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How valuable is Chamber of Commerce?

One of many indications as to just how valuable Chamber of Commerce is to a community was quite evident this week when the Prince Rupert group forged ahead in its campaign to have the rugged Drydock Road improved.

The average citizen, not connected with this group and naturally unfamiliar with its operation, is sometimes inclined to lack interest, thus not realizing its importance as a body of men devoted to the upbuilding and promotion of our city.

Its value would soon be appreciated if every person could at one time or another sit in on a regular dinner meeting and observe the numerous transactions dealt with by people who have nothing personally to gain except perhaps some thanks.

Unfortunately it is impossible for everyone to attend a C of C meeting and they must rely on word of mouth or the news media for informative reports, many of which appear in this newspaper from time to time.

Skeptics and critics of this organization — and there are a few — are those people who have never sat back and given some thought to the work achieved year in and year out.

Invariably the chamber is ready to move when something is not quite in order, promotion is needed, improvements are required and many other civic affairs need supporting.

Pushing for repairing of the Drydock Road is just another one of the local contingents' chores taken on with fortitude and a view to accomplish this goal or else. A few other Chamber achievements in the past have been such tasks as the strong drive for an airport on Digby Island which we eventually got, and more recently, television.

Apart from the controversial waterfront road they are also out to get us a better fare structure with Canadian Pacific Airlines. Their next huge job will likely be the promotion of this area for the proposed ferry linkage.

At the start of next year a new executive will be sworn in to take over where last year's left off, and it was a pretty good spot. The 1962 officers put in some lengthy hours and came through with many constructive suggestions and conclusions.

The Prince Rupert Chamber of Commerce may not be tops in every respect. In fact all chambers sometimes get off on the wrong foot. However credit is to be given where due and there's no doubt it's due right here.

Completion of a renovated Drydock Road could act as a criterion of their sincerity and aggressive attitude.

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Undermine Stevenson's prestige

By HAROLD MORRISON
Canadian Press Staff Writer

Adlai Stevenson may be on his way out as a power and influence in the Kennedy administration. The Cuban crisis has raised the stature of those who advocate a tougher line against communism.

The perfunctory support President Kennedy gave to Stevenson's struggling defence against a magazine article Saturday Evening Post attack appears to be an indication that the man who twice sought the presidency and failed is losing his influence with the administration.

Stevenson may continue as U.S. ambassador at the United Nations but the magazine article, accusing him of having sought a more cautious line before the president decided to blockade Cuba, undoubtedly undermined his prestige.

The trend seems to follow the path that led to the downfall of Chester Bowles, another liberal who quarrelled with the more conservative elements of the Kennedy team. Reports of Bowles' expected removal as undersecretary of state were denied amid public whisperings of his ineffectiveness until it was announced that he was switched to a White House post that now has proven obscure and without influence.

Both Chester Bowles and Adlai Stevenson have advocated a kind of liberalism that appears to be out of tune with the times in the United States. Stevenson appeals to the intellectual. He thinks in terms of an eventual world government, or something akin to that, and believes the Communists can be brought into the world community through peaceful persuasion.

But Kennedy's hard-line policy on Cuba paid off. He got the Soviet nuclear weapons out of Cuba without war. He forced the Russians to retreat. Barring some great misadventure, Kennedy's re-election in 1964 appears assured. He now can afford the luxury of reorganizing his administration to bring in men with ideas more closely akin to his own.

Stevenson many continue to speak at the UN; may continue to attend cabinet and national security council sessions, but his words may lack the authority they once had.

IT'S YOUR BUSINESS

Only way to go

By DAVID GRENIER
Toronto Telegram News Service

". . . if those who care about tangible achievement become convinced that the world is closing in, that there is nowhere to go but down, that the world is becoming overcrowded . . . that the Soviet Union is somehow more dynamic than we are, then mainspring of our society lacks the necessary tension for real advance."

The words are those of Margaret Mead, anthropologist and sociologist. They come from an attacking article, Must Capitalism Crawl? in the November-December issue of the Harvard Business Review.

The theme of the article is that business — once the spearhead of a vigorous, dynamic society — has become defensive, security-minded, unadventurous.

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Today, Margaret Mead points out, many companies are content to till the same ground, instead of blazing new trails. Many find obstacles instead of opportunities in the challenges they face.

The mood of indecision and self-doubt she refers to isn't confined to the U.S. It's influence can also be felt in Canada.

Here are some examples of the prevalent negative thinking:

● The postwar generation is beginning to join the ranks of the labor force. Instead of welcoming the new opportunities for growth inherent in an expanded labor force, most of the time the politicians just wring their hands and wonder where all the jobs are going to come from.

● Mounting unemployment was the reason why immigration was cut back some years ago. Now unemployment has become yet another excuse for ducking the challenge of how to match Canada's population to its vast resources.

● The drive for a higher standard of living petered out in the late 1950s. And now, in a desperate attempt to cling to the peak of that period, government policy is slow to take account of the new adjustments that must be made in the years ahead — while Canada goes on losing ground.

An older generation that knew the 1930s can be forgiven at least part of its preoccupation with security.

But it's saddening to find the same kind of negative thinking reflected in a younger generation that wants to know what a company's pension plan is before finding out about the opportunities; that believes foreign control is to blame for most of Canada's problems; that believes the world is going to mark time for Canada's benefit.

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The sad truth is that in this world you can't mark time indefinitely: you must either go forward or fall back.

And that depends on whether you believe your reach should exceed or be smaller than your grasp.

WILLOWS 100 FEET TALL

Dwarf willows of the Arctic have been known to grow to a height of less than one inch, the Encyclopedia Americana says. Other willows may grow to 100 feet tall, or more. Over 100 species of willow are found on this continent, out of a planetary total of some 300.

A lot is being said and written about "casual" living, but the truth is that few can afford to live "casually."

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"The men of the distant future will be toothless," says an evolutionist. Poor fellow! He'll have to gum his way through life.

FIRST MILL

The first British Columbia fir plywood mill was opened on the banks of the Fraser River in 1913, and employed only a few people. Today the B.C. plywood industry gives employment to more than 6,000 British Columbians, not counting those engaged in logging operations.

START HYDRO PROJECT — Huge shovels and trucks are used to excavate a channel to divert the Peace River in northeastern British Columbia from its existing bed by mid-1963. When diversion is completed, contracts will be let for actual work on the 650-foot $100,000,000 Portage Mountain dam.

EDITOR'S ELSEWHERE SAY

A Glassco survey for B.C.

The astounding disclosures of the Glassco Commission about the inefficiency and extravagance in the federal bureaucracy raises a question: Would a similar probe into the provincial bureaucracy be useful?

It seems almost too much to believe that B.C.'s governmental machine has grown to its present size without incurring at least some of the defects which showed up so glaringly under the Glassco searchlight.

After all, the provincial tax collections and disbursements have been increasing at such a rapid rate that a thorough efficiency check-on methods and procedures should be a matter of good business.

This year Victoria will collect about $340 million from B.C. taxpayers and will spend most of it in the various branches of government. Will it be used with maximum efficiency?

Provincial spending has been increasing at a rate of about $1.3 million a month for a period of 11 years. The B.C. budget was $164 million in 1951.

While most of its growth to the present level is evidently due to population and industrial expansion (and the government's involvement in many new activities) such an acceleration in spending suggests an efficiency survey might help to keep down expenses.

The Ottawa experience indicates that such an investigation would more than pay for itself.—Vancouver Province.

the lighter side

It's surprising hom many friends you have when they want to sell you tickets.

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Wandering onto a college campus, the tourist came upon a young man seated on a bench. He inquired. "Could you tell me the name of your college president?"

"Sorry," the seated one replied good-naturedly, "I'm just a football player here."

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When a little donkey was startled by a small foreign car on a roadway, it gasped, "What are you?"

"I'm an automobile," replied the car, "And what are you?"

"I," replied the donkey, swelling with pride, "am a horse."

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The hostess was a delightedly proper English lady who had never been to the U.S. but whose conversation revealed some study of the Americans. At dinner her distinguished guests from across the Atlantic were explaining how the Constitution evolved when she said:

"I am a very great admirer of Thomas Jefferson — and your country's motto. She paused and sighed, "It is magnificent . . . "Life, Liberty and the Happiness of Pursuit!"

PRICES

The farmer, yearly needs our aid
Since farming is so poorly paid
The railroads, we know, all lose money
Transporting crops is not so funny
The merchant selling all his stuff
Says profits are not high enough
Now all this makes we wonder why
My grocery bill is quite so high.

F.G.S.

—SIDELINES—

By CHUCK DAVIS

It doesn't seem fair. I can skate backwards, juggle half-a-dozen oranges, sing three choruses of the Danish national anthem, recall the exact amount of the Tibetan budget for 1938, yodel, and even change a typewriter ribbon, but I can't tell a joke.

Fate seems to have decided that something will always go wrong when I attempt to pass along a funny story. For a man whose confidence sometimes borders on the maniacal, this is a strange state of affairs.

When joke-telling time rolls around at the parties I get invited to (with curiously lessening frequency) I begin, with that air of rakish nonchalance for which I am famed, to trot out my little stable of screamingly funny stories.

Something always goes wrong.

Most times, I flub the punch line. I may have gone through the entire story without a flaw but when I get to the punch line, my tongue suddenly shoots to one side, becomes lodged between my back teeth, and my epiglottis siezes up. So the last line comes out something like, "I thought your sister was magrpuflxmr!"

Repeating the line properly is a waste of time. I've spoiled a perfactly good joke, and I should go and stand in the corner.

It's reached the point where the other guests' eyes become glassy and vague, and start to wander, when I begin a joke, and little clumps of people slip inconspicuously into the next room. Sometimes an occasional hiss is heard and once, I'm sure, someone threw a tomato.

In another form of this type of social gaffe, which I am raising to the level of a fine art, I may be going along famously, a heart-beat away from the funniest climax you ever heard, my audience poised in anticipation, when the phone will suddenly ring, and someone tells us that the dam has burst, and we must all run for our lives.

There's nothing like a flood to spoil a good story.

I was once caught in a joke, the end of which had somehow vanished while I was leading up to it. I rambled on, pale and quivering, trying to recall the punch-line, but all to no avail. Do you think the darned phone would ring then? Not a chance. Everybody, it seemed, had stopped talking, and was listening to my story.

What did I do? Well, what could I do in the circumstances? I leaped up, shouted, "Say! I smell smoke!" and jumped out the window.

Everyone agreed it was the high point of the evening. Three stories high.

The PACKSACK

By Gregory Clark

A crony of mine has two radios, going most of the time, one downstairs, and one up. When I arrived the other evening, the ground floor was flooded with the sound of a famous pipe band blasting out one of the great pibrochs or coronachs that fill the Scottish breast with feelings of fierce sadness. Upstairs, when my crony took me to show me the shotgun he had bought with which to surprise himself delightedly Christmas morning, the other radio was blasting off an enormous work of Mr. Johann Sebestian Bach on the grand organ.

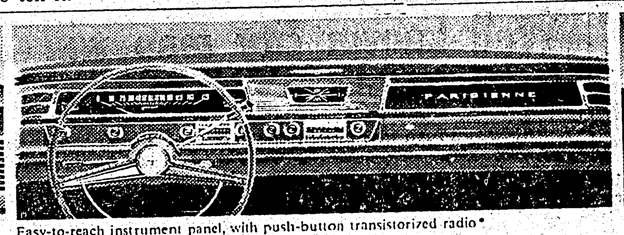
Half way up the stairs, it was a little unnerving. But it was the first time it had ever occurred to me to contrast the grand organ and the bagpipes. They have much in common.

They are both breathless — that is to say, there is no pause for wind in the inexhaustible and exhausting roar of which they are capable. They both have a deep drone.

They have an equal talent for offsetting the highest little tweedles and wheedles against a massive background of bass.

In between spasms of admiring my friend's secret (his wife doesn't yet know what she is buying him) I kept running up and down stairs to get the full benefit of the two performances. And the Presbyterians among my family and friends will be happy to know I plumped for the bagpipes against the "kist o' whustles."

Pontiac's unique over-and-under headlights.

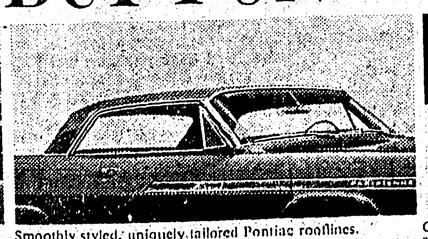


Easy-to-reach instrument panel, with push-button transistorized radio.*

Taillights are easily seen from side and rear.

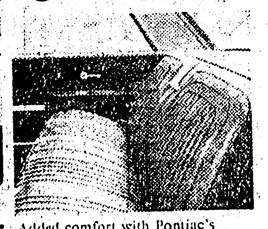
WHO BUT PONTIAC COULD

Comfortable bucket seats* available on some models.



Smoothly styled, uniquely tailored Pontiac rooflines.

Custom wheel covers* add elegant appeal.*



Added comfort with Pontiac's spacious rear seat.

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A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

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P-463C

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'63 PONTIAC

THE CAR THE OTHER '63's WISH THEY LOOKED LIKE

*optional at extra cost

Whitewall tires optional at extra cost

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