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Revision of Act needed

We most wholeheartedly agree and we are sure the operators of Prince Rupert's latest inovation will also agree with the stand of The Victoria Colonist on the subject of coin laundries. We hope that the attorney-general's department comes up with the same answer within the next week. Why the Supreme Court decided coin laundries should not operate on Sundays we don't know, but in any event The Colonist smacks the issue right on the nose when it concludes that it is the Lord's Day Act that should be the target for revision.

The Colonist said in a recent editorial:

"If the intent of the Lord's Day Act were to compel Canadians to devote Sunday to rest or worship or both, one could more readily appreciate the judgment of the Supreme Court of Canada upholding a decision of the Ontario Court of Appeal that the operation of a coin laundry on a Sunday is an offence

"The wording of the act, however. leaves no room for doubt that its main intent is to protect Canadians from having to do unnecessary work on Sundays. It sets forth, for example, that industrial, transportation and communication employees who must work Sunday shall be given another day of the week free of work.

"The coin laundries, with their automatic washers and driers, do not as a rule require the attendance of employees or even proprietors on Sundays. The only persons who "work" in them on Sundays are there of their own volition and for their own benefit. Some, obviously, must be unable to do their washing on other days of the week; certainly all must believe that doing their washing at a coin-operated laundry involves less labor and inconvenience than doing it at home.

"If the coin laundries thus reduce drudgery on Sundays. they would seem to be in keeping with the spirit of the Lord's Day Act, not in violation of it.

"Coin laundries — and most other coin-actuated, worker-saving services —had not been invented or put to use when the Lord's Day Act was framed. In view of the Supreme Court's decision, it seems that the time has come for a review of the act to bring it up to date."

Bouncing problem

Trampolines have arrived in Toronto, and are greying the hairs of the Metro Licensing Commission. The commission doesn't mind people jumping up and down on these devices. It simply fears they may eat while they're at it, and possibly choke to death. The commission thinks it may have to ban any combination of bounce and burger.

The problem, characteristic of present-day Canada, illustrates what might be called the principle of multiple enjoyment. It's not enough to drive a car; you must eat, smoke and listen to the radio while you're at it. It's not enough to watch television; you must eat, drink, and work out the crossword puzzle while you're at it.

We hereby warn the Metro Licensing Commission that Torontonians will not merely want to eat while they're hopping about on the trampoline. They will want to drink pop, smoke cigars, chew gum, square dance, read the funnies, spin yo-yo's, listen to rock 'n' roll, and watch a giant TV screen showing people skin-diving, chasing rustlers, interviewng Zsa Zsa Gabor, and hopping about on trampolines. Is there a Gibbon or Spengler in the house?

—The Toronto Daily Star.

UNCERTAIN YOUTH AFTER FIRST WORLD WAR

Hemingway topped Greg Clark's war stories

By The Canadian Press

Ernest Hemingway, the rugged American novelist who liked to live dangerously,, was an uncertain, gangling youth when he got his literary start in Toronto 40 years ago.

Gregory Clark, now with Weekend Magazine and columnist for The Prince Rupert Daily News, yesterday set down some of his early memories of the writer who was found dead of a shotgun wound in his Idaho home Sunday.

In those days Clark and the late cartoonist Jimmie Frise shared an office at the Toronto Star Weekly working together on features.

"One afternoon," sadi Clark, "the door of our dingy little room opened and there stood a dark, tall, gangling boy in a short leather coat and carrying a walking stick . . . He was obviously suffering from great stress and strain."

The youth said his name was Ernest Hemingway, he had worked on the Kansas City Star, was visiting friends in Toronto and wanted a job.

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Clark, a First World War veteran ,took the youth "for an utter fraud" but in ensuing days he held Hemingway spellbound with stories of the war in France and Flanders.

One day Hemingway dropped on Clark's desk a cardboard box of Italian medals for valor.

"It was with the most sickenng premonition that I turned one of the crosses over and read 'Tenente Ernesto Hemingway.' It was the first intimation I had in three or four months of acquaintance that the big son of a gun had been in the war."

Eventually Clark and Frise wangled Hemingway a minor job on The Star where John R. Bone then was managing editor. Clark credits Bone as the first to detect Hemingway's talents. A small feature story caugh Bone's eye and the American youh was on his way.

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"From the moment Bone took Hemingway on the staff his status as a feature writer was established," Clark said. "His assignments to the Greco-Turkish war and to resident correspondent in Paris and numerous big-play stories followed in exciting succession."

Before Hemingway left Toronto to become one of the great American novelists, Clark became one of his earliest critics—and Mrs. Clark taught Hemingway's wife how to bathe the first Hemingway child, born in Toronto.

"Hemmy would rather shyly show me pieces he had written to send overseas to the small literary magazines," Clark recalled. "I thought they were awful. If I told him they were awful, he sent them to Paris. If I said they were good, he surreptitiously threw them in the waste basket."

Victoria Report by J. K. Nesbitt

VICTORIA—What is it that Premier Bennett has up his sleeve—what kind of white rabbit has he in his political hat—what manner of political sword-swallowing is he up to?

Everyone is speculating as to the exact reason the Premier has called the Legislature together for August 1. He says it's to ratify a new Federal-Provincial financial agreement, but those who like to be in on the know, and are not, on this occasion, are convinced there's something else in Mr. Bennett's agile mind.

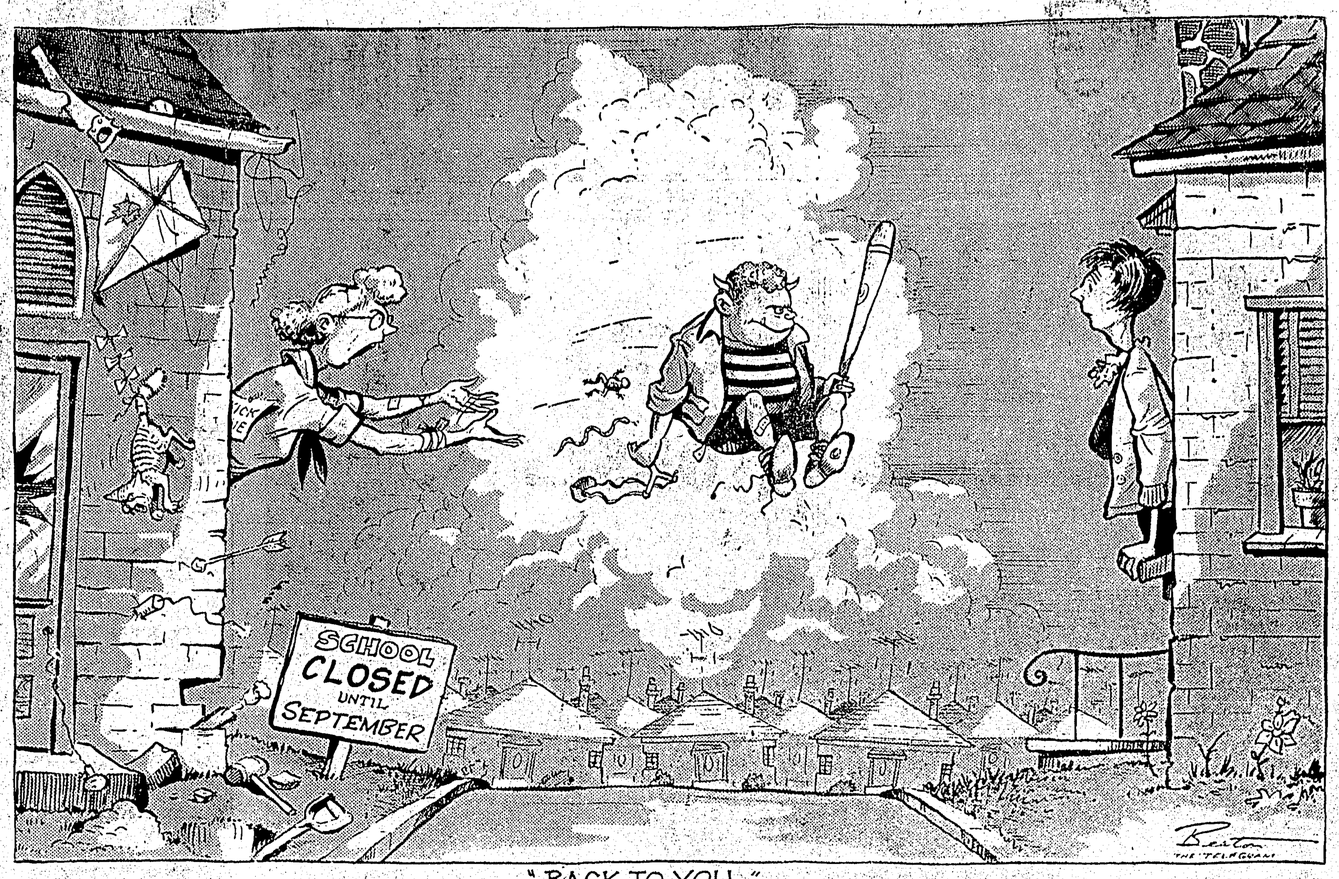
August 1, let it not be forgotten, was the date in 1952 when W. A. C. Bennett, fresh from the Conservative fold, was sworn into office as B.C.'s first Social Credit Premier. August 1, therefore, to Mr. Bennett, is a most important day ,indeed, more important, even, than his very own birthday. He and his dedicated followers date the growth and enlightenment of British Columbia from August 1, 1952. To hear them talk, for political purposes, you'd think all was poverty and backwardness and midnight gloom before 1952.

August 1 for the special session's opening has Mr. Strachan and his CCF'ers in towerng rage, for, on that day, they were supposed to be in Ottawa for the founding convention of The New Party, that conglomeration which is going to swallow up the highly respected CCF party, which has been a power in the Canadian political scene for nearly 30 years, doing much good for the people, though never in office, except in Saskatchewan.

Mr. Strachan and his followers, because, to them, the Premier has pulled a fast one, are going to have to come to Victoria and attend to their duties in the Legislature, and try to prohibit Mr. Bennett from doing whatever it is he plans on doing at the session. And, whatever it may be, you may be sure, it will be designed to redound to the Premier's political glory, to create public smiles upon the Premier and his government, for Mr. Bennett knows full well that in 1964 he may have a tough time getting his government re-elected, and he's taking steps now, in the hope that he will once more be fulfilled three years from now.

The Premier doesn't believe in letting his political fences fall down, and then building them up on election's eve; he believes in keeping them in good repair ,as far as he possibly can. And, like any good leader, he'll be ruthless if he has to be, not only with his out-in-the-open political enemies, but also with any in his own camp he thinks may be disloyal to him. All good leaders are always on the sharp lookout for disloyalty from within their own ranks.

This column can see no good reason why a session has been called for August 1. The only conclusion to be reached is this: it has been called to promote the best political interests of the Premier and his Social Credit government.



"BACK TO YOU..."

All Aboard with G. E. Mortimore

Kindness to animals is a new idea. Not long ago, many people thought it was funny to see a dead or crippled dog.

Flicking through a newspaper file of 100 years ago, I found a rip-snorting anecdote about a man who tried to console a young woman he found weeping in the street in Paris.

"'My darling Jules, only a few moments ago (sob) was alive (sob) and happy . . . He jumped up on this wall, lost his balance, fell over, and is now impaled on the horrid pickets of an iron fence, 40 feet below.'

"'Horrible,' I exclaimed, and going quickly to the wall, and fully expecting, as I looked over and down, to see a man in the last throes of death, when—what should I see but a little mangy cur, transpierced with a bar of iron, and dead as any dead dog, all excepting his tail, and that was in its last wag.

"I did not look again on the dark-eyed Berenice. I placed my back . . . toward her, and opened a wide gap between us by means of some astonishing tall walking."

A dead human being was tragic. A dead dog was funny. That was the way many people looked at things, 100 years ago.

Nowadays we are not so sure that the universe was made for the benefit of mankind.

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Protecting the young people from sinful pastimes, such as gambling is a fairly new idea, too.

When Great Britain had a national lottery, 12 boys from Christ's Hospital—the famous "Bluecoat School"—used to draw the tickets.

A former pupil of Christ's Hospital brought me a book called "Annals of Christ's Hospital," by E. H. Pearce.

"It appears that the unfortunate habit of telling off a dozen of the boys for this purpose began about 1694," the author says.

At any rate, in that year Pagett, the Mathematical Master . . . put in a sensible petition "that none of the boyes in the Mathematicall Schoole should be employed in drawing the Million Lottery . . . Mr. Pagett alleadging that it will be a great disorder in the Government of his Schoole.'"

On Dec. 5, 1775, a man was brought up in court for tampering with the lottery. One of the witnesses in the case was a boy of the school, who had been bribed "by means of several half-guineas and a breakfast in a coffee-house . . . to secrete ticket No. 21,481 and make sure of its issuing from the wheel at the psychological moment."

The prisoner was let off. But the boy was expelled from the school.

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"Yet even this undesirable incident did not make an end of the employment of the boys at the wheel, for on Dec. 12, 1775, the Treasury issued an order to prevent 'like wicked practices in future,' which gave directions that before any boy was allowed to put his hand into either wheel, the managers . . . were to see that "the bosoms and sleeves of his coat be closely buttoned, his pockets sewed up, and his hands examined.'"

"With these precautions the boys continued their work on into the 19th century. A picture (of a bluecoat boy) appears on the advertisement of the state lottery of 1809, and it may be presumed that it was still so when the whole system came to an end in 1809."

Residual damage

The great suction pump fiasco with Canada happily has been for the most part repaired. The United States has waived application of the Trading with the Enemy Act for suction devices already ordered for the Norwegian, British, Swedish and other ships chartered by Communist China to carry grain from Canada.

A Canadian official has termed the quick action of the administration here "the finest example" of alert co-operation. And, of course, the waiver makes good sense.

But all is not necessarily well that ends well. As in every such instance, there is some residual damage; the hackles have been raised, and misgivings have been aroused about the ease with which the American giant can thoughtlessly mash the toes of its neighbor. Wouldn't it be nice if there were some administrative machinery that would alert cabinet members to the implications of these blunderbuss fusillades before they happen?

—The Washington Post.

The Packsack of Gregory Clark

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A department manager in one of the big stores was showing me some new trick fixtures he had installed for fast parcelling of the merchandise when he suddenly directed my attention to one of the crowd of passing shoppers.

She was a little old lady of the age somewhere between 70 and thereafter that is so hard to define. She was plainly, almost shabbily clothed. It was evident she had little of this worlds goods.

"Come on," said the manager; and we followed her.

She went directly to the cosmetics and perfume circles where the young ladies cosmeticked and coiffured like fashion models preside. The diminutive old lady paused and examined the wares with great attention. The sales grils waited upon her with all the polite attention they would show the limousine trade. After making the rounds of the circle, glittering with all the allure of such departments, the humble little figure paused at the spot they have an atomizer to spray samples on enquiring customers. She picked up the atomizer and doused herself thoroughly, sniffed critically, thanked the sales girls and went on her way.

"She comes in every other day or so," said the manager. "But always as a perfect stranger. The girls are supposed to pretend they don't recognize her. It's a game."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Signed articles and editorials credited to other newspapers do not necessarily reflect hte views of The Daily News.

With the classics

To-morrow we meet the same
then, dearest?
May I take your hand in
mine?
Keep much that I resign:
Mere friends are we,— well,
friends the merest
For each glance of the eye
so bright and black,
Though I keep with heart's
endeavour,—
Your voice, when you wish
the snowdrops back,
Though it stay in my soul
for ever!—
Yet, will but say what
mere friends say,
Or only a thought
stronger;
I will hold your hand but
as long as all may,
Or so very little longer!

—Robert Browning.

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LET'S SING A SONG OF BEER AGAIN
LUCKY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN ♪♪

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