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Survival Means Sacrifice

THE NEWS LETTER of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce draws attention to "one of the most thought provoking newspaper columns written in Canada today" from the able pen of Richard J. Needham, "One Man's Opinion," in the Calgary Herald. "Mr. Needham writes trenchantly and realistically. His ideas and words are challenging and must ring uncomfortably in the ears of the smug and complacent," says the News Letter.

"Look what is happening," says Mr. Needham in a recent column. "The rich nations of this world are appallingly weak in the military sense; the poor nations are appallingly strong. The low-income half of humanity is pushing around the high-income half. The low-income half, which obviously cannot afford to maintain and equip a large force, is maintaining and equipping them; the high-income half, which obviously can afford to, is not."

In the same column, Mr. Needham reaches the following conclusion: "We of the western world place comfort above survival. We have forgotten the truth so well put by Somerset Maugham: 'If a country values anything more than freedom it will lose its freedom; and the irony of it is that if it is comfort or money that it values more, it will lose that too.'"

"The sands of history are littered with the wreckage of empire," points out Richard Needham. "They fought, won, grew rich, got soft, were challenged and overthrown by other empires which, in turn, went through the same process. The have-nots take the haves, the attackers the defenders, the barbarians the civilized. It is all written down." We have fought, we have won, we have grown rich and we are now being challenged. Now is the testing period as to whether or not we have grown soft. Now is the time for us to strip off the fat, to condition our muscles, to exercise and develop those spiritual and mental qualities which constitute the real strength of a people . . ."

Should Take Heart

NEVER before in all the history of this troubled world has there been such fear and trepidation in the hearts of men as currently exists in the face of the present international situation. Never before has there been so great a need to warm ourselves once again before the fires of faith and hope and charity.

The peace for which we have fought two World Wars within a generation may indeed be in jeopardy but true peace, the peace of the spirit, peace of mind, can still be gained although we are living in an armed camp. War clouds may darken the horizon but discouragement must not be allowed to darken our hearts.

We must all of us live in the faith that what is right will survive and the armour of hope must never be laid aside. If we determine to shun defeatism and indifference, if we resolve to accept the heavy responsibilities which are ours as free men and women in a free society, if we do these things conscientiously and well, we can and shall retain that peace of mind which is its own reward.

Robert Burns

ONCE again Scotsmen the world over at this season celebrate the anniversary of the great national bard, Robert Burns, and it is fitting that they should do so. It was his birthday yesterday—the 192nd.

Robert Burns was a Scotsman and people of that nation have adopted him almost as a patron saint. But his memory and his works are acclaimed the world over for he did exemplify fine qualities of humanity and understanding. These he was able to record in his remarkable verse, moralizing on the simplest and homeliest of things and expressing from their inspiration sentiments and feelings that have won universal admiration.

Nor has Prince Rupert, from the very beginnings, ever flagged in the enthusiasm and the spirit of the Burns anniversary.

It is such observance everywhere that Scotsmen live which keeps the "Immortal Memory" ever green.



As I See It

By ELMORE PHILPOTT

SLEUTHS STONE OF SCONE

LONDON.—It took me longer than I figured to get my steamship ticket fixed up for passage to Egypt for all the offices here have the same story:

Many of their employees are home with the flu. In fact, just about everybody you want to meet is either home with the flu or just getting over it.

But I managed to clean up my second day's business in London in time to get to the afternoon service in Westminster Abbey.

About 40 or 50 folks sat in the inner part of the ancient church. A handful of us sat in the main hall outside while the male choir of 12 toned the responses. It was freezing outside and unheated and unlighted within in the main part of the Abbey.

SHARP AT HALF past three the service ended and a considerable throng of tourists arrived. Most of these were talking French. But hear and there I overheard a Scottish tongue asking one another of the begowned ushers where they could see the chair where the Stone of Scone "used to be."

My own experience had taught me to be cautious. For when I had whispered somewhat the same question to one of the attendants a marked look of pain, and even annoyance, flashed over his fine face.

"Yes, but you will have to sit down till the service is finished," he had replied.

HERE IS ONE hitherto unpublished-in-Canada clue to the why (if not the whereabouts) of the missing stone.

These English actually charge you a shilling to get into the raised part of the Cathedral to see the Coronation chair. No wonder that rubbed every Scot where it hurt most. It was bad enough for Scotland to lose the stone in 1286, but to have to shell out a shilling to see the ancient relic may have been just too much for somebody from the upper part of the United Kingdom.

NO OFFICIAL AROUND the Abbey is talking about the missing stone. Indeed, you have to find the chair yourself.

You go through a thick iron fence affair (kept locked every night). Then you go up a winding, rather rickety stairway. Then you come to the place where they keep the chair—with its now gaping blank space.

But if officialdom has no inclination to talk there are friendly workmen around the place who have no such inhibitions. A couple of them, with sharp Cockney accents and ready Cockney wit, readily gave me the lowdown.

The gang which took the stone lowered it down across the High Altar, they figured.

"There must have been four of them at least."

The job was well planned, said my voluble informants. There were marks where the stone had been sledged across the carpet in front of the altar, and even scratches in the stone before the colorists got the stone through

RAY... Reflects and Reminisces

Rangoon is also feeling the newsprint pinch. Papers plead for Yank dollars wherewith to import from Canada. Wonder what Kipling, who told us about Mandalay, and the dawn coming up "out of China, cross the Bay" would think today.

Cities, larger than Prince Rupert, envy completion of the industry at Watson Island. None are more anxious to see it functioning than those living here and nobody will more heartily agree that adequate housing should have been provided many months ago. But today, to moralize or try to explain gets nowhere. There must be dwellings without delay. All that can be done today is redouble effort and refuse to listen to anything or anybody until houses are going up. Anything else is distinctly "out."

No one dare dispute that the housing problem is new, but it's questionable if, within the last half dozen years, if not longer ago it has ever been more acute. Whose fault, or why? Housing is part of the cost of living, and described in that way, it launches into a maze of obligations and responsibilities and becoming on a wider scale of dissatisfaction as time goes on.

Same day a passenger plane from Rome to Quebec crashed in the Alps, the Montreal press printed feature headlines over the state of the Labrador copper market. The other story also appeared.

More than 6,000 displaced persons from Europe landed at Halifax Wednesday. These included farmers, domestics, miners and textile workers, as well as a party of close relations. They often are that way.

Fifteen merchantmen have been taking on grain in Vancouver, and if destination is the Orient, they will sail, in crossing the Pacific, not so far from Prince Rupert. That's because the distance is shorter. Ask why grain is not shipped this way and the number of excuses, politely submitted, astonished one. When the elevator was built, the reasons why a grain plant should be erected here totalled even more.

For Action, Advertise!

the temporary door which they gate.

THEY LAUGHED when I suggested that the stone stealers must have had a derrick or a pretty strong pulley and tackle rig to lower the 450-pound rock down below the altar.

It took quite some time and quite a number of people to do that job, said these hard-headed amateur Sherlock Holmes.

I SATISFIED MYSELF that two theories, advanced maybe by pranksters or leg-pullers, are out: No braw Highlander walked off with the stone hidden under his kilt.

No lady walked off with the stone hidden wherever it is that Canadian women hide things which they don't want customs officials to see. It looks like a gang job, a group coup.

The stone was a big stone. For being sledged across the carpet it has left a big hole in more ways than one around this most sacred shrine of the British world kingdom.

Scotland, My Hame Land

While dozin' in the auld arm-chair
Beside the glowin' hearth
My thoughts gang rovin' thro' the glare
To thee—land o' my birth.
I see the dear auld hoose that lay
Among the purple braes
Ow'r which I wandered in my play
Thro' childhood's happy days.

Oh Scotland; Scotland; my dear hame
An' Scots ow'r a' the world beside
Tho' faur frae thee they honored name
Shall ever in my heart abide.

The auld acquaintances an' freens
I kent in bygone years,
An' mingled w' in many scenes
O' happiness an' tears.

Guid honest folk; I see them noo
Wi' he'r's sae leal an' warm
What memory the lang years thro'
Ha'e left a hauntin' charm.

—J. G. STEEN

2000 Members Centre's Aim

Membership in the Civic Centre is expected to go over the 2000 mark this year, according to the report of General Secretary Donald Forward to the general meeting last night. To date there are 1741 members with the drive still progressing. Over 100 new members were signed in the week preceding the meeting.

A drop in attendance in the 1950 season compared with the 1949 season, Mr. Forward attributed largely to modifying the program during the power shortage and cold spell last year.

Membership participation he considered gratifying. The Civic Centre had demonstrated that it had places on its program for all age groups, he said. New program features were being looked into all the time. Listed among features this year were square dancing, classes for toddlers, Art Club, Saturday morning basketball leagues, new university extension courses, men's acrobatics and judo.

The report said there were 99 community groups using the building during the year.

It gave credit to contributing groups and patrons for their aid to funds.

Main feature of the financial report was the dwindling of carnival receipts, which was the only place where estimated operating revenues were very far wrong. Operating expenses, in spite of the long cold spell, were very close to those estimated.

In closing his report, Mr. Forward gave credit to the loyal and competent staff for making the year a successful one.

WOOL PRODUCERS
CAPE TOWN —South Africa now stands sixth among the world's leading wool producers. Statistics here placed production, in millions of bales, at 1190 for Australia, 490 for Argentina, 372 for New Zealand, 310 for Russia, 254 for the United States and 220 for South Africa.

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THE LETTERBOX

GIFT OF HEATHER

Editor, Daily News:
About two weeks ago I received some heather. The following was my reply:

"Dear J—
"I am reminded by the arrival of your treasured gift of Scottish heather of the swift flight of time. It hardly seems a year since last 'Lant was I the bell' but, flight of time notwithstanding, that sweet messenger of love from Caledonia was welcome, as of old. After an immersion in hot water, its fragrance, fed me in a flight of fancy over the beloved Pentlands and back to the days of my boyhood, the days that weave the spell that no Scotsman ever successfully outlives."

J. G. STEEN

Daily Health Hint

Sanitation, particularly in the food handling and serving business, is plain common sense and good business sense.

ACHING BACK?

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