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Session Accomplished Little

ALTHOUGH the extraordinary events of the last few days in Victoria came without warning, a backward glance over the session just ended makes them appear not so strange after all.

Rarely did the session stay on a normal legislative track. It was more like an unplanned meeting between members of opposing political parties who suddenly find themselves bunched together on the same speakers' platform. More important issues were forgotten in the anxiety of each to embarrass the other. Those who were in the gallery described it as a comedy which was at first amusing and then merely ridiculous.

In view of the lack of a majority, or even a strong plurality, for any party, perhaps this much was to be expected. But expected or not, it accomplished little for a province already suffering from the absence of positive leadership, and it is probably just as well the end came as quickly as it did.

Unfortunately the question of leadership is as far from an answer as ever—in fact, farther. With the exception of the Socreds, no party now has an experienced leader who could be counted on to show the necessary authority if called upon to be Premier or head of the opposition. Indeed, neither the Liberals nor the CCF has a formally appointed leader of any kind, experienced or otherwise. In Dean Finlayson the Conservatives have a young man who seems personable enough but whose 200-odd days in the House and whose limited executive experience in private life hardly qualifies him to meet the exacting demands of Premiership.

New leaders will be found and there is some comfort in the axiom that the "occasion maketh the man." Meanwhile, however, it is disturbing to reflect that B.C. moves ahead without established direction at a time so vital in its growth. While there is evidence that abundant new capital is being held ready for investment in this province, it is unlikely there will be any move in this respect until it becomes more apparent what policy will govern our affairs. It is even possible that potential investors, tired of waiting, will turn elsewhere.

Yet there is no cause to lose heart. Whatever transient difficulties it may encounter, B.C. cannot be denied its greater destiny. In as little as five years this small passage in history will be forgotten, other problems will have been met and overcome, and B.C. will continue to progress on its own massive momentum. The men and women at Victoria do not create this force. They merely do what they can to guide it.

OTTAWA DIARY By NORMAN M. MacLEOD

By general consent of Senators, Commoners and Press Gallery correspondents alike, Parliament Hill's Man of the Session so far isn't any member of either of the Houses of Parliament.

He's an outsider who dropped in for a brief visit during the past week and in the course of it managed to furnish the session with its liveliest and most colorful interlude so far.

In other words, he's Donald Gordon, President of the Canadian National Railways and past master of the difficult art of keeping politicians at arm's length where the affairs of the publicly-owned road are concerned.

PLAIN SPEAKING
The C.N.R. President doesn't wear either striped pants or a homburg hat when he comes to Ottawa for his annual appearance before the House of Commons Railway committee. Any ability or special talent in diplomacy which he possesses he keeps carefully concealed. Instead, his speech and manner are of the homespun variety which makes his meaning at all times plain—even occasionally disconcertingly so.

For example, he told one M.P. on the committee that a remark which he interjected was "scandalous." The M.P. meekly refrained from arguing the point. At another juncture he expressed the vigorous opinion that hotel Manager Robert S. Pitt should "pray to be protected from his friends." The "friends" alluded to were the PC members of the Committee. The PC's looked uncomfortable under the rebuke, but offered no retaliation. And so it went. Sometimes the C.N.R. president substituted ac-

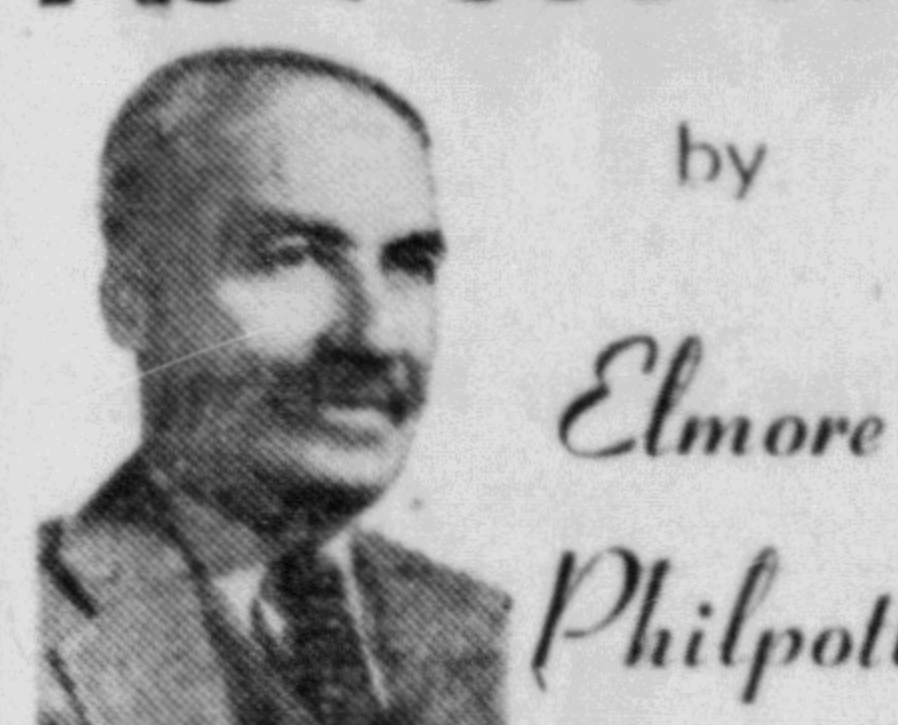
tions for words, as when he pounded the desk in front of him and angrily shook his fist under the temptingly hawk-like nose of J. M. Macdonnell leader of the PC opposition.

PERSONALITY
Parliament Hill never sees anything to even remotely resemble these Gordon performance in its ordinary humdrum routine. It definitely relishes them, even if the particular M.P. who happens to be on the receiving end of the Gordon wrath may be momentarily unappreciative. There is a sound reason, furthermore, for parliament's instinct of healthy respect for the C.N.R. President's unconventionality. This is it:

Being president of the C.N.R. is definitely—or should be—a non-political post. The tradition so far is that it has been kept as such by its successive occupants. And Donald Gordon, in his lack of obsequiousness to politicians who happen to have the letters "M.P." added to their names is recognized as following faithfully in the Sir Henry Thornton tradition of discouraging any political interference with management. It's a rough way Donald Gordon has of making his point. But it's effective. And it's respected.

No Splashing
SAULT STE. MARIE, Ont. (CP)—A recent mild spell that left pools of water in the streets prompted police chief I. L. Robertson to warn motorists against splashing pedestrians and other cars. While there is no specific penalty for splashing, he pointed out they could be liable for cleaning bills.

As I See It



by Elmore Philpott

B.C. ELECTION

A few months ago a B.C. election would obviously have returned the Social Credit party with a clear majority. It is possible Premier Bennett was quite sincere when he then publicly boasted his party would win all forty eight seats!

Since that time the situation in B.C. has changed. The Social Credit government alienated chunks of former support. Never did so few lose so much so fast. It is one of the few governments in the entire history of Canada ever to have been overthrown on a straight vote in the House.

There is, I believe, not a single case where a government which was beaten in the House and consequently, forced to go to the people, was ever returned victorious.

THE FINAL downfall of the Social Credit government of B.C. came on school taxes. The municipalities were asked to give up their guaranteed one third out of the provincial sales tax, in return for a complicated and confused system of dubious grants.

In this new system there was rank discrimination around the city of Vancouver. It is to the credit of one honest Socred, Bert Price, that he refused to be an accessory to this crude injustice to his own city. He voted against his own government.

Incidentally, this fact is one which should intrigue all believers in poetic justice. For Mr. Price is the same man who won his seat only on the fourth count—and held it because a recount was refused on the ground that the name on the constituency was described as Burrard, instead of Vancouver-Burrard, in the legal petition.

I REPORTED in this space months ago that 74 percent of those who answered my New Year quiz predicted that Socreds would win more seats than any other one party in 1953 B.C. provincial election. I think considerably fewer would give that same guess now.

Here are some solid facts to remember. Last year the CCF ran first with 31 percent of the first choices. Social Credit came second with 26 percent and the Liberals were third with 24 percent. That is the CCF was 5 percent ahead of Socreds and the Liberals were only 2 percent behind Socreds.

The election was actually won on the third and fourth counts. Moreover, the Social Crediters and CCF voters gave each other their second choices rather than cast them for either old party.

I HAZARD no present guess of my own on this election. But I point out that whereas the switched vote system worked in favor of Social Credit last time, it will work against them this time.

The Social Credits are in exactly the same position today as the Liberals were just one year earlier. They have to win the election on the first count, or they won't win at all.

Last year the CCF failed completely to educate its own followers to face the fact that Social Credit was its worst enemy at the extreme opposite end of the pole of politics from the CCF. Moreover, while some rich and powerful supporters of the Liberal party made no secret of the fact that they would do anything (even to sabotaging their own party) to keep the CCF out of power provincially—that is not true of rank and file Liberal voters. For instance, in the crucial Burrard seat where Socred Bert Price was elected on the fourth count here is how the final Liberal votes went:

For Social Credit — 2414
For CCF — 1923

THE REALITY of Canadian politics today is that while CCF and Liberals are bitter rivals provincially they may be in a few months be forced to form a federal alliance, or see a Drew-Low-Duplessis combination take over at Ottawa.

Fine Paintings
VANCOUVER (CP)—Among a fine collection of French impressionist paintings on exhibition here from March 24 to April 1 are works by Manet, Renoir, Degas, Cezanne and Van Gogh.



AND SO THE THIRD PERSON DECIDES—By Charlie Knight in the Windsor Star.

Parliament Hill

By Edward T. Applewhaite, M.P., Skeena

Since I started writing these little letters (they can hardly be called "columns") I have taken a greater interest in the products of the professional columnists. At times I am staggered by what is either their appalling ignorance, or else a deliberate distorting of facts.

For instance, take that \$30,000 Bellingham TV station which we are told shows up the inefficiency of the CBC, whose stations cost \$250,000 or more. But we are not told that Bellingham is a type of relay station. It would be just as sensible to compare the cost of the radio repeater station at Terrace with the cost of an originating radio station like Vancouver.

And talking of radio, a columnist in "The Prince Rupert Daily News" of March 13 said: "... so far this session the Special Radio Committee has been inactive."

Well, at that time there wasn't one. The Committee was not set up until March 20.

Then there were the numbers of columnists who kept harping upon the possibility or probability of a Dominion election; this spring. As though there was ever any likelihood of Mr. St. Laurent plunging the country into a general election during the celebrations of the Coronation—or during the preparations for such celebrations.

I think most of the Liberal members down here agree with me that—while it may be a self-fish attitude to take—we rather hope that "Mike" Pearson does not get the U.N. Secretaryship. We want him here.

Recently I had lunch with one Ed Paulsen, who had just returned from a mission to Korea and Japan, where he was one of a U.N.K.R.E.A. team planning aid to Korean and Japanese farmers and fishermen. Mr. Paulsen's own line is the fishing industry. As a boy of ten or eleven he lived on the Skeena River—that was quite some years ago.

A couple of days ago the House passed a resolution in my name for production of "a copy of all letters, telegrams and other communications from the 1st day of January, 1951 to date, between the Department of Public Works (Canada) and the Government of the Province of British Columbia or any department thereof respecting the proposed transfer of the Fishermen's Floats at Cow Bay, Prince Rupert, B.C., to the Government of Canada from the Government of B.C." My motion was passed by the House, subject to consent being obtained from the B.C. Government.

It was good news for the fishing industry which Hon. Jimmy Sinclair, Minister of Fisheries, gave us in reply to a question I asked "on the Orders of the Day" as to whether any progress was being made in the negotiations for the sale of the carry-over of canned salmon.

The Minister reviewed the situation whereby the British Columbia salmon cannery have

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Tito's Break With Stalin At First Looked Like Ruse

By LEWIS MILLIGAN

When it was first announced that Marshal Tito had broken with the Soviet Russia, the news seemed to be too good to be true, and doubt was expressed as to the Marshal's sincerity. It was suggested that this might be a ruse agreed upon by Stalin and Tito to throw the Western allies off their guard in the belief that there was now no fear of a Russian drive through Yugoslavia. There was some ground for this suspicion in the memory of Moscow's double-dealings and in the fact that Tito still claimed to be a Communist.

But these suspicions were dispelled, for me at least, on reading Tito's story, "My Break With Stalin," portions of which were published as a serial in The Sunday Times (London), in which the Marshal presents pictures of Stalin as a crafty and unscrupulous despot and his ministers as fawning sycophants.

Tito says he first met Stalin in September, 1944, and had several talks with him at the Kremlin and at his private house. Stalin promised to send a "whole tank corps" to enable Tito to "liberate" Belgrade and agreed to withdraw Russian troops from Yugoslavia when this was accomplished. These first talks were "very cool" and Tito later learned from Dimitrov, the Bulgarian premier, that "the Boss was terribly angry with you and stamped with rage" because of a telegram Tito had sent to him which began, "If you cannot send us assistance, at least do not hamper us."

At this first meeting, Tito says, "I noticed that Stalin could not bear to be contradicted. In conversation with the men around him he is coarse and touchy."

After this "very painful" interview Stalin invited Tito to supper at his villa where he says, "we drank toasts deep into the night. I had not been used to drinking, and I felt sick. I cursed myself out loud for having drunk so much, and I heard Beria's voice behind me: 'That's nothing, these things will happen!'"

Tito's next visit to Moscow was in the spring of 1946, and Stalin is said to have "appeared to be most cordial, if there can be any talk of cordiality on Stalin's part... He behaved diplomatically and slyly. As we entered he smiled at us with yellow, irregular teeth."

During the conference he asked many questions about the resources of Yugoslavia and turned to military matters and foreign policies, especially with Bulgaria, Hungary and Albania. It was long past midnight when Stalin laughingly invited the whole party to his home for supper. He ordered a secretary, a typical Russian colonel, to have the cars ready. Then he turned to his guests and continued to jest. He was extremely courteous, witty. Not two minutes passed and he summoned the colonel again. He asked whether the cars were ready. The colonel became flustered. Stalin suddenly changed.

The pleasant, witty host turned into another man. He trembled with rage he shouted. The former round of toasts were repeated well into the night. Stalin rose from his chair and went to a corner and began to play records of Russian folk music. "Singing softly, he began to dance to the music. Molotov and others shouted out to him.

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