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A Service For the City

WITH interest we await the arrival on Friday of a young singer who, with performers like soprano Lois Marshall and violinist Donna Grescoe, bids fair to win Canada an international name in music.

He is James Milligan who, at 23, has already walked off with most of the honors this country is able to give its musicians of promise. Three years ago he won the grand award in a CBC singing stars contest which, in addition to giving him a 26-week radio contract, brought him to the attention of conductor Sir Ernest MacMillan who shortly afterwards was assigning him to solo roles in his concerts.

In making it possible for Prince Rupert to share the pleasure of hearing artists of this sort, the Alaska Music Trail Auxiliary is performing a service for the city which all will appreciate. While we have not in the past been on the main circuit of entertainers on tour, there is no reason why this should continue. Other more northern cities like Edmonton and Saskatoon have been making similar bids for attention, with the result that artists should not find themselves with a large gap in their schedule if they swing north in their travels.

Those who have performed in the Alaska Music Trail concerts have found an increasingly warm welcome at Prince Rupert. We are sure Mr. Milligan will be glad he came.

Fishermen Need Protection

A POINT of considerable importance to west coast fishing was raised the other day in the House of Commons during debate on the bill to protect coastal fisheries.

Prompted primarily by the encroachment of European fishing vessels into Canadian territorial waters of the eastern seaboard, the bill nevertheless has an application to the Pacific coast which merits consideration.

The point was raised by G. R. Pearkes, VC, member for Nanaimo, who remarked that "no great help will be given to the fisheries industry of the Pacific coast unless Canada defines quite clearly her territorial responsibility over the waters adjacent to the coast."

By way of elaboration, Mr. Pearkes pointed out there is no firm definition of the three-mile limit which is presently accepted by general international agreement. If it is taken to mean three miles from the mainland coast, two of B.C.'s best fishing areas are excluded—Queen Charlotte Sound and Heate Strait.

Unless provision is made in the bill to protect for Canada these valuable inland waters which are rightfully hers, serious harm may be inflicted on our Pacific fishing industry. Competition is sufficiently keen as it is, having already reached the point where canned fish of foreign brand may be purchased in our own province.

A practical solution would be the establishment of a well-defined line—which presumably would require international sanction—running northwest off the coast of Vancouver Island in such a manner that it would also clear the Queen Charlotte Islands. Besides providing B.C. fishermen with needed protection in these waters, a line of this sort would clear up existing doubts about what belongs to us and what does not.

— MILESTONES —

40 Years Ago Today

The G.T.P. Inn was again opened for accommodation this morning after being completely destroyed following the disastrous fire two months ago.

The Ladies Auxiliary to the hospital decided at their meeting to hold a grand bazaar at the time of the opening of the new wing.

30 Years Ago Today

The Knights of Pythias annual masquerade ball at the auditorium was a huge success with about 180 persons attending.

The publicity committee of the Board of Trade have arranged to send post cards of the new drydock to members of the Alberta Legislature, outlining the opportunities of this port.

20 Years Ago Today

It was announced that there is a possibility that Prince Rupert may have a broadcasting station under the new Radio Commission.

The Ladies Music Club recommended that all organizations use a uniform version of "O Canada," preferably the one taught in the schools.

10 Years Ago Today

The Department of National Defence proposed to erect an incinerator and that the city be permitted to operate and use it.

Thirteen rinks are entered in the Smithers Bonspiel including the Prince Rupert Rink skipped by J. L. McEwen.



CANADIAN SERVICEMEN stationed at the headquarters of Allied Air Forces Central Europe wear the distinctive multi-colored badge issued to military personnel. It is shown by LAC. Marie St. Laurent of Hull, Que., to Mrs. Marjorie Chaput (left) of Halifax and Catherine McDonald, Trenton, Ont. The two women are Canada's only civilian employees at AAFCE, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization air headquarters at Fontainebleau, France.

VICTORIA REPORT By J. K. Nesbitt

VICTORIA—It never ceases to be amazing to this reporter the way greenhorn politicians become seasoned legislative talkers so quickly.

Take Kenneth Kiernan, Minister of Agriculture. He ran a modest little garage near Chilliwack. He had never thought of politics until a year ago. Then, in the Social Credit avalanche, he was swept into the Legislature, and into the cabinet, with absolutely no experience.

Yet, he stood in his place in the House the other day and

made a first class speech. True, he wasn't interrupted, so we don't know yet how he'll handle himself in the rough and tumble of legislative debate. But he gave his speech in clear, methodical way; you could see he knew what he was talking about, had been working hard these last six months. If he was nervous he didn't show it.

The more I observe the Legislature the more I feel convinced that experience isn't all important. If that was the case we'd never have any new M.L.A.'s. The

necessity for experience is largely a myth built up by politicians who don't want to be defeated at the polls. They tell the voters that experience is absolutely necessary, that without it there'll be confusion and chaos. Well, that just isn't so. The new Government is bound to make some mistakes (governments, being composed of human beings, always do) but so far the new government is carrying along very well. There's no public dissatisfaction with it and the public doesn't want an election this year.

WOMEN SHOULD FIND NEW PLACE TO KEEP JEWELRY

BEDFORD, Eng. —Assistant Commissioner Martin of Scotland Yard said here he can't understand why so many women leave their jewelry in the same place—the top right-hand drawer of their dressing tables. "That's exactly where the housebreaker looks first in many cases," he says.

It's always refreshing to hear Mrs. Tilly Rolston make a legislative speech. She's sure of herself, knows what's on her mind, and speaks it out fearlessly. She has a nice sense of humor, and a stinging bite, carefully veiled by a charming pseudo-innocence, so that no one is ever hurt. Thus she gets over her points without making anyone really mad.

She had a fine time in her first speech this year gloating over the defeat of Liberals and Conservatives at the polls last June. She rubbed in the Social Credit victory, said everyone was surprised but Social Crediters. That, of course, is a bit of fiction; Social Crediters were more surprised than anyone else.

OTTAWA DIARY By NORMAN M. MacLEOD

Liberal MP's trooped into last week's regular meeting of the government caucus in a state of high excitement. Word had been passed around that Prime Minister St. Laurent proposed to make

a statement on the election outlook. The rank-and-file government supporters could hardly wait for the doors to be closed so that the secret conclave could get under way.

However, Mrs. Rolston gloated on. The voters rebited, that's what they did she said, they revolted against the political bosses who, she said, thought of political power in terms of inherent ownership, and re-election as being theirs by hereditary right. Social Credit made the grade because of its ideals, said Mrs. Rolston, not because it tries to wear halos. Mrs. Rolston said she hasn't seen any halos come floating down. Now, said Mrs. Rolston, the welfare of citizens will be placed ahead of political expediency.

THE LETTERBOX

A FAIR DISTRIBUTION

The Daily News:
At the City Hall Tuesday morning, I watched the hopeless haggling at the Court of Revision and couldn't help but compare our system of taxation with that of the Middle Ages when the 'lord of the manor' squeezed as much money as possible out of his tenants. He was in the unfortunate position of not being able to go to the banks to find out how much money Farmer John had—he was forced to wait until Farmer John put on a new roof or built a new barn and then he pounced on him knowing that he MUST have money, even if it was buried in the garden somewhere. Poor old Farmer John was then behind the eight ball and had to pay the taxes which were levied against him. But that was in the Middle Ages!

Approximately an hour later the doors re-opened and the Government MP's separated to their respective offices. All had heard exactly the same words from Mr. St. Laurent's lips. But instead of unanimity of agreement prevailing in respect to their meaning, at least three separate and distinct interpretations were being argued.

One group of Liberals believed that the Prime Minister had told them plainly that there would be no federal general election until after the Coronation.

Another group believed Mr. St. Laurent had been careful to lay his emphasis upon the possibility of a Spring election.

Still a third group believed the Prime Minister had intimated that the general election would NOT come until the Spring of 1954.

Next day Opposition Leader Harold Winch snapped back at Mrs. Rolston. He flew into indignation because Social Crediters have been running around hinting that the last government was dishonest, full of corruption. What an indictment, said Mr. Winch, against the Premier and Mrs. Rolston. Were they not supporters of that government? Yes, for four years, said Mrs. Rolston, it was a good government, "But you stayed seven years after that," said Mr. Winch and Mrs. Rolston shot back: "Well, Jacob waited seven years for Rachel." And back came Mr. Winch: "I don't know whether you want me to say look what he got, or look what Rachel got." There they were—two quick tongues, two bright minds, one pitted against the other in legislative repartee.

We are living in the 20th Century and the system which was applicable in the old days is absolutely unworkable now. That kind of taxation invites corruption and bribery! We are always reading about the "ward heelers" in the American cities and if we really looked into it, we would find that the present type of taxation is responsible for it.

Here, in essence, is what Mr. St. Laurent said to the caucus behind closed doors:
The Coronation was the outstanding event of the present year. It had seized upon the imagination of the people of the Commonwealth to a degree that far surpassed any other interest. In these circumstances he didn't think the Canadian people would take kindly to an election campaign which would seek to divert the attention they were focussing on the Royal pageant.

There's evidently going to be many a clash this season between the Premier and Mr. Winch. This was shown when Mr. Winch made his first speech this session. He needed the Premier, and the Premier took the bait, which is what Mr. Winch hoped, and knew he would do.

I propose that the taxes in Prince Rupert should be put on a permanent basis, i.e., footage of the lot and cubic content of the building. If this was instituted, the only argument the taxpayer would have with the Council would be the 'rate'—and if the rate was raised to a point where we, the citizens, were unable or unwilling to pay, all we would have to do is replace the council with a more economical type of management. On that basis, the City would be run as a business proposition and not as a political "pork barrel."

He reminded the caucus that the period within which an election must be held was 18 months from the present.

At this reminder a second group of Liberals pricked up their ears. The P.M. wouldn't have emphasized this feature of the situation, they became sure, if he hadn't intended to defer the election until at least the spring of 1954. But Mr. St. Laurent didn't stop there either.

Mr. Bennett has never been known for his controlled temper, despite that disarming smile of his. He can lose his temper very quickly. That may have been fine when he was a back-bencher in opposition, but now he's the Premier. It's all very well for a man to get mad. He can be most effective that way. But if he lets his madness rule him he's apt to make a display of himself, and be exceedingly sorry afterwards.

To continue to go up to the City Hall and argue on their basis of taxation is probably the most hopeless task I have ever come up against, but whatever the valuation of my property, I will protest it until a scheme of fairer taxation is devised by the City Council. Furthermore, I am willing to argue my proposition with any member of the City Council!

Surely, say the remaining group of Liberals, those words were more than a hint of the possibility or even likelihood of a surprise spring election.

Perhaps they were. Time will tell.

Mr. Winch knows how to get mad, too, blazing mad, but he's always now in control of himself. That wasn't always the case, but, with the years he has fought himself until he is now master of himself. And, of course, being master, he's much more devastating than if he let himself get out of control.

As I See It



by Elmore Philpott

Britons Work Hard

IN A remarkable article in the January 24 issue of the Saturday Evening Post Ernest O. Hauser explains "England" to Americans.

On the whole the article is not unfriendly, though Mr. Hauser is sore because Britain won't start a Red hunt, a la McCarthy and Co. in U.S.A.

But in some of his loose phrases he makes a good many people, including me, see red. For instance:

"It's in the ranks of Winston Churchill's party that the decline and fall of the British Empire is most keenly felt."

Anyone who thinks the British world family of nations is down and out, like the Roman Empire, is due for a rude and early shock. More people freely give loving allegiance to the British Queen, and the Commonwealth, than have ever given allegiance to any political organization on earth. Its best day lies ahead.

J. M. of Burnaby has a more down-to-earth kick. He worked most of his life in Warrington, Lancashire. Now after a few years in Canada he is appalled to find that many people in North America have the false idea that the British workman is a slacker. He writes at length with many facts and figures to prove that the British workman has fewer holidays, works longer hours, and produces more for less pay than does the North American.

I heartily agree with my friend, and do not have to take his word to prove it, because I have the latest official figures at hand.

Here are the comparative average weekly hours of work in three countries.

| | Britain | Canada | U.S.A. |
|------|---------|--------|--------|
| 1948 | 44.9 | 43.6 | 40.1 |
| 1949 | 45 | 43.3 | 39.2 |
| 1950 | 45.7 | 43.5 | 40.5 |

THE AVERAGE worker in Britain gets a weekly wage of 139 shillings and ten pence. (About half the pay here). Since the end of the Hitler war the British worker's pay has been increased, till 1951, by exactly 38.8 per cent. The average Canadian was getting \$32.38 per week in 1946 and \$51.32 in 1951—an increase of 58.5 per cent. The average American was earning \$43.82 in 1946 and \$59.33 in 1951 an increase of 35.4 per cent.

IT IS NO secret that the worker in North America has better and more machine tools and equipment to work with. But despite the war damage, and a grim scarcity of food, the British worker has shown a far greater improvement in output than has the North American.

These 1951 figures are from the Economic Commission of Europe and show the comparative increases in output per head taking the year 1938 as 100.

| | |
|--------------|-----|
| West Germany | 92 |
| France | 117 |
| Britain | 129 |
| Canada | 107 |
| U.S.A. | 126 |

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Peanut Crop Worth \$185 Million

Don't use "peanuts" as a term of derogation. According to the N.Y. Journal of Commerce, 55,000 peanut farmers last year raised a crop of 650,000 tons and sold it for \$185 million. Almost 1,000,000 Americans are engaged in or connected with the peanut business, and a pound of peanuts is equal in energy value to 4 pounds of beef, 21 pounds of cheese, 10 gallons of milk, or 33 eggs.

Ray REFLECTS and REMINISCES

Biofontein is around seven hundred railway miles north of Capetown on the sea, and means "place of the blossoming fountain." We saw it on the Totten screen last week—for the second time in fifty-two years. Both beholder and vista had become greatly changed. It gave this movie hawk a feeling of surprise as well as pleasure in awakening an almost forgotten flood of memories.

The superb picture, in natural colors rolled mile upon mile embracing business blocks and streets, homes and estates, parks and gardens, culture and beauty. But once, there was another sort of city, although situated on precisely the same ground.

In March, 1900, units of Lord Roberts' army marching across country from near Kimberley entered Biofontein, capital of the Orange Free State which had been largely evacuated. Canadians camped a mile or so outside. We found a plain little town. If there was a building of any consequence it must have been the home of the free state government.

Here and there were traces of what could have been forts to repel native attacks. Boers and tribes were fighting not so many years previously.

DEWET HIMSELF
But as for development of any size whatever, it all had to come later. No lavish wealth of flowers, although the idea was there. Eventually came "the blossoming fountain." In Nineteen Hundred, General DeWet and his hard-bitten horsemen, their best to destroy the supply practically succeeded a while. DeWet knew they were better than the back of a hand.

Canucks, after a hard tack, dusty jam and beef were relieved to see that an old Scotsman with a modest hotel planned to refresh it was to sit in a and behold a table with a on it, mutton and butter and soft bread and strong tea one could see from shining crockery of unclean canteens.

"FRIEND," SIR!
Perhaps the "Blossoming Friend" is still being sought. It ought to be worth the of this newspaperman to find out. Fifty-two years inky little Africans would running through the clear air. Half a dozen were mailed home as a wick. None was ever seen.

Today Biofontein is led to have a first-class touch of the genuineness. This is the offspring of and tiger. Such are the speaking of animals, the ment from Canada young baboon, that had a military instinct, marching, it rode on trucks, and encamped, chained to a stout pole. ture within reach meant shortly be perched on a throw away your helmet, next thing you engaged in climate study of the

IN MEMORIAM

In respect to the memory of the late John Bulger, Sr., Manson's Jewellers and Geo. Cook Jewellers will be closed all day Thursday.

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In respect to the memory of the late John Bulger, Sr., John Bulger Ltd. Jewellers will be closed all day Thursday.

NOTICE

Appeals respecting sections 5 and 6 will be heard by the Court of Revision commencing at 7 p.m. tonight.

Section 7 appeals will be heard commencing Thursday at 7 p.m.

A. S. Whalen
Chairman.