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Nursing Service Story

A SLIM BOOK bound in blue fabric and inscribed in gold with the letters V.O.N., now is appearing on Canadian bookshelves. It is a tangible memento of the 50th anniversary which the Victorian Order of Nurses is celebrating this year.

Compiled by John Murray Gibbon, this history of the order not only is of particular value to V.O.N. members but also to students of Canadian history. In its half century of life the development of the order has invariably become interwoven with the growth of this country.

Pictures of early and modern nurses and their work make up a good deal of this 124-page V.O.N. record. Portraits also appear of the women who headed the organization. There is one of Charlotte Macleod, its first chief superintendent and of several early V.O.N. executives.

A page also is devoted to pictures of the wives of Canada's governors-general who down through the years have sponsored the order. The first was Countess Ishbell Aberdeen, wife of the governor-general who represented Queen Victoria from 1894 to 1898.

Lady Aberdeen was "nurse and foster-mother of the brain-child in question (the V.O.N.) . . ." writes Mr. Gibbon. "The idea of a district visiting nursing service as suitable for the prairies was suggested to her in Vancouver in 1896 . . ."

The road was far from smooth in those early days of the order, and in spite of rigid economics, the V.O.N. found it hard to pay its way. In 1924 Lady Byng issued an appeal by letter for contributions "not as a capital fund, but for extension of the order's work for a period of three years." She raised \$27,347 before the end of the year, "less than had been hoped for."

It was not until 1945 that "under the magic wand of J. W. McConnell the Princess Alice Fund of over \$1,000,000 was raised."

The book is filled with newspaper and magazine accounts of incidents in the lives of V.O.N. nurses. There was the gold rush of '98 when nurses followed the settlers into the Yukon. The Halifax disaster of 1917 found the V.O.N. among the first aiders.

Mr. Gibbon has delved into the earliest V.O.N. reports for his material. He has talked with many of those who have watched the order grow into a sturdy nursing organization. This latest book of his will find its place among the world historians of nursing.

'ALOUETTE'

COMMUNITY SINGING at a veterans' smoker in Prince Rupert is never regarded as a hundred percent complete should "Alouette", by some mischance, be omitted. And of course, it was sung last Tuesday evening.

There is something about "Alouette" that fits the veterans' temperament to a nicety. It is unlike other songs. It cannot be said to have either sweetness or lightness. But running through "Alouette" is the suggestion of sharp, brusque commands; the equally harsh responses, the touch of simple melody throughout, the roar of deep voices and the chorus of the crashing finale.

Small wonder "Alouette" lives. It is so different, this old folksong from Quebec. Veterans all agree that Col. Peck, V.C., in the field, could lead in the singing of it, with the best of them, anywhere. It is more than probable that the song was first heard outside of Canada, in the early spring of 1900 when Canada's first contingent to the Boer War was encamped outside Bloemfontein in the former Orange Free State. It was there, young soldiers from all over the Dominion first picked it up, and were shortly humming and whistling a ditty with a weird refrain.

WASTING FOOD

PRIOR TO 1939 waste in a variety of ways was common enough in Canada and the United States. Wastefulness in food stuffs, for example, could be noted almost everywhere. War restricted, to some extent, but by no means eliminated, the practice. One cannot but wonder, today, now that sugar is being no longer rationed, how far, remembering the past, it will again be squandered. In the old days there was hardly a cafe counter where the sugar bowl was not regarded as fair game. In countless cups could be seen what was left of three or four times as much sugar as was needed.

TERRY FORTUNE CHANGES FIELD

Terry Fortune, local navy veteran, son of Mr. and Mrs. Theo Fortune, Fourth Avenue East, and former announcer of local radio station CFPB, has left radio work in Montreal for the field of business publication advertising and is now attached to

the National Business Publications of Gardenvale, Quebec, as Montreal and eastern advertising representative for Pulp and Paper Magazine, Pulp and Paper Manual and the National Directory of the Pulp and Paper Industry. Recently he was at Three Rivers, Quebec, to spend some time at the various pulp and paper mills in that city.
Mrs. Fortune is continuing to progress in her singing studies in Montreal.

REPORTORIAL EXPERIENCES

(W. J. R.)

In the years before great wars afflicted the earth, one could see a lot, at comparatively small cost, in the cities and pleasant countryside along the shores of the English Channel.

Armed conflict was regarded as something unpleasant—but far away. One could not seriously think of a threat of invasion. It had been almost a century since Napoleon's troops at Boulogne—just over there—were a source of some concern. Waterloo was fought away, away back.

There were a few military convalescents, however, drifting around. Discharged from hospital and strangers in England, they enjoyed hospitality and daily took on weight. It was a great life. Some lived like lords in a roomy, substantial old residence in Dover with lawns and gardens looking out across the strait to Calais, 21 miles distant. Our butler was an old soldier himself. He knew all the answers.

In fair weather, the misty shores of France are visible. Chalk cliffs are there, as well.

The story of Dover would take a lengthy time in the telling if told in full. Centuries old, it was once one of the Cinque Ports—seafaring cities that prior to the organization of the British Navy contributed ships and men to the defence of the King's realm.

The ancient castle, from a height of about 350 feet, overlooks the tide—as well as busy streets and attractive homes. The venerable and modern are never very far apart. And somewhere, one seems to recall, a military band plays part of each day.

One morning a chance friend from Australia and the writer crossed to Calais and lunched in the dock cafe, accepting white wine as a welcome refresher. The town is just another name for history. The streets, as they appeared then and doubtless appear today, were cobbled and winding. Sidewalks would hardly permit two to pass. Church bells seemed to be always chiming. Shops were small; the display windows cramped and shadowy. Everywhere brooded the spirit of the long, long past.

That first night we slept in a hotel that was old when Richelieu's word was law. Slumber was broken by a woman calling. It was morning, with strong-lunged fishwives hawking their basketsful. It was a new experience to sit partly dressed in a deep walled window seat at an early hour and consider an invitation to buy seafood.

Sand, freshly packed in from the convenient beach, lay scattered over the floor of the quaint little dining room. Breakfast was simple and wholesome. There was excellent coffee, fruit, crusty rolls and bread shaped like a cigar.

There is more than one kind of Calais. A little exploring disclosed the twentieth century touch. This was the modernized city—with paving and broad streets, brilliant lighting, plate glass and wide windows piled with luxury and style, smart walking crowds, lace factories and varied enterprises. This was different.



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FRANK J. SKINNER
Prince Rupert Agent
Third Ave. Phone 568

LIFE in this Prince Rupert by BIDDEE JINKS

Whether it is the handle of a coffee spoon or in a more natural environment, a totem pole is worth looking at the second time. Our tourists think so and so do we who live about their roots only we are not on holiday so have not the same zest for exploring or talking.

Relics of a bygone way of Indian life give little, on the surface, to indicate the time taken for their creation. And those of us who came after have a way of looking, admiring momentarily, and that is that.

The face of a totem pole, remarkable as it is, gives no clue to its origin. Its story is there—for those who by birthright or knowledge may read the symbols staring woodenly back. Smooth, oiled stone basins do not tell of a little girl's childhood emptied into it—followed by hours of tired, toiling womanhood. The great carved rock settling in Totem Park does not shout to passersby to tell how Canon Rushbrook brought it (with full respect) down from the Naas River. It just sits there, the remains of some unknown artist, and sometimes, quite often during summer, people stop to look and read and wonder.

In the days when totems were raised, they signified power and glory—and ultimate poverty—for the chief. A totem pole before the camp meant food and shelter to wandering hunters, or life itself to one fleeing from another camp. No matter how stealthy the approach or how great the crime left behind, beyond a totem bearing your own tribal crest there was welcome. You were a brother. But, for any other—beware. Behind it skulked certain death.

A totem was made only upon a chief's request. Certain ritual, which never varied, accompanied its structure—a matter of years. Always, the chief's father-in-law was sent in search of the tree. With him would go his sons and nephews, to find a cedar, straight and tall and firm throughout. Sometimes it took a year and more, and many a wounded tree along the coast bears the mark of disappointment, a gash of two feet into its side, then abandoned upon reaching a rotting core.

When the tree was brought into camp, the same family members hollowed out its great belly amid a circle of admiring onlookers. That completed, there was great rejoicing for it was time for the first pay. To his wife's family at this time,

the chief paid handsomely. The father-in-law received an honored share, the others proportionately—and the chief usually finished the day happy but with no currency until his hunters brought more into camp.

A year was allowed to elapse in which time the great hulk dried thoroughly. It was then time to commence carving. Here again the chief's wife was honored for the carver must be chosen from her family. Should there not be one among the family, the father-in-law would hire one—the chief footing the bill.

The carving was done in great secrecy. No member of another clan was allowed to see for, although the crest was a constant feature, other emblems were of original design. The head of the chief might be added. If he were the first chief, he wore one crown. If he had two predecessors, he wore three crowns. Sometimes, as on one pole in the city, the chief is centred but the head of the next-in-line put one on each side.

When the carving is done, there is more celebrating and more pay. Once again the chief pays his all to the carver and his wife's family so that several more years must elapse before he can so much as consider hiring the painter. For this is the final process, at the end of which is the greatest of all celebrations, the "potlatch" which accompanies the rearing of the new totem.

Everyone of every tribe attends this festival. And each re-

ceives a gift so that the skins must perforce be many and the supply great. And so the moose-skin lay in many piles, high to a man's reach. Beside them, softer and in abundance, were the groundhog skins.

The camp became full and food was rich and plentiful and the supporters of the chief were made proud before the others. Their chief came out and danced to the nimble fingers of his musicmakers and they were more proud.

But finally it was done, and each man returned to his own camp. And, returning, bore a gift each of them, from the chief. Often it was necessary to slit the skins into pieces—but it was done that each might receive his share—in the days that are gone forever.

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» Notice «
Public notice is hereby given to the electors of the City of Prince Rupert that I require the presence of electors at the office of the City Clerk, 405 Fulton Street, on the 8th day of December, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of electing persons to represent them as Mayor and Aldermen and School Trustees.
The mode of nomination of candidates shall be as follows:
The candidates shall be nominated in writing. The writing shall be subscribed by two electors of the municipality as proposer and seconder, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of notice and two p.m. of the day of nomination; the writing may be in the form numbered 3 in the Schedule of the "Municipal Elections Act" and shall state names, residence and occupation or description of person proposed, in such manner as sufficiently to identify such candidate; and in the event of a poll being held such poll shall be opened on the 11th day of December at the Civic Centre, Second Avenue at McBride Street, which every person is hereby required to take notice of and govern himself accordingly.
Given under my hand at Prince Rupert this 17th day of November, 1947.
H. D. THAIN,
Returning Officer

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