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## What About Our Parks?

ONE of the problems that faces the citizens of Prince Rupert is the provision of suitable parks. The importance of the park situation is recognized by the election of a parks board. What the ordinary citizens is concerned about is what is the Parks Board doing about the parks?

Parks have various uses in any city and all cities recognize how very important it is that park space should be made available and usable. In Prince Rupert we have various types of parks. In picturesque McClymont Park there is available the splendid swimming pool and much playground equipment. The use that is made of these is sufficient proof of their value. Alder Park, with its valuable totem poles as well as its playground equipment, is a real asset to the city.

Parks for playing games are also needed. Acropolis Hill is used for football and baseball. It is not very accessible and there is no doubt that the long climb is often a deterrent to the would-be spectator. The impossibility of making a suitable surface is also a serious drawback. Then there is Algoma Park. There are some who maintain that it is on this park that the best chance of having a good playing surface lies. It is centrally situated and could be easily drained.

Gyro Park is being used for softball but its small size is a drawback.

While we noted that the chairman and the members of the Parks Board had difficulty in arranging a suitable time for their meeting we feel that that is a trifling matter. Whose ego is being ignored is unimportant. But suitable playing space is an essential and the Parks Board have not much to show for their year's activities. And already the evenings are drawing in. The fence round the Roosevelt Memorial is a commendable effort. But there is need for a definite parks program and an active, aggressive board that will devote its energies to providing parks—not arguments.

## What To Do For Tourists?

THE value of the tourist trade to British Columbia is being increasingly recognized and developed. With what objectives is the industry being developed? The complaint is often made that the tourist is being exploited. It is true to some extent. Does this allegation hold true in Prince Rupert?

On a recent trip by boat from Vancouver a leader of a group of tourists complained about the long stay-over in Prince Rupert. He didn't know what there was to do all day long . . . and he had been here before. A fellow passenger edged in on the conversation. He wanted to know what he expected from such a city. Did he expect the entertainment to be found in large cities? The characteristic features of the city were pointed out, things that he would not find in other cities. Quite a number of his party talked of great numbers of miles they had driven on other trips. They seemed to think that that was the standard by which a holiday could be judged. What standard is ours?

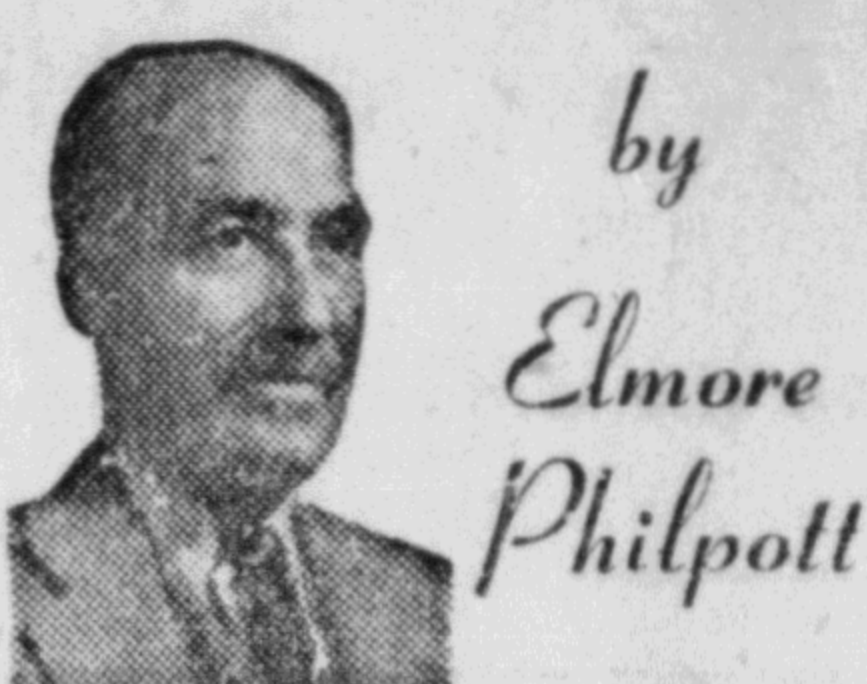
Now there are two points to be considered. What is the tourist entitled to expect from a visit to Prince Rupert, and the other is what preparations do the citizens, business men and others make to entertain the traveller? There would seem to be much that could be done to make the visitors feel that we do not want tourists only for how much money we can get out of them. A visit to the museum, the attention given visitors by large industrial plants, are worthwhile contributions towards making our visitors feel welcome, and will give them the urge to tell others that in addition to the wonderful scenery enjoyed along the "inside passage," there is a warm and thoughtful welcome extended to all. But we have to cultivate this attitude, and we should go out of our way to sell our city to our visitors. Perhaps a booth at the wharf would be helpful. Much can be planned for next year and a start should be made in time.

### Scripture Passage for Today

"And ye shall find rest unto your souls."—St. Matt. 11:29.

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## As I See It



Prairie Art Buds

NEAR SASKATOON. — I particularly wanted to meet Bill Perehudoff, the up and coming young Canadian painter of Doukhobor origin. I had seen some of his work and it impressed me as having great power.

Bill drove in from the family farm. Dark and slim, he looks just like a keen young business man—though perhaps a bit more thoughtful.

We drove around to the International Packing Plant where Bill got his start as an artist. It was just before the Hitler war, at the tail end of the great depression. Work was slack in the plant for a brief period and Bill was laid off. But, the wise and kindly Mendels, who own the plant, encouraged the young artist to try his hand at painting two large murals.

Bill took on the job—more or less feeling like the kid who is taught to swim by being tossed in water over his head. Anyway it worked. The murals are good, and Bill's later work gets better and better.

THE YOUNG artist went down to Colorado latterly and studied under a top notch Mexican painter. I was told that when he returned some of his work showed a strong Mexican influence—but I saw none of this myself.

I did see a few of Bill's paintings downtown in Saskatoon. They clearly show the distinct periods in the development of the young artist. His earliest work shows razor-edged on the outlines of shapes and figures. His latest is the very opposite—he paints the human form, streamlined and almost edgeless-looking. In all his work there is marked individuality.

SASKATOON has long deserved its growing fame as a budding centre of painting in Canada. They tell me the mainspring of this growth was Ernst Lindner, who was born in Austria, and more or less compelled the Saskatoon educational authorities to let him teach painting in night school classes. This was in the darkest years of the great depression.

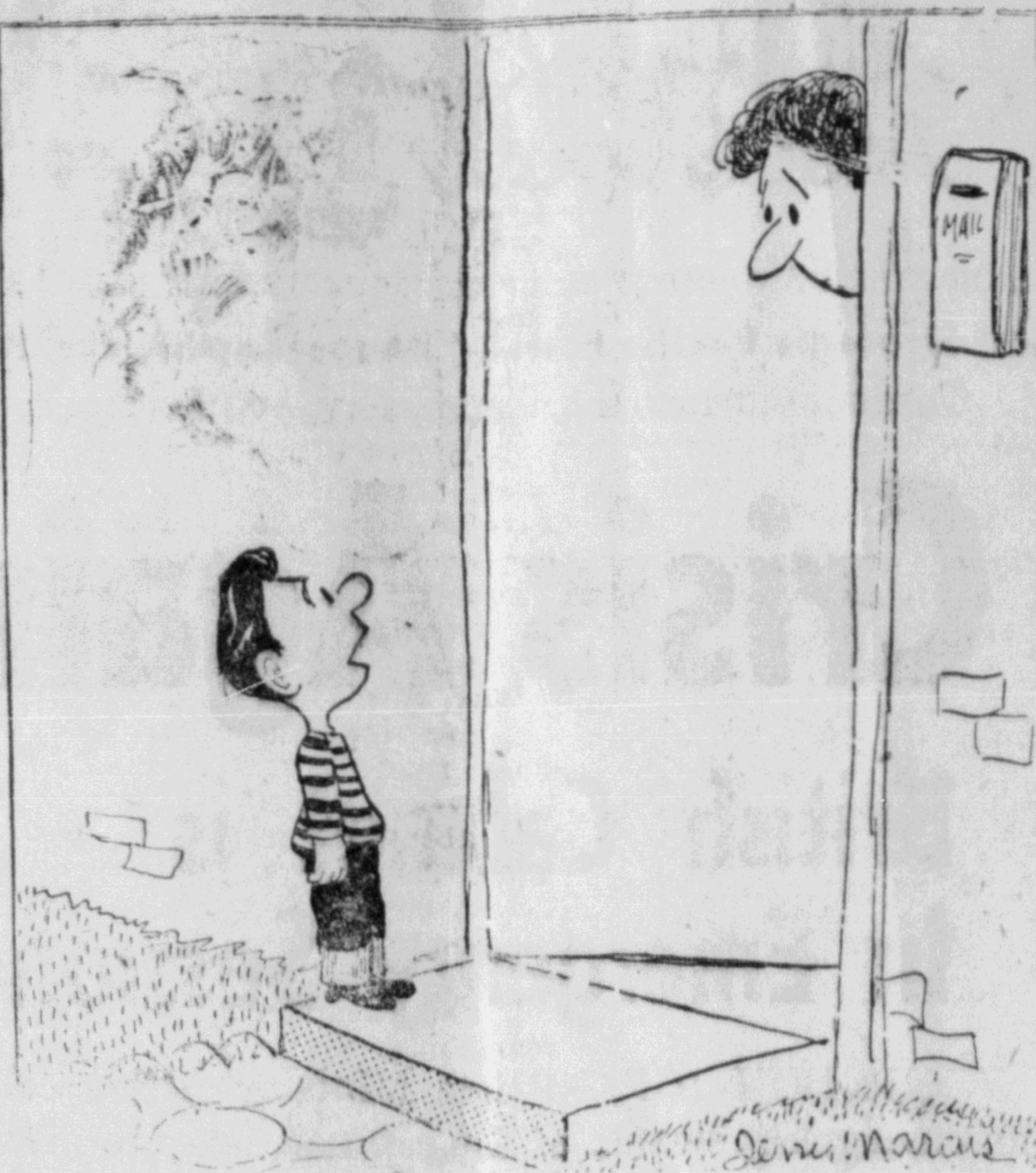
Most noted of Lindner's pupils is Robert Newton Hurley, whose paintings of prairie elevators have long since become internationally famous. In those tragic years Hurley lacked money even to buy paint and paper—and at times even used beet juice for color.

Now there is a rapidly growing circle of really good artists. Beginners' painting is "busting out all over" partly because, besides those mentioned above, the Normal School has a dynamic art teacher in the person of Nonie Mulcaster. She sends out teachers to every nook and corner of this province with at least a touch of her own fiery enthusiasm.

THE ARRIVAL here of the Mendels, with a fine art collection brought from Hungary, has also given great impetus, to all this. Not only have they encouraged young artists, like Bill Perehudoff. But their own fine collection is open at all times for study by the young painters.

They are impulsive, kindly folks. Mrs. Mendel took me to lunch, then down to see the pictures at the framers. When I admired a fine portrait of my hostess, by a noted Parisian painter, Gyey Csato. On the spur of the moment, Grandpa Mendel gave me another fine picture of the same artist—a small, beautifully executed still.

AS WE drove back out into the country Bill Perehudoff made one remark which I would like



"Would Nancy like to see a movie with me on your television set?"

## RATS

Of Other Days and Circumstances

(M. E. ANDERER)

Episode No. 1

Mention of the prevalence of rats at the city dump and in the city calls to mind experience with rats in other places and under different circumstances. Three experiences in particular stand out. Of course they took place years ago, actually in the days of the First World War when the horde of rats made the lives of soldiers even more miserable as if the mud and slush were not bad enough. But there was a humorous angle to the three experiences referred to.

The first was in the trenches near Fleurbaix. Here the trenches had to be built up, as owing to the nature of the country, it was not possible to dig down. The front line, which had been taken over from the French troops, consisted of a long sandbagged parapet, with recesses where the different sentry groups kept steady watch. Times were uneasy and the amateur soldiers in their first assignment in the trenches were perhaps more jittery than later on. In any case the report of a rifle being fired aroused apprehensions and, as corporal on duty, I immediately investigated. At the first sentry post the soldiers said they had not fired but that the sound had come from their left. A short tramp through the mud-filled trenches took me to the next post

to pass on. Just as the Pyramids had been left as a monument to the builders of ancient Egypt, so he believes the tube shaped concrete wheat elevators may stand for all time as Canada's most characteristic contribution to building.

I had never really thought of how beautiful they are until Bill remarked on their chaste and stripped-for-action beauty in simplicity.

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Reflects and  
Reminisces

Premier St. Laurent is back in Ottawa after a tour that took him as far as Alberta. He felt the pulse of the west. Speaking in Battleford, the Prime Minister suggested, in a reference to the stormy spring of '85, that choice of "uprising" might have been more suitable as well as accurate had the word "rebellion" not been recognized. The First Minister's remarks have gone the rounds and given quite a measure of support. Press comment continues to be published. Take the Calgary Herald for example.

### BEFORE THE EYE-OPENER

It was a two by four sentry when the Metis and the tribesmen started following the war path. Originally established by a couple of young fellows, it had a stirring commencement. The boys from Ontario made their way westward on the partly completed CPR.

"Knew them both," Alfred Carter, grizzled trail blazer who died in Prince Rupert a year or so ago, used to say. He liked to live the early west over again, and was one of Prince Rupert's most consistent boosters. Could he behold the present boom he would say: "What did I tell you?" Mr. Carter was in Calgary in '85 and kept a daily record of events for many years.

"But there's no use saying we were not scared," he solemnly reflected. "We were. Blackfeet were well armed, well mounted, and any number of them. However, they didn't go out and it was the influence of Chief Crowfoot and Father Lacombe, and nothing else, we had to thank."

### EXTRA! EXTRA!

About a quarter of the editorial page of the 20-page Calgary Herald, published a few days ago, is devoted to a reproduction of what it printed one day in the early spring of 1885. It carried no headline. It hardly needed one. It looked as if hurriedly thrown together to yell the news with minimum of delay. Radio and telephones were unknown. And what a story! In heavy type appeared the single word "MASSACRE." And underneath, a few grim lines telling

GEORGE DAWES  
AUCTIONEER  
Phone Green 810 and Red 127

of blood spilled at Frog Lake—not so far away—but spilled with deliberation and not in the blazing heat of passion. A little further down, the disturbing line: "Perhaps Battleford next."

### SIXTY-SIX

And so much for the veteran Herald's feat in flashing a glimpse of the west as it looked in '85, before the luxury-loving folk of today with their alleged woes, insecurity and endless shortages. Sixty-six years ago! Then, no wheat empire, fabulous enough to delay delivery, because of its immensity. Then, no oil pipe line laid across the very soil where Riel was fought. Then, no towering business blocks. Then, no breakfast in Vancouver with luncheon in Winnipeg.

Then, just the unpeopled plains and a startled country.

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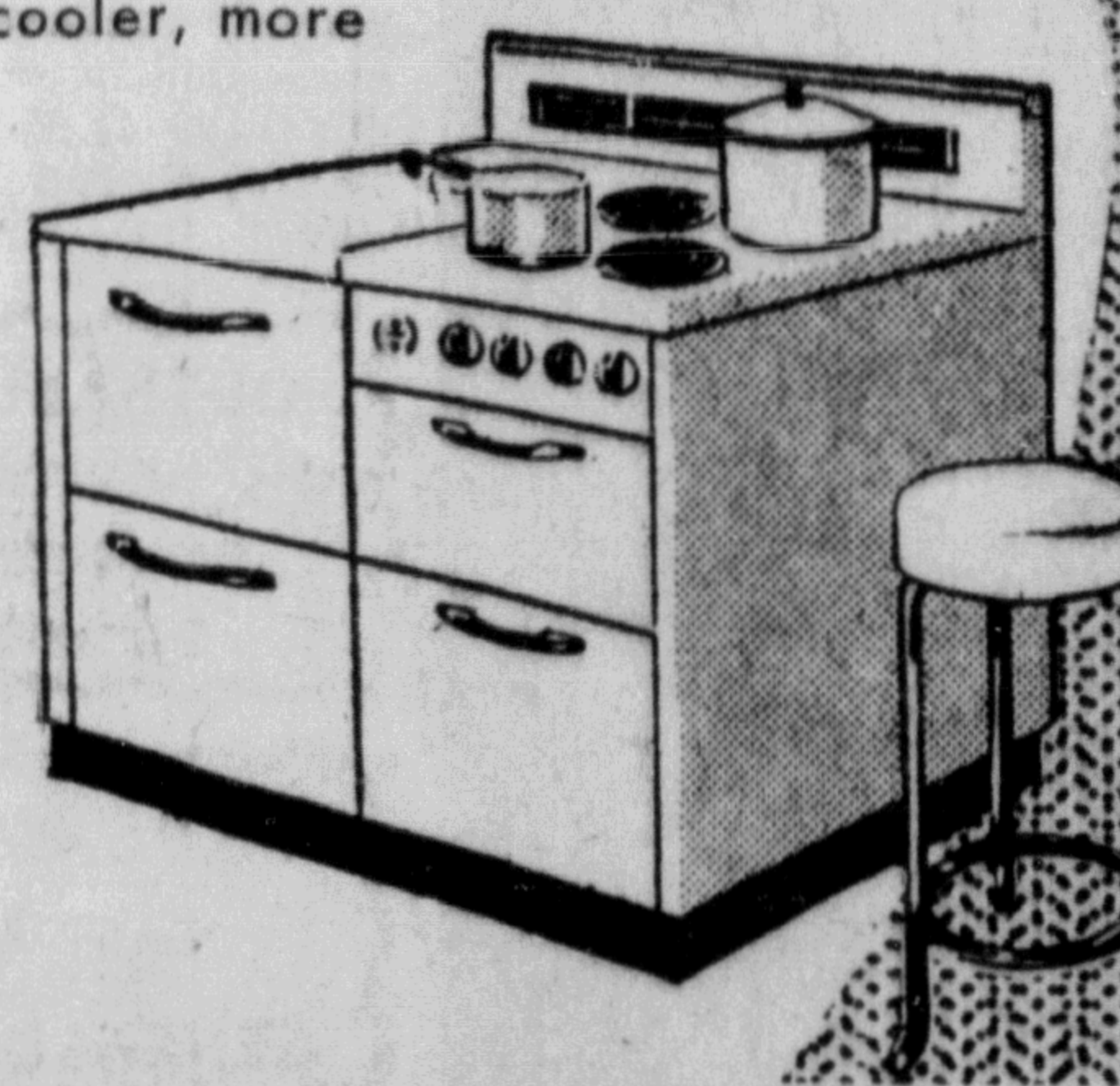
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