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Buy From Bulkley Valley

THERE is a great deal to be said for the efforts of Bulkley Valley dairy farmers to create more interest here in their products.

With fresh milk arriving in the city three times a week from fertile farms so close to us, it is strange that many consumers in Prince Rupert continue to favor produce from the distant Fraser Valley.

As visiting farmers from the Smithers district have said, it is not their intention to run down their competitors but the physical facts of the situation are all in their favor. Because of their proximity to this market, they can deliver fresher milk here and sell it more cheaply.

In these circumstances, it seems that the failure of Bulkley Valley milk to gain greater acceptance locally must be based to some extent on misunderstanding in the public mind. Possibly the brand name of milk shipped through Vancouver suggests it is produced by cows of better breed. Possibly, too, it is not fully understood yet that the Northland Dairy is owned entirely by northern farmers so that the milk is in the same hands from the time it leaves the farms until it reaches the consumer.

The truth is that cows of the Bulkley Valley—which are mainly Guernseys and Holsteins—are as healthy as any in the province and feed on grass of high nutritional content. The farms there may not have the size of their Fraser Valley competitors, but they are more than equal in quality.

Another reason for wishing to see encouragement given to northern farmers is that development of the Bulkley Valley will add to the welfare of this whole northwest district. While that may seem of little personal concern to the individual consumer, its effect is actually of considerable importance to everyone. In its simplest terms, it means that it will become cheaper to live up here. Costs will remain high just as long as we are forced to pay freight on long-haul supplies. With the development of Bulkley Valley agriculture, food items in many categories will be reduced in price as local farmers become better equipped to meet their southern competitors in quantity and quality.

But the initiative for this cannot be left to the public. The dairy farmers are showing a lead which other farmers should follow. It is their responsibility to study market conditions and maintain standards of service which never disappoint local merchants who provide the outlets. We might suggest, too, that the experimental farm at Smithers give them more practical advice than now appears to be the case.

Once good service is provided, the public can be counted on to do the rest.

OTTAWA DIARY By NORMAN M. MacLEOD

If the CCF group remains in its present frame of mind, there's precious little co-operation with the Conservatives on the opposition side of the House of Commons when Parliament opens next month.

That will be a major change from past sessions. For while there has been no particular love lost hitherto between the Socialists and the Tories, the two parties on most occasions have been fairly reasonable about their enmity. They haven't allowed it to interfere too much with effective recognition of the Liberals as the common enemy of all the opposition groups.

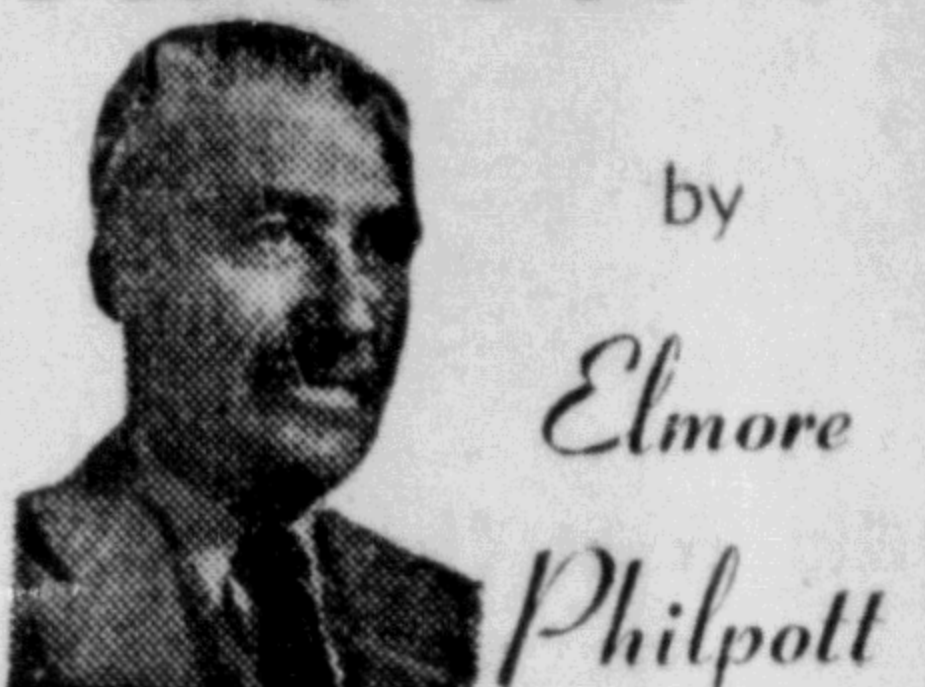
But now the CCF-ers have developed a hearty distrust of the PC's. They feel that they're trying to steal the Socialist party's political patent. And the Socialists aren't going to let that happen if they can prevent it.

It all started with the post-election campaign of Col. Drew's supporters to maintain him in the leadership despite the August 10th holocaust that had overtaken the party. The abject failure of Col. Drew to carry Ontario and especially the Toronto area, made it necessary to manufacture some new legend replacing the one which had portrayed the PC Chieftain as the native son who would lead the Ontario constituencies back into the Conservative fold. In the difficulty some of the Drew team fell back upon the argument that the last election had not been lost because of the party's leadership, but because of the generally good times prevailing. They said generally that the next election almost certainly will be fought in a depression and that Col. Drew then will win.

The CCF resent keenly the attempt which they suspect on the part of the Conservatives to become a depression party. They have reconciled themselves for so long now to the fact that good times were hostile to the political access of their movement, that they considered themselves to hold a patent to whatever political advantage a depression might bring. They thus take a jaundiced view of the prospect of the Conservatives muscling in on their territory.

The Socialists already have had one experience of being bypassed by the voters. A few years ago they were on the march in a really big way with a comprehensive social reform program which won them successive by-elections. Then the late Prime Minister W. L. M. King came along in a general election and blanketed most of their proposals into Liberal Government policy.

As I See It



by Elmore Philpott

Little Black Dog

YOU were a tiny puppy when a smiling boy came at supper time and handed you in as a present.

From the depths of your round doggy belly there came a thunderous bark. You named yourself from that moment. Ruff, we called you, from your bark.

You were a temperamental little lady, too, with your shiny jet black coat, and lovely brown eyes. You had the waggiest tail in all the world. But your feelings were easily hurt. When I was trying to house-break you, too quickly you lay for a whole day like a limp rag. We sent for your boy former-owner, and he took one look and said: "You must have hurt her feelings."

BUT OH the fun we had. For when you were a tiny little puppy you would grab the end of my canes, and hang on for dear life. And I would swing you round and round the room. And the whole family would roar with laughter to see such a tiny dog getting such a joyride.

We played the usual mean trick on you, little she-dog. We had you spayed, and so cheated you out of your puppies. And so, you who were just one walking, running, bundle of love, spent it all on us.

You could almost talk. You had a sort of half-howl speech. And when we came home late at night you would jump up on us, and with your forelegs hug our legs. And you would look up at us and utter that half-howl, which said: as human words could have ever said it: "Why do you leave me alone?"

YOU WERE always a problem when the whole family went away, little black dog. One summer you went to our daughter's. But when she, too, left town and turned you over to a friend, and when the friend went to church on a Sunday morning you took off for home.

It took you seven hours to find your way. But in the end you made it, to the immense relief of the church-going friends who were by this time waiting in front of our empty house.

But you gave us thousands of laughs. Especially the day we had a search party out for you—only to find that you had beaten us to the surprise party to which the family had been invited.

YOU GAVE US the creeps, little black black dog, when you began to dig holes like graves, and insisted on lying in them, even in the rain.

We took you to the dog hospital twice. You made one recovery, but we knew you were desperately ill when your little tail would not wag, and you could not even bark at a stranger.

We had the doctor operate, though we felt in our bones, the truth that you had cancer. And of course your departure has left a big blank space. For almost nine years you lay at my feet as I wrote these pieces.

But I am glad for one thing. For we could not have taken you to Ottawa, and I know how you would have felt at having to separate. I felt that way myself away out in Cairo when I had to buy a new pair of canes. And as I looked at the old ones, and saw hundreds of your puppy teeth marks, where you had taken a free ride through the air—I hated to throw them away.

But I had to, little black dog.

Earns Forgiveness SELKIRK, Man (CP)—A young nephew of Mrs. Cyril Carter escaped a scolding for pulling up plants in her garden. In the process he turned up a wedding ring lost by Mrs. W. Burch of Winnipeg 46 years ago, and identified by the inscription.



L./CPL. WILLIAM BELL, 29, of Toronto, believed the last of Canada's Korea prisoners of war to be repatriated, is greeted by his three-year-old niece, Belinda Lenton, as he arrives in Toronto. Bell was captured at Little Gibraltar last Oct. 22, spent 11 months in Puktoning prison camp in North Korea and was five weeks in hospital in Japan.

VICTORIA REPORT

by J. K. Nesbitt

VICTORIA—The strange case of Percy Wright grows stranger all the time!

Mr. Wright, you recall, was Victoria's assistant city clerk. Last spring, political ambition stirring him, he asked permission of the City Council to seek a Social Credit nomination for the Legislature. The Mayor and council said sure, go ahead, good luck to you—and all that sort of thing.

Mayor Claude Harrison let it be known he'd like a Social Credit nomination, but nobody made the offer, and one of the aldermen, Waldo Skillings went after a nomination, but couldn't get it. The Mayor ran as an independent, and lost. Mr. Skillings ran for the House of Commons in August and was beaten.

Yet, a City Hall underling, Percy Wright, made it. Well and good, even if some City Hall noses were out of joint. But when Mr. Wright asked for leave of absence to take his legislative seat, he was told he couldn't have it, and still hold his job. He took leave anyway.

Two days after the recent session he showed up for work at City Hall, was told he didn't have a job. That night he announced to a Social Credit meeting that he would resign his legislative seat, and see if he couldn't get his job back. Mr. Wright, however, didn't seem too much concerned with his job; he seemed much more concerned with causing a by-election in the hopes of finding a legislative seat for Finance Minister Gunderson.

Next morning Mr. Wright tried again for his City Hall job; this time city authorities said they'd think it over. Still Mr. Wright didn't seem much worried; he was off to the Social Credit convention in Vancouver. Once the blood of politics courses through a man's veins, a City Hall job must seem plenty dull.

If the City Hall won't have Mr. Wright back, the government, of course, will look after him. He'll be well looked after for having so joyfully put his legislative head on the sacrificial block in order to open the way for Mr. Gunderson.

Mr. Wright was almost in ecstasy as he announced his resignation. "There can be no-one finer than Einar," he sang out, and Social Crediters whooped and hollered. Premier Bennett himself lead the cheering section, and most of his cabinet ministers were there, too, so it was quite a meeting.

"Let's put the finishing touches to the Liberals," said Mr. Wright, and again the Social Crediters cheer and holler. Social Crediters ignore the Conservatives; they figure Conservatives are dead and won't stir again. The Liberals still have a spark of life in them, and Social Crediters want to douse that spark once and for all. They don't say much about the CCF; they want to be the sole voice of free enterprise in British Columbia.

It was quite a meeting. This reporter knew Social Crediters sing "O God Our Help in Ages Past," at their meetings. There's nothing wrong with a hymn at a political meeting. Indeed, it's a good idea, but it came as a shock at the Percy Wright meeting to hear "O God Our Help in Ages Past," called the theme song of Social Credit.

Hearing this, some cynic later said the Liberals would probably choose "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," the Conservatives, "There Is No Death" and the CCF, "Abide With Me."

The great abbey at Reading, England, was founded for 200 monks in 1121.

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MONTREAL TORONTO

Ray Reflects and Reminisces

There are eight morning newspapers in Warsaw says Frank W. Rounds, Jr., attached to the U.S. Embassy. They have no news as we know it; no weather reports or local news; no reporting of accidents; no human-interest stories. The most important thing is the editorial on the front page.

One of the best ways to make your old car run better is to learn the price of a '53 model.—United Mine Workers Union.

Just what would be done in the event of there being no weather to curse. For after all, what a convenience.

United States interests thinking of spending eight millions on a new hotel for Vancouver. They say the time has come when this is a necessity. The same can be said for other communities, but we'd feel safer by leaving the figure eight strictly alone. Say half a million, or something like that.

NOT A DROP

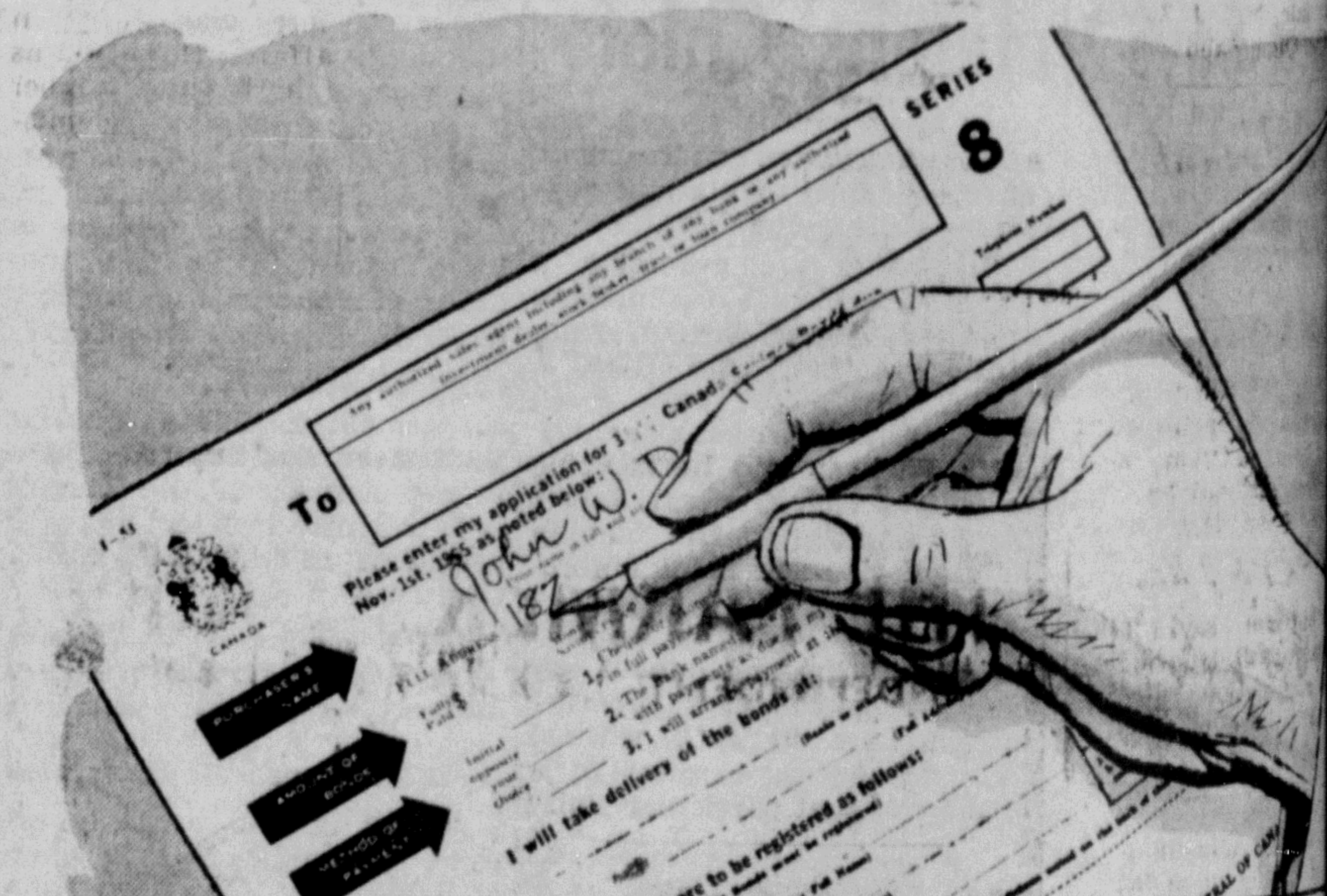
No milk was delivered in New York Sunday and Monday because of a strike in the delivery service. It's not a bad guess to say it will not last long. All ages more or less depend on this white nourishing stuff that comes early in the morning, like the dawn. And of course we all love ice cream.

This is what I found out about religion says Dwight D. Eisenhower: It gives you courage to make the decisions you must make in a crisis and then the confidence to leave the result to a higher power. Only by trust in God can a man carrying responsibilities find repose.

How the Daily News came to be named is perhaps not generally known, although some folks have managed to remember. "Call it the 'Skookum' sug-

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