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## Oil In Iran

NATIONALIZING of Iran oil is not to the liking of Britain which enjoys a control that is full of uncertainties and anxieties.

It is worth remembering that in 1921 a treaty between Iran and immediately adjacent Soviet Russia provided that, in any intervention in Iranian affairs by a third power, Russia could legally bring in Soviet forces.

The oil of Iran is six per cent of world production and, while this is important to Britain, it could be of even more concern to Moscow.

It could be that the crisis in Iran might become more momentous than Korea with even graver possibilities.

## Rocks More Than Cradle

SOME of the best stories of political conventions aren't written at the time. That was the case at a recent rally of Ontario Conservatives in London. With George Drew, Premier Leslie Frost and a fair ration of cabinet ministers on hand, reporters were kept on the double chronicle events that took place at the men's sessions. Had they slipped into the women's gathering they might have walked away with a scoop.

Seems that the women, sensible folk that they are, wanted to do something about the proposed turnover tax. They didn't like the idea of an amendment to the British North America Act which would permit the provinces to levy a three per cent tax on the gross turnover of retail goods. From their angle living costs are already high enough. The provinces have no right to add new burdens to the bills we pay.

The lady Pro-Cons introduced the subject at their London meeting—knowing as they did that Premier Frost was already on record as being willing to support the amendment if the other provinces agreed to do likewise.

Small wonder that there was an air of embarrassment in the room when a resolution was introduced opposing the tax Mr. Frost had promised to uphold. Embarrassing—because Mrs. Frost was in the room at the time.

What happened? Well . . . when arms were raised to vote against the turnover, Mrs. Frost's arm was among 'em.

Later, when husband Les spoke to the girls—he gave in. After a chat with the good wife, no doubt, he was willing to make this statement: "The turnover tax is dead."

It's a statement the premier hasn't made publicly so far—but the women delegates to the convention got the scoop.

That famous "hand" rocks a good bit more than the cradle.

## Overdone Modesty

IN A RECENT column, Dewitt Mackenzie, of the Associated Press, wrote:

"Every once in a while I get out my map of North America and study it with fascination. There is U.S., which enjoys a large measure of world leadership. She is rich and powerful.

"Then to the north is the sister nation, even greater territorially than the U.S. Canadian resources already disclosed are tremendous, and we know that there are other vast treasures to be uncovered.

"In due course Canada may have a population as big as, or bigger than ours. Maybe the leadership will pass to her—who knows?"

These reflections, coming from an American news analyst, cause no raised eyebrows. Had the author been a Canadian . . . but, well, everybody knows Canadians don't talk that way. Canadians have always been quicker to achieve than to recognize Canadian achievements. A modest matter-of-factness about our resources and resourcefulness is one of our national characteristics.

But modesty, like any other virtue, can be overdone, especially when it is combined with a lack of imagination. It would probably be a good thing if a few more Canadians could find the same fascination as Mr. Mackenzie in poring over a map of North America.

H. D. Reid, formerly a logging executive with Columbia Cellulose Co. here, was a passenger aboard the Camosun last evening bound for Kincolith near where he is to open up a camp. He was accompanied by C. Gould.

F. M. Dockrill, pioneer Telkwa coal mine operator, is a business visitor in the city, having arrived on Saturday night's train from the interior. His mine is supplying coal to the new Columbia Cellulose plant near here.

## As I See It



by  
Elmore  
Philpott

### TWO MONT BLANCS

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.—They have a lot of dull weather here in Geneva. On many days it is impossible to see Mont Blanc—the prize exhibit. But on such days they have a substitute which locals genially call "the English Mont Blanc." The fake is much smaller and much closer, and hence may almost always be seen.

Moreover, the gullible foreigners who take it for the real article go away just as happy as if they had seen the genuine one.

HERE IN THIS HISTORIC town you see where Calvin and Knox and other leaders of the Protestant Reformation ruled with a moral rod of iron. Incidentally, some of the hour atmosphere remains to this day.

Here also you see where Jean Jacques Rousseau wrote some of his great rolling phrases which became the ideology of the French Revolution; and where Lenin and his fellow Red Russian exiles played chess in a student cafe—and planned what became the Russian revolution.

THE SPEAKER ON OUR sight-seeing bus cracked this feeble joke today—referring to the number of crowns which had already toppled in this century: "Some say that in five years there will only be five kings left in Europe—the King of England and the four kings in the deck of cards."

WHICH COMES FIRST—THE chicken or the egg?

Is Switzerland probably the most prosperous and enlightened part of Europe because of its no-war policy; or is its no-war policy the consequence of the fact that it is the most enlightened?

Suppose it were possible to convert all Germany to the no war principles, which is the bedrock foundation of Swiss existence? Would not that fact change the whole world picture, and instantly and infinitely for the better?

IN BERNE, RIGHT OUTSIDE the Parliament of Switzerland—on the very doorstep, in fact—there is a fine farmers' market.

Can anybody imagine what would happen in Ottawa if farmers began to sell their stuff on that nice green lawn in front of the House of Commons? Or in Queen's Park, Toronto—or in front of the Legislature in Victoria, B.C.?

One explanation of the amazing standard of living that these Swiss have achieved is that they don't go in for silly and shallow show-off stuff.

THIS MORNING, SUNDAY, was an unofficial Bevin memorial day in the Church of England here. The place was comfortably full. The rector invited the whole congregation to meet in the tea room across the road after the service, as a means of getting better acquainted.

In his sermon he also mentioned the fact that he had been at one of London's most famous churches last Sunday where the morning congregation numbered just 50 persons.

THERE ARE MORE PROTESTANTS than Catholics in all Switzerland. But here in Geneva, the core and centre of the Reformation, the Catholics are outnumbered by the Protestants by less than three percent.

The last war they had in Switzerland was a civil affair—fought in 1847 between the Protestant and Catholic cantons. However, due to a very wise general, they settled it with almost no bloodshed.

ONE SECRET OF THE DEMOCRACY in Switzerland is that every able-bodied man is a soldier—for home defense—and he keeps his rifle right in his own home. This tends to discourage any would-be Swiss Mussolinis.

Incidentally, they proudly show you the jail here—where a young anarchist named Mussolini—later the dictator—spent some weeks.

Another secret of the Swiss warlessness is that they keep their brass hat class down to a minimum. They fire their generals as soon as the war threats are over.

They have extremely effective-looking anti-tank defenses here in Switzerland, in those spots where invasion could be expected. Their army would never win any prize for spit and polish—but my observation is that it would stand very high for hitting bull's-eye with the rifles.



**EVACUATE WOUNDED**—This United States heli opter is landing at battalion headquarters of the 1 PCLI, somewhere in Korea, to pick up Maj. Henry Tighe, acting commanding officer of the unit, who directed evacuation of wounded members of the regiment. Casualties are carried in the pontoon-like "sidecars" on the helicopter. (CP from National Defence)

## ray..

### Reflects and Reminisces

Lady Astor, who has divided much of her time and thoughts between Britain and the United States recently, remarked that, if the United States would give Britain the food it wastes, the British would look almost as well fed as the Yankees. Perhaps it would be a case of out-weighing.

One sometimes wonders what all the notables would do if radio broadcasting had not yet become a proven fact and was still something more or less of a problem. For it's not so very long ago President Harding was the first chief executive to use the miracle. This was in 1922 when he journeyed away up to Alaska and was in Ketchikan the first Sunday morning. Regretfully, there was lack of time to accept Prince Rupert's invitation. Later he contracted illness, passing away in San Francisco.

PERFECT GUEST: One who can make his host feel at home—Daffynition.

### NOT A NAG

There used to be horses in Prince Rupert—strong enough to sweat over heavy harness loads and sufficiently nimble to gracefully wear a saddle. Then, over in Fraser Street stood the blacksmith partners, Mac Keen and Hunter, and down on the waterfront, Alex Yule gave everyone as good as he sent. Jimmy Hunter hailed from St. Fergus, Banff. When he finally did settle, it was a long way from Scotland. As for Alex, he had known something about Montana when a younger man.

He could tell many a buffalo hunting story.

### PAT CAREY, O.T.

Whiskers and witticisms distinguished Pat Carey who many memorable years ago served as caretaker at the government wharf.

"Would ye now?" was usually his way of cautioning someone disposed to talk too much.

Pat knew his trade. To him there were few strangers in the sheds, along the docks or aboard the pioneer craft that had sailed north to scout for business in the new port people called Prince Rupert.

### "O.T." MEANS OLD TIMER

One day a sailor on an approaching vessel failed to drop his mooring line near enough. This happened more than once. Plainly, Mr. Carey was annoyed. "Blast it," he roared. "Is it the dock that's wanted? Can we shove it out to yez?"

But much of his wrath was merely simulated, which helped make him the original and engaging companion he undoubtedly was. Loitering in public places could not be permitted—but there was many a snug nook that did not pass unnoticed. But Pat was usually equal to any

## The Call

### "Wings Over England"

When King and Country call you, there is naught but to obey. He wants me not for fighting but just to come and play. —So I am on my way.

### HILDA CHICHESTER

Copper City  
(Mrs. Hilda Chichester Skinner left here last week by air to attend the Festival of Britain.)

sudden strain on his authority. Once, after having ejected a few intruders, he remarked in a somewhat querulous mood: "What d'ye think I am? Caretaker, taking care of a disorderly house, or just plain janitor?"

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