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## Scottish beer strike provides thought

Yesterday we ran a small story on one of the inside pages telling of a strike of beerdrinkers in Scotland. Not that one imagines a great deal of the stuff is drunk up there.

This seemed a first-class idea to one who is a foundation member of the Antipodean Frothblowers and Sudsuckerups Society of Sydney, with worldwide affiliations.

All of which affiliations have been tested in the "vin du pays."

The point, and it is about time we got to it, is that a strike of beerdrinkers in this province would be a very good thing. Instead of striking for something as unstable as price of the stuff, it might be more practicable to strike for better drinking conditions.

This is the case not only in Prince Rupert, but virtually in every city, town, village and hamlet which sports a licensed establishment, other than one of Mr. Bennett's well - known stores.

The majority of beer parlors repel. They are either gloomy, dirty, dingy, in need of repairs and repainting; or they are well on their way to becoming one or all of these things.

Generally speaking, conduct in them, by some managements and those who frequent the places, is to be deplored.

As an incitement of assembled Frothblowers to strike is probably illegal one naturally refrains from such a drastic step in this country. On the other hand a concerted effort in staying out of them (beer parlors) would bring about such a general environmental change and upgrading they could easily become places a pleasure to frequent.

Although the various Acts governing the dispensation of liquor and beer are rigid, they do not forbid decently appointed beer parlors.

## Police action precedes editorial

On Tuesday the RCMP in Prince Rupert commenced a blitz on motorists.

Quite by accident, the day the new action commenced we ran an editorial suggesting that just this be done. We also said that it would do little good if it was not backed by firm action in the courts.

In addition to the offending motorists, there are also pedestrians in whom the death wish is strong — judging by their contempt for elementary precautions in crossing streets!

Between the two of them, motorists and pedestrians, city traffic has preserved its always precarious record of safety.

Any action which will make the record less precarious is to be applauded.

SECRETLY AFRAID OF MEN?

## Aunt Gertrude had many offers in youth

By HAL BOYLE
Associated Press Staff Writer

NEW YORK (AP) — Remarks an old maid gets tired of hearing:

"Aunt Gertrude, why didn't you ever marry? Is it that you just hate men?"

"I told you not to mention her birthday. She's very, very sensitive about her age."

"Last year was leap year — and she's still in mourning."

"If you want to borrow money from her, tell her she doesn't look a day over 25. She eats up that kind of talk."

"I read somewhere that the reason girls become old maids is they're secretly afraid of men. What do you think about that, Gertrude?"

"Oh, I wouldn't exactly call her an old maid. For one thing, it makes her mad."

"They say she had lots of chances to marry in her youth — but who's left to remember?"

"If you could just get a date for Gertrude, Jim, she'd have a lot more fun at the party."

"Well, I'm not going to invite any of the guys from my office. After all, what have I got against them?"

"This is the third cruise in 10 years she's taken to the Virgin Islands. Why doesn't she take a cruise to Alcatraz? The men there can't get away."

"I hear she'd marry her boss except for two things: His wife won't let him—and he doesn't want to anyway."

"How long is it you've been with the firm, Gertrude? Is it 15 or 20 years? My, you've become a kind of little mother to the other girls."

"We'll have to get someone else to baby-sit tonight, Jim. Gertrude had to go to the beauty parlor. What do you mean, what for?"

"Oh, the boss doesn't mind her coming into the place, Joe. A real lady. But, remember, don't serve her any double martinis."

LATEST BERLIN CRISIS — Part 1

## Street crossing leads from East to West

By CARL HARTMAN

BERLIN (AP) — Isolated, divided, threatened — these are the words most often used to describe Berlin. All of them are accurate.

Just as remarkable is one characteristic of the city that no single word can describe. It is the only place on earth where you can walk across the street from communism into the Western world, and vice versa.

This is a legacy from Adolf Hitler and the Nazis whose Swastika banners flew in Berlin from 1933 until the country was defeated in 1945.

The Red army occupied the city in the closing days of the Second World War, then turned over a little more than half the city to the Americans, French and British allies.

In dividing the city, the Western allies got the more populous half, with some of the best living quarters. The Soviet sector included the central district of government buildings and shops, but there was little left of them.

The system of four-power rule did not last in Berlin. By 1948, East and West Berlin had separate currencies and city governments. They were soon to have separate — and unconnected — telephone, electric power and surface transport systems. Subway and elevated trains continued to run through both parts of the city. There was little interference with pedestrians and private cars. The only time the Iron Curtain was effectively rolled down was for a few days during the anti-Communist uprising of 1953.

But the Communists isolated West Berlin much more effectively from West Germany. This was easy, since the city lies in the middle of the Soviet-controlled East Germany, with the rest of the Western world 110 miles away.

The Communists permitted contact between West Berlin and West Germany only across two canals, four roads, four rail lines and three air corridors.

In June, 1948, the Communists blocked everything but the air corridors. For 11 months a Western airlift supplied West Berlin's 2,250,000 citizens.

After the blockade ended, Western authorities set about building up stockpiles of everything a city needs, from hairpins to the brown coal that heats many Berlin homes. Supplies for about 18 months were accumulated.

It was after the blockade, too, that West Germany's "economic miracle" spread to Berlin and developed the contrast between the East and West sectors.

West Berlin is a city of new buildings. It has heavily stocked and luxurious shops. Streets are filled with well-dressed people and there is the beginning of a traffic problem.

East Berlin has much less to show in the way of construction ,least of all in what was once the heart of the city.

Wilhelmstrasse and Unter den Linden, the great names among Berlin streets, are dead. Shops are poorly stocked and the stock is sleazy. There are few people on the streets and their clothes are weary looking. Cars are scarce.

Hundreds of refugees have been coming over to West Berlin every day, and at peak periods the daily figure has topped the 1,000 mark. Though they have had to leave behind almost everything they owned, they have had good prospects for jobs.

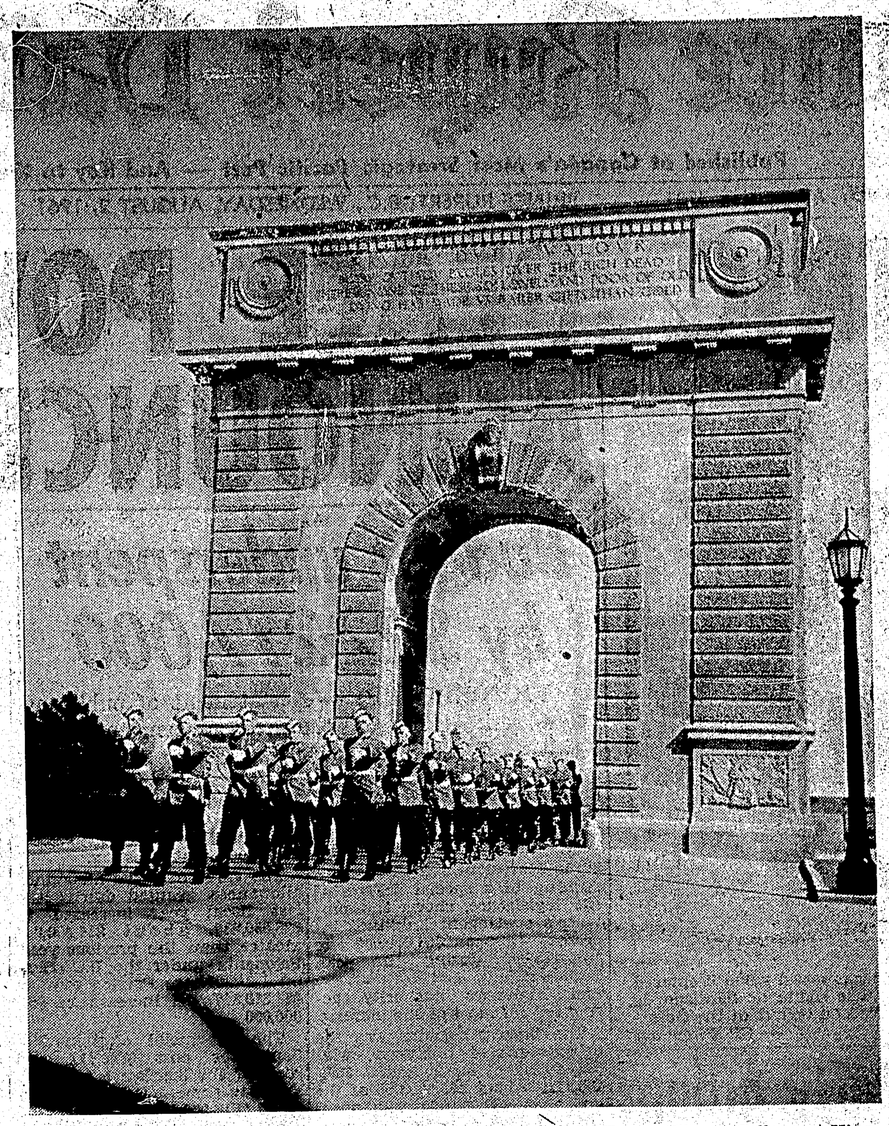
The flight of refugees has hit the Communists heavily, in both their economy and their propaganda.

**Tomorrow: The geography of the problem.**

## Expensive reading

In roughly the amount of time it takes to read these editorials the federal deficit has increased by $50,000. This may sound like awfully expensive reading but it's true, according to a recent report in the Senate by Senator John J. Williams (R-Del.).

Williams told the Senate that the federal deficit has been mounting at the rate of $1 million per hour since President Kennedy took office. That's better than $16,600 per minute or just about $50,000 for three minutes.



OFFICER CADETS march through the Memorial Gates at the Royal Military College at Kingston. RMC, like the other Canadian Services Colleges at Victoria, B.C., and Saint-Jean, P.Q., is rich in tradition. RMC dates back to June, 1876, when its first class consisted of eighteen "gentlemen cadets". It is the oldest military college in the Commonwealth outside England. — RCAF Photo

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

## Common Market provokes taunts

By DAVID OANCIA
Canadian Press Staff Writer

A Western European economic union eliminating trade barriers among member countries looms as a distinct possibility as a result of Britain's request to join the European Common Market.

Prime Minister Macmillan braved the angry taunts of Conservatives and Opposition Labor members alike Monday to announce his government's decision in the House of Commons.

There were Conservative cries of "shame" and "resign" as the British leader read the statement that could have the effect of ending the policy of "splendid isolation" that has guided Britain's foreign policy for centuries.

Britain, he said, is to make a formal application to join the community formed by France, Italy, West Germany, Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg.

"We have now reached the stage where we cannot make further progress without entering into formal negotiations," said the British leader.

"If, as I earnestly hope, our offer to enter into negotiations with the European economic community is accepted we shall spare no efforts to reach a satisfactory agreement."

This is an indication of the seriousness with which the government is approaching membership and the determination to succeed.

Macmillan emphasized the necessity to protect the interests of the Commonwealth, British farmers and the European Free Trade Association.

The EFTA was formed as a rival for the Common Market by Britain, Austria, Switzerland, Portugal, Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

"The Commonwealth is a great source of stability and strength both to Western Europe and to the world as a whole, and I am sure that its value is fully appreciated by the member governments of the European Economic Community," Common Market Macmillan said.

## All Aboard . . .

with G.E. Mortimer

Are the cities committing suicide? Sometimes it seems that they are trying to strangle themselves with traffic, and bleed their wealth away to suburban shopping centres.

Downtown Seattle is beginning to look shabby. Many streets of grimy stores, some of them vacant, provide a dismal contrast to the towers of concrete that are rising at the site of Seattle's space-age world's fair.

The urban blight has fallen upon some of downtown Vancouver. For much of its length, Granville Street is a sleazy stretch of nondescript stores, the sidewalks populated by loungers, punks and creeps.

Victoria is in danger of falling victim to the same disease. The downtown section still is crowded with shoppers, but an alarming number of stores and buildings stand vacant.

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Many cities are approached through mile after mile of ribbon-developed commercial slums. Does freedom of enterprise confer the right to smear the landscape with tawdry booths and signs, and eat up precious farmland to make way for unnecessary garages and housing estates?

Nobody seems to be greatly interested in cleansing the decay that is eating into the heart of the cities, or in holding back the fungoid sprawl of roofs and signs across rural Canada and America.

People don't care therefore politicians don't care. Every now and then a professional planner sounds the alarm, but nobody listens.

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"What's in it for me?" the ordinary citizen mutters. Perceiving no threat to his bankroll, he shrugs off the subject, and settles down to watch television.

In fact he stands to lose a great deal. He will lose money, as taxes on homes go up to make good the decline in taxes from decaying business sections.

The city dweller and the country-dweller both will lose the satisfaction of pleasant surroundings. Living in ugly places, they will suffer depression of the spirit.

We need leadership, to attack the evils of blight and sprawl. We need the leadership of private educational foundations to launch a public campaign that will sell planning and conservation as efficiently as soap.

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We need leadership by politicians—provincial and local. The cities now spread over large regions and the planning to control their growth must be regional.

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

## The Packsack of Gregory Clark

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At a fishing resort I drop in on every two or three years, there has been a party of four brothers who have been holding a sort of fishing reunion every year since some time back in the thirties. Big, hearty men with an obvious devotion to one another, they have been a popular feature of the resort all these years.

One was a bank manager, one was sales director of one of the big automotive agencies, one was a university professor. The fourth owned a small restaurant.

Now, it wasn't at all evident that the three more affluent brothers looked down on the fourth. He was a gentle, rather quiet man, and not quite so hearty and vocal as his brothers.

I have just seen them on this year's reunion. The bank manager, the sales director and the professor have all been retired. They are over the age limit of their respective careers.

The restaurant owner now owns quite a big restaurant. He isn't retired. Nobody can retire him.

He was much the heartiest and vocal of the four, this summer.

### The lighter side

After a rather exciting date with a charming lady, her escort, a bit anxious, asked: "Do you tell your mother everything you do?"

She looked at him and said: "Certainly not. Mother doesn't give a hoot. It's my husband who's so inquisitive."

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After keeping the dinner warm in the oven for more than an hour, the wife finally phoned her husband's office. "Look, dear," she snapped, "as soon as you can get away, will you please call an ambulance with a good siren and get home in a hurry?"

"Don't be ridiculous!" snorted the husband. "I can make almost as good time in my car."

"Possibly," his wife agreed, sweetly, "but the advantage of the ambulance is that you can have it wait for you in front of the house."

### Short sermons

Never in history have so many international axes been on the grindstone at the same time.

## TIME AND PLACE . . .

**The Nass River Plain — from the book "The Trail Cruiser" written by the famous missionary the late Rev. J. B. McCullogh of Aiyansh:**

The most interesting, certainly the most picturesque feature of Naas River scenery is its wonderful lava plain, which, in ascending the river the traveller first comes in contact with at the canyon of Gwinoha, about 68 miles from the coast. Suddenly it opens up as a vista of amazing contrast to the common or spruce-garden variety of scenery to which the eye has become accustomed nearer the sea.

The impression produced is one of mingled repulsion and attraction; repulsion, at the rugged brutality and vastness of the deposit as a thing in itself, and its material negation of purpose and charm; and attraction, at the way in which nature has overcome these negations, by making a thing of beauty out of a disfiguring scar.

For, truly, never were rocks and boulders so beautifully browned and greyed; so tenderly lichenedin chrome, verd and madden as these rough jagged masses of lava clinker!

And not alone in the details of particular formations has this beautifying process been carried out, but the plain itself in its entirety, has been rendered pleasing to the eye. All sorts of mosses, some of them like Citrine coral, adorn its surface. Patches of unbroken pavement, preserving ripple marks of lava in its molten state, are here and there vendured with a hardy creeper, bearing red berries, and with a sort of dwarf ice-plant which the Indians relish very much as a salad in the springtime of the year.

Hartstongue and miniature shrubs grow out of innumerable crevices, and in parts there are incipient baskets of stunted coniferae. The cliff by the river is quite unique, and exhibits a wealth of artistic suggestion in form colour, light and shade. Some day an artist will light upon this place, and his first joyful exclamation will be, Eureka!

The central portions of the plain have not been so badly broken up as the circumjacent parts: the centre has fairly large sized areas of pavement intact: to the north every square yard is pulverized, while to the south and along the river, large ebullition craters and trenches, with little surviving pavement between, form the chief characteristics. Geologically, the lava formation is recent. There is no lack of scientific data to prove this, but not herein. The Indian legend is really an historical record, it is not a myth. Standing today in Lake Dihadal are the stumps of trees, and their charred but undecayed boles bestrew the shore, just as they were left by the erruptive fires at which time the lake was formed.

The enquiry, however, how far back in time do you suppose the erruption took place? May be answered at a venture —say 150 years. This fits in with the "Seven-linked chain of men" of the Indian legend, counting 21 years between each link. Twenty years ago, cedar logs were being cut in a place where tradition avers the fugitive Indians made their first temporary camp.

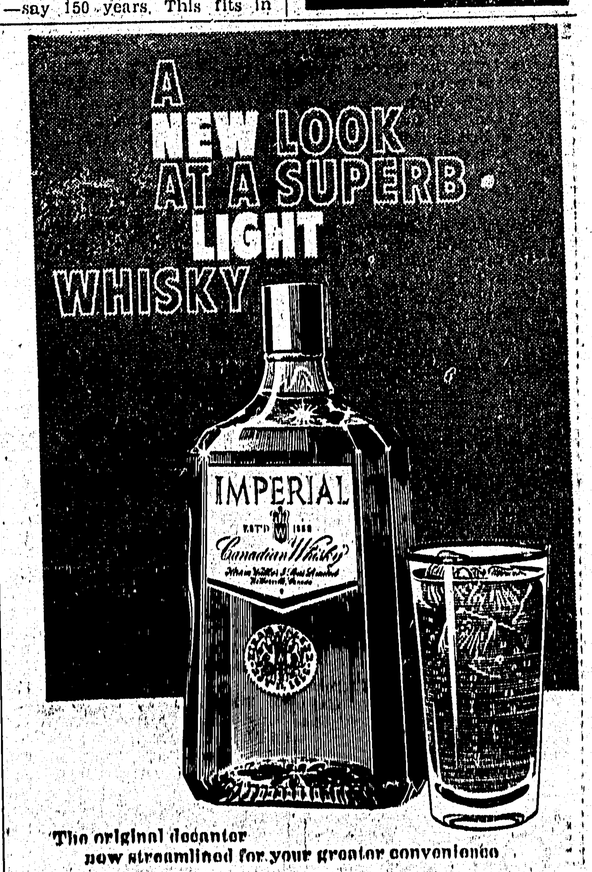
The trees, when sawn into logs, were found to be involuted, that is to say, having been stripped of bark on one side in the days of their youth, they had grown outside and around the stripped sides. The concentric annual rings showed they had been barked exactly 128 years before they were felled. We may assume, then, that the erruption occurred in the beginning of the last quarter of the XVIII century. Report says there is a petrified woman, a petrified house and a petrified fishing trap to be seen on the lava.

But, while moulds of all sorts of natural objects may be had for the seeking, nobody in this generation has come across the lavafied form of a woman; and, also, the old man who alone knew "where she lived" is dead!

Are there any possible uses to which this lava plain might be put? Oh, yes, many possible uses, commercially viewed. But I will not mention them here; being in dreamland I will be consistent, and stick to the dream.

Supposing the government have not enough imagination to turn it into a national park, and supposing I were a millionaire, recently converted and looking around for an investment, I would try to do one good thing for those of our Canadian Heroes who have been condemned by German

(Continued on Page 7)
See—TIME AND PLACE

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