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EING on the receiving end of every blast emanating from the sources of government, much of which is consigned to the WPB, one begins to notice trends as new or old policies are implemented, activated or reinstituted. One also notices when there is a sudden, drastic change from black to white in any particular aspect or trait.

Just at the moment—over the last two months—there has been a complete "volte face" on the subject of atomic war survival. Until about last June every agency, official, unofficial, quasi-, psuedo-, and neo-, inaccurate and often opportunistic, pounded the line of total annihilation in the event of World War Three.

swung to the recent American line of ure to increased radiation such as this "Goodness gracious me, NO! Of coast is now experiencing; nor have course, there might be one or two we ever been told the full story of casualties, but annihilation, danger to Hiroshima where people are still dying the mass of people, menace to future from that fateful blast in August, 1945. generations—definitely not!" This is not an accurate quote. It is a paraphrase of the attitude which is now, apparently, the official line.

The only conclusion we have reached is that a policy of conditioning is now in operation to prepare us for the strong possibility of war. If the public confidence in survival can be brought to a sufficient pitch, then the public will not balk too much at such an eventuality; while, if that same public should believe such an eventuality should mean their personal extermination, they most certainly will refrain from supporting their government; or any alliances it may have made.

All the tests which have been made with A and H-bombs have been under controlled conditions. No one, today, knows what the result of indiscriminate and massive firing of these weapons might bring. We do not, as yet, Yesterday our Prime Minister know the results of long-term expos-

And it is rather ironic that the cause of another war may be almost as frivolous as that which sparked the First World War.

Enjoy boating, and live

Summer lakes and scenic waterways formally issue an invitation to enjoy their pleasures with the launching of National Boating Week by Mrs. George Hees, wife of the Minister of Transport. The Week is sponsored by the Allied Boating Association of Canada which has among its aims the promotion of the best possible use and appreciation of Canada's pleasure boating resources.

But these resources have also caused loss and pain, and it is an appropriate coincidence that the Boating Week should take place at the same time as National Water Safety Week, sponsored by the Red Cross.

Although the lakes and resorts have yet to draw summer crowds, already 69 people in Ontario have lost their lives by drowning. Last year the appalling toll was 310. Needless and shocking, declares the Red Cross.

Lives have been lost by carelessness or smoking; diving into rocky, shallow or unknown water; overloaded boats; unsupervised children left on beach or dock; horseplay in boats; boats lacking lifesaving equipment. From these and other causes men, women and children have died and some might have survived had those near them known how to apply artificial respiration. Information on methods of resuscitation is available at the Red Cross, the St. John Ambulance, the Royal Life Saving Society centres, and the YMCA.

Too often the beauty of Ontario's resorts has been marred and their delights clouded by tragedy, by death that a little care and thought would have averted.

"All right, let's get to work—Snookums!"

ing personal records of people. It is a useful

thing, and in our schools it is handled in

a moderate way by teachers and officials who

believe in the sanctity of private lives.

That's the trouble about the idea of keep-

Imagine how you would feel, however, in

a completely organized society where the gov-

-The Toronto Telegram.

All Aboard with G. E. Mortimore

* Every child in the public school system has a record card on file at the school office. The card follows him all the way through school. It tells, among other facts, his examination results, intelligence test scores, what his father does for a living and the child's name

and nickname. If a child's parents habitually call his "Smudge," or "Chesty," and they choose confide this information to the teacher, this nickname is entered on the card. It stays there, and if the child moves to another school, you. the teacher knows his nickname at once. The nickname, would have a soothing effect

on the child, and make him feel at homewhen he was six years old. But how does he feel at the age of 16, khowing that the pet name is still faithfully

fallowing him around? Not many teachers would deliberately torment a boy or girl with a baby name. Teach-

eks usually are understanding people, but there are some sadists among them, and even the wise and calm ones have their badtempered moments. I'm not wise or calm, If I were a teacher

confronted by a smug lass of 16, who had just discovered that she was pretty and thought she could make a career of it. I would be sorely tempted to snap her out of her daycfream by saying:

ernment—and the fallible human servants of the government—had a dossier of your smallest actions, qualities and faults to use against No matter where you went in the country,

you could never escape the ghost of your past

performance. You could never make a fresh

Imagine how life would be in a country where your district commissar or block leader knew everything about you, right down to the name you had as a baby, and he could use this knowledge to enroll you in a hearty team of builders and boosters—as though everyone in the nation belonged to a vast service club, from which none of them could resign.

I like the idea of a co-operative society in which people would work for mutual wellbeing, and greed would be cut to a minimum. But if it means having my personal life documented in detail from birth to death, I

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

U.S. admission forces spy's confession

Canadian Press Staff Writer

Unless Captain Francis Powers produces evidence in open court of more startling import than the tid-bits provided in advance by Moscow radio, it will be difficult to attach much weight to the U.S. state department suggestion that the Russians have subjected him to brainwashing.

The unfortunate U-2 pilot can scarcoly ba Mamed for pleading guilty to the charge spying for his country when his country has Mready admitted the offence.

Wen if the United States government had tot acknowledged the nature of Powers' mission. Bree months ago, he would have had difficulty aftering a plausible justification for his presence 13200 miles inside Soviet territory when his Mano was brought down May 1.

Powers' puported account confirms Tussian claim that the U-2 was hit at an Mutude of 68,000 feet and his description sheds. light on the mysterious recovery of is nothing olso in the broadcast that suggests any coaching by his

Clearly, the Russians are prepared to turn the trial into a full-scale indictment of the

abortive mission. Unless they grievously mishandle the performance, there appears to be

little that. Washington can do about it. When Premier Khrushchev first produced his proof that Powers had been caught redhanded, President Eisenhower doubtless put the best possible face on the situation by asserting: the right to send reconaissance missions over Russia in the absence of an international openagreement to guard against surprise

But it would take a shrowd lawyer to reconolle the president's claim with a convincing argument for the acquittal of a pilot caught in the not of conducting such a mission.

As he awaits the opening of his trial next Wednesday, Powers can hardly derive much comfort from the state department's announceprojudicing his case. Having already pleaded guilty on his behalf, there is little more that Washington can say to affect the outcome.

Lo this is our God; we have waited for We will be glad and rejoice in his Salvation. Isalah 25:0.



BACK TO TRAINS ONLY—While the new Peace River bridge was being constructed at Taylor, B.C., Alaska Highway traffic was routed over a nine-mile detour built during the emergency when the old suspension bridge slid into the river in October, 1957. The detour kept open the Canadian Army's Northwest Highway System. Included in the detour was the PGE railway bridge which doubled as a traffic bridge when heavy planking was placed between the rails. A Canadian Army contract has been awarded to restore the PGE bridge -National Defence photo. to its original condition.

That was enough for us, we

had seen the promised land, or

water rather, so turned back.

After going all day we finally

made it back to the salt chuck

just at dark. We got our boat

and rowed out to the "Rita",

George Rudge's steam launch

and got the fires going, warm-

ed up and had something to

"Well, what do you think about

your grandfather's salmon,

still being hot when ge got

Billy replied, "Me think dat

slamon was rotten when he

made it across and me grand-

One thing we did find on

Fort Simpson as a possible

In later years the Yukon

Telegraph line was built down

the Skeena and across this

* portage or neck of land which

makes the Tsimpsean penin-

sula and Kaien Island where

Prince Rupert was located.

After the telegraph line was

constructed in 1901 we often

crossed the old portage on re-

pair work and estimated the

distance to be about 11 miles.

chan Billy along in later years,

but he had gone over another

portage with no return, and

Copyright: Canada Wide

On a sideroad during a

drenching downpour of rain

I overtook in my car an eld-

erly man walking along the

shoulder, head up, arms swing-

ing, as though he were taking

ed the car door to invite him

in out of the wet, he smillngly

When I slowed up and open-

"I'm out to get wet," he said.

a constitutional.

"I'm all right. Just

live over the next

Reluctantly I

left the old boy,

his ruddy face

streaked with rain,

his shoulders and

by the time I had

driven the three hundred yards

and came to a cottage, I de-

cided to hauldin and have a

chat with him. He arrived in

through the downpour and fol-

ing for him with a big bath

His elderly wife was wait-

As he poeled off his clothes

and went to work with the

towel, he choorly responded

"Boon following a theory all

my life. When it rains, got

wot. When it's cold, get cold.

When it's hot, got hot. Take

what comes, the way all our

ancostors did for countless

thy, you can't pamper your-

solf. That's what is the matter

with the world today: every-

body avoiding the very things.

that made un men. I like to

share the feel of life with my

mighty-throo? Dry, he looked

good old tough ancostors."

nges. To be neutral and heal-

"I'm eighty-three," he said.

to my unasked questions.

, a few minutes and I ducked

lowed him onto his porch.

back sopping. And

Too bad we never had Ooli-

f terminus for their railway

father he lie like hell."

around about 1884.

said to Oolichan Billy,

TIMEANDPLACE

By WIGGS O'NEILL OOLICHAN BILLY

Oolichan Billy was a middleaged Indian fellow around Port Simpson who was generally regarded as a fount of wisdom and had great knowledge of Indian history. Billy played his part so well that people came to believe in his sagacity and wisdom in general. If anyone wished to know something that might have happened in the past or anything about geography of any part of the country, it got so someone would remark, "Ask Oolichan Billy, he'll know."

Billy would never admit he didn't know about a particular topic. He would screw up his brow and go into deep thought and say, "Oh, yes, I remember. all about that business," and, would come up with some kind what trip that was interesting of an answer and strange to 1, was a couple of C.P.R. survey say Blily proved pretty reli-12 pegs, as the C.P.R. had run a able and was quite a hero, and survey line across this portalways strutted with great (age when they had considered

discussing the neck of land be tween the head of Wark Channel and the Skeena River. We could find no one, either Tsmipsean or white man who had ever geen across the portage and could get no information on the subject. Someone said, "Ask Oolichan Billy, he'll know all about it." So we hunted Billy up.

Billy screwed up his brow, closed his eyes and thought for a little while, then he said, 'Oh, yes, now me know al about dat place. Me never been over there meself, but me grandfather tell me about it. Not very far across to Skeena River me know, because grandfather he tell me the story about it, long long time ago. My grandfather he live up the Skeena dat time and the Tsimpsean people who live at Hak-wil-ampse (Fort Simpson) dat time, he no dam good fella, he want to kill people and he steal. When my grandfather and his tellicums come down de river and want to go to Naas River and fish and make oolichan grease, he don't want to pass Hak-wilampse and get trouble, so dey pull all canoes across dat place and not go to Hak-wil-ampse at all. Me know not very far over because grandfather he tell me dey cook salmon on Skeena and cat some before dey go across with canoes an' take what left of salmon wid dem, an when dey get over, dey eat again on dat salmon, it still hot yet, so it not far

across you see." Well, Billy was always infallible, so three of us decided to some exploring and took Oolichan Billy for a guide. After camping at the head of Wark Channel for the night we took a light lunch with us and fortunately we each took a blanket rolled up in a canvas fly with us, and sot off after breakfast to do a bit of

There was no trail and h rained most of the day so the going was not too good. Now and again we would ask Billy how far he thought we had to go. His answer was always the same, "Oh, not far now my grandfather he tell mo."

It finally got dark and we had to hole up under a tree and it rained hard all night. As soon as daylight came we broke camp. We were soaked to the skin and our blankets. were twice as heavy, having absorbed some of the rain. We had nothing to out for breakfast so pressed on as we hated to be defeated. We had not gone far when from the brow of a little hill we could see the Skoena, about two miles in the

methinks was kidding grandfather about the salmon being

larly for upland game birds, has been forecast by the Fish and Game Branch, Recreation Minister Earle C. Westwood has announced.

He said an improvement in favorable water conditions for combined to produce a large crop of game birds.

"Deer and other big game survived the winter well and large numbers of deer are being seen," Mr. Westwood said. "Therefore, it would seem that the prospects for big game hunting appear to be excellent

Hunting regulations in new and more handy format have been distributed.

The hunting season grouse and bandtailed pigeons in the Western district will open on September 3, and a

similar early season is scheauled for mourning doves infra certain Interior districts. The hunting of chukar parture ridges will be allowed when

snow is on the ground in order that a longer season for the species may be enjoyed. Prospects are excellent for chukar hunting this fall with. a season opening September 1964 and extending to the end of the deer season, December And

Trying to sell a housewife and home freezer, the salesman" pointed out: "You can save enough on your food bills to pay for it."

"Yes, I know," she said. "Butwe are paying for our car bij the carfare we save, we're paying for our washing machine on laundry bills we save, and we're paying for the house on rent we save so you see we just can't afford to save anymore just now."

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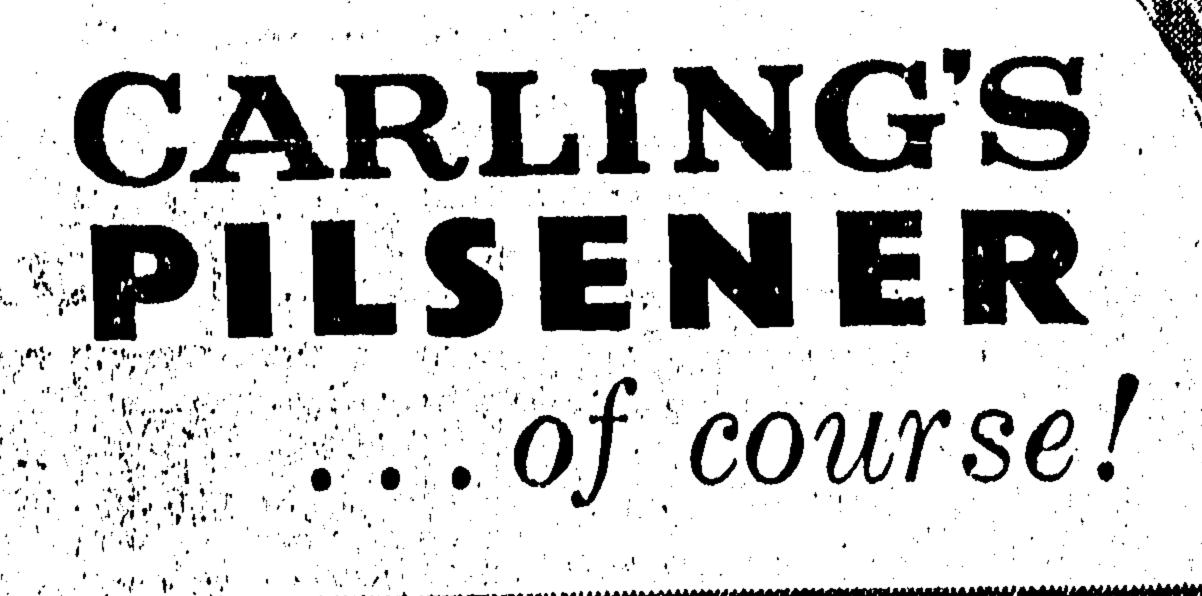
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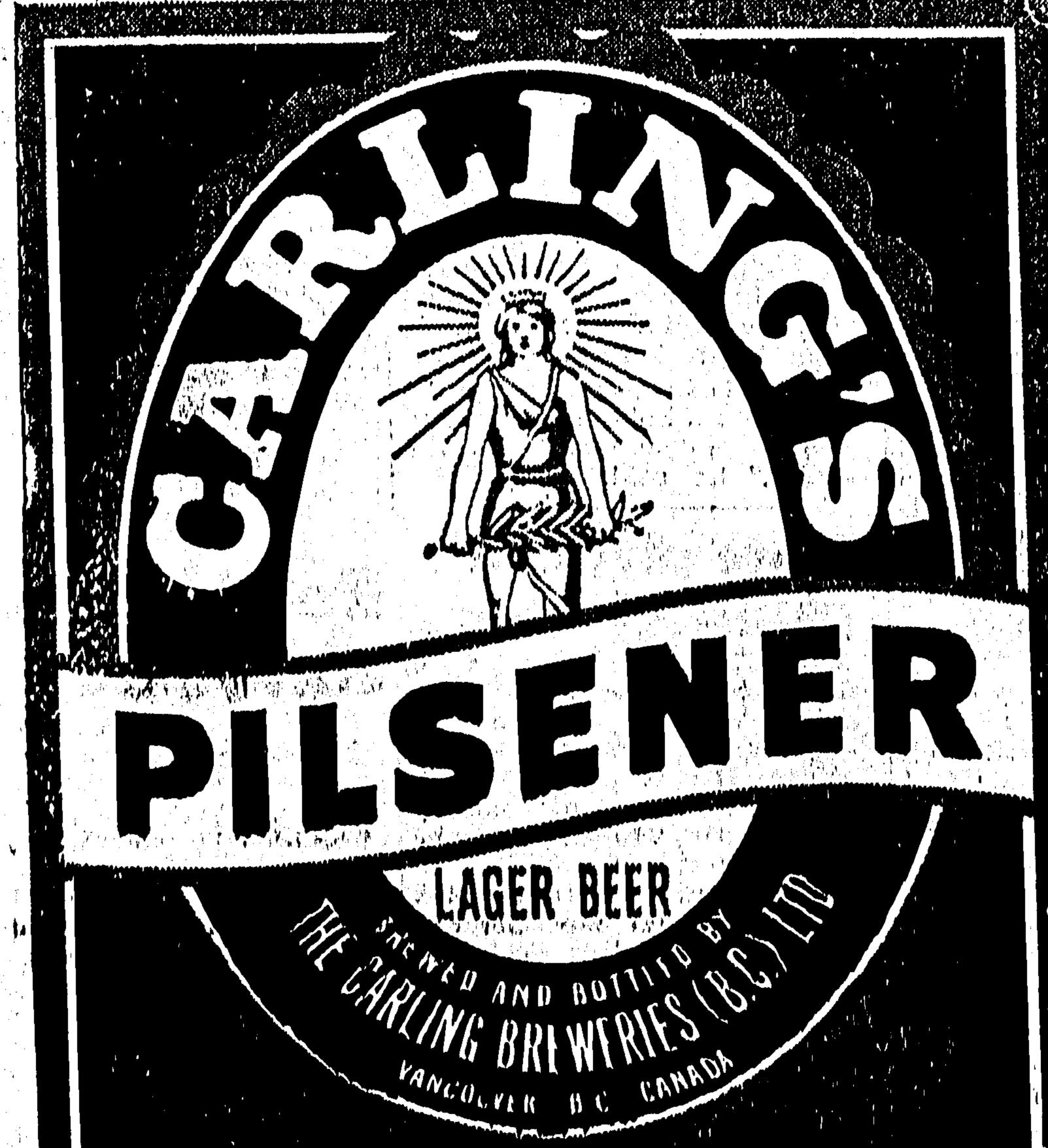
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