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Losing Our Museum

WE ARE told that there is a grave danger of losing one of the main cultural attractions in the city—the museum. And this because some 10,000 people cannot afford or are not interested enough in its support.

In a way, blame for the lack of public interest in the collection of historic relics is not to be laid at the feet of the general public, nor at the paltry donations of tourists.

Very few projects—if any—can get along without promotion; without publicity and advertising. Our museum cannot get along unless it is steadily being kept in the public eye.

Fostering the museum also appears to fall in line with that of promoting tourism in Prince Rupert, and unless the project is taken up by some organization with promotional instincts and working ability, both are likely to suffer defeat.

We have here a considerable amount of the successful promotion of various projects by the Junior Chamber of Commerce, a well organized body in Prince Rupert. Promotion of tourism, including that of the museum, would appear to be a project of continuing challenge to young men and one of outstanding benefit to the entire community.

Belief in Miracles

BELIEVERS in miracles can defend their faith, with some logic, against the attacks of skeptics. It is just as miraculous, it is said, for the world and its affairs to run smoothly as it is, for instance, for the world to stop turning.

Such a point of view is admirable, whether one can adopt it or not. To adopt it is to regain something of the unspoiled spirit of childhood, which accepts the world as a place where anything may happen and where everything that happens is wonderful.

The sadness of growing old is not only in the limitations that age places on one's activities, but also in the loss of the capacity for wonder and delight in what the fates may provide.

The person who is used to routine, accepts without surprise the daily rising of the sun, the annual return of summer (it has to come some time) and the perennial folly of politicians and bureaucrats. Only children and poets dream of a world of perpetual spring, where the sun might occasionally rise in the west, and that a government be either all-wise, or unnecessary.

But it is worth while to remember that the progress our world has made has come from dreams of those who refused to yield to routine.

Belief in the possibility of a miracle is the first step in bringing it to pass.

Travel Editors Tour Rockies Resort Park

JASPER PARK — A party of newspaper men and women, well versed in travel, is visiting this Rocky Mountain resort.

C. A. Davis, travel editor of the Los Angeles Examiner; Miss Patricia Manahan, associate editor of Westways Magazine, Los Angeles; Miss Mildred Rauschkolb, assistant travel editor, the Cleveland Plain Dealer, Cleveland, Ohio; Walter R. Humphrey, editor, the Fort Worth Press, Fort Worth, Texas; and Ed Jones, editor, the Highway Traveller, Chicago, Ill., are guests of the Pacific Northwest Travel Association.

They have been touring southern Alberta and are now visiting Jasper Park Lodge in the heart of the Canadian Rockies.

The group is accompanied by H. A. Webster, secretary-treasurer of the Pacific Northwest Travel Assn.; R. D. McLean, public relations officer, and C. Ross, staff photographer for the province of Alberta. They motored over the Jasper-Banff Highway to the Columbia Icefield, largest body of ice south of the Arctic Circle, and today the party will motor from Jasper Park Lodge to snowcapped Mount Edith Cavell and the Maligne Canyon.

Each year a group of travel editors from American newspapers are invited by the Pacific Northwest Travel Association to make a trip to see attractions and facilities available to tourists in the Pacific Northwest.

UK-Canadian Dollar Deficit Termed 'Heavy'

LONDON (CP) — Britain's "heavy" dollar deficit with Canada likely will be one of the principal topics discussed when the Commonwealth finance ministers meet in London, it was suggested today.

Although no date has been set, the Commonwealth Finance Conference is expected to be held here in the fall.

Commenting on the conference, The Daily Telegraph says today that Britain in recent months has made some progress in bridging the dollar gap with United States, but that a balance with Canada has proved "peculiarly intractable."

"Substantial reductions on imports, especially wheat, are hard to obtain, and expansion in exports is proving equally slow," the Daily Telegraph says in a financial page story.

Rail Union Applies For Conciliation

MONTREAL (CP) — Railroads and unions negotiating a new wage contract, announced they have been unable to agree and have asked for the service of a Federal conciliation officer.

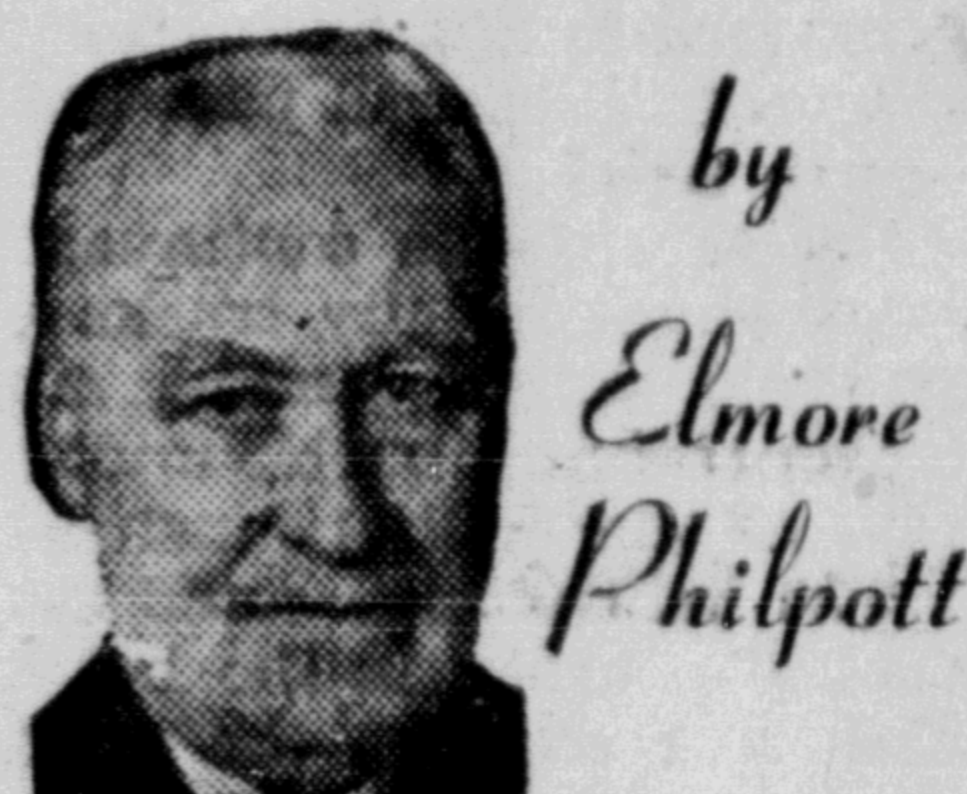
Unions have asked for a 45-cent an hour wage boost and a cost of living bonus of one cent an hour. They also want a union shop.

Seventeen unions represent 125,000 non-operating CNR-CPR workers.



"E" GUN'S CREW reloads its twin four-inch weapon during a bombardment by the Canadian destroyer HMCS Nootka of enemy targets on the east coast of Korea. Now taking a well-earned rest in Hong Kong, the Nootka spent the last few days of her patrol blasting rail lines, bridges and tunnels, and generally harassing the enemy's communication lines, near Chongjin.

As I See It



Thundering Herd

ONE advantage of having to lie in bed all day is that you get lots of time to listen to the Republican convention in Chicago.

Even being an ear-witness of that remarkable gathering I think I get the answer to something which Europeans can never understand.

Why has Canada never become part of the U.S.A. when there would be so many material advantages for doing so?

The best answer I ever got to that riddle was from a Liberal Canadian M.P. who summed it up this way:

"Their politics are too untidy and too messy to attract our people."

ONE of my pet theories is that every nation has its own culture pattern. You can tell what any nation is likely to do in the future by extending what it has done in the past.

For instance Russia. I have never swallowed the line that the Kremlin acts the way it acts because there are 14 sinister Reds in control of that mighty domain. They act the way they do because the rulers of Russia have always acted pretty much that way.

Likewise with the U.S.A. In their whole history, for nearly two hundred years now, they have followed a definite action pattern. They are among the most kindly and generous peoples on earth—provided you do not get in the road of that overriding force which they call "manifest destiny." But they are also one of the most ruthless, and lawless nations in the pursuit of their national objectives.

They came west, in utter disregard of solemn treaties with the Indians, more like a thundering herd of buffalo than like an eagle swooping down for prey. In fact I have often thought that the buffalo and not the eagle is the beast truly symbolic of the U.S.A.

BUT LET nobody be fooled by the messiness, untidiness, even lawlessness of the American action pattern. No other nation on earth, that I can think of, would stage spectacles like the U.S. party conventions where the "trimmings" include night club strip-tease artists and also singers giving out with beautiful renditions of the Lord's Prayer.

But behind all this fuss and furor, this circus clowning, this noise, disorganized confusion and organized whoopee is a power and purpose as potent as anything this old world has yet seen. Whenever I get too downhearted about the American nation I take a trip in the U.S.A. itself and meet the ordinary people. You can travel the whole world over and in no nation on earth will you find such an overwhelming high percentage of decent, kindly, generous people. If you are a stranger—or say you are in trouble on the road—they just can't do enough for you.

The Americans are a nervous, excited people these days for the age of what the British (in their turn) used to call their "splendid isolation" is over. For better or worse the world leadership has passed to U.S.A. to a

VICTORIA REPORT

... by J. K. Nesbitt

VICTORIA—A lot of us are going to have to resign from the Ancient Order of Crystal Gazers.

This political observer didn't dare try and figure out the election result before election day—but on the first count he did come up with the forecast that, in final counts, the Liberals would probably get enough seats to form a government of some kind. Well—how wrong he was.

One wonders the reason for the savage onslaught of the voters against both Liberal and Conservative candidates. The recent Coalition government was a good government. What was the reason? It seems that the public got fed up with the bickering and fightings of the two old-line parties, their constant struggling for position, one trying to politically out-manoeuvre the other, while they were both together in Coalition. The public was suspicious of two parties that could stay in the same bed as long as it suited them, and then, once out of the bed, went at each other's throats in order to win votes.

It's not often that a Premier is personally defeated. In the last 50 years we've had nine. Premiers in this province—only four have tasted personal defeat. The first was John Oliver, in 1920, but his government was returned, and a seat was opened for him in the interior at Nelson, Dr. J. D. MacLean, who succeeded Oliver, was beaten in 1928 and Dr. Tolmie, who succeeded MacLean, was licked in Saanich in 1933. Now it's Byron Johnson—in New Westminster, the riding that twice before gave him great support at the polls.

Old Tom Uphill will continue to march on triumphantly through the B.C. political scene. No politician ever before in this province had such a record as he—nine times victor in Fernie in general elections. It's a record probably unique in Canada. Old Tom Uphill is politically indestructible. Other politicians wish they knew his secret. Tom says there's no secret to it.

"Be honest, and God-fearin'," he says, with a roughish look, "and you'll find the good Lord is on the side of the righteous." Uphill is 78 now; and he appears good for many years yet.

The voters also gave C.C.F. chieftain Harold Winch a remarkable display of personal loyalty. As Messrs. Johnson and Anscomb are dismayed at the results, Mr. Winch is walking in the clouds. He's young yet, politically speaking, 45—but already he has had nearly 20 years in the Legislature; he has developed from a raw, big-mouthed youth into a polished, astute politician, an expert on parliamentary procedure; and outstanding figure in the Canadian political scene.

This capital is on tenter-hooks. What kind of a government are we going to have? How long will it last? Will there be a session of the Legislature immediately? Will the remnants of Liberals and Tories gang-up with the Social Credit to keep the CCF out? How long could the CCF last as a government if it brought in a big piece of socialism?

If that happened the Social Credit, and the handful of Tories and Liberals would almost certainly join together to defeat a CCF government on the floor of the House. Then there'd be a general election. So, whatever the voters did on June 12, it hasn't added up to very much stability. Such is democracy!

A newspaper office, not infrequently, is the setting for a movie, and those who follow the business, often attend the show if they wish to enjoy a quiet chuckle. And that, doubtless, would be true of anyone when he sees what he himself does for a living pictured by those who do not.

In the judgment of a physician, children are liable to catch things. That is, except what Ma would like to give them now and then.

Hotels are said to be feeling the effects of motels which, of course, is to be expected in this motorized age. Conveniences and comforts for the motorists—and there are millions of them—can't be disregarded. Meanwhile, the hotel can go a long way yet, in effectively meeting competition.

TALL AND RANGY
Republican speakers at the convention mentioned, several times, the name of a tall, rangy looking man who had helped found the party. He had, in fact, been nominated for the presidency, right in Chicago, ninety-two years before. Times were critical then, as now. The year was 1860, and the name, Abraham Lincoln.

The 250 members of the staff of Buckingham Palace include a good many of those who belong to labor unions. Duties, under some contracts are expiring not later than August 5th. Suggestions and proposals, quite new, have been heard. Early next summer sees the coronation. So what?

Lady Alexander, interviewed in England, said that in Canada there is democracy over titles and names, but a "bending of the knee" towards the very wealthy. Still, wage earners do not appear to notice anything of the kind.

CORA WAS CLEVER
This year's harvest is expected to be not less than 566 million bushels, which would gratify Cora Hind, were she alive to hear it. For many a year Miss Hind, of the Winnipeg Free Press, widely travelled and with

UNDER OUR ROOF

I received a letter from Hollywood the other day that shook me badly. "By the way," this friend of mine wrote, "if you are still thinking of coming down here to die—don't. Utter and McKinley have upped their prices."

Utter and McKinley are a firm of Hollywood morticians, and I was always impressed by the low cost of their services.

In an era where prices were sky-rocketing, U and McK had doggedly refused to go along with inflation, and their low-priced funerals seemed one bright spot in an otherwise unhappy world. And now even they had failed me.

(I was reading this letter in the shed where my family and I are living on account of we have so many house guests there is no room for us in the house, and my wife, noticing the Hollywood post-mark, said: "I suppose one of those movie starlet friends of yours is writing you again.")

(This was plain silly, I told her. All the starlets I used to know in Hollywood are either married now and have babies, or have gone into burlesque.)

But to get back to Utter and McKinley, I have always had an interest in these gentlemen. (I presume they are gentlemen) not only because they made dying economically possible, but because they were my first introduction to fabulous Hollywood.

I was in uniform at the time, and I had been despatched westward to write a movie about the navy. I was taken from a corvette at St. John's, Newfoundland, whisked to Ottawa and eventually dumped into a plane that the man said would land me in Los Angeles.

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by this man and the bartender, because, for some reason, I kept wanting to stand on my head. At the time it seemed to me a normal position. And after copious draughts of this liquid I still wanted to stand on my head, and also I seemed to be now suffering from double vision.

DOING SEVENTY
The movie representative took me outside and sat me in the front seat of a low-slung Duesenberg, which started off with a roar like thunder.

We hit Cahuenga Pass, which is Hollywood's answer to the Indianapolis speedway, and the Duesenberg was doing seventy. So were a lot of other cars, and there appeared to be thousands of them, going in both directions and all of them trying to get there first.

At that moment I longed to return to the war and the North Atlantic gales. I closed my eyes against the blur of the racing cars, and I said a little prayer, quite convinced that this was the end.

I opened my eyes only once on that trip from Burbank to Hollywood. In that one terrifying instant I saw something on the side of the road. It was a billboard; the biggest damn billboard I had ever seen in my life. I caught the name "Utter and McKinley," and then my eyes were staring at letters five feet high. The message they told was short and simple and altogether appropriate.

They announced happily: "A FINE FUNERAL AS LOW AS \$68.50."

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