

Introducing Tree Farms

FOR MANY years the B.C. branch of the Canadian Forestry Association has stressed the importance of forest fire prevention as a vital part of the forest conservation program.

This year, in addition to its five prevention activities, the Association is introducing a tree farm program which is expected to pay good dividends in improved land management.

The first tree farm to be certified under this new program is the University Forest operated by the UBC faculty of forestry and officially dedicated last week.

The significance of the tree farm in the overall conservation effort lies in the fact that certification provides a powerful incentive to the grower to manage his land and timber intelligently. Certification carries with it a real sense of achievement and confers on the holder of a certificate a special standing through its recognition of the tree grower's efforts to develop his holdings to their fullest potential.

The movement, which originated in the United States some ten years ago, has thoroughly demonstrated its practical value in thousands of flourishing tree farms scattered throughout the nation. The Canadian Forestry Association and its branches are now putting this experience to good use in Canada.

What He Forgot

HE BRUSHED his teeth twice a day with a nationally advertised tooth brush and a miraculous tooth paste that killed germs, kept his teeth white, and gave him an irresistible smile.

The doctor examined him twice a year.
He wore rubbers whenever it looked like rain.
He slept with the windows open.
He stuck to a diet with plenty of fresh vegetables.
He golfed, but never more than 18 holes.
He never smoked, drank or lost his temper.
He got at least eight hours of sleep every night.
The funeral will be held next Wednesday. He is survived by 18 specialists, four health institutes, six gymnasiums and numerous manufacturers of health foods and antiseptics.
He had forgotten about trains at grade crossings.
—The Baltimore and Ohio Magazine.

Ray REFLECTS and REMINISCES

It's all right to drink like a fish if you drink what a fish does.

Buffalo Bill was in Prince Rupert last week but no one seemed aware of it. It's doubtful if such ever occurred before. The motor vessel Buffalo was the name on the figurehead on the bow, loading on this coast for overseas. The ship, a huge craft is Norwegian, and Colonel Cody it might be said made a surprise appearance.

DOING HIM A FAVOR

Looking back over old days, there were moments in Prince Rupert police court affairs when incidents could be regarded as unexpected. For example: "Order in court."
Up rose everyone who chanced to be sitting, and stood for a few moments in heavy silence. Cases were few, and apparently unimportant, but there was one unhappy defendant who wished to make speech with the magistrate.
"Your Honor," he began nervously, "could you do me a favor?"
"What is on your mind?"
"I'd like to be given a jail term for a few weeks. It would rest me, too! Besides, the wife who doesn't like me would wonder until I felt like going home."

SOUND IDEA

Now that what is known as the square frying pan has made its appearance in eastern Canada, the suggestion has been heard that Nature should study production of the square egg. This, of course, will necessitate the square hen and by that time, all of us should be well on the way toward settling down to a square meal.

Joshua Henson, 92, buried near the village of Dresden in southern Ontario, was born an American slave, but lived nearly half his life in Canada. How many

Canadians realize he was the original "Uncle Tom" of the world famous novel of that name by Harriet Beecher Stowe. He was, one might almost say, part of the continent's dramatic story. But are our schools aware of this?

Can you ever remember a time when there weren't some people who were worried about conditions?—Journal of Living.

U.S. Convinced Agitators Sent

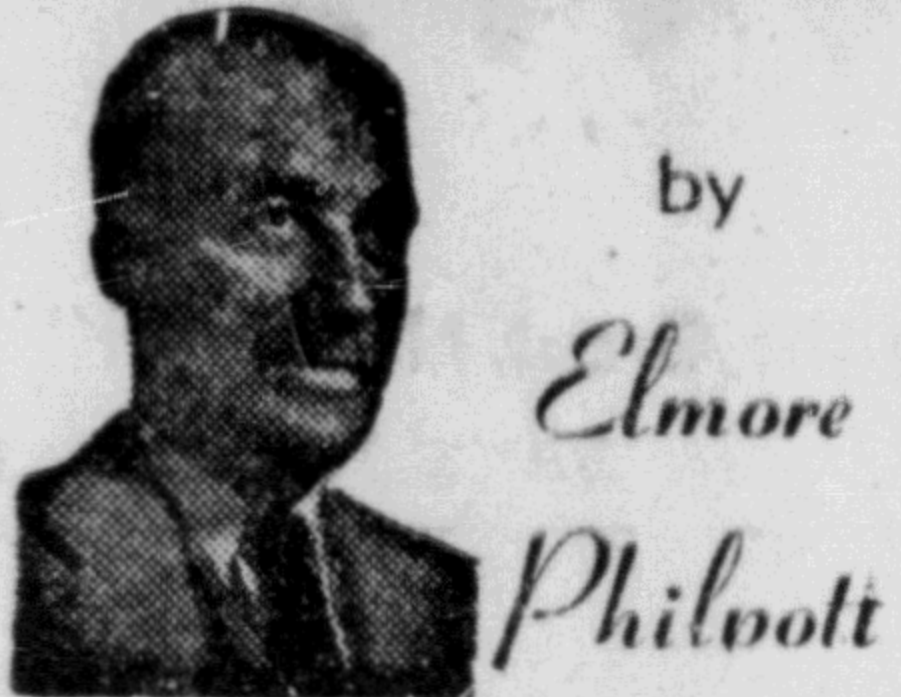
WASHINGTON—United States authorities said today they are convinced Moscow has turned loose Communist agitators to foment strife and chaos in Central America.

This belief is based on recent developments in Costa Rica, Nicaragua and Honduras and climaxed now by an apparently large shipment of arms to Guatemala from Communist-controlled Stettin, once a German port but now incorporated into Poland.

The state department here announced late yesterday that an unspecified quantity and type of arms now are being unloaded from a cargo ship of Swedish registry at the Guatemalan port of Puerto Barrios. The announcement said that "because of the origin of these arms, their destination and the quantity of arms involved, the department of state considers that this is a development of gravity."

For a number of years the United States has blocked all arms sales to Guatemala. It has repeatedly charged, too, that Guatemala is the centre of Communist agitation in Central America and that its government is "playing the Communist game."

As I See It



by Elmore Philbott

Kremlin Beware

THE AMBASSADORS of foreign countries rarely turn up to debates in the Parliament of Canada.

Also, they turn up to the wrong debates.

Take, for instance, the speech made by a private member late one night last week, with only a handful of MPs in the House.

In my judgment, that speech was the most significant that I have heard since I came to Ottawa.

For that speech said, as plainly as anything could be said: Kremlin watch your step.

THE SPEAKER was Claire Gillis, who for fourteen years has ably represented the coalminers of Cape Breton in this House.

Mr. Gillis is a Member of the CCF, but he often takes an independent line, as he clearly did in this case. He is a war veteran, and is generally credited with having written the first rough draft of what became the War Veterans' Allowance Act of Canada.

What he did say boiled down to this: The nations of the West were threatened by a new type of aggression, which had its centre, heart and head, in the Kremlin at Moscow. That new aggressive world force was advancing by a series of local attacks on the fringes of the Soviet power bloc. The West should never again get drawn into such "sideline issues" as Korea or Indo-China. Rather if a showdown had to come, the West should pick the place for that showdown. Mr. Gillis argued that a good general picks the time and place for the crucial battle if he knows he has to fight.

A CLOSE reading of Mr. Gillis' speech will convince any student that it has serious holes in its reasoning. For instance, in one place, the forthright coalminer from Cape Breton suggested that in the event of war our NATO forces in Europe would be of little value—easily to be pushed aside by the Russian army. He therefore suggested that at least half of all the Canadian air squadrons now in Europe be brought home to defend America. That suggestion hardly ties in with Mr. Gillis' larger proposition that, if the allies are going to have to fight Russia, they had better hit at the heart land of Russian power, rather than try to contain it on its outermost fringes.

I THINK that the Gillis' speech is of extreme importance, precisely because it does not represent official opinion of the Parliament of Canada—in fact, it quite clearly does not express the official policy of the CCF.

But it does seem to me that it truly represents a crystallizing idea in the minds of a great many people in western lands, but especially in the U.S.

That is, such people cannot see any way out of the never-ending struggle, caused by the dynamic and aggressive nature of world Communism. There is a steadily growing fatalism in the minds and hearts of people everywhere, that the basic nature of world Communism makes a struggle with it a foregone conclusion.

The very fact that the recent local battles in Asia have gone against the West strengthens the conviction, in the minds of such people, that if we are going to have to fight we might as well fight on the kind of a battlefield where we have a real chance to bring the struggle to an end.

READERS of this column are aware that I do not share the opinion held by Mr. Gillis, for whom, nevertheless, I have a deep respect. I think his reasoning on this question is faulty—and if carried to its logical conclusion could be extremely dangerous, from every point of view.

But it seems to me that the men in the Kremlin could make no greater mistake than to ignore the importance of what people like Mr. Gillis are thinking, and at times saying.



DEFTLY ADDING the finishing strokes to another canvas, Robert E. Coe, United States Ambassador to Denmark, sets aside his official position for a time, to indulge in his favorite hobby. Coe, who told the United Press painting had been his pastime only for the past four years, recently drew approval for two of five canvases, from the Charlottenborg (Denmark) Exhibition committee of judges. The Ambassador, tremendously productive and fast-working, completed this canvas, called "Danish Jungle," within six hours.

OTTAWA DIARY By NORMAN M. MacLEOD

There is a more than passing interest in Parliament Hill political circles in the highway scandals that are currently rocking the Frost Government at Queen's Park.

The situation has all three major political parties strongly intrigued. As the last remaining citadel of strength of the Conservatives, Ontario is a sort of political Gibraltar. If it should fall, the consequences for all parties would be at least considerable.

But will it fall? That is the question that all three parties are trying to answer. A few short weeks ago the gossip was widespread and apparently well informed that Premier Frost intended to go to the country this autumn. It is less certain now that this is his intention. But the whole situation is known to be hanging in the balance, with the course to be followed depending upon the judgment of Board of Strategy which surrounds Mr. Frost at Queen's Park.

Obviously the uncovering of the large-scale contract irreg-



ALFRED ANGEL peeks out, turtlelike, from a new survival bag going on trial in England. Extremely light and of rubberized fabric, it works on the principle of air insulation. Survivors who are suffering from severe exposure are wrapped in the bags, which are inflated before use, and their body temperatures return to normal in a short time. Artificial respiration can be carried out on a man inside the bag.

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VICTORIA—Mr. Speaker Thos. Irwin, who must sit through hours and hours and hours of legislative debate, and pretend he's interested, when he's not, has at last unburdened himself.

He spoke on a public platform the other day and he announced to all and sundry that the Legislature is filled with wind-bags.

Well, now imagine that! Mr. Speaker, who's supposed to be the very embodiment of dignity and courtesy, called hon. MLAs a big bunch of wind-bags. One never heard the like! It's a remark that will go down in our legislative history.

The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary defines windbag: "An empty pretender, or something pretentious but unsubstantial; a voluble and senseless person."

"There was a great deal of unnecessary wind-bagging at the recent session of the Legislature," said Mr. Speaker. "There's a great wind in Victoria anyway. Just why the legislators of this province should add to it I can't tell."

MLAs will say Mr. Speaker was just showing sour grapes: that he's sore because he's not allowed to make a speech if he was, MLAs would say, he'd be just as windy as anybody else. Wasn't he windy when he talked about windbags in the Legislature?

It must be admitted in all truth and honesty that there are wind bags in the Legislature. There always have been and there always will be until time limits are set on the speeches of MLAs.

In this capital an MLA can talk as long as he likes, and sometimes it's pretty long. Some take great pride, for instance, in being able to tell their constituents they talked for two hours. They may not have said anything, but, no matter—they talked for two hours.

A two hour speech, of course, doesn't take much preparation. It just rattles along. Anybody can make a two-hour speech. It's the lazy man's way of making a speech. A 20-minute speech, filled with thought and idea, takes hours to prepare.

There's a story along this line told about Lincoln. Somebody asked the President how long it took him to prepare a two-hour speech. The President said about 15 minutes. This surprised the questioner, who said that if that be so—15 minutes for a two hour speech—how long would it take Lincoln to prepare a 15 minute speech—no time at all? To this the President replied that it would take him at least two hours to prepare a 15-minute speech.

Last session, in an effort to take some of what he now calls wind out of MLA's speeches, Mr. Speaker told members they must no longer read their speeches. Mostly, naturally, MLAs ignored Mr. Speaker on this, and kept right on reading. If Mr. Speaker attempted to stop them, they said they were merely referring to notes, when it was quite obvious they were reading, word for word, from a prepared text. What could poor Mr. Speaker do?

So now he gets even. He calls MLAs a bunch of wind bags. Is that dignified? Hardly—and yet Mr. Speaker's a great one for legislative dignity. He would never, never make such a remark in the Legislature, but on the hustings anything goes.

QUALITY COUNTS
WELSHPOOL, Wales — The Ultra-Light Flying Club in this Montgomeryshire town, possessing only one plane, was awarded the Mac-feld Trophy of the Popular Flying Association for efficiency and team spirit.

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Is that it, Mr. Speaker? Actually there should be time limits to MLA's speeches. Private members should be limited to 30 minutes; there would be no limit on the Premier, or cabinet ministers, or the Leaders of the Opposition, or perhaps the leaders of minority groups.

In this way each member would have the chance to make two 30-minute speeches a session—in the Throne Speech and Budget debates. Surely that should be enough.

There would also be plenty of other opportunities to speak—on estimates and bills, and a 10-minute time limit here would be a good idea.

Certainly, there's far too much talking at a legislative session. Weeks are consumed in talk, talk, talk—and then important business rushed through when everybody's fair talked out and stone deaf from trying to listen, and weary of mind from trying to figure who said what, and when.

But, windbags? It seems a strong word to apply to MLAs, especially from the lip keeper of legislative decorum, Mr. Speaker. However, it's all very fascinating and entertaining. The spectacle of it—the Speaker of the Legislature running around the province announcing that MLAs engage in a lot of wind-bagging, far too much wind-bagging, at a session of the Legislature.

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