

Prince Rupert Daily News

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Our Transportation Problems

DELIBERATIONS at the Associated Boards of Trade convention at Burns Lake demonstrated convincingly that improvement of transportation facilities is a matter of profound and urgent concern throughout the entire area of central B.C.

It was almost inevitable that highways were the subject of much of the discussion as many of the delegates arrived by car. The begrimed appearance of their vehicles and the rush business done by service stations repairing tired motors and flat tires was ample evidence of the trials of their trip. Even the provincial government spokesman, Trade and Industry Minister Chetwynd, joined the lamentations by disclosing that attendance at the convention had cost him \$70 in car repairs.

But discussion of transportation ranged far beyond highways, even though it was apparent at times that there was much more certainty about the need for action than the course such action should take.

Perhaps the clearest example of this was provided by the divided opinion that arose over the question of opening up the country north of the CNR line. The two extremes of the argument were presented by Prince George, which favored a northward extension of the PGE railway, and Prince Rupert, which believed the resolution should be less specific so that other possible routes, such as that from Hazelton, might also receive consideration.

While it could be claimed that the two arguments were the natural results of partisan interests, that does not accurately explain the matter. The fact was that the overriding mood of the convention was that this part of the province must remain intact in its ideas if the individual sections of it are to obtain their hoped-for benefits. After Prince George won its point on a close vote, the meeting proceeded cheerfully and harmoniously to the next item of business.

The importance of air service to this country was emphasized by the presence of Grant McConachie, Canadian Pacific Air Lines president. Mr. McConachie gave the convention something to think about by observing that air transportation has become the forerunner of development and that in many cases it is cheaper to build an airport than to repair a section of highway. He left delegates with the realization that before they became too preoccupied with rail and road construction, they would do well to consider what traffic by air could mean to them.

When the convention finally adjourned it had placed on record a number of resolutions concerning transportation which, if put into effect, will vitalize the economy of northern and central B.C. Although it would be too optimistic to expect that all will receive action, the intention is to have a delegate at Victoria while the legislature is in session who will keep the percentage as high as possible. A wise government will treat him with respect.

All Aboard By G.E. Mortimore

We learn something every day, I'm afraid. News that the Royal Canadian Air Force had several killed pipe bands came as a nasty surprise. On top of that, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police began advertising for bandsmen.

Vacancies exist in RCMP bands at Ottawa and Regina for single men between 18 and 30 who can play alto saxophone, French horn, bassoon, cornet, clarinet, oboe and flute.

An airman in a kilt playing the bagpipes? A dismounted Mountie playing a saxophone? Just don't let the adventure writers know, that's all. The shock will kill them.

We are used to Mounties riding motorcycles, cars and aircraft instead of horses. They are still a fine body of men. But the idea of Mounties playing musical instruments strikes a blow at our story book illusions.

The RCMP may have had a band since the Riel Rebellion for all we know, and a good band at that. The fault lies with us. We can't accustom ourselves to the notion of a mountie setting off to get his man with a flute strapped to his side. We know about the famous musical ride of the RCMP. All the same, imaginary scenes like this plague the mind.

"That's the end of you, Mountie," he said with a sneer. "You'll never rise from that bunk to trouble me again."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he was seized in an iron grip and handcuffs snapped on his wrists.

The Mad Trapper swivelled around.

"You!" he gasped. "Oompah of the Mounted! I just shot you as you lay in your bunk."

"That's where you made your mistake, Ben. All you did was to shoot a hole in my bassoon. I tucked it under the blankets to resemble my sleeping figure. Why did you come here to kill me, Ben?"

"It was that blasted bassoon, Mountie. You played it night and day. My cabin is two miles distant from yours, but the noise drove me mad."

Hatred of music is no excuse for attempted murder, Ben. I'm taking you to civilization to answer for your crime."

As the two men trudged into the midnight sun, the policeman played a march on his bassoon. Eight hundred miles of ice and snow lay between them and Fort Muskox. They never got there. The sled dogs tore them to pieces when they made camp. The dogs didn't like bassoon playing either.

As I See It



by
**Elmore
Philpott**

Radium Report

RADIUM HOT SPRINGS, B.C. — The sun which has been sulking behind the heavy clouds for almost our whole two weeks here is out again as we say goodbye.

The dense summer crowds are gone from the two pools now, and the place is beginning to look relaxed again as it looked before the people in their masses "discovered" this wonderful spot.

Every time I come here I half kick myself. For in a way I feel that Radium is "my baby." I helped put it on the map in the minds of the people who read newspapers. Now the place is so crowded, in summertime, that I have trouble getting a wall seat to sit on in my favorite spot in the hot pool.

However, if I did help spoil my own fun I did my small bit to let the people know that here in the Rockies of B.C. we have one of the finest natural assets in the whole world.

ALSO, because of the fact that you and I still own this pool, through our federal government, we can still get into it for two-bits.

If these pools were privately owned, as they would be in Europe or even the U.S.A., the common people would be lucky if they got within a mile of the premises. The operators of the pool would be charging fat millionaires about 10 dollars a dip to get into the healing waters.

This summer on a single Sunday over twenty-five hundred persons paid a quarter of a dollar apiece to get into the government pools at Radium. Already the million and a quarter dollar bathhouse is too small for the people who are flocking here.

But even at that hundreds of cars whizz right by here—hell bent for Banff.

SOME of the same American tourists have come back from Lake Louise a bit sore at the swank hotel there—for the place is now completely fenced in and both motorists and sidewalk pedestrians have to pass separate gatemen to gain entry—only then if they are paying guests.

We have four in our family party, and we have spilt evenly on whether or not the hotel folks were wise to erect that sentry barrier. Half of the family says "Sure they were, for people were walking all over the place, throwing papers around, and destroying even the flowers." But the other half says "Maybe—but you can't get away from the fact that people

(Continued on page 7)

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Recording Secretary.



CONSTABLE DAVID PLAUNT of the Ontario Provincial Police at Timmins, Ont., shows where bullet pierced his tunic during shooting at Broulan Reef Gold mine. Insert is Patrick Walsh, 26, president of the McIntyre local of the United Steelworkers of America (CIO-CCL), charged with attempted murder. The shooting was the most recent of skirmishes since 350 Broulan workers went on strike nearly eight weeks ago.

Ray REFLECTS and REMINISCES

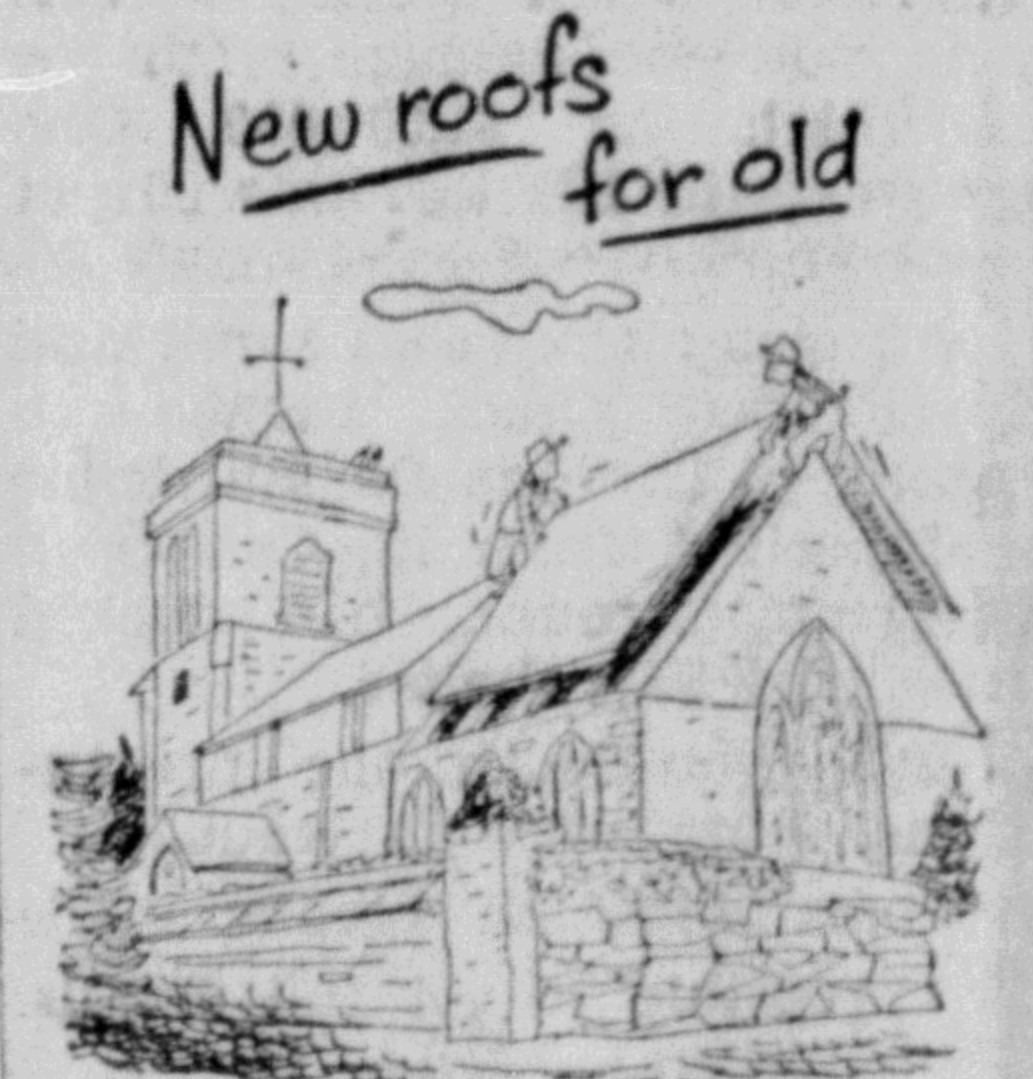
Thousands of youngsters are looking at blackboards and smelling chalk for the first time today. The list of pupils is larger, and the number of teachers smaller.

NO SUCH PERSON

The solemn men who run Russia admit it's become impossible to find anyone capable of causing another to laugh. They have been trying to, but there is no such thing as a genuine clown. But this should not be surprising. A clown cannot be trained. The Kremlin cannot take a joke. Satire is a dangerous business beyond the Red curtain. The Soviet cannot invite mirth.

High costs of indigent hospitalization in Elgin (Ont.) makes one feel grateful for dwelling a few thousand miles to the westward. One patient has received room charges of around \$400, the time being six weeks. Drugs and medicine totalled approximately \$1,500.

"Wake up, my friend. The greatest portion of British Columbia wealth comes from the north of Vancouver. If you wish to spend the money in the area from which it came then send it back north." So writes a Vancouverite to the Sun. And how far is he wrong?



A NUMBER of ancient English churches are replacing their equally ancient roofs with aluminum. One of these is the Chapel of St. James in the village of Nether Warton, Oxfordshire. Its lead roof, originally laid in 1665, brought £478 as scrap—enough to pay the whole cost of installing the new roof.

It is a neat example of how, while most metals have been getting more expensive through the centuries, the cost of aluminum has been going down. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan)

Statistics may be some times tedious, but now and then, the information is not only interesting but worth remembering. Often, the claim is made that newcomers are responsible for most of Canada's crime. Statistics prove that most of the offenders are Canadian born.

A FEW OLD TIMERS

Front page stories about old stern-wheelers have been appearing in the Vancouver press. This, of course, was long ago, but we think it not untimely to refer to paddle wheels as they drove steamers along the Skeena River more than forty years ago. They carried freight and passengers as far as Hazelton, a tough struggle going one way, and sailing along swift and easy the other. Foley, Welch & Stewart had still to complete the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, but the grade was making headway. Anyway, those were great days.

OTTAWA DIARY

By Norman M. Mac

The week which got under way yesterday should be one of large-scale enlightenment in respect to the major matters which have been keeping official Ottawa circles tautly tensed-up for the past fortnight or more.

Specifically, it should reveal the post-election model cabinet which Prime Minister St. Laurent has been designing during his so-called "holiday" fortnight at his summer home at St. Patrick on the lower St. Lawrence.

In addition, the week should throw some authoritative light—in contrast to the vast amount of unofficial speculation which has been published—on the course which Hon. George Drew proposes to follow in respect to the Conservative leadership.

The authentic facts in respect to both these key situations have been remarkably well-kept secrets. It is true that the prime minister has had more than a normal amount of prompting from Liberal circles which aren't too used to being kept in the dark when a major scuffle in the party's high command is taking place. But the prime minister's summer home at St. Patrick has strategic advantages for conducting a cabinet re-organization which Mr. St. Laurent has been quick to capitalize. It is too inaccessible for capital political circles to keep track of the daily visitors who come and go there. On the other hand, it is within easy motoring distance of Quebec City, which has good plane connections with the rest of Canada. That means that the prime minister can secure the attendance there without too much difficulty of anyone whom he wants to see under circumstances of complete confidence.

It isn't only the news correspondents on Parliament Hill

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who would like to have a daily log of the people who have been seeing Mr. St. Laurent and whom Mr. St. Laurent has been seeing during his past fortnight of political retreat. Some leading Liberals in the capital and even in the cabinet are equally curious.

Mr. Drew has succeeded in being equally enigmatic. Not a syllable has he uttered from the fastness of his refuge in Guelph. But his personal silence has been in noteworthy contrast to the volunteer efforts of some of his journalistic supporters to be vocal on his behalf. These editors have undertaken to treat the matter of Mr. Drew's continuance in office as something to be taken for granted and regarded with highest satisfaction, on the grounds that no individual of comparable ability is to be found within the party.

Actually, of course, Mr. Drew hasn't intimated any decision, one way or the other. It is to be noted, however, that the situation against which he is contending has nothing to do with his ability; it is simply the fact that Conservatives themselves apparently will not vote for him. Fifty-one seats is far below par for the Conservative party

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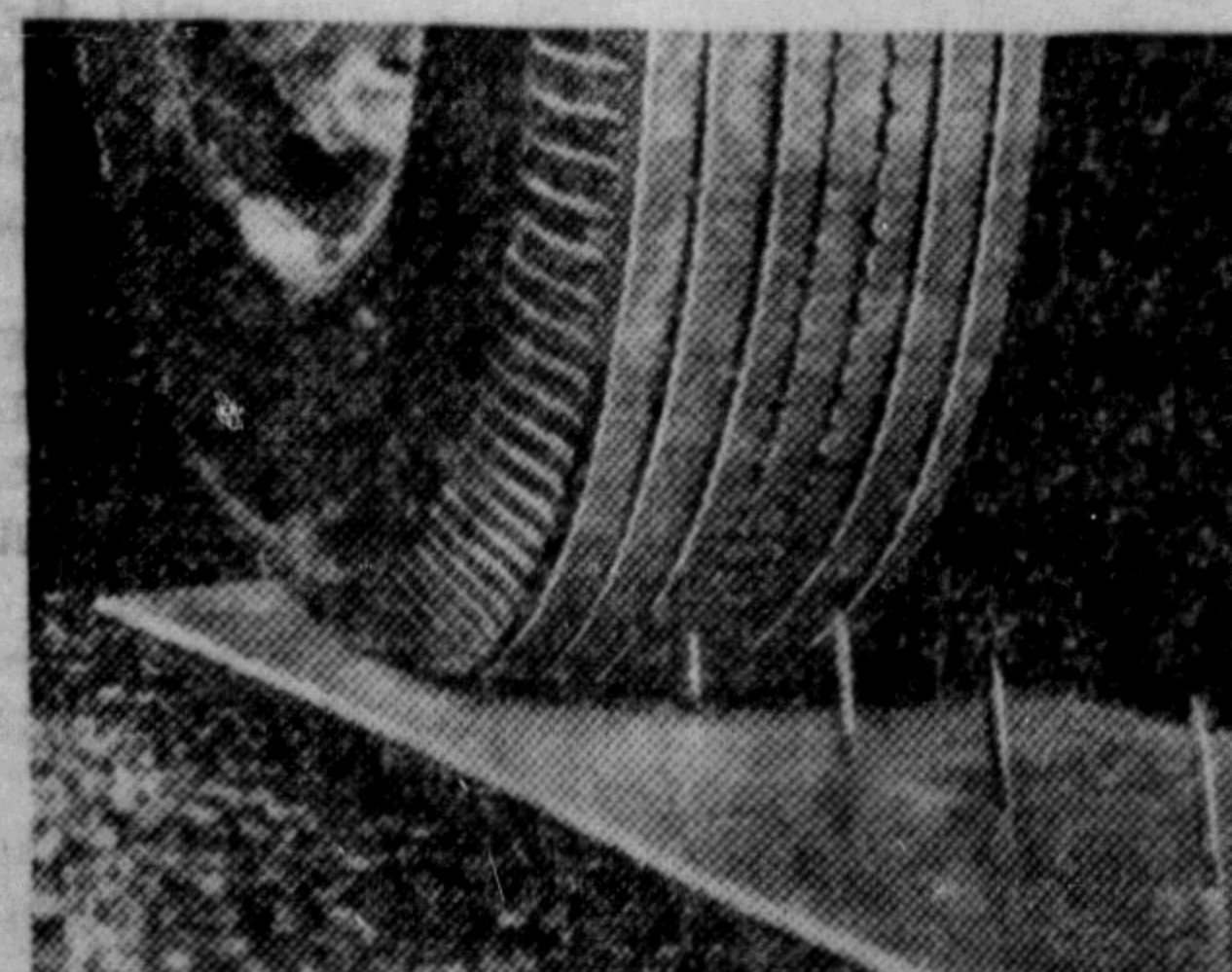
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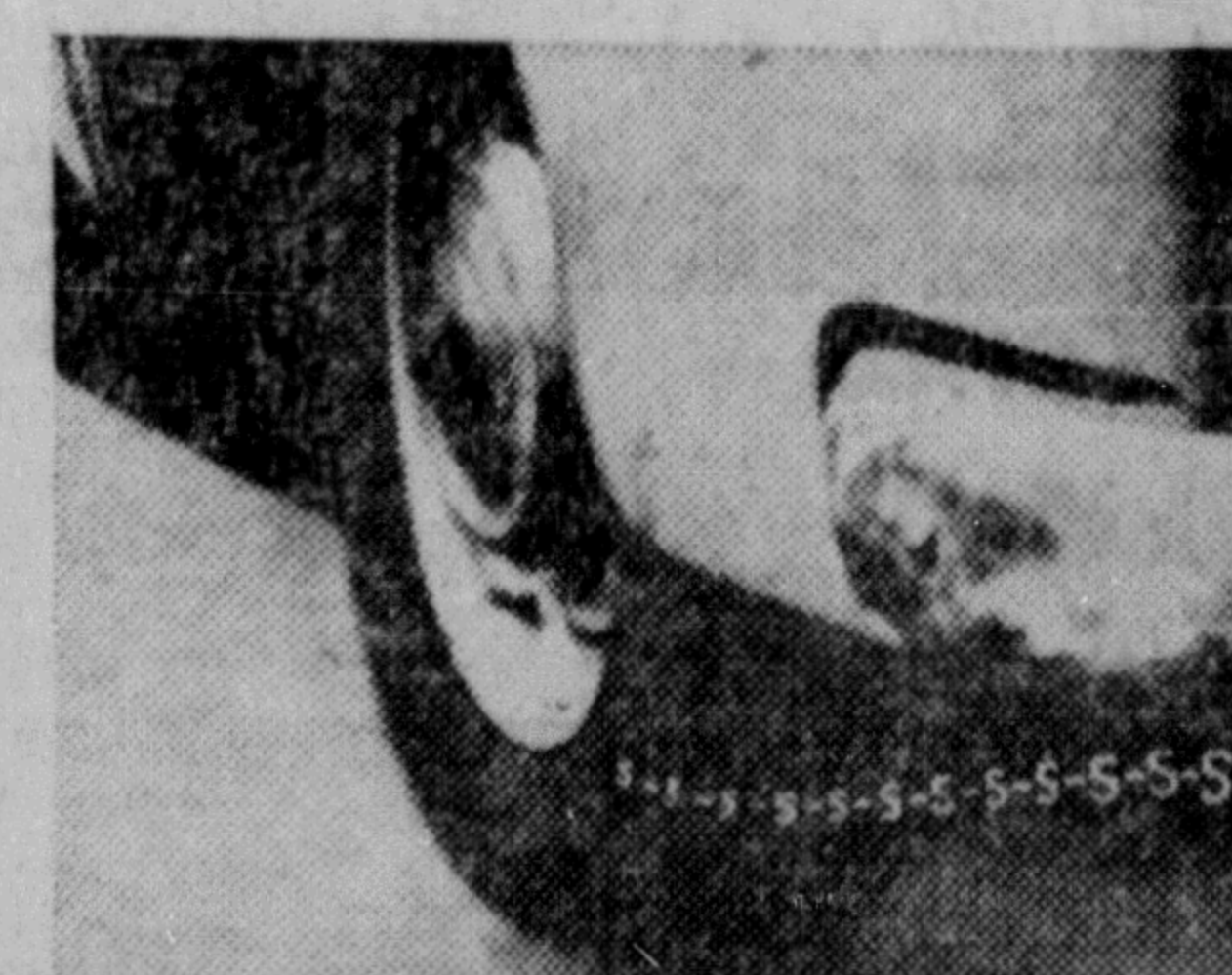
The B.F. Goodrich Life-Saver Tubeless Tire provides greater safety than any tire and tube, yet it costs less than the conventional safety tire-tube combination.



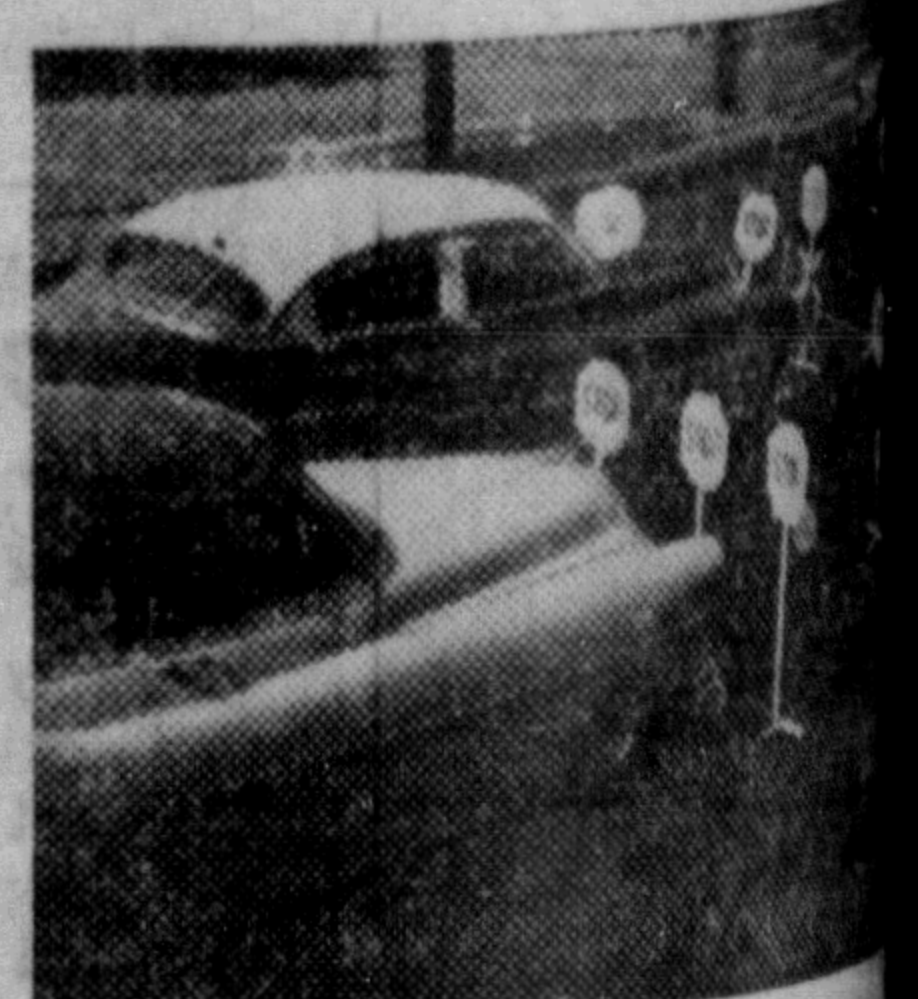
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