

An independent daily newspaper devoted to the upbuilding of Prince Rupert and Northern and Central British Columbia.

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Labor Day Message

IN HIS MESSAGE for Labor Day, A. R. Mosher, president of the Canadian Congress of Labor, the second biggest labor body in Canada, stresses that of uppermost importance at this time is avoiding a third world war.

While armament and means of defence are a necessity, they primarily present a negative tactic, says Mr. Mosher. The threat of Communism can best be eradicated by raising the standard of living in countries where Communism can be nourished, for it appeals to the poverty-stricken masses on the ground that it would provide peace, freedom and prosperity for them.

Instead, it gives them dictatorship, secret police, slave-labor camps and exploitation.

If war is to be avoided or averted, says Mr. Mosher, the most effective action is to raise the standard of living for the hundreds of millions of dispossessed people in the backward nations.

"They must be given food and tools, and, most of all, a hope for the future. Their belief in and acceptance of democracy and the institutions which have been built upon it will depend upon what we in Canada and similar nations are prepared to do in this respect."

Mr. Mosher has a strong point there. We have no quarrel with democracies; neither are the democratic nations out to conquer others to force democracy down their throats, but we are forced to resist aggression of Communism anywhere to protect ourselves.

If we can thwart Communistic aggression by planting the seed of democracy among the people of its target areas, we will have landed the first blow, and without the use of armament.

UNDER OUR ROOF

By JOHN STURDY

Yesterday morning, Hamish and Little Augie and Col. S. Skeffington-Smutts (Ret.) and I were sitting on the steps of the Vancouver Court House, wondering how we would ever get to Prince Rupert and Alaska (our departure has been delayed for a number of reasons, including the perfectly valid one that we are penniless), when a little man rushed up to us, waving a yellow envelope, and asked:

"Don't give him your right name!" said Little Augie, who is always frightened when he sees anyone in uniform.

Well, the man already knew my name and furthermore he was a telegraph messenger, not a policeman, and it turned out that my wife had relented and wired us the necessary funds to get out of Vancouver.

Of course, there was a rumor that we would be asked to leave Vancouver, anyway, under the terms of something they call a "floater", but that would involve legal complications, so as soon as I had the telegram in my hand we high-tailed it for the nearest telegraph office.

When I had the money in my pocket, we ate, something we have not been doing for several days, and then Hamish asked me if he could have a couple of dollars.

"What for?" I demanded. "To buy the flour," Hamish said.

"Don't be silly," I said. "What would you want flour for?"

SOURDOUGH "Well," said Hamish, "we are bound for Alaska, aren't we, and if you think I'm going to travel the Trail of '98 without any sourdough, you're crazy."

"Quite right, old boy," put in Col. Skeffington-Smutts. "And you'd better give me a few dollars too, so I can buy a poke. I refuse to go to Alaska without a poke."

"And what do you want?" I asked Little Augie. "An ice-pick, I suppose?"

Little Augie shuddered. "Please don't ever mention that word," he said. "It reminds me of the old days in Chicago when some very nasty characters used an ice-pick on my second cousin, Big Moxie, with rather permanent results."

Well, I bought flour for Hamish and a poke for the Colonel and an ice-cream cone for Little Augie, and we started off for the pier. Hamish said he knew the way to the boat for Prince Rupert and Alaska, and when he saw a lot of loggers going down a ramp he said that must be it.

Personally, I didn't think much of the vessel. In the first place I couldn't find our cabin number, and in the second you?

place I couldn't find the purser. There were a lot of people aboard, sitting around eating oranges, but they certainly didn't look like a happy band of tourists embarking for an Alaska cruise.

No colored streamers, or anything.

"This is depressing," I remarked to Hamish.

PRIMITIVE "Well," he said, "life is still pretty primitive in the North."

I was debating that point with myself when the ship sailed.

So I sat down among some of the people who were eating oranges and waited for the purser to come along. I had always heard that it is etiquette to make yourself known at the first opportunity to your fellow-passengers on a long cruise, so I turned to the man next to me and said: "My name's Sturdy."

"So what?" he said.

This nonplussed me a bit, but I recovered manfully.

"Lovely weather for a cruise," I suggested.

The man just stared at me. "Are you going ashore in Prince Rupert?" I enquired, determined to be nice.

END OF LINE His eyes got big and round.

"I think the side trip out of Skagway ought to be thrilling," I said.

The man rose to his feet. He gave me one last terrified look and ran to the other end of the boat.

I shrugged my shoulders. You meet all kinds of people on a cruise. It was at this point that the boat slowed up and I turned to the man on the other side of me.

"I wonder why they're stopping," I said.

"Well," said this man cheerfully, "if they didn't stop we'd be in a load of trouble. This is the end of the line."

"What line?" I demanded.

"The ferry line," the man said. "I don't know whether you realize it, mister, but we have just arrived in North Vancouver."

Hamish, Hamish—where are you?

As I See It



by Elmore Philpott

Bull Frog Croaked On

HOLLYWOOD, California.—Surely this must be the only city of three million people in all the world where you can hear a bull frog croak all night long, earthquake or no earthquake.

In this Spanish style house on top of a hill that looks right down on some of the big movie and television lots of Hollywood we can also see the whole layout of the great city of L.A. Yet here in the patio where I write this I feel as if I were in some rustic retreat in the woods of British Columbia.

They really do have a unique style of outdoor living here in California. Instead of having their back gardens wide open to the gaze of all comers, so that you are on exhibition like goldfish in a bowl, they have out-Englished the English for hedges, fences and the makings of privacy.

DON'T believe that old saw that familiarity breeds contempt. Down here in southern California they are naturally quite familiar with earthquakes, for they have plenty of them. But they have a healthy respect for those earth-shakers. This summer they have had two fairly severe ones—the latest being yesterday afternoon where several people were killed and damage ran into millions in Bakersfield.

Right here in the middle of last night we ourselves had a little tremor. (The natives here insist it is tremor and NOT tremor.) The wife has some of extra animal instinct which tells her when these things are coming—she gets a sort of seaisick feeling, she says. Anyway, she was wide awake. Suddenly we felt the whole house begin to heave and shake, and we heard that eerie rumbling noise that you never forget, once you have experienced an earthquake.

The shaking lasted a couple of minutes, but never reached the severity of the ones we remembered from Montreal in about 1933, or Vancouver two years ago.

I swear by all the gods that the old bull frog never missed a single croak. I distinctly heard his when the rumbling first started and I heard him again as it finished.

THEY TELL some amusing tales here of the by-products of the July earthquakes. It set off all the numerous burglar alarms in town, made all the church bells ring, and stopped every hand-wound clock in the whole area. I heard of one family out on a camping trip, sleeping beside a stream. When the quake was over the father and son had been jolted about 40 yards apart, their car had been bounded another 60 yards distant. The stream had suddenly doubled or tripled in width.

OF COURSE, if you are in the centre of a severe quake there is nothing funny about it. Jim Day, managing editor of the Bakersfield Californian, gives an eyewitness report of yesterday's experience in his city.

"I saw people stagger into the street—bouncing up and down as they walked along, canopies and signs on stores shattering and falling—and in the background a great rumble, low and deadly."

THE PEOPLE of L.A. are remarkably well informed on the scientific background of the quakes. They are also the world's prize optimists. The papers, for instance, report that Fontana's water supply has been much improved since the July quake released extra underground springs.

Quick Search Saves Sailors

TOKYO (AP)—Three United States warships began an almost immediate search last Wednesday night for survivors of the Navy tug Sarsi, which hit a mine off Korea and sank without a chance to call for help, the Navy said today. Quickness of the search was probably largely responsible for 92 of the tug's crew members being saved. Four of the survivors—due at Sasebo Navy base in southern Japan today—were seriously hurt.

Ray REFLECTS and REMINISCES

In British Columbia and Quebec wood is usually described as the predominant type of heating fuel. But in the former province, the trouble is sometimes seen in numerous trees being burned, before they are cut.

"SOAFY" PERHAPS

The last of the '52 tourists north are passing homeward but they came too late to see the famous Skagway skull. Most of them doubtless never heard of it. For this belonged to an earlier age. Viewing the haunts of gold-rush adventurers, big town chechacos expected a few thrills as they neared the famous camp. And no one was disappointed. The grisly skull, painted in natural hues on a high crag overlooking the wharf where all boats arrived and sailed from, attracted to that. And how the cameras snapped!

Another Russian spy plot unearthed in Montreal. It's only a few years ago a sensational prosecution in that city sent schemers from Moscow to the pen. This time, they seek the low down on defences?

A freight vessel, not from Japan, but somewhere in the vastness of the Orient, is due in Prince Rupert this afternoon to load barley. Her skipper is English, and crew Chinese. This city has always emphasized the advantages of trading through this port. Here's another example. One could almost call it international.

WILL KNOW IN TIME

Actually, as the people of British Columbia will learn, dollar a day hospitalization means exactly nothing when the money

must come from somewhere to meet per diem hospital costs of \$10, \$12 and up to \$16 or \$18 per patient, observes the discerning Lethbridge Herald.

WARRIORS MEET!

Gifts were exchanged aboard a warship this week. Chief Khat-salano, venerable head of the Capliano tribe, was welcomed on HMS Sheffield by Vice-Admiral Andrews and Commodore G. T. Inglis. The bowed and wrinkled chief, wearing fringed buckskin and crowned with eagles' feathers, presented a model Indian war canoe. In return for this honor, he was given a handsome replica of the flag-ship's crest.

The former king of Egypt who went to dwell in Italy, might have foreseen vexation of soul. He's discovering he has more avariciously than money. He's two weeks behind in his hotel bill, present balance being nearly five thousand. Small wonder, seeing top floor suite is occupied by himself and wife, three daughters, a baby, an old eking of something or other, and a large retinue of officials and handy men.

Largest Ship

The largest ship to be built in Canada was launched and commissioned Wednesday of this week at Port Weller, Ont. The 678-foot freighter, John O. McKellar, will have a capacity of 750,000 bushels of grain. Loaded, she will sail 16 knots. She is built to seaboard specifications so that she can travel to Labrador when the St. Lawrence seaway is completed.

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Salvation Army Serves All Regardless Of Race, Creed or Color—Commissioner

A man who makes more than 400 speeches a year, William R. Daziel, commander of the Salvation Army in Canada and Bermuda, arrived in Prince Rupert today.

He will lead the annual congress of all branches of the Army in central and northern B.C. which opened here last night.

Commissioner Daziel, making his first trip to this city, arrived on the Princess Louise after a flying trip from Toronto. After the congress here he goes to Newfoundland before returning to Vancouver for another conference.

Speaking of the work of the Salvation Army, the commissioner said "race, creed and color are not the concern of our workers. When anyone needs help, he's open to all that can be given in Salvation Army service."

"The influence of the Army is far greater than the numbers engaged in our work," he said, adding that all services during the congress are open to the public.

How Can I Start An Investment Programme? By Planned Savings Through Life Insurance. The basis of an investment plan in most cases should be life insurance. It meets in a sound and regular way the real objectives of investment—savings for the future, a retirement income and money for your family should anything happen to you. What is more, life insurance achieves these ends economically and without worry or risk. Discuss with a Mutual Life of Canada representative a life insurance investment plan for your future.

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA BOOK SHELF (Continued from page 5) (Continued from page 6) Representatives: RICHARD SEPHTON, District Agent, 475 Howe St., Vancouver, B.C. R. E. MORTIMER, Representative, Prince Rupert, B.C. WILL ROBINSON (E. T. Kenney Ltd.) Representative, Terrace, B.C. H. C. WEBBER, C.L.U., Branch Manager, 475 Howe St., Vancouver, B.C.

St. Paul's Lutheran Church Fifth Avenue at McBride Street REV. H. O. OLSON You are invited to come and worship at St. Paul's Lutheran Church "The Just Shall Live by Faith." SUNDAY SERVICES Morning Service Sermon: "Broken Vessels." Evening Service Sermon: "The Christian Testimony" Sunday School begins next Sunday at 12:15

ANNUAL NATIVE CONGRESS 31st Aug. - Sept. 1st Saturday 8 p.m. Congress Welcome NATIVE FIELD CAPTAINS IN CHARGE SUNDAY 10:30 A.M. HOLINESS MEETING SUNDAY 3:30 P.M. A PUBLIC MEETING MAYOR WHALEN... CHAIRMAN SUNDAY 7:30 P.M. SALVATION MEETING HALLELUJAH MONDAY 8 P.M. THE TERRITORIAL COMMANDER SPEAKS AT ALL MEETINGS

DIRECTORY services in all church at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday School at 12:15 except as shown. ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL 4th Ave. W., at Dunsmuir St. Holy Communion 8:30 a.m. Sunday School 2:00 p.m. Canon Basil S. Proctor, E.A. B.D. Rector (Blue 700) FIRST BAPTIST 5th Ave. E. at Young St. Minister: Rev. Fred Antrobus (Green 812) FIRST PRESBYTERIAN 4th Avenue East Rev. E. A. Wright, D.D. (Green 982) FIRST UNITED 636 6th Ave. West Rev. L. G. Siemer (Green 613) SALVATION ARMY Fraser Street C.O. Sr. Capt. George Oystryk Sunday School 2:30 p.m. (Black 269) ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN 5th Ave. at McBride St. Pastor: Rev. H. O. Olson (Black 610) ST. PETER'S ANGLICAN Seal Cove Rev. J. S. Twining, B.A., L.H. (Rector) Sunday School 11:00 a.m. Evening Prayer 7:30 p.m. (Blue 827) REGULAR BAPTIST Sunday School 11:00 a.m. Morning Worship Service 12:15 629 6th Ave. E. Blue 323 Pastor: Rev. Leonard A. Thorpe

MAGNIFICENT... The whooping crane, nearly extinct as regards as a man and while with flight feathers. First Presbyterian Church We extend a cordial invitation to visitors to worship at 231 Fourth Ave. E. Minister: Rev. E. A. Wright Organists: Mrs. E. J. and John Cullen SUNDAY, AUGUST Morning Worship 11:00 a.m. Sunday School 12:15 p.m. Evening Worship 7:30 p.m. Minister at both services "Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy" THE EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCH Services at 1001 1/2 Fourth Ave. E. 11 - 12 p.m.—Sunday for all ages and Adult Bible Class 7:30 p.m.—A hearty service followed by a national Gospel message "Ye shall seek Me, when ye shall see Me, when ye shall see Me with all your heart" Pastor: C. W. Shaw