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Congratulations to Miss Prince Rupert

It gives us great pleasure at this time to extend congratulations and best wishes to the newly-crowned Miss Prince Rupert, Beverley Alice Erickson, 18-year-old representative of the Co-Op Centre in the Elks Lodge 342 Dominion Day beauty queen contest. Miss Erickson will be a worthy representative of the northern British Columbia coast and will be a living symbol that besides fish, pulp and maligned weather, we have beauty among us at all times.

This is one editorial we can write with authority.

As a former organizer of a beauty queen contest, later a judge in another competition and an escort in the 1961 one, we can assure all the organizations, clubs and firms which entered girls in the Miss Prince Rupert contest that their candidates did them proud. They were all beautiful and at each appearance and also off-stage, they were a credit to their sponsors, their parents and their city.

A beauty queen contest is no easy matter for the candidates. It is a time of tension, worry, fear, hope and eventually relief. Many times, for the losers, the relief is so great that it surpasses the disappointment. Each girl can be assured that they have nothing to be disappointed about.

It was an extremely close competition. There can be only one winner and Miss Erickson, now that she has been crowned Miss Prince Rupert, has an even more rugged experience ahead of her, more tension, more waiting, more appearances, all leading up to another crowning. The other five girls are free from worry. They, with Miss Erickson, have the satisfaction of knowing that of all the eligible girls in this city of 12,000, they had the courage to accept the sponsorship of an organization, and carry through with all the responsibilities entailed in a beauty queen contest They were the target of thousands of admiring eyes on at least four occasions. They had to be ready to receive cheers, whistles, catcalls, flattering and unflattering remarks, and they all sailed through with flying colors.

The girls never for one moment forgot that it was the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and their sponsors who had made it possible for them to receive the spotlight and acclaim accorded them. On two occasions they thanked the Elks and their sponsors publicly.

So we repeat, congratulations and best wishes to Miss Erickson who has to go on, and congratulations to the five other girls for doing an excellent job of representing their sponsors

On Friday we commended the Elks for their initiative and energy in staging the Dominion Day celebrations. Today we congratulate them on the success of their efforts in providing one of the best July 1 festivities the city has seen in many years.

A fairy tale

Once there was a good king who needed a lot of money to pay for a war so he sent for his Grand Vizier. Quoth the king, "I have two problems; I want to raise money to pay for my war, also I want to stop investment in stocks because I need the savings for war bonds". The Grand Vizier thought deeply and said, "Your Majesty, why not have a tax on income to raise money? Then to ensure that your subjects won't invest in industry, let's pretend that companies are like real people. The law says that a company is a person, separate altogether from its stockholders. Let's pretend that a company's profits belong to the company and not to the stockholder. We'll take half his income while it's still in the company's possession and call it corporation tax. Then when they share out what's left over we'll tax it all over again and call it personal income tax". The king laughed, "I believe your idea would work. I don't suppose the stockholder cares whether his company is a legal person or a legal hippopotamus. But we must remember that this is only a wartime expedient. If we keep this up after the war there won't be any jobs for my soldiers when they come home. We'll call it Income War Tax, then we shan't forget to put it straight afterwards.

The new tax was a great success. Vast sums poured in to pay for the war and soon peace was restored. The king sent for his Grand Vizier saying, "This Income War Tax has been great; however, my soldiers are back and need jobs. We must get capital for industry. We've got to get rid of this whimsy corporation tax of yours. We can still take half a company's profits, provided we admit it's the stockholder's money and give it back to him if we've taken too much."

But the Grand Vizier discovered that he couldn't abolish the corporation tax. He visited some of the larger kingdoms for advice. "Your king's a pretty good egg", they said, "Look here, our chaps have got capital to burn. Moreover if they will invest in your industries we're prepared to refund out of our revenue, any excess tax they may suffer by reason of your unfortunate corporation tax". This new capital wasn't quite enough to keep pace with the growing demand for jobs, and many of the king's subjects didn't like the idea of relying on foreign funds. They would have preferred to run their own show, but few were rich or patriotic enough to make an investment carrying a 50 per cent tax tag.

One day the Grand Vizier found an obscure section of the tax act permitting the Lord High Extortioner to "deem" that a company's profits are the income of the stockholders. The king agreed that since the principle of "deeming" was already sanctioned by statute he could henceforth decree that his subjects could "deem" that their income belonged to them.

A novel feature of the new decree was that it required a stockholder to report as income his share of the total profit of his company, not just the part distributed as dividends. The Custodian of the Royal Treasure Chest is still trying to figure out whether he will lose any revenue over the new decree, but as the king remarked:

"Who cares if we don't collect quite as much. I don't think we shall need as much with so many of my subjects promoting their own enterprises or spending their own money again. I wouldn't like to menton it out loud, but have you though what an effective weapon standard rate could be, now that it no longer hurts my own subjects? I am sure we shall all live happily ever afterwards . . . One always does in fairy tales". — The Canadian Pit and Quarry

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Red China too weak to break with Soviet

By JOSEPH MacSWEEN
Canadian Press Staff Writer

A fascinating hobby of diplomats at the 14-nation conference in Geneva is trying to spot differences or conflicts between the Soviet Union and Red China.

The presence of Foreign Minister Chen Yi gives Westerners a rare chance to observe a top Peking dignitary at work, especially since Chen has remained at the conference — which opened May 16 — longer than any other foreign minister.

His continued presence raised speculation on whether Peking might be more willing than Moscow to negotiate a settlement of the Laotian question.

Ceratinly Chen showed no sign of relaxing Peking's ultratough attitude toward the United States when he rejected Washington's ideas on Laotian neutrality as "preposterous" and "absolutely impermissible."

Nevertheless, diplomats experienced in Chinese affairs see a possibility that Peking will be willing to negotiate a Laotian agreement that will give the small Indochina kingdom a degree of neutrality.

They also see the possibility that Peking believes not only Laos but such other Southeast Asian neighbors as South Viet Nam and Cambodia will eventually fall into the Red Chinese orbit as an inevitable development of history.

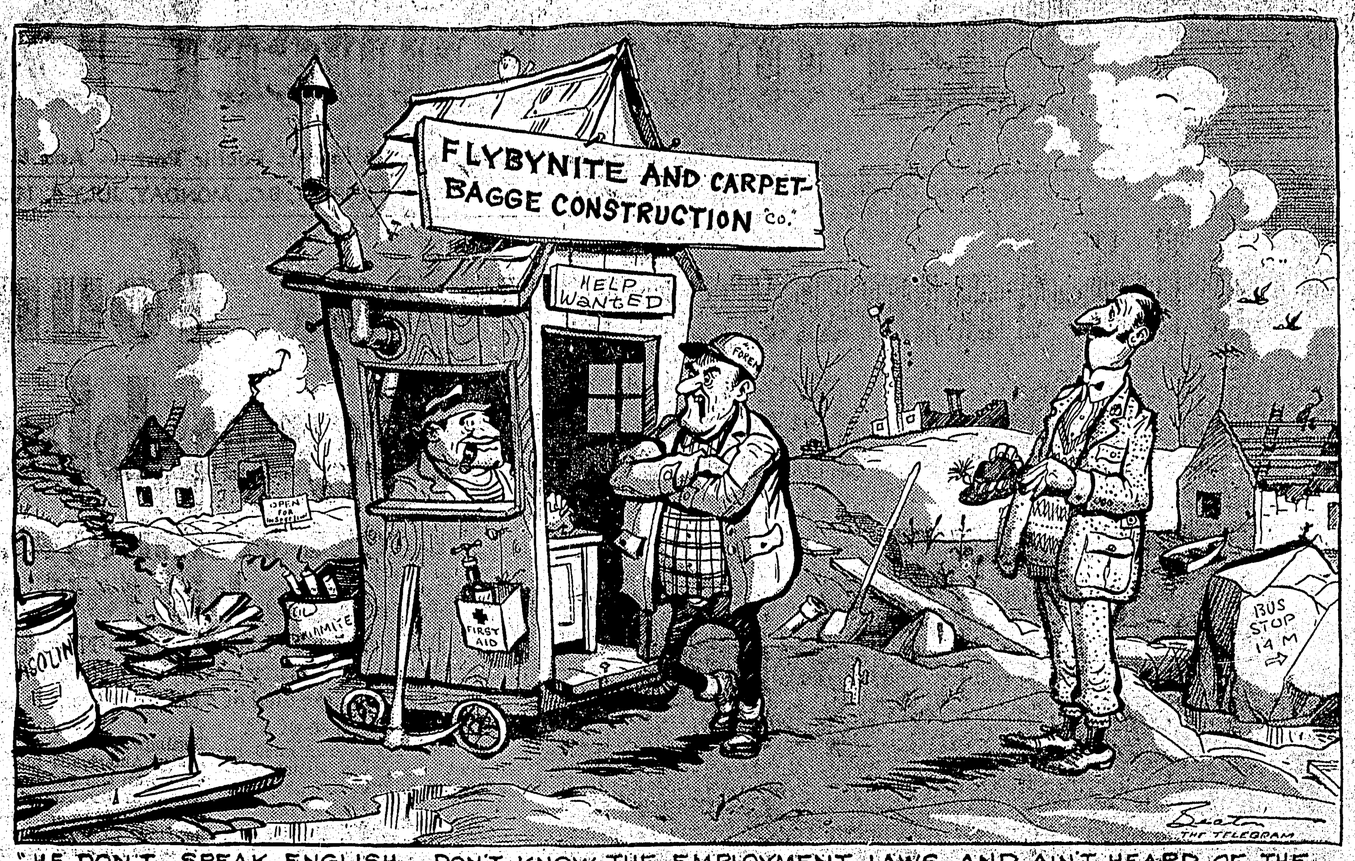
In this thinking, Peking wants most of all to keep the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization from going into Laos, with troops. Why should Peking pay the price of conquest for something it would otherwise get in time almost automatically?

Some diplomats see Peking's settlement of its border dispute with Burma as evidence of the regime's wish to create an "image" of reasonableness.

They can find little in all this to cause Moscow strategists to turn handsprings of delight. They note the Soviets never have come down in support of Peking in its long dispute with India over border territory.

But the same diplomats who use this reasoning also say it would be utterly unrealistic to imagine now that there are any serious divergencies between Soviet and Red Chinese foreign policy.

They contend that despite its boasted "great leaps forward", Red China is far too weak to embark on a foreign policy independent of the Soviet Union, its source of heavy machinery — and, above all, arms necessary ot defy the U.S.



"HE DON'T SPEAK ENGLISH, DON'T KNOW THE EMPLOYMENT LAWS, AND AIN'T HEARD OF THE INDUSTRIAL STANDARDS ACT... JUST THE KIND OF MAN WE WANT."

ALL ABOARD with G. E. Mortimore

My boy Michael, aged six, climbed up the big steps with his flight bag slung over his shoulder, and disappeared inside the plane.

As I tried to focus my gaze past the shapely legs of the air hostess, into the cabin, I realized that I had forgotten to say goodbye to the boy.

I had been so busy buying Michael a 95-cent Hong Kong camera, and trying to fix it so that it would work, and fretting about sending an air express package, and drinking my coffee at the lunch counter, that the little figure had scuttled away through the barrier and up the steps before I knew it.

✣ ✣ ✣

The boy's mother, and his eight-year-old brother, John, were aboard the aircraft. They were travelling to Vancouver, to see Michael aboard a bigger plane, a jet that would take him all the way to Amsterdam. There he would catch another plane to London.

Luckily, two ladies of my acquaintance were travelling to Europe at the same time, and they had agreed to look after him as far as Amsterdam.

I saw them waving through the window, and I thought I saw a small hand flapping at another window, but I wasn't sure whether it was Michael or not.

I waved all the same. The aircraft taxied to the end of the runway and took off. Three hours later, the small boy would be aboard the jet bound for Europe. This was the last I would see of him for three months.

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Somewhere among the medley of Buck Rogers-style towers and roof gardens that made up London airport, I hoped, the boy's grandmother would be waiting to meet him.

A day or two before, I had signed a paper saying that if nobody was there to meet the boy, the airline company would send him back by the most convenient method, at my expense.

✣ ✣ ✣

It seemed a long way for such a small boy to travel, flying "over the Pole" to Europe in a single day. The boy was excited about the idea, but he wasn't afraid.

On the night before Michael left, I had to go into the boys' bedroom several times to hush their sniggering and step them from wrestling around.

The boy grinned up at me, baring small baby teeth and cheeky brown eyes. He has a trick of charming his way out of punishments and rebukes. And, after all, it was his last day at home.

But I made so many trips upstairs, and the sniggering and wrestling went on. So at last I felt it necessary to give both boys a mild spanking. The eyes filled with tears, and there was some sobbing.

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On the way to the airport, the boy kept prattling on. He suddenly remembered that I had promised to take him fishing to a small lake.

"When are you going to take me?" he demanded.

"Well, you'll have to wait until you come back from England, now," I reminded him. The boy obviously didn't think of the two countries as being far apart.

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I felt somewhat sad about the boy skipping aboard the plane with his flight bag that contained small treasures — the cheap Hong Kong camera, a brooch made from a pebble, to take to his grandmother, embarking on such a great journey.

But Michael was wiser than his father. He was a child of the jet age. In his small, practical mind, he was only stepping across the sea.

Soap box outlet

From The Toronto Daily Star

The Toronto parks committee has come up with a sensible suggestion in proposing a "Hyde Park" for Toronto, where aspiring soapbox orators can work up a lather.

For what use is our vaunted free speech, when the average man with something to say finds he has nowhere to say it?

Under a plan to be worked out, it is probable that two or three locations would be set aside in our city parks where anyone might mount the open-air rostrum, to advance any panacea for man's ills, to flay the wicked or to needle those in high places.

London's famed Hyde Park could be the model. Though the speeches in that soapbox centre are often wildly inflammatory, the sensible British recognize in this arena for free speech a handy safety valve for social and economic pressures.

Quote, unquote

It is strange how jingoism grows on people, especially when they start on the Left— Prime Minister Harold Macmillan.

The United States has never enjoyed the luxury of splendid retreats or rain stopping play. —Allistaire Cooke.

I kill myself for artists. The hell of it is I hate them.— Peggy Guggenheim.

In the expert view of advertisers, nitwits form a large proportion of the purchasers of motor cars.—Lord Coleraford.

My powers as the head of the state are far less extensive than those exercised by the majority of the presidents of the American states. —General Franco.

The lighter side

The business tycoon, shaving one morning, stopped and considered himself in the mirror, then turned to his wife and said:

"You know, dear, when I shave it makes me feel 10 years younger."

The wife looked him over carefully and answered:

"Why don't you try shaving at night, dear?"

The Packsack of Gregory Clark

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The explosion of world population is not worrying economists half as much as the explosion of outdoor-hungry tourists and campers is worrying cottage owners in formerly secluded and idyllic little hideaways in the backwoods.

A colleague of mine who has had a cottage for 35 years on a formerly almost inaccessible lake except to valiant spirits like himself who were willing to do a lot of labor and expense to reach the lake over corduroy lumber roads, is grieved to find dozens of outboard boats on the lake and tent camps on its shores. Seeing a party of anglers camped for lunch on the point just back of his cottage he went around and spoke to them.

"Please be sure to put out your fire," he said. "Last year a party on this point left their fire and this bush caught fire."

"Do you think I am a fathead?" demanded the head man of the party.

"Do you think," retorted my friend, "that the fellow who left his fire last year thought he was a fathead?"

When the party departed he went around to inspect the point. He found two sticks of stove wood beside the fireplace.

It looked awfully like the stove wood from the woodpile at the rear of his cottage.

With the classics

I love him for his sake:
And yet I know him a
notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool,
solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so
fit in him,
That they take place, when
virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind:
withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on
superfluous folly.
—Shakespeare.

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