The Friend'y Service
J & M CASH STORE
Phone 137
See Our Ad

THE SIMILKAMEEN STAR

THIS WEEK-END
at the CAPITOL
DESERT FURY
Lisabeth Scott

Forty-Eighth Year; No. 18 PRINCETON, B.C., THURSDAY, 6th MAY, 1948 $2.00 per Year, 5c per Copy.

OUR 'RODEO STATION' IN SOON

C.B.C. Bandbox In C.P.R.; Equipment Here for New Amplifying Set-up

REBROADCAST ONLY

Official Coming to Supervise Installations

PRINCETON'S "radio-station" may be operating in a few days.

Accessory installations have already begun and a C.B.C. official is due here this week.

It will be simply an amplifying machine and antenna at the C.P.R. depot.

It will pick up and automatically rebroadcast C.B.C. from the telephone wires, with no local transmissions and no personnel. Special equipment has been installed in the telephone office to accommodate it.

Mr. Hilton is coming to supervise the other work.

It will, of course, simply give better local reception — when interference permits — to C.B.C. stuff, but they carry some American standards that are worth listening to.

Installation was threatened in March, so we have been lucky.

Meanwhile, despite a fragmentary check-up, interference is still bad.

NEW FIRE HALL BUT NO TOWER

PRINCETON is to have a new fire hall. It will be a commodious frame building—without a tower—on the site of the present Gothic edifice, which will be ruthlessly demolished at the hands of the invading barbarians.

It will be somewhat more ambitious than that recommended by the firemen's committee; and more than somewhat more expensive. Some would have preferred more chemical equipment

Money has been borrowed by the trustees of the new fire protection district, from the bank. and the taxes will be collected through Penticton — at a commission.

Meanwhile the annual ratepayers' meeting has come and gone, with no change; and six dashed fools present to see how their money is being spent.

The government has been petitioned by the trustees to ordain traffic regulations in respect to fire protection.

Firemen all happy except Gordie, despite the fact that there is no truth to the story that lacking a tower, it will be his job to do a wakie-talkie with the siren, on recepit of post card

It has not been decided what to do with the bell, but there is skullduggery afoot to tie it round the Printer's Devil's' neck so he will be able to wake himself up in case of a before-noon alarm.

★ NOTE TO FIREMEN—Truck and equipment temporarily at Cornish residence.

Royal Purple Honors Princeton

PRINCETON was host to the district convention of the Royal Purple on Wednesday. It was an all-day session, with delegates from Trail, Kelowna, Oliver, Keremeos, Kamloops and an uprogrsesive place called Princeton. Sessions were presided over by District Deputy Supreme Honored Royal Lady Collen of Oliver

At night the Princeton lodge was hostess at an event that showed men aren't really necessary. H. R. L. Mrs. Lottie Young presided over the banquet.

But—the doings were held in the ELKS' hall, and they owe me a bottle of —ink.

Dixon Golf Medallist

Ed Dixon won the monthly medal Sunday in the first competition of the season.

You Pays Your

E. J. CHAMBERS
Liberal

Deer Slaughter On A Highway

WHEN you speed along the new Hedley Highway—and you have no right to—you are running the risk of murder.

Officially the highway is still closed to save the surface, but that isn't the serious angle. It's the speed, which is making it a death trap for deer.

Obesnvant citizens bring back shocking reports of the slaughter uninten tional. but no less serious for that.

The stretch from Wolfe Creek to Bromley's is a noted deer run. The road runs principally in a narrow passage between hill and river, which from time immemorial has been an innocent haunt of deer.

Thoughtlessly, but significantly, to remind us of our economic concentration camp, our gauleiters have ramped the road with a mesh fence, topped with a wicked strand of barbed wire.

PLEA TO MOTORISTS

Startled by the unaccustomed flying road monsters, the deer panic down the stretch, then bolt for the fence. Many are killed by the cars direct, the carcases left lying. Others, failing to see and clear the barbed wire, are cruelly cuirassed. Ripped carcasses, tufts of hair, tell the cruel story. Until pressure is brought to bear to remove the heathen barbs, and regulations are made to control speed in this section, motorists are urged to play the game and prevent this cruel waste of a charming asset.

Now if it were the politicians who were caught in the trap. most of us would have no complaint, but the deer are innocent, and some use to the country.

Obituary

MACFIE—

Local folk were saddened to learn of the death at the Coast of Mrs. J. A. Macfie. She was buried on Friday.

The Macfie's lived in Princeton for more than 15 years, leaving a few years ago. Mr. Macfie was engineer at the water pump house. Born in London, Mrs. Macfie had a cheery disposition and a true Bow Bells sense of humor. She was an assiduous worker for the Red Cross Hospital Auxiliary and Anglican Church. Besides her husband she leaves an adult son, Bill.

GRIEVE—

Mr. J. Grieve. local merchant, has been bereaved by the death at Saltcoats, Sask., of his father, Henry Elliott Grieve. A Saskatchewan pioneer, he was aged 90.

SZOTEK—

Funeral was held from the United Church of John S. Szotek, who died while at work on the railway tunnel. Pall-bearers were fellow-employeees of the Highway Construction Co., by whom he was held in high esteem — Fred Bustin, Alfred Mellor and Archie Waugh.

He is known to have a daughter and a brother in Canada and the authorities are anxious to get in touch with them in connection with the estate. Deceased was aged 49.

MESSENGER—

Funeral was held in Princeton of Mrs. Mary Viola Messenger, of Hedley, aged 76. A respected family, they have lived for some years in Similkameen.

GRIEVE—

Death occurred in Princeton of Mrs. Christina Grieve, mother of Mrs. Alex Hollands, long - time Princeton residents. Mrs. Grieve was 82. Interment was in Princeton cemetery.

HE FOUND GOLD IN A CITY

THE man who found gold in a city is dead here. He is John Szotek, a laborer with a Highway Construction Co. crew. They are putting in the railway tunnel at the Twin Bridges.

Last fall they were engaged in grading a street in the hilly city of Prince Rupert. After a blast he stooped down and picked up a bit of rock. It was rich ore, and an assay showed it to glitter with gold.

A minor stampede ensued. Excited townsmen—and women too—rushed to stake. Some came with lamps at night. A boy went off with a barrowful of dirt and common rocks.

Some of the ore was found in John's possessions here.

Money And You

W. A. C BENNETT
Conservative

Nishihara Bests Beyak, 4 to 2

NISHIHARA fanned nine as Princeton beat Hedley 4-2 at Princeton Sunday, chiefly on extra base clouts by Murphy and Stocker. Record crowd of 700.

Princeton	— 310 000 000	—4 8 3
Hedley	— 000 011 000	—2 6 3

Colored Ball Team May Play Here

GEORGE Schisler, Princeton's Mr. Baseball, is gunning for a colored team here on a Thursday soon—either 'Frisco Cubs or Oakland Braves, both Abe Saperstein promotions.

Princeton Paragraphs

BUILDING BOOM is under way. T. O. Lessard, R. Dosek and L. Saaman all have houses in process.

JACK MILNE has returned from a sinister two week trip.

BACK AGAIN at the bakery is Mrs. J. Gabriel, with a new assistant—John Robert.

LOCAL MINES are working slack. Burr's have gone over to the Jackson property and changes are rumored at the stripping operation.

Four Vie To Be Rodeo Queen

ONE of these good looking dames is going to be your queen, since Charlie Harmon is definitely not running for this, but poisonally, we'd take the horse—Ruby Willis. Helen Popovich, Audrey Aldous, Evelyn Huff. Rodeo plans—27th June—coming along fine. reports Jeanie

Political Pot Is Boiling For Yale Bye-Election

THERE is a little matter of a Federal bye-election on the 31st of this month, and the politicians seem to have got word of it—as you will see by your paper

A big red sign marks a little white building on Vermilion Avenue, with these strange words "Liberal Headquarters." That last we know, were attached to one, but what is a Liberal? We shall find ou one day now. The Grits are pursuing their delaying-surprise tactics, the last to announce a meeting, but that probably means big guns.

The wag who had a nasty thought of planting a certain savory edifice commonly found behind the old red school house, beside Parliament Hill, and a flea kenne beside that in the good old British tradition of fair play to the other parties has been promptly sat on.

Conservative candidate Bennett speaks at Hedley 20th and Princeton 21st. C.C.F.'s Mr. O. L. Jones impressed by his sincerity in what may be his only speaking visit, but he has strong support in Harold Winch, here on the 27th. The local C.C.F. workers are setting an industrious example.

Mr. Chambers, the Liberal candidate, has already visited the district.

We propose to cover all addresses from this point, but we do sincerely urge you all to give the candidates a personal hearing. It is a privilege of democracy; and a responsibility.

Takes Your Chance

O. L. JONES
C.C.F.

First Aid Field Day, Princeton, 5th June

ANNUAL mine safety and first aid field day wil be held in Princeton on Saturday, 5th June

First Aid Awards

Junior

First Year— Ruby Willis, Alvena Thomson, Jean Muir, Donna Haglof.

Second Year—Ann Antonich, Carol Johnson, Donna Rines.

Senior

Label — Robert Miller, Louis Saaman, T. J. Bottaro, Mrs. M. Bryden.

Medallion—F. Antonich.

Voucher—Const. W. Hare.

Certificate—Carl Stenvold. R. Miller, J. P. Cunliffe.

Examiners—Drs. S. Milder, P. Phillips an A. R. Hicks.

AT ROTARY SESSION

Messrs. Stan Wilson, Ken Alexander and John Ewart, accompanied by their wives, attended the district Rotary convent on at Nelson at the week-end.

Films on the Arctic and Lumber were shown to-day. Last Tuesday Rev. Rev. P. J. Brownlee spoke on international affairs.

And some of you wish the Politicians were in it.

SPRING-FLUSHED RIVER SHROUDS A GRIM MYSTERY

Two Boys See Man Throw In Hat, Then Jump In, Swept Away; Man Missing

THE romantic old Similkameen River, now in boisterous playfulness of spring flood, tonight holds a dark mystery, perhaps a grim secret.

For two days police, aided by prospectors panning the stream for gold, and settlers ranching on its banks, have scoured its seething bars, its brooding pools and surly eddies for tragic evidence they fear to find, following the strange report of a couple of boys on Friday evening.

Meanwhile another search, possibly connected, goes on for a Princeton man who has not been seen since the two youngsters panted their strange report.

On Friday night about six two boys were playing near the Copper Mtn. bridge. They saw a man on the stream bank beneath, acting strangely. Suddenly he threw his cap into the turbulent waters, plunged in after it. They saw him borne tumbling downstream. They ran to the police; and this is the story they told.

Though the are very young, from their excitement and earnestness, their story is not doubted.

The river has been searched for miles below Princeton. It has been watched, following messages, far downstream. Nothing but the familiar restless-placid scene . . . the grim gliding waters in their spring green sluice, quietly throbbing with the season's urge . . . the old familiar scene, inexorable, inscrutabe.

The boys were young and earnest and a little overawed. Their story was graphic and coherent but lacking in calm detail.

The man they saw was middle aged and almost bald.

Naturally checking that angle, the police finally gathered that a man had not been seen in his usual haunts.

The man was middle - aged and almost bald. In other respects the rough descriptions tally.

But no legitimate conclusion can be drawn until either the missing man turns up or a body is found and identified.

Until then there are two mysteries that may be one.

There is nothing to explain the missing man's disappearance. There are no material clues to the boys' story.

The police found a pump near the spot. They chased that down hopefully. They found it belonged to a local trucker.

The ranks of prospectors who might have been working on the river were checked. There is no one missing.

Ailing, Drinking

The missing man is a former army cook. He worked at Copper Mtn. for a time, but was seriously troubled with arthritis. He had been about Princeton for some time, hoping—and waiting—for government assistance. He had been drinking quite a lot.

He had an appointment on Monday at the labor bureau, did not show up.

No relatives are known, nor anyone intimate with him. He has been missed in his usual round, and nobody can account for it.

And that is all anyone knows, except perhaps Old Man River.

A bonny, never savage stream, coursing through its mountain valley, he is swift and by no means gentle. He has taken few sacrifices, but some. In these seasons of flood he swells to a snow-fed torrent, and a body may lie caught on some hidden snag till clear shallowy late summer, or be borne with flood wings to the rolling Okanagan at Oroville, thence to the mighty Columbia and the sea.

A member of one of the earliest survey parties was drowned attempting a crossing at this season of the year, and any who have swum in it knows its treacherous strength.

The danger times are two — when the ice goes out, and when early summer heat thaws the upland snows.

Of late years he has behaved decorously. But most of us remember about fifteen years back when in a sudden early February thaw, the ice went out with a mighty blast and came churning down the narrow gorge, to pile up wherever curve offered resistance or lowland escape.

The Tulameen front of Princeton had a hectic hour or two, but the rear avalanche spewed over the boulder- strewn flat just before the Bad Curves.

The other crisis also comes of heat. From now on until the bulk of the snows have melted up above, the hotter the weather the more the river will rise.

At a steep grade, it usually roars through its well-girt course occasionally spilling over where the banks are low, and seeping through the sub-soil into basements.

Heat and High Water

The real danger is from the debris it gathers in its fury. Trees and anything it can carry away, caught by bridge piers and the like in such sudden swoops, form a powerful wall, pressed by an awful welter of water power.

There is some anxiety among old heads this year. It has been one of the latest springs on record. The snow is still accumulating up above. It could be suddenly hot tomorrow. It can hardly be gradual. Such a year was '34, old timers recall. That was the year the pioneer Allison house was carried bodily downstream.

Just now, in the still of early morning, despite the milder warmth of the past few days, there is but the faintest whisper from the old familiar and usually faithful stream. Short days, either gradually or suddenly, will bring a mighty roar.

But even to a sympathetic ear that whisper brings no inkling of its deep, inscrutable secret . . .

★

One of the first to volunteer to the call of the hills was Bert Ecker. It is high time this fellow burst into print. It has been the same at every recent fire.

Here placer prospecting, he is a true son of the cosmopolitan hills, one of nature's gentlemen, of a vanishing race; it does a fellow good to chat with him.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

FOR SALE—Marconi mantel radio, cheap, 5-tube, almost new Box LeG Star. ae

FOR SALE—Girl's C.C.M. bike, $20 — Doreen Norman, Phone 106R, Princeton.

The Terrors of The Eighties

THERE were bad men before Bill Miner in these parts. The M'Leans were bad in the worst sense; there was nothing romantic or cavaliering about them; they were ugly men, and they deserve no place in our history at all; save that bad characters deserve in a different way; and this is that way.

But for a few months about the year 1880 the McLean brothers and Hare had the strong of these sparsely peopled, friendly parts in a state fit to lynch, the weak in a state of nerves.

It is said that the McLean boys were sons of the McLean who was first factor of the Hudson's Bay post at Keremeos. We have seen no documentary reference to that, but so it is said by local old timers. McLean, they say, was a ruthless man, with more than one hanging to his credit.

A McLean—whether the same or not—was indeed in charge of the Kamloops post in the late 50's. Keremeos post was founded about 1860 with McLean in charge. It was not uncommon that the pioneers had children by Indian wives, a sort of an outlaw family, unrecognized by the family of the regular order. The men naturally preceded the women to new frontiers.

At any rate, the McLeans were half-breeds of just such origin, and they were plenty bad. That was not always so. There were some very fine families by the Indian mothers, and silly prejudice is now outmoded.

But the McLeans were a bad lot. They were in plenty of petty trouble around the Kamloops country. Then they ran amok.

It had something to do with Indians and a horse deal. The McLeans and Hare boldly intruded. A government agent opposed them. They pulled guns and shot him in cold blood. A ranch hand, or shepherd, who apparently had no part in the affair, was also shot, simply out of passion.

This was somewhere in the vicinity of Douglas Lake. The countryside was up in arms. In those days a badman was a public enemy in the real sense — and every good man was his.

The gang were finally cornered in the home of an elderly woman, an acquaintance. It is accepted that she knew nothing about the shooting or the manhunt. They shot it out for a while then surrendered, and all were promptly hanged, after a regular trial.

The official was John Usher, government agent at Nicola, the former J. Kelly, and the shooting was on 7th December, 1879. On 31st January, 1881 Allen, Archibald and Charles McLean were hanged at New Westminster.

But during the short time they were at large tension and terror prevailed, for fear that they might turn up, and there are local folk who remember it well.

WAS HERE! DILLINGER

DILLINGER—he was bad enough to make a movie about and they did—was in Princeton, and he could have been captured here when there was an international hue and cry after him.

Jack Huey saw him; he is positive about that, and Jack Huey's word is good enough for most of us. It was on a bleak morning in February, the year the big chase was on—about 1936. Jack was then engineer at the Tulameen mine.

A train was shunting on the track nearby. Jack saw two men, one watching the train, one furtive, in the shadow of the woods but plainly visible to Jack. From the pictures in the papers, Jack had no doubt it was Dillinger; the description fitted too.

He 'phoned the police. Eventually, when the train was ready the lookout gave the highball and Dillinger left his hiding and climbed under, and Princeton's chance for fame was gone.

Dunc Hoarded-- For A Shyster

DUNC WOODS bought the famous Mascot fraction for $15 He held on, hermit-like, for 30 years, and the great Nickel Plate mine closed down for want of this little parcel in the midst of their workings.

Then, near his death, he sold out to another firm for a reputed $80,000. And a swindler got a nice slice of it.

Dunc left everything to his sister, in Ontario. She knew nothing of mining or Similkameen

One day a smooth stranger approached her Dunc had left other property, near the Dago group, on Sixteen Mile Creek.

It must, the glib stranger reasoned with her, be valuable too or her brother would not have kept it all these years. She parted with $5,000 for him to develope it.

She got growing progress reports, but nothing else. Finally she wrote the Ontario Government Securities Commission.

The promoter was arrested and the district mines inspector from Princeton called to the trial.

The promoter claimed a great deal of work had been done. The mines inspector testified that an examination showed no work had been done for perhaps forty years. Then the crook confessed. He went to prison.

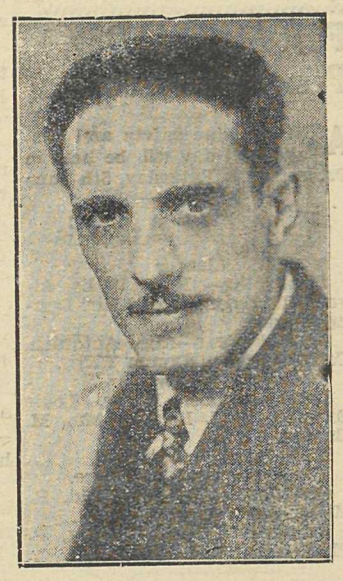
Princeton nearly lost its name. When Bob Taylor, noted shorthorn breeder, was abroad, he was introduced to an official of the Duke of Windsor's ranch—called Princeton. "The names are being confused," Bob was told. "We intend to apply to change the name of your town.

PUBLIC MEETING

HAROLD E. WINCH

M. L. A.

B.C. C.C.F. Leader



Will Speak in Support of

O. L. JONES

C.C.F. Candidate for Yale

THURSDAY, MAY 27

ELKS' HALL

8 P.M.

★ Published by the Yale C.C.F. Campaign Committee and printed by The Similkameen Star

CLASSIFIED

FOR SALE—Two houses, on one lot, reasonable price for cash. —C. T. Parkes, Copper Mtn.mn

WANTED TO RENT — Four or five roomed house, by middle-aged couple, no children. With option to purchase. —F. W. S. Vincent, Allenby.

FOR SALE—Cafe range, coffee urn, dishes etc.—Mrs. S. Steele Box 125, Princeton. 1n

FOR SALE — 2-horse mower, in good condition—J. Huey, Martin's Lake. c

FOR SALE — Norge oil-burning heater, almost new — Phone 119G, Princeton 1np

FOR SALE — 1941 Ford coach, good condition, good rubber; Terms. One block east of post office, half a block north. —L. Radloff. enp

FOR SALE—1935. Chvrolet pick-up, good tires, licence, insurance; also 1931 one and one-half ton Chev. truck. Terms. Karl Freding. pnk-2

FOR SALE — Chev pickup, late 46 model, panel box included, licenced '48, very low mileage; snap at $1500; guaranteed perfect shape — Floyd Rannie, Merritt. 2

WANTED—Used car, old model, —G. LeGresley, just over Tulameen Bridge.

FOR SALE — Wire wheel complete with tire and tube, 19x 4.50, 4.75.— Quality Woodworks

FOR SALE—Bennett power saw, complete, 3 and 4 ft. blades; also Ross ball mill and crusher. 5 ton capacity — Box 283, Princeton. pnk3

FOR SALE — Cawston, B.C.. 23 acres of land suitable for fruit. presently producing alfalfa. Land is all cleared; half mile from Cawston store. Pump on premises for irrigation purposes. Highway being built which will pass alongside of property. Price $6000.00 —Apply A. R. Carrington. Merritt, B.C. -3

FOR SALE—Four oil burners, to convert any range. At a sacrifice; clearing out this line.—Archer McCrum, Phone 93, Princeton.

FOR SALE — 46M Mossberg .22 rifle, with telescope sight; as new—$40.00 — G. LeGresley, just over Tulameen Bridge.

FOR SALE — or will trade for young stock, pedigreed Hereford bull, Baldwin Sonny Boy, 164143, for years old — Gust. Johnson, R.R.1, West Summerland, or particulars from H. A. Miller, Princeton. c4

RIFLES — .303 British Enfield converted sporting models; High-power precision repeaters; weight 7 lb.; 26 in. barrel; complete with all sights—$65.00. Also .303 Ross converted sporting models — $55.00. Excellent condition guaranteed. Limited quantity available. Will ship C.O.D. — Write Carlof, 537 Besserer St., Ottawa, Ont —4

When answering advertisements please mention The Star

One Million Americans On Telephone Waiting List

The Bell Telephone System of the United States, largest organization of its kind in the world, reports that because of continued shortages of material and equipment, there are still about one million names on its waiting list for telephone service. . . This is striking evidence that all telephone companies are "in the same boat." In our system there are more than 19,000 on the waiting list.

B.C. TELEPHONE CO.

Our Own Made CANDY at the TRAVELLERS CAFE

LEGAL

SEALED TENDERS, addressed the undersigned and marked "Tender for Additional Development Penticton Aerodrome" will be received up to 12 o'clock noon E.D.S.T., Monday, May 17, 1948, for additional development of Penticton Aerodrome, Penticton B.C., consisting mainly of grading, drainage and seal coating of existing hard surfaced areas.

Plans, specifications, labor conditions form of contract and tender forms may be obtained on application to the Chief Purchasing Agent, Department of Transport, Ottawa, Ontario, or from the District Airway Engineer, 119 Pacific Building, Vancouver, B.C., upon receipt of an accepted cheque made payable to the Receiver General of Canada for the sum of $10.00. This cheque will be returnred upon th return of the plans and specifications in good condition.

Each tender must be accompanied by a certified cheque on a chartered Canadian bank equal to ten per cent. (10%) of the tender price, payable to the Receiver General of Canada, which cheque will be forfeited in the event of a tenderer refusing to enter into a contract on the basis of his tender, if called upon to do so, or failing to satisfactorily complete such a contract. Cheques of unsuccessful tenderers will be returned.

Any tender not accompanied by a security deposit as described will not be considered.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

F. T. COLLINS, Secretary.
Department of Transport,
Ottawa, April 26, 1948.

Installation of Plumbing and Electrical Wiring for the Fire Hall, Princeton

TENDERS are invited by local contractors for the installation of Plumbing Fixtures etc. and Electrical Wiring and Fixtures for the Princeton Fire Hall

All tenders are to be sealed and marked "Fire Hall bids" for either the Wiring or Plumbing or both, and will be received up to noon, Friday, 7th May, 1948.

A cheque representing 10% of the bid shall be enclosed in the bids and shall be made payable to the Princeton Fire Protection District. All cheques of unsuccessful tenderers will be returned immediately upon the contract being awarded.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Plans and specifications can be had from the Secretary on demand by any responsible parties.

Signed on behalf and by order
TRUSTEES, PRINCETON FIRE PROTECTION DISTRICT
Chas. J. Harman,
Secretary.

CONSTRUCTION OF A FIRE HALL AT PRINCETON

TENDERS are invited for the erection of a Fire Hall (at) Princeton by local contractors. All tenders are to be sealed and marked Fire Hall Bids, and will be received up to Noon on 30th April, 1938.

A cheque representing 10% of the bid shall be enclosed in the bids and shall be made payable to the Princeton Fire Protection District. All cheques of unsuccessful tenderers will be returned immediately upon the contract being given.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Plans and specifications can be had from the Secretary on demand from responsible parties

Signed on behalf and by order of the
TRUSTEES PRINCETON FIRE PROTECTION DISTRICT,
Chas. J. Harman.

ROBERT C. KELLS AND ASSOCIATES
AUDITORS, ACCOUNTANTS
INCOME TAX SPECIALISTS
Serving the Similkameen Valley
Princeton Headquarters:
Princeton Hotel, Phone 32

S. A. GOULD
Electrical Contractor
House Wiring, Installations
Motor Winding, Power Wiring
PHONE 48G PRINCETON

PRINCETON BRANCH No. 56
CANADIAN LEGION
Meets SECOND WEDNESDAY each month, 8 pm, Legion Hall
ALL VETERANS WELCOME

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS CARDS

P. W. GREGORY
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- PHONE 29 -
PRINCETON, B.C.

TULAMEEN HOTEL
WM. FARINA,
WM. YOUNG,
Proprietors
CAFE IN CONNECTION
TELEPHONE 8

HOTEL PRINCETON
Princeton's Leading Hotel . . .
C. F. REDA, F. M. KING
Proprietors
- Cafe in Connection -
TELEPHONE 32

Travellers Cafe
Bridge Street, Princeton
Known Everywhere for Quality Meals
NICK BUSH, Proprietor

THE CLUB CAFE
Treat yourselves to a good meal — well served.
CHARLIE MOY, Prop.

Pease & Atkinson
Trucking, Coal & Wood
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Punctual Attention

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LUCAS TRANSFER
GENERAL HAULING
COAL
Agent: Shell Oil Co.
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Phone 45 Princeton

Bond's Transfer
COAL & WOOD
Sawdust—Gravel
Garbage Service
Furniture Moving
General Freight
—ALLAN BOND—
Proprietor
Phone 16W

PRINCETON BOARD OF TRADE
NEXT MEETING
MONDAY, 17th MAY
TRAVELLERS HALL

PRINCETON FISH GAME & FOREST PROTECTIVE ASSN.
Next Monthly Meeting
PARISH HALL, PRINCETON
MONDAY, 7th JUNE
8 P.M.

Canada Can Lead In Ski Sport

(From Page Sixteen)

available coaches as vital to the attraction.

The first of these coaches is now in Canada, already making his presence felt. He is Emille Allais, attached to Valcartier. A Frenchman, he was world slalom champion in 1938.

Bert Sr. looks quizzical thro' all this. Start 'em young and let 'em go to it has always been his motto — that's how we done it, and look what we done.

Bert Jr. doesn't say it, but his whole reasoning is — and look what we didn't do, when we had reached or limit—at St. Moritz.

Bert the elder feels his own boys would have done more had they started when they started to walk. Bert II admits that the "feel" of skis is important, but not everything. If he had had Allais' coaching at 12 when he started in, he thinks it would have made a difference. In Norway and Switzerland likely youngsters have been getting that. It will make a big difference here.

Start Young, But - -

Pop recalls the first time Maisie Ewart was at the hill, a timid wee thing, had to be coaxed with an elder girl holding her hand; soon became a champion. She might never have got confidence to ski at all.

In the famous nurseries of all sports its "grow up in it, so it's natura to you."

Bert II agrees. But learning is by imitation too, limited by example and opportunity, available standards. That's why Amber has been able to sweep the ski world hereabouts, but hasn't a chance at the Olympics. Mobraaten, who learned in Norway, was 90th in a post-Olympic jump in his native country.

A "natural" from Fife pit football finds intensive training and skilled coaching vital to fit him into Rangers. And so in the baseball big time, and in all others.

So the focusing point is big ski resorts, and Vancouver is the best bet in the West.

That is the conviction that this ski-loving, level headed young builder brought back from his crowning experience, with Olympic laurels out of his reach. That is his blueprint for Canadian ski-ing, and Bert the builder can be depended on to build on it.

This was a generation of courageous pioneers in unequal contest. They got all they could — top experience, and an idea to help their successors compete on more equal terms; and to put their country's ski sport on the level our resources merit.

Amber Had A Great Season

It was an almost all - Amber skeason. Bertie and Billie Irwin represented Canada at the Olympics. Noel Paul was picked as alternate, and would have gone too had not shortage of funds kept the team strength down.

Meanwhile Noel cleaned up at home, the Canadian all-round title capping a long list of wins. The juniors made several grand slams, and finished off with Johnny Ray capturing the international jump honors at Sun Valley, Idaho, at Easter.

'WE LOST, BUT OLYMPICS WERE A GREAT EXPERIENCE'

(From Page Sixteen)

formance, the Swiss ace is in that sense more truly a professiona than the outright professional in most sports. That may well explain why the Swiss hosts had no ear for Avery Brundage's hockey quibble.

Ski sport naturally attains a high plane—more interest, more competition, expert coaching, and the finest facilities. It is impractical to expect a mere Canadian passtime to compete with a national industry.

All that was no doubt crystallizing in Bert's practical head as he crouched on the take off for that gambler's dash, his long chance in uneven odds.

Well, he lost, and the apex of a still brilliant career was limited by his opportunities but he made the most of it, and intends to. Not in a gamble, but in cool business sense.

Unequal Contest

We can't hope to beat the Swiss now, but we can learn from them how to do it — and profit by it. Bert came back with no Olympic laurels, but he came back with big, sober ideas that might some day lead to them, and more.

We have everything in B.C. to do what the Swiss have done, and more, he says. Especially in Vancouver, where the snow season is longer. The mountains rising from the sea, and with a populous area to draw from, including across the boundary, Vancouver could be a western St. Moritz. All it needs is enterprise, and Bertie has ideas about that too.

The pattern is already being set at Valcartier, in Quebec, and at Banff, where regular ski-ing resorts are being promoted. They are bound to attract crowds and ski-ers, offering an incentive now unknown. That will surely stimulate competition and raise standards. That again will be reflected at the level of local clubs. It will stimulate interest all round. make competition keener, more ski-ers and better ski-ers, each factor stimulating the other.

Sturdy Pioneers

But an initial stimulus is needed — in facilities — easily accessible skiing grounds, accommodation, and tows. It is an eye-opener to see how the Swiss handle big crowds of ski-ers on their funiculars. That means more ski-ing and less drudgery.

But the idea is springing up spontaneously. Amber was the first Canadian club to use a tow.

Now club tows are common, and increasingly ambitious. A few large scale resorts will set an entirely new standard.

Skilled coaching is also needed to stimulate the improvement in skill which would come slowly from more ski-ing.

On anything like an ambitious scale, ski-ing is a relatively new sport in Canada. Its popularity is assured, and is already such as to warrant ambitious enterprise. On our modest scale, we can't expect to compete with the Swiss, and that we can give them competition at all is the best assurance that adopting their scale we could be matching their champions and their —and profitably. too.

In that sense Bert and his hopelessly outclassed teammates short-handed, sparsely financed, riddled by injuries, were courageous pioneers.

Bertie does not see why representing his country at the top level should leave an athlete out of pocket, compared to the profit the Swiss find in their sport.

The Hard Way

It cost Bertie a pretty penny, though he grudges it not at all. For a start, he lost more than three months wages. They got no pocket money. barely transportation—tourist class—and accommodation. If they wanted a cup of tea or a haircut, it came out of their own pockets. Not that they are complaining a bit about that. For Bertie it was the climax of a lifetime ambition that began when he first strapped on strange planks fifteen years ago. And he meant to make the most of it. That's why that desperate gamble and the spill.

Bertie knows that was the top. He doesn't expect to see another Olympiad. In fact he says he is through, though he can hardly mean that. But at 28 he realizes he won't go up any more. But there is a young creeper on his knees, the third generation of Bert Irwins, who has as good a chance to benefit by his dad's effort as Bertie benefitted from his dad's—who was hardly ever on skis. The third Bert is not yet up on his pins, but brother Bill's Bill, who has a head start on him, is al-

ready proclaimed in the old Irwin home as the world's champion at his age—of one plus.

But all round it was a great experience for Bert, the supreme prize of a diligent career well filled with the honors that were within his reach. He went to the top, as far as a Canadian of his generation could expect to.

Canada's picked Olympians assembled at Valcartier, Quebec, on 1st December, for training.

Enterprise

In the sub-Laurentians, about 30 miles north of historic Quebec city, Valcartier is Canada's first venture in an all-out ski resort, still being developed.

There were some 20 in the party, for the cross-country men were still to be picked. Our Noel Paul thought he might make that.

They put in three weeks intensive training under coach Emille Allais.

Allais is a Frenchman, a former champion, with plenty of experience in the Alps, and although he disagrees with one or two of his ideas, Bertie says he is easily the best man he ever studied under, and only wishes he could have had him a few years ago. He is the first top-nother to be attracted to Canada. He came out last year, attached to Valcartier, and is already getting results.

Allais was world champion in 1938.

He is a slalom and downhill man, so they got the breaks. The others had to fend for themselves.

They broke camp just before Christmas, and the team went on to New York. They arrived on Christmas day, in the teeth of that famous snowstorm. Gotham had known nothing like it, was totally unprepared. The biggest city in the world was utterly paralyzed. The elaborate traffic system was snarled by three feet of sloppy snow. The skiers walked a couple of miles to the leviathan Queen Mary. her sailing held up for a day.

The wearers of the Maple Leaf were not lionized on the floating city, not even mention-in its daily paper. But, travelling tourist class, they got second class privileges in the use of the gymnasium and swimming pool. The crossing took five days. It was Bertie's biggest ship, though he had been on some hefty troopers.

Rough On Bill

The trip was marred by some anxiety for brother Bill. He had taken a nasty spill at Valcartier, said nothing about it at the time but was pretty queer on the sea and lost strength.

In Old Lunnon

Their port was Southampton. which was old stuff to Bertie, and then directly on to grim old familiar London. The old girl has cleaned up a bit, and got rid of her baffle walls and her rubble, but there are still plenty of missing teeth. and no evidence of rebuilding. And she is slow and spiritless.

They had one night in London then on to Dover and by ferry to Calais.

In sixty missions as pathfinder navigator, Bertie knows that coast better than our own. was down in the drink, but this was the first time he had seen the indomitable little ditch from its own evel, and he got a kick out of the pokey ferry. But Bill was still sick.

Calais just isn't. Wiped out by the war, only the docks have been rebuilt at all.

(Page Twenty-Six)

SKI-ERS!
Send for our free catalog of
SKI-ING EQUIPMENT
A tremendous selection of all the equipment you need
Write to
THE SPORT CENTRE
125 W Hastings, Vancouver

Voice of the Valley . . .
THE STAR
Is the official, influential, organ or vital Similkameen. Use it—Read It.
— YOU Need It

MODERATION

. . . THE WISDOM OF MATURITY

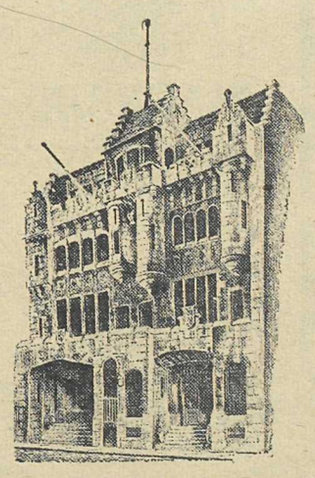
True, we are a young country. In less than a century we have risen from colonial youth to nationhood of a stature enjoyed by no other people of our numbers.

Canada has earned this. Through the years we have kept our sense of values . . . been moderate in our pleasures . . . moderate in our thinking.

Today, we continue to bear ourselves with the self-respect of a moderate people. We are moderate in our spending, in our thinking . . . moderate in our pleasures, moderate in the enjoyment of whisky . . . moderate in all things.

We are young, yes. But we have come of age, for moderation is the wisdom of maturity.

Men who Think of Tomorrow Practice Moderation Today!



THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM

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Under New Management

☆ CHRYSLER Sales & Service
☆ TEXACO Gas and Oils
☆ TIRES
☆ BATTERIES
☆ WELDING, etc.

From Radiator to Rear Bumper

You Wouldn't Throw A Thousand Dollars Around . . .

. . You wouldn't plant rare rose bushes and just forget them. You wouldn't let a leaky acid bottle drip on the carpet. You wouldn't let the moths eat at a thousand dollar bill. Yet perhaps you do all these things every day to your car, risking investment, your life, other lives—Let us keep it tuned.

RIVERSIDE MOTORS
GIBSONS' and McDOWELL
TELEPHONE 99 PRINCETON

$80,000 Memorial

Grand Forks is preparing to sel debentures throughout the district to finance an $80,000 rink, proposed as a c vic war memor al.

BAKERS SEEK BAN

Penticton bakers appealed to the counc l to p event a big outside firm from selling bread at cut rate prices in the city.

$30,000 MILL FIRE

The Corbett sawmill at Othello (Coquihal a) was recently destroyed by fire. Estimated loss is $30,000.

SPRING IS HERE

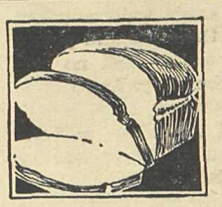
It says so in the headl ne of an ad in an interior paper. Some of you folks may have difficulty in believing it.

ISN'T THAT NICE?

But Isobel has a swee way of putting it. She says its nice to think we still have spring to look forward to.

GOOSE GRACIOUS!

When a flock of wild geese 'ran' into a power line, a considerable section of Pen icton was without current.



HOME BAKERY

● The Home of Better Bread Cakes, Pies Etc.

JOHN GABRIEL, Prop.
Phone 54 ★ Bridge Street

WORLD'S HANDIEST VEST POCKET ADDING MACHINE
FAST— RELIABLE— ACCURATE $6.95
Easy to operate
Guaranteed Five Years
THE CLOCKERY
14 Merr'ck St., Hami ton, Ont.
Money Order $2.50; Bal. COD

Going Steady

AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE

International Trucks
B & A Products
Tires, Batteries
General Repairs
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Johnston & Byrne
The House on the Hill
Princeton — Phone 48X

Have you $10.00 in UNITED STATES *Money?*

● Existing regulations make it illegal for any Canadian resident to retain in his possession more than $10 in United States cash.

● You are required to turn in to your bank, for exchange into Canadian money, any amount you have in excess of $10 in United States funds, without delay.

THERE'S A REASON

● The reason is that Canada must have the U.S. dollars spent here by tourists, in order to make them available for the payment of imported goods and services needed to keep production and employment at a high level.

CANADA NEEDS U.S. DOLLARS

FOREIGN EXCHANGE CONTROL BOARD
OTTAWA

GIVE AGAIN TO CONQUER CANCER

Help this year, to lower the terrible toll of life that cancer takes in British Columbia. Support the B.C. Branch of the Canadian Cancer Society. This agency is devoted to the vital work of INFORMING people about cancer in British Columbia. Educational films, lectures, literature, bursaries for special training of nurses in charge of cancer patients, the establishment of cancer units in towns and cities throughout British Columbia and the publish ng and mailing of an official Cancer Bulletin to all campaign contributors are all part of the vital work done by the Society. $100,000 is needed in B.C.—urgently. Will you help? This is not a charity . . . remember that your donation may pay you or a loved one a life-saving dividend. Be generous

LEARN CANCER'S DANGER SIGNALS

1. Any sore that does not readily heal, particularly about the tongue, mouth, or lips.
2. A painless lump or thickening especially on the breast, lip or tongue.
3. Irregular discharge or bleeding from any natural body opening.
4. Progressive change in size or color of any mole, wart, or birthmark.
5. Persistent indigestion.
6. Persistent hoarseness, unexplained coughing or difficulty in swallowing.
7. Any change in normal bowel habits.

GUARD THE ONES YOU LOVE . . . GIVE TODAY TO CONQUER CANCER ! !

Send your contribution to
REV. P. J. BROWNLEE
Chairman Princeton Committee,
1948 Conquer Cancer Campaign

R. B Buckerfield, President, B.C. Branch, Canad an Cancer Society.
Maj.-Gen. F. F. Worthington, C.B., M.C., M.M., Provincial Campaign Chairman
A. C. Turner.

THE LIBERALS OF YALE COUNTY are happy to have as their CANDIDATE in the Bye-Election of 31st May

Mr. E. J. CHAMBERS

a resident of Yale for more than 30 years

E. J. CHAMBERS

Most of the electors of Yale, particularly those engaged in the production of fruit or vegetables, and those concerned with the problems of marketing such commodities, already know him; and they know him as a man who has worked long and honestly in their behalf.

MR. CHAMBERS is Canadian - Born

and was for 25 years a leader among those advocating central selling and stabliized marketing. He has been:

Served as Pres dent of The Associated Growers of B.C. for	23 years
" Reeve of Penticton for	4 "
" Municipa Councillor (including term as Reeve) for	7 "
" President of B.C. Federation of Agriculture for	5 "
" Director, Canad an Federation of Agriculture for	4 "
" President. Okanagan Federated Shippers' Association for	5 "
" Administrator, Fresh Fruits and Vegetables, with Wartime Pr ces and Trade Board at Ottawa	4 "
" Member of Advisory Committee to Federal Dept. of Agriculture	5 "
" Member of Advisory Committee Soldiers' Settlement Boards;	
Represented B.C. Fruit and Vegetable industry at Imperial Conference Ottawa, 1932.	

E. J. CHAMBERS d d not accept the LIBERAL nomination merely to gratify a personal ambition; he acceded to the wishes of many growers and others who urged that he give YALE—"The Gem Constituency of Canada"— the benefit of his knowledge, wide acquaintance and experience at th s time.

The MacKenzie King Government did a fine job in wartime, and is successfully meeting Canada's after-war problems. YALE COULD SERVE NO GOOD PURPOSE BY ELECTING AN OPPOSITION MEMBER, particularly in this Bye-election. Do not the uncertain conditions of to-day suggest the wisdom of supporting the Government ?

Vote for Stability; Vote for CHAMBERS and for Yale

New Beauty for STUCCO HOMES

Add Color and Stop Dampness with BONDEX CEMENT PAINT

Modernize your stucco home with Bondex, the decorative paint that covers water stains and seals out dampness. Easy to apply, just brush it on. Low cost.

5 lb. pkg. makes about one gallon.

Also bonds with Brick, Masonry, Concrete Block. Keeps foundations dry.

Get Your BONDEX Color Chart from...
PRINCETON GENERAL CONTRACTORS

TO PLUG LARGE LEAKS BONDEX *HYDRAULIC* CEMENT

That True Highland Flavour

MAKES MACNAIR'S THE PREFERRED WHISKY WITH MORE AND MORE CANADIANS

EST'D 1837
MACNAIR'S
Finest Old Liqueur
HIGHLAN WHISKY
HARVEY MACNAIR & CO. LIMITED
Blended and Bottled under Direct Supervision of the Proprietors by
COODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED
CANADA
SPECIAL RESERVE

Looks Good.. doesn't it?

No wonder she looks pleased! That's quite a tidy little sum she's managed to save. And, of course, there are things she wants to get with these savings. That's why she opened a Savings account with us.

Open a Savings account with us *now*— for the things you will want *tomorrow*. Become a Savings customer with our branch in your neighbourhood. Our Manager will welcome you as a customer.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Princeton Branch
G. M. M. HARMAN, Manager

The Last Days of Old Bill, The People's Bandit . . .

★ ★ ★

(From Page Fifteen)

soon after met him, attending mining classes at U.B.C. A prominent mining man was backing him, and Shorty was enthusiastic about his new stand in life. He was chummy and eager, and went for dinner with Evan, but would not take a drink.

Soon after that Dunn came back to Princeton, and was received with general sympthy.

He had a girl friend, Annie Steeves, who lived down the valley at the well known Steeves place. Annie seems to have been quite a girl in her day; she was of local Indian blood. But by the time Shorty became interested in her she would not be very much of a belle. She was arthritis ridden, and increasingly invalid.

In love, Shorty's natural bent to loyalty was supreme, if not serene. No knight-errant could have served a queen with more devotion, and in a sort of rough tenderness.

Shorty's Romance

Annie was dying; but that only made simple, solid Shorty more dutiful and devoted. He took presents to her, and unblushingly accepted them from friends—for her.

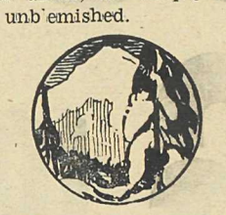
They were a rather touching sight together, Shorty nursing her halting horsemanship.

He had mining claims on Kennedy Mountain. That was his real home. He had a cabin there—the claims were Crown-granted—and he sometimes pottered around at assessment work Sometimes he hunted. He had Annie there a good deal of the time, ministering to her illness. He brought her things — like Pain Killer and flowers and oranges. He was with her as much as one of his restless disposition could be. Of course Annie died.

Shorty bore no sense of shame; possibly a little of bewildered correction. He came right back to Princeton from the "pen.", and that was like Shorty. Nor could it altogether be said that he was repentant, though realizing it had been a mistake. Shorty was no backslider. What he had done he had done, and he had paid for it. To be beaten at it seemed to rankle a little. But to have been let down was what really rankled. That, more than any punishment, or any kindness, or any persuasion, probably closed Shorty's loyal, simple heart from any such adventure again. And certainly he never offended again in any such association.

Shorty came right back to Princeton. There was nothing suave or sly about him. He spoke freely about the whole affair, regarding, in his simple code, all debts paid.

Nor was he by any means ostracized. He stayed here for a few years, and as before the Miner affair, his simple record was unblemished.



Al White, with a shrewd eye to the Indian trade, got him to odd-job in his store. As usual, that apostle of advertising was putting on a sale. "I don't know why I never get a man who can do a sign," grumbled the venerable Artemus Leslie. He wasn't thinking of Shorty; one would not. "Well, what do you want?" Shorty asked, to Al's none too optimistic surprise. But in a couple of strokes Al recognized genius, and to please Al White was no easy matter. The sale, incidentally, was none too great a success, but Al held Shorty above all blame.

A Man of Letters

Al stared: "Where in heaven did you learn that?" — heaven was always more popular with Al — "In the pen"; that was the ingenuous answer. That was probably one of the few opportunities for schooling Shorty had; he learned a lot.

They said he was a good pupil and a good prisoner. Indeed, when he worked at the store, kindly letters came from the warden and his wife and daughter—there was nothing secretive about Shorty in things like that—and sometimes a cake and a pair of socks.

And when Shorty's death was reported, the mining man who was his sponsor sent the White's a letter in which he spoke sincerely of the sterling hillsman.

It is said too, that he made, in the pen, the roosters that adorn the quaint Indian graveyard near the Hunter place, next the old Allison ranch where he had worked. Nearby One Mile Creek was often known, in the old days, as Graveyard Creek.

So Shorty had him a regular job with Artemus Leslie. But not in any sense of charity. Shorty took the job readily enough, but he wouldn't promise to make it permanent, and true to his own honesty, he very soon became restless. He didn't like being penned up or tied down. He was an outdoors man and not exactly a salesman, either.

But trustworthy? "I never had a better man," says the ailing Al

He did, though, agree to take charge while Al went for a trip, and on return, everything was in order, but Shorty was a bit fidgety for the outdoor life. Soon after he was gone, but he never forgot a friendship.

Salesman Shorty

Nor was Al's shrewd bid for the Indian custom any great success. Shorty may have been easy going in his own affairs, but he was scrupulous in a trust; and that is not Indian trading, and well Shorty knew it.

A woman came in to buy a baby buggy; for though the white man's ways had softened them from backboard motivation it had not changed the other manner of bearing, and Al no doubt had gleams of a profitable trade.

Shorty made the sale without palaver. The lady was ready to take it away. Shorty held back. "Do you know me," said the lady. "Yes, I know you," said Shorty; "no cash, no buggy."

And in many ways Shorty was plain and forthright and even trivial, sometimes to perplexity.

And Al recalls that one day a man came in in a dander. "If I had a gun I'd shoot that—'

"Why, there's one on my horse hitched by the Cook Estate store—you can borrow it." said the ingenuous Shorty.

Shorty took up with old friends where he left off, and soon made new. Harry Avery tells that he —Shorty—was still keen on revolvers. A few of them would go out to practice—throw a can up, and Shorty would nail it three out of five as it fell.

Harry had a .38 Colt which he took no great interest in. But that gun fascinated Shorty. He was like a boy who falls in love with a pup. He was going north trapping, and now that he had seen it, he just had to have a gun like that in case a grizzly got in line—or out of line.

So Shorty could think of nothing else till he got the gun; and then he was like a schoolboy. He was a good shot, too.

So soon after Shorty went up North. It is doubtful if he ever came again here. Lets not enenquire; that's the way Shorty would like to go—on a trip. And the way he should be remembered. Shorty was no actor.

About 1929 came the report of his drowning while crossing a northern lake. And we wrote : Good-bye Shorty. Whatever his faults, he was a good hillsman, one of a vanishing race; and we think the world is the poorer for their passing.

As to Colquhoun, there is very little that can be said, for very little is known. He did not really belong to us, for better or for worse.

The Quiet Colquhoun

He was occasionally seen in Tedley and Princeton, but was by no means well known, and in no sense a "character". He is believed to have come from the Coast, and to have been a school teacher; he was no simple soul like Shorty Dunn. or Jack Budd, whatever Jack's part. Nor is it at all likely that he did much master - minding for Bill Miner. His angle could have been contacts, for the aptness of the jobs was just too uncanny to have been all luck and genius. he had inside information, but there is no evidence that that was Colquhoun's role. It was probably prosaic enough. Miner needed a couple of henchmen, and he got them. How has never been considered. But Colquhoun knew what he was doing, and it was probably a matter of price.

His connection with Nickel Plate is interesting, but unrevealing. If he was scouting, he probably drew a blank.

Yorkie Meher remembers him very well, working at the mine. But knows very little about him. He never suspected any connection with Bill Miner, and he says it was well known that Edwards "was a holdup'.

Colquhoun was a sparse, sallow complexioned man, in his 30's. He was not particularly friendly, but there was nothing queer about him, and he was a good worker. He was never seen with Edwards or with Dunn.

He was blond-haired, somewhat gangling, spoke with a slight Irish accent, quiet and intelligent. He was believed to be consumptive.

He was at the mine only a few months, and left in the spring of 1906—shortly before the last train robbery.

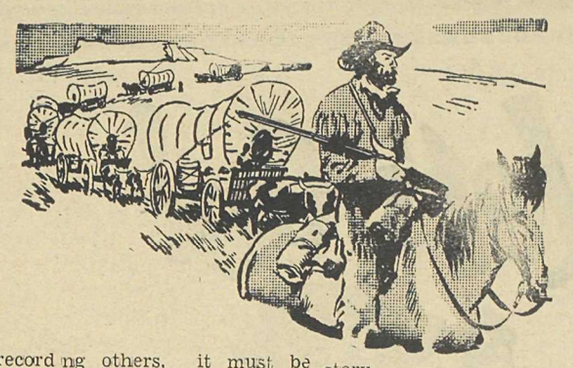
He was never seen in these parts again; it is said he died of tuberculosis before his term was finished.

* * *

We distinctly remember doing a story about fifteen years ago on The Last Days of Bill Miner, from authentic records. Our note files, as we said, have gone, and searching newspaper files and searching for veterans of forty years ago, in their thinning ranks, and searching those thinning memories with the gentleness due them, is a task hardly compatible with ordered production, and the task of revealing Bill Miner and his merry men is only properly under way.

Into the restrictions of a current account we have crammed such research as was possible, but it is only honest to distinguish between fact and legend, record and recollection.

Memory conceit is a vanity of self-deceit, as well as dishonest service, and in enthusiasm, fancy is apt to rush to the aid of jaded recollection. In the recorder, it must be ruthlessly rejected; in



recording others, it must be honestly labled, however it spice the legend.

As our aim is honest, our memory is normally pretty faithful, But some vivid things have happened in the gap. and, the psychological phenomenon — it is common—is to leave a sort of no - man's - land between two solid worlds, groping, but only gradually linked as resiliency returns.

We know we wrote of the Last Days of Bill Miner, and the facts we will duly recover; and we think this is how the last chapter goes.

But with so fascinating a romance, that may not be a recollection but only a wish.

But in some ways, legend is better than fact, and with that reservation, we go on; for this is the way the story should end, and many agree does end, and we hope fact does not change it.

Certain it is that the article chronicled Old Bill's death, and fact it is that Old Bill died in penitentiary. The rest is vague, but here it is.

Old Bill suddenly turned up again. Another big job—in Georgia, we think. A pursuit. Shots. Swampy country where the fugitives had all the advantage.

Old Bill Comes Home

But Bill's partner was hit. Bill could easily have got away, but he stayed by his pal. They were ferreted out, and the wounded man died. Bill was lodged in prison, but died soon after from pneumonia contracted in the swamp—in the pen, at home, the home that could never hold him.

This from The Star of 8th March, 1911:

Transgressor's Way Is Hard

Poor old Bill Miner at 65 years of age a convict for train robbery at White Sulphur Springs, Georgia. Twenty more years behind the bars, if he does not dig out as at New Westminster, wil probably count him out. When arrested he gave the name of Anderson. During his year or more of sojurn at Princeton he enjoyed the respectable cognomen 'Mr. Edwards', had entre to our highest society, played bridge stuff and poker, danced gracefully, dressed neatly, spent freely, bore an air of distinogue also a brace of Colt handuppers in his inside pocket. Bill never killed a man in his long career of deviltry but he scared many a one. Had a big chance to be good, and wouldn't. Pity.

Which calls for no comment. except that Bill was all of 65, and not so guileless with a gun; and perhaps the pity that a narrow moralism blinded a good story.

Old Bill did not die until some years after that, but that was Georgia, and it stands up to recollection, and it was probably his last job; though one wonders if Old Bill could ever quit, or whether he is holding up the elysian express or the infernal unlimited,and whether he takes from the good souls of the upper level and gives to the poor devils down below, or just how he figures it.

But for most of us, that was good-bye Old Bill, and now good-bye old mascot Jack, Bill's friend.

The rest is legend, but the legend will go on, and the day is come when we are no longer uncomfortable in it. but can hold it up to a world that will never tire of it, as something appropriately and uniquely ours — a timeless heritage.

Officially Old Bill is dead, and Shorty is dead, and Louis Calquhoun, the sickly.

And old Jack Budd, the man with the horses, who appealed to the doctors, "What would you do about a horse that got as old as I am?"

But we know a perfectly rational lady who says she saw Shorty Dunn in Spokane a couple of years back, and he sent specific regards to certain people

And we knew a man who said he saw Bill Miner in these parts a few years ago—"And I'd know Old Bill a mile off."

Be that as it may, for in a very vital sense Old Bill will never die.

But if prosaically Bill still lives, he must be now 103, and like his old friend Jack, he must be getting pretty tired, and his bad feet pretty sore . . . .

* * *

In 1904 Sam Gibson, later Jack Budd's ranch neighbor, saw an animal at the Knowles livery place in Chilliwack, where he then lived; an animal which he later knew as "Budd's Ass'; and a man whom he later knew as George Edwards. Sam believes he saw the prelude to the Mission robbery.

In 1906, then Budd's neighbor, Sam is certain he saw Miner going out to the Ducks job.

In 1927 the Prince of Wales's train stopped for lunch opposite the Gibson ranch. Sam talked with an elderly plain clothes body guard. "Is not this the country where Bill Miner used to hide out?" asked the visitor.

"Why yes," said Sam, "on that ranch over there."

"My name," said the stranger, "is Fernie. I arrested Bill Miner."

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- 2nd Annual -

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PRIZE MONEY $650 ENTRY FEES ADDED

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10:30 A.M.

PARADE

Line Up At School Grounds

PRIZES

• AFTERNOON—

1:30 P.M.

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Ladies' Saddle, Stake & Pony Races

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Plus Tax

• NIGHT —

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ENTRIES CLOSE 9:30 A.M., SATURDAY, 26th JUNE

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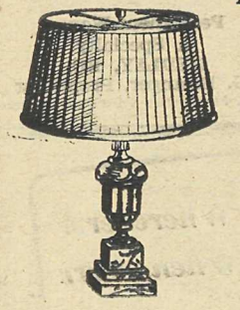

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(From Page Twenty-Six)

Progress must work for us, not against us. It is just a matter of honest common sense, and adapting artificial advantages to the natural mold.

Even if bread could be "canned" and segregated from bakery service in general—which it can't—and bakeries could survive to supply local nick-nacks — which they couldn't — we should look where temptation leads us.

This is big business. The coast bakeries don't give two hoots for Princeton. They are not here to develope the town any more than chain stores or mail order houses. They do not put in; they take out, and if that were carried to the extreme, there would be nothing here. A little wrong is still a wrong.

If they save you a penny it is not to serve you, but to make money out of you It is very doubtful if they are making money now. The railway is—for hauling water and air. The merchants are, or think they are, and the people who buy it—making it at the expense of a depleniished community exchequer, in which loss they inevitably share.

If this were straight business, it would still, in that vital sense, be bad business. But big business has no local sentiment, and sentiment is the biggest value in local business A world that sacrificed goodwill to price would in the long run be a costly one. What are we building for when we destroy its real value?

When I was a lad—this is more sincerity of conviction than personal—my folk had a village store and post office. Some of you know well. It was, because it had to be, bank and finance house and general reservoir for all needs drug store and telegraph office and notary public and sometimes matrimonial agency and court of domestic relations.

It had to be. People depended on it. A new settler couldn't pay for a stove all at once. He could not earn without it. He usually became a fine citizen and a profitable customer. You owed him that trust. Babies would n't be born in business hours. Cycling with an emergent telegram three miles—money makes such things so cheap — was in one sense not very profitable; but what is greater profit than the glow of true self esteem? And in the truest sense it gave the truest monopoly, a monopoly of trust and goodwill, something that was secure because right, unbeatable. Quite humbly it is that that we have tried to bring to the monopoly we are trusted with here. There is no virtue in it. It is simply the decency of social contract and self esteem, and we are not alone in it here. It is sometimes abused, sometimes costly, but, because

-- BREAD --

true and real, in the long run it pays off handsomely. It is the one reason we had anything to come back to after seven years of other service equally sincere.

We do not venerate the obsolete. We live for progress, but divorced from right it is simply going farther and faster in the wrong direction, and the evidence is all about us to-day.

There was much that was faulty and inefficient in the old order; there is much that is good in the new. But the old core was sound; it is dangerously rotting. To build improvements on solid ground is the real progress. Successful salesmanship in the ruthless vogue is not as successful as it seems; that is why the dollar is shrinking and real values even more.

How do you expect the United Nations to work when you do not scruple to buy dumped bread? In Princeton—as everywhere things are being done in envied smartness that 30 years ago would have meant social ostracism. Are they really to be admired? Are they really smart? They are the same things that, in the mass, send us, in righteous fervor, to war. or waving flags to send the other fellow.

A good man's difficulty is the opportunity to help him be an asset. Now it is —that is your worry; I want my pound of flesh; or better, put the screw on his weakness.

Is it really smart to be such a fool?

This is not the new business vogue and not very popular with some of you we preach to, which is all the more obligation to preach. It will cost us something to write this, as it always does, but because it needs to be written, it will pay in the long run.

Unnecessary martyrdom is sickly sentimental stupidity. There is ample scope for that which will serve and it is only that which we recommend.

But it is costly folly to fancy business and sentiment do not mix, and not good business at all, if we could examine the invisible ledgers. They count.

But that is the keen edged fallacy of the modern business doctrine—a visible profit at every step and sentiment does not put it there. There is from cartel to customer a ruthlessness for immediate profit, a disregard for fairness and ethics and right, and that is why there is criminal shortage and exploitation in the most fruitful time the world has seen, and more hate and less happiness than the world has ever known. Because grab is a social evil, but a personal right. That's why they will have at us for this, as they have when we have dared to be honest before. As long as there is an honest soul left in Similkameen, your paper will be honest, and we want no other support.

There is to-day a great leavening of trade unionism. We believe greatly in trade unionism, as, in essence, the keystone of ethics and right in economics. But. because we believe in it so much, some of its performances sicken us, when it abandons its true strength and function and plays the same shabby poltics of expediency which are rotting the core of business, and society itself.

It is hard to imagine how a trade union man, or any true man without any argument, would patronize a chain store or buy dumped bread, or have any truck with an uncraftsmanly news sheet whose flaunted policy is spineless expediency, and whose best advocacy is the difficulties it made in trust for your legitimite craft-piece.

It is not surprising that argument and searching truth are wasted on such men, who will buy dumped bread, and run to their baker when they are short

Who expect their paper to serve the community that gives them their profit, and its — and their emergent printing needs, while they ignore its advertising function of service—and pay for that—and the cost of its service —which they do not pay— and send their regular printing trade out of town Who expect it to fight its—and their— battles, even as now—for we could not serve in avoiding controversial issues, however little they profit us and however much they cost— as now. Who apparently do not care whether their community is known by amateur gossip or an issue such as this, with all the profitless effort and service that goes into it.

Who rub their hands when your straight punching for right, suiting their purse, hits somebody else, but exert boycott and blackmail when that inexorable, impartial searchlight falls on them. You should be glad they are not allowed to run your paper or your town; and so should they. It would not last long.

They never will. There is more good and brain and courage in Princeton than they think, and more

(Page Twenty-Eight)

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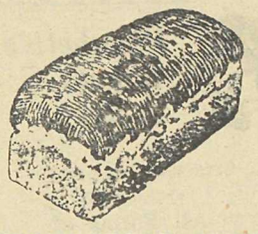

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OLYMPICS--

(From Page Nineteen)

priences, who built himself into one of the finest skiers Canada has produced, intends to go on building, and to build his experience into it.

Bert doesn't expect to have another chance. Desperate gambles aren't his game; he built up to that very differently. But Bert is a skier through and through, and though his own competing days are over, he can now do even more for the sport than he has done by one of the finest examples ever shown to Canadian youth. He has big ideas, and they are solid.

There is no conceit about Bert, and no false modesty. He is solid, and he skis that way. He doesn't gamble, and he doesn't kick when he has to, and spills.

Bert saw a Canadian skater and a Canadian hockey team beat the best of them in their stride, and snow has no more magic than ice for this quiet, sensible lad.

Bertie regrets that he did not get into more local Swiss competitions, more for experience than prizes.

Coach Allais put his foot down, probably because he wanted to take no more risks with his injury ridden team.

NOW—THE FUTURE

Bert was outclassed, and admits it. He gambled and lost and was well beaten. But somehow you feel that this quiet practical home-spun lad who has been around has a solid feeling deep inside that with the same chances he might have been able to match those who beat him.

And his interest n ski sport, solid as ever, is now to see that the third generation creeping on the floor of the old home where he first buckled on skis and ambitions gets that chance, and scores of Canadian creepers like him, without having to gamble at the top.

After Midnight

(From Page Twenty-Six)

the usual black and white.

As far as the report is concerned they, who played, wore nothing; and that would be news.

As to the figure skater, her skating seems to have been incidental, with all the emphasis on her figure.

With women you never know whether sport is the fashion or fashion the major sport. But their favorite sport seems to be making fools out of (a) men and (b) themselves.

BREAD--

(From Page Twenty-Seven)

in themselves than they do honor to. They urge progress, but they do not realize they are obstacles to progress, because they are not trusted.

That must not be construed as bitterness. In plain truth there can be none, and the conviction of right needs neither praise nor pity; it simply must be done. In the long run it will pay They are ours, and we must serve them even in offending. In the meantime, it is costing us something—all of us. One day they will see that.

And so is dumped bread There are no little wrongs They all have to be paid for.

❖

The extremity would be for our bakeries to close. It will not happen, for there is too much basic good here. But it is the principle. It is paid for, in whatever degree.

The big outsider would dump, at a loss if necessary, until the little local men folded up.

Then would come a big monopoly in bread, a ruthless monopoly, utterly out of our reach, callous to our interests, only concerned with their profit. And when they accomplished that you might find something very different from price cutting. That pattern of big business is all too familiar in ings beyond our control. And plenty costly.

Their whole method and the fact that they are slipping in a loaf an ounce lighter inspires no confidence at all.

When the bakers noticed the invading bread, they went manfully to the merchants. Some had refused from the first to handle it at all. Some were readily re-converted Two tried to play the dice both ways. On a Saturday they ran out, and the bakers, who can play that game too, refused to pinch hit. They came round.

❖

One — and you have to admire him for that, stuck to his guns despite their ultimatum, though it is going to mean that somebody loses on old bread at times, or goes elsewhere.

That, you may say, is his business, and his customers'. If so, it is morally mine if I wish to keep a harem, for is long as price cutting bread is dumped in town, there is, in plain competition, an incentive for others to stock it, a temptation to the weak to buy.

It has happened all through the Interior. We are no worse than some other towns, but that does not help. In some towns the merchants flatly refused to be disloyal. It is hard to imagine it getting into Princeton ten years ago. In others, they tried to get laws. In some they got them; in others, the legislators, like the public, were divided. In the present morality, that is understandable.

In Princeton, they took it to your merchants and their section of the board of trade, and got no moral ding. In present - day Princeton that is understandable. So they took it to your paper — and to you. As you judge, you judge yourselves.

This is no plea for your bakers. It is a plea for your town, for yourselves. If there is any conspiracy by your bakers against right, bring them to book. And your paper.

But don't be tempted into what is going to hurt your town—and you.

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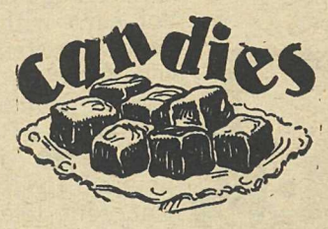

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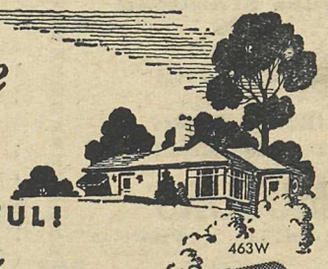
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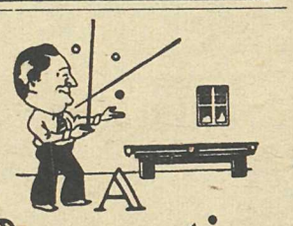
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