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> JOHN F. MAGOR President

J. R. AYRES.

G. P. WOODSIDE General Manager

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Trailer facilities essential in near future

RINCE RUPERT has a problem to face in the near future, that of parking facilities for tourists who drive up to this city with trailers. Trailers have long been a convenient way of living for vacationers in the United States and in parts of Canada where highways make them feasible.

More and more as Highway 16 is improved visitors are going to bring their trailers up here and when they get here they are going to expect some consideration.

Even now United States visitors are making their way up here with trailers and are not particularly pleased with what they find. One gentleman was in to see us and while he didn't want to appear obnoxious he was not too happy with the site near Roosevelt Park where he camped for the night, with another Oregon couple. and their trailer.

The Oregan man, a writer and photographer believes Prince Rupert

has a terrific potential here and unless something is done to be ready for trailer-tourists the city will be caught flatfooted. Trailer folks don't want very much, he says. All they need is a clean space, with no nails or garbage around where they can camp in pleasant surroundings. The trailers carry their own garbage and refuse disposal facilities and from long practice leave camp

sites as spotless as they can. The trailers will come, our visitor said. Trailer owners will go anywhere they can and Highway 16 is no deterrent to a dedicated trailer operator. He said the road was not bad at all. When these same folks who like to take their home with them, have an opportunity to drive up from the south and continue by ferry to Haines, Alaska on the proposed marine highway system, Prince Rupert will loom large as a stopping off place. The time to think and act about being ready for the trailer influx is now.

It's the citizen who pays just the same

*HE citizen pays just the same no -matter what government does the spending. We constantly head demands for the provincial and federal governments to do something to relieve the load on property owners. Perhaps in the matter of some things such as education this would be advisable.

Applying the brakes

THE Liberal opposition in the House of Commons is taking a political risk'by urging the Diefenbaker government to "move carefully" in carryingrout its northern development pro-

But it must be remembered that if we are to have better roads, sidewalks, garbage collection, higher standard of education instruction and so on, we must pay for them. And it doesn't much matter if we pay at the municipal, provincial or federal level.

-Dutton (Ontario) Advance.

gram. Certainly this attitude will do

the Liberals no good at the moment, for the romantic conception of "Canada's last frontier" has caught the public imagination and those who cry "be cautious" court accusations of lack of enterprise and partisan criticism.

—Lethbridge Herald.

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Kremlin piper calling summit talks tune

By LLOYD McDONALD Canadian Press Staff Writer

Whether the Western world likes it or not, if must be conceded that the strings for the proposed summit conference are being pulled by the wily occupant of the Kremlin, Nikita Khruschev.

In the last week or more of moves and counter-moves aimed at a top-level gettogether of the major heads of government, the tide has ebbed and flowed at the behest of Moscow.

The latest communication from the Soviet leader has thrown the entire issue farther back into the realm of speculation. Khruschev, grasping the differences of opinion among the Western powers over the setup of a summit meeting as a propaganda plum, is using the controversial figure of France's Premier de Gaulle to compound the confusion already ex-

isting in London and Washington. The field has been reversed several times already, and each time a Khruschev commun-Justion, has been responsible. And each time, thoughe big Western powers have given the impression of being caught off base by their thuchy position resulting from the landing of British and American troops in the tense

Middle East area. While it is admittedly an over-simplification; the developments can be said to have followed this line: At the start of the year Russia called for a summit meeting, Britain supported the idea but the United States was gool, The U.S. called for a long and careful preparation before the big-power heads got together at a conference table, and there for

months the matter rested. Then the Iraqi revolt of July 14 brought the Middle East situation to a crisis point with the overthrow of one of the strongest Westernsupporting government of the area. Britain and the U.S. reacted by throwing armod forces into Lebanon to head off a similar overthrow

of their friendly administrations. Russia did nothing overt, but capitalized on the propaganda of events to strongthen Communistrinfluence in the Arab world. And Soviet

blocking tactics in the United Nations tied the hands of the world organization—at least for

the present-from direct intervention. Khruschev then jumped right in with a repeat of his summit call, indicating that the urgency of the situation made such a meeting imperative. The U.S. thus was caught in the positition of having to agree—so as not to reject any means of settling the crisis—and thereby abandon its stand on long and careful

preparatory work. The twists followed fast. Khrushev suggested that the meeting be held in Geneva. Washington, to keep up token opposition to the Kremlin call, suggested using the UN as a meeting ground instead. Very well, came back the Moscow reply, let's meet at the UN July 28.

Not so fast, was President Eisenhower's response, let the permanent Security Council members meet in advance to decide the framework of the meeting. And in the course of this delay came de Gaulle's Intervention that betrayed the differences of opinion among the Western powers.

The French leader contended that the UN meeting would turn into a propaganda circus -an attitude which the Washington policymakers almost certainly agreed with privately. And de Gaulle added that a European capital such as Géneva would indeed be a better loca-

so on Monday, while the UN organization was starting talks in private on the problems of providing a summit meeting ground, came the latest word from Khruschev.

He backed de Gaulle's suggestion and ironleally accused the U.S. of causing all the confusion. And going beyond de Caulle's European -site proposal, he invited the government hands to come to Moscow as the Kremlin's guests—graciously adding that their safely would be guaranteed by the Soviet government.

Pending the reaction to this latest move. the UN heads plan to keep working anyway on summit proliminaries. But the Soviet piper still appears to be calling the tune.

They hate competition

Newest piece of nonsense from the airline industry is the lamentation—and formal complaint to the regulating body-about Trans-World Airlines,

TWA's sin: Providing slesta sleeper seats at regular: first-class fargs on domestic runs. Thoma stasta sants onch tako 12 inghas more enbli space and let the passenger stretch out. 'TWA's compolitors are outraged.

Only a few months ago, we had the silly spectacle of some American airlines complain-

From the Financial Post ing that some of the European lines were sor-

ving too good sandwiches. The Americans are the greatest people in the world for proclaiming the virtues of free competitive enterprise.

But the airline people and the Civil Acromantica Board aloarly don't believe in it. Thoonly logical next step from their present posttion is a giant merger of all lines so that all competitive worries-including the beauty of each other's hostesses—will no longer afflict



All Aboard By G.E. Mortimore

Our dog Sachie couldn't stand being left out of a conversation. When she felt she was being ignored, she came wagging and squirming up with a piece of kleenex or a plastic toy in her mouth.

If I danced with my wife to music from the radio, the dog reared up on hind legs and pawed at us, to get in the act. So each of us grabbed a paw, and anyone who looked in the window would have been treated to the sight of two people and a dog dancing in a circle.

Given to us against our wishes by the landlady of a house we used to rent, Sachie was a neurotic and touchy dog who combined the worst points of cocker and Labrador, the two breeds she was reported to be made of.

She had a furious hatred for milkmen, bakers or anyone who came near the house. She announced their approach in a loud voice, any time of the 24 hours. Once she bit a policeman on the boot. "It's all right,

Ma'am," the policeman said, calming my wife's fears. "That's what those boots are for." As soon as people came inside the house, she accepted them as friends. But if anyone—indoors or outdoors—made what

she took to be a hostile move against one of the two little boys, she went for them, and seized an arm or ankle. Only lately the five-year-old boy had induced his mother to buy a chain for Sachie, and for a few days he took the dog

everywhere with him, even to bed. One night, Sachie came up to the road with me to see off some visitors. Thinking she was going for a ride, she crossed over to our parked car, then ran back. A car going too fast hit

Two days after I had buried Sachie in the garden, I still hadn't gathered strength to tell the small boys about it. They asked after the dog several times in a casual way, but I didn't answer them. They thought she was still somewhere around.

Then one night the older boy asked from his bed: "Please, can Sachie come up when she has had her supper?" So I told him that she wouldn't be tack. His face crinkled. I want to go down and see," he said, "bring her back."

"We'll get another dog one day, when we move away from the road," I said. "I just got her a new chain," he said crying. "I want my

Sachie.' His three-year-old brother didn't understand. "Sachie will come back, won't she," he piped. But John was old enough to know. I couldn't do anything to stop him crying. It's a hard world for a small boy, when he loses his dog.

TIME and PLACE...

By Wiggs O'Neil, as told

Lean had occasion to make a

trip up the Kispiox, he not-

iced where the Englishman

had had his camp and walked

over to it. Behind the camp he

noticed a blazed tree on which

was printed the following mes-

"I was looking for land and

And I'm down on my heels

and out on my socks,

My coffee was frozen in my

To Hell with you Old

The Kispiox Valley, like all

uncleared land, was famous

for its summer frosts and evi-

dently a real whip snorter

caught our English friend. He

didn't stay long enough. This

land later on was taken up by

one Pete Nelson and turned

out famous for growing po-

tatoes. With the Kispiox now

famous for steelhead salmon

and spuds, I wonder if he ever

knew what he missed by not

staying.....What more could one

Comtortable sacks

From The

Brockville Recorder and Times

won out - the loose-fitting

atyles are here to stay—for a

while, at least. And why?

Simply because they are so

comfrotable. Women, in spite

of how they may contort their

figures for the sake of fashion,

like to be as comfortable as

possible. And when 'fashion'

comes along in the form of the

sack and chomise, that is all

who have adopted the sack for

the sake of comfort around the

middle, have had to sacrifice

a bit of freedom around the

knoog. In order to relax at the

walntling, they have had to

sottle for a hobbling galt. The

now atylos are built that way

and to gain a bit of freedom

mid-contro, a quick, hold stride

Getting sack

From The

Of course, nawadays a lob

depends on whether "getting

the anck" refers to a new dress

Stratford Reacon-Horald

True, in many cases, wemen

the excuse that is needed.

The fashion experts have

tin_coffee pot, '

Kispiox."

found nothing but rocks,

LOOKING FOR A HOMESTEAD During the boom times at Hazelton, many of the arrivals by river steamer had their necks bowed with a definite idea and something in mind hatched before they started. Others just got in the swim, figuring they might hit something in the way of a job, while of course there was the gambler and bootlegger with his sights trimmed on the un-

Among those who had a definite idea there arrived an Englishman whose ambition it was to buy a farm. He was well educated and had all the earmarks of being a gentleman, but didn't look the type who could carve a farm out of the sticks.

The land agents got busy right away. "Peavine" Kildare was the first to take him in tow, had him out the Bulkley Valley a few miles and tried to land him for a piece of wild land, where he explained the peavine grew 10 feet high and so thick you always had to carry a scythe with you to get through it. He wasn't greatly impressed as he saw no peavino. That hadn't come up yet. Frank McKinnon grabbed

him away from Peavine and tried to interest him in something in the Skeena valley, but made no progress. Billy Davis hooked him off

McKinnon, but foll down before he got started as by this time the victim was kind of getting fed up with land

In talking to a follow one day, he was advised to get a little food together, a coffee pot and a blanket, and hit out on his own into the Kisplex Valley, which was virgin torritory, and try to find somothing for himself. This he doelded to do.

Ho was soon cruising around up the Kispiex on different agansions by some of the telegraph boys and trappers coming down tha trail, and finally ong reported he was chmped near the first cabin and had staked a farm there. He finally must have pulled out and caught a steamer back to the const, but no-one remembered sooing him in Hazolton again. One day when IInghie Me-

A bit unusual An Englishman was sitting at a bar in Australia one morning when a kangaroo walked in and ordered a drink. The bartender served him, the kangaroo paid for it, tossed it off and left. "I say," said the Englishman to the bartender, "isn't

Reutiman family.

Back in action despite two

broken front legs, Daylin's

Tiny Tammy, a nine-month-

old French poodle, tries walk-

ing again with the aid of

splints in Arlington, Va. Tam-

my's older brother, 2½-year-

old Daylin's Shu-White, offers

moral support. Both pooches

are owned by the Frank R.

that a bit unusual?" 'It is, at that," answered the barkeep. "This is the first

time I ever saw him drink before noon."

Better document

Red Deer (Alta.) Advocate For many years Canadians have listened smugly to stories the United States but the only | ed.

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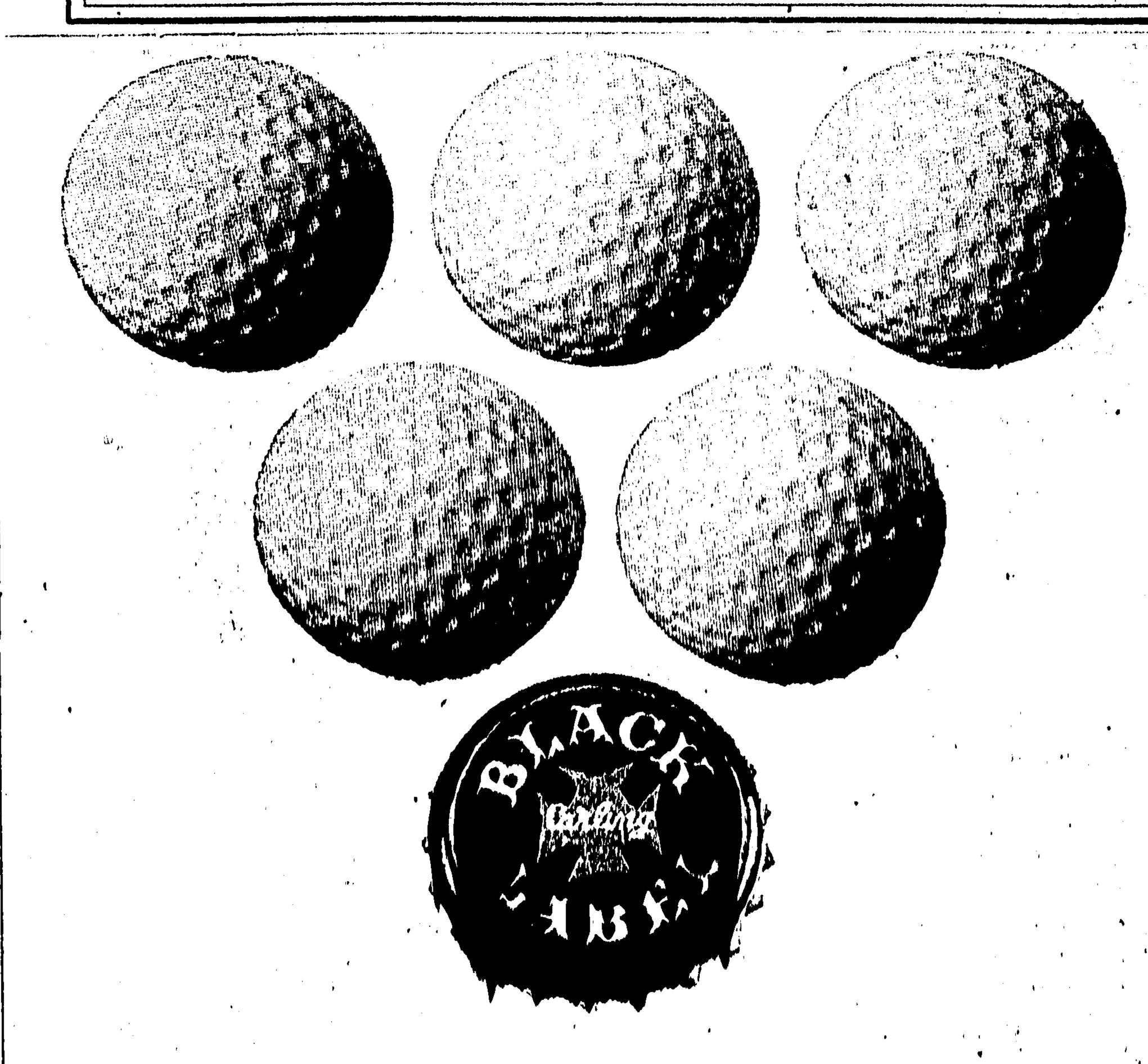
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