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The fuss over the new speed zones

SOMETHING of a storm has been brewing over the new 60-mile-an-hour speed zones introduced on some B.C. highways.

A few mayors and safety officials in southern B.C. have been clamoring against the higher speed zones on the grounds that they have caused an increase in highway deaths.

Probably it's a co-incidence if there have been more traffic deaths since introduction of the new speed limit. If this is the case we hope Highway Minister Gaglardi will be stout-hearted enough to ride out the clamor.

We feel that if there's any shouting to be done, then it should be directed not against the speed limits but against tolerance of bad drivers on the highways.

The highways would be a great deal safer if all were required to meet a stiff examination which included tests of eyesight and reaction time. They would also be much safer if penalties for highway offences were increased considerably.

There would be a great deal of squawking as sizeable numbers of people were refused drivers licences because of low reaction time, or were permanently barred from driving after two convictions for impaired driving.

But our democratic rights should include no licence to endanger life on the highway.

UBCM could show the way

The Union of B.C. Municipalities meeting in Kelowna next month should take a leaf from the current agenda of the United Nations Economic and Social Council.

UNESCO is so concerned over infringements of the basic human right to freedom of information that it has drafted a charter defining that right.

UBCM should do the same thing covering the minicipal level of government activities.

It could make a genuine contribution to the people its members represent by drafting its own charter — a charter defining the right of municipal electors to first-hand information on what their elected councils are doing.

It could then recommend its charter to the provincial government for inclusion in the Municipal Act. A "freedom of information" clause in the act could put an end to secret meetings which are paralyzing this right at the municipal level.

UNESCO's concern is much broader than the charter we recommend to UBCM delegates. UNESCO is interested in the free flow of ideas to all peoples of the world.

But the same basic right is infringed when municipal politicians take it upon themselves to exclude the press and public from their meetings.

Britain has the type of municipal law we visualize. So has California. Their laws forbid closing meetings to the press and public except under rigidly specified conditions. The idea behind them is that local politicians have a duty to keep "the electorate informed."

Secrecy habits vary greatly among B.C. municipalities. The right to decide how much the public should know rests with the councils of the day.

Without singling out specific malpractices, UBCM could set a standard its members would be loath to break. We urge it to assume this responsibility. Naturally we're hopeful Vancouver would get around to adopting the principle in its own charter.

Surely if freedom of information merits international definition, it isn't asking too much to seek its recognition at the local, municipal level which touches peoples' rights much more intimately, daily.

—The Vancouver Sun

The Pottstown story

The magazine Business Week relates a story of a rewarding seven years of teamwork between an industrial plant and a labor union.

Over the years the United Auto Workers' local at the Pottstown, Pennsylvania, plant of the Dana Corporation had been able to write into its contracts with the company such a weight of work practice rules and standards that the company's labor costs compelled it to consider moving. When the local saw that the company was really in earnest it called for help.

The UAW vice-president for its auto parts division, Richard T. Gosser, entered the situation. He persuaded the company that the union would make reasonable revisions of work practices if the company would make improvements in the plant and keep it in Pottstown.

What followed is a notable series of accomplishments. The union and management have made joint time studies for every job and have set up new work standards mutually agreed upon. Equally as important, the company, with the co-operation of the union, set up a "grievance system" by which employee complaints are investigated and settled quickly and directly.

The company will soon celebrate completion of a four-year, five-million-dollar plant modernization program; the 1,000 employees, seven years of the kind of co-operation that saved them jobs in their home town.

The observation that an industry and its employees resemble a big interdependent family is not new. The interests of the members differ at many points and at certain times. Then the warlike noises each emits belie the fact — that their tacit realizations of it — that their interests coincide more often and at more points.

Now and then, when a big strike is on or labor-management legislation is fought through Congress, shouts of "Fight 'em, Varsity," ring out from the halls of the AFL-CIO and the NAM. Now and then there comes a story like this one.

—The Christian Science Monitor

Now they've got an "underwear week"

The myriad of days, weeks and months set aside for the commemoration of things, people and places is bewildering enough here sometimes, but south of the border, they've really gone overboard.

Among the periods of time the "setting aside" habit has spawned are:

National Laugh Week, Expectant Father's Day, National Long Underwear Week, National Canned Hamburger Month ("to dramatize America's great culinary institutions, and also to alert the public to the growing desecration of the true hamburger"), National Save the Horse Week, Old Maid's Day, Mother-in-Law Day, Popcorn Week, Poetry Day, National Prosperity Week and even National Tax Freedom Holiday.

Sooner or later perhaps someone will come up with a special week and call it "National Nothing Week." It should be an annual affair, too.

—The Montréal Gazette

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Khrushchev—blend of bluster, bonhomie

By ALAN HARVEY
Canadian Press Staff Writer

If President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Macmillan ran out of table talk at Chequers on the weekend, they could always compare notes on Nikita Krushchev.

The president has a big date with the Russian premier coming up in September and he may have wanted Macmillan to brief him on the best way to handle such a tricky tete-a-tete.

Krushchev is formidable in debate. His technique involves a blend of bluster and bonhomie that keeps opponents off balance. One of the first Western statesmen to encounter the rough side of his tongue was Canada's Lester Pearson, then external affairs minister, who met Krushchev in the Crimea in October, 1955.

Macmillan has had the two-sided treatment. In his Russian visit last February, the British leader first got the glad hand, then some brutal criticisms. At one point the two men staged a verbal slugging match which a member of Macmillan's party later described to a Canadian Press reporter as an "unholy row."

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Shortly afterward, Krushchev contracted his celebrated "diplomatic toothache," and Macmillan was on the point of breaking off his visit.

During this chilly encounter, Krushchev said in effect that Britons are no better than Americans when it comes to cold-war policies. Macmillan, it is said, adopted his most frigid, distant manner, replying with cool disdain in clipped, upper-class accents.

Krushchev boasted of Russian rocketry and Macmillan countered by saying the British people don't talk much about it but of course if they were pushed there would be only one recourse — they would fight.

Eventually things were patched up and Macmillan returned to London convinced that Krushchev is the man with whom the West has to deal.

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Allowing for the natural preference for the home side, some British observers felt that Macmillan had gained a slight advantage in the exchanges. British phlegm and the stiff upper lip, it was felt, had prevailed over Krushchev's galloping tongue.

Since then, the climate of the cold war has moderated somewhat — though there have been scattered thundershowers — and now the "new" Eisenhower, said to be a changed man physically and in his approach to politics, is getting ready for the next, and most important, of the Western dialogues with Krushchev.

SOUTH PACIFIC breakers roll towards Australia's famous Bondi beach, at Sydney, New South Wales. The southern Dominion abounds in magnificent beaches, ideal for swimming and surfing, which have been a big factor in Australia's success in water sports at the Olympics.
—Australian Government Photo

Ruthless bulldozing

From The Vancouver Sun

The nation which ignores the mystery of its past gives only lip service when it prates about the certainty of its future.

Wilson Duff, curator of anthropology at the B.C. Provincial Museum, is administering a sound rebuff when he complains that Canada is far behind in "digging into its archaeological history." And not only is Canada disinterested, it seems to be positively horrified at what might be discovered by scientific research into ancient middens—Curator Duff gives evidence of the ruthless bulldozer and power shovel ploughing arrogantly through history.

It was this way all over Europe and Great Britain until archaeologists found out how to sell their science to hard-headed businessmen. "We've uncovered ruins dating back centuries. Now you use them as tourist bait," they said.

Cash and science which so seldom get together became allies.

We advise the archaeologists to dangle their bait before the country's tourist bureaus. Here is an instance where the means could justify the end.

That which comes after ever conforms to that which has gone before.—Marcus Aurelius.

TIME and PLACE...

By GISELA MENDEL

For almost four years, Claque has been our family mountain. Why?

Perhaps because of the preparations for the trip? Three days getting things ready, (rolled oats, matches, band-aid), and conditioning Dear Father.

Do I like the clean-up after the trip? Tubsfull of muddy socks, torn pants and—exactly one hundred dirty finger and toe nails to be cleaned.

Or is it probably the trip itself? Laden with heavy packsacks, and skis, holding one child by the hand, and encouraging another one with words or a piece of chocolate.

Well, I think it's all of these things. The days of happy anticipation, the challenge of every new hill, and the memories while putting away packsacks.

Claque is worth it! That wonderful feeling one gets as soon as one enters the meadows. The countryside has changed completely—no bush any more, only now and then a tree, countless lakes, and the soft mossy ground like a thick carpet. With every step up, new mountains come into sight, and Kitimat has dwindled more and more into a tiny speck.

What a joy to crawl up to the top (amid horseflies) and to feel like a king in that infinite world of summits and freedom and yet to feel so small in the endlessness! Each time, I have shot a whole roll of film there just to express my feeling that at this moment Claque is my most proud and private possession.

How often I have seen you, Claque. In rain and sunshine. Yes, even in rain the picture often was fascinating. The grey-green of the trees, the white-grey of the dragging clouds, and the blue and black of the distant hills—the true colours of the Kitimat Valley.

I have seen you in early fall, when the frost preserved the late flowers in ice and the moist wind put long crystals on the blades of gress. The frozen strawberries thawed again in the midday sun and were sweet as sweet can be.

I was up in winter when the snow was so excellent that even we poor skiers enjoyed the art. One could let the skis go on and on, limitless in this fairy tale country. But sometimes. I admit, it was nothing but wet, and wet, and wet.

How nice is spring there, when the water gurgles beneath the snow and the twigs are snapping up into sunlight, freed from their white burden. The white marigolds pushing their heads through last year's dead grass right on the edge of the icy water. Have you seen the laurel in bloom? The clusters of rose flowers where there was snow just a few days ago?

In August I have spread the plastic sheet for the [illegible] among millions of tiny bells—white and dark red—the flowers of the heather. And in the fading sunlight, one can see far, far into the country and get the last glow from the distant Seven Sisters near Hazelton.

What lies behind Claque? Just the other side of the mountain? No, not just that! An infinite sea of valleys and mountains, countless and nameless. Some jagged and forbidden looking, some more friendly and inviting.

Claque, close to my house and close to my heart, though I know you quite well—I must see you again!

The lure of the outside

From The Letter-Review

Few exhibits at the American National Exhibition in Moscow have aroused such interest and attracted such crowds as the display of U.S. newspapers. Despite the language problem, Russian visitors to the fair, according to the New York Times, have pored avidly over the plastic-covered newspapers, read the news columns, the sports pages and the comics. But what aroused the greatest interest, it seems, were the advertisements depicting homes, home appliances, automobiles, clothing and job opportunities.

Exhibit of U.S. newspapers at American National Exhibition in Moscow may do more than anything else to assure the success of the venture. Under Russian socialism ordinary folk in the USSR find truth the most alluring of everything North American civilization has to offer.

Lighter side

"Thirty days hath Septem- [illegible] defence counsel John Mirsky said in court at Ottawa.

"Case dismissed," said Magistrate Omer Chartrand, hearing a charge against Jimi Lewiski of going through a stop sign June 31. "I learned the same rhyme in school."

The present hour alone is man's—Samuel Johnson.

All Aboard with G. E. Mortimore

DIARY OF A VISIT TO BRITAIN: We took six-year-old John with us on a journey down the Thames to Greenwich — past Royal Festival Hall, which gave a clean-cut look to the south bank of the river, past skeletons of half-completed buildings that were being fleshed with glass and concrete, and down a line of grim warehouses and docks.

The boat chugged on through the Pool of London, beneath London Bridge and Tower Bridge, past Dutch coasters and tugs pulling Thames lighters, along the verge of that gray dockland with its names that smelled of the sea: Wapping, Rotherhithe, Shadwell, Limehouse, Poplar, West India Docks.

Suddenly the mast of a sailing vessel appeared. I saw scroll work and a figurehead, and the name: Cutty Sark. It was the old Cutty Sark herself, that renowned clipper ship, moored forever in a dry basin inshore from the Thames, standing against her drab surroundings like a swan in a bog.

Not long ago sails moved up the London river from all the ports of the world. Now the bare masts of the Cutty Sark, an embalmed sailing ship, rose here to remind us of that tough, graceful age. Just below us were the fine buildings of the Royal Naval College. We were at Greenwich.

We had decided for the sake of the small boy to stay aboard the boat rather than go ashore and catch the next boat back.

On the journey upriver I sat on the top deck and talked to a London man who was an electrical instrument technician by profession and a spare-time painter.

"You always learn something," he said. "I've noticed that the bow-wave of a lighter being pulled against the tide is a different shape to the same thing when it's with the tide."

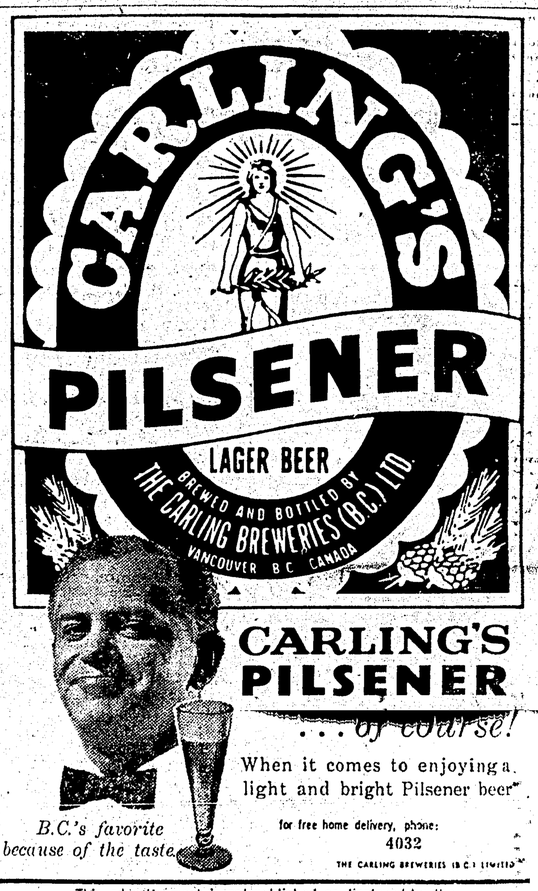
As he was explaining this difference, my six-year-old John came up from the cabin, where he had been taking refuge with his mother from a few raindrops. He offered to sell me my own comb for a halfpenny. This was his trick for gaining attention, because he felt that he had been left out of the talk.

I bought my comb, but I never did learn about those bow waves.

Then the man on deck told me how a negligent operator on Tower Bridge had continued to let traffic through as the lift-span of the bridge was being opened for a ship.

The driver of a London double-decker bus, suddenly aware of a ribbon of murky Thames ahead of him, stamped on the accelerator and made his bus jump the gap.

"He should have got a medal," I said. The man was just telling me what recognition the man did get, when my little John appeared again, and sold me my own ballpoint pen for twopence-halfpenny. My informant praised my boy's knowledge of the value of money. But I never did find out how that quick-witted bus driver had been rewarded.



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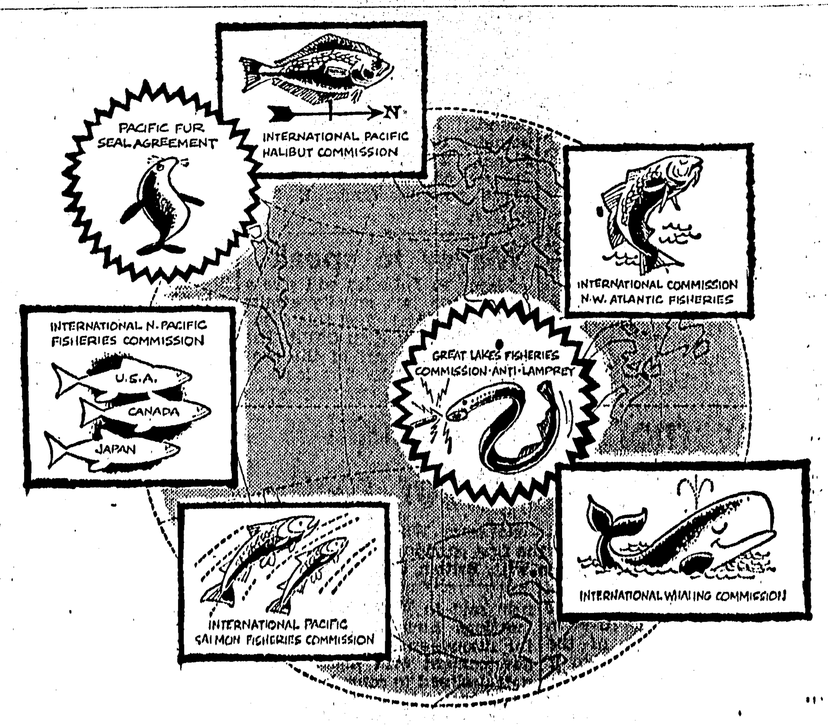

INTERNATIONAL CO-OPERATION
means wise use of fishery resources

Canada has been a pioneer in the establishment of international commissions, the aims of which are to conserve and develop stocks of fish, sustaining their productive level whenever this is threatened by natural and human causes.

This country is a party to three bilateral fishery agreements with our neighbor to the south, and is also a member of four international conventions which include other countries in addition to the United States.

Fish populations renew themselves if given the chance. The purpose of international co-operation is to make sure that they *are* given this chance . . . through practical programmes of scientific research and by common sense fisheries regulations.

DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES
OTTAWA, CANADA
HON. J. ANGUS MACLEAN, M.P., MINISTER — GEORGE R. CLARK, DEPUTY MINISTER