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BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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EDITORIAL

LET IT BE DELIVERANCE DAY . . .

There has been a good deal of talk of late about "V Day" and it plans are already being prepared for the celebration of the coming victory over Germany. In view of recent developments such preparations may still be a little presumptuous. We must believe in final victory but Germany is not yet defeated and thousands of our men may suffer and die before victory is achieved while we who live in safety and comfort at home talk about "celebration."

It is difficult for anyone with a sympathetic imagination to read the war news in these days, or listen to the war correspondents' descriptions on the radio of the horrors our fighting men are going through, and at the same time think of celebrating. "O, I have suffered with those that I saw suffer!" said Miranda to Prospero, in recalling the sight of the sailors struggling in the shipwreck. And many have lain awake on restless pillows these nights, entering into the sufferings of those young men who are paying the price of victory on the Western Front.

The day of military victory over the Germans may not be very far off, but in looking forward to that event we should think of it as a Day of Deliverance. That will indeed be an occasion for rejoicing and due praise and honor must be accorded to the valor of our fighting men and the military prowess of their leaders. But we must not forget that we have suffered many defeats and even disasters in the field, and that there were time when, as the Scripture says, "If it had not been that the Lord was on our side, when men rose up against us: Then had we been swallowed up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us: Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the proud waters had gone over our soul."

How often we have felt that during these past five years. If it had not been for the cause—the cause of Freedom and Righteousness—for which we entered this war, then had we thrown up our hands in despair and gone down to utter defeat. It was only our faith in the justice of our cause and in the Divinity that shapes the ultimate end of all things that saved us from despair. We firmly believed that Germany was in the wrong, that tyranny and savagery must not and could not triumph in the end. It was this belief and this spirit that sustained us in those dark hours of Dunkirk, of the Battle of Britain, and of the retreat in the African desert. And it was that belief and spirit which inspired the valiant men who stood at bay at El Alamein and finally "put to flight the armies of the alien."

In looking forward confidently to the day of victory and to the peace beyond, we must beware that the virus of German militarism does not enter into our own souls. Certain savage tribes had a practice of drinking the blood of their enemies in the belief that they would thereby increase their strength and prowess in battle. And we would be virtually doing the same thing if we gloated over the defeat of the Germans and celebrated the Victory in a drunken orgy of rejoicing.

Rather should we be humbly thankful for our deliverances, remembering the men who have suffered and died that we might live in security and freedom, and those who mourn for loved ones who will never return. Rather should we say, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Ueace be within thee."

So shall that day be "compassed about with songs of deliverance," and we shall go forth to win the peace with the same passion for Freedom and Righteousness that inspired us in the winning of the war.

**NAVY CONCERT
FINE GESTURE
TO CITIZENS**

Commander C. M. Cree's farewell gesture to the people of Prince Rupert, a concert by the Royal Canadian Navy Band of H.M.C.S. Chatham was a successful event of last night in the Naval Drill Hall.

The Naval officer-in-charge spoke briefly, thanking local citizens for their courtesy to the Naval service, and commending Chief Petty Officer Noakes, and his band, for their efforts to make the concert a memorable one.

Originally it was intended to charge no admission, but it was decided that a fifty-cent charge, with proceeds donated to the Red Cross, would control the size of the audience, Commander Cree explained, so that course was pursued.

Lasting close to two hours, the program was divided into three

parts. First, selections by the band were given, then the dance orchestra, and finally the full band reappeared to play the last portion of the concert.

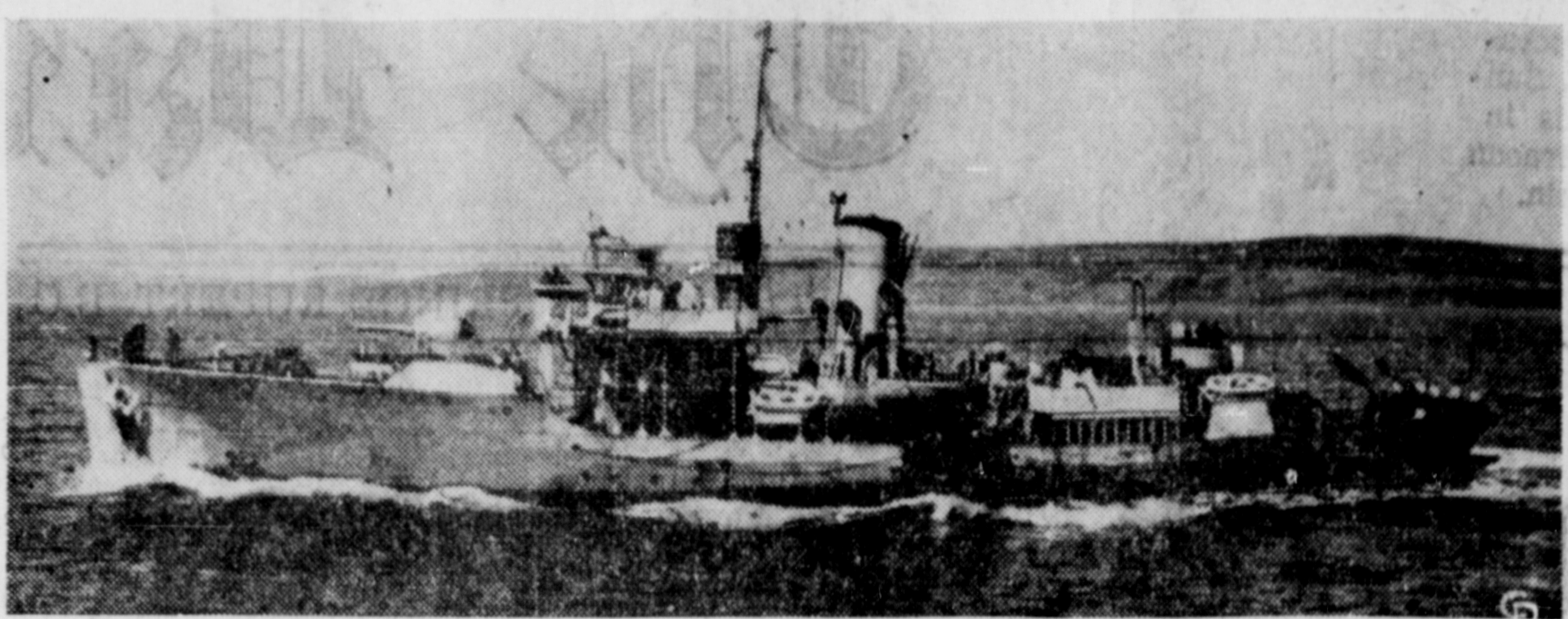
A highlight of the program was the singing of Sergeant Lorne Baird, Canadian Dental Corps.

In the way of a novelty, the band staged a "musicians' strike" during "Wee MacGregor" patrol and the bandmen walked off the stage one by one until only the bandmaster remained.

Outstanding instrumental numbers were selections from the New York stage production "Oklahoma," and a symphonic band arrangement of "Pop, Goes the Weasel."

THIS TIME FOR KEEPS

INVERNESS, Scotland. (P)—"It is absolute madness to think that the war is over," said Brig. Lord Lovat, Commando leader, at inspection of a cadet battalion of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. Germany must be thoroughly beaten so it would be certain there would not be a third war.



CORVETTE ALBERNI SUNK ON INVASION DUTY: 59 OF CREW MISSING—Second Canadian warship lost on invasion duties and 18th ship lost by the Royal Canadian navy since the outbreak of the war, the West Coast built corvette, H.M.C.S. Alberni, has been sunk with nearly two-thirds of her crew missing, it was announced by Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, minister of national defence and naval services. In the three and one-half years of her service, the Alberni was at sea during the most bitterly fought months of the Battle of the Atlantic, rescued scores of merchant seamen from torpedoed ships, was credited with the "probable" sinking of a German submarine, and saw service in the Mediterranean.

FOR LOYAL SERVICE

ACCRA, Gold Coast, (P)—About 1,000 Africans of the Gold Coast, invalided out of the fighting services and the merchant navy, are entitled to wear a badge of "loyal service."

KILLED BY BRACES

LONDON, (P)—A pair of braces killed 71-year old James Huby. They broke and his trousers fell and tripped him. He fell over a balcony and died of a fractured skull.

DIES IN OWN HOSPITAL

LONDON, (P)—Sir Isaac Henry Wilson, 82, known as Nitcham borough's greatest benefactor, died in Wilson Hospital, given by him to the borough and named after him.

**London Housewife
Lauded By Scots**

DUNDEE, Scotland, (P)—Air raid warden D. McNeil, just returned from a flying bomb duty in Britain's best morale house. "The determination of women to take things to come compels admiration," said.

"With their homes reduced most to ruins they just get of their brooms, sweep up the rubbish from any room left half habitable, and immediately resume their normal life."

Entertained Kruger

JOHANNESBURG, (P)—A native woman living in town, Johannesburg, reached 107th birthday this week, lives with two granddaughters, both of whom are still in the army. One of her clearest memories of handing a cup of coffee to President Kruger when he ped at a station on his Krugersdorp.



It's on the job!

**FORD V-8
ENGINE**

IN THE GHOSTLY HALF-LIGHT betwixt day and dark, a cavalcade of Ford military trucks speeds cross-country somewhere in Britain. Soon it's circling the "perimeter track" around a closely guarded R.C.A.F. take-off field. Wheels brake to a stop and the air crews pile out nimbly, climb into the waiting bombers. Swiftly the giant aircraft zoom up into the night . . . Berlin-bound!

At a bustling Canadian airport, a Ford delivery truck backs deftly in under the wing of a Canadian airliner. Husky attendants swing the load up into the gleaming underbelly of the plane. Minutes

count in the delivery of these air express parcels . . . this box may be carrying material urgently required to keep production moving in a vital war plant hundreds of miles away . . . that package may contain a drug or serum needed to save a life in a distant hospital.

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