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Every new book voyage of discovery

SOMEWHERE today in a quiet corner of one of the 900-odd public and regional libraries across this land, someone discovered a book. Perhaps it was new, with crisp whispering pages and that tantalizing fresh-ink-and-paper smell. Or an old well-loved book, frayed and furry-edged from handling. It may have been Homer's Odyssey, or The House at Pooh Corner, or The Case of the Curious Bride. But whatever and wherever it was, there was magic in the moment—for everybody needs a book.

Summertime is no exception. Children, with reading appetites still keen from school, carry armloads of books home or to the summer cottage. Even adults who read little during the year discover that the mind, too, needs a holiday from TV, headlines and office shoptalk.

So for those who have discovered the pure joy of a book, libraries are as much a part of summer as sun and sand. Yet the services libraries can offer are severely hampered by lack of money, space and trained personnel. Three years ago the Canadian Library Association, estimating requirements over a 10-year period, discovered a national crisis: Canada then needed 250 professional librarians and would need 738 more before 1967.

Salaries have been improving, but not enough. The training time required for a qualified librarian is comparable to that of a secondary schoolteacher, but the latter on the average, is paid considerably more.

Two years ago the Canadian Conference on Education pointed out that 83 per cent of rural Canada and many urban areas are without public library services, the annual expenditure per capita on public libraries was then 53 cents, yet the CLA's minimum standards call for an annual expenditure of two dollars per capita for limited library services.

In spite of these obstacles, libraries are holding their own against all competitors: TV, automobiles and lawnmowers. Millions of Canadians use libraries. There can be no accurate count because there are many kinds of libraries and they mean many things to the users.

A library may be an old house on a shady small-town street, a cluttered room over a store, a bookmobile in the suburbs or—and professional librarians long for more of these—the deep-windowed "education centre" with films, recordings, lectures, art displays, and access to a wide range of books.

To certain old and threadbare men, a library is a refuge from the weather and reality. To some housewives it is an escape from suburbia. To teenagers it is a place to study, giggle and maybe fall in love.

But most of all it is a place to read and for children, in particular, it is a wondrous place inhabited by delightfully improbable characters — Toad, the White Rabbit, The Cat in the Hat and all the rest; a place of retreat when adults become unmanageable. Television will never replace a book; surveys show that it actually stimulates children's interest in non-fiction reading.

When you are very young, a book is a personal thing. "I wasn't going to take books today, but I think I'd better," a Kitchener, Ont., boy told his librarian. "I might get lonesome for them over the holidays." For all those like him, a Massachusetts children's library displays this inscription:

Books are keys to wisdom's treasure;
Books are gates to lands of pleasure;
Books are paths that upward lead;
Books are friends. Come, let us read.

—Imperial Oil Review.

Cyclists and the law

When a cyclist was fined in police court the other day for careless driving the charge was described as a rarity in this area. Many people, especially distraught motorists, may wonder why it should be. Those who observe the suicidal antics of cyclists generally may conclude that if the police had recourse to the highway code more often some of the risks of driving would be removed.

There are careful cyclists just as there are careful car drivers, hunters and others who follow dangerous pursuits. In proportion, however, there are far more careless cyclists. Consequently drivers of motor vehicles are kept in an unnecessary state of anxiety when there are bicycle riders in the vicinity.

Where the offenders are juveniles the need for firm discipline is all the more important. Understanding of and respect for the traffic rules should be imparted early, and those who learn to be good cyclists have a better chance of becoming good drivers later in life.

A too-tolerant police attitude towards cyclists who disregard the laws of the street and highway is a mistake. The young rider who is allowed to break the rules without restraint may end up in hospital, or worse. Nor is it fair to haul motorists into court while allowing cyclists—often the cause of serious accidents—to do virtually as they please.

The prosecution of one of them for careless driving is, or should be, a reminder to all that they are subject in every way to the laws governing motorists. It should be a useful reminder to other police officers also.—The Victoria Colonist.

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Golden tributes to de Gaulle now tarnished

By ALA NIHARVEY
Canadian Press Staff Writer

It seems almost sacrilegious to say so, but a new tone is creeping into comment on President de Gaulle.

There's a distinct chill in the editorial air. Long accustomed to kid-glove treatment, de Gaulle now finds himself treated like an ordinary politician. His press conference last week has created a definite sense of uneasiness in several Allied countries.

Official comment tends to be restrained, partly because of de Gaulle's huge reputation and partly because everybody knows he is France's indispensable man. He's in there pitching, and there's nobody near his stature warming up in the bullpen.

Newspaper comment is less inhibited and, taken as a whole, may be an accurate guide to the thinking of governments.

In West Germany, the Suddeutsche Zeitung described de Gaulle as a "revolutionary." The Spectator, an independent British weekly, said he is trying to peddle a "flushed and fanatic brand" of nationalism.

The Sunday Times, a Conservative paper, reported that de Gaulle's reflections had embarrased and disturbed the British government.

The Economist, an independent British weekly, said de Gaulle seemed to be a "man from another age, working from the text books of a half a century ago."

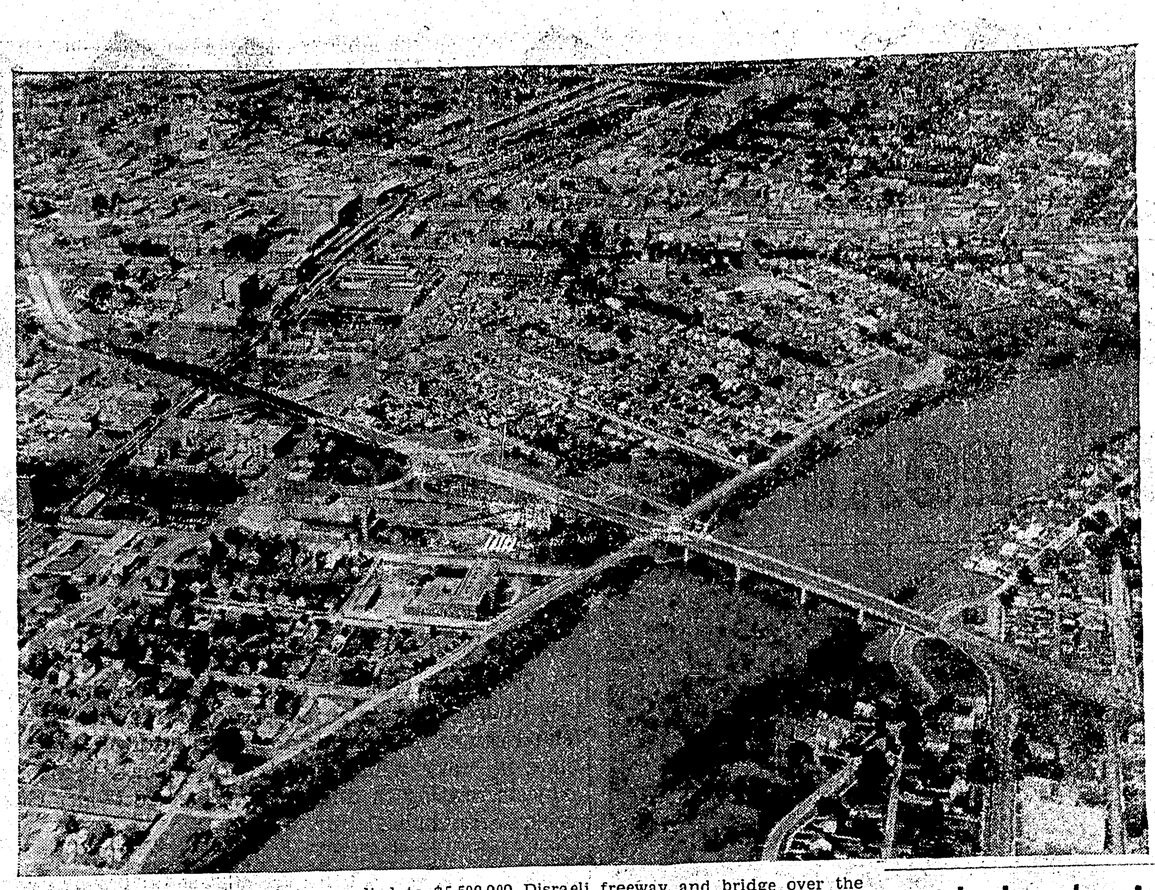
There wasn't much editorial declaim even in France, though de Gaulle's remarks about the country being "lucid and serene" probably pandered to French chauvinism. The independent paper, Le Monde, had some sharp things to say, and the left-wing l'Express, whose editorials have been consistently anti-Gaullist, was even blunter in its disapproval.

In a news dispatch, it also passed along a warning that de Gaulle is due for a shock in Algeria. Writing from Tunis, Jean Daniel said that Tunisia and the Algerian rebel government are getting ready to announce their "fusion" nito one nation as a means of internationalizing the Algerian question.

Until recently, President Bourguiba of Tunisia has consistently used his influence to try to mediate between France and the rebels. A shift in his attitude would make a big difference.

Algeria apart, the specific criticisms of de Gaulle's September 5 conference are concentrated upon his disparaging remarks about the United Nations and his insistence upon the importance of national sovereignties in Europe. Several commentators contend there is a basic contradiction between this stress on sovereignty and the idea of a "confederation" of European countries.

Perhaps the French president doesn't trouble to read his press clippings. If he does, he may find it hard to reconcile the current criticisms with the golden opinions he was getting only a few months ago. American commentator Walter Lippman, for instance, recently ranked de Gaulle a close second to Sir Winston Churchill among the great Western leaders of contemporary times.



FINISHING TOUCHES are being applied to $5,500,000 Disraeli freeway and bridge over the Red River in Winnipeg. The freeway is designed to provide easy access to downtown Winnipeg (left) for traffic from the northeastern corner of the city (lower right) and the neighboring city of East Kildonan. The project is expected to be completed by mid-October.—(CP photo).

TIME AND PLACE . . . by Stan Rough

Kleanza Creek, Joe Trulson's Park

Kleanza Creek, 13 miles east of Terrace on Highway 16, has one of the most attractive government picnic and campsites in the province.

Kleanza, the Gitsen word for gold, has its source in the Borite Mountains and wends its way through narrow valleys and canyons 20 miles before reaching the Skeena. It is one of a number of creeks in the area that over the years have been prospected and pack trails cut to claims. The other creeks are Chimdemash, St. Croix and Legate. The Copper or Zymoetz River area has also been prospected and a trail between Copper City and Telkwa was in use for a time, as a matter of fact the Copper River Valley was once considered as a possible route for the railroad.

The development of the Kleanza Creek Campsite is the story of 78-year-old Joe Trulson who came from Sweden to America in 1900. For a number of years he worked on railway construction in the States, Canada and Alaska.

In 1928 he took up placer mining and panned for gold on Graham Island in the Queen Charlottes and on Fiddler and Gold Creeks also around Doreen on the Skeena making as he put it "Just enough to buy bacon and get by." His supplies consisted of flour, sugar, salt and for the rest he lived off the country. "I never went on relief" he states proudly. For many years he prospected the Gold Creek area and made his headquarters in a cabin half a mile above the canyon.

In 1945 he had a heart attack and decided prospecting over the rugged terrain was too strenuous. "I was sick and at the same time lonesome so I decided to keep myself busy," he told me when I visited him at his cabin in Usk recently.

Keeping busy resulted in a picnic and campsite that has afforded pleasure for thousands over the years.

Around 1917 a company known as Cassiar Hydrolic built a road to the foot of the canyon on the creek and by a series of switchbacks pushed it to the top of the ridge which now serves as a lookout. C. W. D. Clifford one of the promoters of the proposed Kitimat Railway in 1906 was one of the prime movers. Over this road they hauled their machinery and skidded it down the opposite side. No gold in paying quantities was discovered and the project was abanoned. A flood later washed the machinery into the canyon where some of it can still be seen today.

In the 1930's three men from Bella Coola built the cabin that now stands near the foot of the canyon and is generally considered by the romantic public to be a trappers cabin. After using up a barrel of gas and a drum of oil on a pump that was supposed to pump pay dirt from the bottom of the creek the party gave up when little gold was produced.

The land on the east side of Kleanza Creek was a dense thicket when Joe Trulson started on his project to keep busy. With a wheelbarrow he hauled gravel to repair the overgrown tote road and filled in hollows, many of them several feet deep, for campsites. He cleaned out thickets of devils club and salmon berries year after year until they gave up the battle against the persistent Swede.

He cut out the dead trees and sawed the branches off the others "as high as I could reach" he explains. More roads were built every yard of fill being brought from the creek in the wheelbarrow. At each campsite Joe made an outdoor grill using scrounged metal for the cross pieces and with salvaged lumber picnic tables and benches were made.

The trail to the top of the bluff was cleared and repaired and a beach was dug out of the bank at the foot of the canyon. From early spring until freezeup Joe worked with pick, shovel, wheelbarrow, brush knife and saw. In the winter he moved from the cabin in his park to one above the canyon.

Each year an increasing number of people discovered the beautiful spot to picnic and camp. Being half a mile off the highway beside the clear cold stream had a special appeal to many. Here was a place where one could relax in surroundings that were unspoiled and natural.

E. T. Kenney then the MLA was interested in Joe Trulson and his park and arranged for the provincial government to take it over as a public campsite. He was anxious that it be named after its creator but Joe Trulson refused. "It's for people to enjoy, the name means nothing" is his verdict.

From 1945 to 1957 Joe was on the government payroll for several months two or three days a week, the rest of the time he worked for the love of it. The irony of it is that by doing so he lost his World War I pension through bureaucratic red tape.

For the past three years Joe has retired permanently to his cabin at Usk where he works in his garden and listens to his radio. I asked him if he ever was in Kitimat. "No, he said, "I thought of going there in 1905 when there was talk of a railway in there but it folded up. I went to Rupert instead and found only one cabin so I shacked up at Port Essington until the spring when things picked up and I took a fill contract."

One of these days I'm going to take him to Kitimat to see the sights. It won't be a big deal affair for Joe Trulson is not impressed by big production red carpet affairs.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Signed articles and editorials credited to other newspapers do not necessarily reflect the views of The Daily News.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who helped me during the recent election campaign and on election day. While the results were personally disappointing, I will be back.

HORACE KELLY,
Progressive Conservative Candidate.

With the classics

NIGHT BELIEVES

Day has achieved the flowers,
And so night tries to see
The shape that they must be.
Though darkness of its hours
Obscures what flowers are,
The trusting night believes
The blooms that day achieves,
Thinking each one a star.

Norma McLain Stoop

The Packsack of Gregory Clark

Copyright: Canada Wide

There is only one thing worse than having to keep a secret. And that is forgetting what the Sam Hill the secret was.

On our return from a visit to one of our kinfolk, my son and I were preparing to retire and put out the lamp.

"By the way," said my son, his hand on the little wheel that turns down the wick, "what was that thing we weren't supposed to mention?"

"What thing" I inquired.

"Don't you remember? We were let in, very confidentially, on something. A secret that we weren't supposed to breathe to a soul."

"Oh, yeah," I agreed. "Now what was it?"

We paused and struggled with memory. But it wouldn't come back.

My son blew out the lamp and silence descended on the cabin. I was unable to come to grips with sleep. What in blazes was that secret we had been let in on? Inch by inch, I went over the details of the evening at the family gathering.

"Hey! hissed my son. "Have you thought of it yet?"

Finally we fell asleep. And we never have remembered what we were instructed to forget.

Most frustrating.

"I doubt if Henry has taken a good look at me in years," she walled. "I swear if anything happened to me, he couldn't identify the body!"

Before you say SCOTCH

SAY "DEWAR'S" "it never varies"

86K

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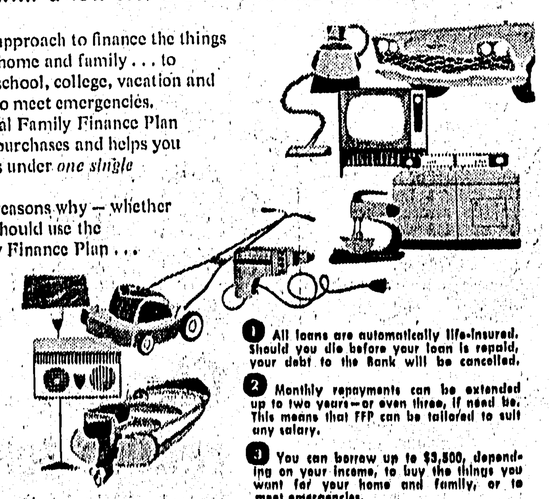

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