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We can all learn from alcoholism institute

The problem of the alcoholic and a survey of its significance has been under discussion this afternoon at the Civic Centre where the Alcoholism Foundation of British Columbia has been holding an institute sponsored by the Rotary Club.

Tonight, in addition to addresses on "The Alcoholic, His Problems and His Treatment" and "Alcoholism and Social Damage — Children — Traffic — Industry" there will be a panel discussion on "What Can Our Community Do About Alcoholism?"

Prince Rupert is fortunate to be a community which has already recognized that there is an alcoholism problem here and wishes to do something about it. That alcoholism is an illness that is creeping through almost every phase of life, is something the city has faced and has begun to seek a solution.

It is therefore essential that as many residents as possible attend some of tonight's sessions to learn as much as they possibly can. We are not suggesting they attend because they are alcoholics. We are saying that they should be there so that they will gain vital information on dealing with alcoholics, because there is hardly a branch of the business and professional world today which hasn't its share of alcoholics.

Dr. Osher Minovitz, Foundation clinic physician, said recently that he and the foundation believe it is essential to treat "the whole man." It is not good enough or sufficient to see the patient in relation to his or her use of alcohol alone. All secondary or less obvious complications must be looked for first and properly disposed of where possible, before concentrating all attention on the patient's alcohol problem.

We all have friends, acquaintances or business associates who have an alcohol problem. Maybe we've even discussed it with them, in an effort to help them. By our very lack of knowledge, by our bumbling efforts we may have driven the shame-ridden problem drinker deeper into the mire.

Today's institute is the start of a campaign to help alcoholics in Prince Rupert. Only by learning all we can, will we be able to make further progress. Four members of the Foundation staff have left their work in Vancouver to help us here. Let us show that we are willing to learn to help others.

Why Johnny can't write

Two separate news stories of the past week, both about education, were closely connected.

W. C. McMaster, assistant superintendent of curriculum in the Ontario Education Department, had some advice for elementary school teachers. He told them to liberate their pupils' imaginations from the rules of grammar, punctuation and spelling, and encourage them to write "in the white heat of creativity".

At another teachers' meeting, Grattan O'Leary, veteran Ottawa Journal editor, asked: "Why is it so many of our young people come out of high schools and colleges unable to write two sentences in plain English?"

If McMaster's ideas are prevalent in the schools — and he seems to be pedagogical high priest ex officio — there you have the answer to O'Leary.

James Joyce learned to write plain sentences before his white-hot imagination brought forth Ulysses. Picasso learned to draw conventionally before he painted the distortions that made him rich and famous. Modern music-makers learned scales and five-finger exercises before giving out with their strange rhythms and chords.

The McMaster philosophy of education or non-education, is downright disastrous. A school system based on it would be a sheer waste of the taxpayers' money.

— The Financial Post

James K. Nesbitt abroad . . .

Daily News legislative columnist James K. Nesbitt is en route to London aboard the SS Orcades. He is sending his column periodically by mail. Here is the first:

By JAMES K. NESBITT

ABOARD SS ORCADES, outward bound for the Orient, India, the Mediterranean and London — Travel is so broadening, and one meets such interesting people; cliches, yes, but facts nonetheless.

When we get to sea we leave our racial biases (let none of us pretend we do not have them, in one way or another) on the shore. We may have prejudices at home, can't stand a certain nationality. But when we meet at sea we usually find people of all nations very pleasant and friendly, and we become ashamed of our prejudices, and we see the foolishness of condemning a whole nationality just because we have met one or two bumptious people from that nation. There are bumptious people everywhere — and I'd like to tell you I've met plenty of bumptious Canadians, so we should not feel smug.

It's true one meet such interesting people; for instance, pert Miss Molly Idiens, an expert legal stenographer from Penticton, on her way around the world in this 28,000-tonner. She'll see the sights of Japan, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Ceylon, Bombay, the Suez (she wants to ride camel-back over the desert to look at the pyramids and the sphinx in the moonlight), Naples, and then London, where she'll disembark, do the grand tour of Europe, before going home to British Columbia's beautiful Okanagan Valley.

There's a pretty dark-eyed miss, in colorful sari, going home to New Delhi after studying at University of British Columbia, and a black-eyed lady from Rio, on a world tour; and Australians and New Zealanders, and Americans and Canadians, the latter two baffling everyone else because we look alike and talk alike and they can't tell us apart, a remark which may upset some Canadians, but that's the way it is.

Enjoyed a talk in the ocean sun with Prince Edward Island's Provincial Secretary and Minister of Tourism, J. David Stewart, off for a Honolulu vacation with his wife.

Of course, the talk turned to politics — and young Mr. Stewart, who admitted to a sneaking admiration for the showmanship of our Premier Bennett, says his province stays strictly with the Liberals and Conservatives — one in, and the other out, and then vice versa, and will never have anything to do with Social Credit and CCF.

REPORT FROM PARLIAMENT By FRANK HOWARD

Parliament has just concluded a special two day debate on external affairs which was looked upon, in some circles, as being one of extreme importance.

This attitude is a natural one. In recent months the newspapers have been full of happenings in other parts of the world. There is the internal strife in Laos. The Algerian war has been going on for years, culminating recently in an abortive rebellion. One could go on and on recounting events in various trouble spots in the world ever since the end of the Second World War, but this would only result in a list which moves from one difficulty to another.

The interest, though, of the members of the House of Commons did not meet the expectations. At one stage during the debate the House attendance dwindled to 26 out of the 261 members. In other words, one member was present for every nine that were absent. Perhaps this reflects the interest of the nation as a whole. To me members of parliament are interested in parliamentary debates in proportion to the interest of their constituents. Some members, for instance find that fisheries problems are very dull and dry; almost as dry as the prairies during a drought. But when there is a drought on the prairies these same members are then intensely interested.

One thread was woven throughout the debate and that was that Canada must support our friends and condemn our enemies. It seems, for arguments sake, that we should not be critical of the United States for this would appear as a chink in our political armor and the enemy would take advantage of it. This is spurious reasoning for it could lead to the state of mind in which one thinks that the U.S. can do no wrong.

It seems to me that there must be room for making critical comments about one's friends. After all we do this in every day life. Even in marriage everything is not always sweetness and light and each partner to the marriage doesn't always agree with actions of the other.

It is true that philosophically we are in agreement with the western nations and I would want it to remain that way. Our concepts of democracy are such that we can have no other political alignment.

Iwould have liked the external affairs debate to have followed a course which would have shown to the rest of the world that Canada is an independent country and has independent ideas and that we are not afraid to express those ideas. This course, to me, would allow us to play a much stronger role in waging the battle for peace than is now possible.

A Bible Thought for Today

With the same measure that ye mete withal shall it be measured to you again. Luke 6:38.

A niggardly merchant who skimps in quality is soon out of business. If you want freinds you must show yourself friendly.

OUTFOXED — Seven fox cubs ended up on a clothes line recently when a hunter wandered upon a group near Petrolia, Ont. The cubs were found in a deep den and had to be hung up for drying purposes before being turned over to the Department of Lands and Forests for possible research purposes. — CP Photo

TIME AND PLACE . . . by Stan Rough

RAY SKOGLUND AND THE HOT SPRINGS

On September 26, 1957, this column gave a brief history of the Lakelse Hot Springs and ended by quoting Lloyd Johnson, then owner of the springs.

"Some day," stated Mr. Johnson, "they will be developed to become a health resort and tourist attraction." Little did we realize that within a year the hot springs would become one of the biggest all year round tourist attractions in Northern British Columbia.

It wasn't a big hotel chain or American capital that developed the Springs, it was Ray Skoglund of Terrace. Ray came to Terrace in 1951, logged for the Columbia Cellulose Company and engaged in maintenance and construction work for the Canadian National Railways.

He secured a contract to clear land and build streets for the new town of Kitimat and formed the Lakelse Construction Company in 1954. Before moving to Terrace Ray worked five years in the Northwest Territories for a transportation company hauling freight by cat and boat. He was a member of the police force in his home town of Edmonton and served in the RCAF working on airfield construction and maintenance.

After the war he worked for one year with the newly organized land clearing division of the Department of Agriculture. He also logged at Stewart and Babine Lakes, operated a sawmill near Prince George and did contract work for the Department of Highways.

When Ray Skoglund bought the 320 acre Lakelse property from Lloyd Johnson in June, 1958, the development of the hot springs into a health and tourist resort that people thought was several million dollars and 25 years away, became a reality in four months. Ray had the courage, vision, enthusiasm, equipment, credit and know-how to work a miracle.

Eight acres were cleared of heavy timber and underbrush and for the first time daylight appeared in the swamp. Twenty thousand cubic yards of gravel were hauled in for roads, parking for two hundred cars, picnic and trailer sites and land for the buildings to serve the pools.

On August 17, 1958, a concrete pool, 75 feet by 18 feet with a water temperature of 95 degrees served by an up-to-date building with a lounge, fireplace, snack bar, dressing rooms, and sanitary facilities was in operation. In November of the same year the pool was enclosed with a plastic covering.

In the spring of 1959 a second concrete pool, 100 feet by 50 feet with a water temperature of 85 degrees was constructed. Both pools are served by the main hot spring 95 feet in diameter with a temperature of 140 degrees and a daily flow of 150,000 gallons. The second pool has a depth range from zero to 10 feet. It has underwater lighting, high and low diving boards, and is enclosed by a fence on two sides to break the wind. In the summer life guards are in attendance. On the south side of the pool are dressing accommodations for 400 guests, a steam bath room and two rooms equipped with 4 feet by 8 feet Roman baths for those requiring special therapeutic treatment. Above the dressing rooms 10 deluxe furnished suites for guests are located. All the hot water for the pools, indoor baths and steam baths is piped from the main spring.

The outstanding feature of the spring water is that although it is high in mineral content, mainly calcium, magnesium, sodium and lithium, it contains no sulphur and thus eliminates the disagreeable odor of springs with a high sulphur content.

Other accommodations for visitors include parking for 50 trailers, and 24 tent camps equipped with a stove, tables and chairs.

To date 75,000 people have visited the pools as bathers and another 50,000 as spectators. Fifty-five trailers have been registered, the tent camps have accommodated groups and the furnished suites 500 guests.

People come from California and other of the United States along the Pacific Coast as well as from the Western Canadian border; from the Lower Mainland and the towns along Highway 16. Some come for health reasons and many have benefitted by bathing in the warm, soothing mineral water. Others have come because all year round swimming is available and it is a wonderful place for youngsters. Few people who visit the district fail to visit the springs and marvel that so much has been done in such a short time to provide such enjoyment and recreation.

The Packsack of Gregory Clark

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An out-of-town lady friend of ours was in the city on a shopping spree, and after disposing of nearly all her money she thought she would have a look at some shoes at one of our most fashionable shoe shops. She really didn't need shoes. Like most ladies, she has shoes in those wall-bags climbing up the inside of the doors of half the closets in her house. But you know. A shopping trip.

The shoe shop is on the north-west corner of an intersection of the fashionable uptown shopping district. On arriving at the south-east corner, our friend paused to await the lights turning. When they did so, she started across. As she got half way over, a big grey passenger bus began to edge forward to make a right hand turn. Our friend paused, smiled up at the driver, and nodded him to go ahead. He nodded at her to go ahead. So she sprinted.

She was wearing these pencil thin heels. One of them caught in the cobbles of the pavement. She tripped right out of her shoes, both of them. And stumbling forward under the bow of the bus, she just regained her balance on reaching the sidewalk. The bus made the turn.

It ran over BOTH her shoes, squashing them flat. In her stocking feet, and with the aid of kindly passers-by, she made it to the shoe store on the far corner. She feels she was really intended to have a new pair of shoes.

Hazardous duty

From the New York Herald-Tribune

A Secret Service man expects to be assaulted by mobs in foreign capitals. He calmly takes his chances on everything from rotten eggs to home-made bombs. But surely the recruiters didn't tell him anything about having Presidential golf balls bounced off his head, as happened to one unlucky Presidential bodyguard down in Palm Beach the other day.

We wouldn't blame the Secret Service for silently wishing that Mr. Kennedy had spent less of his time last year criticizing President Eisenhower for playing golf, and more of it straightening out his own hooks and slices.

The rain's already with us

The rain's already with us
tossing silent air.
The swallows skim spent
waters close by the Lombard
lakes,
fly like gulls at little fish;
beyond the garden enclosures,
the scent of hay.

Again a year is burned,
without lament, without a cry
upraised to win us—suddenly
—a day.

Salvatore Quasimodo.

All Aboard

with G. E. MORTIMORE

You never saw such hard workers as amateur boat people. There they are, scraping, sanding, caulking, lifting, pushing and painting.

If a judge sentenced them to do this work as a punishment, they would cry out against the penalty as harsh and inhuman.

Seeing that nobody has ordered them to work on boats, however, they are doing it—and enjoying it.

It's true that they stop now and then to gaze at the blue sea, and the gulls gliding overhead, and the kingfisher chattering down to grab a fish. It's a beautiful day.

The boat people do knock off work occasionally to have a beer (just so that the sanding machine doesn't get too hot and burn itself out). They peel off their shirts and absorb the sunshine.

But they are soon back scraping and hammering and brushing with mad enthusiasm.

Some of them are office workers who make their living with words, figures, ideas and papers. They are the ones who especially enjoy working on boats. It makes them feel that they are doing something real, instead of puzzling over dreams and abstractions.

You might think that they would be able to get some of these joys from fixing and tidying their own yards and digging in the garden.

Does it work that way?

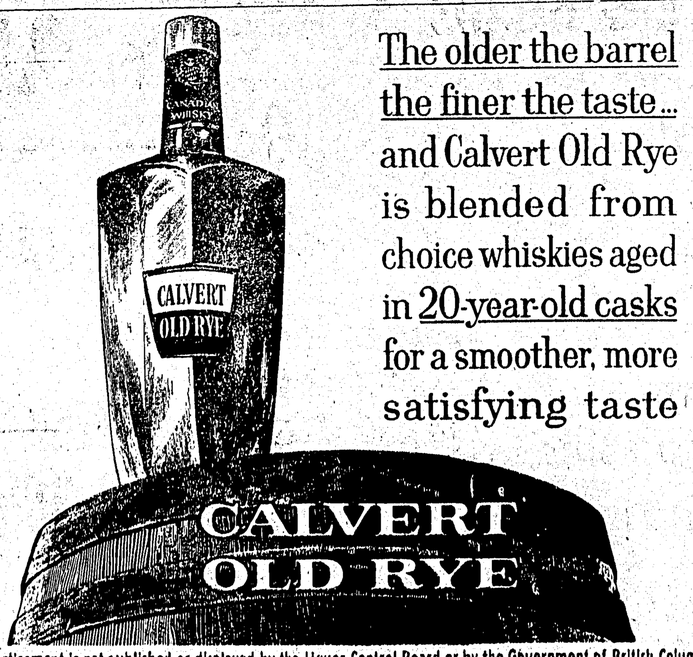
Sometimes. More often, however, you'll find groves of dandelions and nettles, waist-high plains of couch grass, and jungles of blackberry vines.

"Who owns that unkempt hermit's nest," the tourists inquire. "Some fanatic who is disgusted with the world? Some absentee landlord?"

"Oh, no," the neighbors answer, wearily, "just one of the boat people."

A young bachelor is still trying to decipher a letter he received from one of his girl friends. It said:

"Dear Jack, I hope you are not still angry with me. I want to explain that I was really joking when I told you I didn't mean what I said about reconsidering my decision not to change my mind. Please believe I really mean this. Love, Grace.



The older the barrel the finer the taste... and Calvert Old Rye is blended from choice whiskies aged in 20-year-old casks for a smoother, more satisfying taste

CALVERT OLD RYE

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