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PR. RUPERT'S PARALLEL

A STORY of postwar Halifax, which feels just a little bitter about being the forgotten port of Canada's Atlantic coast after the years of feverish and sometimes almost unwelcome war activity, is told by Leslie Roberts in the Toronto Star. It bears striking resembled to what might be said of Prince Rupert.

"Underneath its back - to - normalcy exterior, Halifax is a perplexed and worried community with a serious case of the where-do-we-go-from-here blues. Its citizens complain about the way Canada descends en masse in time of trouble and turns its back on the place as soon as the shooting stops. This was also the favorite dinner table topic of Haligonians during the war years, but with a subtle difference.

"Then the tendency was to grumble about a descent which dislocated the way of life of the local citizens as it was dislocated in no other Canadian community and it was talk tingled with hankering for the good old days when you could actually walk along any downtown sidewalk without being pushed into the street. Now the question is what will likely happen to a city which is the focus of Canadian military activity in wartime and a forgotten town between

'It is the city's excellent port facilities and wonderful roadstead which tend, in their current emptiness, to give Haligonians the jitters as they ponder the future. Bedford Basin, where once merchantmen by the hundred rode at anchor as they awaited convoy departures, lies empty, except for a handful of rusting corvettes.

"But the basin's emptiness is sharply accentuated as you pass through the Narrows and down the harbor proper. There only one or two merchantmen lie berthed on the average day, where a year ago the stream itself was dotted with ships awaiting pier space. The huge docks behind the Nova Scotian hotel, where the troopships loaded all through the war, are visited today only by the occasional bride-ship, the Queen Mary or the Canadian Lady Nelson.

"There is anger which fear instills in men and the fear is the fear of the future, the fear that Canada will now proceed to let its finest all-year eastern harbor lapse into desuetude, as it did after World War I.

"Halifax is not sitting back and waiting for Ottawa to realize the inequality of this economic set-up, however, but has gone over to the attack through the courts. It is seeking a judgment which would force the C.N.R. to toss another \$500,000 a year into the municipal funds. and would up the publicly-owned railway's contribution by considerably more than 100 ner cent. If Halifax winst its test case the field of attack will undoubtedly be broadened. "A new department of industry is

out slugging for business. The tourist branch moves heaven and earth not merely to attract average tourists but swordfish and tuna. The fishing industry is getting a belated modernization and huge seafood processing plants are on the way. The apple grower is being schooled in modern packaging, the lumberman is The provincial government is about to set up a research institute, the purpose of which will be to get the most out of Nova Scotia and into the markets of the world

"In certain aspects, however, the problem of what for six years of war was an anonymous but appallingly overcrowded east coast port, remains an all-Canadian problem. In the words of Premier Angus L. Macdonald, spoken as he looked over the broad expanse of one of the world's finest and empties harbors: 'It's pretty nearly time Canada figured out the value of this stretch of water to the nation in time of trouble and governs itself accordingly."

All of which might also be said for Prince Rupert.

STATEHOOD FOR ALASKA

DRINCE RUPERT appropriately enough takes exceptionally keen interest in Alaska's aspirations to be raised from the status of territory to that of statehood. Such a change, and Alaska by its vote seems to be favorably disposed to that change, might well have as one of its sequels a much greater and real bond between the present territory and this port in relation to which it is so strategically located.

Statehood would undoubtedly allow Alaska to exercise a desire which it has long expressed, but which desire has been frustrated by the big transportation interests of the United States fortified by the control to which the territory is subjected, to make better use of this port and its facilities including the railroad and its more direct access to the East.

Statehood for Alaska, indeed, would be probably one of the important actuating factors in development of even closer friendliness and business relations between Prince Rupert and at least the Panhandle which would be all to the good in our own local development.

WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED-

that would announce the arrival of real winter. The sky was gray also, a dull bluish-gray, stretchgazed up into that vastness, you automatically breathed deeply and felt with wonder the sting of high in a great "V," came the wild geese winging their way towords the feeding grounds of the south. Faintly, so faintly at first, their cry came earthward, then louder as they moved overhead while their cries dropped all around, innumerable and hauntingly. But then they were gone -only the far Western Rockies and my longing to fly bearing silent witness that they had been

But another picture rushed into place. It concerned one goose on'y-a cander—the leader of the band. For many, many years he had held that noble place among his fellows but now it had ended. Bared of all such honor. he lay fallen, his feet neatly tucked beside a stuffed interior -upon my table.

his flesh lay smooth and dark beneath the carving knife. But he was special and approval continued to register on the fares grouped about the table in spite. of a deep uneasiness, for he was a hunting trophy brought back from Shawatlans area and a gift. to me from a young hunter who sat with us at the tabe waiting with polite impatience for the first bite. The moment arrived and every fork lifted simultaneously. Evervone murmured 'Mmmmmmm!" and chewed

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FF in this Prince Rupert by BIDDEE JINKS

that he was a tough old bird!

in these great birds.

Last week, late in the evening, hard. Another bite, this time was brought from delicious semi-drowsiness by the "honk! honk!" of wild geese. Wild geese! Immediately I was wide awake and, in memory, high upon an Alberta hill on a bleak early November day. It was cold. A hushed grayness lay over the land lying below and, though there was no snow, one could almost feel the small, sifting flakes ing high anl wide and, while one color upon the cheek. Into that great are on that day, flying

He did not smell too good and

found him—and refused to leave steps, to reclaim her family and choesing captivity with his bro- lead them back to the pond. with potate. Boy- Was it good! ther rather than freedom with-Nothing like game with a gamy out him. So devoted were the two flavor. Especially goose. But no that the Miners named them one cared for a second helping. "David" and "Jonathon." For "No thanks. It's awfully nice but seven years they lived together I had a late lunch today." Later, in the park until death claimed much later, we all agreed openly "Jonathon." A great horned owl For three weeks he fought the fought him in the dark and won. Of all the birds in Jack Miner's Another favorite of Jack sanctuary in Kingsville, Ontario, Miner's was an old gander "Jack

wild geese required the most Johnson," so named because he patience to attain which prob- attacked anything that ap- In winter he slept on the doorably explains why he loved them. proached his mate and her nest For five consecutive years, by -even to an unsuspecting horse. placing seven tame, wing-clip- One year the old goose laid six ped geese on his place, he tried to eggs beside a rail fence. Unpro-

induce the wild Canada Goose tested from the sun she finally to recognize him as a friend. On sickened and left the nest. "Old the fifth spring six landed. Jack" still hovered near, on lonely existence. Thereafter they came in increas- | guard. Three men fought him off ing numbers. Through placing and placed the eggs under a hen. bands on their legs and through The old gander never gave up his own personal love, Jack Min- the search for the lost eggs. Be-

He often wondered out loud pond. Eventually the eggs hatch- council refuses to grant licenses why people gave geese the name ed and, after a few days Jack for building bathrooms in pri of being stupid. He never agreed. Miner took the young goslings vate homes. Instead, he credited them with to a patch of fresh clover grass. uncanny intelligence and affec- He had left them to fetch the tion, this particularly between hen when he heard "Old Jack" mates, and even members of the coming from the pond, screechsame family. He told many ing and flapping as if he had stories bearing out these senti- gone mad. About six feet from the goslings he stopped dead, Occassionaly, Mr. Miner allow- stuck his huge head high in the ed his neighbors to shoot-in air and honked. Instantly every certain areas and after the mi- gosling flattened. Jack strutted

gration had commenced. On one forward caressing each in turn such a time a gander fell with a with his beak, whereupon each YARMON YARMON broken wing. Miner took him gosling arose, flapped a baby bone three wing and honked back at father broken wing. Miner took him wing and honked back at father. home, operated, and placed him Attracted by the noise, the from the in his sanctuary. But this gander poor old mother goose rushed was fisher had a brother in the flock who from the pond, falling every few by a trave

She raised her family but she HALSTEAN never recovered. Late that fall. The town town Jack Miner carried her into the cided to allow stable—from which he had just oners billeter turned out the cow. "Jack John- Saturday in son" never saw his mate again. matches. cow. Then for two and a half y years he gave himself over to watching her. In summer he slept at her head in the pastures. step of the stable. He never recovered from the loss of his mate and his disconsolate honkings grew unbreable. Finally, in desperation, Jack Miner was forced to release him from his

WHAT, NO BATHROOMS?

SAFFRON WALDEN, Essex. er awakened world-wide interest tween times he ran frantically to England (-"Unless essential his old mate who stayed in the for health purposes," the local

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Joe and Ellen's place is cute as a button. The way he's fixed up that recreation room! . . . Says it only took a few hundred dollars too. Wish I could raise enough to do the

Why not? Probably the only reason Joe has his recreation room is because he saved for it first. Canada Savings Bonds put you well on your way toward home improvements.

A NEW CAR?



Boy I'll be glad when I con imi old jalopy and buy a CAR I new cars are hard to get ... couldn't afford one anyway right If you purchase Canada Se

Bonds today they'll help increase your savings for morrow . . . help to make new car a reality.

YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

That deal we were discussing last night ... I think Bill's got something there. I'll bet I could make a go of that business . . . if only I had a little capital to put into it.

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