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## Formula Needed

**ARE WE** playing out the last act in the drama of mankind?

As international leaders lock together fruitlessly over small issues, there is cause to wonder. They are small issues because nowhere is there the search for a complete formula. Instead the question is what shall be done about Indo-China? About Korea? About Germany?

Whatever the answer, it is insufficient. It is important, but it is not enough. No matter what action is taken, it will be no more than an emergency measure.

What is lacking is the wish for a real answer, for absolute peace. When Neville Chamberlain returned from his interview with Hitler to announce there will be peace in our time, he was a disappointment not merely because he was inaccurate but because it was a timid statement to make.

The prospect of complete tranquillity is boring to human nature. More than that, it reduces the expression of nationalism which is so essential to every powerful country. Russia prefers hating us to liking us, and the feeling is mutual.

But it will not do. Hostility must eventually have an outlet, and it will find one through the mere force of wishing. If this occurs among the great nations today, humanity will not necessarily disappear but the nations will. There will be remnants perhaps, but the centre of influence will have changed.

History has left behind Egypt, Greece, Italy and Spain. There is no reason to suppose it will be more solicitous of the countries which are leaders today.

The answer is not a pleasant one. It lies in fear, which is a shade stronger internationally than animosity. Maybe they have the same root. In any case, we should all forget about putting up a front here and there and admit that we have reason to be scared stiff generally.

With that kind of humility, we may find understanding. It has never been tried before, so who can say otherwise?

## Ray REFLECTS and REMINISCES

Anyone who is afraid of a serious unemployment situation in Canada isn't looking very far ahead.

It only remains for the Russians now to prove they did the our-minute mile race a long, long time ago.

As a consequence of a legal ruling in the United States, segregation further aggravates the scope of widened school attendance on the part of both white and colored children. Well, if we feel like going back far enough and taking a look around, it wasn't the Africans in the first place who crossed the Atlantic, seized the first white folks they saw and sold them to a couple of centuries of slavery.

A youthful officer of high efficiency was inspecting selective service in the American Deep South, and could not but note the number of desks, telephones and typewriters. He paused, to ask a blonde: "What is the normal complement in this office?" It was only for a minute the girl seemed puzzled. "Well, huh. Ah believe the most usual complement is 'Howdy honey. You're sure luscious-lookin' this mawn-in'."

Thousands of harried young Britons are said to be concluding it's far better to marry and get a refund up to forty pounds. Payment of that full tax required of a bachelor can look pretty formidable, darned if it can't. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking financially, has had wide experience. He might attempt to bribe the public, but it need not be called that.

Not Russia, but Britain will be the reason for an outbreak of war, predicts a correspondent of earlier years who has not been across the Atlantic in a decade. If he's planning on resuming the old job, or trying to, it's quite possible he will commit a few blunders when he thought he was well posted.

Remember when people were contented and healthy, inquires the Toronto Star, and oranges had to be imported. Bicycles were called "safties." Children got home from school by "hauling on" farmers' sleighs and

wagons. The boy of the house had to saw and split wood in a woodhouse. The woodbox stood by the kitchen stove. Clocks had to be wound by hand. Watches were worn in pockets, not on wrists.

Best man (to angler bridegroom): "That's a wonderful girl you've caught."

Angler: "Yes. But you should have seen the one that got away."

Two Vancouver men were recently charged with having stolen six pounds of coffee. Who on earth could ever call that petty larceny?

One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation. — Sydney Smith.

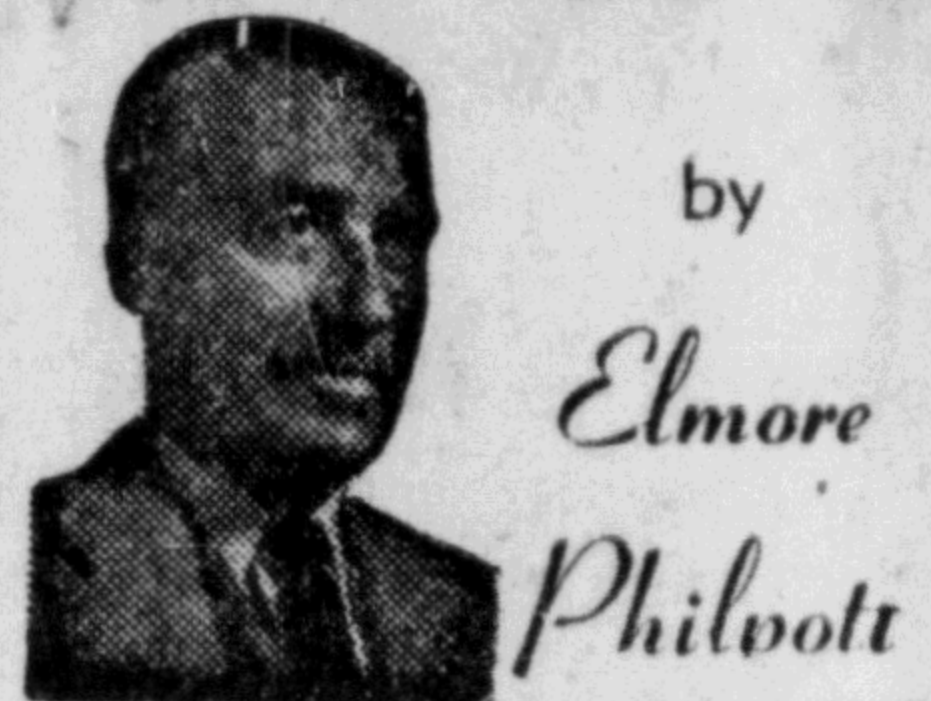
**SOME LIKE IT**  
The Russian deputy premier has warned consumers of an impending meat shortage—even if the Geneva talks end before the supply of bologna becomes completely exhausted.

Canada has built a railway to the Labrador iron mine field, which will be shortly operating. The huge new project such as Kitimat is about to operate. Canada is to soon have more horse power per worker than anywhere else. An electrolytic process for titanium will give Quebec the world's best blending metal. These are only a few of the developments soon to sit on Canada's threshold.

Jet plane or no jet plane, our wings—and it seems to be getting faster and faster all the time. Ask Dad!

Vessels, loaded with propaganda armament are arriving in central America as a consequence of the activities of Communist agencies. Asked if he cared to make any comment as to this, President Eisenhower remarked he considered the news disturbing. Who wouldn't, if he thought of Panama, and we reckon Ike has.

## As I See It



The Drift to War

A GOOD many people, in high and low positions in life, have claimed that the H-bombs are actually an aid to peace.

Both sides have enough H-bombs to blast the other fellow's country to smithereens, they say. So both sides will be afraid to start a war.

Even Sir Winston Churchill has given circulation to this theory.

In my mind, it will not stand up to close examination. It seems to me that the world is now engaged in the deadliest armament race in all history. The very momentum of the forces which both sides are building up is the greatest of all reasons to conclude that it will end as all armament races of the past have ended—in war.

I DO NOT believe that we can get even the beginning of world peace until the United States is willing to lead the world in an entirely new cause—that of establishing peace, based on justice, founded on law.

Right now, all that the U.S.A. is doing is playing power politics against Russia and China. Moreover, she is playing power politics with a great deal more clumsiness—even crudity—than the older exponents of that ancient and tragic game. Half of the recent trouble between the big allies of the west is due to the fact that British, French and other old-time European professionals are appalled and even confounded at the crude way in which their dominant partner, the U.S.A., goes about his international business.

**THE RUSSIANS**, and their new and mighty allies, the Red Chinese have a world program of extreme simplicity and awesome power.

They organize the class race and color struggle in every country on earth. Where they have already won out, they set up a total dictatorship. Where they have not yet won out, they adjust their plan to local conditions. Their most fertile fields of expansion are in those countries where the great mass of the people are poor, and have no real political freedom. Where colonial rule is aggravated by discrimination against the native people on the ground of race and color, the job of the Communists is made almost ridiculously easy.

IN MY opinion, the west will never really begin to beat the Communists in the world struggle until the west plays its ace trump card.

That ace trump card is world law. Only by beginning to write real world law can the U.S.A. and her allies reverse the steady expansion of Red power.

Here is an example of what I mean: We all know that there can be no real peace in the world until the Red armies of Russia are persuaded, or forced, to withdraw from Poland and the other countries of occupied Europe.

But how could the United States demand such an evacuation and liberation unless it could show a clean bill of health for itself and its allies?

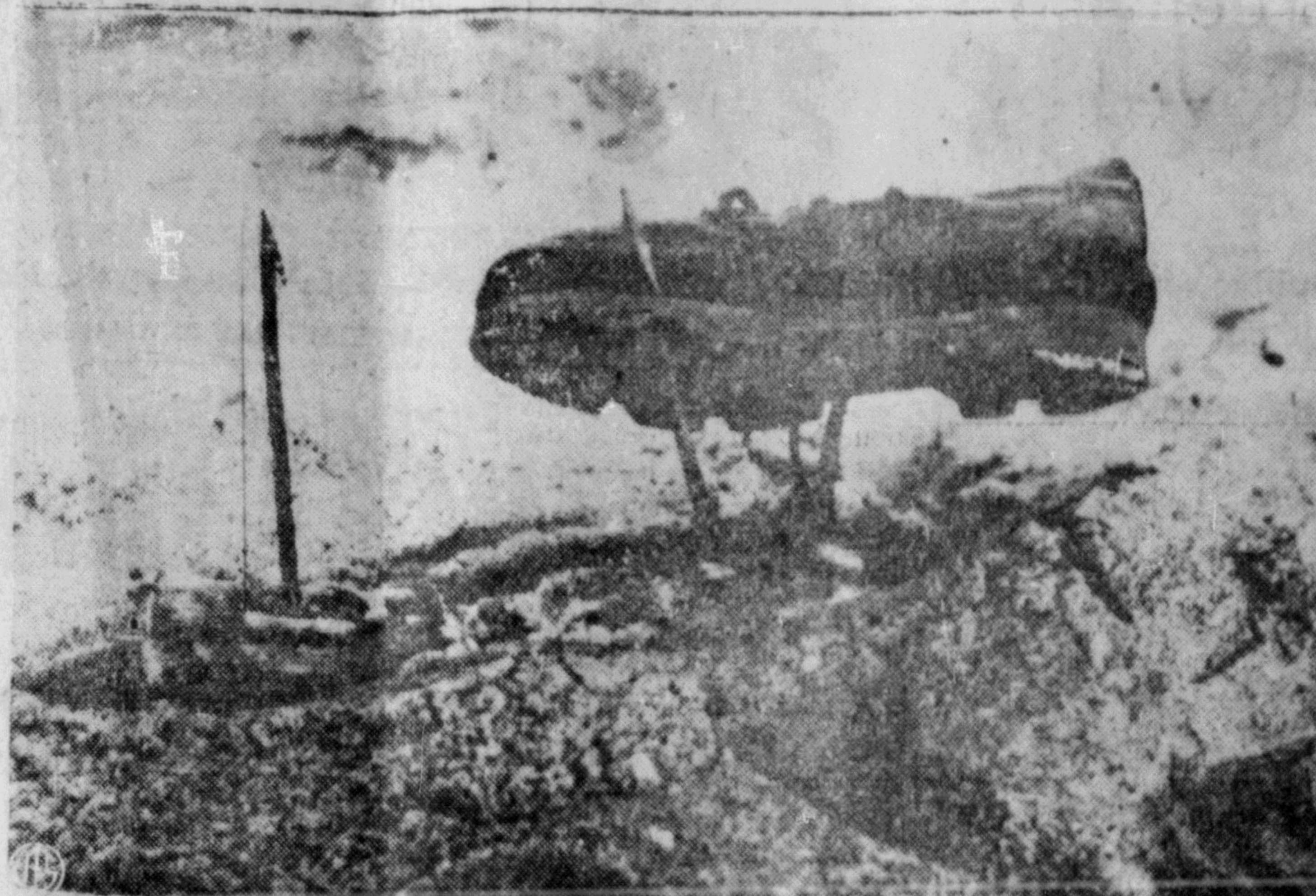
**Game Parley Urges Agency On Pollution**  
NANAIMO, B.C. (CP)—A resolution calling for creation by the British Columbia government of a fresh water pollution control agency was adopted Saturday at the final session of the provincial game convention.

Delegates represented fish and game associations from all parts of the province, as well as registered trappers, district guides and gun clubs.

The 1955 convention will be held at Nelson.

The convention also urged establishment of a separate government department to administer fish and game resources of the province.

At a meeting of the B.C. game council officers were re-elected. They are: J. J. McEwen, Nelson, president; Geo. Horman, Penticton, vice-president; Hume Ritchie, Grand Forks, treasurer and Jack Baillie, Nelson, secretary.



A LUCKLESS FRENCH Union soldier had to leave his shoe behind after stepping on a barbed-wire "booby trap" planted on an Indo-China battlefield by a Communist Viet Minh guerrilla. The handmade weapons have been scattered over many fighting areas by the Red guerrillas.

## Lusty British Artist Augustus John, Bohemian Whose Fame Not Waning

By ALVIN STEINKOPF

LONDON (AP)—Augustus John is a painter whose beret, beard and corduroy pants seem permanent fixtures on the British scene.

In his 76th year and still a dominant artist of the country, John has long been fondly regarded by Britons as an authentic Bohemian who even in maturity never stopped living lustily.

These days the craggy, unkempt John is sharply in the public eye because of an extraordinary one-man show. He is exhibiting 460 canvases at the Royal Academy in Piccadilly where living artists, including Prime Minister Churchill, show their works if they are acceptable to hanging committees.

Lesser artists are happy to have even one picture accepted by a committee, but here is John with 460.

**STILL STRONG**

Painter of statesmen, gypsies, millionaires and fishermen, John is as rugged today as some of his more scraggly models. He is as shaggy as ever, but the russet beard and moustache have turned white.

In his youth and middle years he was a powerful man, holding his own in gypsy camps and rowdy bistros in Marseille. He is still strong and agile, but he admits that the tempestuous rate at which he works is fatiguing.

So he sits now while painting. A model says he leans forward like a Cossack in the saddle and attacks the canvas viciously.

One of the busiest artists in the country, he is reported to be among the highest paid portrait painters with a usual charge of 3,000 guineas a canvas.

He doesn't paint as many portraits, as he might because in the last few years he has discov-

ered sculpture. At his country home near Fordingbridge in Hampshire he dives each day in half. Forenoons are spent at the easel in a cluttered studio in the house and afternoons in a barnlike structure where he shapes clay until the light fades.

He works so intently, say his models, that his pipe falls from his mouth unnoticed. Sometimes he even seems to forget to breathe, and he suddenly gulps to catch up with the oxygen he has been missing.

Many who have given him commissions have found it ordeal to stand up to the appraising penetration of John's light blue eyes. He tells them off if they fidget. Some don't like his pictures, but he is utterly indifferent to criticism. There isn't any flattery in his brushes and he paints what he sees.

**OTTAWA DIARY** By NORMAN M. MacLEOD

When it was first put on the desk of Immigration Minister Walter Harris, the proposal to mark the arrival of Post War II Immigrant No. 1,000,000 with a special ceremony seemed like a good idea.

But looking back now upon the fiasco to which the suggestion led, neither Minister Harris nor his Immigration Department officials are sure that it ever had any merit.

They have a strong suspicion, on the contrary, that it would have been for the comfort of all concerned if the idea had never been put forward.

The main difficulty was that the idea looked so good on the surface that a general hint of what was afoot was allowed to go out to the Press Gallery and to news photographers. In accordance with normal practice, these enterprising personalities started in at once to make arrangements to cover the event. They wanted to know in advance who the one-millionth immigrant would be and where he would arrive. They wanted to have biographical material ready and their cameras in position at the dock.

That was when the department officials discovered that they didn't know who immigrant No. 1,000,000 would be. It appeared that no less than five ships bearing immigrants to Canada were on the high seas. It was impossible to tell which ship would arrive first. It wasn't even known for certain at which Canadian ports they would dock.

Conceivably the Departmental officials could have overcome these uncertainties by just putting the No. 1,000,000 on any immigrant of their selection. But when Liberal M.P.'s, who in recent months have become unemployment-conscious to a high degree, learned that five immigrant ships were docking all about the same time, they went into a public relations panic.

They were emphatic that the less said about Immigrant 1,000,000 the better it would be—and that, if nothing whatever was said it would be the best of all.

And that is exactly the way it was handled. Instead of being the centre of klieg lights, and television cameras, with news-men crowding around him, immigrant 1,000,000 straightaway became one of the most complete anonymous personalities in all Canadian history. Obviously he must have existed. But who he—or it might even have been a glamorous "she"—was is top government secret.

Parliamentary newsmen and press photographers aren't giving the Department of Immigration too high marks for its handling of the situation. As a matter of fact, the Department of Immigration doesn't pretend that it is too proud of itself in the matter.

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## University Students Fighting Living Costs With Co-Op System

By RICHARD ANCO  
Canadian Press Staff Writer

TORONTO (AP)—Canadian university students are beating the high cost of living by rapidly expanding co-operative residences. They provide good food and lodging at low prices, with the companionship of group living.

Started as an experiment in 1936 by 12 students at the University of Toronto, Campus Residence Co-operative Inc. now has assets of more than \$50,000, pays income tax and does a \$40,000 a year business. From Toronto, the plan has spread to universities across the country.

Owned and operated by students, the Co-ops offer board and lodging at cost. Last year in Toronto, co-op living cost each member \$368 for eight months. Official university residences ask \$500 a year and other accommodations cost still more.

**SHARE IN WORK**

Working on the idea that common effort cuts cost, co-op residence members are responsible for the maintenance of their residences. Each undertakes domestic duties ranging from dishwashing to potato peeling, sweeping and sewing.

With four co-operative houses, Toronto handles over 75 resident members and about 25 non-resident members. One building is for women. A central dining room serves the four houses.

All decisions are made at general meetings and carried out by an elected board of directors. Everything is operated by students except for a cook, secretary and an external auditor. Membership is unrestricted as to race, religion and politics.

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