

An independent daily newspaper devoted to the upbuilding of Prince Rupert and Northern and Central British Columbia.

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Save The Museum

AS WE NEAR the climax of the election campaign, another much smaller campaign being held today may go almost unnoticed.

Our reference is to the appeal being made by the Prince Rupert museum board for funds to continue operation of the present building and to put something away for the new one.

The reason is simple. Externally, the building has nothing to back up the impression made by its magnificent totem poles and, were it not for the exhibits on display inside, the interior would be equally unexciting.

Yet the present building must be maintained until a new and more inviting one takes its place. If it is not, the collection probably will be lost to Prince Rupert forever and the city thus deprived of an attraction which could easily make it famous to travellers.

To prevent such a catastrophe is the purpose of those selling tags today. The amount they are asking is small but, if they succeed in saving the museum, the benefit to Prince Rupert will be beyond measure.

Mr. Webster a Miscast

ONE of the mysteries in this election skirmish is the whereabouts of the CCF. While Liberals and Social Crediters whack away at each other with fierce body blows, the CCF is off in left field somewhere, oddly subdued.

Locally all three have tangled to a certain extent, but in the overall scene the principal gladiators have been Laing and Bennett and their respective forces.

Some of the answer seems to lie in leadership. Whatever one may think about the individual merits of Laing and Bennett, few will deny that both have qualities of leadership which capture public attention. This quality was outstanding in the CCF's former chief, Harold Winch, and is equally lacking in his successor, Arnold Webster.

It may be that the CCF is standing aside in the hope that the other two will knock each other out and leave the way open for an easy victory. But the explanation is not a realistic one, experience having shown that the public votes for the parties who bloody themselves most.

In an election campaign the Third Man Theme is not a particularly catchy tune.



As I See It

BY Elmore Philpott

Just Like Jersey Joe

A COUPLE of weeks ago the sporting world was all agog about a prize fight. Vancouver newspapers carried enormous pictures of one of the contenders—Jersey Joe Walcott.

The prizefighter was carrying a Holy Bible, which he figured would act as a sort of super-duper rabbit's foot good luck charm.

But Jersey Joe lasted less than a single round—he went out for the count in two minutes and forty-five seconds!

RIGHT above the picture of Jersey Joe Walcott carrying his big Bible as a prize fight charm was a big splash by Hon. Eric Martin, who was "forgiving" hospital insurance tax dodgers a cool one million dollars—"forgiving" tax dodgers at extra cost to those who have faithfully paid up.

Coincidence is an amazing thing. For it was that same Mr. Martin who just one year before roared to assembled business men that the Social Credit party was going to Victoria "with the Bible in one hand and our platform in the other."

Was it not this same Mr. Martin who had his picture taken carrying an enormous Bible under one arm—just like Jersey Joe.

The people of B.C. have now had a chance to size up these new comers who shouted that they were holier than the other parties.

Mr. Reid, the Secred from Salmon Arm accused the whole teaching profession of B. C. of turning out "thieves, robbers, dope addicts, and prostitutes aged 13, 14 and 15." He finished his vile speech, with the familiar "holier than others" line, thus:

"Have no fear that the Social Credit government, under the guidance of Almighty God and the very able and courageous leadership of our honourable premier will remove the debris." It might have been wiser for

the Premier, right then and there, to remove such "debris" as Mr. Reid himself, and also to check into the background of the top officials and cabinet ministers of the Social Credit party in B.C.

Instead of taking a program made in advance for them in Alberta, and handed to them in printed form the B.C. Secreds would have been better advised to examine the actual records of the men they elected to high office.

Had they done so, they would have been spared the embarrassment which has followed the revelations of the past week.

NO PARTY is composed of all saints or all sinners. There have been good men, bad men, and half and half men, in all parties.

There have always been grand Christians (and others) in the good old Tory party; in the Liberal party and in the CCF. I never hope to meet a finer Christian than the "saint in politics" J. S. Woodsworth. But not all CCFers are always saints.

Nor is Social Credit any better, or any worse, than any other group. But when you get holy rollers in politics it takes time to sort them out.

THE GRAVE charge which can fairly be laid at the door of Social Credit is not that it failed to keep out all the crooks, but that it shouted to high heaven that it was holier than others. It abused the Bible for political purposes.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord Thy God in vain" may apply to prizefighters who carry Bibles to win prizefights. It may work that way in politics, too.

POLITICAL ROUNDUP

... by J. K. Nesbitt

VICTORIA.—A man in Saanich named Bate, who used to be a Liberal but is now an ardent Social Credit, hints darkly that there's a seat waiting in the Senate for Liberal leader Arthur Laing if he is defeated next week. "I think there will be somebody going into the Senate this year—poor Art," this man Bate is reported as saying.

No, Mr. Laing, even if he's beaten, won't be given a Senate seat. Mr. Laing isn't 50 yet. Who ever heard of a senator under 50? No, if Mr. Laing doesn't make it provincially, he'll try again for a seat in the House of Commons in the coming federal election.

This man Bate in Saanich was just trying to embarrass Mr. Laing, hinting this way that there's a shady Liberal plot unfolding.

So it is that anything goes in this election campaign. It doesn't matter what you say, as long as you say something. You don't have to have facts, or know what you're talking about. You just have to say something, anything, so long as it's shooting off your face. This campaign adds up to what appears a lot of madmen shouting and screaming in the midnight streets.

If ever there was a lot of nonsense-by-statute, it's those sections of the Provincial Elections Act that says buttons and badges are illegal in an election campaign.

What can be wrong with a person wearing a "I like Ike" badge? I went into Premier Bennett's office the other day, and he was wearing a green-and-white badge that said something or other about Social Credit being wonderful, etc., etc. I was intrigued, and gawked at it, but I must say I didn't

All Aboard

By G. E. MORTIMORE

A noted Canadian astronomer said recently that men of his profession are among the last few scientists who can exchange information across all frontiers. Russian and western astronomers still meet and write to one another.

In this nervous age it is soothing to see that the universe, at least, has escaped political coercion. Perhaps the tyrants and the rabble-rousers have overlooked it. We have so far been spared the spectacle of Senator McCarthy howling "Red" at a distant star-cluster, or Malenkov ordering the spiral nebulae to move in accordance with Marxist principles.

Against eternity, the rise and fall of a human empire is one tick of a watch or one quiver of a gnat's wing. The suggestion that astronomers might be muffled in the interests of national security is therefore somewhat absurd. Military secrets are small stuff compared with the secrets which astronomers are trying to solve.

Man has made fair progress toward controlling his environment, but one glance at the sky, where billions of suns whirl on their mathematical paths beyond reach or understanding, shows the triviality of human achievement.

Astronomers take long views in space and time. Through their telescopes these careful men measure starlight which began its journey when Nero was roasting Christians, or when our first hairy ancestors were cowering in caves.

To an astronomer looking upon the limitless universe, the great wars which rend mankind must be scuffles between factions of insects for the ownership of a speck of dust.

Astronomers know that people of all nations are fellow-citizens of a minor planet. If more men were astronomers, human affairs would be seen in a better perspective. Perhaps the sky-watching scientists, whose work is thought to be so remote and theoretical that it demands no censorship, may yet save the world.

One day the mathematicians with their calculating-machine may chart a voyage into space, the greatest adventure in human history. One day the questing telescopes may discover another habitable planet, or warn of the approach of that imagined enemy from space whose attack would force the people of the earth to mend their quarrels and stand together.

And if there is a possible meeting-ground for science and religion, it is astronomy. Among all scientists, astronomers have the hope of finding God, when He chooses to relax His censorship.



Saturday Sermon

THE CALL OF THE CHURCH By MAJOR W. C. POULTON, MBE

TEXT—"The voice of the Lord saying, Whom shall I send and who will go for us?"—Isaiah 6:3.

And not only in Isaiah's day but in this day the same "voice of the Lord" is to be heard on every hand. Isaiah was born in a day when the need for leadership was intense, and the supply short.

We have come to that same day in this era.

In case you mistake my meaning let me explain that I have reference to the kind of leadership that our text speaks of—"Whom shall I send and who will go for us." Leadership for and on the behalf of the God-head.

I will be amongst the first to agree that we have a plethora of would-be leaders. And everyone is bound to gather a following around him/her. Ambitious people who want to be in the front rank and not being able to do so in the channels of service that God calls them to, they break off and form one of their own. Sometimes these efforts are sincere and often, too often, they are merely for self-aggrandisement.

Leadership... Industry raises its own leaders and on the hard method of produce or get out. That is as it should be. The Bible bids us not be slothful in business.

Finance and Investment grants leadership to men and women of keen business acumen.

Here again we have Christ's own parable to justify such action, in his story of the King who handed out the talents for increase. But this young man Isaiah was called to leadership in Religion and Statesmanship.

Now it is quite well known that both these tasks are more or less thankless. Men, generally, are so proud that they hesitate to appreciate the Parson who points out what is sin in their life, and statesmen are usually applauded after they are dead. And yet it is interesting to remember that in these two great callings there is a Divine challenge.

The statesman enacts laws that control you from the womb to the tomb. Birth registration, school attendance, family allowances, Matriculation requirements, application for permission to marry, income taxes, registration of death, succession duties... are the main control that he exerts.

How very truly we need men or women called of God as our statesmen. The Pastor is the man that is at your call 24 hours a day. He represents God to you, not in power but in piety and teaching.

There are four great branches



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First United Church Sixth Ave. W. and Musgrave SERVICES at 11:00 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. COME AND WORSHIP Sunday Schools: At First United—Beginners and Primary at 11 a.m.; Older pupils at 12:15; at Conrad United Hall, all at 11 a.m.

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