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Airport Near

PRINCE Rupert's long, conscientious and carefully prepared effort to obtain an airport appears close to its reward. During his visit here, Fisheries Minister James Sinclair gave the closest thing to a government committment heard so far in referring to the airport that "we are building" on Digby Island. It was hardly necessary to read between the lines to gather from this that the government now considers the project as being definitely on its book.

On the heels of this remark comes the announcement that a detailed engineering survey has been made of the site and that cost estimates soon will be submitted to Ottawa, thus opening the way to call for tenders.

Apart from the benefits in transportation it will bring to northern B.C. as a whole and to this immediate area in particular, an airport here will mean a big step in the development of the city. Secondary services will be created and so lead to new avenues of employment. In all likelihood a new community will become established on Digby Island and the city will benefit accordingly from this expansion. As travel in and out of town is accelerated it is also probable that we will see an improvement in facilities for visitors.

Although establishment of an airport for Prince Rupert is an entirely logical step in servicing the north country, a large part of the credit for preventing further years of delay must go to our special airport committee. This committee not only presented a sound case but kept persistently after its objective until the government could no longer overlook the need to take action.

When construction of the airport starts, Prince Rupert may well feel that at last it has a place on Ottawa's map of Canada.

Sea Sheep Dogs

PORPOISES trained to act as sheep dogs of the sea is the intriguing idea put forward by Dr. Athelstan Spilhaus, a prominant American scientist.

As man diverts the rivers of the world to his own purposes, Dr. Spilhaus says, fish will lose much of their natural food supply. The porpoises would be used to herd them out to "fish farms" in the sea, supplied with artificial foods. He said he knew of an American scientist now at work on the problem, studying porpoise noises in an effort to find means of communicating with them in order to teach them a trade.

Porpoises are easily tamed and playful fish. They have been taught to perform tricks and in one notable case children and other bathers went for rides on the back of a famous porpoise with a marked fondness for humans.

—The Saint John Telegraph-Journal.

Bottoms Up

WESTERN newspapers in general and the British press in particular seem to be counting heavily on Khrushchev's drinking habits to relieve the democracies of Mr. Khrushchev himself. "Will Khrushchev's Drinking Lead to His Downfall?" the London Daily Mail asked recently in a hopeful headline. Unfortunately, his capacity for drinking seems to be equalled only by his uproariousness while drunk—rather like one of those troublesome lushes who can't be kicked out of a party and refuse to be talked down. The only solution seems to be to encourage him to drink beyond the limits of even his formidable capacity. Meanwhile, the party waits nervously for the moment when someone can lead him upstairs and then tiptoe down to announce happily, "Okay, out like a light."

—Saturday Night.

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As I See It

by

Elmore Philpott

After Drew — Who?

I DO NOT remember any news item which has filled me with more regret than that which said that because of ill health George Drew must step down from the leadership of the grand old Conservative party.

George and I met on the very first day we registered at University of Toronto. That was away back in September, 1913.

Along with another hundred hopefuls we were both "trying out" for the football team. But there were scores too many for us to get our chance to show what we could do in those first few days. So George and I used to run around the quarter-mile track together to keep ourselves in condition.

Puffing and grunting together there began a friendship that has lasted all these years, and which has survived our several sharp but sincere clashes of political opinion on the floor of the House of Commons.

GEORGE Drew and I were of very different family backgrounds for he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. In all the years since 1913 we were almost always on opposite sides in the big fights.

There were two exceptions. We both served in the Canadian Field Artillery in the First World War and in the Second World War I strongly supported George Drew, the Conservative, against the Liberal government of the day in regard to his criticism of the disastrous and badly bungled Hong Kong expedition.

One of these days I hope to publish the secret sequal to that story and to show why the Liberal government was so desperately anxious to suppress Mr. Drew's statement—for I am convinced that even George himself does not know the real reason. I did not know it then.

MY YEARS in the House of Commons have deepened and not lessened my respect for George Drew, as a political leader. I have always thought, and still think, that he has been by far the most forceful, forthright and effective personality in the parliamentary Conservative party.

It is because I personally believe with all my heart and mind in the two party system of government that I hate to see George Drew forced by fate to step aside. There never was a time in history when it was more necessary for Canada to have two strong parties—each capable of carrying on the government if given a mandate by the people.

Indeed, my basic grievance against Social Credit, as a party, has always been that the greater the success it wins, the greater the muddle it is bound to cause in the national political set-up in Canada. If there were any chance that the Social Credit party could eliminate or merge with the Conservatives all across Canada then it would be a very different story. But I see no sign yet of Social Credit getting any foothold east of Alberta.

REGRETTABLE as it is that George Drew has been compelled to step aside, it is to be hoped that the grand old party of Macdonald, Borden, Bennett and Drew should find a real good strong leader.

There are, of course, several able men on the front benches of the Conservative party at Ottawa—notably John Diefenbaker, Donald Fleming, George Hees and, of course, Davie Fulton.

But my own preference as the next leader of the federal Conservative party in Canada would be B.C.'s newly re-elected premier W. A. C. Bennett.

I think it would definitely serve the interests of the country as a whole if intelligent steps were taken, in time, to halt the drift to too-many-party chaos in Canada.

Mr. Bennett is, in fact, a Conservative as he has always been. He aspires to enter federal politics. Here is one way he might do so without making confusion worse confounded.

OTTAWA DIARY

By Norman M. MacLeod

Although neither of the major political parties took part officially in the British Columbian provincial election, their abstention was from motives of prudence, rather than disinterest. They actually were very considerably concerned in the outcome.

It is true that neither of them expected to win. That was basically the reason why they stood for the most part on the sidelines and permitted the provincial Liberal and PC organizations to carry the ball. The Ottawa master-minds didn't want to have to share any of the stigma of defeat.

But it is no less true that neither of the old-line parties envisaged defeat on the scale it finally assumed. Their pretence of philosophical acceptance of the election's result is considerably removed from their true feelings. The truth is that they are a whole lot more concerned than they have admitted publicly.

In the immediate wake of the results Liberal circles weren't even willing to talk about what had happened. They were awaiting the return to the Capital of the two British Columbian Cabinet Ministers—Messrs Ralph Campney and "Jimmie" Sinclair—who had gone to the Pacific Coast for the closing hours of the campaign. Ottawa Liberals had the hope that two Cabinet Ministers might be able to give the low-down on why the fortunes of the government party has slumped so low in British Columbia.

The PC's didn't feel the same need of any first-hand explanations of what had happened. With only 22 candidates entered in the field, they obviously had had no hopes at any time of being a factor in the results. In effect, they had allowed the contest to go by default. But that didn't make the impressive show of Social Credit strength any more welcome to Federal PC strategists concerned for the retention—come next June's Federal election—of the three BC seats the party already holds.

The situation is especially serious for the Liberals because the federal and provincial organizations in the West Coast province are closely integrated. Consequently, Parliament Hill Liberals can discern no reasonable ground for counting upon improving on the provincial party's showing when next June's election rolls around.

In brief, the feeling is that the battle next June in the West Coast province is going to be between the Social Credit and the CCF slates. That's a very bleak prospect for quite a number of high class Liberal and Progressive Conservative MP's to face. The group includes such distinguished figures as Messrs Campney, Sinclair, General Pearkes, Howard Green, and Davey Fulton. The strong personal following which some of these individuals have in their constituencies conceivably may pull them through. But none of them is in any doubt at the moment that he is going to have to fight a desperate battle for survival.

TO MEET SOON

PARIS (Reuters)—The "three wise men" who have been discussing how the 15-nation Atlantic can improve co-operation in non-military fields will meet again in New York in November.

By then they expect to have completed a report for submission to North Atlantic Treaty Organization governments, it was announced here today.

The "wise men"—Foreign Ministers L. B. Pearson of Canada, Gaetano Martin of Italy and Halvurd Lange of Norway—held a series of round-table talks and consultations in NATO headquarters in Paris between Sept 10 and last Saturday.

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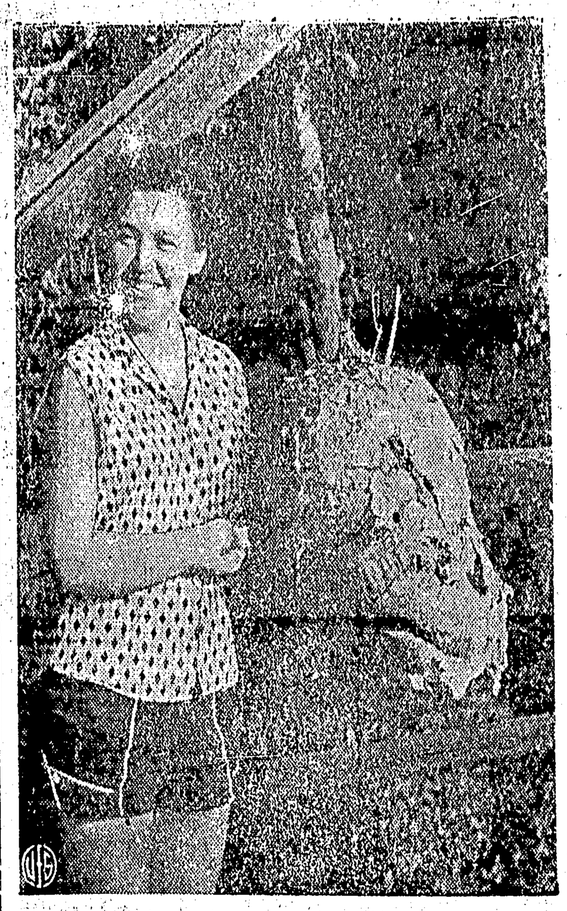

MRS. TOM TORBETT of Atchison, Kansas, holds up the giant hornets' nest that was found in a tree near the Torbett home. Of course, the hornets are gone, or else Mrs. Torbett wouldn't be quite so smilingly casual about the whole thing. The hornets usually enter their mostly hollow "home" through the bottom of the nest.

TIME and PLACE

By TIMOTHY STARR
Chief Councillor of Kitimaat Village

FIRST CITIZEN

The man who discovered Kitimaat was named Ha'ntlikwilax (meaning one who shoots straight). It was the duty of the old-timers, our great grandfathers, to keep fresh in the minds of the young the history of their race. The word of mouth history has been told from generation to generation so that all might know what took place.

On Owikeno Lake near the head, at Rivers Inlet, lived a man named Ha'ntlikwilax; he was very fond of gambling at Hat (a game of 50 sticks) and finally lost everything, even his children, wife, house and himself. That night he and his wife quarrelled over it and he murdered her. Then he fled. At daylight, half way down the lake he went ashore to hide his canoe. That evening he started out again. Reaching the head of the inlet he then went on to the village in Kildella Bay. There he took up with another woman and married her. She was one of a large family.

THE ESCAPE

One day he heard that his first wife's family was going to kill him in revenge. Ha'ntlikwilax was of the Eagle clan and he told the people that he was going seal hunting with his canoe, his family and several helpers. They came up the coast, found Kildala Arm, and settled at its mouth in Mud Bay.

KITIMAT DISCOVERED

In the spring, at Oolican time (April), he came up further. From the point below Clio Bay, before sunrise one calm day, he saw something strange at the head of the inlet. It looked like a monster, and he saw a huge mouth open at the foot of the valley. He was afraid, for he only had a few weapons, so he went back to Mud Bay where he told his people what he had seen. They set out the next day, well armed, for they were going to find out what the monster really was. This time, as they rounded the point, they didn't see anything. They went toward the head of the inlet and, as it was low tide, the seagulls were eating oollchans which were thick on the beach. As the seagulls rose in a cloud, it looked like a mouth opening. This is what he had seen the day before.

They poled up the river and found it full of oollchans which they caught in a conical net and filled their canoe. When they returned to Mud Bay Ha'ntlikwilax told the others that he had found a better place. They decided to move and founded a village up the river, which they called K'laxgla'ilsla (level valley). There was no timber in the valley in those days, only moss. They stayed from autumn to mid-summer. One day a stick drifted down-river. It was peeled.

Ha'ntlikwilax took it and saw that it was a willow, not done by a beaver—but cut and peeled by human hands. The following day he poled up-river to a place sixteen miles above. Living there he found a band of Tsimshian people of Port Simpson. The chief was Samdik (big grizzly) of the Raven clan. The two chiefs got on so well that Samdik was invited to come down to the village.

NEW SETTLERS

The news spread of the plentiful food at Kitamaat to the Bella Coola, the people of the Nass, to Metlakatla, Klemtu, Port Simpson and all other places. Ha'ntlikwilax was the head chief; he had a strong personality and was wise in his dealings with his band. The language they came to use is that which is used today; it is called Awi'kula, nearly the same as Owikeno. The present village, Haisla, was founded even before the traders came and was used as a winter village; the old town, K'laxgla'ilsla, as a summer village.

And now, today, there are about 13,000 people who have come to join Ha'ntlikwilax. That's Alcan—the new history.

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NEW LEVELS OF LEADERSHIP

Teaching Profession Presents Big Challenge

The following article is one of a series to be published this week in connection with Business Women's Week, being observed across Canada between September 23 and September 29. The articles are contributed by members of the Prince Rupert Business and Professional Women's Club who along with the Canadian Federation of BPWC seeks to improve the status of women in the business world.

By MRS. CONSTANCE WEISE
Vice-Principal, Conrad Street School

The general aim of education is as follows: "It is the function of the school, through carefully selected experiences, to stimulate, modify and direct the growth of each pupil physically, mentally, morally and socially, so that the continual enrichment of the individual's life and an improved society may result."

There is nothing more stimulating than helping children's minds to grow. Education should be an exciting adventure. To be a teacher and to have some part in educating children is rewarding indeed. The teacher's work and its success, however, cannot be measured. No teacher ever fully knows the depth of his or her failure or the height of his or her success. However, to know that as a teacher one has a part in endeavouring to fulfill these aims of education is indeed wonderful.

The school is not the only agency responsible for the education of children. Worthy influences of the home, the church and the community must also be considered since these are a vital part of the child's environment. The school and its teachers must add to strengthen the influence of these agencies but it should not attempt to take their place. The home, the church, the community and the school should work together to provide strong and worthy guidance for our children.

The teaching profession is a demanding one. The constant association with the human element and the immature mind is very demanding of one's energy and patience. However, there is also much to enjoy, particularly getting to know your pupils, to appreciate their differences in personality, to enjoy the wit of one youngster, the fine sincerity of another, the twinkling eye of a third, the Peter Pannish swagger of a fourth and so on. To the real teacher, there is no stronger interest than the child.

The responsibility that lies on the shoulders of teachers and educators is a tremendous one. No teacher can do a significant job with children who has not first engaged in searching self-evaluation. In this exacting profession, we and the children and the world must grow together or assuredly none of us will grow at all.

The teaching profession is a challenging one. The challenge is twofold — to attend to the needs of the many — to develop to the full, the superior mind.

Teachers have a wonderful opportunity to influence a child's future, regardless of his or her past.

EARLY BIRDS

BRISTOL, England (—Store keepers here reported a "steady sale" of Christmas cards early this month.

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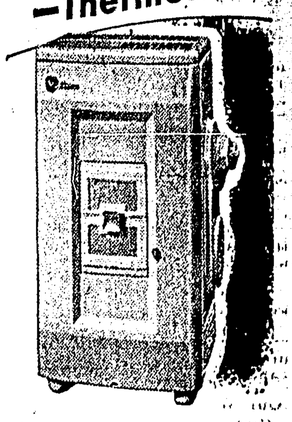
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