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Thought needs to be given to election

The time for civic elections in most British Columbia communities is drawing near with only 26 days remaining for nomination day and election day set for Thursday, December 7.

With a mayoralty contest this year, three aldermanic and three school board seats becoming vacant, there should be no apathy about the elections in Prince Rupert next month.

Residents of Prince Rupert, while most vociferous in their condemnation of City Council's actions after election day, are usually wrapped in a lethargic cocoon in the weeks prior to polling. For years school trustees have been elected by acclamation on nomination day. On off years there are often only sufficient candidates nominated to make an election necessary.

Such an attitude could reflect a lack of concern about municipal or school matters, but the record shows that two years ago, Prince Rupert voters could get out to the polls if they made the effort.

In December, 1959 there was a three-way race for the post of chief magistrate and there was a water by-law on which to cast a ballot. Interest in the election was so great that city voters went to the polls in such record numbers that Prince Rupert won a Municipal Affairs Department vote in the province. A total 3,047 voters out of an eligible 4,269 cast ballots for a 71.3 per cent vote.

There is no reason why the city's electorate cannot show the same vigorous interest this year. They have a chance to endorse the present council, which is, by and large, an extremely experienced body of men. None of the aldermen have been on council less than four years, some have been on nearly 10 years.

Mayor Lester, who was first elected to council as an alderman in 1955, has yet to be defeated at the polls.

If an electorate is unhappy with the way the city is run, there's only one way it can voice dissatisfaction—that is to change the make-up of the council. But it needs candidates. It needs men who feel they are up to spending a great deal of time and effort to further city business. It means men who don't care what being on council will mean to their businesses, their jobs or their positions. It means men who can stand the spotlight of both good or bad publicity and the beefs and barbs of people they once thought their friends. We don't want to see all-out battles, abusive campaign charges or rash promises but we would like to see a well-thought out campaign by all candidates which will arouse the interest of all civic voters.

Much soul searching must be done by both potential candidates and groups who plan to nominate candidates as to whether this man or that man is willing to give the thought, the hours and the energy to a job that is solely dedicated to the good of Prince Rupert. But the time to think about it is now, not 48 hours before nomination day.

OFFICE WORKERS BEWARE

Secrets of window-watchers known by boss

By HAL BOYLE
Associated Press Staff Writer

NEW YORK — The average office worker knows at least 101 different ways of killing time on the job.

Experts, of course, know a lot more.

Here are some types of window starers you may be familiar with in your own firm:

Sneaky Sid — The middle-aged bookkeeper pretends he is cleaning his glasses. But actually he is looking through the lenses at a shapely lass crossing the street a block and a half away.

Philosophic Pete — Tugging broodingly at his lower lip, he gazes fixedly at the crowds scurrying by on the sidewalk below. "Ants," he mutters to himself. "That's what we all are — just ants."

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Tricky Tessie — The boss's pretty secretary gives every impression she is paying full attention to his dictation. But every time his eyes turn to the ceiling for a helpful phrase, she looks out the window and tries to play peek-a-boo with the handsome young lawyer in the office across the way.

Teddy, the toy tycoon — A visiting buyer has given the junior executive a cheap cigar. Puffing importantly at it, he glances expansively out over the city and dreams: "Some one of these days I'll be the big wheel around here . . . some one of these days."

Hangover Harry — Suffering from the morning after the night before, he isn't really looking out the window at all. He is only wondering, "maybe if I opened it and jumped out the pain would go away."

Fly-speecking Phil — Going to each of the 27 office windows in turn, the third vice-president rubs a bit of dust off each with his fingers, then announces loudly: "It's about time someone told the building management these windows need cleaning again." He has killed half a day once a week with this pet routine for the last 28 years.

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Amateur Albert — An eager beaver in the personnel department, he actually does find company problems crowding into his mind whenever he looks out the window. A pitiful case, doomed to early ulcers.

Hardup Herbert — Frowning, shaking his head, and jingling a few coins in his pocket, he strides back and forth by his window. He gives the air of being deep in thought over a way to speed up production. Here's what's really on his mind: "Who can I hit up for lunch money today?"

Wistful Wilbur — This is the boss himself. When he looks out the window he has a vague impulse to raise it and cry "Help!" He knows that somewhere in the crowds below must be a few people he could hire and really get some work done around the office. But which? Who? Where?

There they are — the window starers, the elite of the office time-wasters.

Recognize yourself?

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Saturn shot boosts U.S. missile race morale

By HAROLD MORRISON
Canadian Press Staff Writer

The United States still has a long way to go to catch up with Russia in the space race, but the brief, successful flight of the 162-ton Saturn, considered to be the world's most powerful rocket, has increased American confidence that the gap can be closed.

President Kennedy once stated that the States was about 10 years behind Russia in production of rocket lifting power and space technology. Even with all the effort in the world, the United States may not be able to catch up in the 1960s.

For, while the United States is spurting ahead in its own technology, Soviet science is not standing still. Russia has shown great skill not only in lifting power but in developing more accurate rocket control and guidance instruments.

Creation of the eight-engined Saturn, fired on its maiden voyage Friday, is a striking advance in one segment of the race. Creation of electronic instruments that can match or exceed those of the Russians is still a matter for the future.

In over-all power, the 162-foot Saturn — fired from Cape Canaveral, Fla., on an eight-minute trip 95 miles high and 200 miles out to sea — has a thrust of 1,300,000 pounds compared with an estimated 1,000,000 pounds for what the Americans consider to be the biggest of the Russian rockets. The Saturn is estimated to be capable of lifting about twice the Russian load that led to the successful orbiting of two Soviet spacemen earlier this year.

But the Saturn, in its present shape, is only a test booster, designed to begin a new phase of American super-lifting power. Nine more test Saturns likely will be shot in the next 2½ years before serious consideration is given to the possibility of lifting a man to the moon.

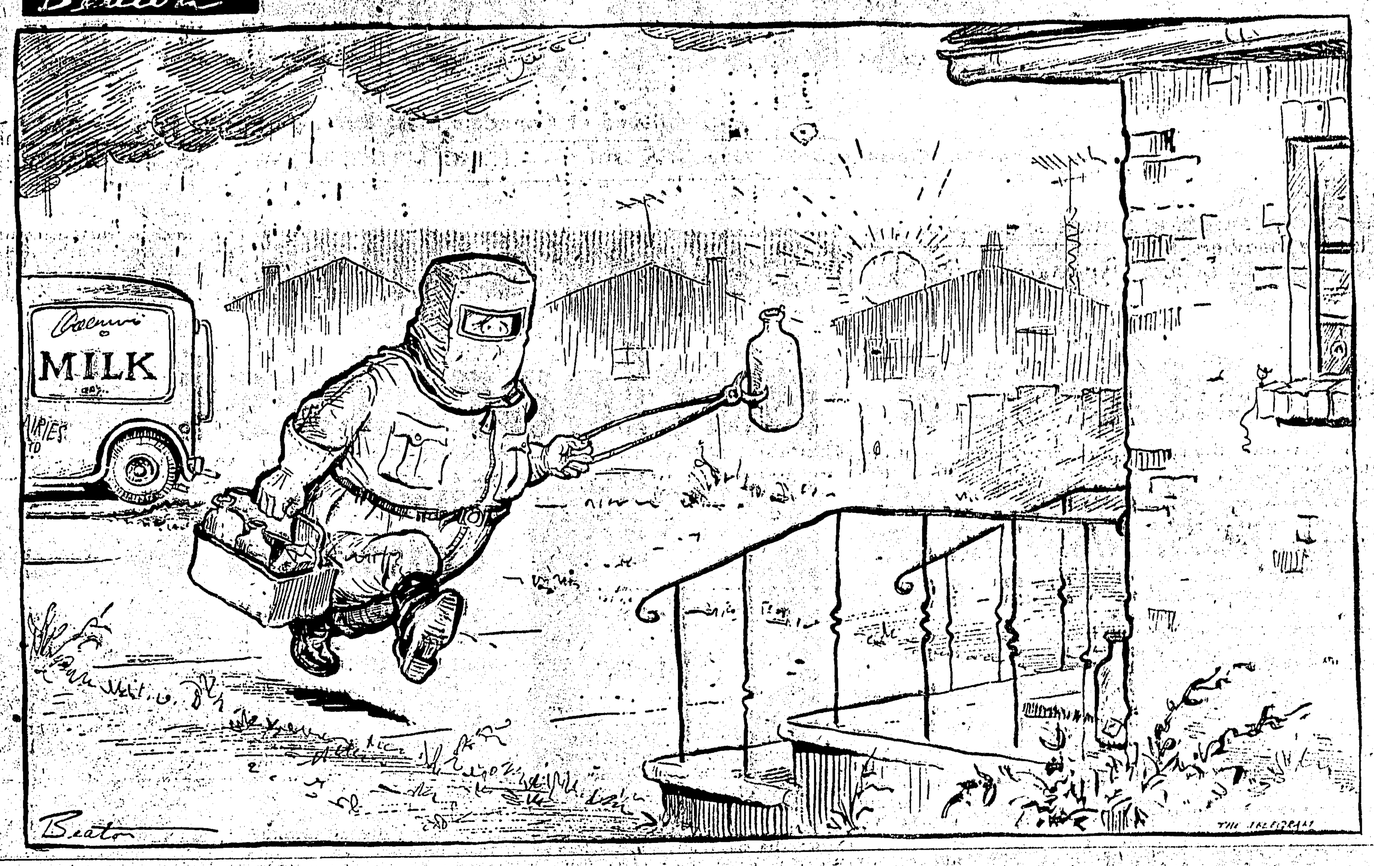
The Americans talk of possibly landing a man on the moon by 1967. A major financial effort is being made to achieve that goal and restore the pre-Sputnik confidence of American technology.

But there is a feeling haunting some American scientists that the Russians will get there first.

Leadership mediocre

This fellow Khrushchev would have made a wonderful football plunger in his younger days. He continues to carry the ball. He holds the initiative. He makes repeated scores. Why kid ourselves? Our political leadership in Washington is showing many signs of mediocrity.

— McComb (Mississippi) Enterprise-Journal



Victoria Report by J. K. Nesbitt

VICTORIA — Why is it that most people are so apathetic when it comes to public questions of the day?

We talk and criticize and call all the curses down on our elected representatives, but, generally, we won't let them know what we are thinking.

"I hear no protests," says the Premier when told that certain government actions are not popular.

The Premier, and other smart politicians, know that the people will not, to any extent, put their protests into writing.

Public Works Minister Chant, during the recent controversy about floors in the Legislative Buildings, said that he'd like to hear from all those against the ripping up of the tiles, and the laying of shiny red and white barbershop oilcloth.

Despite the fact hundreds of people were furious about the floors, not half a dozen took time out to write to the Minister and tell him so. Mr. Chant, an old hand at politics, knew perfectly well they wouldn't. That's why he made the invitation; it wasn't even a gamble. It was a sure bet for him, and he knew it. Then he took the silence to mean the public approved the oilcloth floors. How else would you take it?

Recently I became embroiled in two campaigns—the Battle of the Tiles and the Battle of the Tombstones in Victoria's historic Ross Bay Cemetery.

Dozens of people wrote to me and telephoned me, all in favor of preserving the old tile floors and the tombstones, and generally fixing up the cemetery, including heavy pruning of trees and shrubs which are turning the place into a wild forest.

I thanked these good people for their kind words of praise and encouragement, but I told them letting me know did the causes no good whatsoever, because I had no authority. I asked them to write to the government, to the Premier, to the Mayor, to the newspapers. Not more than three or four did, though all assured me they would.

Elected representatives are often in a sorry fix because they honestly do not know how the public feels on questions of the day. People will stop elected representatives on the streets, tell them they're doing fine; then, behind their backs, such people run down the politician and say their ideas are crazy.

I suppose this is human nature; we curry favor with those in authority; then we curry favor with others by pretending we're experts, and so we sound off, usually in a critical way, because that's the noisiest, laziest way.

We would do a great deal to help our democracy if we thought out public questions and then wrote to those in authority to tell them what it is we are thinking.

Dag Hammarskjold

A hero in the drama of world politics
Summer and winter's solitary sun
Carried the burdens of the planet
Like Atlas

The smooth soft air of the 38th floor
Was often disturbed by the hot winds
Gushing from Laos, the 38th parallel
Gaza, Bizerte or Leopoldville

His august mind where higher laws governed
Was like the Lotus flower rooted in wounded waters
His impartiality—so imperial—
Strived to put the scales of justice
Always in balance

Suddenly the evening has fallen
The star is not visible
And a hurricane sweeps the olive tree.

—Amrit Lal.

Quote and unquote

R. D. L. Kinsman, retiring president, Canadian Exporters' Association:

"The centipede plagued by unbearably painful corns on every foot consulted Dr. Owl. 'Simple,' said Dr. Owl. "Turn yourself into a mouse. You'll have only four feet and you'll be rid of 96 per cent of your problem.'

"'But,' said the grateful centipede, halting half way to the door, 'how do I turn myself into a mouse?'

"'That's your problem,' said Dr. Owl. 'All I do is set policy.'"

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Oscar Levant:

"Once I make up my mind I'm full of indecision."

✣ ✣ ✣

Wally Cox:

"I've got the kind of face that looks as though I've already been waited on."

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MAKE SURE THAT CANADA CAN CARRY ON!

The Packsack of Gregory Clark

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A bachelor friend of mine who got married last year had collected quite a comfortable lot of furniture and household goods of all kinds while living in bachelor style and when he and his bride set up their new apartment, much of this he brought into it. Among his possessions were two decanters.

When the wedding presents were assembled, two more decanters arrived.

"There was no place else in the apartment to put them," he says, "so we set the four of them on the buffet. This had an immediate effect on all our friends. Ah, they said, they collect decanters! Last Christmas we received three more, very interesting ones, I admit, antiques. On our birthdays we received two more. The word has spread far and wide among our friends and acquaintances that we are crazy about old decanters.

"We don't know how to stop the barrage. We now have 11, and we don't know where to put them. We can't get rid of any of them for fear of offending the donors. I would give away my own two original ones, if they weren't sort of heirlooms of my bachelor days. . . ."

gems of thought

Difficulties are the things that show what men are.
—Epictetus.

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Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss but cheerily seek how to redress them.
—Shakespeare.

✣ ✣ ✣

Some troubles, like a protested note of a solvent debtor, bear interest.
—Honore de Balzac.

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