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Closed Doors

A RECENT survey of the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion presents a rather disturbing suggestion. It is that Canadians have grown fearful for themselves. They are fearful that they could not compete successfully with workers from abroad.

As late as 1950, more than 50 per cent of the people were pulling for an open-door policy to outsiders.

Today the emphasis has changed. Thirty-six per cent of Canadians, says Public Opinion, still favour more immigration, but 55 per cent want to shut the door again.

It becomes quite clear that personal interest, not public advantage is the reason for this attitude. The emphasis is on soft and unchanging security, not on a hopeful and aggressive future.

What does not seem to have occurred to many people is that security must be guarded, or it is not secure, and that there is an inherent danger in a limited and static population in a country as vast and as blessed as Canada.

We possibly have not yet come to realize that, short of robbing some other activity, there is no population to be drawn upon either for our protection or for the full development of our vast resources.

Some day we may have to face the question: Will we possess this land, or lose it

Investigating Other Services

CHANGE in a boat schedule and the resultant difficulty in bringing perishable foods to the city at regular intervals has presented a problem which food merchants are trying to solve.

We recognize this as a problem which affects everyone in the city and we endorse the efforts of merchants who want this service or a similar one restored.

There are other boats, however, coming into the city on Sundays and Mondays during the summer months. Perhaps it is worth investigating whether these summer boats might bring in these perishable products.

Says Montreal Physician

Think, Speak, Act As Canadians

LONDON, Ont. (CP)—Dr. Adrien Plouffe, Secretary-General of La Société des Écrivains Canadiens, said today that French- and English-speaking Canadians should think, speak and act Canadian.

Dr. Plouffe, a Montreal physician and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, represented his writing group—The Society of Canadian Writers—at the Canadian Authors' Association's annual meeting.

In an address prepared for delivery before the Association, Dr. Plouffe said:

"We belong to two of the greatest races in the world but we must realize that the time has come when, after nine or 10 generations, we should be Canadians first."

"Of course I am aware of the fact that some of our English compatriots are still thinking British, and you know pretty well, too, that some of our French compatriots are still dreaming of a French-Canadian republic or kingdom."

In his opinion, "these people are both mighty wrong." The two races fought against each other in the early days of Canada, but "both have proved to be great."

There were 60,000 French-speaking habitants in 1763 when Canada "was abandoned by France into the hands of England." Now, there were 5,000,000 in the province of Quebec, in the other provinces and in the United States.

"This is a fact and we can think of it with a cheering and grateful heart, but this does not mean that French-Canadians must isolate themselves in the symbolic memories of the past, unaware of their actual duties and obligations. From now on French-Canadians must look straight in front of them, think of the present and open their minds to the future."

Of the language question, Dr. Plouffe said that if the English want to limit themselves to speaking English, "so much the worse for them."

This did not alter the fact that "we form a minority of 4,000,000

French-Canadians and, unless we are lucky enough to be born under an auspicious star, we will never amount to much unless we know at least some English."

With Canada and the United States becoming "more inundated by immigration," French-Canadians would be better off in any line if they knew English.

"Whether we will it or not, the best way to earn our living and to work to preserve our French heritage is to learn English at the same time as French. If the English and Americans can afford to do without French, we cannot afford not to learn English."

On the other hand, Dr. Plouffe found that "the trouble with too many English-Canadians is they would like to speak perfect French right away." They also were shy and lacked confidence in trying to speak French, and they "pretend that we are not speaking Parisian French, as they say."

The English-speaking person wanting to learn French must be patient and persevering, said Dr. Plouffe. Timidity over mistakes should be forgotten.

Those who studied French in high school and never spoke it



COMMONWEALTH LEADERS—Prime Minister Menzies of Australia, left, chats with Canada's Prime Minister St. Laurent during a four-day visit to Ottawa. Mr. Menzies told reporters he may discuss with the Canadian cabinet the possibility of calling a Commonwealth trade conference. (CP PHOTO)

Senate Appeals for New Divorce Method

OTTAWA (CP)—The Senate divorce committee today renewed its plea that Parliament find some other way to dissolve marriages contracted in Quebec and Newfoundland than by act of Parliament.

The committee's final report, tabled by Senator W. M. Aseltine (PC—Saskatchewan) said 313 divorce petitions were recommended for parliamentary approval—the second highest number recommended at one session and the second time since the war Parliament has been asked to approve more than 300 divorces.

The record was set in the 1947 session when 348 marriages were dissolved for residents of the two provinces, the only provinces without divorce courts. In two sessions of Parliament in 1949, 350 divorces were granted.

A comparison between husbands and wives seeking divorces in all of Canada between 1947 and 1951 showed that wives were in the majority in all five years.

The report included figures showing that the number of divorces in Canada since 1947 declined steadily from 8199 to 5163 in 1951.

Ontario granted the greatest number of divorces last year at 2002 and showed a steady decline since 1947 when 3509 marriages were dissolved. British Columbia was second with 1339 last year, also a decline from 1826 in 1947.

Alberta was third with 589 last year, up 55 from 1950, compared with the five-year peak of 881 in 1947. Manitoba granted 361 divorces in 1951, an increase of 52 over 1950 but below the five-year peak of 665 in 1947.

Quebec followed with 290 in 1951, an increase of 56 over 1950, but below the five-year peak of 350 in 1949. Saskatchewan granted 226 divorces last year following a steady five-year decline from 509 in 1947.

Nova Scotia, where divorces dipped sharply to 78 in 1948 from a five-year peak of 207 in 1947, granted 187 last year, a drop of 12 compared with 1950.

New Brunswick continued a steady decline to 156 last year from the five-year peak of 236 in 1947.

Prince Edward Island declined from a peak of 49 in 1948 to 10 last year. In 1947, 18 divorces were granted in P.E.I.

Figures for Newfoundland since entry of that province into Confederation showed five divorces in 1950, four last year and three this year.

Popular Castle

ARUNDEL, England (CP)—The Duke of Norfolk has again opened his castle in Sussex to the public, and believes it is one of the most popular aristocratic houses in England. During the four-months public season the castle has about 130,000 visitors now, compared to 80,000 before the war.

Norway Celebrates

OSLO (CP)—King Haakon's 80th birthday anniversary on Sunday, Aug. 3, will be observed by two days of festivities in the capital. Services on the Sunday will be followed by a public drive and festival, while the following day will see a reception and state banquet.

afterwards had only a theoretical knowledge of French. Without the exercise of conversation they would never be able to speak it.

As to the opinion of some that French-Canadians speak a kind of "patois," Dr. Plouffe recalled the names of many French-Canadians who have lectured in Paris and were congratulated on their French.

Parisian French is "a mere legend," said Dr. Plouffe, who lived in France 14 years.

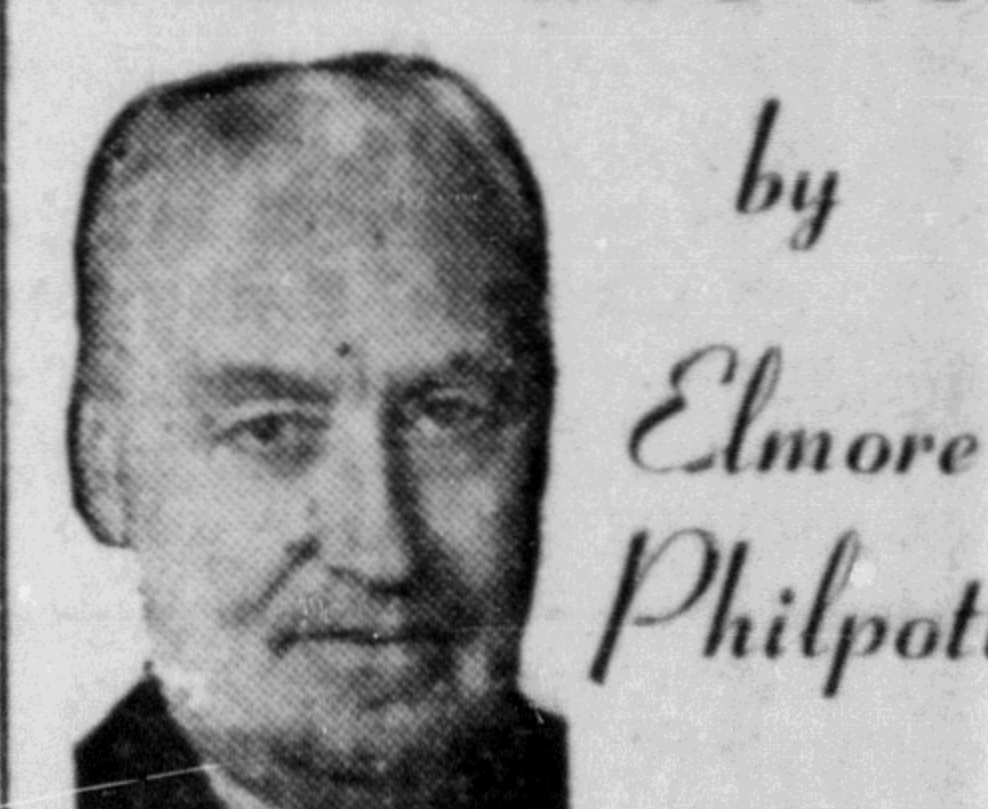
"Of course," all French-Canadians do not speak perfect French, but, please tell me, do you think all Frenchmen from France speak French as it is spoken in the Temple of I'Academie Française or in other learned societies? And do you think that all Englishmen from England speak English as it is spoken in the Royal Society of England?"



TREASURE HUNTER—Flying the Jolly Roger from his yacht, Bucaneri II, Cliff Stuart of Toronto sails from Halifax in search of sunken treasure. Stuart says he has information on loot in the south seas and his trip is not a "wild plunge." (CP PHOTO)

ray Reflects

As I See It



by Elmore Philpott

Mr. Power Is Right

IT IS HARD for me to grasp the fact that the Honourable Chubby Power has become the Dean of the House of Commons—not because he is the oldest MP but because he alone has sat in parliament continuously since World War I.

The very first speech that Chubby ever made in parliament was a good one—in fact, a smash hit. It was a demand, by the young soldier himself just back from the front, that we bring home the Canadian troops from Siberia. With a foolishness that now seems incredible, we had allowed ourselves to get sucked into the interventions in Russia, against the new revolutionary government.

The chief effect of these interventions was that the people of Russia rallied behind the Red government, which probably would never have survived otherwise. Young Captain Power exposed the folly of what we were doing—and not long afterwards our men were called home.

THIS YEAR, just a third of a century later, Mr. Power has made a series of speeches well worthy of his position as Dean of the House. He tells his fellow MPs and especially his fellow Liberals, that the time has come to end the disgraceful process of carving and recarving constituencies just before each general election.

Instead of fixing the boundaries of the constituencies for sheer partisan expediency, Mr. Power thinks that parliament should set up a commission to perform that task.

Mr. Power would not go as far as Mr. Knowles of the CCP—who would take the responsibility out of the hands of parliament permanently. Under the Power plan parliament would have the final authority. But there would be no more excuse for what we see in parliament this year—carving up of regions into what looks like a crazy quilt—for no other excuse except the advantage of the party in office.

AS AN EXAMPLE of the purely partisan approach to redistribution of seats we see the crude attempt by some Liberals of Saskatchewan to combine the seats held by Mr. Diefenbaker of the Conservatives and Mr. Ross Thatcher of the CCF. If you draw that proposed combined constituency on the map it looks something like the nursery rhyme:

A wonderful bird is the Pelican—It's bill can hold more than its belly can.

Likewise in B.C. One proposal is that one constituency should play a game like hop-scotch—jumping backwards and forwards across the Fraser River to keep batches of "good" votes in the win column.

THERE IS a natural political map of Canada, and of every province, or big city in Canada. Any kind of fair minded board could fix constituency boundaries on a sensible and fair basis. The chief electoral officer could do the job, perfectly. Certain regions and certain districts within cities have clear-cut interests in common.

Under the party system of redistribution by what is called "gerrymander" the effect is to prevent vast numbers of people

Asia and the Far East could be a bit jittery just now—that is in spots. There's a nervous habit of trying to foresee what's going to happen next. Remember back in 1904? The Czar was taking a beating from Japan, and Moscow sent naval reinforcements under Admiral Rodjensky. Off Dogger Banks in the North Sea, on a misty morning, he fired on British fishing boats imagining they were from Tokyo. The admiral was not quite himself. Conceivably, Russia might do something like that again. It's not impossible.

Finding one's way from Second Avenue to the waterfront seems simple enough, and so it is after living here twenty years. But it's not that way with the stranger trying to return to the boat after an up-town stroll of twenty minutes.

"Say, how do you get down to the wharf? Which way is the steamer?" More and more is the query heard, as tourists saunter on Second Avenue. It's natural enough for there is nothing in the way of a sign to indicate where it might be. There's nothing at Second and Sixth to suggest shipping and warehouses.

IN THE BACKGROUND Fate, or purpose of the two diplomats who vanished from the British service not so long ago remains apparently unknown. Another public servant, Marshal, is being prosecuted, charged with attempting to give documents to the Soviet. Somehow, Moscow persists in making others think of headaches.

HOW COME? A couple of Texans, in Prince Rupert Wednesday, had questions to ask. They said they had been accustomed too long to hundreds of miles of level land. It seemed to have disappeared here. Which was north? How could the towns be on an island? Could anyone fly where everything was so high up and low down? By gum, it had them guessing.

Due to living costs, printers' strikes have spread to Scotland, the office of a weekly in Dundee having closed, according to a recent letter. Some are saying this seldom happens, and how true it is remains to be discovered. There has also been a strike lasting nine days in the office of the Sydney (Australia) Sun. Living expenses had nothing to do with it. There had been three dismissals, it being claimed the company had failed to follow the "last to come, first to go" principle.

EDITOR, The Daily News: I would deeply appreciate space in your column to extend an invitation to all pipe smokers amongst your readers.

Our organization, The Montreal Pipe Smokers Club, is a non-political, purely fraternal organization, formed to further the collection, discussion, and enjoyment of pipes and smoking tobaccos. As the only Canadian member of The International Association of Pipe Smokers' Clubs, we would like to invite correspondence from any pipe smoker interested in forming a Pipe Club in his area. Interested parties should write the undersigned.

Harold R. Levy, President, Montreal Pipe Smokers Club, 911 Dunlop Avenue, Outremont, Montreal, Que.

from being represented in parliament as they want to be represented.

Mr. Power is right. The time has come to end the whole cheap cheating business. A hundred years from now people will be amazed at our way of cutting and carving up regions—just as we are amazed when we read in the British history books about the old "pocket boroughs" or "rotten boroughs" which were tolerated till 1832.

UNDER OUR ROOF

One of the joys of living in the country is the constant element of surprise. We had just got over our telephone trouble when the water backed up through the drain pipes and threatened to flood the house.

Of course, this shouldn't have bothered my family and myself too much because we're not

living in the house. We have been camping in the shed since our guests—Hamilish and Little Augie and Col. S. Skeffington-Smuts (Ret.) and his wife, Anastasia—came to visit us for a weekend back in 1951 (or was it 1950?) and took over the house.

Our guests are pretty helpless in an emergency, and when Hamilish reported that the drain pipe was clogged, I immediately took charge. "Get the Drains, dear," I said to my wife. "I'll have this fixed in a minute."

Three cans of Drains and an hour later, we were in the same predicament, only worse. Someone forgot to tell Col Skeffington-Smuts, who was taking one of his frequent baths in the upstairs bathroom. When the Colonel pulled the plug the rest of us were in the kitchen, and we swam safely out of the back door. I rescued Little Augie, who is a non-swimmer and never goes near water of any kind.

IT'S SIMPLE IN THE CITY

In the city, of course, a clogged drain is a fairly simple matter. You just pick up the telephone and call the plumber, and he comes along and takes a look, goes home for his tools and returns to fix the matter in a plumber's jiffy. (A plumber's jiffy is not to be confused with an ordinary jiffy, being much more expensive, for one thing.)

But when your house perches on a high rock cliff jutting into the sea, a serious problem immediately presents itself. Where do the drains go?

Don't be silly, you say—they go into the sea, of course. That was just the sort of remark that Hamilish made, whereupon I pointed out to him that we were in a period of high tides and that the outlet pipe would be under water.

I said the only thing to do was to get shovels and dig around the house until we struck an outlet pipe. Of course, there was the small question of where to dig.

Col Skeffington-Smuts, who was now dressed and listening to this discussion, went away and re-appeared with something that looked like a small radio. "A Gieger counter," he explained, and went carefully around the house and all over the cliff, using his machine. Eventually he came back, shaking his head.

"Nothing here but uranium," he reported sadly.

Well, that was that, so I borrowed some shovels from the neighbors and set my crew to work. The only one missing from the gang was Anastasia, the Colonel's wife, who had gone into the village to purchase a new supply of curry powder which the Colonel consumes in fantastic quantities.

HOLES EVERYWHERE

By nightfall the area around the house looked as though an infantry regiment had dug in for the summer. There were holes and trenches everywhere, and great mountains of earth and rock. But no outlet pipe.

I must say that Little Augie amazed me. The ex-blind pig king, who is usually adverse to any kind of labor, had dug himself such a hole that in the end

we had to get a rope to pull him out. He came up with an Indian skeleton and a couple of gooey ducks, but no pipe.

Eventually I called a halt. We were nowhere—except, maybe to Australia—and anyway darkness was falling.

Well, about midnight the Colonel came to the shed and wote me, "I'm worried about Anastasia," he said. "She's never stayed out this late before. Are there any sailors in town?"

"Oh, shut up, Colonel," I muttered, "and go back to bed."

It was after breakfast the next morning when I issued orders to fill up the holes. And it was when Little Augie threw the first shovel-full of earth back into his enormous excavation that we heard the muffled scream.

Well, it took quite a time for us to bring Anastasia to the surface. She's quite heavy, you know, and the rope broke several times. She had fallen into the hole on her way back from the village, and during the night she had burrowed like a bit trying to get out, but unfortunately she didn't find the pipe!

At that moment the Colonel appeared from the house, stared at his wife, and shouted, "Where have you been?"

Then we had to get the rope again to pull the Colonel out of the hole, where Anastasia threw him.

SCOT PIONEERS

Turner Valley in Alberta was named after the Scottish-born Robert and James Turner, who took homesteads there in 1886.

STANTON, England (CP)—Allotment holder in this community is trying to stop a plan to build a vegetable factory. Each night he leaves fresh vegetables lying around with a sign that says "help to help the produce still in the ground."

FAMOUS HIGHWAY The Alaska Highway stretches 1523 miles from Dawson City to Fairbanks, with 1221 mile Canada.

At what age do most women retire

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(Continued from page 1)

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