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JOHN F. MAGOR
President

J. R. AYRES
Editor

G. P. WOODSIDE
General Manager

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Hopes for future replace fond memories

IT seems only yesterday that we wrote a farewell to the Union Steamships Ltd., vessels Camosun and Chilcotin when they passed to other hands. Actually it was nearly a year ago. Now the remainder of the Union Steamship fleet has been bought by the expanding Northland Navigation Co. Ltd. The oldest steamship company on the British Columbia coast is no more.

The disappearance of an old firm with whom one has dealt a long time, is similar to losing a longtime friend. A heart attack prepares you for the end and by the time it comes you have reconciled yourself to the loss. The sales of the Camosun and Chilcotin paved the way for the overall Union transaction. Now, like the passing of a lifelong friend, all that we have is memories.

Memories are valuable possessions, because the human mind is so conditioned that in the main, we only recall the pleasant occurrences, the warm happenings, the good that went before. Such will be our recollections of Union Steamships whose sturdy steamers plied the B.C. coastal waters nearly 20 years before Prince Rupert became a city. The Union ships, meant food, newcomers, news, household supplies, building materials, machinery and store goods to help build and maintain communities from Vancouver to Alaska. They were part of the residents' lives. Arrival and departure of the Union ships became regular incidents much like getting up in the morning and going to bed at night, as going to church and going to work. Now all that is past. It is all a memory.

Now there is a younger, ambitious shipping line in the driver's seat. Northland Navigation has taken over and plans to give as good if not better service. Already Northland plans to remodel its wharf and dock facilities, has dropped previously increased freight rates in certain mainland and Queen Charlotte Island ports. With the vigor and hopes of a younger company Northland can do a great deal for the B.C. coast, especially for Prince Rupert, the Charlottes and the ortland Canal area. Let us hope that nothing happens to thwart these plans. Let us also hope that role of being the sole shipping line to serve the north coast doesn't engender a feeling of smugness and indifference. Monopoly can breed just those two attitudes if care isn't taken. We are sure Northland will guard against such a development.

Two years without traffic death next goal

FEW occasions give us greater pleasure than to have the opportunity of congratulating Prince Rupert motorists and pedestrians. No two groups of citizens have been so often the target of editorial venom, cautioning, scathing attacks, warnings, disgust and appeals as have the drivers and persons on foot of this city. We have done everything within our power to urge drivers of cars, trucks, buses, taxis and even bicycles, to obey the traffic regulations and drive sanely. We have urged pedestrians to not only be co-operative but to be alert and not commit traffic suicide.

Wednesday Prince Rupert had gone 365 days without a fatal traffic accident . . . a whole year without a street tragedy. Yesterday it was a year and a day.

There seems little point at this time to reiterate all the do's and don'ts of driving and walking. It should be sufficient to say that patience and courtesy pay off. Our record shows that for 367 days, counting Thursday, the majority of city drivers and pedestrians have been thoughtful and careful. Let's not rest on our laurels. Let's go after two years without a traffic fatality.' We hope we never catch up to Medicine Hat and Trail but we can set a good mark for ourselves. It's something we'll never regret.

LETTER FROM MOSCOW

Soviet censorship exasperates correspondents

By ROY ESSOYAN
Associated Press Staff Writer

MOSCOW (AP)—Soviet censorship is tough and exasperatingly stubborn.

A Western correspondent in Moscow cannot call the official government sports bureau to check on the lineup for a coming football game, or drop in at Moscow University to chat with some students, without prior Soviet government clearance.

Officially, you are required to channel every inquiry, whether it's on science, politics, agriculture, sports or the ballet, through either the press department of the foreign ministry or the "State Committee for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries."

The simplest queries are held up for days. The more difficult ones are often never answered.

★ ★ ★

The reason is simple. The two official agencies are not staffed to handle such queries efficiently. And, more important, the Soviet government is much more interested in disseminating its own views than in answering what it frequently considers "provocative inquiries from the capitalist press."

The Kremlin keeps the number of Western correspondents in Moscow down to a level where there are barely enough of them to keep up with the official news, and not enough of them to get into mischief.

Under the Soviet rules of censorship Western correspondents must submit every story they write—whether it's a one-line message or a 2,000-word opus—in triplicate to the central telegraph, two blocks from the Kremlin in Moscow.

The girl at the counter keeps one copy. The two other copies go to the censor, hidden behind a glass door with a green curtain.

You never see the censor but there are several of them and most, if not all, are women. My three-year-old daughter says so and she should know. She got behind the green curtain one quiet Sunday afternoon.

★ ★ ★

If your story is routine the censor usually returns it within a half hour. If it's not, it can be held up for hours or days. Occasionally the censor sends back word that a story is "ubiti" —Russian for "killed".

Most of the time there is no arguing with the unseen censor. But once in a while if she is unusually unreasonable and you are exceptionally persistent you make your point.

If, for instance, she holds up or kills a story based on some official but obscure Soviet publication you can sometimes win redress by bringing a copy of the publication down to the central telegraph, underlining the passages quoted and sending them back behind the green curtain.

The curious rule book the censor follows baffles the newcomer. Seemingly innocent material is often killed and a really telling point often goes right through.

Canada Winter Work Campaign
JAN FEB MAR

This tall generation

From the London Free Press

Never have basketball coaches had it as soft as today. Now fully half the boys in high school are tall enough for the team. London some time ago gave up measurement by size for proof of age for we know that children of "the forties" are inches taller than previously.

RIDDLE IN THE SNOW—This bewildering record of passage in the freshly fallen snow caught the eye of Toronto photographer Richard Cole while on assignment to shoot some winter scenes in the Toronto area. He and his pilot had been in the air for about an hour when their plane passed over this farm north of the city. Was it a busy farmer or playful children? Cole doesn't know. He used a Speed Graphic with a setting of F:8 at 1/1,000 to capture this unusual winter scene.

All aboard

By G. E. MORTIMORE

John Foster Dulles, U.S. secretary of state, is back at work after a bout with a "virus infection."

Every reader of this item now imagines that he knows what was wrong with Mr. Dulles. "Virus infection" is a phrase with a smooth professional ring to it.

"Those doctors know a thing or two," the reader says, with a wink. "They look at a patient and right away they can tell what ails him."

However, there are thousands of different viruses in the world, many of them so small that they can not be seen in a microscope. Some are so small that they can not be captured, either by a filter or by putting salt on their tails.

Which virus was it that attacked Mr. Dulles?

I understand that smallpox, yellow fever, poliomyelitis and measles are caused by viruses. If Mr. Dulles had suffered an attack of smallpox or yellow fever, we would have heard about it.

So the trouble must have been caused by some other virus, or by a number of viruses working together as a team.

The chances are that the doctors don't know which virus was the culprit.

Could they find out, perhaps by threats and bluff?

"All right, you viruses, which of you did it? Well, you can stay right there inside Mr. Dulles until one of you owns up."

Some of the viruses, I believe, are known merely by numbers. They have no names. Perhaps this is the reason why they are so hostile. They feel that they have been scorned and neglected. All they need is love.

Perhaps if they were given names, they would feel that they "belonged" and would turn into friendly, well-adjusted little pets.

It wouldn't be much trouble to name them after former prime ministers, or Arab politicians.

Since a number of viruses are invisible to everyone, including doctors, how do we know the little fellows are there at all? We have only the doctors' word for it.

Well, doctors are an honest bunch, and if they say there's a virus inside someone, I'll believe them.

However, I suspect that just because the viruses are such stealthy little fellows, the doctors seize the chance to blame them for anything that happens.

"I can't diagnose this," a doctor mutters. "Never mind," a colleague assures him. "Just blame the viruses. They're a vicious crowd anyway."

Told that he has a virus infection, the average patient probably goes home contentedly to curl up with a bottle of rye and a bowl of consomme.

He believes, as millions of people in the world believe, that as soon as you invent a name for something, you know all about it, and have it licked.

GREAT ADMIRAL

miral, entered the Royal Navy Baron Rodney, British ad- at age 13 in 1732, and reached captain's rank in 10 years.

Civilization costs plenty

From the Stettler (Alta.) Independent

Civilization costs us plenty. If a savage from the jungles of South America were transported to Alberta, he would be struck by the terrible cost of civilization in our favored province, and, if he had any intelligence at all, he would see that it costs us at least one third of our total income to maintain a bureaucracy of red tape and officialdom at the top of our political and economic structure. The high cost of living in Alberta, is multiplied by the high cost of what we call the convenience of civilization.

LETTER BOX

Nothing but best good enough for Prince Rupert

CONSULTANT URGED

The Editor,
The Daily News:

The operating rooms in the Prince Rupert General Hospital are probably the best equipped in Northern British Columbia. They are certainly safe. I am sure no surgeon could be persuaded to use them if he thought there was any valid danger to his patients.

I cannot, however, agree with Dr. R. G. Large's statement, unauthorized by the medical staff, in yesterday's paper that they are "fully modern." The design and structure of our operating rooms have not changed since 1939.

A hospital consultant, such as was recommended by the medical staff would no doubt point out many improvements which could and should be included in any long range plan to give us up to date, modern facilities not only in the operating rooms but throughout the whole hospital.

In your "Editor's Note" you imply that I was not "aware" of the facts disclosed in the provincial electrical inspector's letter read by Mr. Knight. The fact is, Mr. Editor, that no such letter was read at the last board meeting. I have been fully aware of the "facts" ever since I came to Prince Rupert (i.e. that our wiring was not designed to be explosion proof—no operating rooms of that era were). The actual letter was apparently read to a subcommittee meeting, which I did not attend.

Might I suggest, that while we have a good hospital, well equipped and well run by a staff in whom I have complete confidence, nevertheless it could be better—nothing is perfect and medical science is changing rapidly as everyone knows. Let us call in a consultant to indicate what we need to make our hospital the best of its size in British Columbia. The citizens of Prince Rupert deserve nothing less!

DR. L. M. GREENE, M.D.
Prince Rupert.

Double take

From the Montreal Gazette

Norstad urges NATO to equip itself with U.S. medium-range missiles because they are available now; the U.S. Defense Department turns down an excellent Canadian aircraft which is available now, in favor of waiting on U.S. craft which will not be available for years.

Necessity

From the Charlottetown Patriot

There are other things more urgently needed than a common, international language. A common, international spirit of live and let live is one of them.

John Decker, 301 Fifth Avenue East, left yesterday by CPA plane, via Terrace for Vancouver where he will resume herring operations.

Among the good things predicted for 1987 by a group of U.S. industrial and business leaders is bread that never goes stale. Meanwhile, we hope, someone will have invented a turkey that doesn't need stuffing with stale breadcrumbs.

From the Hamilton Spectator

"You mean to say— just 3-a-day may send backache away!"

Sounds good! Logical, too! You see the normal job of the kidneys is to remove excess wastes and acids —so often the cause of backache—from the system. Dodd's Kidney Pills stimulate the kidneys in this function and so may bring you that welcome relief from backache they have many others. Try just 3-a-day. You can depend on Dodd's—in the blue box with the red band. 64

Dodd's Kidney Pills

5.14 p.m. You stall
5.17 p.m. You change to Chevron

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