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Shoulders To The Wheel

CLOSE to a thousand fishing boats—from the veteran of many a gill netting season to the new, sleek models which are tasting the first salmon in their holds—are invading the mouths of the Skeena and Naas Rivers to harvest a crop which we neither seed nor nourish.

This crop provides the livelihood of many people within the Prince Rupert trading area. It is good to see them being able to take advantage of it.

The Fishermen's Union is to be commended for their move in removing the deadlock which has allowed fishing to begin.

The Union executive which had recommended a strike deadline of June 22 along the coast in attempts to get a better price than this year's company offer had to be firm in its stand, but also realized the need of its minority members in the North and heeded their voices. A coast wide vote approved a twelfth-hour postponement of the strike deadline.

Everyone breathed a lot easier, but there is still no excuse for either the fishing companies or the fishermen to relax their duties in bargaining for prices of fish of other species than sockeye to a satisfactory conclusion.

While sockeye represents a percentage of the year's salmon catch, by volume it doesn't touch the combined quantity of other salmon from which the majority of B.C. fishermen make their livelihood.

These prices are yet to be settled. The fishermen have voted to strike July 19 unless an agreement is reached.

The onus of keeping the fishing season going uninterrupted lies equally distributed between the fishermen and their representatives and the companies.

A tieup this summer, combined with the strife-ridden-labor problems throughout the province, can dump Prince Rupert into a black abyss of economic failure.

This city is one of the most prosperous today in our province and is riding the crest of a wave of a new era of stable economy. But unless every man and woman puts his or her shoulder to the wheel, the 40 years of perseverance and hard work by unflinching pioneers can be upset in a twinkling.

It behooves every one of us to forget differences and try the very best we can to meet each other half-way. With such an attitude to gird ourselves, we can ward off an impending calamity which would involve every one of us.

Scripture Passage for Today

"The Comforter . . . the Holy Ghost . . . shall teach you all things."—St. John 14:26.

Business Spotlight

By DICK BAIDEN

Trading Cautious as Investors Watch Markets

Caution marked Canadian and United States stock trading this week as investors awaited resolution—or clarification—of several market factors.

New York, Toronto and Montreal prices made little headway while activity dwindled to the slowest pace in about a year.

Effects of the steel strike drew mixed reactions. Some United States market technicians said it had largely been discounted as most traders thought it must be settled quickly, one way or another.

A Canadian professional, however, said the cost of higher wages, if granted, might be passed to other businesses which could start another round of wage increases and inflation. Such a development, he said, would tend to increase stock buying and drive prices up.

Stimulation for prices was also seen in signs of continued defence spending. U.S. observers said the placing of the civilian

Toronto Feels General Recession

Prices turned slowly upward in Toronto Thursday as oils took the lead with an index advance of slightly more than half a point. In Montreal, papers and industrials strengthened.

All sections were mixed and trendless in Toronto yesterday. Papers strengthened in Montreal.

New York prices drifted quietly lower Monday but steadied on Tuesday as support strengthened. Ralls led a mild rally Wednesday that continued through Thursday. Movements yesterday were indecisive.

From Friday to Friday, the Toronto stock exchange indices showed industrial down 1.25 at 317.63, golds down 1.20 at 88.85, base metals down 2.02 at 131.71 and western oils down 2.97 at 139.31.

In the Montreal averages, banks were up 22 at 30.13, utilities down 5 at 85.2, industrials up 1.3 at 202.0, combined up .6 at 163.0; papers up 12.30 at 718.30 and golds up 23 at 65.21.

In New York, the Associated Press average of 60 stocks climbed 20 cents to \$105.50.

UNDER OUR ROOF

The other day I was giving our dog a bath. Really, that is a moot point, because when we were finished I looked as though I were the one who had had the bath.

They say you should never get soap in a dog's ears, but how about human beings? I can

testify that I had soap in both my ears, my eyes and my nose, and once, when the animal gave a particularly vicious kick, I swallowed the whole cake. I was breathing heavily at the time, with my mouth open.

I was thinking ruefully of an advertisement I had read in the classified section of a city newspaper, which offered to bath your dog for \$2, and give him a home-permanent for an extra buck.

Of course, there is no place on earth where they look after dogs like they do in Hollywood. If I were a dog I wouldn't waste any time heading for Hollywood, because a canine can get anything there, including a fine funeral for as low as \$49.50.

I remember once in Hollywood when I happened to enter a magnificent shop by mistake. This shop was on Wilshire Boulevard and very dignified-looking from the outside, with enormous plate glass windows which gave the passerby a view of a sort of wide lounge and a tall blonde. It was quite easy to enter that shop by mistake.

The blonde glided towards me and murmured: "Can I help you?"

"Well—"

JUST A CANADIAN

"Perhaps you would like to see one of our counsellors?" she suggested, and led me to a row of booths at the side of the lounge. Opening the door of one she announced: "A new client, Mr. Pettington," and left me.

Mr. Pettington was dressed all in white, like a surgeon, and he jumped up from a desk, clasped my hand and invited me to sit down. I was beginning to get slightly uneasy.

"And now," said Mr. Pettington, posing a pencil, "just a few questions before we call the dietician. The breed, please."

"The breed?"

"The breed."

"Well," I said, confused, "I suppose you'd say Canadian."

Mr. Pettington's eyebrows rose fully an inch. "Oh—just common Canadian?" and when I muttered, yes, I supposed that was right, he jumped to his feet and said: "I'll take you to Department B on the second floor. I regret that we only handle pure-breeds on this floor."

So I was taken to Department B and introduced to Mr. Squizzle, who was also dressed in white, and Mr. Pettington said: "Common Canadian," with a distinct note of disgust in his voice, and let us.

STILL ALIVE?

"Age?" asked Mr. Squizzle.

"Forty," I said.

He almost dropped his pencil. "Good heavens!" he gasped.

"And still alive? How extraordinary!"

For some reason this seemed to get him very excited and he started pushing buttons, and a lot of other men in white came rushing in, and they had a consultation in the corner. Then Mr. Squizzle came back to me.

"Owing to the advanced age," he announced, "we will have our dieticians prepare a special menu. Off-hand I would suggest a bowl of Pabulum for breakfast. Then perhaps a Pars salad at lunch and ground liver and a sweet of some kind for dinner. We find that the common breeds thrive better on plain food. The service, of course, includes delivery, feeding and post-meal exercise, and napkins and paw-bowls are supplied."

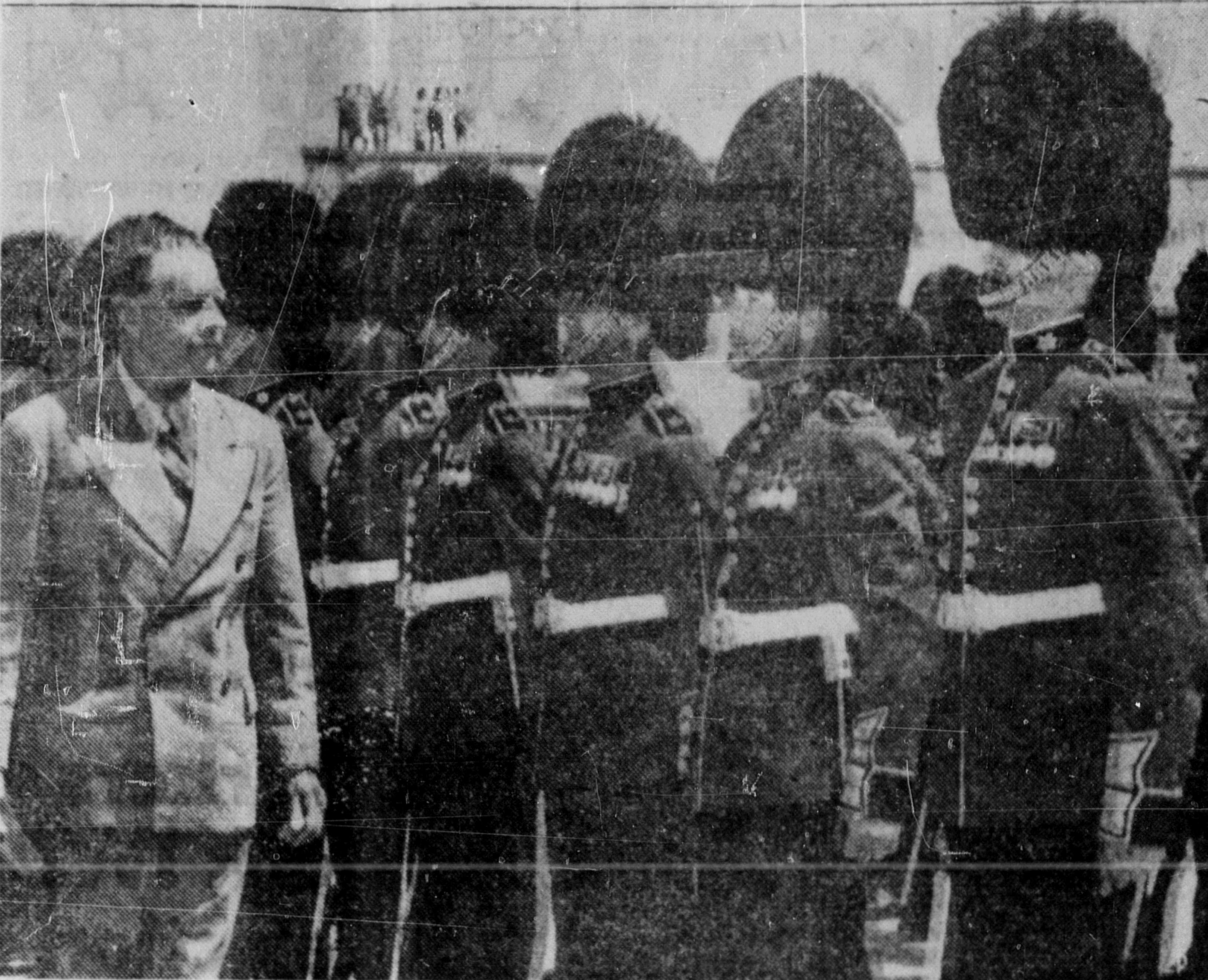
THOROUGHLY FRIGHTENED

I stared at him, thoroughly frightened by this time. Without waiting to hear any more, I staggered out of the booth and out of Department B. I didn't even look at the tall blonde as I made for the door.

Outside a beautiful panel delivery truck, all done in maroon, had just driven up to the curb. In gold lettering on the side I read the inscription: "Bow-Wow, Inc. Doggie Dinners Delivered. Canine Caterers De Luxe—The Best in the West."

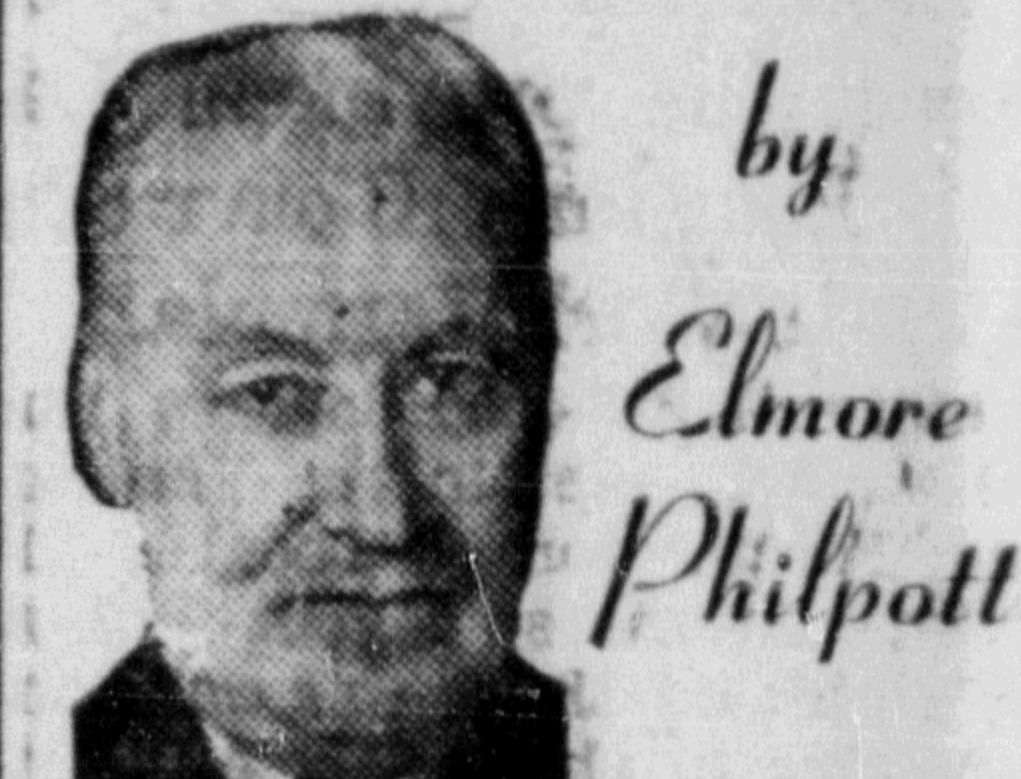
And in a corner of the window I noticed for the first time a small placard, "Special Today," it read, "Canine Consume—2 tins for 49 Cents."

I've often wondered if Lassie shops there.



INSPECTS GUARD—Earl Alexander, Britain's defence minister, inspects a guard of honor following his arrival in Ottawa. The guard was composed of members of the Governor-General's Foot Guards. (OP PHOTO)

As I See It



Malan Is Mad

PETER EDGAR is an engineer on the Canadian ship, Lake Kootenay, which recently visited South Africa.

In Durban Mr. Edgar was so impressed by the explosive possibilities that he airmailed me one of the small circulars put out by the anti-Malan war veterans.

It is headed ACTION STATIONS and begins: "In 1948 at the General Election we said of the Nationalist leaders, 'These men are Nazis.' Today we can see the facts."

The circular draws a deadly parallel between the Nazis and the Malan men. The Nazis governed by decree, so does Malan; the Nazis relied on terror, so does Malan whose hooligans break up public meetings and who uses the police to intimidate opponents.

The Nazis put themselves above the law—so does Malan, who threatens judges, ignores the Appeal Court, expels an elected MP, suppresses a newspaper and uses force to forbid normal political activity.

THE veterans' circular calls for a concerted national demonstration to force a general election now. They claim that even a year's delay would enable Malan and Co. to rig the elections that "we could get 70 per cent of the votes and they could still win."

There is nothing much in the circular that we have not been told already in the news cables. But it gives you the real sense of crisis when you read such an urgent call to measures of such extremity.

I am impressed too by the laconic comment of the Canadian ship's engineer who adds: "I have no particular comments to make on the political situation here except to say it stinks."

THE most charitable explanation of what is going on in South Africa today is that Premier Malan is a madman. But he is a madman who suffers from a peculiar sort of madness which afflicts about half the white people on that southern tip of the vast black continent.

If you read the story of what ended in the Civil War in the United States you get something of the same sense of inevitability that seems to doom South Africa now. There were many enlightened individuals in the South before the Civil War who were not only opposed to slavery, on principle, but who also correctly foresaw the outcome of what is now often politely called "the war between the States."

Right now in South Africa there are many fine and sensible white people who foresee the inevitable end of Premier Malan's mad race-and-color-persecution laws. Yet the whole situation moves forward toward the stage of catastrophe as impersonally as a glacier.

IF YOU look around you you can see the obvious truth of the Bible saying that the sins of the fathers are visited unto the children to the third and fourth generation. It seems to

LETTERBOX

BLAMES FISH COMPANIES

Editor, Daily News:

The beam trawlers of Prince Rupert would like the public to know the facts about the present tie-up.

Our tie-up concerns sole fillets only, and should not be confused with the salmon negotiations which are now under way.

We have been tied up for two months and during that time have been negotiating with the fish companies for a signed contract. As no agreement has been reached in two months we were forced to go on strike in order to bring the issue to a head.

Today we are receiving the same price for fish as we did in 1948. Operating costs have doubled over this period of time, making it impossible to operate under these conditions. The union is asking for a half cent per pound increase for soles and a minimum price agreement. The companies apparently do not consider the increase out of line but are opposed to a signed agreement.

Before the tie-up the highest price for sole was five and a half cents a pound and the lowest price two and a half cents for some species. At present this type of fish is retailing at forty-nine cents a pound. In comparison Seattle beam trawlers are

receiving as high as eleven cents a pound for soles and six cents a pound for the lowest species. In other words the Seattle fishermen are receiving more than double the Prince Rupert price.

Furthermore, labor costs of handling fish in the United States is considerably higher therefore the half cent increase that B.C. beam trawlers are asking is certainly not out of line and if anything is very modest.

In spite of this the fish companies are opposed "in principle" to signing an agreement.

Some fish companies are importing fillets from Seattle at the American price and after packing it they are selling it under their own brand. This is depriving B.C. fishermen and shoreworkers of their livelihood.

Of course this tie-up not only affects fishermen and shoreworkers, but also stores and many other businesses in B.C.

In face of the above facts we place the blame of this tie-up directly to the fish companies.

ALF RITCHIE, Chairman, Publicity Committee, The Prince Rupert Beam Trawl Fleet.

APPRECIATES DRILL TEAM

(The following letter was received recently by Alex Mitchell, drill master of the Prince Rupert Job's Daughters drill team. We thought it would be of interest to, and express the views of other readers.—Editor.)

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and Members of Job's Daughters Drill Team:

I've been quite thrilled with your successes in bringing so many honors to the residents of Prince Rupert, and would be very pleased if you would accept this small contribution.

Last year was the first time I had the pleasure of seeing the full drill and words can't express my delight at being able to watch such perfect drilling.

JOHN McNAUGHTON.

ANCIENT WEATHERMEN

More than 3000 years ago Chinese weathermen foretold the coming of the seasons by studying the stars.

BACK IN HIS DUGOUT in Korea is Lance-Corporal Bill Speakman, British hero awarded the Victoria Cross—equivalent of the Congressional Medal. Before and after being wounded, with complete disregard for his own safety, Speakman led six other men in repeated grenade charges, inflicting heavy losses on the Communists and allowing his wounded and greatly outnumbered comrades, including his officers, to withdraw to safety. He returned to Britain as a national hero, but, a fighting man of a fighting stock in Korea since the outset, he asked to return to the battle.

ray Reflects

Sockeye salmon arrive in Skeena sharp on time, if they plan on being caught. Presumably they do.

In the United Kingdom it will be necessary to pay directly for dental treatment and false teeth. Thith, we feel, will bring a pronounced lilt to conversational English.

GEORGE HIMSELF

Alderman George B. Casey, looking in a pretty fair humor, appears in a Vancouver paper, along with a human-nature sketch by Douglas Leiteman. It's a racy, entertaining, full-of-information story about George's life, from farm days as a boy back in Ontario, to his arrival as a Prince Rupert pioneer and gradual development in municipal affairs.

Frame construction here and there, reported active in Alberta. Perhaps it's in that neighborhood parts of what had been once a giant warehouse can be sighted.

MORE SIMPLE TO RECALL

It seems the little nurse in training had not yet mastered several more strange sounding words, but she kept persevering. Once, feeling a bit confused, she addressed a fun-loving medical man as Dr. Hemorrhoid.

holds, to be gravely advised Dr. Piles would be a word to remember.

WHAT'S HIS IDEA?

Winston Churchill is advised rather plainly to get from the office of Prime Minister because of advanced years. It does not follow that shares this opinion. He still enjoys smoking a large cigar public. He's 78. Why quit others ask him to?

POPULOUS REGIONS

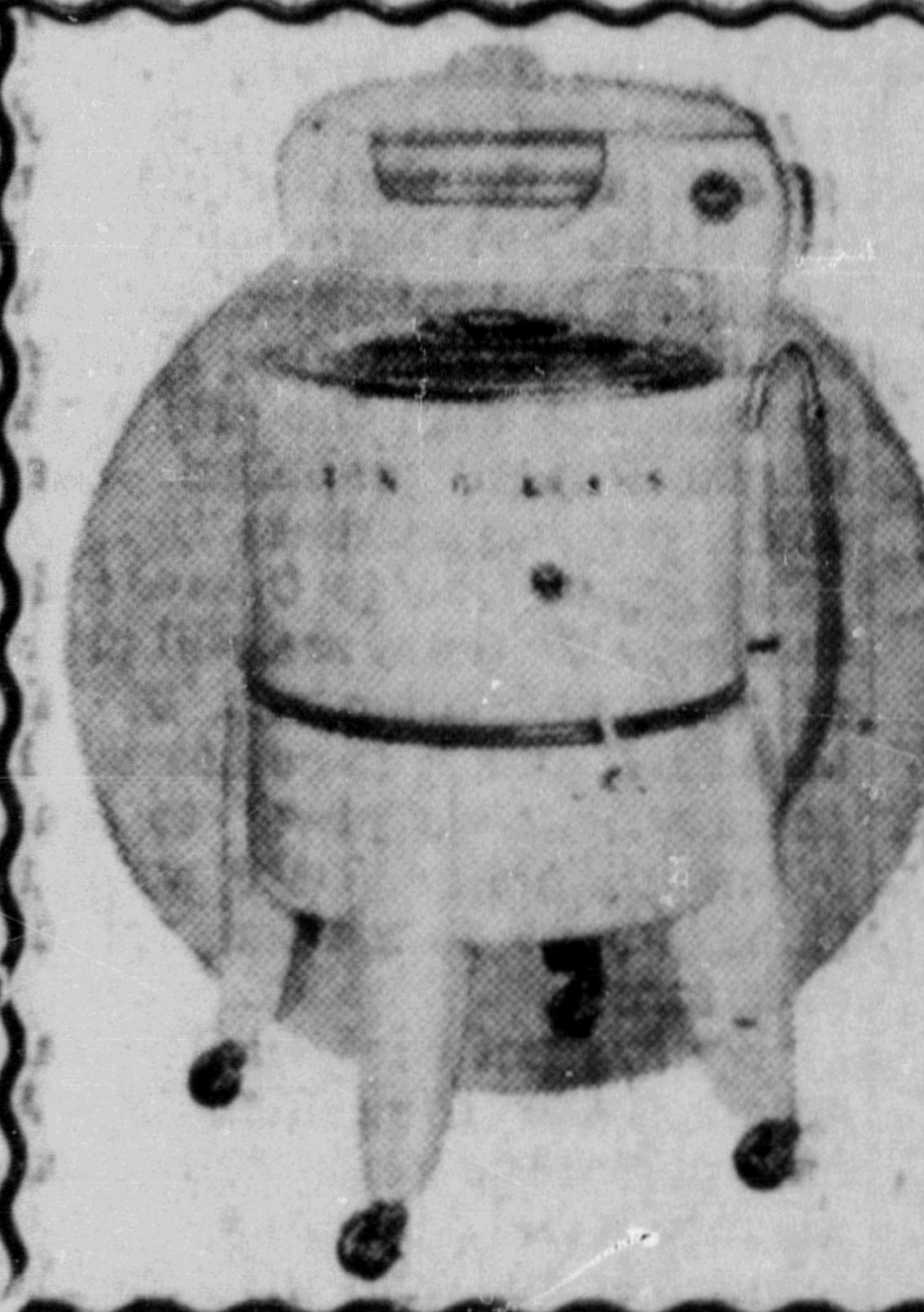
More than 70 per cent of Canadians live within 100 miles of the United States border.

LATEST REPORT

Ask your Investment Dealer for the Latest Report and Prospectus of



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SPECIAL

WHILE EXISTING STOCKS LAST

Inglis Model 13

Reg. 179.50

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Rupert Radio and Electric



"...the building of my herd"

Many a farmer knows that initiative, hard work and the financial support of the bank can all play their part in developing a successful farming operation.

One such man, a rancher in the West, recently wrote to his bank manager:

"I wish to express my appreciation of the way your bank has treated me through the years . . . the encouragement you have given me in the building of my herd. I feel the success we have achieved could hardly have been obtained without your intelligent support."

The farmer uses bank credit in many ways: to develop his land, buy livestock and equipment, market crops. Aiding Canada's food producers is an important part of the broad service the chartered banks perform for all Canadians.

This advertisement, based on an actual letter, is presented here by

THE BANKS SERVING YOUR COMMUNITY

