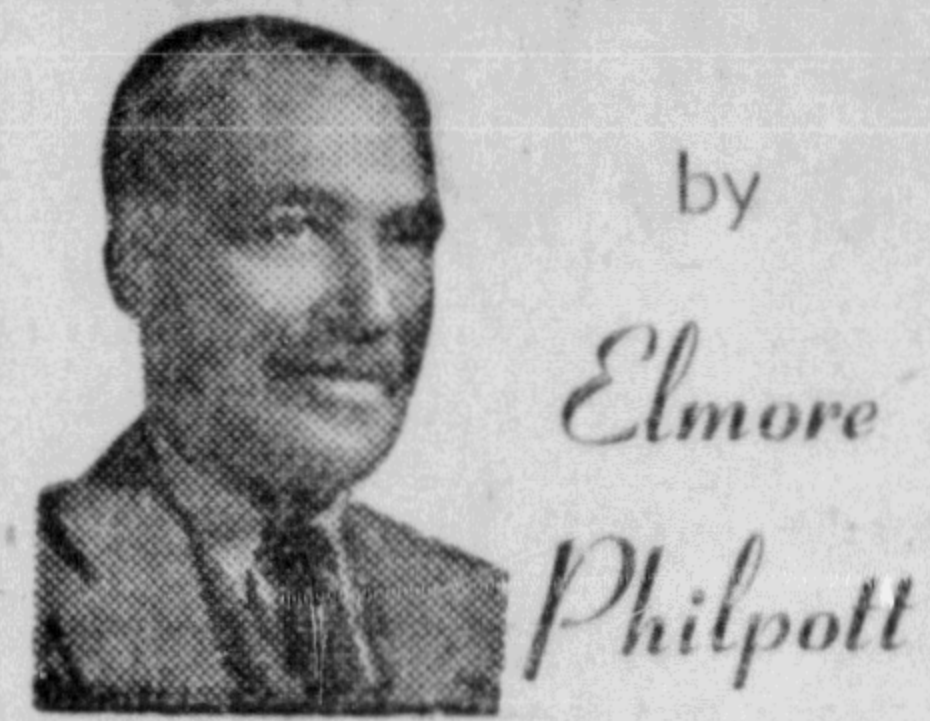


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As I See It



by
 Elmore
 Philpott

Supports Both Mikes

I'M a soft hearted old cuss, in spite of my sour puss pictures. When I heard Lester Pearson's radio talk made on my behalf from the UN headquarters in New York, I got a lump in my throat.

It was not just because of the nice things that "Mike" was saying to help me get elected MP in Vancouver South, though they moved me deeply too. It was because of another Mike, who taught Lester Pearson and a vast number of others, including me, at old Hamilton Collegiate away back when . . .

MIKE was our favorite teacher, for many reasons. One reason was that he was guardian, chaperone and loyal friend to all the school sports teams. He went wherever we went.

But he could make poetry literally come alive—so much alive that the living fire from his heart could light your heart too. Mike was not much to look at—in fact was thin as a rake, pale and the very reverse of hale and hearty.

But when he talked poetry he lived poetry. He lit up like a lamp.

My daughter Martha said to me years ago:

"Dad, how come a radical like you is such a terrific admirer of a conservative poet like Tennyson?"

"Well," I said, "you would have to examine exactly what you mean by radical and you would have to examine exactly what you mean by conservative."

The real answer of course is "Mike." For right to this day, after 40 years, I can recite the whole of "Ulysses" without any trouble and I long since saw that "Locksley Hall" was the finest poem of political prophecy that was ever transmitted through man.

REMEMBER that in our boyhood days the great world wars were still ahead. None of us who caught the flame of Teacher Mike's inspiration knew that we ourselves would be thrown into the First World War—and that a great many in our room would not come through.

The planes had just begun to fly, as Tennyson over half a century earlier had predicted they would:

"Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew. From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue."

Certainly we did not know that one of the boys in that very room would become a world-famous statesman and be nicknamed "Mike" after the teacher Mike who was reciting "Ulysses" and the battle flags were furled, in the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world.

ELECTIONS, including mine, are not so important, people are not important, in the sense the fate of the world depends on any one person.

God always has more than one string to his bow, and if one person won't or can't another can and will.

But ideas are infinitely important. If I were asked to name the one living idea which I think is the most important thing in the world today it is the building of world peace through world law.

The United Nations is a stepping stone to such peace under world law.

If the people where I live want me to try to help build that peace I'll do my bit as best I can as their MP and a supporter of both Mikes.



IN THE FINAL DRIVE of the federal election campaign Prime Minister St. Laurent is speaking and travelling mainly in Ontario. His daughter, Mrs. S. Samson, accompanies him on his visit to London, Ont.

LETTERBOX

THE REAL REASON

The Editor,
 The Daily News:
 With the various letters for and against, and good and bad and also the very practical editorial about the unfortunate and very foolish to say the least, affairs of the last two Saturdays, I feel compelled to write a short letter because the main and real reason and cause of 90 percent of the trouble has carefully been kept out of the paper.

If we look into The Word of God, Habakkuk, Chap. 2. Verse 15, we read, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken . . . and there are many other verses that condemn all liquor drinking in The Word.

But this is enough to condemn all brewers, and breweries, as well as all places and means of sale, for it is surely very poor advertising, to say the least, for a supposedly Christian nation to advertise and make every effort to sell anything to a man that all know will make him act the fool, destroy his manhood and make him totally unfit to take his place in industry or social life.

No doubt Policemen make mistakes in carrying out their work but who does not, and I for one do not want their job, so will not condemn them, and any country or town or city would surely be in a bad state in a very short time.

A. THOMSON.

SHOW OF COWARDICE

The Editor,
 The Daily News:
 I was a witness to the disgraceful performance on Saturday night and must say I was ashamed of our so-called white men as I took particular notice of the agitators, and a great many were white.

I don't think they deserve the name but think the police should pick them up as they are very much worse than the natives who think they have a grievance, but they can never be solved by such actions and only succeed in harming their own people, who do not need liquor to give them courage.

To me, it was only a great show of cowardice on their part and could be settled in a saner manner, as they acted like marines and must remember our police are paid to protect us and our property.

It must be a very difficult job to please everybody, so why listen to such cowards who are only there to stir up trouble for their own entertainment, such

Heinz puts in the CREAM - you add only WATER

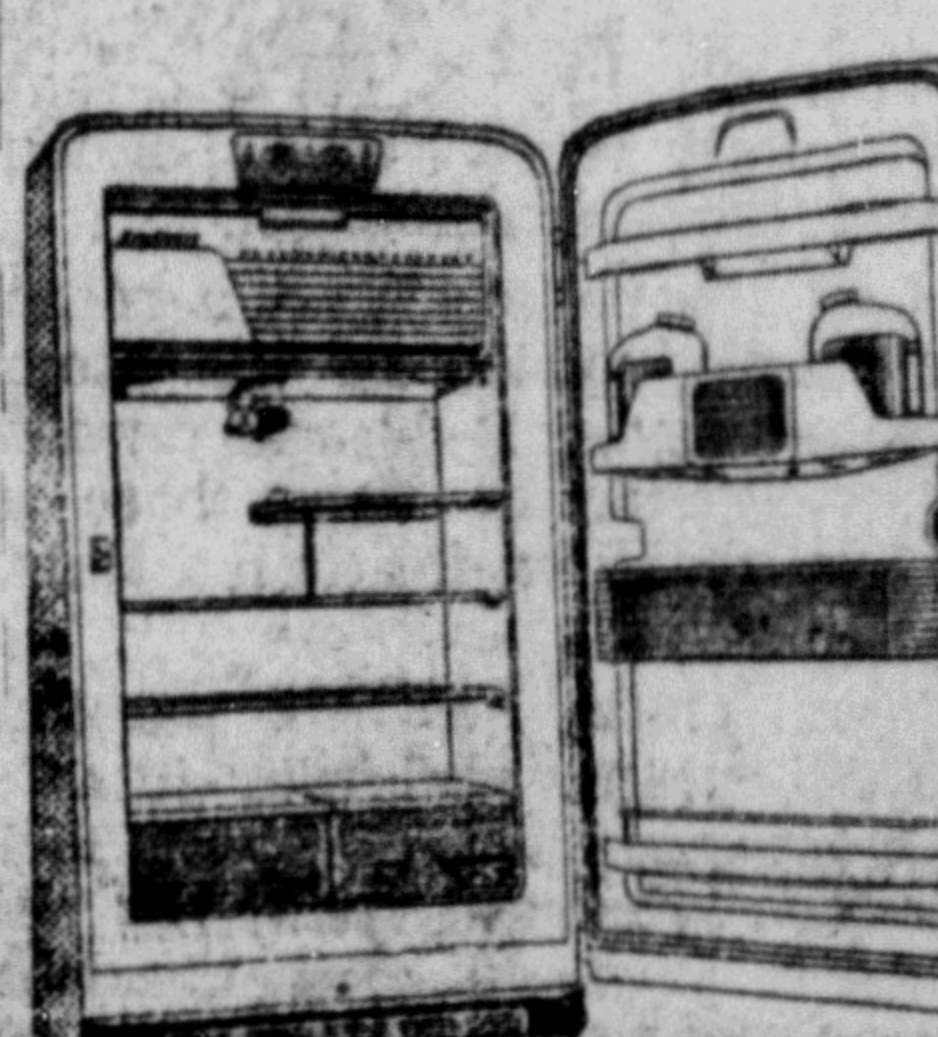


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Ray Reflects and Reminisces

Prince Rupert's first official city directory came our way last week-end. Having beheld it before, the sight nevertheless gave one an air, almost of authority. Forty-three years is a long way back. In that length of time, there's a lot of funerals, as well as a strain on memory. It took a well-printed dictionary to remind a fellow of how comparatively easy it is to forget a name. And one doesn't like the feeling.

TWO FREDS

This book has 175 pages. It has a substantial appearance, the covers are colored green and covered with advertising. Nowhere, inside or out has there been waste of space. The type, throughout, is distinct and clear.

To print each name might be impracticable, even though of interest to every surviving old timer, but chronicling the identity of city officials could be reckoned a useful duty. Alfred Stork, the mayor, before he ever saw Prince Rupert ran a store in Fernie. A furious fire wiped out that southeast B.C. town, and Fred steered for the north. He continued in the hardware trade and mixed in politics—federal and municipal affairs. His Worship received Sir Wilfred Laurier here on the occasion of the latter's first and only visit.

Alfred Carss was one of the early magistrates. His son, Adair, died in France during the First Great War.

EARNIE HIMSELF

Prince Rupert's first city clerk known to everyone as "Earnie Woods" held office for many a year. In early times he had his hands full. So had the council. Licking a seaport terminal into shape from the grass roots up was no small or simple job. Earnie, who hailed from England, wore a glass eye, and had a good strong voice which, unlike many another, he did not try to hide. It was a godsend to the reporters.

EACH A DIPLOMAT

Eight miles of water mains were under construction at this time. The chief streets were plankd, 24 feet in width. With most of the citizens doing without permanent thoroughfares came as a new experience. It could be called a novelty and a not unpleasant one. Then, there was the water. The council, in its official and original report was most considerate and diplomatic. Declared Prince Rupert "the water is soft and good."

Gospel truth and then some. "The climate of Prince Rupert is very similar to that of other cities of the Pacific coast." Nothing here that's overdone. Every word conformable to fact.

"There is considerable rainfall during certain months of the year." Who dare deny or question that? Of course there is. AT LAST THE HOSPITAL. There was a makeshift hospital of sorts here before something better became established. It stood at Hays Creek long before anyone mentioned drydock. To proceed there for treatment was quicker and easier by using a power boat than attempting to cover the distance over roughly cleared townsite. Bye and bye, however the officers and directors of the Hospital Association had reason to believe the main objective would take form. There came a day when the city's first institution was formally opened by the provincial secretary, Hon. H. E. Young, Association mem-

bers then were J. A. Rick, G. W. Morrow, E. K. Strathby, T. D. R. Naden, A. Carss, Stewart, P. I. Palmer, Clark.

Present Okanagan APRICOS NOW

Skeena Is Unique

AS THE ELECTION campaign approaches its twilight hour, it appears that it will end as quietly as it started. No great issues have thundered across the nation. No scandals have blackened the news. Even the prophets are subdued, and one listens in vain for sensational predictions.

This is all to the good, for it means the results will be the product of calm opinion. As far as this constituency is concerned, it also concentrates more attention than ever on the candidate rather than on the party.

In our remote location, this is a natural tendency under any circumstances. In this big, lonely riding where conditions are so different from any others, we are probably more aware than the average of our personal representation in parliament. As the person who speaks for us must have a specialized knowledge, it is inconceivable that we should ever adopt a candidate from outside just to help out some party, as is frequently done in more populated areas.

This need of familiarity with the particular problems of the Skeena district is something we urge voters to keep closely in mind when they select their candidate on August 10. That is not to say our representative should be without an understanding of the larger affairs affecting the country. If such were the case, he would be a doomed backbencher whose small voice would make an impression on no one.

But when the talk at Ottawa swings away from the bigger topics and the various members can put in their local word, we will like to think that our member is there expressing our needs with clarity and knowledge. If he does not, it is safe to say no one will do it for him. This constituency with its blended problems of fishing, forestry, mining, waterpower, shipping and other transportation—to mention a few—has no equivalent in Canada. Consequently, the only member who can talk about it is our own.

Although the requirements are stiff, we think Ted Applewhite has met them well during his term in office. There is no telling what another might have done, or could do, and we have no wish to make an issue of it. There are three others in the contest here, which means a total of four different sets of opinion on the subject.

We are only saying that Mr. Applewhite's record and personal qualifications look good to us.

OTTAWA DIARY

By Norman M. MacLeod

WITH ST. LAURENT CAMPAIGN TRAIN.—These final days of the campaign in the strategic ridings of Quebec and Ontario are making text-book material for the instruction of future generations of Canadian politicians.

For in the course of them Rt. Hon. Mr. St. Laurent is succeeding in doing something that no previous Canadian party leader has ever been able to do. That is to say, he is bringing his campaign right down to the grass-roots level of an intimate appeal to the local riding through which he happens to be passing. And at the same time he is feeding the breadth and effectiveness of the over-all national campaign of the Liberal party.

It's a brilliant operation to watch at close range. If it succeeds it will guarantee the prime minister's survival as one of the great tacticians of all times in Canadian political history. If it fails, it will still have been a highly interesting experiment.

The way in which the prime minister secures his double-barrelled reaction and attends to the national front at the same time as he devotes himself to a strictly local or regional job of vote-getting is something to witness. Ninety per cent of the time is spent on the problem of turning over the individual riding—or group of ridings—which may be hanging in the balance. Starting in the early morning and finishing usually just short of midnight, Mr. St. Laurent will whistle-stop, or motorcade, or just walk if need be. His object is to meet as many groups and individuals as can be handled on a basis of direct, personal approach, without resort to mass technique. To these people he becomes the fascinating "Uncle

Louis" legend brought to life, and with no element of disillusion in its unique appeal of warmth and dignified distinction in these intimate circumstances. The prime minister never talks party politics. Nor does he talk either down to the level or over the heads of the people he meets. He simply makes the important things of government and world affairs seem awfully simple and understandable. The person ready to differ with the PM politically finds himself, almost without realizing it, sharing his views on matters non-political. That's an important step towards political agreement.

Then somewhere during the day, Mr. St. Laurent will come up with some new fact affecting the major factors in the campaign. It may be a statement targeted at the railway or armed services vote. It may be the latest figures on Canadian foreign trade. Whatever it is, it's got a national twist to it that the PM knows the press correspondents with him will put over. In just a few sentences he's put new fire into his party's national campaign. It looks easy. If you're a St. Laurent, it probably is easy.

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