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Better Policing

IT IS A WONDER that the suggestion should not have been made before that the Prince Rupert city police department should have a radio-equipped car. Certainly, such an item of equipment could do much to make for more efficient and speedy patrol service with the limited manpower available. For some time now such Alaska cities as Ketchikan and Juneau, smaller and much more compact than Prince Rupert, have had their radio-equipped police cars and have found them very useful.

Prince Rupert is growing rapidly these days. It is getting away from the real small town status and, with the increased population, are coming the good as well as the bad. With increased industrial activity, larger payrolls, additional people, more crime may be anticipated and, accordingly, greater and more efficient police protection will be needed. One remembers during the war, when thousands were here, the conditions that existed. There may be similar conditions with the new industrial activity but there will be no service police to fall back on as there was in war days. We will be on our own police resources.

True, there has never been a bank robbery or an attempt in Prince Rupert, but it can be taken for granted that, as a rule, substantial sums are on deposit. Who knows when such an attempt may not be made? Who knows that the bandits may not be already here? The odds have been considered against major banditry here in the past owing to supposed difficulty of get-away. The odds may be less now.

BOAT HAMMER MUSIC

THERE IS A HIDDEN MUSIC behind the erratic rhythm of the boatman's hammer these days as he tightens the rivets on planking and ribs. His is not the high speed beat of the flicker, drumming out his call through the woods, nor the studied measures of percussion instrumentalists in a band. He knows neither the natural compulsion of the bird sounding the tattoo, the formal time of the kettle drums, nor the sometimes surging crescendo of the orchestra. His is an uneven and gentle tapping, a simple function binding more tightly the shell of his craft, and the melodies that accompany it are of the mind and memory, not of the physical ear.

They are the songs made by a boat in the water, the almost metallic tinkle of small waves against a hull, the sibilant murmur of seas slipping astern, the measured drip of oars, or the sometimes soft, sometimes snapping noise of wind in canvas. These are elements of the symphony caught by the inner ear of the man who works on his boat at this season, a satisfying theme to which the light uneven rapping of his hammer is but the audible accompaniment.

PARENTAL DELINQUENCY

THE PROBLEM of juvenile delinquency has occupied the courts all too often in recent years, says the Irish Independent of Dublin. In the United States, that land of persevering experiment, a new and more drastic solution has been put forward. The town of Baker, Oregon, has recently passed an ordinance which provides that if a child is convicted of a crime the penalty is to be paid, whether fine or imprisonment, by the parent. It is not clear which parent is to go to jail; but it is equally clear that the town court will enforce the principle that parents are responsible for their children's delinquencies.

The results claimed for this experiment, are significant. It is stated that juvenile crime has almost disappeared since it was initiated. Such a result would not be surprising. There is a clear connection between lack of control by parents and the misdemeanors of their children. One of the most frequent reasons for juvenile crime in this country during the war, it will be remembered, was the absence of one of the parents in Great Britain. Moreover, parents have a duty to fulfil that cannot, or should not, be abandoned to the courts. The ordinance of the Oregon town may be unduly sweeping, but it is impossible not to sympathize with the reasoning that inspired it.

FOR SCHOOL PUPILS— LOCAL WOMAN DESCRIBES TAJ MAHAL FROM PERSONAL VISITS

Editor, Daily News:

While listening to our local radio quiz program, last Friday evening, I heard the question asked: "Where is the Taj Mahal?" Eagerly I awaited the response and when it came so slowly I was very disappointed. To the average person this may have an egoistic tendency of appearance. None such was felt. It was amazement that so wonderful a structure could be known so little about. I thought that, having seen it several times as a young girl and known well its beauty, through the medium of your paper it may be kind to pass on to our young school age children a little of its history.

Along the Strand Road, and just outside of Agra, near Delhi, is the Taj Mahal. It is built in picturesque repose on the bank of the Jumna River. Shah Jehan built the Taj as a mausoleum in honor of his beautiful and much beloved wife, Arjmand Banu Begum, better known in Semitic verse and in the bazaar tradition as Mumtaz Mahal. "The exalted of the Palace." She was revered as good women seldom were in her time of living.

The entrance to the Taj Mahal is very pretty. Apart from the four kiosks with their Saracenic cusped arches and the slender, graceful, scaly columns tapering from its gates, it cannot escape anyone's notice that the architect believed in the curious number eleven. Before and behind, there are eleven domes and eleven spirelets. There are seven different styles of architecture before its lofty arch and the scaly spire but few are willing to remain and examine the vestibule, the outer court of the Temple. Though it is a magnificent building of white and black marble. Everyone seems to pass on to the door. The Taj is within. The moment you pass through the door on foot you are surprised. Instead of seeing a large building close by, whose grandeur strikes you with astonishment, you enter a long narrow garden walled in by densely planted trees. The pavement is exquisitely though simply tessellated and the centre of the walk is composed of a row of shrubs set in a marble reservoir filled with cool water and outside the tessellated pavement are several rows of cypress trees, the Semitic emblem of death, the entrance to darkness and long oblivion. The plan of the narrow garden is so arranged that the Taj looks far away but, as a matter of fact, it is not a quarter of a mile distant. You stand by the fish pool half way up the avenue, forget the dark gloomy cy-

presses, look at the Taj, not as a worthy home for the beloved Mumtaz but as a building to be thought about and see how it can be so wonderfully beautiful. If you could see it by moonlight, it is a sight you would never forget. In fact as I have mentioned, its beauty makes it seem impossible not to be known about and, when known of, never to be forgotten.

It is almost as if a dome of pure snow had fallen from heaven, and there become crystallized forever. In its dream-like loveliness it seems to belong to another order of things, to a simple, severely chaste world quite different from ours. If one goes at different times as we did, it is the moonlight picture of the Taj which will be photographed in memory for all time. On close inspection, however, also for the purposes of a word picture, the Taj must be seen in the morning before the fierce heat of the day as the Indian sun causes the white marble to oppress the eyes. The open arch is the real entrance and about one-third of the height from the base of the doorway to the crescent that so gracefully mounts the dome.

At the end of the central dark avenue, wide shallow steps lead up to a low terrace of a reddish sandstone. From this rises a smaller white marble platform or dais, about 18 to 20 feet high. From the four corners spring slender minarets. On the centre of this platform is the Taj itself. A great, pure white lofty dome, amid the attendant minarets, rises between two lesser domes to a height of nearly two hundred and fifty feet from a base about two hundred feet square, more or less. The beautiful arching curves of the glimmering white marble are broken by a lofty Saracenic (Mohammedans and Moors) arch in the centre, and smaller, ones at the sides of the Taj. It is square, but the four corners which face the minarets cut off. As Sadi, the poet, who sat in God's garden has it: "the angles shorn."

The whole of this exquisite building is of purest, gleaming, white marble. Its snowy surface is relieved by the most beautiful mosaics in corneilian, jasper (likened to yellow opal), agate, lapis lazuli, with sculptured vases, flowers and lines in the most exquisite and delicate lacework in marble. No photograph or drawing can give an adequate idea of the Taj. Even this word picture leaves much to be desired. It is beyond description in beauty. Partly on account of its flat surfaces, which are in original marble, are relieved by its exquisite mosaics.

Taj Mahal

(By Sir Edwin Arnold)

"And ever in the womb of that white roof,
Echoes sigh round and round, low murmurings,
Voices aerial by a word evoked,
A footfall. Yet it will not render back
Ill noises or a rude and scurrius sound;
But if some woman's lips and gentle breath
Utter a strain, if some soft bar be played,
Some verse or hymn, or Indian love lament,
Or chord of Seventh, the white walls listen close,
And take that music, and say note for note
Softly again; and then re-echoing themselves
Reverberate their melting antiphones,
Low waves of harmony encountering waves.

"And rippling on the rounded milky shores,
And making wavelets of new harmonies,
Thus—fainter, fainter—higher, higher-sighing,
The music dieth upward; but so sweet,
So fine and far, and lingering at the last,
You cannot tell when Silence comes; the air,
Peopled by hovering angels, still seems full
With stir celestial, with foldings down
Of pinions, and those heavenly parting notes,
As tender, as if great Israfil's self—
Who hath the sweetest voice in all God's worlds
Still whispers o'er the tomb of Arjmand!"

No copy can do justice to the refinement and softness of the outlines, especially of its dome. There is no comparison, as the world has nothing remotely like it, or can give any idea of the spell and beauty of the Taj.

I am also enclosing a poem written by the late Sir Edwin Arnold. Hoping to arouse the scholastic interest of Prince Rupert's pupils into the realms of "Things Beautiful to Remember" I thank you for any special interest you may give this article in their interest.

(Mrs.) Florence M. Hicks.

PRAIRIE NEWS-PAPER QUILTS

WINNIPEG ©—The Citizen, Winnipeg's "reader-owned" morning newspaper, which suspended publication today, may be revived as a privately-owned venture. In a statement appearing in the final issue of the 13½-month-old paper, John F. Sweeney, its former general manager, said that suspension of publication did not necessarily mean the end of the Citizen. The announcement saying that the Citizen was suspending publication described the action as "taken from bitter necessity. Our funds are exhausted."

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LETTERBOX

NOT "BALONEY"
Editor, Daily News:
In your article printed in the Daily News of April 6, "Persecution Exaggerated," you state that the special committee of the Prince Rupert Chamber of Commerce reported the suggestions of persecution by the Police of Native visitors as a lot of "baloney." This committee would like to bring to your attention and the public that this statement was completely erroneous and at no time was the word "baloney" or similar words used.

The committee from the very beginning accepted the investigation as a serious matter and made every attempt to give the report the respect of which it was deserving. They advised, that within the limits of their investigation they had been informed of persecution but for every case so reported there were dozens of cases in which unruly natives were treated very fairly and protected from persecution.

Why the Daily News should attempt to antagonize a group of people who already feel oppressed is beyond our reasoning. Although the committee do not need an apology, they feel that an apology is in order to the Native population.

Will you kindly give this letter publication in balance with the original article?
Prince Rupert Chamber of Commerce Committee
L. M. Felsenthal
W. J. Scott
W. F. Stone.

(The committee is correct. The word "baloney" should not have been attributed to the committee by the editor in reporting the meeting but to a person whom the committee interviewed. The committee says the word was not used—Ed.)

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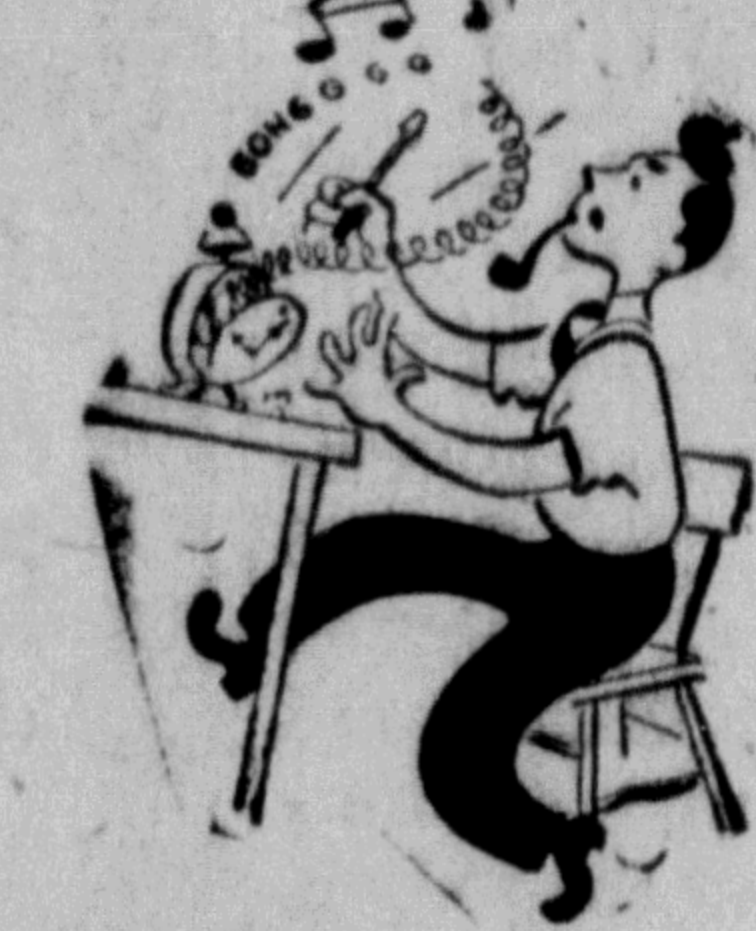
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