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## A Prayer for the Newspaper

WITH a little surprise and considerable pleasure we note that, in the course of a broadcast, a bishop in England urged his listeners to pray "for the men and women responsible for your newspaper day by day."

While he probably did not suppose that his listeners included anyone on the Canadian west coast, we like to believe that he was thinking of newspapers in general when he asked for this kindly recognition, for little blessings such as this do not often come our way.

In the minds of some, newspaper are an instrument conceived in cunning, fashioned with inaccuracy and employed with stupidity. So comfortably satisfied are these critics that newspapers are deliberately or otherwise incapable of printing the truth that the phrase "... if you can believe what you read in the press" has become an established escape clause for the gossip which they have nevertheless found interesting enough to pass along.

In spite of all this, newspapers continue as the greatest medium ever discovered for purveying information of public interest and exchanging views of public concern. Had their abuses been as fertile as the imagination of their critics, they would have perished long ago of incompetence or corruption.

The truth is that a newspaper does not grow in callous disregard of its readers. It grows because of them. The newspaper that is most sensitive to the needs and wishes of its community is the newspaper that will survive.

To be this sensitive means that those working behind the printed page must have more than their fair share of exposed nerves. Perhaps it was with this in mind that the bishop in England called for a little sympathetic prayer.

## It's Not What You Say...

THE Caspar Milquetoast type of soul (and who isn't at times?) who envies the aplomb of the accomplished platform orator may take heart from an admirable little pamphlet just published. It is written by S. H. Wood.

Published by an organization bearing the alluring name of the National Association of Girls' and Mixed Clubs, Mr. Wood's pamphlet is a veritable adventure in the art of speech-making. On how to prepare a speech, how to use notes, what pockets it is permissible to put hands in, how to be concise, and how to manage the voice and govern the gestures, the author provides adequate answers.

The author also denounces the practice of taking spectacles off and putting them on while orating without reference to any purpose these aids to sight were invented.

But it is odd that Mr. Wood fails to mention that it is useful, when speaking in public, to have something to say.

## Scripture Passage for Today

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45:22.

## Fake Bank Statements Used To Obtain U.S. Entry Visas

DETROIT (CP)—The story of how faked bank statements were used to provide some 100 Canadians with United States visas was told at a deportation hearing here Wednesday.

Roy H. F. McBride, former Windsor, Ont., bank manager, said he faked an asset statement for Everett E. Glasco, 25. He said he provided similar false papers for some 100 Canadians. Glasco told the hearing he received a U.S. visa in January and entered the U.S. The hearing now is discussing his deportation.

McBride, manager of a branch of the Provincial Bank of Canada until July 31, testified he provided the asset statements on behalf of Mrs. Marguerite Prest, Windsor public accountant.

The statement declared Glasco opened an account with the bank and that his balance at the time of the statement was \$3,461.18. Actually his balance was \$2.01, McBride said.

U.S. law requires that a visa be granted only to an applicant who can show a substantial bank balance or who is sponsored by a U.S. citizen who will guarantee that he will not become a public charge for five years. McBride said Mrs. Prest paid "without delay."

## Reds Give Maps To Show Camps

TOKYO (CP)—United Nations Command headquarters said today that Communists have yielded to Allied demands for maps showing new locations of three Red prisoner-of-war camps in North Korea. Allies complained last Wednesday that the Reds were endangering the lives of captives by failing to pinpoint the camp sites. It demanded information

## UNDER OUR ROOF

"While I'm away," wrote the man who runs this newspaper, "why don't you take a trip up to Prince Rupert and see the city and some fine country?"

I looked at my wife. "If you ask me," I said, "that is certainly a back-handed invitation. I should visit Prince Rupert while he's away. What am I an ogre or something?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake," said my wife, "don't get so hot under the collar. The man is obviously afraid that if you take a trip, you'll bring along those characters, Hamish and Little Augie and Col. S. Skiffington-Smuts (Ret.) and Anastasia. That is enough to make any man want to stay away."

I was somewhat mollified. "You think that's what he really means?" I asked. "Well, in that case, he has nothing to fear. I'd never dream of taking Hamish and Company on a trip with me. I'm not that dumb."

My wife murmured something that sounded like "a moot point," but I was hardly listening. I was thinking that a trip at this time would do me the world of good.

"Well," I said, "I'd better telephone the steamship company and get a reservation."

"Reservations," my wife said.

GOING ALONE

"I just told you, dear," I explained, "that I wouldn't think of taking Hamish and the others. I'm going alone."

"Over my dead body you are."

"Now, darling—"

"Do you think you're going to run off and leave me alone with those characters in the house?"

"Now, just a moment," I interrupted, rising on my dignity as head of the house (even if we don't live in one). "I would be delighted to take you with me. But you've forgotten something. You have to stay and put our small son in school."

I was certainly making sense, and my wife knew it.

"And what's more," I added, "isn't your Aunt Maizie coming to visit you at the end of the month?"

"Yes, and where am I going to put her?"

"Well," I said, "when I'm away there will be an extra cot in the shed."

SOUNDS CRUEL

(I know, looking at the above conversation in black and white, that it makes me sound cruel. But there are times when a man must get away by himself—to review his thoughts in solitude, to search his own soul. And anyway, if you could see my wife's Aunt Maizie, you'd be with me to a man.)

Well, my wife said that she knew it was impossible for her to leave, and she even volunteered to telephone the steamship company and arrange for my passage to Prince Rupert. I thought that was very nice of her, and said so, and also promised to send colored picture postcards from everywhere I stopped.

It was yesterday when Hamish came over to the shed and said there was a telephone call for me.

"Hello?" I said into the phone.

"Hello! Mr. Sturdy? This is the steamship company calling. In connection with that request for reservations, I'm happy to say that we've had some cancellations and we've been able to book a stateroom for four people in your name. May I wish you all a very pleasant trip?"

I tried to talk to him, but the man had rung off. I turned white-faced towards Hamish. While I had been at the telephone that little man had been joined by Col. Skiffington-Smuts and Little Augie. They all beamed at me happily.

"I'll be wonderful!" said Hamish.

"They tell me the north is the land of the future," said Col. Skiffington-Smuts.

"It's swell of you, pal," said Little Augie.

I staggered with the blow.

"No wives," chorled the Colonel. "Just the four of us—true friends together."

"All for one," said Hamish, "and one for all."

... I went back to the shed to find my wife placidly reading a book.

"You double-crossed me!" I accused.

"It's a fair split," she said. "You have the boys—I have Anastasia and Aunt Maizie. Or would you like to switch?"

It was like showing a man two vats of boiling oil and giving him the choice of jumping into one or the other.



WHEAT FOR GREECE—A gift of 500 bushels of Canadian wheat for the children of Greece is loaded aboard the freighter Montcalm at Montreal. The wheat was presented to Queen Elizabeth by the city of Regina during her tour of Canada last fall. She donated it to the Canadian Save the Children fund which earmarked it for Greek youngsters. (CP PHOTO)



## As I See It

BY

Elmore Philpott

### Tale of Mountie

RADIUM, B.C.—The friendly lady who rakes in the twenty-five-cent pieces at the government-owned pool here hesitates a moment when I put down my money and asks, without batting an eyelash: "Are you sixteen yet?"

Everybody chuckles at that—but actually the question is no laughing matter for many kids. For the wave of polo that has hit Alberta so hard this year has now also struck the Kootenay country. Hence the terse order by the National Park authorities that the pools are closed to all under sixteen.

There is a calm in those half-filled pools now—but also a lack of vitality.

SOMEHOW the relative silence reminds me of a story from Niagara Falls that I heard in my boyhood.

The people who live within sound of the mighty roar of those Falls get so accustomed to it that they never hear it. But one winter long ago the ice stopped the flow of water, and the roar stopped. Although it was in the middle of the night all the folks within earshot of the falls woke up.

They were so used to the sound of the falling water that the sudden strange silence hit them like a blow.

AMONG the improvements they have installed at these pools are lifeguards—bonny lassies they are too.

One curly haired blonde lifeguard came into the coffee shop for her snack supper when I was there, and I thought to myself that this was one feature that had brightened the landscape since I was here last. I wondered how come such a cute kid should be eating alone.

But ah—in a few moments in came a tall, slim and handsome Mountie—complete with his scarlet tunic. He sat down beside the blond lifeguard. Love's young dream I thought to myself. But I was definitely disappointed in that fellow. Instead of making hay while the sun shone, the unromantic policeman went over, put a nickel in the juke box, and bought himself a weekly paper. This he read throughout the meal, with only an occasional glance at

Miss Curley Head. Was he shy or just plain slow?

The Mounties may know how to get their man, but I would say that is a darn poor way to get a gal.

AT FIRST I was puzzled because the Mountie at the Pool wears his scarlet, while the others further up-country wear workaday khaki. I figure now the scarlet coat is for the benefit of the American tourists—most of whom seem to carry color film cameras.

The Red coat takes the jinx off the fact that they now have to pay \$1.05 in U.S. funds for every dollar's worth of Canadian money. Some of them gasp at that. They can't believe it.

TWO YEARS ago when I was here everybody was talking of the Korea war. In the pool you would hear a lot of speculation as to whether or not this was the start of world war three.

I reported at the time the angry American's blast at the Invermere's druggist, because Canada was, he said, so slow jumping in to help the U.S. forces; also the druggist's classic retort, that we understood exactly how they felt, because we too had felt exactly that way in the first three years of world war one, and the first two years of the second.

This time I haven't heard a single soul—American, Canadian, or anything else—so much as mention the Korean war, or world war three.

INCIDENTALLY, I haven't heard anybody mention the U.S. election either. I think most of the fire and fury went out of that when Taft lost the nomination—for now the two contenders seem so much alike.

PORTABLE CLASSROOMS VANCOUVER (CP)—Six portable classroom units are being built to accommodate schools receiving a large influx of pupils, especially where such enrolment may not continue.

## Shipbuilders In Quebec Go on Strike

LAUZON, Que. (CP)—Some 2500 workers of the Davie Shipbuilding Co. and George T. Davie & Sons Ltd. went out on strike last night, climaxing more than five months of negotiations for higher wages.

The workers, members of the Canadian and Catholic Confederation of Labor, took strike action at a mass membership meeting outside the shipyards as the day shift ended. Night shift workers did not show up for work.

They are asking an hourly wage boost of 15 cents against the Quebec arbitration board recommendation of seven cents which both companies are following.

## Alberta Takes In Oil Money

EDMONTON (CP)—The Alberta government Friday sold crown-held oil and gas leases on 26 parcels of land for total of \$1,194,379.

Transactions concluded the second 1952 sale of government leases and brought the revenue from this source to date this year to \$17,791,321 or about 15 per cent of the current provincial budget.

British American Oil Limited paid the top price of \$254,550 for a parcel about eight miles southwest of Alix, in the Stettler area of central Alberta. The government took in \$1,857,753 for four quarter-sections in the Arma and Camrose fields. Total revenue from the two-day sale was \$3,052,132.

## Ray REFLECTS and REMINISCES

It will be recalled that General MacArthur, addressing Congress following his return home from a long absence in Japan said: "Old soldiers never die. They just fade away." Yet, he's remaining long enough to accept the chairmanship of Remington Rand, Inc., at a salary of \$100,000.

Why so many unlovely looking dogs await the arrival of tourists on Third Avenue before investigating the contents of garbage cans is just an annoying matter of chance. But it would not be quite so sorrowful if the garbage included fewer slippery looking bones, and the dogs selected garbage thus further removed from telegraph poles.

### COUNT 'EM

Ex-King Farouk of Egypt is said to be still in Italy, with his family. He is not without money and can hardly be called unhappy. He keeps an eye on the times and incidentally recently made a remark that there's only five kings left—king of hearts diamonds, spades, clubs and Britania's.

Speaking of grave situations, of which there appear to be many all over the globe, that cemetery workers strike in Chichester, England, appears to be one.

Since the end of July hardly any references have been seen in either American or Canadian papers to the expression "steamrollers." That, unless you know already, is the other fellows' organization when it has more votes than yours.

### PLENTY TO DO!

There are few, if any, Joneses we know well enough to worry about keeping up with. To keep on a level with one's self is

## NOTICE CNR LAWN BOWLING CLUB

Former members are asked to pick up bowls which were left in the clubhouse at time club ceased activities.

Owners may obtain bowls by contacting Mr. Andy Ronald, CNR Office Building.

CNR RECREATION ASSOCIATION

## MEN AND TREES

Les Meredith has spent eleven years logging in the vicinity of his birthplace, Nanaimo, Vancouver Island. Married, with five children, Les has plenty of responsibilities not the least of which is the job of piloting his huge truck, with loads weighing 70 tons or so, up and down the logging road. Quick-thinking and steady hands are needed on a job like this—and behind those a perpetual supply of trees to keep the trucks rolling. In British Columbia, directly or indirectly, we all need the forest resource.

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British Columbia Forest Service

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## Attention Hunters

All those wishing to represent Prince Rupert at a Trap Shooting Contest at Terrace, on Sunday, August 17, are required to be at the Terrace Civic Centre at 1:30 p.m.

For further information and transportation contact Jim Bacon at Phone 948, or George Rorvik at Phone 770.

**PRINCE RUPERT ROD & GUN ASSOCIATION**