1910 — PRINCE RUPERT DAILY NEWS — 1961

An independent newspaper devoted to the upbuilding of Prince Rupert and Northern and Central British Columbia.
A member of the Canadian Press — Audit Bureau of Circulation
Canadian Daily Newspaper Publishers Association
Published by The Prince Rupert Daily News Limited

JOHN F. MAGOR, President — J. R. AYRES, Managing Editor

Authorized as Second Class Mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1961

Lots to do before ferry system starts in '62

The starting gun has been fired and the runners are rounding the first turn in the Alaska Marine Highway "progress mile," with all interested parties seeking a record which will have the project established and in operation by the spring of 1962.

With the passage Monday of the $23,000,000 ferry bonding bill by the Alaskan Senate, Canadian, Alaskan and United States government should now maintain a steady pace to see that all ports of call are ready for the gigantic scheme which will see 100-car ferries plying between Prince Rupert and Haines-Skagway. Ferry landings, accommodation for passengers, their cars and trailers, huge trucks hauling goods up to Alaska and roads to see that the land part of the plan brings the travellers speedily and safely to the ports, must be ready and waiting by this time next year.

We don't have to remind Prince Rupert residents how much of a stake this city has in the Alaska ferry system. We shouldn't have to remind the British Columbia government the importance of good roads, particularly Highway 16, to adventure - seeking Americans. We shouldn't have to remind the government at Ottawa about the needed ferry landings. The city shouldn't have to be jogged about its obligations. There's a lot to be done in the next 12 months. You can bet that the Alaskans are going to make sure they do their part, and quickly too. Let's make sure all of us on the Canadian end do ours.

New telephone move should speed service

As of today The Daily News is off the switchboard system and back to direct telephone lines. The move is being made to give subscribers, advertisers and persons wishing to get in touch with any of the three editorial departments, a direct line to the person to whom they wish to speak.

Businessmen wishing to compliment the advertising manager on the appealing layout he did for them, may reach him at 3201. Anyone wishing to place an ordinary "ad" or discuss rates can do so by phoning 3202. Someone with a second-hand dining room suite or "good-as-new" bundling board, can sell them quickly by phoning the classified department at 3203. Anyone wanting to know the size of their bill and when they last made a payment can receive a courteous reminder by dialing the business office, also at 3203.

A wide awake citizen with a hot tip about the first robin can reach the news desk at 3204. A livewire curling enthusiast can let the sports department know how Rupert rinks made out at Smithers by getting in touch with the sports department at 3205. Social items will be received with delight and Grace at 3206.

To damn or praise the managing editor, readers have a choice. They can either sit down and write him a letter care of "Letter Box" or they can phone the business office (which is the same as the classified department) or the advertising office and ask for him. The editor has a switch to either phones. Actually, the letters are best.

Symbol of fellowship

To an outsider one of the outstanding features of the social pattern in North America must surely be the prevalence of the "meet to eat" custom. From the local church men's club, right up to the political "hundred dollars a plate" affairs, any group of people seem unable to listen to anything or discuss anything without simultaneously paying some sort of tribute to the gods of gluttony.

A common meal seems to be almost an integral part of any and every function, in a manner and to a degree found nowhere else. In Germany, for example, a club will meet after dinner to spend a supposedly pleasant and profitable evening listening to a three-hour lecture on the poetry of Goethe. But in North America the same people would gather at six-thirty, partake of a collation of ham (and/or turkey) accompanied by scalloped potatoes and salad, and followed by apple pie (cheese or ice-cream optional) and coffee, before listening (or not, as the case may be) in comfortable repletion to a breezy twenty-five minute dissertation on "How to speak in Goethe in public."

We are not, generally speaking, a gluttonous people — at least in the sense of attaching supreme importance to our food, how it is cooked and seasoned, and how it is presented. Yet not only do we eat more often than most, but our meals have achieved a symbol status of fellowship. What do we do when we are starting a campaign for funds for any worthy cause? We eat. With what ritual do we open a national convention. We eat. How do we welcome a distinguished visitor to our community? We eat at him.

Just why this should be so no one can say with certainty. Perhaps it is the effect of an atavistic memory; every student of religion knows that the common meal is the accepted symbol of fellowship from the earliest times. Possibly it is a reflection of our eternal busyness; the only time to capture the attention of the populace is when it has to stop working to eat in any case. We would not even suggest the third possibility — that our own kitchens are so deficient that it is a relief to taste another's cooking.

One thing, however, is certain. If all the meals eaten at meetings by the average North American in one year were laid end to end, they would be roughly equal to the mountains of indigestion remedies which are consumed to neutralize them. — The Halifax Mail-Star

AIRLINE CAPTAIN'S LAMENT

Crew plays gin rummy, automatic pilot works

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP) — Remarks an airplane pilot gets tired of hearing:

"Young man, are you the driver?"

"Remember, this is my first flight — so take it easy. I don't want any speeding."

"Let me out of here. I've changed my mind."

"The hostesses are busy, captain. Would you mind holding the baby while I fix this diaper?"

"Would you mind flying a little lower? My wife and I would like to see more of the countryside."

"I hear he and the co-pilot just sit up in that little room playing gin rummy. The automatic pilot does all the work."

"No, I'm not sure just wat those stripes on his sleeve mean. I think he gets a stripe each time he brings the plane back."

"Hey, boy, isn't there something wrong with this plane? It doesn't have any propellors on it."

"They say he studied flying in correspondence school — and ranked 20th in a class of 30."

"Listen, if Kansas City is fogged in and we have to fly on to Los Angeles, you're the one who's going to have to phone my wife. She'll never believe me."

"What's the weather in Albuquerque?"

"What's the weather in San Francisco?"

"What's the weather in Nashville?"

"They say when he's on the ground his wife insists on doing the driving."

"Whaddaya mean I gotta put away this bottle? Look, pal, I'm a personal buddy of one of the vice-presidents of this li'l old bus line."

"Sure, they're away from home a lot of the time — but what's wrong with that? And they get paid more than a U.S. senator."

"You call this real flying? Why, man, when I was flying a B-17 in the war, I used to let down the wheels and roll home on the flak."

"That was a nice ride, young man. Now, if you'll just help me get my bags into a taxi, I'll give you a quarter for yourself."

Californian soul

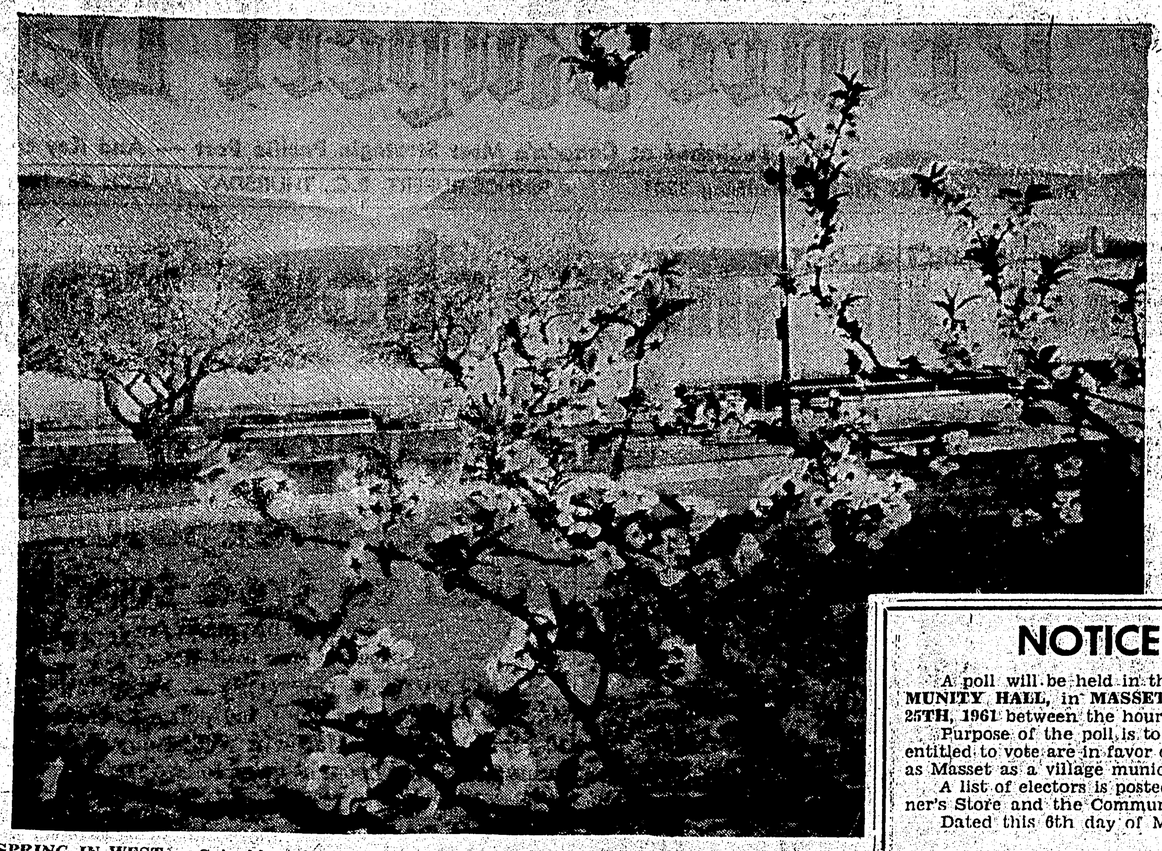
"You can always tell the soul of a nation or a town by its housing," said a British MP the other day.

This strikes us as a most perceptive remark. Houses show the shape of a nation's ideals in each generation, what it has sought and is seeking in life and its ideas of what makes a home both within and without.

In Canada we seem — since the last war at least — to have made a craze of architectural informality. The fifties may well go down in history as the decade or the ranch-style home, of the great trek to "the country", which became a suburbs which in turn was engulfed by the encroaching city.

But if our national soul has been expressed by the ranch-style house, it must, oddly, be a California soul, for that is where the ranch-style fashions started. And California, as Fred Allen once remarked, is a fine place if you are an orange. Why its housing styles should be typical of Canada's architectural sould throughout a decade is a mystery.

— The Hamilton Spectator



SPRING IN WEST — Coincidental with the first day of spring this week are the delicate blossoms of Japanese cherry trees at Kitsilano Beach, Vancouver. However, snow on mountains in background shows that winter has not quite past. — CP Photo

TIME AND PLACE

By MRS. H. J. CAMERON as told by STAN ROUGH

Albert Ferris was ourn neighbor for 20 years when we homesteaded in the Nass Valley. He lived a quarter of a mile down the road from our place in a log cabin he built. The unique feature of his cabin was a store-size plate glass door which he bought in Vancouver, and, spurning regulation locks and door knobs, fitted it with a latch string.

Albert Ferris came from Nova Scotia and spent many years logging in the north and on the Queen Charlotte Islands. He also prospected for gold in the Klondyke where he made a tidy stake.

He had heard of the rich lands of the Nass and at the age of 50, with the sight of one eye gone due to a logging accident, he came to the Nass to retire.

He called himself a woodsman and I never saw him carry a gun. He never fished, hunted or trapped. He had a garden and bought his meat at the store operated by Arthur Priestly, the son-in-law of Rev. J. B. McCullogh of Aiyansh.

Albert's door was open to all and seldom a day passed without someone dropping in for a meal. He loved guests as he was proud of his specialities—bannock, rice and raisons, and baked potatoes. He was a great reader and subscribed to a number of papers which he eventually used as tablecloths.

One day my daughter Kay and I received a special invitation to go up to Al Ferris' for supper. The only bought furniture in his cabin was a gramaphone. His bed was made of poles covered with cedar boughs and Hudson Bay blankets, the table and chairs were made with split shakes and his stove was a two holer with a drum oven in the stovepipe where he did his baking.

When we arrived Al was setting the table with fresh newspaper, tin knives and forks, and enamel plates and cups. A 10-inch by 14-inch pan of bannock, made with course whole wheat flour using soda and cream of tartar to raise it, and three large potatoes were in the oven. A pot of rice and raisins was on one burner and an iron skillet of fat bacon was on the other. A five-pound lard pail full of tea was on the back of the stove.

We noticed blue smoke emerging from the oven but hesitated to say anything knowing from long experience that Al did not take kindly to suggestions where his cooking was concerned. Finally Ferris noticed that his supper was going up in smoke. Seizing a pot holder made of gunny sack he opened the oven door and grabbed the bannock and threw the tin outside into the snow, shouting in rage "Gee whiz, it's burnt blacker than the Earl of Hell's riding boots." The potatoes he dropped on the floor remarking "burnt potatoes, white teeth."

In the meantime the bacon began to burn and Al again, with the aid of his gunny sack holder, placed the red hot pan on his rubberoid covered floor and the pan immediately began to burn its way through the floor covering. Our host was now in a perfect frenzy. He grabbed his Hudson Bay axe and chopped the frying pan out of the rubberoid floor and placed it back on the hot stove. Immediately clouds of rubber smelling smoke spiced with burnt bacon filled the cabin.

After scooping out the centres of the burnt potatoes and salvaging what we could of the bannock from the snowbank, we sat down to a reasonably quiet supper although the cabin was still quite smoky.

On one occasion, knowing my daughter needed money for a chemistry set, Al insisted on buying one for her so she could continue her school studies. He also took a small road contract one time and hired Kay as his helper; the road foreman looked the other way when he saw a 15-year-old girl swinging a pick and shovel. Albert Ferris divided his earnings with his helper in spite of her protests saying "You'll need the money for clothes when you go out to school."

He learned to dance at the age of 70 and hosted a number of dances at the schoolhouse and at George Spencer's at Tsax Lake, now known as Spencer's Lake. Music was supplied by an ancient gramaphone and even more ancient records.

In his later years Al suffered a heart condition and it was his custom to hang out a white flag in front of his cabin so that anyone passing would drop in to see what he required.

One day as we passed we saw the flag out and entered the cabin. Ferris was not

(Continued on Page 5)
See—"TIME AND PLACE"

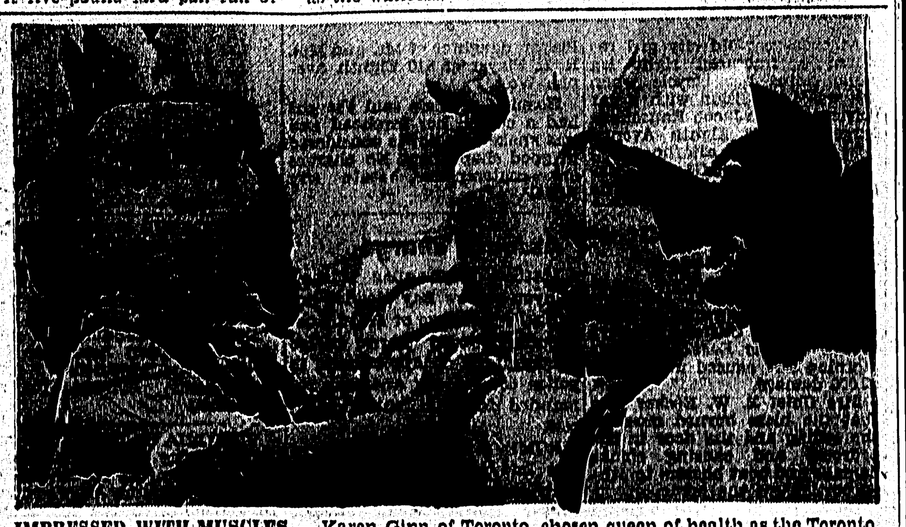
The Packsack of Gregory Clark

In a small but very pleasant highway restaurant there are two waitresses. Dressed in immaculate white, they are swift and efficient in their service. The older one who appears to be the senior in rank is a dead-pan, serious, unsmiling woman in her early 30s, but otherwise as attractive as her fellow-waitress, a smiling, cheery younger woman of just this side of 30.

It was amusing to watch the effect of these two on the people at the tables they served. The serious one had one side of the room, the smiling one the other.

One side of the restaurant was as silent and preoccupied as the waitress. The other was gay, chattery, animated. I thought perhaps the customers, as they came in, chose where they sat by the appearance of the waitresses. Possibly quiet people preferred the serious-looking waitress, and vice versa. But as customers left and new ones arrived, it was beyond question that they took the tables available. And regardless of the age, sex or temperament of those who got the dead-pan waitress, they all became subdued the moment the waitress came to stand over them, pad in hand.

And those who got the cheery waitress responded to her relaxed good nature immediately. They enjoyed their lunch.



IMPRESSED WITH MUSCLES — Karen Ginn of Toronto, chosen queen of health as the Toronto parks and recreation department marked health week, is impressed with the muscles of Bobby Blakeman, chosen king. The program stressed importance of good health. — CP Photo

With the classics

If he studies the news in the papers
While you are preparing the tea,
If he talks of the damps or the vapors
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,
If he's sleepy while you are capricious,
If he has not a musical "Oh!"
If he does not call Werther delicious—
My own Araminta, say "No"
—Winthrop Mackworth Praed

The lighter side

A proud father was talking to his son recently graduated from college. The father, not a college man, was interested in the many phases of higher education.

"And what was the toughest thing you had to learn?" he asked.

"How to uncap a beer bottle with a quarter," replied his learned son.

NOTICE OF POLL

A poll will be held in the CARD ROOM OF THE COMMUNITY HALL, in MASSET, B.C. on SATURDAY, MARCH 25TH, 1961 between the hours of 8 a.m. and 8 p.m.

Purpose of the poll is to ascertain whether or not those entitled to vote are in favor of incorporating the area known as Masset as a village municipality.

A list of electors is posted in the Post Office, Kurt Lindner's Store and the Community Hall.

Dated this 6th day of March, 1961.

Muriel E. M. Anderson,
Returning Officer

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The Esquire Shop

Watch for numbers appearing daily in The Daily News

In aid of retarded children and other Elks charities.

For Information Phone 2978 Or 5038