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How Bright Our Future?

BRITISH COLUMBIA today stands in the doorway of a golden era. Of all the provinces in Canada, statistics show that B.C., since 1939, has had the greatest growth.

Its population has increased from 792,000 to 1,200,000 today.

The average hourly earnings of B.C. workers, for instance, have increased from 50 cents in 1939 to \$1.57 today.

Eight major projects in industrial expansion of our province are headed by the Aluminum Company of Canada development—the greatest undertaking in Canada today. In the coming three years there is due to be spent throughout B.C. on industrial development more than one and a half billion dollars.

All this could not have happened without the confidence of investors in our province. And investors will only risk their capital in a sound, free enterprise province which does not frighten them away with talk of nationalization, high taxation, unfriendly government attitude.

When we go to the polls June 12, let's vote thoughtfully, for our future pay cheques.

Each and every one of us has a pretty large stake in our province. We want it's future progress. There is no land of brighter promise on the face of the earth today than Western Canada . . . of which B.C. is the most favored province.

UNDER OUR ROOF

By JOHN STURDY

There has been a certain amount of confusion about the re-allocation of rooms in our house since Col. S. Skeffington-Smuts (Ret.), one of our apparently permanent guests, married Anastasia Wiggs-Wiggs, who also seems permanent. The idea was that the Colonel and Anastasia would take up residence in the Colonel's quarters and that would leave a spare bedroom; a situation which has been unknown in our house since some time in 1951.

Of course, I had the silly idea that, seeing as I owned the house, I might conceivably get the bedroom for my family. Not that I mind living in the shed, but as my wife says, it's no place to bring up a child. So I timidly put forward the suggestion that the family and I might move back into the house, and, of course, I got absolutely nowhere.

Anastasia wanted the extra room as a store-place for her collection of stuffed animal heads, which she had brought with her from India, and the Colonel wanted it for a study where he could write his memoirs, while Hamish, who has the gardening bug, planned to turn the space into a greenhouse.

The only one who stayed aloof from this heated controversy was Little Augie. Ever since he arrived on the island Little Augie has been very quiet and subdued, a strange state of affairs for a man who once was the biggest blind-pig operator Back East. Life has not been too kind to Little Augie. You see, he was doing all right in his trade until they opened up all those cocktail

bars in the East, and that of course made it impossible for him to make an honest living. That was why he came to B.C., where the laws concerning liquid refreshments were better for a man in his line of business—or, as he called it, "purveying portables to the underprivileged."

Well, nobody could agree about the bedroom, and in the meantime there were four perfectly good walls and a floor going to waste. Hamish and the Colonel and Anastasia were watching one another like hawks, and that gave me a brilliant idea. If they were so busy watching one another, they might not notice me.

So the other evening I snaked into the disputed room just to scout the situation. The interior surprised me. For one thing, the bed and most of the furniture was gone.

I was scratching my head in perplexity when I heard a knock on the door. I answered it and there stood a little man I had never seen in my life before.

"Joe sent me," he said, nervously.

"Joe who?" I demanded.

He looked confused. "Just—Joe," he said, taking off his hat and sitting at one of the card tables. I took a seat at another table and we looked at each other.

"Nice weather," he suggested. I was about to reply when there was another knock on the door. Again I answered, and a stout man entered. "Frank sent me," he said.

With this he headed for a table and, seating himself, began to read a newspaper.

"Not so chilly tonight," I heard the little man say.

Suddenly the stout individual snorted and put down his newspaper with a loud slap. "Just been reading that column 'Under

(Continued on page 3)

As I See It



by
Elmon
Philpott

Beaverbrook Blunder

I AM usually an admirer of that tough old war-horse, Lord Beaverbrook.

Although I cannot go along with him in some of his die-hard ideas on domestic politics in Britain, it seems to me he is about the last big public man in Britain who realizes that what we used to call the British Empire is still big enough to save itself.

It is certainly one of the ironies of history that, while the British world kingdom outnumbered either the U.S.A. or Russia by more than three to one, we are now caught in the nutcracker of their two-pronged world squeeze. Some say Uncle Sam will save us from Uncle Joe. But some ask, who will save us from Uncle Sam?

If YOU include India in the Commonwealth you see that one quarter of the people of the world are still in it. In fact, our new Queen Elizabeth will reign over more human beings than have ever been subject to any monarch in all human history. True, she will "reign but not rule." But the legal fact is that her world-wide kingdom is the most populous in all history—by far the most numerous of any international organization in the world today. Within the British world kingdom we have every resource to make us the most prosperous, best fed, best educated, most cultured people on earth.

The fact that we have not done so is a reflection only on ourselves. We have all the "makings"—but one. Our political theory and self-help was obviously inadequate for the times in which we live. Otherwise we would not have had to bow down to American leadership, as we have done, even in the face of the gigantic challenge of Russian-led Communism. Stalin has 190 million subjects. Elizabeth has over 500 million fellow citizens who call her Queen, and who feel as friends.

BUT how could Lord Beaverbrook, so great a believer in the British world kingdom, be so unwise as to re-open the old wounds that date from the abdication of the present Duke of Windsor?

This would have been bad enough at any time. But it was most mischievous at this particular period, between the death of the late King and the Coronation of the young Queen Elizabeth.

Lord Beaverbrook rather bitterly attacks a former editor of (Continued on page 3)

ray . . .

Reflects and Reminisces

Then there was the physician who gently broke the news to a 92 year old spinster that her 98 year old sister had passed away. "And now," remarked the former, "I'll have my coffee the way I've always wanted it."

Education is the ability to describe a beautiful girl without using your hands.—Brandon Sun.

FELT SO PLEASANT

Most of us, this long ago, feel a bit embarrassed if asked what date it was the first through train arrived in Prince Rupert. The casual stranger or new comer thinks a sourdough ought to know. He should, for that matter. Well, it's 38 years ago—

April 9, 1914. The time was early afternoon and the weather beautiful and warm.

WHAT HO, FOR EAST?

Not until 1911 was it possible for a train to travel any distance from Prince Rupert. On the fourteenth of June of that year, one managed to reach Mile 45. Passenger cars totalled perhaps three or four, together with a string of freights. There was no sign of the Skeena, though near. A mile or more back from the rails, towered mountains with a waterfall foaming from top to bottom. On the platform of the rear car sat a couple of men with legs comfortably crossed. One's hat, so far as color went, could have been from Panama.

FINAL CONTACT

It was near Fort Fraser in Central British Columbia on April 7, 1914, that the track layer made the last connection. Fort Fraser is hundreds of miles from Prince Rupert and on this day of days, the sky was clear, and

there was no lack of snow and people.

STILL WORRYING

Linked up at last, and great the rejoicing. In a few more months farewell to 1914, and

welcome to new trade, traffic and what have you, and all the happy surprises a vast, new transcontinental system would surely bring. There was beyond question one surprise. It occurred that autumn, was a world

war, and hasn't really yet.

Having an argument involving hotels, Empress or the Vancouver (Continued on Page 3)

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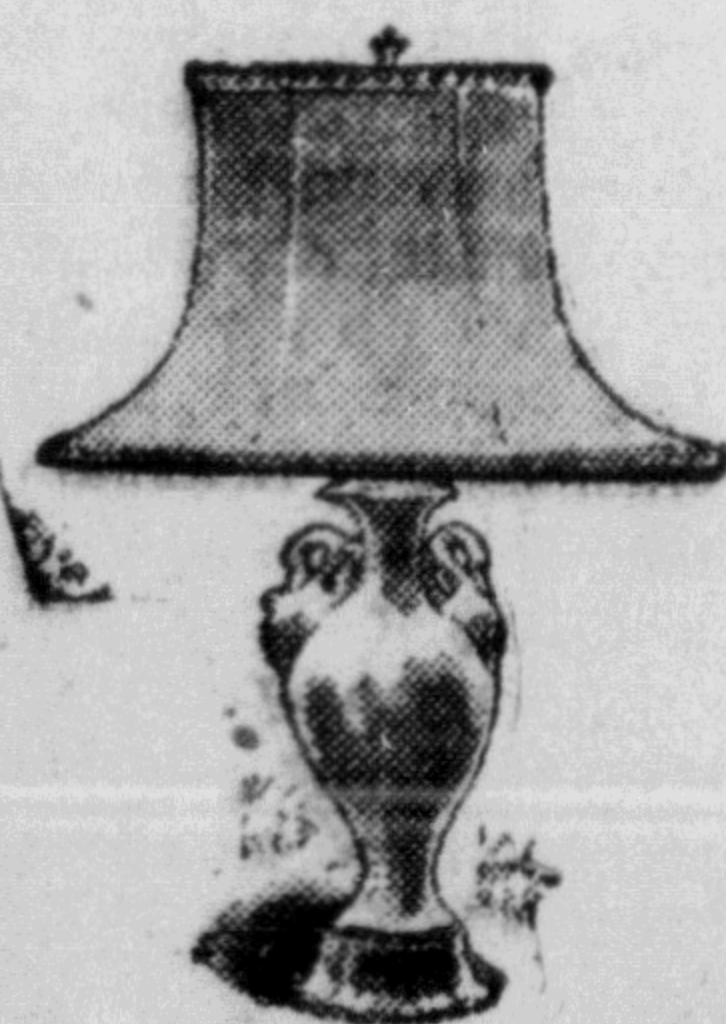
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