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Avoid academic snobbery

Some sound common sense that merits the attention of all parents was expressed the other day by S. N. F. Chant, dean of UBC, in discussing the selection of high school students for university programs. Pointing to the high failure rates in universities, he put the blame for much of the problem on "academic snobs" who forced their children to take courses for which they were not suited.

"We should recognize that many pupils who do not take readily to bookish or academic studies are not necessarily lacking in ability," he said. "On the contrary they may excel in some very important ways. They may display more technical ability, more ability for getting along with people, more ability for getting things done and more ability in terms of sheer good sense and judgment than some others who excel along bookish or academic lines."

For parents who are ambitious for their children and anxious to see them make the most of their opportunities, it is understandably disappointing when they must face the fact that a university career is not on the program. Nor can they always be called snobs if they try to push their children into something that appears beyond their capabilities. In many youngsters there is a streak of laziness or a sense of inferiority which parents with sufficient concern can often help them overcome and so open the way to a life that might have seemed out of their reach.

But these parents must not be confused with those whose motivation is simply to impress others with the news that their son or daughter is attending such and such a university and, of course, doing so well and meeting so many interesting people. More likely than not these parents have no real idea what courses their clever child is taking, though it will help if they can add he has a flair for languages, a quick grasp of mathematics or something of the sort. These parents are snobs whose children, for all they know, are plugging hopelessly away at a lost cause and taking all the useless easy courses that their curriculum allows in the hope of stretching their pathetic university career another year or two. For the non-scholastic student it is an unhappy life in the making when, at a less exalted level, there might have been some real achievement and satisfaction.

Some fortunate parents need have no doubt about their children's qualifications for university life. But for the many who are unsure it must rank as one of the most important decisions they will ever have to make. If snobbery crowds out understanding and common sense, the result is almost sure to be one of regret for parents and child alike.

IN OTTAWA

Don't rock the boat Real

By LUBOR J. ZINK
Toronto Telegram News Service

OTTAWA — When Opposition leader Lester B. Pearson tables his motion of no confidence in the Government, he will place the Government's fate in the hand of two men.

Those men are Robert N. Thompson and Thomas C. Douglas, the two party leaders whom the disillusioned electorate have given political power out of all proportion to their significance.

Since the Diefenbaker muster more votes than the Douglas squad and because its peculiar brand of Conservatism makes it more or less a natural ally of the Tory Government in a showdown with the political left, Mr Thompson is currently the hope and the nightmare of Ottawa political alchemists.

The Question is: Will he line up behind the PM when the time comes to stand up and be counted? Or will he throw his weight behind the Pearson challenge in case the Government fails to pay heed to the strange economic measures his party advocates?

No doubt both Mr Diefenbaker and Mr Douglas would sleep better if they knew the answer.

For the moment, the Prime Minister [illegible] Mr Thompson is [illegible] he hardly [illegible] or not the [illegible] pay a price for [illegible]

[illegible] Mr Pearson to knock on Mr. Thompson's door and ask: "Bob, which way will you go?"

Having no stakes in this fascinating game, I went to see Mr. Thompson and put the question myself. His answer was astonishingly forthright for a man in the king-making position.

He will not respond, he said to Mr. Pearson's plea for unity with the Opposition forces.

And there is no reason to doubt his sincerity. For just as Mr. Pearson is firmly convinced that the country is pining for a quick election to get rid of the Tory Government, so Mr Thompson is equally convinced that the country wants nothing less right now.

Actually, I suspect that Mr. Thompson himself does not want an election just yet, although he will tell you that both he and his party are ready for such a costly ordeal at the drop of the political hat.

There is, however, one serious flaw in all these calculations which both the Prime Minister and the leader of the Opposition would be wise to take into account.

The name of this flaw (as everyone knows): REAL CAOUETTE.

Not even Mr. Thompson can say with absolute certainty that the fiery "co-leader" of the Social Credit forces (who in fact controls the Quebec rebels) will not get out of line and capsize the boat.

Victoria Report by J. K. Nesbitt

VICTORIA — Our Premier, the Hon. W. A. C. Bennett, [illegible] political [illegible] He rode the [illegible] like a good [illegible] reads the [illegible] and the [illegible]

[illegible] our Premier [illegible] defiant [illegible] when it [illegible] modest and [illegible] his po[illegible] brow [illegible] that mantle [illegible] good ne[illegible] here.

Our Premier [illegible] baffling [illegible] You never know what [illegible] he'll be [illegible] that's why our Premier [illegible] always [illegible] and [illegible] together [illegible] and frequently quite unbelievable.

When it was announced in the Throne Speech that the Federal government had capitulated and was giving in to Mr Bennett on the Columbia River we expected to find the Premier in boastful mood, saying "I [illegible] them they had better, or [illegible]" But, not at all [illegible] he gave the Press Gallery a press conference, the [illegible] was all humility and modesty and was filled with brotherly love, which latter was fairly oozing out of him.

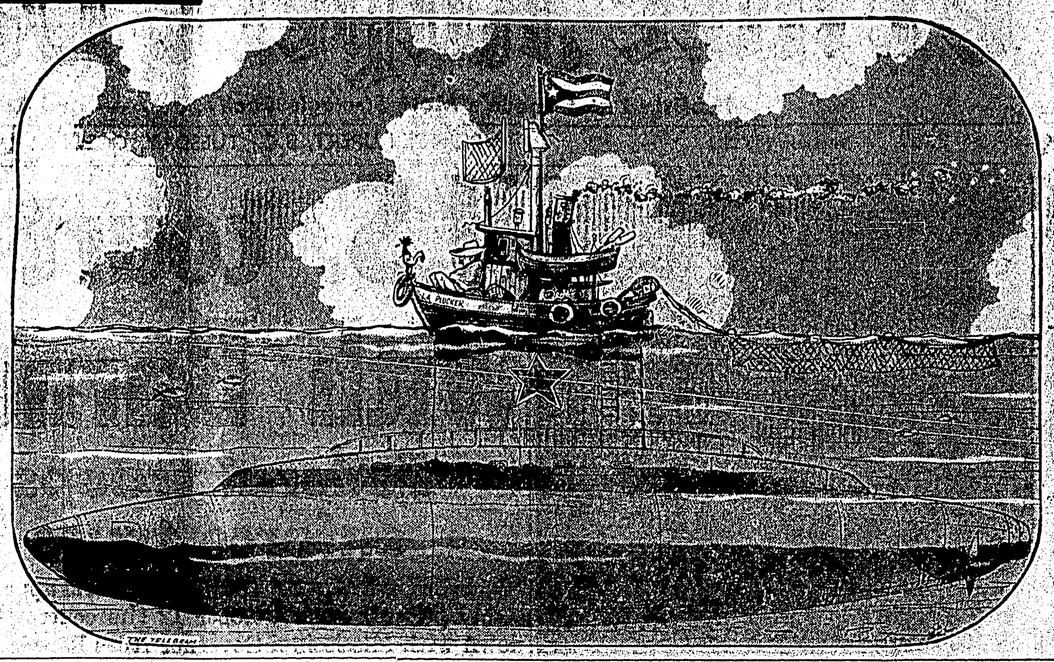
He said he would not crow, because that would be unbe[illegible] and really, there was [illegible] to crow about. He said [illegible] great crisis that faces Canada these days it's up to all Canadians to pull together, to eschew politics, and never, never never must they put their politics before their Canadianism. That's what the Premier has always done, or so it seemed to me he was intimating to us. This is no time for pessimism, said the Premier [illegible] it's a time to bury pessimists.

Some cynical reporters, hoping to back the Premier into a corner, asked him if the Federal government's giving-in on the Columbia had possibly anything to do with Social Credit support of Mr Diefenbaker. The Premier looked shocked and then pained, as if such a thought would never, never never have occurred to him, and I could tell it hurt him to think anyone might be of a mind that it had. Of course not, said the Premier, the Federal government had intimated to him last March that it would back down on the Columbia. Well, all I can say to that one is that that's not the way I heard it.

I asked the Premier if politics had anything to do with the Columbia, and he said no, absolutely not, of course not, naturally not, definitely no. Yet it seems to me only a few months ago that our Premier, doing battle with Ottawa, opined as how the Columbia was all wrapped up in politics — Tory politics, not SC politics.

Well, the Premier enjoyed himself at the press conference, and the reporters had a good time, too. They like pitting their political wits against the Premier, who took the Social Credit Party line and said the Diefenbaker government shouldn't be defeated for a year anyway. Times are far too serious for an election, said the Premier. I looked back to 1953 when Mr. Bennett was in exactly the same position as Mr. D. is today. Mr. B. did everything he could to promote an election.

Thus it is that good politicians pretty well control the political tides and eddies and whirlpools.



CONCLUSIONS

Cleopatra used mud for beauty

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP) Things a columnist might never know if he didn't open his mail:

U.S. high school history teachers say the name most often misspelled by their students is Nikita Khrushchev.

Here's something to brood about. If someone gave you a million bucks in new one-dollar bills, it would take you at least 25 days, working eight hours a day, simply to count it . . . Money is nothing but trouble, trouble, trouble.

Women have always been willing to undergo any ordeal in the quest for beauty. . . Example: Cleopatra used a heavy application of river mud to set her hair, and pinned it into place with a polished stick.

Big gamble: The odds against a player getting four cards of a kind in a poker hand are 4,164 to 1.

WHERE THERE'S SMILES

Quotable notables: "Wrinkles should merely indicate where smiles have been." — Mark Twain.

It is just as normal for you to grow down as it is to grow up . . . After the age of 40 you shrink about a quarter of an inch every 10 years.

Executive dismay: Irving J. Bottner, head of the Esquire shoe, hired survey people to find out that seven out of 10 Americans don't shine their own shoes . . . This doesn't fit in with our experience . . . most of the people we know put their best foot forward by rubbing the toe of the shoe against the back of the pants leg . . . This system has enabled many career officials to stay in business.

Rich bivalve: Word has just reached us that someone in Tokyo searched a four-square-inch oyster—or was it just a two-inch square oyster on overtime?—an found it contained 620 pearls.

ONLY ELEMENTARY

For the literati: The expression "elementary, my dear Watson," became for a while a cliche in intellectual circles . . . The historical fact is that author A. Conan Doyle never allowed Sherlock Holmes to address Dr. Watson, his foil, with quite all that condescension . . . a murmured "elementary" did it.

Health note: Don't stand in front of a man driving a golf ball . . . It can leave the tee at a speed of up to 135 miles an hour.

Honesty is the best policy: The Hotel Edison here reports a sharp drop-off in guests who steal towels for souvenirs . . . Now they take soap and ash trays.

Nature notes: The awkwardly graceful giraffe, the tallest animal on earth, is so timid and fearful that it can die of fright while trying to avoid capture.

. . . A spider is one of the fastest creatures on earth for its size . . . it can travel 50 times its own length in a second . . . How far can you go in the same time—unless you're in the driver's seat?

gems of thought

Canadian Metal Mining Association, in a submission to the Royal Commission on Banking and Finance

"Levels of taxation in this country may not yet have reached the point of producing diminishing returns, but they are certainly at the point of impeding rather than encouraging business enterprise."

IN ECM BID

Canada should cheer Britain

By REV. FRANK CHUBB
in The Dawson Creek Star

The most outstanding international achievement of the past two decades is the European Common Market. Member nations have surprised even themselves with the mutual prosperity and low incidence of unemployment that has been brought about by the lowering of tariff barriers.

Far from weeping and wringing and wringing her hands, Canada should be cheering when Britain wants to join. Either we want Britain to be a strong, economically sound nation or we don't. But if we do, then why on earth don't we quit crying and start to cheer? The only honest answer to this question is that we want to get richer at the expense of Britain.

This is a real demonstration of the "family spirit" of the commonwealth children — the way in which they honor their fatherland and their motherland. In a little under five years the Dominion of Canada will be 100 years old, but it seems we still want to milk Britain for all we can get. This might have something to be said for it if Canada were a scrawny undernourished youngster, but with the natural resources young John Canuck has on hand it is completely inexcusable.

From my little ivory tower high tariffs seem to be only a stop gap to prolong the life of an efficient industry by sticking your national foot in the face of a more efficient industry beyond your borders. From an international point of view this is mighty poor economics, as the Common Market folks have demonstrated. And we had better soon develop an international point of view or find some way of surviving when the world blows apart.

High tariffs may be excusable in some instances, but only on a temporary basis while the "protected" industry either find ways of becoming more efficient, or else finds an alternative product that it can produce competitively. High tariffs maintained indefinitely are a denial both of economics and of brotherhood.

As you can no doubt guess, back in the good old days when the names of our two oldest political parties used to mean something in regard to their trade policies, I would have voted Liberal at the drop of a hat. Nowadays its a little harder to tell by the look of a trade policy whether it's Liberal, Conservative or Expedient.

The critics of free trade are quick to point out that if Canada indulged in this it could mean a reduction in the high Canadian standard of living, while the citizens of the low standard of living countries would probably gain on us. Wouldn't it be a shame if we who talk so loudly of brotherhood "irregardless of race or creed" were forced to practice some of the brotherhood we preach.

Let those who will, weep when Britain enters the Common Market, as she must if she is to stay economically healthy. Personally, I'm going to buy a little flag and wave it!

TO A MALLARD

Hail! Fellow-Visitor, Stranger,
city-locked too! See how
Boston
provides for us public: with
tulips,
pansies and great trees, with
grasses
and garden paths, with this
placid
pond where you float now,
its waters
riffled by wind, by a silver
breath of small rain—Look! I
greet you
from here on the bridge: my
hiatus
between path and path, town
and country,
hurry and home.

DAISY STIEBER SQUADRA

POHUTU GEYSER, Whakarewarewa, Rotorua, which throws a plume of boiling water high in the air at Auckland Province, New Zealand. — NZ Tourist Bureau Photo

The PACKSACK

Of Gregory Clark
Copyright Canada Wide

Either the TV and radio commercials are getting longer and more frequent, or else they take far too long to say what they have to say. Maybe it is just that we have been away from TV and radio all summer and have forgotten in the interval how tedious commercials are. Possibly we will grow used to them, now that we have got to come in off the porch, and somebody always turns the thing on. But for a few weeks, we are going to be very irritable with the poor guys who have to write the commercials.

The art of the punch line appears to be on the wane in the advertising world. Instead of punch, the boys appear to rely on repetition. Repetition has always been a basic dogma in the advertising profession; but you had to find a punch line to repeat. What many of the commercials are doing this fall is repeat words with no punch at all. It is as if they believed that repetition by itself alone, is the secret of selling.

There is one program of which it may be said that if they hired a duck to make the comercials, and if the duck just went "quack, quack, quack," they would achieve exactly the same results they are obtaining now. Perhaps more. Because the listeners would at least be attentive to what the duck was trying to say.

Business drama comes to end

By GREG MacDONALD
Canadian Press Staff Writer

One of the great Canadian business dramas came to an end last week when the last Canadian-owned integrated oil company fell to foreign ownership.

The giant Royal Dutch Shell group, after earlier being turned away, made a second and apparently successful bid Tuesday to acquire Canadian Oil Companies Ltd.

The bid to Canadian Oil shareholders by Shell Investments Ltd. for what amounts to $52.50 a share came a little more than two months after an earlier bid by Hesper Oil Co. Ltd., which like Shell Investments, is a subsidiary of the Shell group.

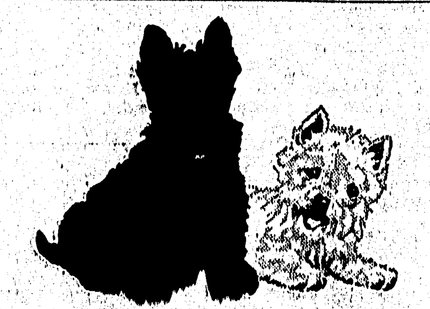
The offer has been recommended by Canadian Oil to its shareholders. Power Corporation of Canada Ltd. — Canadian Oil's biggest shareholder with about a one-third interest — has already announced its intention to accept the offer.

* * *

The Hesper bid, made July 21, was $113,915,595 or $39 a share for Canadian Oil's business and assets, or about 35 per cent below the new bid. It was rejected by Canadian Oil.

At the time of the rejection, Canadian Oil said the firm's value was considerably in excess of the offer and emphasized it was "the only major Canadian-controlled, integrated oil company left in Canada."

The company, whose brand name is White Rose and whose advertising features the slogan "Canadian All the Way," said its Canadian ownership has been one of the prime factors in its philosophy and progress.



friendly

—a good word for Scotch Whisky . . . *the* word for 'Black & White,' the companionable Scotch with smooth and mellow flavour. *The secret is in the blending.* 'Black & White' is blended from a selection of Scotland's finest individual whiskies . . . blended with skill and care to make it the gentle Scotch that guests appreciate and hosts and hostesses serve with pride. 'Black & White' is distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland. Available in several sizes.

'BLACK & WHITE'
SCOTCH WHISKY
"BUCHANAN'S"

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