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Visitors revive fond memories

THE visit of Bing Crosby and Phil Harris brings back fond memories of both radio and movie entertainment that we have lost since the advent of television. Gone are the days when we could look forward, every week without fail, to the Bing Crosby program and the Jack Benny half hour that included a large portion of Mr. Harris' inimitable humor. It is 25 years ago, since Bing had an hour program with a guest star every week and Phil Harris' band played at the Cocoanut Grove with a singer named Leah Rae. Those were weeks crowded with talent. Those were years when you didn't go out at night for fear of missing such artists as Ed Wynn the Fire Chief, Paul Whiteman's orchestra playing symphonic jazz with Al Jolson as the star of the show, Edgar Bergen just getting his start with veteran (even to Bing) crooner Rudy Vallee; Joe Penner, Amos and Andy, Eddie Cantor, Bob Hope, George Jessel, Major Bowes and the first of the big talent contests, Burns and Allen, Fred Allen and Portland, Jack Benny and Mary Livingston and singers such as Morton Downey, Don Novis, Kenny Baker, Helen Morgan, Judy Garland, Frances Langford and Deanna Dur-

In those days radio brought top, wholesome entertainment right into your home where the whole family was there to enjoy it. Then there were the movies that Bing Crosby made when he forsook romantic ballad roles for his side-splitting "Road to Morocco" "Road to Zanzibar" series with Bob Hope. Phil Harris teamed up with his curvaceous wife Alice Faye in a radio program of their own.

Harry Lilis Crosby at 54 has for the last 30 years done his part to make people happy whether it was with his millions of recording, his serious movies such as "Going My Way" and "Bells of St. Mary's" or his annual golf game with Bob Hope for charity. Yet he's not through. We believe that in the near future we are to see a "Road" movie to end all "Road" movies featuring Bing, Hope and the lush Dorothy Lamour who still looks glamorous enough for us. We can hardly wait. It will make up for the fact that the old faces are disappearing from the air and movie screen to be replaced by new ones that do not, to us anyway, appear to have the polish and finesse that stemmed from oldtime "show biz." So in closing, a salute to a couple of good guys, who revived pleasant memories by paying our city a fleet-

MP's colorful English

Whether or not you admire his particular brand of political affiliation, you have to hand it to Kootenay West MP H. W. Herridge for his choice of English. Here is an extract from a speech he made the other day in support of an amendment to the Railway Act he introduced in the Commons:

"In brief, the purpose of this amendment is to use a dose of legislative cortisone to strengthen the presently palsied hands of the board of transport commissioners."

Mr. Herridge sent us a copy of his bill, and there is no doubt that it involves an amendment to the act which will find wide support hereabouts. At present, there is in the act no provision in relation to a reduction or proposed reduction in railway service. The purpose of. the amendment is to provide that the board of transport commissioners may, at the request of an interested municipality deal with such reduction of service.—The Trail Times.

New frontiers for human welfare opening

CORMER President Herbert Hoover made one of the thoughtful and hopeful speeches for which he is so widely respected and deeply loved, in his acceptance of an honorary degree from The Citadel, South Carolina state military college at Charleston.

He said that the new emphasis on higher standards of American education is going to be fruitful in a more far reaching and beneficial way than the improvement of weapons and the insuring of security and peace although he did not underrate these vital things.

But what he looks to with such faith and bright new promise is consequence of the broader educational outlook is that humanity is not merely finding a way of life without war, but that "the frontiers of science and better understanding of human welfare are steadily opening."

The searching minds of scientists will never be confined to the needs of war, essential though they are to the survival of human freedom: Even while the problems of defence and security compel the mobilization of the full resources of the Free World in scientific and technical areas, an infinitely greater product of the quest for knowledge will continue to be the better living conditions for mankind.

As Mr. Hoover said, the frontiers of human understanding and welfare are constantly opening. New miracles of production are being achieved. Destructive diseases are being conquered. Eventually and surely, greater concentration of educational resources upon the clearing up of the mysteries of science will do much more than turn back the challenge of war and aggression.

-Los Angeles Examiner.

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Soviet threats cloaked in verbiage

By DAVE McINTOSII Canadian Press Staff Writer

Btalin's cruditles led many in the Western world to look on the Russian Communists as heavy-handed ignoramuses.

When Lester B. Pearson, former external affairs minister, returned from his 1955 visit to Russia, he cautioned the West not to regard Stalin's successors as peasants.

His point is again brought home by Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev's most recent letter to Prime Minister Diesenbaker, The letter is extremely clever. Unfortunately for Khrushchev, eleverness is no substitute for knowledge.

Where Stalin used the broadsword, Krushchov uses the epec. The threat is still there but it is cloaked in layers of verbiage intended to portray sweet reasonableness.

Khrushchev, in his letter, apparently is trying again to split Canada off from the Western alliance. But he completely misjudges Canadian public opinion.

The letter dwells on two main points which Mr. Diesenbaker had discussed: Cossation of nuclear tests and inspection against surprise attack.

On the first point, Mr. Diesenbaker had said

the announced halt to nuclear trials by Russia justified no more than the frailest hope that progress on disarmament was at last near at

Khrushchev says the United States and Britain have not even halted their tests. If they did, the result would be the same as an in-

ternational agreement. Khrushchev again complains about U.S. Air Force bomber flights toward polar regions and says, in effect: "How would you like it if we did

the same thing to you?" Mr. Diefenbakez had said he found it incomprehensible that Russia would contend that the U.S. bomber flights endanger peace and then reject a U.S. proposal for Arctic Inspection to warn against surprise attack.

Khrushchev's reply is that an inspection scheme wouldn't stop the flights. Khrushchev might make some headway with his arguments except that there has been no vocal opinion in Canada against nuclear tests or American bomber flights over Canada. Khrushchev has completely misjudged the Canadian temper.



LIKE THE LAMB of the fairy tale. Larry the lamb is sure to go where his mistress goes, even though her name isn't Mary. His mistress, named Virginia Holland, of Coldridge, England, seems to like the arrangement, too.

All Aboard By G.E. Morlimore

MASSETT — An old plank, road, built by relief gangs in the 1930s, runs through a seaside forest that looks like something from science fic-

Limbs of the trees are thick with moss, and the moss has ferns growing in it. Sand dunes blown inland from the beach are piled among the

We got out of the car and walked on the beach. East of here, the clam-diggers the broad sands for a highway, and drive trucks along them for miles. Move this beach close to Vancouver or Victoria, and it would be worth a fortune, until the sewage and garbage began to collect on it. My host, Indian superinten-

dent Peter Henson, pointed to an outcrop of lignite, or soft coal. "There are rock-boring clams that live in this stuff," he said. "I dig them out with

cannery manager Sam Simpson—"many clams just die of old age" without ever learning about shovels or buckets. A skilled digger armed with special narrow spade—fa-

Sand-dwelling clams are so

cetiously called a "clam gun" —can make \$20 a day harvesting razor clams. The technique is to look for a hole in the sand deftly twirl the shovel in the place where you judge the clam to be, grab him by the neck and flip him in the bucket. If you miss, don't scratch around for the lost clam. Go after another.

But professional clam-diggers don't get rich. Much of the time, tides are not low enough to dig. And it is backbreaking work.

There are also butter clams to be found, if you know where to look, in such numbers that a few minutes' digging pro--vides dinner. 🐷

have the right to be in their

The fishing floats are to be

Many a Massett fence is

made from the iron grille-

work which was laid on the

sands to provide emergency

landing - strips for aircraft

during the war.

found in Massett gardens and

sitting rooms, sometimes dec-

forated with painted scnes.

Swarming with wildlife

Nobody has to starve here. Down in Massett you can fling a line off the dock and catch a sole the minute the bait hits bottom. Sometimes halibut can be caught from the dock.

Trout in some of the rivers are so numerous and hungry that one shrewd fly-fisherman puts three flies on his line and has been known believe this or not—to land three fish at once.

Imported deer—they weren't native to the Charlotteshave multiplied from the original few pairs until the islands probably have more deer than people. There are no cougars on the islands. The only predators are black bears, and racoons, imported by someone's incredible blunder.

There are large salmon runs up some of the peaty rivers and creeks. The Field and Stream magazine awards for the heaviest coho salmon are awarded regularly to Queen Charlotte sports fishermen. At Queen Charlotte City, 80 miles from here at the south end of Graham Island, you can catch sea coho up to 25 pounds in the fall from the beach, with spinning tackle.

Mr. Henson, confiding some of this information to me, warned me not to give away the names of any rivers or lakes. He was none too keen on attracting a horde of tour-

He picked up a gracefully sculptured sea snail from the sand and addressed it by its Latin name, which I tried to remember and promptly forgot. He is an amateur conchologist of high skill and crudition. At his home he keeps a large cabinet filled with neaty arranged and catalogued shells of many kinds, some of them so small that their delicate shapes can be observed only through a magnifying

At least one of his shells is believed to be a variety new to science. Others represent species hundreds of miles north of their northernmost location on mainland Vancouvor Island.

The tide throws up all manner of strange objects: exotic wood from every country in the world; tiny sponges, rainbow-colored abalone shells; fragments of coral; the bodies of baby fur scals and some times live baby seals; and round glass fishing floats from Japan, apparently swapt across the Pacific by the Japan current, which passes near the coast of the Charlottes and apparently makes the Islands warmer than they

the state of the s

Hint to anglers

THERE must be fish stories floating. around New Brunswick to top this Perhaps just repeating it will start the ball rolling.

It concerns an impatient Bay of Quinte angler. He became so impatient waiting for a hite that he started throwing bits of plug chewing tobacco from his boat.

Every time a fish surfaced to spit, the angler quickly clubbed it over the

head with an oar.

New Brunswick fishermen ought! to be able to take it from there. -The St. John Telegraph-Journal.

He: (at the movie): "Can you see all right?"

He; "Is there a draught on your?"

He: "Scat comfortable?"

He: "Mind changing places?"



Fishing...and the Future

"Saving made this holiday possible. Continued saving will help me look after Debby's future. She's one good reason

I save regularly at THE CANADIAN

BANK OF COMMERCE"

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tree set today!



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