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JOHN F. MAGOR
President

J. R. AYRES
Editor

G. P. WOODSIDE
General Manager

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Mr. Hoffa's impudence

IT may be news to Mr. James Hoffa, president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, but Canada is a soverign country, with its laws made in Ottawa, not Washington. The attempt to force his union's Canadian officials to comply with the new labor legislation passed by the United States Congress last month is an impertinence which should be laughed across the border by the Canadian Teamsters.

In this country it is not against the law for a union official to be, or to have been, a Communist; he is not barred from office because he has a criminal record. Unless and until Parliament or the provincial legislatures decide such legislation would be in the public interest, Mr. Hoffa has absolutely no business interfering. He has enough to keep him busy in his own backyard.

The Canadian officers have refused to comply with the Hoffa order. Good for them! And if their refusal leads to reprisals—as a Hoffa aide threatened—or even expulsion of the Canadian locals from the international, so much the better.

That such threats could be made proves the action is motivated not by ignorance but by arrogance. The Canadian locals would have much to gain by being freed from the malevolent influence of their international president, and they would earn considerable respect in the eyes of the public for refusing to be intimidated, particularly on a matter of national principle.

The teamsters' attempt to extend jurisdiction of the new Labor Control Act into Canada is the first since the legislation was approved by Congress. We hope it is the last; such impudence does not sit well with Canadians. Other international unions would be well advised to consult their history books before contemplating similar action.

—The Toronto Globe and Mail.

Plans of mediocrity

The post office has issued what looks like a Christmas seal. There are three maple leaves in deep green—all nice and symmetrical and monotonous. The rest of the background is nauseating red with green overprinting.

Into the red is worked a lion, two fleur de lis and the word Canada. The date, amount and postage, in French and English, are in green. There is a line across the bottom, almost as an afterthought, that says "Plains of Abraham—Plaines d' Abraham."

The stamp looks as if it was designed by a color-blind second-class draughtsman who has limited imagination, limited ability and unlimited pull with the post office department.

—Fergus News-Record.

VICTORIA REPORT—by J. K. NESBITT

Hospital plan fine except for chronically ill

VICTORIA—British Columbia's doctors at their recent convention here, got to fueding with Health Minister Eric Martin about care of chronically-ill patients.

The MD's are frustrated and infuriated because, once a patient is declared to be chronic, he is turfed out of a general hospital, and then the question is: "What to do with him?"

If he has sufficient money he can find a bed, perhaps, in a private hospital; at around $300 a month. If he hasn't that kind of money he must go on social welfare—government charity—and find a bed in a public institution, which, as a matter of fact, can be a very good institution indeed, often far better than an expensive private hospital.

The doctors are incensed because chronics, after paying their sales tax for years for hospitalization, are cut off when they need it most.

The doctors should be incensed, too. Here is one of the greatest weaknesses of our otherwise excellent hospital insurance plan. You are robustly healthy for many years, and pay your sales tax, and then, after those years, something happens, and then, just when times are toughest for you, hospitalization is taken from you, and you're on your own, making your own arrangements, which fact doesn't help ease your aches and pains, indeed, adds to them, for you're worried financially as well as every other way.

All this is manifestly unfair, and the MD's know it, and want the government to do something about it. The government, through Mr. Martin, says something will be done, but that something is mightily slow in coming about.

This, as you can see, is a mighty problem. Care of chronics, under hospital insurance, is going to cost millions and millions a year. It might even be necessary to increase the sales tax to pay for it. But this care for chronics must come, otherwise many people, through the years, if they do not require hospitalization, are being robbed by the government.

Hospital insurance is pure socialism—everybody paying for the benefits for the comparative few.

This is all very well, and perhaps is good—provided that, if we should be so unfortunate as to have to take to our beds for three or four years, or the rest of our lives, we are fully covered, which we are not today. We are pitched out into the cold, hard world and told to make our own arrangements, just when we thought we'd be looked after.

LONDON LETTER

Butlers made, not born, says British expert

By STEWART MacLEOD
Canadian Press Staff Writer

LONDON—Britain, as nearly everyone knows, leads the world in the production of butlers. It's a sort of British speciality, like crumpets.

But few people, Britons included, seem to know how the perfect Butler is produced. Some say he is born, not made. Others, more frivolous, say his swift, silent movements are developed by jumping bus queues.

Not so, say the experts.

Samuel Bretson is one of those experts and he says the perfect butler is produced through training, nothing else. He should know; he trains them.

Anyone questioning Bretson's qualifications need only be reminded that he was chosen as Liberace's personal butler and valet during the American pianist's last tour of Britain.

At 70, he reached the summit.

✣ ✣ ✣

Bretson, a nimble-footed, meticulously-dressed little man, is the faculty at the Bretson domestic training school in nearby Wimbleton where he stands before his pupils, speaking in a crisp, distinct voice.

"When you press the master's trousers, don't just press the crease in them. Turn them inside out first and shrink out the bags at the knees."

✣ ✣ ✣

Then in a sterner voice he warns his class against any use of the word "pants." He peers through horned-rimmed glasses, brushes a speck off his trim black suit and explains why: "Pants are worn only by ladies. Gentlemen wear trousers."

His students, paying £10 for the comprehensive one-week course, listen attentively.

"Dark clothes are a must on duty. Bright things are for them, and we must not be like them. We must not have things like they do.

"A tennis racket? What do you want with that? You're a servant. Those things are for them."

Most of the students who study under Bretson are servants who want to better their positions. Footmen want an inside job, housemaids have designs on the parlormaids jobs, and the assistant butler wants to reach the top. They can all learn something from the school.

They are shown how to close doors silently, wash glasses without chipping them, where to put the mustard on the master's table (to the right of the main plate), and how to address others in the household.

This, for instance, is what the conscientious butler does when the master returns from a shooting expedition. "You help him off with his boots and it's 'Let me get your slippers, my lord,' and then you mix the right kind of drink when he is ready."

Although thousands of butlers have passed through Bretson's school since he founded it 30 years ago, far more work up through the ranks, learning by their own mistakes. They may start as hotel waiters, or even kitchen hands. But regardless of how they do it, says Bretson, it's still a matter of training.

Bretson himself worked his way up from houseboy. That's when he became an authority on washing glasses.

"Many's the time I was thankful to be sent to feed the chickens. It gave me a chance to chuck the broken glasses over the wall."

Even as a teacher Bretson has his difficulties. An irate gentleman stormed into his office one day and shouted, "You want to be careful how you teach these young people. They passed me in the street saying, 'Look at that man's trousers, now that's what Mr. Bretson meant about bagginess.' "

A Bible Thought for Today

They that wait for the Lord shall renew their strength like the eagle. Isaiah 40:31.

Harmonious living includes our relationship to the Infinite. Prayer is not just a sanctimonious formula, it is a recharging with power as well.

The Packsack of Gregory Clark

Where do books go? In what hidden places are they accumulating day by day, month by month, year by year, as the flood of them inexorably rises? Literally millions of books are pouring off the presses of the world.

Every book store and book department of the big stores is crowded with obviously eager purchasers. Mail order books and book-of-the-month books are streaming through the post. Paperbacks are being sold by the ton, not the gross; and every cigar store, news stand, super market and fancy goods shop has its rack of paperbacks off which the customers in search of something else can't resist picking a book.

But where do they end up? What happens to them? There certainly isn't enough room for large libraries in these countless acres of housing subdivision tea-cosy homes. In the ever-shrinking size of apartments in our ever-expanding apartment blocks there is little allocation of space for books.

What about Bibles? Bibles are never thrown out. Yet every year hundreds of thousands of new Bibles are published and sold to a tireless consuming public. Where are all the millions of Bibles that have been sold in Canada over the past three generations? If they are not thrown out, they must take up room somewhere.

Here is a mystery of the first class. In bulk, sufficient books have been published since 1900 to entirely bury all the cities, towns and villages of the world. But like snow, they seem to have melted away.

An informed public

Passing through Victoria this week en route to Hawaii, Mr. R. M. Cantlon, former publisher of the Saskatoon Star - Phoenix and widely known Canadian newspaperman, predicted that all media of communication serving the public would develop and expand with the natural growth of the Dominion as population increases. There was room, he said, for the competitive stimulus of TV, radio and journal publishing, with growing patronage for all three. The daily newspapers have been stimulated by competition and always, in his view, they will hold a special field of their own. That is the written record, setting out in plain terms the current history of the nation, the region and the community.

Mr. Cantlon, one of the early pioneers of The Canadian Press and the Canadian Daily Newspapers Association, noted some changes also on the part of the public. The inventions and discoveries of the age, the swiftly changing pattern of world events, and the need for more knowledge of technological advances have all contributed to the reading habits of most people. A well informed public is coming into being in response to the challenge of the times. In this the daily and weekly newspapers of the nation are playing a larger part than they probably have done at any other period of their existence.

Fairy story

Junior who had awakened at 2 a.m. and couldn't go back to sleep kept pestering his mother to tell him a story.

"Quiet," said his knowing mother. "Your father will be home soon and you can hear the one he tells me."

Canadian Auto Production

CARS—	This Year to Oct. 10 1959
General Motors:	
Buick	7,537
Chevrolet	60,879
Oldsmobile	12,400
Pontiac	48,336
	129,160
Ford:	
Edsel	1,610
Ford	41,120
Mercury	4,858
Meteor	26,154
Monarch	3,945
	77,687
Chrysler:	
Chrysler	4,607
Desoto	953
Dodge	15,661
Plymouth	12,841
	34,122
Studebaker-Packard:	
Studebaker	6,500
Total Cars	247,529
TRUCKS—	
General Motors	25,977
Ford	14,362
Chrysler	5,194
International	11,068
Total Trucks	56,601
Total Cars, Trucks	304,130

SOURCE: FINANCIAL POST

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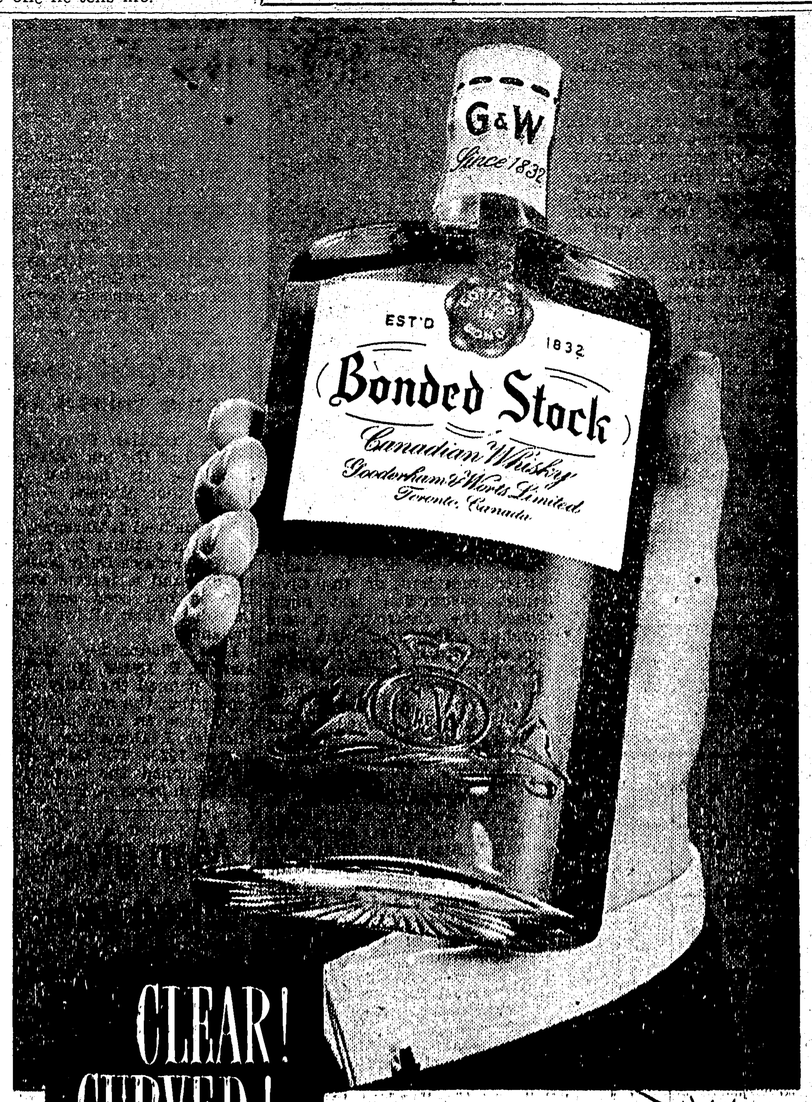

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Los Angeles	Jan. 21—7 AM	Jan. 21—Midnight
Acapulco	Jan. 25—8 AM	Jan. 26— 6 AM
Hilo	Feb. 1—8 AM	Feb. 1— 6 PM
Honolulu	Feb. 2—8 AM	Feb. 3— 1 AM
Los Angeles	Feb. 7—9 AM	Feb. 7—10 PM
San Francisco	Feb. 8—5 PM	Feb. 9— 4 PM
Vancouver	Feb. 11—1 PM	—

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