

THE DAILY NEWS

PRINCE RUPERT, BRITISH COLUMBIA

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EDITORIAL

DAILY EDITION

Thursday, March 4, 1943

The Reserve Army . . .

It was quite an impressive showing that Prince Rupert's reserve force made last evening on its first appearance in public when it paraded for the benefit of the general officer commanding in chief of the Pacific command, Major General G. R. Pearkes, V.C., D.S.O., M.C. As the general suggested, Prince Rupert may well feel a sense of pride and increased security at the way in which her men are rallying in this very tangible way to the defence of their community should the need arise to turn out and fight for it.

The demonstration, smart enough for a body of men which has been only six weeks in training, should be an incentive for many more men who have been hesitant about appreciating their duty and joining up—even if it may involve some personal sacrifice.

The A.R.P., Too . . .

What goes for the reserve in the way of recruiting might also be said for the A.R.P. The time seems to have now arrived when every man in Prince Rupert, regardless of age, should be seriously thinking of where he himself stands and what he may be really preparing to do in an actual way against the possibility of an emergency which we are told is more likely than ever.

For the men of 18 to 50 there is the reserve. For the men of over fifty there is the A.R.P. That appears to be the situation now. Only very important other functions should excuse Prince Rupert men from assuming duty with one body or the other. "Too busy," "too old" or "not well enough" may not always be legitimate excuses although they are heard often enough from people who would depend upon others to look after them and their interests should emergency arise.

How Low Their Spirit! . . .

How very much out of keeping with the serious spirit of the war and the cause for which we fight some of us are! A correspondent from one of the interior points, which community for the sake of its own good name we will not make public, advises us that, in protest at the shortage of beer, some of the people are refusing to buy war stamps or make donations to war efforts of any kind. We hope our correspondent is quite mistaken in sending this illuminating bit of information to us. If not, it speaks rather poorly for his townfolk.

Possibly, just the same, there is the tendency on the part of many of us to think this war is going to be fought and won without us being called upon to give up and deny ourselves very much. But it seems almost unbelievable that there is any one who would deliberately refuse to support the war and the cause for which we fight and thus help the enemy and his cause merely because, whatever the reason may be, he cannot get all the beer he wants to drink.

There are, no doubt, many of us who are letting our personal considerations interfere unduly and perhaps thoughtlessly with our honest and conscientious war effort but we are hoping that there are not many among us who would deliberately sabotage the war effort just because the country cannot produce the goods of war and at the same time all the comforts and the non-essentials we want. Such as there are are not deserving of much sympathy. They are enemies in our midst, foulers of their own nest.

Not Such a Bad Budget . . .

It is not such a bad budget after all. We had expected higher income taxes and we are getting them. However, they evidently are not nearly as severe as they might have been. The "pay as you earn" way of painless extraction of taxes will meet with general approval and we may be grateful for having half of the taxes owing still from last year forgiven.

There can be little valid objection at increased imposts on liquor and tobacco. Those who can afford the luxuries of drinking and smoking can fairly enough be assessed a little more for the war. And, if the taxes make it necessary for them to forego or curtail these luxuries, it will not hurt them.

Four cent postage will hit us all but no one seems to worry about the odd cent these days.

As a war budget it might well have had much more unpleasant features.

SPORT CHAT

The British turf suffered what many consider an irreplaceable loss when death struck three of its foremost trainers within three days. They were Alex Taylor, 80, most successful trainer of this century; William Rose Jarvis, 57, trainer for three Kings, and R. J. Adams, outstanding on the continent. Publishers and racing celebrities attempted without success to persuade Taylor, known as the "Wizard of Manton," to tell his secrets of the trade in which he made such a success. He retired in 1927 but remained in an advisory capacity to the stable until his death. His formula for successful training was simple—on paper. "All that is necessary," he once said, "is that the finest blood-stock should be selected and after that with judicious training it is only a matter of time for winners to be produced." Taylor was a man of silence and always sartorially perfect, who could rarely be per-

suaded to talk, let alone write, of his historic mastership of the Manton Stable which housed three Derby winners and won more than \$3,300,000 in prize money from 1902 to 1927. He saddled more than 900 winners in that time, including five Oaks, five St. Ledgers and four 2,000 Guineas. His entries won the Ascot Gold Cup five times. He trained for many of the most prominent owners of the day. Often he would have two or more runners in an important race. The results were not always in accordance with public anticipations and some bettors developed the habit of backing what they described as the "Manton Neglected" (the horse least likely to win).

Jarvis, one of three brothers famed as trainers, died following a third operation in a London hospital. Probably the tallest member of his profession, he also was one of the most reticent and in victory or defeat his face never lost his grim look. Descendant of a man who trained the 1821 Derby winner, Jarvis was trainer for King George V, King Edward VIII

and the present Monarch. His most successful season was in 1928 when he saddled 14 winners and his Scuttle won the 1,000 Guineas for King George V. He also trained Lord Rothermere's Godiva, winner of the 1,000 Guineas and the Oaks in 1940.

Adams, son of a prominent steeplechase rider, was trainer at Clarehaven Lodge, Newmarket. Prior to 1931 he spent most of his career on the continent and had most of his success in Austria-Hungary where he was champion jockey six times and rode three Derby, one Oaks and nine St. Leger winners. As a trainer there he was even more successful with six Derby, 11 Oaks and three St. Leger victories.

Sign of the Times: Capt. Percy Whitaker, 72-year-old Newmarket trainer, finds the labor situation so acute he occasionally is forced to ride his horses in early-morning exercises.

FOR QUICK RESULTS TRY A NEWS WANT ADD.

FRY'S COCOA

Canada's Most Popular Cocoa

GIVE GENEROUSLY TO THE CANADIAN RED CROSS

VARIEGATED MOSCOW

Each station in Moscow's subway system is done in a different architectural style and with different kinds of stone.

MOSCOW'S SUBWAYS

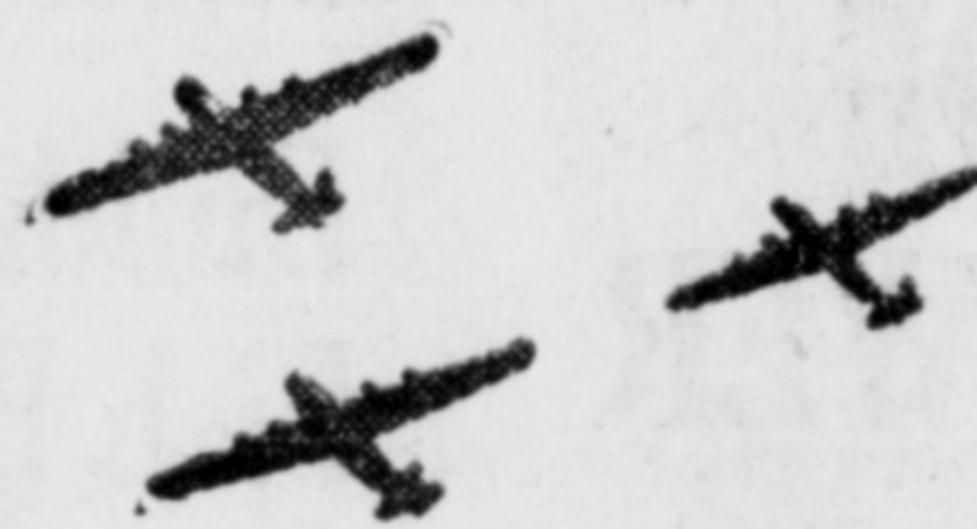
Moscow subway passengers reach the platform from street level by means of photo-electrically controlled escalators.

SUBWAY FOR 253,000

Oslo, Norway, with a population of 253,000, is the smallest city in the world which boasts a subway.

NEED MORE OXYGEN

An extra supply of oxygen is needed by aviators at altitudes above 8,000 feet.



Look Up, Mr. Farmer!

LOOK UP, Mr. Farmer. There they go, on their way—to blast a hole in the ocean where a submarine lurks or maybe to fix a Messerschmidt so it can't get home. Whatever their mission, you've a big hand in it. From the grain you planted and then prayed and perspired over came that all-important agent of war—high-proof alcohol. And from that alcohol came the rubber for the tires, the explosives in the bomb racks, the plastic for the shatterproof windshields. You couldn't point to a square foot of those planes that isn't somehow dependent on high-proof alcohol.

When you bend to your plough again, Mr. Farmer, and the furrow starts rolling over,

you're helping to bury as vicious an enemy as mankind ever had. For your fields are the starting point for tons of smokeless powder and rubber and other vital supplies which are going to our army, navy and air force all over the world. And you are a prime source of pharmaceuticals which help guard the health of our fighting men and speed their recovery from battle wounds.

It takes an almost countless number of things to win a war, and a great many of them, Mr. Farmer, begin with your grain. You grow it and we'll make it into high-proof alcohol. Together, we'll finish the job Hitler and Co. will wish they hadn't started!

Alcohol for War is used in the manufacture of High Explosives, Synthetic Rubber, Drugs and Medicines, Photographic Film, Lacquers and Varnishes, Drawing Inks, Compasses and other Navigation Instruments, Plastics, Shatterproof Glass and many other products. All the Seagram Plants in Canada and the United States are engaged one hundred per cent in the production of high-proof Alcohol for War.

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