1910 — PRINCE RUPERT DAILY NEWS — 1961

An independent newspaper devoted to the upbuilding of Prince Rupert and Northern and Central British Columbia.
A member of the Canadian Press — Audit Bureau of Circulation
Canadian Daily Newspaper Publishers Association
Published by The Prince Rupert Daily News Limited

JOHN F. MAGOR, President — J. R. AYRES, Managing Editor

Authorized as Second Class Mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1961

Bell is tolling for us all

It is always useful in a "time of troubles" like this to step back and look around. The temptation, when the Congo erupts, when rioters storm Belgian embassies, when students in Asia stone USIA offices, when a young man in Havana overturns his country and upsets a hemisphere, to look at the particular event.

What we should do is to realize that none of these events is isolated. The now familiar quotation from John Donne comes to mind when a political leader is murdered in a Congolese village and American Negroes riot at the United Nations in New York. No man is an island and the bell is tolling for all of us.

Another temptation to be resisted is to think that the sound we hear is just the usual discords coming out of Moscow and Peiping. There is probably no more dangerous fallacy nowadays than to blame everything on Communism. But Communism takes advantage of the forces at work everywhere in the modern world to attack or weaken the West and to build up its own power.

If, by some happy miracle, Communism had been banished from the earth, the Africans would still have struggled as they did for independence, the Laotians would have quarreled, the Cubans would have had their revolution.

The revolution of our times, in so far as anything so vast and complicated can be pinpointed, is a demand by the people of the earth for a better life, for what many would call social justice. Men and women want land to till or jobs in the cities, schools for their children and hospitals when they are ill. They know now that it is not the will of God or Allah or destiny that they should live in misery. They know that justice should not be denied to them because they are black or brown or yellow, or because they were born to certain parents in certain places. And when they know what freedom means, they want freedom.

—New York Times.

The War Veteran Allowance increases

A government bill passed by Parliament and given royal assent, will substantially ease the lot of Canada's more than 66,000 War Veterans Allowance recipients.

The increase in rates is 20 per cent and the additional annual income for the recipients collectively amounts to $17 million. The bill was in the final stages of legislative processing when this issue went to press and by the time it reaches our readers will have become law.

Thus comes to an end, and a most satisfactory end, the long battle waged by the Legion on behalf of the 47,000 ex-servicemen and 19,000 widows receiving the WVA. Coming as it does, four month after the 20 per cent increase in war disability pensions, which provides an additional annual income, collectively, of $32 million for veterans in that category and their dependents, it is clear that 1961 is one of the most important years in the annals of war veterans' legislation in this country and therefore in the history of the Legion as the champion of all who have served.

The part played by the Legion in obtaining these benefits cannot be over-estimated, but it would be churlish indeed not to express warm and sincere appreciation to all our legislators who heeded the Legion's appeals and translated them into action, particularly Prime Minister Diefenbaker; DVA Minister Churchill; his predecessor, Senator Brooks; members of the Parliamentary Committee on Veterans' Affairs, as well as the private Members of Parliament who, irrespective of party and without a single exception, supported the Government's bill.

— The Legionary

Victoria Report by J. K. Nesbitt

VICTORIA — Lieut.-governor and Mrs. George Pearkes are turning out to be as energetic as any of their predecessors at Government House.

They're constantly on the go, here, there, everywhere in British Columbia, shaking hundreds of hands a week. His Honor is showing the same "never-give-up" streak he showed so long as an MP, for years as Minister of National Defence.

It's the first time in many, many years that a Lieut.-governor has been a Victoria resident. Usually lieut.-governors come from Vancouver, because that's where most of the wealthy men reside. We have to go back more than 40 years to find a Victorian as lieut.-governor — Sir Frank Barnard. However, there'll be no title for Gen. Pearkes. The Liberals threw out titles years ago, and even the Tories don't dare bring them back.

Because he knows his way around this capital so well, and has so many friends here, His Honor frequently spurns his chauffeured limousine, and walks down Rockland Avenue to town and back. He gets exercise and fresh air that way, he admires the gardens along the way, and he meets people who tell him they always voted for him, whether they did or not. Who voted for him all the years he sat in the House of Commons is no worry for the genial general now.

General Pearkes has more time to give his office than most of his predecessors, because he has no wide business interests that demand his presence in distant places. He's seldom away from Government House for long. He loves the place, and spends more time in the gardens than any lieut.-governor for years.

This week is typical for His Honor and Mrs. Pearkes: —

Monday: an official visit to the village of Sechelt, for a luncheon with the municipal council, and a visit to the Indian village. In Vancouver, in the evening, the governor and his lady attended the opening of the 1961 Arts Festival, and a performance of the New York City ballet.

Tuesday: Back at Government House His Honor met the recently-appointed consul in Vancouver for Ecuador. In the afternoon Mrs. Pearkes gave a tea-reception for a visiting newspaperwoman, Mrs. Amita Malik, from India.

Friday: a dinner party at Government House for His Honor's former cabinet colleague, and successor, Defence Minister Douglas Harkness, and Mrs. Harkness.

Saturday: His Honor opens the Highland Games at Victoria, and in the evening he and Mrs. Pearkes attend the summer ball at Victoria Tennis Club.

Next week comes a big event for His Honor — opening of the special session of the Legislature, but there won't be the fuss and feathers, the guns and bands and guests of a regular session.

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

U.K. at battle stations to restore economy

By DAVID OANCIA
Canadian Press Staff Writer

The British government has slammed the brakes on the country's spending spree in a battle plan aimed at restoring economic health.

"We are crashing in ahead of production and in the process making ourselves uncompetitive," said Chancellor of the Exchequer Selwyn Lloyd in his 30-minute "crisis budget" speech Tuesday to the House of Commons.

The chancellor outlined a program that will be a big step towards ending the crisis. Government spending is to be carefully controlled.

There are measures to reduce the amount of money people will have to spend.

Wages and salaries for public servants, including teachers, are to be held down. Business and industry have been asked to follow suit — a move that will almost certainly provoke the ire of the work force.

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Lloyd, however, is also placing much reliance on two tough financial measures. He increased the bank rate to seven from five per cent and slapped a 10 per cent increase on custom, excise and purchase (sales) taxes.

The latter measure will hit the pocket books of all Britons.

The higher bank rate, which will sharply increase the cost of borrowing money, should have the effect of dampening the desire to apply for bank loans.

In his preamble, the chancellor provided the background to his tough measures.

Home demand is increasing at a far faster pace than was anticipated. Investment is rising sharply. Labor shortages are general.

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Linked with this strong pressure for more consumer goods is what Lloyd described as a "critical" balance of payments situation. This has resulted largely from lagging exports and soaring imports.

"If rising personal demand and rising investment demand are not matched by increased production, the burden falls on the balance of payment," the chancellor said.

"We have less for exports and we import more. In addition prices go up, our competitiveness suffers and it becomes more difficult to sell our goods abroad."

Lloyd characterized his measures as the beginning of a pause.

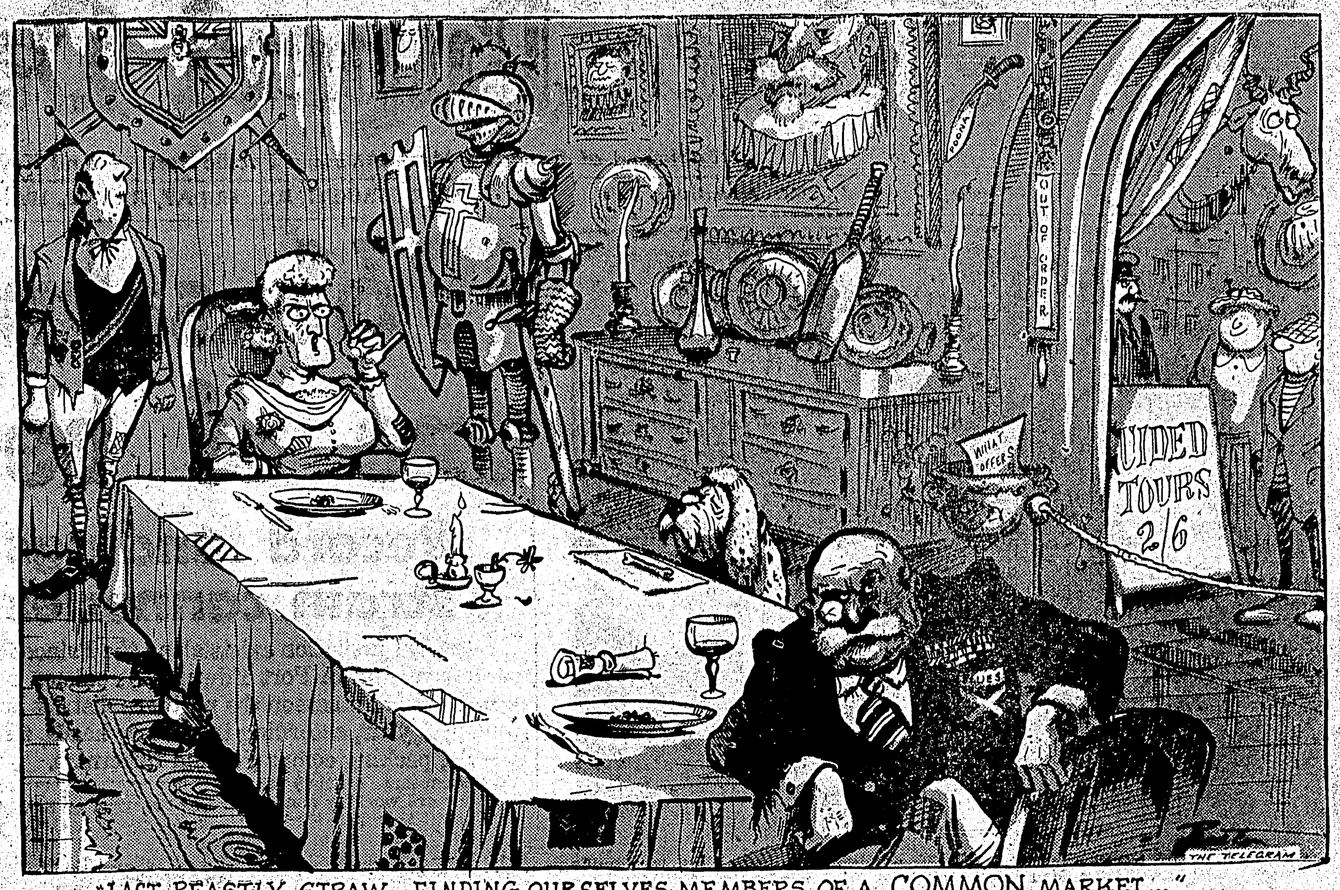
"In itself, however, such a pause is certainly not a lasting solution to the problem of rising costs and prices. A pause must mark the beginning of a new long-term policy.

"This policy is that increases in incomes must follow and not precede or outstrip increases in national productivity."

A Bible Thought for Today

A day in thy courts is better than a thousand. — Psalms 84:10.

Life on a sensual plane at last destroys itself. Lasting joy is found only on the highest plane.



"LAST BEASTLY STRAW... FINDING OURSELVES MEMBERS OF A COMMON MARKET..."

All Aboard...
with G.E. Mortimer

The boy rushes across the wharf and hurls himself into the water, without stopping for an instant.

This is John, eight years old. He doesn't believe in wasting time. While grown-ups are still teetering nervously at the edge, dipping their feet into the warm green lake, he is already hoisting himself up the ladder for another dive.

"Come on, what are you waiting for" he cries out, and his words are lost in bubbles as he arches down into the weeds.

That could be his motto: "What are you waiting for" He is an impatient boy. As soon as he thinks of an idea, he must put it into action.

"I'm going to make a table", he announces. Immediately he is scratching in the woodshed for an old piece of plywood, and some two-by-fours for legs.

The legs are wobbly. So away he goes to the building supply store for a cross-piece. Tomorrow won't do. It has to be now. And there is the table, looking rather elephantine with its thick legs and thin top — but a serviceable table all the same.

Now someone has to make a cold drink and put it on the table, so that it will be useful.

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Some of the boy's playmates have arrived. There is a tree-fort to be made, right away. Up goes the ladder. Cedar branches come showering down from the heights.

Suddenly the fort is finished, or abandoned, or perhaps work on it has been suspended for the day. The boy is a rock-hound now. He takes a hammer to the red-colored rhodonite that he gathered on an expedition yesterday.

"Which piece shall I break first, to be lucky" he demands. What can be in his mind? Eight years old is a strange country, a long way off. It seems as though you have come through a dark tunnel from that age and there is just a thread of daylight showing through.

Before anyone can answer, he has chosen one piece and hit it a great wallop with a hammer, breaking it into three pieces and several chips.

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Grown-ups are talking aimlessly about Berlin, and the Russians and the Americans.

He can't wait for them to finish talking, but bursts into the middle of someone's remark.

"The Russians are our friends, aren't they?" he asks. "The Americans are our friends, aren't they?"

"Shoosh, don't interrupt," his mother says.

"But they are," he presses, and hops about on one foot. "I'll hit your if you don't answer," he threatens.

"All right, to bed," the boy's father commands.

"I'm going to sleep in my tent," the boy says. But for once in the day he moves slowly, and has to be pushed along to wash his face and get his pyjamas.

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The other grown-ups watch with amused smiles as he dives into the small blue tent on the lawn.

"I can't sleep, it's too early," he complains from its depths.

A minute later he is fast asleep, still and quiet for the first time since daybreak.

The Packsack
of Gregory Clark

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A kinsman of mine lives in one of those idyllic hideaway neighborhoods you find in big cities, little areas of tree-bowered privacy and quiet several blocks away from any of the busier streets. Hardly any traffic disturbs their serenity. Only residents themselves and a few delivery vans ever enter the quiet precincts. Needless to say, everybody living in such beautiful isolation from the normal pandemonium of cities is well-to-do.

On a visit to him yesterday, we sat in his garden, sheltered by fine hedges of shrubbery. Around us the beds of perennials were in full bloom. It was as restful as a village, 50 miles from town, though not 20 minutes from the core of the city.

I was surprised to hear voices in an adjoining garden.

"Aren't most of your neighbors away for the summer?" I enquired.

"Why, I don't think any of them are!" said my kinsman. "Would you trade this for all the racket and rumpus of a summer resort?"

The really well-to-do take their holidays in February and March, down where the flowers blow too.

Short sermons

If you can't find it in the dictionary, the Atlas or the Encyclopedia, don't be discouraged. Ask for it at the drug store.

With the classics

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty;
—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

—John Keats.

What to do with our leisure

From The Vancouver Province

Dr. Mortimer J. Adler, the American philosopher and educationalist, warns that increasing leisure time, unless creatively employed, produces serious forms of degeneracy. He predicts the time is coming when two men will hold the same job, each for six months of the year.

Dr. Adler's answer to the problem of idleness is more education, a tough curriculum and broader familiarity with the liberal arts.

What the good doctor has to say of the future may be true. But what worries us now is the growing difficulty and hardship we find in enjoying our present leisure.

Those who like golf are continually grumbling about crowded courses, slow play and the severe shortage of links everywhere in North America. Reports from Toronto tell of golfers who arrive the night before to queue for early morning games.

Fishermen find they have to drive many miles to reach streams and lakes where they are not rubbing shoulders with other anglers and where they can be reasonably sure of catches.

Boatmen are suffering from crowded anchorages and marinas, and waterways are coming to resemble congested streets. The Sunday drive is no longer relaxation nor sightseeing. Even foreign travel is now so popular that it is a constant scramble for accommodation, and what was once the "season" has been extended to nearly all other months of the year.

It is not difficult to imagine the problem of trying to relax when, if Dr. Adler is correct, we have six months holiday a year.

One answer may be in a vastly increased holiday business, geared to cope with many more participants than today; more and cheaper golf courses, reasonable and rapid services to our more remote fishing resorts, larger and better acommodations, and expansion of all types of recreational facilities.

Catering to leisure has become a major industry since the war. But we can expect it to expand far beyond its present boundaries.

The lighter side

The wife of a movie actor was telling Lucille Ball that she bought all her Christmas presents in October. "But how do you know in October," exclaimed Miss Ball, "who your friends are going to be in December?"

—The Reader's Digest

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"Are you homesick?" her aunt asked a small girl, away for the first time overnight.

"No," the child sobbed. "I'm here sick."

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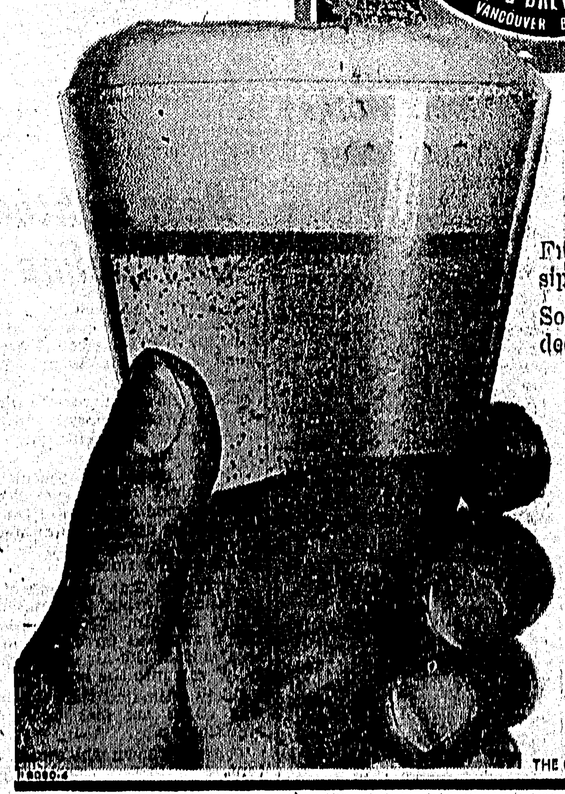

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