

Save a Life

RECENT deaths by drowning provides a reminder that while the sea holds wealth for Prince Rupert, it also carries a menace, it is still good insurance for everyone who is in, on or near the water for business or pleasure to have a complete knowledge of life-saving methods.

So there is timeliness and importance to the "Save a Life Week" currently being sponsored by St. John Ambulance. As the local members of the association ask:

"How many readers of this newspaper know how to revive someone who has been pulled from the water in a nearly drowned condition?"

"We venture to say that not more than one or two in a hundred could do so—and this is a sobering thought as we enter another summer season with its swimming and boating dangers. Hauling a person out of the water is only half the battle and unless someone knows how to apply artificial respiration immediately, the rescue may be all in vain."

To reduce the number who do not know, St. John Ambulance is holding nightly classes this week at the City Hall on how to save life. Its efforts in this direction are another part of the program which finds St. John members everywhere that danger threatens. Their work is voluntary and entails many hours of teaching and applying first-aid methods so that accidents will claim fewer lives.

Their motto is "To the Service of Mankind." It is an honorable one.

LCB and Liquor Outlet

DELAY in approval of Kitimat as a licensing area where alcoholic beverages may be sold is apparent from a communication received by the Municipal Manager from the Liquor Control Board in Victoria.

In reply to a query directed by the Municipal Council, Liquor Control Board Chairman Donald McGugan stated: "I would say that the Board is losing no time in covering the province, but I know that you will realize it is a big task and requires time."

Kitimat is the largest community in the Province without some form of retail liquor sale. Almost any community of any size at all has at least a LCB store, and now the government is setting up licensing areas for pubs and cocktail lounges. Understandably there are problems involved.

However, serving the needs of Kitimat in this respect should have priority over those communities which already have a Liquor Control Board store. Today's situation in Kitimat only encourages bootlegging and extremes in liquor consumption.

Declaring Kitimat to be a licensing area would pave the way for erection of a commercial type hotel in the Service Centre near the soon-to-be built railroad station—accommodation sorely needed in the area.

For over two years, the population of Kitimat has been about the same size as Mission City, Cranbrook or Duncan.

It is about time that the provincial authorities realized that Kitimat is not a company—but a very rapidly growing community of people whose ordinary and immediate requirements must not be delayed too long.

—Kitimat Northern Sentinel.

Ray REFLECTS and REMINISCES

Sometimes a man in his 60s in Canada is barred the right to drive a car. Best see Bill Huene-moeder of Brant, Ontario. He's the oldest man in the Dominion to pass a driver's test. He will be 96 in July and feels fine.

Money may not buy happiness, but it makes being unhappy more pleasant.

In Ethiopia, beer is two cents a glass, coffee a cent a cup. Heli, Selassie.—Windsor Star.

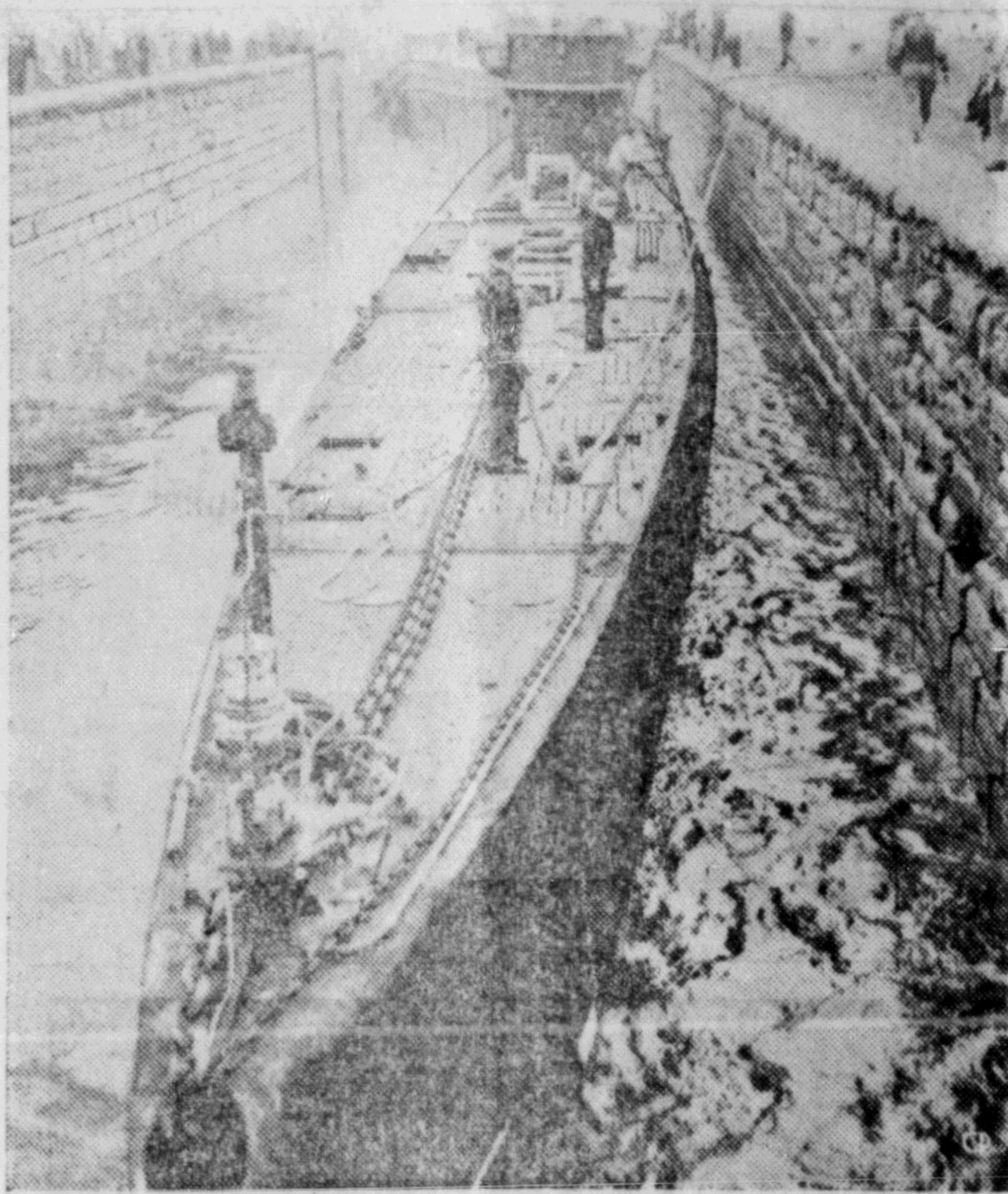
Many people are late for church because they have to change attire; others, because they find themselves obliged to change a quarter.

CANADA FIRST Canadian grain first made its appearance in quantity on the

Japanese markets after rice soared. Barley, in particular, was wanted as a cheaper alternative. But today despite rice prices, Japan seems to still prefer Canadian grains. The customer could be called permanent.

Prince Rupert's first daily newspaper, the Empire started publishing a long, long time ago but the little frame office such as it is, still stands over on Third Avenue. And how many realize that the two plate glass windows have been free of any breakages for half a century, if not longer. Few business premises can say that.

Installment-plan buying is a credit device by which the months are made to seem shorter.



THE GERMAN SUBMARINE U-505, captured by the United States Navy off Africa during the Second World War, goes through the Lachine canal at Montreal en route to Chicago. The 250-foot, 900-ton submarine, which left Portsmouth, N.H., in mid-May, will become a permanent exhibit at the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry as a memorial to Americans who lost their lives at sea during the war. (CP Photo)



As I See It

BY
Elmore Philpott

New India Book

IT IS A long time since I came across a novel which I enjoyed as much as a red-hot new one about India. It is BHAWANI JUNCTION, by John Masters, published by Viking.

The story takes place in the final days of the British Imperial raj in India. There is a powerful love interest—some will say too many too powerful love interests. For the Britisher, John Masters, has gone Hemingway one better or worse when he dishes out his sexy scenes.

But the main theme is what happens in the lives of Anglo-Indians, when the props are about to be pulled out from under them by the British departure.

A GOOD many people have suggested that Masters has a lot in common with Kipling. Sterling North, who does not go off the deep end about any writer, says "It is only a slight exaggeration to say that John Masters is the best teller of Indian tales since Kipling."

This book has something which strongly reminds one of Kipling writing about ships and machinery. For in Bhawani Junction the railway itself is the main character in the book. All the action takes place on one short section of the railway in India, which the Indian Reds are trying to blow up, in order to transform Gandhi's comparatively peaceful campaign for self government into a violent upheaval.

The main male characters are Patrick Taylor, a young traffic officer on the railway, who almost, but not quite, wins Victoria in the very first chapter, and the English colonel.

Rodney Savage is a lieutenant, colonel in the 13th Gurkha Rifles. He is thirty-four years of age, and made of the same stuff as was Wolfe, Nelson or any other of the long list of Empire builders.

But the book is written about a time when, as Kipling would have put it, the captains and the kings had departed, and when the real question was: who will succeed the British—the Nehrus who try to follow Gandhi, or the Reds under a man named Roy

who take their ideas from Moscow?

I THINK it is always a rather shabby trick for a reviewer to tell you finally gets the girl, that is in the sense of wedding her.

But the book is true to history in showing how cleverly and how courageously British soldiers, like Rodney Savage, kept the potentially explosive Indian situation from blowing sky-high.

I found about the most delightful character in the book the local Congress party leader Surabhai. But there are shrewd and delightful touches such as when the Congress leader has his photograph all set to take pictures of the "dastardly British" searching people's homes.

Something goes wrong with the camera shutter just when the choicest picture is snapped. Rather than disappoint their friend Surabhai, the "dastardly British" have their man walk back and repeat the scene so that Congress can get the news picture it wants.

Pair Remanded For Sentence

Charged with breaking and entering the Kitimat Supply Store in Kitimat Village May 24, Moses Barton Duncan and Horace Bolton elected speedy trial Tuesday before County Court Judge W. O. Fulton.

Both men pleaded guilty to the charge which states that the pair took \$254 from the store. They were remanded to 2 p.m. Friday June 4 for sentence so that past records may be produced.

T. W. Brown, QC appeared for the Crown and Frank E. Anfield Indian Superintendent appeared on behalf of the two accused.

OTTAWA DIARY By NORMAN M. MacLEOD

In an unusually tragical sense—so it has just been learned—the late Lionel Conacher, MP, brought about his own death in last week's annual softball game between the House of Commons and the Parliamentary Press Gallery.

Here is the story: Inaugurated about a decade ago by Rev. Daniel McIvor, saintly but vigorous Liberal MP from Fort William, the softball contest between the legislators and the newspapermen has become solidly established as an annual institution of Parliament. But this year Rev. Dan, who is crowding in towards his own 82nd birthday felt some doubts about the wisdom of the fixture. He noticed that each year the players remained pretty much the same on both teams. And it occurred to him that none of them were getting any younger. He wondered if the event might not have become too strenuous for their years.

In his uneasiness Rev. Dan sought advice. And the person to whom he turned was Lionel Conacher, Rev. Dan suggested that it might be the part of wisdom to let the contest lapse this year. He explained his fears.

But Conacher dismissed the idea. He said, in effect, that the interest of Parliamentary circles in the annual spectacle of MPs and senior journalists trying to renew their youth shouldn't be disappointed. In addition, he pointed out that the annual collection taken each year on the spot and turned over to the page boys of Parliament, was anticipated eagerly by these youngsters. He refused to consider letting down the hopes they had built.

So the game went on. And stopping on third base after his deer-like speed had stretched a base hit into triple, Conacher rested easily while the Press Gallery pitcher readied his arm for another throw. Then while the gaze of the crowd was still upon him, he collapsed. He was dead before his body could be removed from the field.

There probably never will be another House of Commons versus Press Gallery softball contest. The fate of the stand-out athlete-politician—admittedly the greatest of his era—is to grim a warning of the danger of strenuous adult sport for the MPs and newspapermen to disregard it.

Certainly one statesman has learned his lesson. While House of Commons doctors were working over the unconscious Conacher, External Affairs Minister "Mike" Pearson and the Press Gallery pitcher were tossing the softball back and forth. When the verdict of death was pronounced by one of the physicians to a shocked field, Pearson tossed his fielder's glove to a nearby player. "Anyone can have this," he said. "I am never going to use it again."

LETTERBOX

KILLER'S PUNISHMENT

The Editor,
The Daily News:
One gets so tired of reading, and listening to the radio, about the things that are being done by our wonderful diplomats and statesmen, that I get tired of bawling them out.

Therefore I have mislaid the Daily News containing reports by one of our highly-paid statesmen, wherein I believe parliament was considering abolishing hanging as a punishment for murder. It was such a cruel and inhuman thing, apparently, and it did not seem to prevent murders in any case.

In the first place, a person being hung is supposed to have his neck broken by the fall. If this does not result the rope will shut off his breath and only a few minutes of strangulation will cause either death or a blackout. The fact that the heart may beat for several minutes is of no consequence.

If murder is brutal, what is wrong with brutal punishment? The trouble with hanging is that it is too soft and easy a way to die. If you want a punishment to prevent murder, something else is now required, and although I am not getting paid for my suggestions, I would suggest that murder demands a brutal or painful death if it is to be a punishment for premeditated murder. Therefore the best cure would be crucifixion. If hanging does not prevent murders, then try something that would have better results.

I could suggest a better method, which is already being practiced on our prominent and respected citizens. For cruelty and protracted agony it is much worse than crucifixion, because the victim suffers much longer (although innocent of crime) but it is now a legal method of torture being practiced in our democracy while we are wandering all over the world trying to get other communists to adopt our methods.

If I were to detail the latter form of punishment and torture, you would not publish it. Yet, it is legal and being done daily and endorsed by parliament although it is the goofiest idea that our goofy government has yet produced.

It appears much like the way the business men of Russia. Now see where they, and the unions, are today.

D. T. GREENE.

EARLY CATERPILLARS

OWEN SOUND, Ont. (C)—First tent caterpillars of the season arrived earlier than usual. Normally the caterpillar which can strip trees bare doesn't appear in any large numbers until near the end of May.

WISE BIRD

EDINBURGH (C)—"Get a pet budgerigar, learned hard way to keep clear of hearth. His owners reared from the theatre, to find trapped in the chimney, and freed him blackened and dragged."

True Case History of Sally



"...because I want to be a Nurse!"

Sally's a smart young lady of 14—a grade VIII pupil who not only knows what she wants to do when she graduates, but is doing something about it right now. "I'm going to begin my nurse's training in a few years," says Sally, "and I want to have my own pocket money then. That's why I'm saving now—at MY BANK."

A regular depositor at the B of M, Sally will have that added confidence that comes with money in the bank when she starts her training... and we know it will help her long after she's won her cap. Why not put your youngsters in training for future responsibilities by opening "MY BANK" accounts for them at the Bank of Montreal.



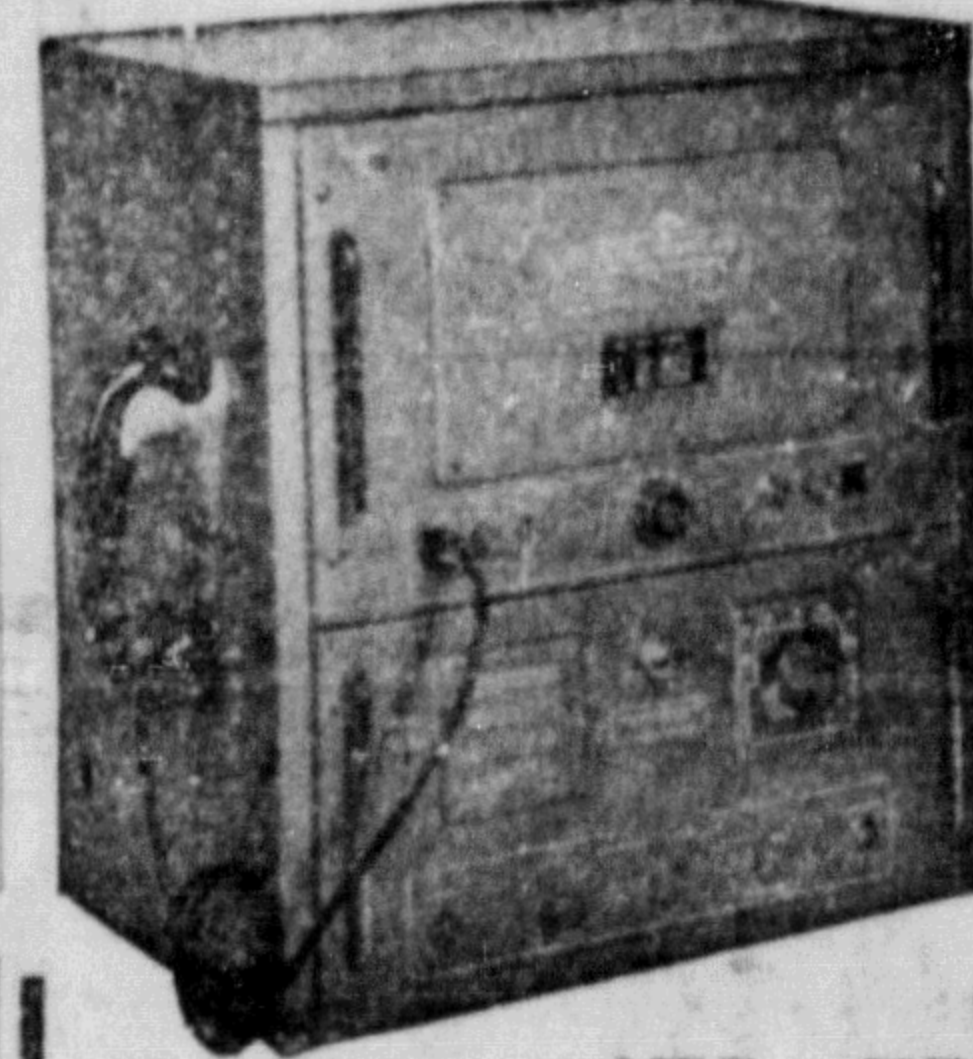
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