

Wednesday, May 23, 1951

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Victoria Day

IN THESE DAYS of the new Canadianism, it is fitting that a couple of days at least a year should be devoted to the Commonwealth theme and the old Empire tradition. Today is Empire Day when Prince Rupert, like other cities in the Dominion, with esteem and affection pays special attention and tribute to the British tradition and precept. Tomorrow is Victoria Day when the memory of the great British queen is once again honored. They are something in the nature of national Mother's Days to be observed voluntarily and spontaneously. Canada, although completely autonomous now and with little but the formal and sentimental connections still remaining, still respects and believes her origins and all the glory and honor which they imply.

There will always be a Britain in the Canadian make-up no matter what the years and the ever-changing international relationships may bring, so it is well that we again take time out to remember and celebrate the occasion which today and tomorrow mark.

ray ..  
Reflects and Reminisces

WHO CAN HE BE?

"Who controls Alaska," somebody remarks, "controls the world." There is a suspicion that an old fellow residing somewhere away up north, not so far from the Baltic, has an idea like this.

Nearly every man who can recall a boyhood spent mainly in the country thinks of his first experience with a public holiday as a trout fishing trip. It's May 24th, of course. Somewhere convenient — also of course — are brooks and a few ponds, or a lake. The boy will have next to no money, which is just as well. He cuts his own rod, digs his own bait and takes along the same line and hook he used last time. And as for a \$7.50 or \$10 basket in which to stow the catch, he does without. He strings the trout on any old branch. A pebble can serve for a sinker. Yet, it's been a swell day. Perhaps every boy is not like this one but thousands are — or have been — and back home he's a hundred per cent happy and healthy. Just previously, he'd also been hungry.

The housing problem in Can-

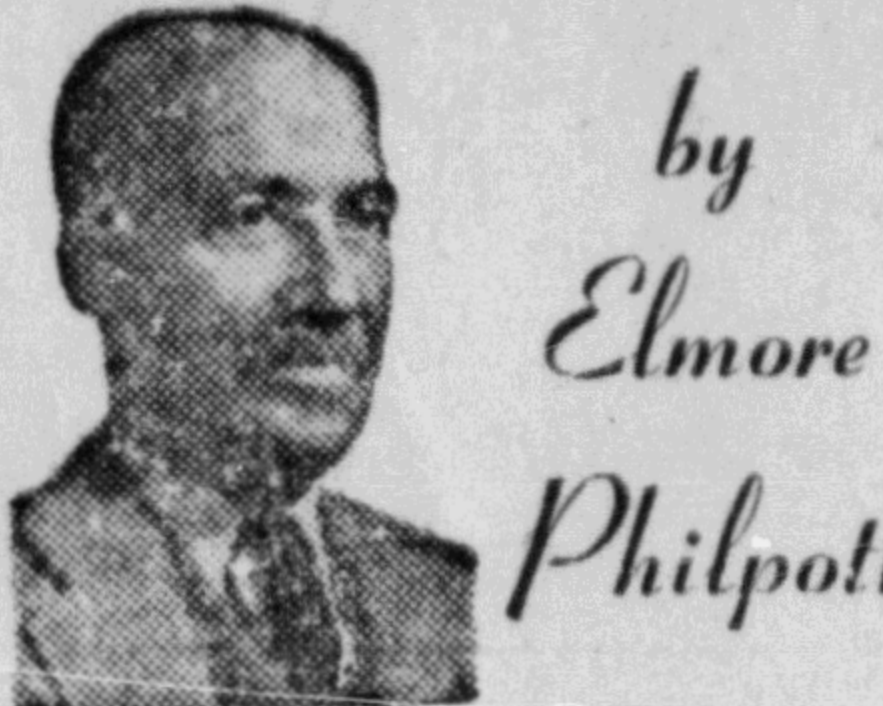
ada remains a vexing one. Of course, one could perhaps solve it the hard way. Mr. St. Laurent did. He made himself Prime Minister first. And the new residence is a dandy.

Tons of what is called mail matter continue to pass from coast to coast and in between. Newspapers and letters, of course, are of real importance and must be handled and incidentally are subjected to higher costs. But there's also a mass of stuff adding its weight and labor to the department. How much of it is ever read, or even opened? Sounds like waste.

A shipment of eggs from Holland, was received in eastern Canada last March. Yet, Canadian poultry has usually managed to meet all demands. And now comes word from Holland that a consignment of fresh strawberries will soon be sent. How about cream?

**SPEAKING OF HALIBUT**  
A halibut weighing between 150 and 200 pounds was caught off Alberni last week. Believe it or not the people along that part of the west coast refused to consider it an ordinary incident. "What?" exclaimed Jimmy Bacon, up in Prince Rupert, when someone told him about it. "You tell me there was excitement?" He gave an evil snort and grinned again. "There have been several big ones in Rupeht, so far this season. Only they ranged around three hundred or so. Excitement? My eye!"

As I See It



by Elmore Philpott

GERMANY IS BACK

HANOVER, GERMANY.—It is two years since my wife and I were in Germany before. At that time I reported this great paradox:

The cities still lay in almost complete ruins, especially in the north. But beneath those ruins, or behind them, or otherwise out of sight, amazing industrial production was going on.

Today, in 1951, the production is in full blast and plain sight. Within a few blocks of this hotel, in a single day, I have seen more good merchandise, of all kinds, than I have seen for years past in any country I have visited. There is more of everything for sale here, even than in Switzerland. Moreover, what there is for sale is of such high standards that I doubt there is another country in the world which could compete with it, on a price and quality basis. It's better than is selling in Canada.

HERE IN GERMANY YOU SEE not only all the thousand-and-one things which Germany herself produces, but you see an abundance of imported articles. The windows here are chock full of the luscious ham and other meats which the poor old British have not seen for years — and which, in fact, whole families of young British children have never seen. There is no ration system — you can buy whatever you can pay for. And the people are buying and paying for plenty. I saw them buying everything from bananas, dates, pineapples and other tropical imports, to motorcycles, sewing machines and combination radio-phonographs.

WHEN WE ENTERED GERMANY—this time from the south — and travelled for hours before we saw a single trace of war damage. I said to myself, "Well, after all, only a few places in the south really got blasted."

But now, here in the heart of the industrial north, the cities which, even two years ago, were an indescribable mess of rubble, are well on the way to being rebuilt. Of course, in a great city like Hanover—which I believe was the second or third worst bombed city in Germany—there are still hundreds of ugly shells of old ruined buildings. Some of the busiest shopping blocks still have no concrete sidewalks.

But whereas two years ago the Germans had hardly made a move to rebuild their own cities, today they are well on the way to completion of the job, with German skill and German thoroughness.

SO THE QUESTION FOR 1951

about Germany is not will she make an industrial comeback, but where her industrial comeback will take her?

I never felt I could understand German thought processes and I don't feel I understand them now.

I just can't understand how their fool leaders ever led them away as those leaders did—first, the Kaiser and the class of which he was the crest-piece; and then Hitler, and the most ruthless but efficient gang of thugs in the history of the human race.

But why the Germans ever went marching down that road which led them, and all the rest of us to ruin, I wouldn't know. For, in time of peace, they were plainly beating the pants of all their foreign business competitors before 1914—just as they were again before 1939—and just as they will be again before many months. War brought them ruin — peace brought them leadership over all Europe.

IN SWITZERLAND LAST week, I did some sleuthing about automobile sales. In a country where all the world's motor cars compete—who is winning out?

The answer is Germany—for in Switzerland since the beginning of 1950 the largest selling small car in the Volkswagen; that is, the little streamlined affair which Hitler's engineers designed, and for which he collected the money from prospective German buyers, but never delivered.

The Germans have many really super-cars on display here now.

PART OF MY TIME HERE has been spent in trying to get the answer to this all-important question:

Where did the money come from to rebuild Germany? Obviously much of it came from right inside Germany—for the vastly rich people here are still vastly rich and getting richer. But, also quite obviously, enormous sums came in from outside, through two channels.

The Western allies poured in large sums, through many official plans, of which Marshall Aid was just one. But foreign business men, mostly Americans, also bought heavily into German business. Maybe they used their governments as levers to help them get favorable terms of purchase — which they might not otherwise have obtained. Who knows?

But recently the three Western powers got a little shock when they took a sort of confidential "Gallup poll" amongst the Germans in the western zones.

Did the Germans know that they had been getting large-scale financial help from abroad?

The answer was quite plain — no, the Germans did not know. That is, the great mass of the German people do not know — only the small slice of official people and politicians at the top.

A. L. MacAlpine of Vancouver, supervisor of the Royal Bank of Canada for British Columbia, is flying into Terrace from Vancouver today for a brief visit. Grant Stewart, manager of the local branch, left by car this afternoon for Terrace to meet him. Mr. MacAlpine will return to Vancouver from Terrace but expects to be here for the opening of the Columbia Cellulose mill in early June.

Air Passengers

From Vancouver (Tuesday) — Miss Bialski, Mrs. Webster, Miss Webster, Mr. Anderson, A. Ber-man, A. Barber, J. A. Napier, Mrs. M. Bold, C. Nicholson, W. Riddell, P. Pritchard.

From Sandspit (Tuesday) — J. Fitzgerald, F. Fitzgerald, A. Christ, K. Jones, R. Cooper, C. Markam, F. Evans.

To Vancouver (Tuesday) — V. Thorson, D. Doswell, J. Bruno, R.

Davis, Mr. Mosher, A. Hajak, A. G. Edginton, J. T. Pattenson. To Sandspit (Tuesday) — Mr. Shenton, Mr. Smidt. To Vancouver (today) — Miss J. Vivian, Miss E. Lane, J. Fraser, R. H. Bacon, S. F. Avis, A. M. MacNee, A. L. Clark, W. Shiak, C. Gardener, J. Crellin, C. R. Stein, C. C. Upson.

LONDON — British motorcycles and bicycles to the value of \$18,000,000 were exported in the first quarter of 1951, an increase of \$2,360,000 on the average last year.

what is communism?

Communism is incompatible with the way of life which Canadians know and which most of us wish to retain.

Communism preaches hatred, resents co-operation and despises collective bargaining.

It breeds destruction; it destroys sensible thinking, individual liberty.

Communism destroys all surplus value, even individual initiative and reward.

Communism in power controls all the machines of production—all labour in every phase of its existence.

It controls the armed forces, using them to impose its will on the people.

It controls the courts of justice, allowing no appeal to its mandates.

It fosters the so-called union security clauses to take away the voluntary rights of workmen so that they may be regimented to its own ends.

It regards all religion as poisonous superstition and liquidates them accordingly.

B.C. FEDERATION OF TRADE & INDUSTRY

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He wants to get married—

—she does too!



YOU HAVE PLANS that are important, too. The things you want most, the worthwhile things, have to be planned for, saved for.

That's not easy, these days. But here are two suggestions that may help you to realize your own particular dream:

FIRST, decide what you want most, how much it will cost, and open a special savings account at The Royal Bank of Canada for that one particular purpose . . . then save for it.

SECOND, use the Royal Bank Budget Book to keep yourself on your course, and to avoid careless spending. The budget book does not suggest how you should spend your money. It does provide you with a simple pattern to help you

PLAN YOUR BUDGET TO SUIT YOURSELF. You can get a copy at any branch. Ask for one.

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Prince Rupert Branch

D. W. G. STEWART, Manager