

THE DAILY NEWS

PRINCE RUPERT, BRITISH COLUMBIA

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DAILY EDITION Tuesday, May 30, 1944

Schools and Other Needs . . .

If we have become so used to them that we have forgotten they leave a great deal to be desired, it does not hurt to be told what an outsider thinks about our school buildings here in Prince Rupert. When the chief inspector of schools for British Columbia tells us that our school buildings are just about the worst in the province and suggests that we should have enough civic pride and interest not to tolerate their continuation any longer than is absolutely necessary, we can well sit up and take notice. To many, of course, such comment may not come as a surprise for we all know that our school facilities for a long time have, to put it mildly, been nothing to boast about.

With things municipally such as they are from a financial standpoint and with so many improvements needed beside and including the schools, how to rectify the situation presents something of a major problem. True our civic finances are vastly better than they were a few years ago but we all know that the works which we must soon carry out in improving practically every community utility and service cannot be done without some special financial arrangements. To commence with we might as well realize that any debts we incur must some time be paid or we shall be back in financial embarrassment just as we were ten years or so ago.

The problem, as we have said, is a difficult one but it is something that must be faced. With the boom of the last couple of years receding after having possibly done the city harm as well as good, Prince Rupert one of these days will be settling down to what we hope will be steady development and growth and some measure of stable and permanent prosperity. Public expenditure on schools, streets, sewers, water system, telephone service and other municipal services will be needed and something will have to be done about meeting the need.

Election Campaign On . . .

The national convention of Young Liberals now in progress at Winnipeg may well be taken as a significant political event. It should serve to rustle the dry bones of Liberalism which have been resting in peace for so long as far as anything in the way of political campaigning activity is concerned.

The C.C.F., of course, keeps busy in season and out with the most of their members making a full time job of political talking and organizing within and without their own bailiwicks.

John Bracken has been exceedingly busy of late, choosing to carry on his work of party leadership developing goodwill among the voters rather than assuming the responsibility of parliamentary membership at this time.

So the Liberals may well consider it high time to be getting busy on their political fences.

It may be assumed that the Young Liberal convention in Winnipeg marks the start of the federal election campaign with Senator Wishart McL. Robertson sounding the call to arms for the Liberals with an address which receives attention in our news columns today.

Meanwhile, the Saskatchewan provincial election taking place June 15 is the centre of immediate political interest. There are those who expect that, if it is favorable to the present Liberal government, the federal election will come not far behind — war or no war.

A Small Concession . . .

The announcement in the House of Commons yesterday by Minister of Finance J. L. Hsley that old age pensioners now will be allowed to earn \$125 annually in addition to their pension instead of \$65 as previously is another step, if not a very pretentious one, in the way of improved social legislation for the aged. It will be appreciated but is still a far cry from the general desire that, not only should the amount of the old age pension be increased, but the age at which they may be paid should be lowered. Doubtless, this will come before so very long as the feeling is all for it.

JOE BOYS BACK HERE

Acceptable Entertainment for Forces by Popular R. C. A. F. Troupe

By Dorothy Garbutt

The Joy Boys are back and they certainly bring joy along with them, what with their rhythmic band, their comedians, their singers and their series of smart gags, comic interludes and general high voltage hilarity! This time, still under the direction of Flight Lieutenant Fraser Lister (one ring up since the last time, so congratulations are in order), the troupe comes direct from Ottawa, under headquarters command. They are certainly good enough to be entertaining our boys across the sea.

The show gets away to a good start with an opening orchestra number. This orchestra is an eight-piece outfit under the leadership of Vern Duncan, pianist. Others in the group are Frank Kews, drummer, Bill Clayton and Joe Cartagnini, trumpets, and Jim Riceyo, Jack Saul and Ed Sullivan, saxophones. Throughout the show they play interlude numbers, accompany the singers and "make noises off" to lend atmosphere. They are dressed in natty brown and fawn sports outfits in contrast to the dapper royal blue blazer suits with silver buttons the other performers wear.

No particular person is M. C. on this show. One actor introducing the other. Through Archie Davey, the baritone, comedian and more recently dancer de luxe, we meet Rube Super, the outside comedian with the ladylike manners. Rube has his own line which is unexpected for one of his size—a gentle effeminate sort of a char-

acter which he has the good taste not to let degenerate into caricature. There's a touch of Zero Mostell in this lad. While he and Archie Davey spar with each other in the opening gags he patiently attempts to explain why he is no artist, although he paints men and women. You find yourself heartily in accord with him when the reason is given. Just to show how versatile he is he sings a couple of splendid songs in a thrilling baritone voice—until forgetfulness overtakes him and he leaves the mike in the middle of his song. But the melody lingers on, to the delight of the audience.

Next comes Archie Davey, whose vibrant baritone voice is as beautiful as ever. His selections are "Lonely Road" and the seldom heard but thrilling "Ride Cossack Ride" from Eric Maschwitz' light opera "Balalaika."

Frankie Lees, a young man from Vancouver and parts east, west north and south, does a smart tap dance routine for his first solo appearance, his second number being his impression of a tipsy waiter executed in tap steps, which include dancing on table tops, chairs and even the back of a chair. He's light on his feet and very pleasing to watch.

Pink Penderbury, a tall, thin-faced, sober-sided sort of chap but a double-talk artist of such skill that he had the audience in stitches, then recited a nursery tale of how Little Hood Redding Hide met the Pussy Rabbitt and the Jassacks on her way to Grandma's cocktail party and how the wolf got there first. But in this tale it turns out that Grandma likes wolves. After this, and in order to let the audience gather up what remnants of decorum were left to it, Freddie Lamert of Winni-

peg gave a remarkably novel display of harmonica playing. It wasn't what he played but how he played his various mouth organs that astonished. He even went to town on "Twelfth Street Rag" on a harmonica no more than two inches long. Freddie is also a first rate ventriloquist and later comes out in an act with Oscar his very handsome dummy, an act which has what so few ventriloquist acts have, really smart patter and amusing situations. Oscar is a lovable little fellow and it really was unkind of Carl Clay when thanking the troupe to say there were fourteen in the troupe when everyone knows that Oscar makes fifteen. Oscar was most put out, and I'd hate to be in Carl's shoes, for a dummy never forgets.

"It's a wise son knows his own father," is the basis for the next gag, the denouement of which is funny and unexpected. A serio-comic act called "The Last Mile" depicts the awful fate which awaits an airman who gets bushed. Hugh Watson, as the bushy, gives a fine imitation of the old school tragedian—and then along comes Rube, burlesques the whole thing and—well, it has to be seen to be believed. Although the whole episode was farcical, it gives an idea of what Hugh Watson could do were he given a serious medium.

Pink Penderbury, as a somewhat inebriated gentleman with gambling tendencies, takes on a number of his pals in a bet that he's neither in New York, nor Chicago nor not even in San Francisco. Naturally he loses. An airwoman skit with Pink, Hugh and Frankie brings down the house. They are somewhat out of the usual run of W.D.'s but their drill, done to tap steps, and their song lyrics descriptive of their life, aims

New Manager Of Wrens' Softball Team Is Named

Appointment of Sub-Lieutenant Booth of Toronto, W.R.C.N.S. officer, as manager of the Wren's team in the Women's Area Softball League was announced today. Sub-Lieut. Booth has had considerable experience in coaching and her experience in this field is expected to be a great help to the Navy girls' nine.

Co-inciding with the release of this news was the revelation that the Wren's team has acquired the services of three new softball players who will no doubt be a decided asset to the club.

The three newcomers are D. M. Griffith, of Crawford Park, M. McDermid, of Brandon, Manitoba, and Rena Down. These new members of the team did not have a chance to play last night since the Wren's game with the Allies on Acropolis Hill was postponed.

Engagements at Gyro Park, which would have brought together as rivals the Alumnae and C.W.A.C.'s, and the Air Force W.D.'s and Bo-Me-Hi, was also called off.

and ambitions are very funny indeed. Then there were the can-can girls, gaily dressed, light-hearted and as graceful as young helmers.

The quartet, accompanied by the band, sang an amusing medley of old time songs with the appropriate barber shop interpretations. A few more acts and the show was over. But we hope they'll be back our way again because shows of this calibre—breezy, bright and clean—are just what the doctor ordered.

PERILS OF SOCIALISM

(continued from page 1)

the small nations. We can best speak the language of the small nations. We can best speak the language of the small nations since in most ways we are a small nation ourselves, and yet we will be in a position to exercise a great influence on the larger nations.

"I believe it is our bounden duty to see to it that the head of the Canadian delegation to the peace conferences is the one who is best fitted to express Canada's viewpoint and the one whose prestige and influence would have the most effect.

"While their is general acceptance of the viewpoint among all leaders of the United Nations

that the future of mankind depends upon an increasing degree of international co-operation both economic and political—that in the working out of a program many obstacles bound to arise. If our goal be accomplished, we will see the maximum of goodwill, intelligent, inspired and active leadership. I am confident that in the person of present Prime Minister King, Mr. Mackenzie King, have one of the outstanding liberal figures in the world. His long experience in governmental affairs, his mind, his courage and energy of purpose have won him and for Canada a tremendous respect."

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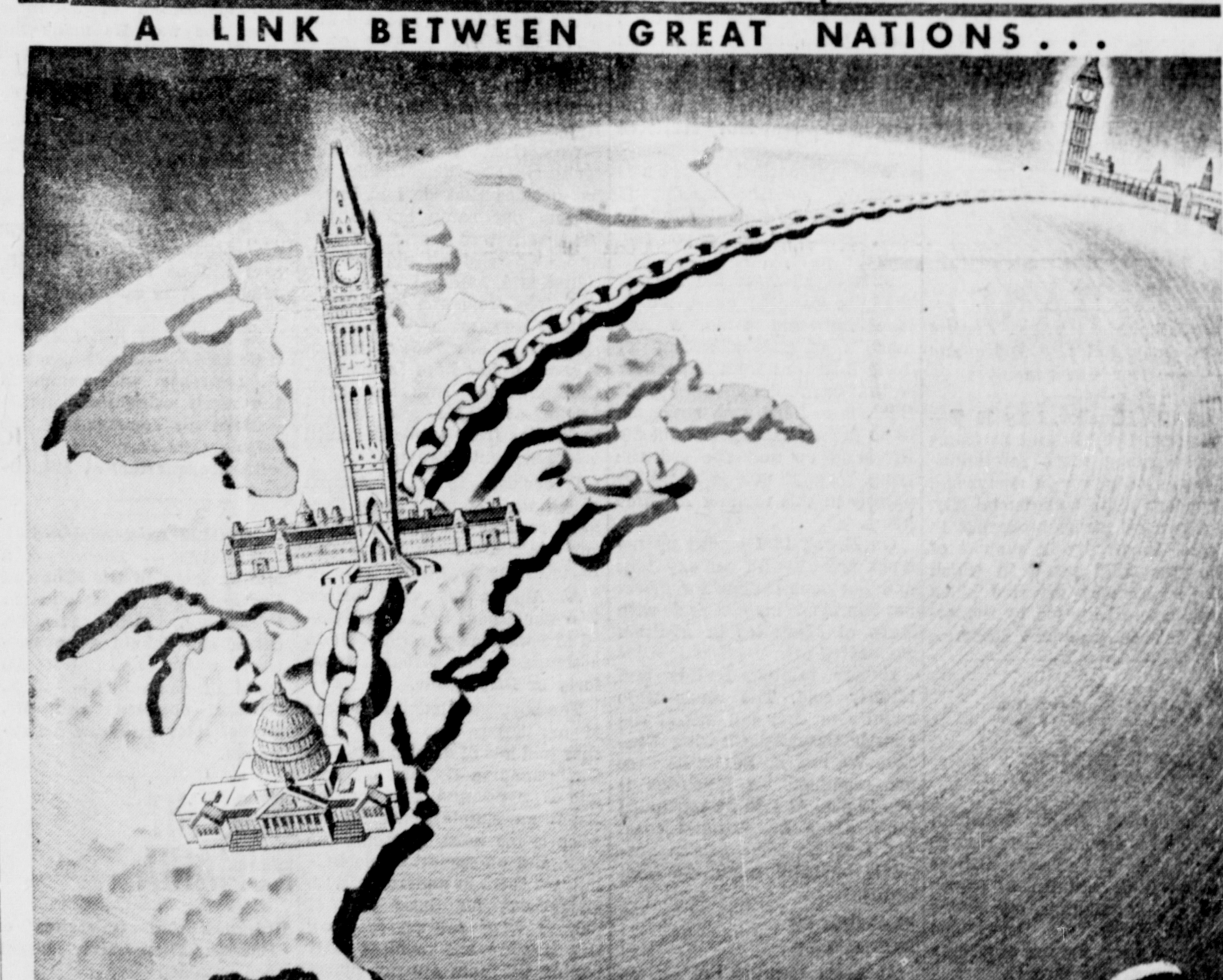
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