands and cried with joy. "His tears fell on the earth and flowers grew where they were. My granny says that for centuries Job's Tears have multiplied in

Rebekahs Hold Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of Cobalt District No. 37 was held in the Library Hall on Saturday, April 9. Twenty-five representatives and visitors attended from Silver, Golden Gate, Northern Light, Northern Beacon and Lakeside Rebekah Lodges. A buffet lunch was served at 1:30 p.m. by members of Lakesire Lodge, after which a meeting was held to make arrangements for a get-together on May 5 in the Masonic Hall, Cobalt, at 8 p.m.

Mrs. Violet Oliner, District Deputy President gave an interesting report of her work during the past year. Tea was served and a social hour spent.

anyone's garden who believes in God," said the boy.

The tale was finished and the little lad hopped down from the rock and started to hobble toward his house. Then he turned and came back to where I was standing. "I think you should have some of Job's Tears. I am sure they will grow for you." With the tip of his crutch he pried out a little clump and I wrapped them carefully in a tissue from my pocket. Will they grow in my garden? I am sure they will, for the faith of a little child renewed mine and gave it more meaning at this resurrection season.

JAMES REILLY, D.C. Doctor of Chiropractic. For evening appointments call MI 7-6120 between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m. Whitewood Ave., New Liskeard

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