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JOHN F. MAGOR
President

J. R. AYRES
Editor

G. P. WOODSIDE
General Manager

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Let's laugh whenever we feel like it

SOMETIME this year five special weeks have been set aside in the United States when Americans will be urged to smile, laugh and be otherwise officially jolly. This must represent the peak of American efforts to jolt 160,000,000 citizens out of recessionitis or perhaps Cold Waritis. It also must be the end of natural humor for our hitherto jovial neighbors to the south.

Surely life down there hasn't become so grim that the populace has to be reminded, at appropriate intervals, that they should take time out for a few hearty and therapeutic laughs.

Let us hope that there is sufficient Cockney, Welsh, Irish, Scot or any dozen of the naturally happy-go-lucky European countries' blood in us to be able to have a good spontaneous laugh out of life or even at ourselves whenever we feel like it. The oftener we laugh the better. Even the Native Indian, stoic though he may be, has a terrific sense of humor.

If we can't laugh at a moment's notice throughout the year, come what may, then we might as well pack it in now before the first inter-planetary ship lands here. The way things are done by high officialdom, the little men from outer space are liable to get here before Queen Elizabeth or Princess Margaret.

'Summer' time in October

VICTORIA Chamber of Commerce tourist trade group can count on strong public support for the proposal it has decided to make to the provincial government that daylight saving time should run for one month longer this year. The group, of course, must be prepared for objection from those who have no use for daylight saving time in any way. Opponents of this annual departure from standard time comprise only a small minority of the province's population, however, made up in the main of farmers and a few parents who have trouble getting their children to sleep.

The suggested addition of a month to the period when summer time applies is part of an effort to extend Victoria's tourist season to the end of October, which more often than not is one of the most delightful months of the year. It is not only those engaged in business with tourists who would welcome an extra month of "summer" time, however. In many ways another hour of daylight in the evening is more useful in October than it is in June or July. Saltwater fishermen, golfers, boat-owners, and all who engage in outdoor recreation would be glad of it—especially Victoria's innumerable gardeners, for October is a month in which there is a great deal needing to be done and little daylight in which to do it except at weekends.

For almost everybody, including those opposed to daylight saving time on principle, an hour of daylight is worth much more in the evening than in the morning by the time October arrives. If it would also encourage more tourists to spend vacations here during the so-called Indian summer that would be all to the good.

—The Victoria Colonist.

"Cum orf it, Charlie"

"CANADA is real good. Yes sir, we reckon it's a real fine country is Canada. It sure is okay by us."

Tempering our national pride, perhaps, is the fact that some other people think Canadians speak like this, that we have a reputation for conversing in the language of the stage hillbilly.

Full-page advertisements are currently running in some U.K. publications promoting the products of a British firm's recently established Canadian affiliate. The advertisements refer to the reception given in Canada to the company's goods.

Under the heading, "Candid Canada Speaks Its Mind," appear photographs of several Canadians, identified by name and address. They were interviewed "by a special reporter sent from London." One Canadian is quoted as saying: "It's real fine." Another: "I find it works real good. I reckon British goods are just fine." A third acknowledges that "It sure is okay by me."

Canadians do not speak naturally in this queer fashion nor will they feel flattered at the suggestion that they do. We are all in favor of British producers and others getting more closely acquainted with Canadian consumers but let's do it without phony trimmings or stage effects.

—The Financial Post.

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Russians crying for U.S. to forget past

By DAVID ROWNTREE
Canadian Press Staff Writer

It's a far cry from Nikita Khruschev's boast of last year: "We will bury you."

Anastas I. Mikoyan, the No. 2 man in the Soviet Union, is speeding across the United States telling the capitalists that the grave-diggers have been told to wait.

Instead of burying people opposed to Russia, Mikoyan is pleading that all sides agree to enter the recent past. This could pave the way for what the deputy premier called a "hot peace" in place of the cold war.

★ ★ ★

Everywhere he goes—to the government in Washington, the businessmen of the Middle West and California and the bankers of Wall Street — Mikoyan has been hammering one main theme:

"Let us forget the past and start again. We can talk and argue but let's not fight.

To do as he asked, a vast amount of pride would have to be swallowed in many capitals. It would involve overlooking the crushing of the Hungarian revolt, for example.

For political reasons, it may be impossible for the West to forget. Perhaps this is why Mikoyan appears to have received a warmer welcome from big business than from the government. His plain speaking has won admiration. One industrialist said in Cleveland:

"I'm just about the most anti-Communist businessman you can find. I have been following his arguments, trying to tear them to pieces. But I have decided he is telling the truth."

★ ★ ★

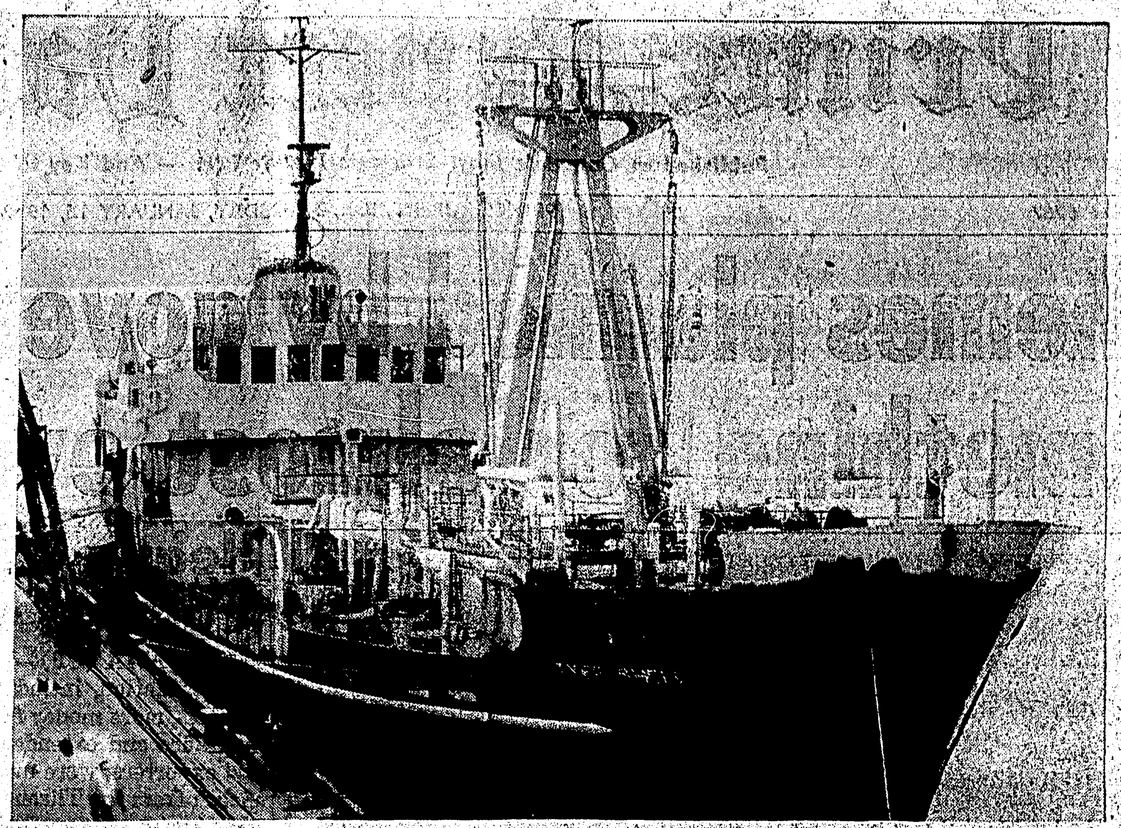
The unanswered question is, what do the Russians hope to get out of Mikoyan's jaunt?

It may well be a meeting of the leaders of Russia, the U.S. and Britain and perhaps other countries.

Mikoyan is asking for a new approach to all the differences between the two great power blocs. He may also be seeking an agreement with Germany, the biggest single cause for distrust and dispute. A summit meeting on Germany and Berlin could logically be expanded to cover difficulties.

To arrange such a parley will require even greater salesmanship than Mikoyan demonstrated to the businessmen. President Eisenhower and John Foster Dulles, with whom he meets later this week, will be seeking some written-in guarantees of success before they agree to face Khruschev.

Canada Winter Work Campaign
JAN FEB MAR



SCHEDULED TO arrive in Prince Rupert in the near future is the Shell Oil Company's new tanker MV Tyee Shell, shown above when she berthed in Vancouver after an 8,000-mile voyage through the Panama Canal from Montreal. Slated for service on the British Columbia coast she will take over the Prince Rupert run from the MV Western Shell, whose skipper Capt. Cecil Laing will assume command of the new 249-foot vessel. Capt. W. A. White succeeds Capt. Laing on the Western Shell. The new tanker has a capacity of 13,000 barrels.

All Aboard

By G.E. Mortimore

There's one good thing about the column business. It puts you in touch with nice people who smooth your way with kind words.

One of them accosted me, a benevolent soul who was itching to pass along a compliment. The conversation went something like this:

"I met a man who reads your column, the other day. Thought you'd like to know."

"Yes. Good of you to tell me. Who was it?"

"I don't know, but he was quite a fan of yours, that piece you write—what do you call it?"

"All Aboard."

"Yes, All Abroad. Frankly I must confess that I don't read it myself I'm too busy."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"That's all right. But this fellow I met—wish I could remember his name—he read your colmun, anyway. I thought you would like to hear about it."

"I certainly would."

"This fellow doesn't always see the paper. But he was telling me, he just happened to be cleaning out some shelves for his wife. and he found your column under an old jar of pickled walnuts that had gone mouldy."

"Is that so?" I said without enthusiasm.

"Yes. And he got tired of cleaning up, so he read your column. He really liked it. So he said to me, 'If you ever see Mortimore, you tell him I really liked that piece he wrote.' So I'm telling you."

"Thanks," I said.

"He told me what it was about, but I'm darned if I can remember now."

"Ah, well, that can't be helped."

"Anyway, he liked it, but mind you, he said, he didn't agree with what Mortimore wrote. It would be a funny thing if we all agreed about everything, wouldn't it?"

"The millenium would be here," I said.

"And then he happened to find another column of yours wrapped around some eggs. He didn't like that quite as much as the first one, but he told me to say hello to you anyway and keep up the good work."

"Thanks again," I said.

"You're welcome. Why wait until a man's dead to praise him? Tell him some of the nice things while he's still alive, I always say. Well, I thought you'd like to hear about that man. Keep writing, Mortimore."

Food for thought

From The Ottawa Citizen

The ritual of eating lunch from a brown paper bag takes the mind off the daily job, exercises the wits and yields much incidental intelligence about one's fellows.

Too late

From the Fredericton Gleaner

One thing is certain, we cannot turn back the clock and abolish TV. It is here to stay, and we must make the best of it.

Lolita missing

From The Toronto Telegram

Ask for a copy of the controversial novel Lolita by Vladimir Nabokov in the Toronto Public Library and you won't get it. This is not because the book is under a ban in Canada. Censors took time making up their minds about it, but it is now available.

It is available in department and book stores. It has made its appearance on hospital bedside tables and in domestic book shelves. Book borrowers can hardly wait for friends to finish reading it so that they can savor the unusual theme of a middle-aged man's attraction for a young girl. It has zoomed to the top of U.S. best-seller lists and maintained a leading position for the last 20 weeks.

But our public library officials say they "just haven't got around to buying it yet." Why so coy, fair library official, prithee why so coy?

There's more from the august and imposing literary fortress on College street: "Undoubtedly we'll eventually buy several copies because a lot of people will want to read it." Now that is a statement rich in innocence. If eventually, why not now?

Can it be that puritanical reluctance hangs heavy on library officialdom? Will Lolita, judged by many competent critics to be a literary masterpiece, contaminate the encyclopedic atmosphere of the book stacks? Now, see here, oh powers that decide the buying of library books, the age of mamma - don' - allow - such-books-in-here is past. Do order some copies of Lolita now. Please?

Like mother made

From The Winnipeg Tribune

Architects report a return of the old-fashioned dining room. Now if someone would just bring back the old-fashioned dinner.

Lighter side

A prize fighter who never amounted to much used to take out his disappointment by punching his wife around the house. He kept this up year after year until his wife after twenty years of constant abuse, couldn't stand it any longer and swore out a warrant for his arrest.

When the case came up in court, the wife told the judge about the punchings she had suffered over the years. The judge turned to the defendant and glowered:

"Well, what do you have to say about this?"

"Aw judge," the prize fighter said. "Don't pay any attention to her. She's punch drunk."

Where to begin?

From the Milwaukee Journal

"The arrangement of internal affairs in accordance with its own discretion is the inalienable right of every people."

Premier Khrushchev said that in an interview with Tass, Soviet news agency, recently.

The United States will certainly go along with that. And where shall we start? Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Albania, East Germany, Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania, Poland, Bulgaria?

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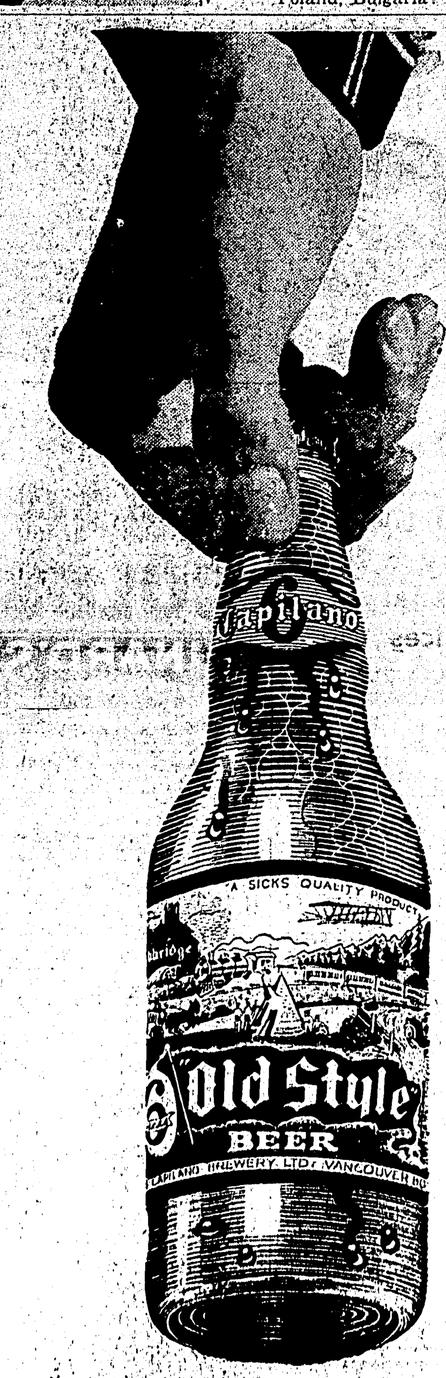

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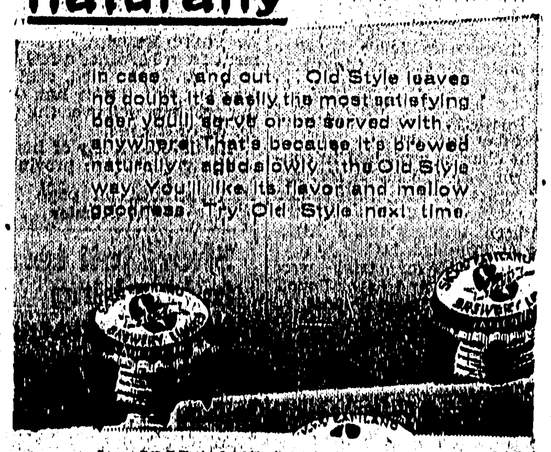

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