

**THE DAILY NEWS**

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DAILY EDITION

Tuesday, February 2, 1943

**EDITORIAL**

**Wartime Housing Deal . . .**

The city of Prince Rupert, there appears to be no doubt, got a poor deal with Wartime Housing in the agreement with the new industrial housing projects. The members of new city council are now scratching their heads to find some way of getting out of a position where they, apparently, are committed to provide services for a price below cost.

Legally, the city may have itself in the hole but that does not mean that, if the case is taken to the proper quarters, there may not be some redress forthcoming. It does not seem reasonable that any attempt would have been made to put it deliberately over the city or that there should be any intention of holding the municipality to an unfair bargain.

**Dangerous Streets . . .**

The corner of Fourth Avenue and Agnew Place, where a car took a fatal midnight plunge over a precipice last week, is only one of many danger points in the city. In fact, there are other places that might be considered even more hazardous including some streets where there is a good deal heavier traffic and where not one or two but dozens or scores might be killed or injured in one fell accident. Many of us are so familiar with the streets and their weaknesses that we may not appreciate the hazards they present, particularly to strangers.

Now that the dim-out is here, it is all the more necessary that proper precautions be taken and every safeguard afforded.

Incidentally, the first night of dim-out last night made apparent the necessity for the utmost caution on the part of both those who ride and those who walk. There are responsibilities, as we have pointed out before, on both sides.

**Postal Service . .**

In spite of what the Postmaster General may have told the Junior Chamber of Commerce in his letter last week, there is, as yet at least, certainly no perceptible improvement in the local mail service. We still say that adequate facilities are not being made for the efficient and speedy handling of the mails here. Congestion and delay of mail is effecting all of us and, particularly, the business people.

It is interesting to note that, as far as the department is concerned, there is a definite tendency to avoid even mention of the street delivery system. Many feel we are entitled to this and believe it would be the most effective means of relieving the congestion at the Post Office which is wasting many people's good time these days.

The city council, it is interesting to note, is also joining its voice to the representations that have been made for better mail service.

**ACTIVITIES OF Y.M.C.A. AND Y.W.C.A.**

By DOROTHY GARBUTT  
The Hostess

Last Sunday a very enjoyable concert for the troops was held in the Empress Hall. It was a combination concert and sing-song and the men thoroughly enjoyed joining in the choruses. It is good to see that sing-songs are being brought into the Sunday entertainments again. Remember the old time sing-songs at the Legion way back in the beginning of everything? The sing-song was led by old old chum, Breen Melvin of the Y.M.C.A. How he got to leading a sing-song simply beats me—Sorry, Breen, but I have heard you sing, you know. The master of ceremonies was Sergeant Cleaver Wilson. And just here a word about Cleaver. He is more or less talent scout for the services in this district and spends his time finding out who's who and why. He used to do a lot of theatrical work in Victoria and has had plenty of experience in that line. In fact, when his friends speak of him they leave the "A" out of his name and just call him plain "Cleaver." He told me so himself.

Well, with Cleaver at the helm, as it were, the concert got away to a good start. Accompanist for the sing-song was Pte. Cliff McAree who later in the program entertained with a piano interlude. "The Aristocrats," an American Army dance band, went to town in a group of popular numbers and at once established themselves as favorites of the boys. A light touch was then furnished by Sergeant Reg King's comedy skit, followed by Les Osland and Jim Nichols, both Navy boys, playing novelty numbers in guitar and violin duets. The concert was then brought to a close with "The Aristocrats" playing the national anthems of both nations.

**SPORT CHAT**

Always a man of ideas, J. F. 'Bunny' Ahearne, Secretary of the British Ice Hockey Association, has popped up with the suggestion that professional hockey will sweep Britain after the war. In London for the annual meeting of the B.I.H.A., Bunny visualized a circuit along the lines of the National League of Canada and the United States. Then he returned to his job as assistant general services manager in a west country aircraft factory to figure out more angles in his spare time. London sports writers picked up the suggestion. They spoke of problems to be overcome if such a project was to be a success. They also wondered as to the possibility of luring professional material from Canada, just as English promoters brought scores of Canadian amateurs here in pre-war days when Britons first became hockey-conscious. The suggestion was made that British clubs would have to build gradually from lower-grade players and, if possible, from their own amateur leagues with young Canadians and Britons. The amateur clubs would act as farm-teams for the moneyed circuit.

Little Jackie Hughes, a South Wales coal miner, worked all night in the pits then hopped a train to London, gave one of Britain's best amateur featherweights a terrific fight, caught a train immediately after and went right back to work. Jackie lost the six round decision but received a far greater ovation than his opponent, Doug Sullivan of Slough. The fight was part of the London Fire Forces' tournament at the Queensberry All-Services Club and the program was shuffled to suit the duties of a war worker, Bill Prentice of London. He was beaten in his bout then hied to his night shift. Merline Bill Cottrell, a tough fellow fresh from convoy work with the Royal Navy, dislocated Leslie Jones' shoulder with one punch in the second round and on the next blow earned a knockout. Jones took time out from his work in a Welsh shipyard to participate.

United States Army headquarters in London tells of a new game—for some vague reason called "Irish Pool"—which American troops are playing in French Morocco. Ten tomato tins sunk in the ground and numbered in the same way as pins in a bowling alley. Stones are rolled on a smooth mud "alley" with the object to get them into the tins. Baseball and football, however, remain as favorite games although the doughboys are without proper equipment. Pick-axe handles substitute for bats in ball games.

North of England racing prospects jumped high when a meeting of the Pontefract Race Company at York expressed opinion it probably will be the best in Britain next season. Two-year-old racing is expected to reach a new top and efforts will be made to cater to juveniles by introduction of special events well endowed with prize money.

Tonight's train, due to arrive from the East at 10:30, was reported this morning to be ten hours late.

Victor E. Diebel pleaded guilty in city police court on a charge of contributing to juvenile delinquency and was remanded for eight days. Young boys are involved and indecency is alleged.

**PAST RECALLED— HISTORY OF EARLY DAYS OF NATIVES**

Indians Have Lost to Civilization Their Wooden Spoons and Many Other Happy Things

(By HAROLD SINCLAIR)

KITWANGA, Feb. 2.—In ancient days the Indians of the Skeena River lived a so-called savage life as uncivilized people. There were no factories of any kind but, with their aboriginal devices, the people provided their livelihood and there was a marked degree of intelligence among them.

In the summer the people lived almost in a state of nakedness but in the cold winters they clothed themselves with bear skins, mountain goat hides and ground hog pelts. Their blankets were made out of rabbit skins and their footwear out of moose and seal hides, cured and tanned.

Of course there were no guns, ammunition or knives so it is interesting to recall how black, and even the formidable grizzly bears as well as other animals were slain. Their snares and wooden traps were made out of the best cedar branches.

Bows and arrows were made out of the toughest dry bones of caribou or moose legs and spears were fashioned out of long poles. These were almost any kind of animal could be killed.

Instead of the modern pots tight woven baskets were made out of the fine roots of the willow and the inner bark of cedar. These were adequately tight to boil water, meat, vegetables and other foods.

**Cooling System**

One might wonder how these baskets would not be burned in their fire. After the fire had been built the baskets were fitted with suitable sized stones. These stones were placed in the fire until they became red hot and on them were placed the baskets filled with cold water. In a few minutes the water was boiled and then the meat or other food was put in and boiled.

Fires were kindled by taking hard, dried willow or cedar branches, grinding them together until sparks were produced to ignite feathery ground inner bark of dry cedar. Another way to produce spark was to rub together pure white rocks, hard like flint. Such rocks were carried in the packs while the men were out trapping or hunting.

Axes and knives were made in those olden days out of stones. With stone axes any sized tree, even up to three or four feet, could be cut down to build log and split board houses, make dug-out canoes and other craft and fashion totem poles, wooden bowls, spoons, etc.

As for provisions, the early natives cured their own meat and fish, dried berries, produced their own wild grown rice, grew tea on lake swamps. With no butter, lard or sugar, the fats of bear and mountain goat were extensively used.

There were no churches or Bibles, of course, but the people were aware that there was a definite creator of all things that obtained upon the face of the earth and they gave thanks to and worshipped the Creator. It is incorrect that the Indians used to worship the ravens, King fish, moon, stars, etc.

The totem poles were made to record history as well as to be memorials to the dead. Each totem crest had a history of its own with tribal crests such as the eagle, raven, owl, wolf and others.

In those days the Indians used to trap and hunt and fish, making their homes freely and openly on any areas which they found suitable. There was timber in abundance for dwellings, canoes and other wood craft.

There were no liquor stores in those days. Neither were there any reserves. The people had free use of their wooden spoons. Today they have lost their wooden spoons.

**WRITES HOME—**

**ATLANTIC NAVY LIFE IS HAPPY**

Lieut. Jack McRae Tells of Visit To Ireland—Enjoying the Sea

"Here we are in mid-ocean on our way back to Canada after spending Christmas and New Year's on the other side," writes Lieut. Jack McRae to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. McRae. "Today is Sunday and the weather is absolutely perfect—just plugging along with the convoy. The sun is shining, sea smooth and it's really very warm for a day in January."

"We arrived in Belfast a couple of days before Christmas. About six officers and myself went ashore in the evening to the various rendezvous. Everything is blacked out but otherwise things seem quite usual and everything going full blast. The next night we again went up town and, believe it or not, came home in a car drawn by a horse. Instead of the engine the driver has a seat and rides outside. We all got a big kick out of it. Horses end enclosed buggies are very popular and also cars with a gas bag on top. Also the two story or double-decker trams are quite different and, of course, all the traffic is on the wrong side of the street. For the first few days I had a lot of trouble with sterling—for example, one day I gave a woman a coin for a paper and walked on. She called to me and I told her to keep the change but it turned out I had under-paid her."

"Christmas day on the ship was quite enjoyable and everyone had a marvellous time. A tradition in the navy is for the captain to wear a sailor's uniform and the youngest sailor to wear the captain's and be treated as such. Candies, decorations, Christmas trees and lights, etc., were brought from Canada. Everyone received a ditty bag from the Red Cross which included socks, candy, wash cloth, handkerchiefs, tooth paste and brush, razor and soap, sewing kit, etc.—all articles were really appreciated. Each one of the ship also got three bottles of beer. The sight on board was one looked at with amazement by those at the waterfront—except they had never seen a Canadian Christmas. All the officers visited the mess decks and had sing-songs, etc. Altogether, I believe there were about eight different decorated and lighted trees."

"In the evening, the Captain had some friends he wanted to visit and later on to attend a dance where the sailors would be. So I put on a petty officer's uniform."

"The meals are very good—turkey Christmas, New Year's today with all trimmings."

"It is really very comfortable board. There is a radio system, the ship with many speakers which gives entertainment at all times and quite a bunch of books. Several nights we have played back and get a lot of fun from it. For example last night, I couldn't be thinking that here we were on Atlantic fighting a war, playing bridge, card table, and soft music, the electric fireplace lit up, drinking lemonade which is a favorite at sea."

"Each night there is a local radio program for about an hour and entertainment provided by the crew members. The announcer is quite skilful. Entertainment such as inside stories, gossip, songs, poetry, quiz contests, popular records, etc. are the general run."



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