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## Value of Salesmanship

IT HAS BEEN said often that we Canadians are too self-effacing, that we are sitting on a gold mine of which everyone in the world is aware except ourselves, and that we are too disinclined to sell ourselves in these competitive times.

All this may or may not be true. But if it is, there are some outstanding exceptions and every now and then one of these gets up and, without floundering about under misguided modesty, states clearly why Canada has reason to be proud.

The effect is like a tonic, and this description applies without reservation to an address made in New York recently by E. J. Umphrey, vice-president and sales director of General Motors of Canada. As his position indicates, Mr. Umphrey appreciates the value of salesmanship. He is obviously aware that the one true and tested way to get business is to go after it.

In any case, none of his listeners in New York could have failed to get the idea that Canada is worth some serious and far-ranging thought. As he was talking to businessmen, his comments on the buying power of this country were pertinent.

The national income—and I refer here to the country's earnings from current production, or potential spending money—reached eighteen and a third billion in 1952—an increase of 179 per cent over 1941. Today, after taxes and dollar adjustment, the average Canadian has two-thirds more to spend or save than he had in 1938. In consequence, our living standards, second only to those of the United States, have increased more than 50 per cent since 1941.

Turning to B.C., the fastest-growing of all the provinces, Mr. Umphrey found some more impressive facts. He pointed out that B.C., having increased in population by almost a half since 1941, now accounts for some 11 per cent of the national volume of retail business. He described the people of this province as an "ideal blend of British stability and American enthusiasm."

It must not be gathered from this that the speaker overloaded his listeners with statistics. He told them of the majestic sweep of the country, the enterprise of its people and the maturing hopes for the future. It was salesmanship on a grand scale and an example of native pride which others would do well to emulate.

As Canada grows up, it is learning also to speak up. No one suggests we become braggarts, but we live in a remarkable country which deserves something better than the silent treatment from those who are enjoying its benefits.

## Scripture Passage for Today

"The Lord is nigh unto all... that call upon him."  
—Psalm 145:18.

## OTTAWA DIARY

By Norman M. MacLeod

Robert Henry McGregor, Progressive Conservative MP for East York, is easily the most silent member of the House of Commons.

He may even hold the long-distance record for silence in all the Parliaments anywhere in the world.

He was first elected to his present seat in East York back in 1926. That is 27 years ago. And he has still to make his maiden speech.

In length of service he is surpassed in the present House only by Jean Francois Pouliot, Liberal MP for Temiscouata, and Hon. C. G. Power, Liberal MP for Quebec South. But both the colorful Pouliot and the brilliant "Chubby" Power are really glib members on occasions. Hence while they outlive the Sphinx-like McGregor in years in the House, they fall far short of his record of 27 years of magnificent silence.

**DEEDS RATHER THAN WORDS**

The remarkable thing about the East York PC is that, despite his economy in the use of the Queen's English, his success and effectiveness as a practical politician is virtually atomic. It was that way from the start. Back in 1926 he came out of complete political obscurity to win the East York Conservative nomination from the veteran W. F. Maclean, at that time dean of the House of Commons and an authentic celebrity as publisher and editor for many years of The

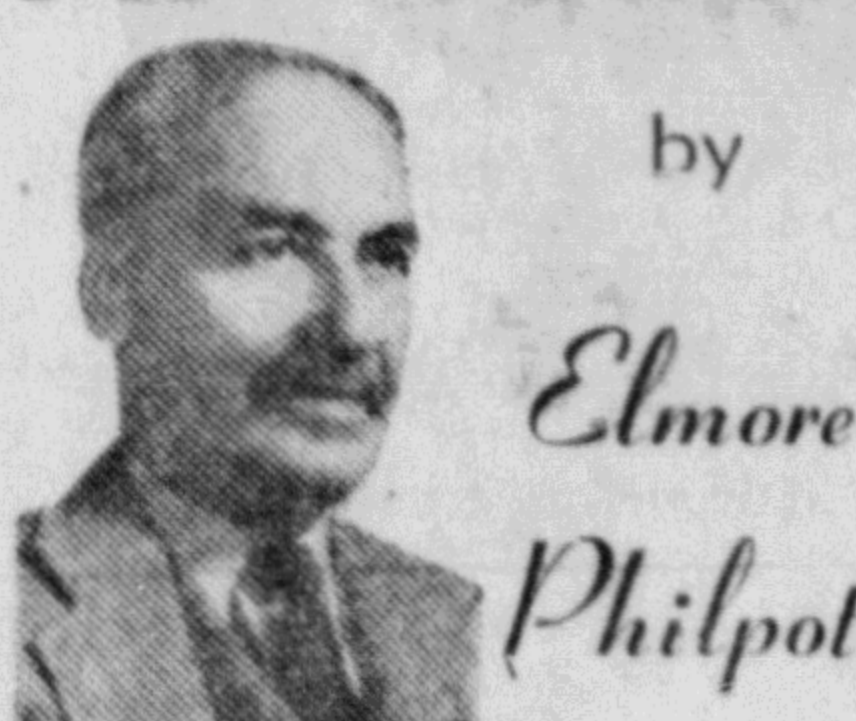
Toronto World. Maclean had refused to concede that "Bob" McGregor, then engaged in the riding as a market gardener, could challenge his status as sitting member. But when the votes were counted, McGregor was the nominee and Maclean was in the discard. Refusing to recognize the validity of the decision, Maclean ran in the election and claimed to be the official Conservative candidate. But once again when the polls closed it was McGregor who was successful.

Ever since that stormy start he has never been beaten. If his constituents miss the flowery eloquence of the colorful W. F. Maclean, they don't manifest it. "Bob" McGregor's silence in Parliament has become as solidly established an institution in the riding as the florid eloquence of Maclean was earlier.

**SUCCESS SECRETS**

McGregor's own formula for political success is that he relies on solid service to his constituents, rather than on verbose contributions to the pages of Hansard. A general hospital in his riding is a monument to his administrative skill to no small degree. His practical interest in education is represented by fine school buildings. No good cause in the community ever lacks an effective, if silent, champion while he is available. An MP who concentrates on practical interests such as these doesn't have to make speeches.

## As I See It



by Elmore Philpott

### WVA Lid Too Tight

IF I were asked to name one thing which, even now, this parliament ought to do in its final session, I would say:

Lift that WVA lid on allowed extra earnings.

Our country has no need to feel ashamed of its social welfare program. True it is a bit on the niggardly side. But no country can have everything. So long as Canada is as we now are, compelled to waste over two billions a year on war preparations, we can only have the bare bones of the national welfare and improvement program. That will be possible only when the nations reach that point, promised by the Biblical prophets thousands of years ago, when they "beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks."

BUT EVEN before the blessed divinely-promised day when the eagle, the bear and the lion will lie down in peace to "eat grass like the ox," Canada can round out her social welfare program in one simple respect.

The time to do it is NOW.

The War Veterans' Allowance is a grant to front line war veterans, and their wives or widows, who are not provided for in any other way. The present top limit is \$50 per month for single persons, and \$100 per month for married couples.

But what the general public does not understand is that these grants are not unconditional. Suppose a single old soldier or ex-nurse has a small income from any source of \$30 per month. The WVA will provide the extra \$20 to pad that up to the \$50 per month limit. In case of a married man the top limit is \$100 per month. Only a tiny margin of extra earnings is permitted.

THE AUTHORITIES make out quite a strong case against general increases in the WVA grants. They say "if we raise it to the level urged by the Legion and other veterans' organizations, \$60 and \$120 per month, we put the WVA people in a preferred category over the old age pensioners who draw the means test pension of \$50 per month."

Ignoring that argument for the moment—surely it does not make sense to keep the WVA lid screwed down as tight as it is now. Here are samples of letters on my desk right now which tell what it means:

Vet. Number 1 is 66 years of age. He served four years in the first war with three of his four years in France. He later worked for fifteen years for a provincial government. Each month his pay was docked 10 per cent for his superannuation. When he was retired he got \$58 per month from the fund to which he had paid in. The WVA gave him the extra \$42 to bring the total for man and wife up to \$100 per month.

Now Vet. No. 1 has the offer of a janitor's job at which pays \$30 per month. He cannot take it, for the WVA does not permit even that amount of extra earnings.

ANOTHER LETTER is from a widow whose husband, a WVA man, died two years ago. She writes:

"Mr. Philpott—\$50 can be made to provide fuel, food and shelter, with a struggle, but what about clothing and shoes, and care in sickness? The Veterans have hospital care but their widows do not. I am an ex-nurse, and have two young friends in fairly good positions who would pay me a modest amount to look after their mother, who is senile... but I am not allowed to avail myself of this opportunity... I wonder if the M.P.'s at Ottawa like to think that their mothers or their wives would some day be so limited as I am?"

Answer: No lady I don't. And I don't think the taxpayers approve keeping that lid screwed down so tight, either.

### Parole Extended

BONN (AP)—Former German Field Marshal Erich von Manstein has received an informal extension of his medical parole from war-crimes prison.

He will be allowed to remain free as long as necessary to recover from an eye ailment and circulatory troubles.

More than half the cultivable area of Japan is used for growing rice, chief food of the country.

## UNDER OUR ROOF

By JOHN STURDY

HOLLYWOOD.—Yesterday morning the letter arrived. It was from my wife, and it began with an ominous salutation, "Dear Sir," it began:

"Oh, oh!" I said to Hamish and Little Augie and Col. S. Skeffington - Smutts (Ret.) "Looks like trouble."

We had been sitting around our hotel suite—the Colonel sharpening his sabre, and Little Augie playing with a pair of lobsided dice, and Hamish watching Space Cadet on television. We have been sitting here for some weeks now, drawing regular pay cheques from Colossal Pictures and waiting for the studio to call us.

"Go on," said Little Augie. "What does she say?"

So I read the rest of the letter. "If you can drag yourself away from the company of all those blonde and brunette and redheaded starlets for a couple of minutes (Who? Hamish and Little Augie and the Colonel, starlets?), this is to advise you that it is now spring on the Island. Spring in Hollywood may mean a lot of different things, but here on the Island it means turning over the garden and mixing up the fertilizer and planting peas, and giving the dog a bath and painting the front steps and clearing away the dead leaves and buying your son a new pair of sneakers."

"Ordinarily I would do these things myself, but owing to my present condition I don't believe it would be wise—"

I dropped the letter from trembling hands and stared at Hamish and Little Augie and the Colonel with wide, thunder-struck eyes.

"I'm going to have a baby!" I said.

"Good show," said the Colonel.

"If it's a boy," said Hamish.

"I hope you call him Hamish."

"The patter of little feet," murmured Little Augie. "The sound of childish laughter. It's a wonderful world."

I staggered towards the telephone and called long distance. With pulsing heart I waited until the operator got through to the Island and then suddenly I heard my young son's voice on the line.

"Who's that?" the young son asked.

"Your Daddy!" I shouted.

"Hiya, Pop. What goes with Marilyn Munroe?"

I ignored that. With a nervous tremor in my voice I asked: "How is Mummy?"

"Not too good."

"Is the doctor with her?"

"No. He was here yesterday. He said there wasn't much he could do about it. Just let nature take its course. Look Pop, I'm listening to Roy Rogers on the radio. So-long, Pop."

The telephone clicked in my ear. I staggered to the couch and collapsed there, and Hamish brought me a wet towel and dabbed my feverish forehead.

It was then that I heard the Colonel's voice. "I don't see anything about a baby!" and I sat up straight and stared at him. He was reading my wife's letter.

"Ripple Rock in Seymour Narrows which has already been carefully examined on several different years, will be tested again this summer, for undoubtedly a danger spot. So now it seems there need be not the slightest question of a general

**IT NEVER FAILS**

The Brandon Sun remarks that there's an aunt they know who is always spoken so well of. She is, of course, such a good woman and that logically enough leads to her being tiresome. Hence, she turns bad woman, and then comes popularity.

There was a young girl from St. Paul Wore a newspaper dress to a ball. But the dress caught on fire, And burned her entire Front page—sporting section—and all!

A 93-year-old woman driver in Minnesota is reported to have struck a pedestrian. Well, it's just as well to remember that there's always a first time.

**OUR SYMBOL**

The more Ottawa tries to change Dominion Day into Canada Day the less it becomes that. Every time the annual effort is made the greater the failure. And it is going to be this year ever since 1863. This is one of Canada's comparatively few national symbols.

Good luck to the Commission, and a big thank you to the present company, who deserve it, in spite of adverse criticism due to a few bad breaks, and the ill-informed people who had nothing better of which to talk.

"INTERESTED"

"She just says she can't do the work on account of her present condition."

"That's it," I said. "Doesn't she explain that she's going to have a baby?"

"No," said the Colonel, "she says here, that she went to the annual school concert and came home with the mumps."

"Mumps!"

"That's what the lady says."

I grabbed the letter, and it was true. "So if you don't mind," the epistle concluded, "will you please arrange to come home and look after the chores Yours very truly"

Well, there wasn't much else I could do about it. A country house is too much for a woman with mumps. I can at least plant the peas, and perhaps by that time she will be up and around again and able to take over some of the easier jobs like digging up the rest of the garden, etc.

Of course, there was the matter of the weekly pay cheque from Colossal Studios, and it was decided that Hamish and Little Augie and the Colonel would remain in Hollywood so that the cheques wouldn't go to waste.

So this morning my friend came to see me off at Glendale Station. I felt a little sad leaving them; Hamish, with his wistful little eyes, and Little Augie with his pin-striped suit and his canary yellow shoes, and the Colonel wearing his sabre and his cavalry boots and his sun helmet. We had been together such a long time, it seemed.

"Good-bye!" they shouted as the train pulled out.

"Pac vobiscum!" I shouted back.

Til we meet again.

ray ...

Reflects and

Reminisces

A century-old English burglar, just given a term, says he might as well admit that crime does not pay. Nevertheless, it can make for longevity.

Viscount Montgomery arrived in New York Friday. An exchange of cards with the United States President is planned. They have met before. Name is Eisenhower.

Families totalling 530 with 1,450 children were added to the British Columbia Family Allowance rolls in March. In the same time 268 families left. But at that, providing you live here, it's not impossible to feel a bit cheerful.

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"INTERESTED"

## MILESTONES

From the Files of The Daily News

### 40 Years Ago Today

A lady with her two small children arrived in Prince Rupert going 1200 miles out of her way when she boarded the wrong boat in Seattle, thinking she was on the boat for San Francisco.

W. C. C. Mehan, general superintendent of the G.T.P. returned from an inspection trip up the line.

### 30 Years Ago Today

The city council repudiated the action of Mayor Newton establishing a conciliation board in the recent wage dispute and wired the Minister of Labor, Premier King and Fred Stork a resolution to that effect.

The city council is considering abolishing meter rents and establishing a minimum charge of \$4 a month for lighting services.

### 20 Years Ago Today

Alderman Casey made a resolution that the council declare its inability to handle its financial difficulties and go into receivership.

The Sisters of St. Joseph are negotiating to take over and operate the Bulkley Valley District Hospital at Smithers.

### 10 Years Ago Today

The new St. Paul's Lutheran Church was dedicated by Bishop H. L. Foss of Seattle.

The Allied Trades Council passed a resolution at their meeting that unless steps were made to improve the food situation at the Wartime Dining Hall and the drydock, they would eat elsewhere.

### Income Tax Quiz

Found on Page 6

The popular series, Income Tax Quiz will today be found on page 6 with another discussion in question and answer form, on how to fill out your income tax form.

### First Presbyterian Church

We extend a cordial invitation to visitors to worship with us, 231 Fourth Ave. East  
Minister: Rev. F. A. Wright, D.D.  
Organists: Mrs. E. J. Smith and John Currie.  
MARCH 29, 1953  
Morning Worship 11 o'clock.  
Sunday School 12:15.  
Evening Worship 7:30.  
Minister at both services  
"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it Holy."



EVANGELICAL FREE  
Station B Building  
11:00—Sunday School and Bible Class.

EVANGELISTIC SERVICE  
7:30 p.m.  
Mr. C. J. Carter will speak. This will be Mr. Carter's last Sunday in Prince Rupert before moving to Prince George where he will be making his headquarters. Mr. John Bergstrom and his guitar and Mrs. C. J. Carter soloist, will bring the special musical numbers. Everyone Welcome  
Wed. 8:00 p.m.—Prayer Service  
Friday 7:00 p.m. Children's Hour with colored slides

### FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Holy Week Mission  
March 29 - April 5  
Speaker:  
REV. B. L. CARPENTER  
of Seward, Alaska.

### TOWN SHOPPER SERVICE

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PHONE BLACK 921

9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

### PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

Department of Highways

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Applications to be submitted to the Director, Personnel, Room 107, Parliament Building, Edmonton, Alberta.

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## Saturday Sermon

By REV. H. O. OLSON, St. Paul's Lutheran Church

Calvary is a familiar name. Every Christian has made a pilgrimage there in spirit. If your parental home was a Christian one, you were there in youth. You were there at least during the Easter season when your thoughts were purposely directed by Christ-loving mother and father from merely Easter bunnies and Easter eggs—the artificial things that are legendary—to the cross of Calvary; to the true, deep and beautiful meaning of the Easter season.

You were able to see the form suspended on the cross of Golgotha's Hill, Jesus Christ, true God and true Man. Let us go back to Bethlehem's manger. There lies a small babe destined to bear a cross. From there we follow the Christ through babyhood, childhood youth and manhood in his early thirties. Christ remained silent in his village at Nazareth during all the years of youth and early manhood. Only after He had passed the age of 30 did He set forth on His world task to establish the Kingdom of God.

All along the way we see a soberness about the Christ, a seriousness and a devotion to some cause, some purpose, some goal in the future. As we look upon his pathway, we see a shadow of a cross before Him, the same shadow that hovered over the Bethlehem manger. It is a shadow that grows in intensity until we see Him enter the gates of Gethsemane's garden. It is there that we learn to understand the meaning of Golgotha. Truly, where obedience is acquired to fulfill the task of redeeming man from his sin. It was the soul cross of anguish that was given physical expression in the "sweat that became as it were great drops of blood." Therefore, Christ did not wait until He came to Golgotha to receive the

cross. That wooden cross, a symbol of the soul-crushed Him with such a terrible anguish.

When we face the trial, do we see the hand that extends it, and win the Golgotha through obedience? Do the steps of sacrifice had so many lovers of freedom, but few bearers of the cross. So many would with Him but not suffer with Him. Jesus was able to live His life in two sentences:

"I have glorified the earth. I have finished that Thou gavest Me to complete. Its crown is His atoning death. The prophet Isaiah the heart of the truth declares:

"But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was for our iniquities; the ment of our peace was Him; and with His are healed and God on Him the iniquity of

### First United Church

Sixth Ave. W. and Main

11 a.m.—Morning Worship

Communion.

Sermon: "The Word of God"

Antiphon: "Children of Men"

7:30 p.m.—Evening Worship

Sermon: "The Word of God"

Antiphon: "Come Unto Me"