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Snow time should be slow time

IF THE snow is still with us when this appears in print (sometimes it is and sometimes it isn't) we would like to make a plea both for and of the pedestrian.

We know from experience that when the streets are icy and slippery it is pretty hard for motorists to start and stop quickly not matter how good their tires are or how mechanically perfect their car is. Once started up an incline, a driver hopes to heaven that no starts across the street in front of him to cause him to stop. The same applies going down hill toward a crosswalk. For that reason we urge pedestrians to give the drivers a break in slippery treacherous weather, by waiting until a vehicle is passed before crossing a street.

A car or truck with good brakes and good tires can still slide into a person, if the driver has to stop suddenly. It's best to play it safe at all times.

At the same time, when it's thawing, as it often does later in the day, we beg drivers to go more slowly through the deep slush that gathers at street corners. Invariably when cars swish around corners through six inches of slush, someone on the sidewalk gets splashed. It is bad enough that a person gets soaking wet, but most times the muddy snow and water is so dirty that a cleaning job is inevitable. Persons splashed on the way to work or children splattered going to school are forced to sit in wet clothes for the rest of the morning before they can go home and change. We ask both drivers and pedestrians to put themselves in the others place for a moment. They'll see that a little thoughtfulness and courtesy pays off.

Bomarc-B improves

In spite of its troubled and much criticized beginning, the Bomarc-B missile, which Canada is to acquire, seems to be improving. At the end of last week a Bomarc B was successfully fired a ditance of 345 miles in a performance range test.

In early tests, when failure was following failure, this missile received a very bad name in Canada. It was assumed that the test failures indicated a fundamental defect in the missile's design. All too often, however, criticism of the missile's performance was used to justify an opposition to its purchase by Canada that was really based on strategic and political reasons, which is a vastly different thing.

It may well be that the early failures of the Bomarc-B will come in perspective to seem not abnormal but normal. Every new weapon must go through a careful testing period. It is the exception for a weapon to be so perfectly designed that it needs no improvements and changes based on performance tests.

Whatever opposition to the Bomarc-B may remain for strategic or political reasons, the weapon itself now seems to be much improved. There seems much less danger that before that Canada will be burdened with a weapon too unreliable to be trusted.

Bad times in prosperity

An inventor came to one of the Roman emperors and showed him a plan for a better hoist to be used in construction jobs.

"Destroy it," the emperor said. "That machine would put men out of work and we have too many unemployed now."

Will the United States have to put a moratorium on inventions and technological progress? No, because that is impossible in the kind of civilization we have. Our whole society is geared to constant progress.

But this country must face soon the problem of the Roman emperor — and come up with a different answer. America has growing unemployment in an era of unprecedented prosperity and an ever rising standard of living.

Since 1947, the civilian labor force has increased by 9.5 million, but jobs have increased by 8.3 million. It is estimated that the labor force will increase by 13 million in this decade, but that increase in the number of jobs will be much smaller. This nation is on the verge of having a large class of chronically unemployed persons.

Whenever such a class has developed in history, civilization has suffered. The chronically unemployed become political pawns to be at once appeased and manipulated by the unscrupulous. The "rabble" was a constant political factor in declining Rome; when the government failed to deliver "bread and circuses" — relief and entertainment — the unemployed revolted and overthrew the government.

The United States must face this problem before it becomes a major crisis. Automation will inevitably increase; therefore, jobs of other kinds must be developed.

Such jobs can be created on two levels. First, through more education, the shortage of workers of the professional classes can be met. The nation can have enough teachers, professors, doctor, nurses, military officers, scientists, clergymen, intellectual leaders and artists to create the kind of civilization America should become.

Second, the United States can tackle the massive challenges of conservation of natural and human resources. There is enough that needs to be done to keep millions of hands employed for years.

The United States cannot afford to have a chronically unemployed class. The purpose of automation is to free men for other work while providing them with a higher standard of living. The rising productivity breaks down if the men cannot find the work.

American civilization is entering a new era which can reach a level of excellence that cannot be fully imagined now. Or it can go the way of ancient Rome if millions of men are dispossessed of their human dignity and significance by the machines they have invented.

—Wichita (Kan.) Beacon

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

U.K. politics calm despite byelections

By ED SIMON
Canadian Press Staff Writer

In spite of the stimulation of seven byelections in two days, Britain remains politically becalmed.

The conscientious electors braved wind and rain to do their duty at the polls. But the results offered no portents of upheaval.

Six Conservative candidates took the field in defence of seats won by Prime Minister Macmillan's government in last year's general election and all six came home in triumph. A Labor-held constituency in Wales, loftily disregarding reports of the party's disintegration, elected a Labor man by a thumping majority.

* * *

The voting was dominated by no outstanding issue. If the voters of Ebbw Vale who sent left-winger Michael Foot to Westminster, sought to strengthen Labor's move towards a defence police of unilateral nuclear disarmament, their sentiments were not echoed elsewhere.

Liberal candidates pushed Labor into third place in four constituencies but only one of them came within shouting distance of the winning Conservative. And there are no consolation prizes in the political world for men who finish second.

The Conservatives, writing off their modest loss of electoral support, could credit their good fortune in approximately equal proportions to luck and the celebrated imperturbability of their leader.

Even an undivided Labor party and a better organized Liberal machine would have been hard put to find anything to inflame the voters.

Ever since Macmillan doused down the fires of the Suez controversy on taking over from Sir Anthony Eden four years ago, British politics have been conducted in low key.

There have been financial crises, but they have not emerged clearly from the jargon of the economic experts. Unemployment and housing shortages have bred discontent, but only in the regions affected. International tensions have simply served to rally voters behind the government.

Even the location of the by-elections has worked for the Tories. Immediately after last year's general election, Labor lost an MP in a seat they had won by a bare 47 votes. The Conservatives won it by 600.

In this week's balloting, apart from the marginal seat of Bolton East, where they barely scraped through, there wasn't a constituency where the result was in any serious doubt.

Timely repeat

It is time for ourselves and our friends on Formosa to face the facts. Communist China cannot be conquered from Formosa. The essential task is to keep the spark of freedom alive on Formosa. When that task is viewed in its right proportions the Quemoy and Matsu islands shrink to what they are — inconsequential heaps of rock and soil not worth the shedding of blood or the risk of world-wide catastrophe.

— From the New York Times of more than five years ago, republished a week ago.

DEEPEST WELL. A drilling rig sits over Canada's deepest well, a 16,540-foot hole in the mountainous Crowsnest Pass region of eastern British Columbia. Workers took 230 days to reach the three-mile-plus depth, using both mud and air drilling to bring the cuttings from the bottom of the hole. Another record was set in the same operation when the Commonwealth Drilling Company crew went 15,472 feet down before casing was needed. Commonwealth was contracting for the California Standard Company. At latest report no gas or oil had been discovered. —CP Photo

The Packsack of Gregory Clark

When I saw the first of these new hats that are decreed as the fashion for this season, I reassured myself that there was another fashion that would not catch on. It not infrequently happens that a tremendous publicity buildup is given to a new style that sputters out like a damp squib.

But while the majority of women and girls you see downtown are still as normal-looking as ever, the number who have taken to the new hats is larger than I expected.

Not trusting my own opinion in such matters, I stood behind two competent-looking young men, in a shop doorway, who were enjoying the noon-hour spectacle. A fortyish lady went by, wearing one of the large new creations.

"She looks," said one of my appraisers, "like a teapot with the wrong lid on it."

A moment later, another brave woman teetered past, burdened in the new mode.

"Is it a pail she has on?" asked one.

"Could she be upside down?" responded the other.

BEATNIK BLUES

Beautiful thing --- like cash left life when work stopped

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP) — Remarks that a beatnik gets tired of hearing:

"Oswald, the landlord says if we don't pay up the back rent by tomorrow we'll have to find another pad."

"Why is it you never talk to me any more, Oswald? All you do is just sit there beating on your bongo drum."

"I don't care how much you denounce conformity — something beautiful went out of our life when you quit working steady. I think it's called cash."

"Being a beatnik is like being a president — the problem is where do you go from there?"

"The leaves are falling, daddy-o." Don't you think it's time to sew on your long underwear for the winter?"

* * *

"You call that drivel poetry? It sounds to me like Edgar Guest with a mental breakdown."

"We're your new neighbors, man. Can we borrow a cup of gin? We just ran out."

"He gets a big thrill out of being told he looks exactly like Fidel Castro, but there's one big difference. Oswald doesn't have an army. He doesn't even have a camp follower."

"Why are you looking so pale, Oswald All I said was that in the old days people used to take baths on Saturday nights."

"His basic trouble is that he is too heavy for light work, and too light for heavy work."

"Oswald is the creator of the world's first all - mood poetry. Read it one way and it's sad. Read it backward and it sounds quite gay."

* * *

"But officer, bongos aren't like radio or television. You can't turn them down—and if you could you'd lose the whole effect."

"I am talking English, daddy-o—I mean your honor, I said Oswald got bugged 'cause the fuzz busted up the rumble on his pad dawn-wise."

"Oswald, I wish you'd remove your sandals during your yoga exercises. The landlord says none of his other tenants leave footprints on the ceiling."

"I'm from the state unemployment insurance office, Mac. We don't get many calls for out-of-work Zen-Buddhist philosophers. Is it okay if we put you down for the snow removal gang?"

"He used to go through life laughing and scratching. Now he just scratches."

"But, Oswald, by not conforming aren't you really conforming with the nonconformists in a way?"

gems of thought

There never was any heart truly great and generous, that was not also tender and compassionate.—Robert South.

The less tenderness a man has in his nature the more he requires of others.

—Ibn Rahel.

Tenderness accompanies all the might imparted by Spirit.

—Mary Baker Eddy.

With the classics

Measure Earth

And all the beauty of the
earth the little idly lovely
things
that grow on stems and move
on wings,
suggest, perhaps, a secret
worth of which we have not
been aware,
scales and weights we have
not used,
a different mode and range of
fair,
value and unvalue fused.

Beyond our weak imaginings,
a single flake of snow drifts
down
spirals to its vanishing in a
chimney of the town.
Flake and chimney, measure
each;
for one is the height and
weight of man
and one is beyond his utmost
reach.

—Harold Melvin.

Victoria Report by J. K. Nesbitt

VICTORIA—The prize mystery of the Legislative Buildings is the origin of the mottoes and proverbs in the stained glass along the main stairways and corridors leading to the legislative chamber block.

And who was it chose those quotations when the Buildings were erected in the 1890's? We'll likely never now know.

Thousands of people a year walk up and down these corridors and stairways, past the stained glass, with never a look at it, which is their loss, for it's splendid, historic, fascinating and quite priceless, because its like could not be manufactured today.

A search among the books of quotations in the Provincial Library turns up no clue as to the authors of these proverbs:

"The virtue of adversity is fortitude."

"Without economy none can be rich, with it none can be poor."

"Great effects come of industry and perseverance."

"Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to win all the duties of life."

Next time you come to your capital city of Victoria, and visit your Legislative Buildings, take half an hour to study the stained glass.

There are windows dedicated to Greek philosophers, orators and statesmen, in the hope that B.C.'s MLA's will study their lives, which none of them do: Socrates, Solon, Aristides, Zaleucus, Plato, Cicero, Lycurgus, Minos, Pericles, Zoroastero.

In the legislative lobby the stained glass windows are in sets of three.

For instance, in the transom is the word Commercium, on the two windows below are Navigatio and Agricultura.

Other sets of three are as follows:

Divinitas—Pietas, Theologia; Labor— Applicatio, Industria; Artes—Musica, Architectura; Literatura — Romantica, Historia; Scientia—Hygeia, Arithmetica.

Another question that pops into mind: where were these windows made?

The government should arrange to have all this fine stained glass floodlit at night. After dark, the windows turn black, because of the black sky. They only light up in sparkling color, in brilliant sunshine, and there are lots of days in winter, in Victoria, when there's no sun at all—leave us face the fact, tourist promotion people to the contrary notwithstanding.

Perhaps some of you who read this may be able to supply the answer to this difficult question: who were the authors of the quotations in the stained glass windows in the Legislative Buildings?

Housing for elderly

From the Houston Post

Providing decent housing for older citizens of low income, at a price they can afford to pay and suited to their special needs, has come to be recognized as a growing need throughout the nation. The Houston Housing Authority has acted commendably in doing something to meet this need locally even though it is on a limited scale.

The authority has set aside a section of the San Felipe Courts public housing project, designated it as the Bluebonnet Area and remodeled 41 apartments there by installing special features for the comfort and convenience of older citizens who meet the eligibility requirements. Various special services also will be provided.

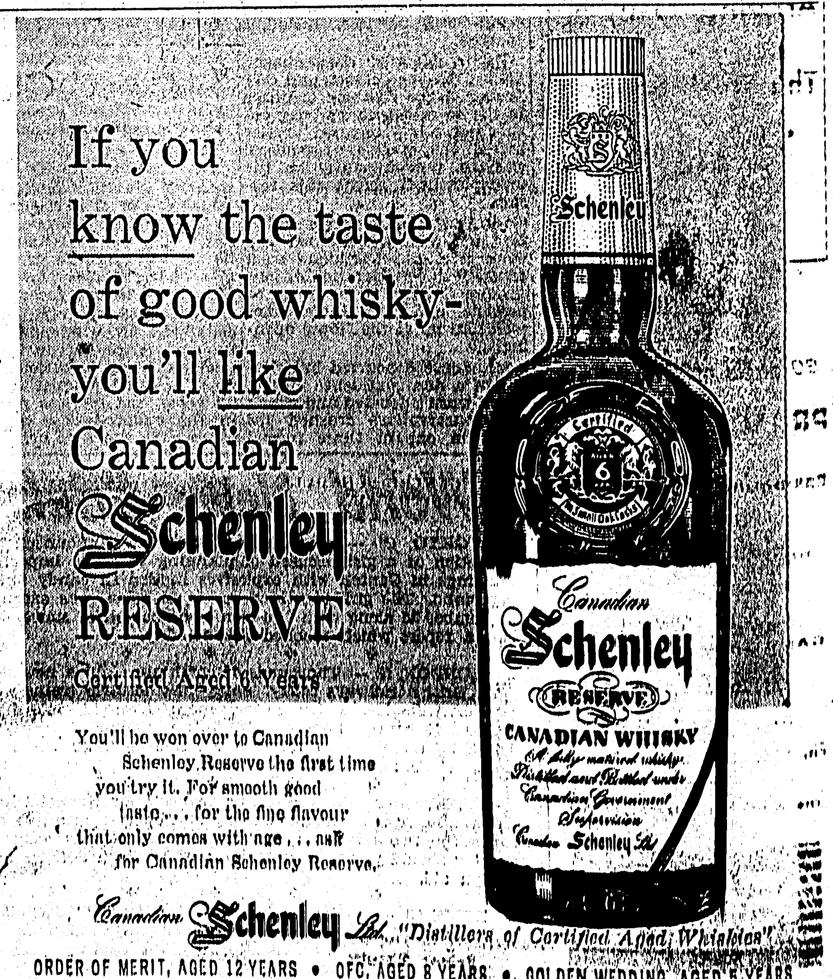
These apartments will meet only a very small part of Houston's total need for housing of this type, but they put the spotlight on the need and demonstrate what can be done. It is hoped that the project will stimulate action by others, including private enterprise. In any event, officials of the HHA are entitled to praise for recognizing their responsibility in this field and for their initatve.

The lighter side

Wife, complaining bitterly to her husband: "Just look at me. My clothes are so shabby that if anyone came to the door they would think I was the cook."

Husband: "Not if they stayed for dinner."

* * *

A woman reported the disappearance of her husband to the police. "Is there any message you wish to give him in case we find him," she was asked.

"Yes," she replied. "Tell him Mother didn't come after all."