Your Community Paper

THE SIMILKAMEEN STAR

The Voice of the Valley

Forty-Ninth Year; No. 7. PRINCETON, B.C. THURSDAY, 17th FEBRUARY, 1949 5c per Copy; $2.00 per Year

Similkameen Silt

Unscheduled News

We thrive on p cturesque characters, and ano her was Newsy Hill. He opened a news stand when Princeton had a dozen houses. It was the size of a piano box, on the Tulameen side of The Cook store. And what is more he lived in it — folded up the counter for a bed.

One Hallowe'en some of the young bloods—now senior citizens; and one version has it, some of our sedatest matrons too—lifted it bodily and took its sleeper for a sedan ride, laughing ghoulishly at his blind terror

★ ★ ★

Fair Enough

Alf Gould—a Hedley original — used to tell this and chuckle after 30 years. A muscle brained Irishman was continually being bawled out by his straw-boss until one morning he exploded and said to the boss: "Faith, an' if yez don't loike it yez can quit'

Dark Horse

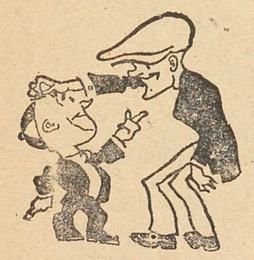
Among our many gems of court, this one set a poser for a Solomon, but Percy Rowlands was that. It was Percy's way to sit impassive through long spoulings and then simply mumble "Thirty days.'

It went hard with the community when Begle charged Podunk with stealing a horse. Everybody loved Podunk; his hill code of honor was unimpeachable. But Belgie was a very old timer too, with the determination of his race.

Tom Crowley had willed Podunk a horse. Whether in writing or not, even Belgie accepted that. The horse was meadowed with Belgie. And—complication —the horse was a mare and between the time Crowley died and Podunk claimed the inheritance the mare had a colt. Podunk claimed the colt was part of the mare, and when Belgie argued Punk righteously took. The trial was a pippin. Percy decided the colt was Belgie's, but Podunk was no horse thief.

Take A Bow

Tim Guinan and Ellis Freding were ranch neighbors. They did not get along. Each stuck his chin out in turn. Ellis had trouble with an empoyee. Tim undertook to serve the warrant. There was trouble, and Ellis charged Tim with assault. Tim conducted his own case—and ably, in principle, if not in law. His defence was offence. He made no



denial that he bopped Ellis on the head with a tree limb, although he claimed it was retaliatory. He had no apology for it at all — only regrets: "The darned limb was rotten, and it broke."

Steps In English

A Welsh pit boss most solici-

tious for the safety of his local miners gave this warning: "Do not come down the ladder. Arthur, for I have taken it away."

P.T.A. PROTEST MEETING ON SCHOOL ISSUE

Will Seek Expert Advice, Then Public Voice on Board's Building Policy

THE Princeton school impasse is to be put to a public meeting. You are going to be asked if the $350,000 building project is what you want to vote on when you vote yes or no to spending the money.

The P.T.A. decided at a large but calm meeting to-night (Monday) to put it to the public when, despite appeals to the board and the education department, the controversial plan seemed destined to go to a straight yes or no decision.

An open forum public airing is what cool heads have been urging, though its value under the present circumstances depends on attitudes over which its sponsors have no control.

If by the co-operation of the board and the government it becomes by general acquiescence the recognized expression of public opinion, it could solve the whole difficulty. Otherwise it would have no authority, except at best as a straw vote, and that depending on how representative was its patronage.

CALL ON EXPERTS

The board of course is perfectly in order if it goes right ahead with the plebiscite. If, however, this meeting showed overwhelming opposition to the present plans, the board would almost certainly not risk certain defeat at the plebiscite.

If, on the other hand, the board—or the department —accepts that public discussion is advisable — agrees in short that there is reasonable doubt whether this is the project the people want to vote on—the protest pe want to vote on—the protest meeting could be a lever rather than the threatened axe.

The board has been tactically mum, and it is not known yet what its attitude to the meeting will be. From general interest however, there is every prospect that the public will pack the meeting. There were more than 40 at the P.T.A. meeting, and there are other blocs of opposition than the P.T.A.

The mood of the meeting was calm but determined and decisive.

PLEBISCITE SOON?

Though it had been hoped that the board would give authority by its sponsorship, every effort is being made to make the meeting a medium for intelligent decision. The board is being invited to participate, and the government is being asked to put before the meeting expert opinions on local town planning and school plans. The department is being asked to send a high official to the meeting.

Site and plans are the main points of dispute.

Plans, it is known, are back from Victoria and the plebiscite could proceed at any time on ten days' notice. There is no indication yet as to the date of the vote.

There is a sense of urgency about the meeting which will be announced as soon as replies are received from the persons asked to give expert advice.

★NOTE—Your paper's approach to the board and the P.T.A. has been identical. It should be remembered that the one has embraced a crusading policy, the other apparently constitutional.

Our Curlers Score Well At Vernon

LOCAL curlers invaded Vernon in large force for the week-long 'spiel, fared moderately well. Though they had no cups—unless you mean what we don't—they won two prizes, and were in the final chase for top honors

Old Ironside Ed Hamilton was as usual, among the honors, winning a minor event in the ten-competition card.

Topping of Oliver, who plays at Princeton, was runner-up in the championship event, while Richmond reached the emi-final. Both fell to McKay, an old Penticton rival, who won two events.

Four local rinks competed, skipped by Schisler, Bloom, Hamilton and Richmond; and Oliver's

Obituary

MRS. ELIZA CUNNINGHAM

Death came quietly last week to Mrs. Eliza Forsyth Cunningham, for nearly forty years a respected resident of Princeton. She was in her seventy-fifth year

Mrs. Cunningham, who was widely but quietly known, had been ailing for some time. The end came peacefully in Princeton hospital.

Mrs. Cunningham was born Eliza Forsyth in the quiet little colliery village of Milton of Balgonie, Fifeshire, Scotland. She came to Princeton with her husband in June, 1910. Employed in the old Princeton colliery, he died in February, 1930.

A typical old country family matron, prominence had no lure for Mrs. Cunningham, but she was highly respected for her quiet dignity, her kindness, her sense of order; and she did well what was all to her—she kept a fine home and gave us a fine family, and that to-day is no mean contribution.

For two years when the boys worked there, she was at Copper Mtn.—for the family has always held together. She would have been 75 on 6th August.

She is survived by two sons, David and John and one daughter, Annie (Mrs. Frank Anderson), all at home; two brothers, Mr. Wm. Forsyth and Mr. James B. Forsyth; and two sisters, Mrs I. Gillespie and Miss Anne Forsyth, all of Prineton; and by relatives in Scotland.

The funeral was held on Saturday, Rev. J. C. Goodfellow officiating. Pallbearers were Messrs. Bob Edwards, Lorne Allin, Frank Larson, Arthur Hilton and William and Andrew Muir.

Modern Bowling Alleys For Princeton Soon

WE are in for an epidemic of STRIKES — and to SPARE; but you'll be laughing like to SPLIT—it ain't bad, not arf.

Industrious is the word, not industrial—it's modern bowling alley for Princeton.

A new building, alongside the Rex Confex, with everything posh and full of enterprise.

That's the word from Messrs. Ted (Ed to you) Mullin and Frank Pesut, who have everything lined up but the pins—and they have the pins ready to line up.

They have two lots and plenty of room for expansion. They have six fully standard alleys in waiting ,and building will go ahead just as soon as the snow goes. And the alleys will be opened at once, with due ceremony.

The promoters have forward-looking ideas for your enjoyment and plan plenty of stimulating competitions.

There has been much talk of a bowling alley for Princeton, and the new sport is expected to be popular. Actually not new, for there were a couple of alleys on Bridge St. fifteen years ago but they were under-size and not very attractive. Keremeos has taken enthusiastically to the sport recently.

It will be five-pins for a start —the popular game — but the alleys are the same for ten's.

the early smumer.

Play is expected to start in ★ M'Gillicuddy says there is also one behind us you can have, Ted, and a couple of dogs which are champions—oh, sorry, thought you said howling alley.

Bob Does It Again At Kamloops Show

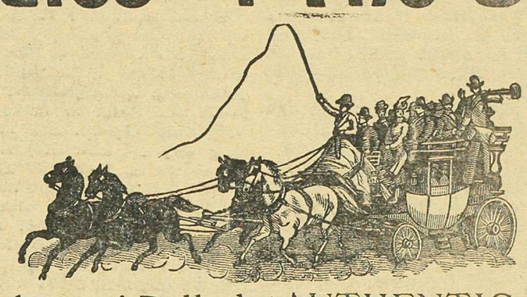
BRAND new installment in old success serial — to be continued.

Bob Taylor, Pine Park shorthorn breeder, again swept his class at Kamloops Bull and Fat Stock Show—1st and second and reserve champion.

Reserve champion was sold to a big California breeder.

Son Lee supervised the entry. Now if he had sent Nance—

Tales Of The Old Cariboo



Muleteers' Ballad

If you listen with atenttion
I'll give you comprehension
Of teaming on the Cariboo Road.
If you go to make it lick
To the wire **it'll stick,**
Climbin' up **the Cariboo** Road.

Chorus

You hear those wagons squeakin'
You bet they've got a load:
O hear those whips a-creakin'
Teaming on the Cariboo Road.

O Limpy he's a cheat,
And his men he likes to beat
Teaming on the Cariboo Road.
The roads are always rough
And his outfit does look tough,
Teaming on the Cariboo Road.

Pete Eagan, as a rule
They say he is so cruel
To his animals on the Car. road;
He pounds them with a rail
And sets fire to their tail.
Teaming on the Cariboo Road.

There's Mark the moula* man,
He does the best he can,
Teaming on the Cariboo Road.
To his animals he is kind,
A better man you'll never find,
Teaming on the Cariboo Road.

And there is pretty Lulu,**
Look out or he will fool you,
Teaming on the Cariboo Road.
He was stuck in Mabel Chenault
And he got her after all,
Teaming on the Cariboo Road.

The composer of this song
Won't be with you very long,
Teaming on the Cariboo Road.
What makes him look so pale,
He had a rattler by the tail,***
Teaming on the Cariboo Road.

* mule driver.
** A case of brotherly love.
*** Authentic line unprintable.

Five Weeks Holed Up For —At Our Own Back Door

SNOWBOUND for five weeks in Similkameen, Al Johson, most lovable of pioneers, came to town with the thaw. It seems strange to picture one of us — and one who has done so much for us — holed up in our midst as fast as in the northland of the 90's.

And Al. won't like this, for he is the incarnation of patience and independence, and never a whimper do you get.

Just the same, old Al, over-seventy, ill and half blind, with an almost invalid mate—daughter of Princeton's first pre-emptor—was holed up for five weeks on his Wolfe Creek ranch and doubt less on short rations, largely we are sure because nobody thought of it. The D'Arcy Mtn. road, little used, was fast with the heavy snow. And there were vital roads for priority. Just the same, it doesn't seem right, with coal flown to Berlin, and million dollar expeditions to stunters on Greenland.

Grub and gasoline for lamps and mail — and a kent face or two—Al had a busy—but grand

Al. pioneered here and in the Yukon. He drove our early stage coaches. And—the irony of it—he was just about the ablest and most conscientious road foreman we have had. He gave that eye in our service.

In these days of social assistance, when we bring our youngsters to school in taxis.

But hard weather and holedins are old stuff to Al—only he is getting on. "Folks don't realize what we were up against in those days—we did not do so bad when you consider . . . "

DOG LICENCES NOW DUE on all dog over four months old.

AUTHENTIC STORY OF THE CARIBOO ROAD

THIS, the freight skinner's song, you could often hear where the knight of the road gathered to enjoy a little relief from being shook up sitting high up on their shaky seats The song was composed by Aphonso Hautier, an early time freighter, later hotel keeper at North Bend when C. P. trains tarried there for lunch.

There probably were poets in this part of the world who could write a better one but it would never sound as good to the boys as their own home brand. Each verse meted out praise where praise was due, but Alphonso also ripped the hide off those of the opposite kind—he did not even spare himself.

At the time of which I write Ashcroft was a busy place. All freight and passenger traffic to any part of the road started there—freight teams loaded and empty going and coming every day in the summer time

It was six or eight horse teams with two waggons, fourteen mule team and three waggons, pack trains some with as many as 40 animals to a train; two oxen outfits, twelve oxen each with three waggons, operating only in the summer-time.

Then there was the stage line two stages a week in summer, once a week the rest of the time.

You got aboard at 3 a.m. and travelled 14 miles to Hat Creek before you got your breakfast Here also fresh horses were replacing the first four.

This line was operated by Mr. Steve Tingle and was managed the best of any similar line I have seen, both in California, Montana, Idaho as well as others in B.C. I have driven for several, I ought to know.

When the time came to start off, all express baggage was strapped in rear boot, mail in front boot under the driver's feet; all passengers seated, driver on his seat before the horses were hitched to the stage This may sound queer but when horses are well fed and cared for and only make one trip each way once a week they sometimes get full of notions. It is then a master of let them go and not try to stop them.

From Ashcroft to the 83 Mile House—68 miles— was the first day's journey. Tingle's youngest son Fred usually drove that section. Horses were changed 14 to 18 miles; one section was 25 miles because chances for changing were short. Otherwise Mr Tingle owned considerable land on which stage horses were kept.

Although the road was about the best in BC, also the longest dead-end road in the country. there were times though when it was as bad as any in the country. When snow melted and frost went out of the alkali flats you could get all the trouble you could wish for.

In 1897 the road along Lac la Hache, which has a southern exposure was frozen from the bank sloping to the outer ledge so neither waggon nor sleigh could stay on it. We had to take to the ice on the lake for 11 miles

It was on this lake that I first saw fish run to a standstill by men on skates.

When the ice began to form it was genrally elastic although thin. The Hamilton boys—there were 13 of them—sons of an old Hudson's Bay factor who was for many years stationed at the Stuart Lake post.

(To Be Continued)

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Not So Bad Man

THIS picture caused a sensation, almost a riot. From the North came a hue and cry. A Mountie had been shot, and a man was wanted. This was his picture—or so it said, and it was in all the big papers — except this!

You recognize him too? Yes, it is Al Johnston. Sure, it was all a mistake. Al of course was in the Yukon way back. A syndicate somehow got hold of this picture—as of the wanted man.

Al took it with his usual laugh Harry said it flattered him — with a dig at his marksmanship.

Al — his good wife is Susan Allison—now lives in retirement at Wolf Lake — an old Indian camping ground.

CULTUS WAWA

Chinook: Bad Talk

BY A PIONEER PHILOSOPHER

★ The $64 question: which took the longest to build— the pyramids of Egypt or the Hope-Princeton road? (We can's answer yet — the pyramids are reported to have been completed.)

★ ★ ★

★ There has been no report of anyone suffering from sun-stroke during the last six months. (Then how do you account for this?)

★ ★ ★

★ Snow, beautiful snow. It IS beautiful if there is five miles of dry ground between you and it.

★ ★ ★

★ I don't blame motorists for not stopping to pick up pedestrians. If you did most likely the beer parlor would be closed when you got there.

★ ★ ★

★ The road to hell is paved with broken beer bottles thrown from the car ahead of you.

★ ★ ★

★ What this country needs is a good 5c cigar (old saw). What we need more is another Judge Begbie. (A pioneer jurist, Judge Begbie was noted for his severity.—Ed.)

★ ★ ★

LEST WE FORGET

★ Any enterprising person could have made money taking pictures of the sun last summer (?) and selling them this winter. (Quest on mark ours—Ed.)

★ ★ ★

★ Scientist claims that the present age has improved us wonderfully. Strength is stronger, beauty is beautifuller. As for strength I beg to differ. Beauty is as beauty does (look at the Printer's Devil!). But for real solid substantial beauty give me an old fashioned corn fed Missouri girl (and give me a hog—Ed.) But as for strength, years ago men were much stronger. Then a man could throw an empty bottle from the seat of a wagon so far that it would take a pigeon a week to reach it. Nowadays it takes two men (?) (query his—Ed.) to throw an empty beer bottle out of an auto far enough to miss the running board. (We beg to differ — the new cars have no — running boards; and of course the brew is weaker—Ed.)

★ ★ ★

★ The most essential part of a real nice funeral is a willing corpse.

★ ★ ★

★ Had a letter from a lady friend enquiring about prospects to open an academy for instructing the young ladies of our town in her art. She is well experienced and highly recommended as an expert in strip teasing (Request from the young gentlemen—bring her on.)

★ The only things that have ever stuck to my fingers are good sharp tin tacks.

★ A fish doesn't drink water. It sluices it through its gills and breathes the oxygen But the good men of Princeton should understand we are talking about water.

★ And speaking of water—for a change—if Moses had had to lead the Children of Israel over Bridge Street instead of the Red Sea (not claimed by Stalin) history might have been different

TWO MEN HELD HERE

following interference with a police officer. One charged with assault. Trial on Friday.

There's Teeth In It

For exceeding the prescribed half-load limit while the roads are bad, a local trucker was fined $50 in Princeton Police Court.

NOTICE

THE

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

of the

Princeton General Hospital (Society)

will be held in the

PARISH HALL, PRINCETON, B.C.

at 8 p.m. on

Wednesday, 16th March, 1949

REDSKINS *and* KATTLERS

[From Page Twenty-Six]

driving the buffalo and burning the prairie grass so vital for forage. Their subtlety drew many a curse, caused many a hunger pang, but the valiant column slowly struggled on.

The next landmark was Wood End, unforgettable portal to the Badlands which the voyagers knew from their old school geographies as The Great American Desert—a vast expanse of sere prairie stretching from the foothills of the Rockies to the North Saskatchewan River and deep into the Montanas (advance mountains). The welcome post was a haggard petrified tree, grim and alone on the bald prairie. It was the last of its vanished race they saw for 800 miles.

The only breaks in the monotony of landscape between that and the Rockies were scraggy choke-cherry bushes and sandstone bluffs and dunes.

The most tedious section for travel was the Dirt Hills, a dusty wasteland, lumpy and cleft with puddles. Sometimes a wagon would be lumbering down one pesky slope while its horses were plodding up the next. Others were so steep that they necessitated long detours.

Water was the eternal quest, and the irritation was akin to that of the Ancient Mariner. For this is the notorious wasteland of the alkali sloughs, and it was galling to gimpse a shining prospect and find it only surly lye, one after the other.

White Lye and Red Lice

It was 9 on a late summer night when they stopped to camp at Old Wives' Lake. This was no pesky slough, but a large cool oasis brimming in the twilight of the sere prairie sea. For ten miles it had urged them with rapture on their dusty way. They had not had good tea or a bath since Dufferin.

Equally overjoyed were the weary animals, for it is a sin to call so faithful a partner of the trail a beast.

The trusting things rushed in, harness and all. "But they could not be as thirsty as we were — they just took one sip and walked disgustedly away.' The men were more sincere, and anything wet needed no coaxing. Ugh. Now they knew the taste of the alkali they had cursed so long.

Well, it was big and clean. At least it would make good tea. The precious ration was wasted. You learn slow but sure with alkali.

Anyway, a cool clean bath was something, and in they plunged for a moment of rapture. But the sensation was not clean slimy, clammy, comes nearer,

and they did not tarry. But the worst was yet to come. It dried. and dried the hides off. They had learned all about alkali, but the physical effects rubbed for some time yet.

The immediate effect was like their skins drawing and hardening—like being encased in searing cement, and the slightest movement was a certain crack. They came to curse the vision that had ogled them. And they had to camp beside it that night

Rounding the south end of lake misery next morning, they had it rubbed in. Three miles out was the inflowing Old Wives' Creek, limpid and sweet, where they drank to their hearts' content, but had no inclination to bathe raw skin.

Buffaloed and Burned Up

This is a large lake south-west of Moose Jaw now called Lake Johnstone. The vanished picturesque name recalled where the Indian warriors left their baggage to engage in battle. Similar names, commemorating the Redman's attitude to his extra rib are common in Indian terrain.

Another windfall was right in line. That night they came upon an Indian camp: they could rest in luxury. It seemed as if their dusky forerunners had just waited to oblige them. They were disillusioned just after turning in, when began under every blanket a furious private battle. The Indians had left behind an unsuspectedly effective rearguard, unwittingly their best strategy of all. There was no mistaking that they were Indian vermin: they had red skins!

The task force was now 400 miles into the wilderness, still some 800 miles from the end, with a wily foe before them, embarrassing, every step. For there was no lousy luck but sinister design in the way the buffalo vanished, and the sparse forage was burnt and trampled. From Dufferin they had not tasted fresh meat.

But so abundant then were the now almost extinct burly denizens of the plains that even the wily Indians could not clear off all the buffalo, and there was joy when one morning soon after a scout felled a big bull, which he left by the trail for each to help himself as he passed. The delighted pilgrims made up in enthusiasm what their hackings lacked in skill and that evening oozed in sweet odors as they broiled their private steaks.

It was the first time appetites had been satisfied since they left the Red River.

From here on they were at least never short of buffalo meat and that was a godsend, for the winnowing flour supply soon vanished completely.

To be short of flour in the world's greatest granary!

But they had come closer to starvation than anyone cared to think about.

It was somehow learned that the Boundary party had ample flour—marvellous as the jungle drums is the wilderness intelligence—so arrangements were made for them to leave what they could spare. But is was a long way off and they marched —reversal of fate—for a month on nothing but buffalo meat until they drew near enough for Assistant Commissioner McLeod to go out with wagons and bring back the flour as well as 5,000 pounds of dried meat and 16,000 pounds of oats for the animals.

No Flour - - In Saskatchewan

There was only once that they failed completely to find ready water. There was nothing for it but to stop and try their luck with wells. They hacked two holes in the parched black loam and — they realized later how lucky they were — their spades showed moist at ten feet. They watched entranced the rolly trickle puddle and dived in with dippers, cheerfully tossing away the silt, draining it as fast as it flowed. But watering the stock by this means was a tedious process, and another precious day went down to profit and loss.

The next thing was grasshoppers—they come up like a malicious prairie cloud, and descend with unbelieveable density, a creepy, revolting swarming plague

Welcome then was the coincidence of a rival cloud—a dreaded prairie thunderstorm. Between the one and the other history was

[Page Twenty-Nine Please]

WE'VE SPENT

$15.000.000

ON

EXPANSION

IN

PAST 3 YEARS

●

BRITISH COLUMBIA TELEPHONE CO.

And Associated Companies

IRRIGATION AND WATER POWER TO DEVELOP OUR PROVINCE

The Water Rights Branch, as its name implies, has administrative charge of all the rights of the Province and individuals in the use of water. It carries on scientific investigations of the water power of the province, including studies of snow surveys, irrigation and power projects, domestic water supplies and sewerage systems. The work of the Branch is carried on through two divisions.

DISTRICT ENGINEERS

On the average, more than 600 applications for water licenses are received each year. The engineers conduct examinatins in the field and pass on such applications. Irrigation is an important phase of the work in the arid regions of the province. Supervision of the operations of irrigation, waterworks, drainage, and fire protection districts is carried on by this division. Engineering assistance is provided to communties to plan improvements in connection with domestic water supplies and sewerage systems.

HYDRAULICS

Investigations related to power and irrigation are important duties, delegated to this division. Following surveys, reports are prepared on the water resources of agricultural areas. Dam studies leading towards power, mining and agricultural development are presently of significance. Snow surveys of several watersheds have been assembled and studied with a view to the more effective utilization of th streams affected.

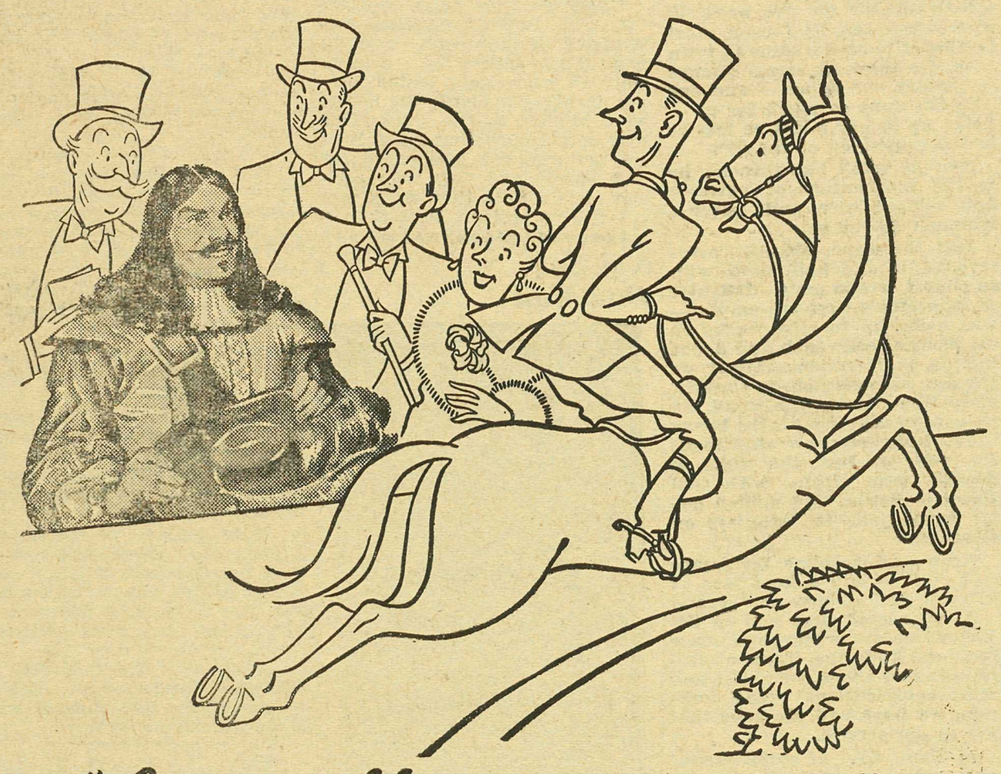
The functions oft his branch are directed to the development and full use of the water potential of our province and in the conservation of our water resources for the greatest benefit of the present and future generations.

Department of Lands and Forests

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B. C.

G. P. Melrose, Deputy Minister.

Hon. E. T. Kenney, Minister.



"Captain Morgan's in town!"

You'll enjoy the rich, full-bodied flavour of Captain Morgan Gold Label Rum in a Rum Highball, tall and mellow : : :

Pour one jigger of Captain Morgan Rum over a few cubes of ice and fill glass with soda or dry ginger ale;

Use Cola if you prefer.

Captain Morgan GOLD LABEL RUM

The rich flavour and full body of Captain Morgan Gold Label Rum result from master blending of carefully selected rare old rums.

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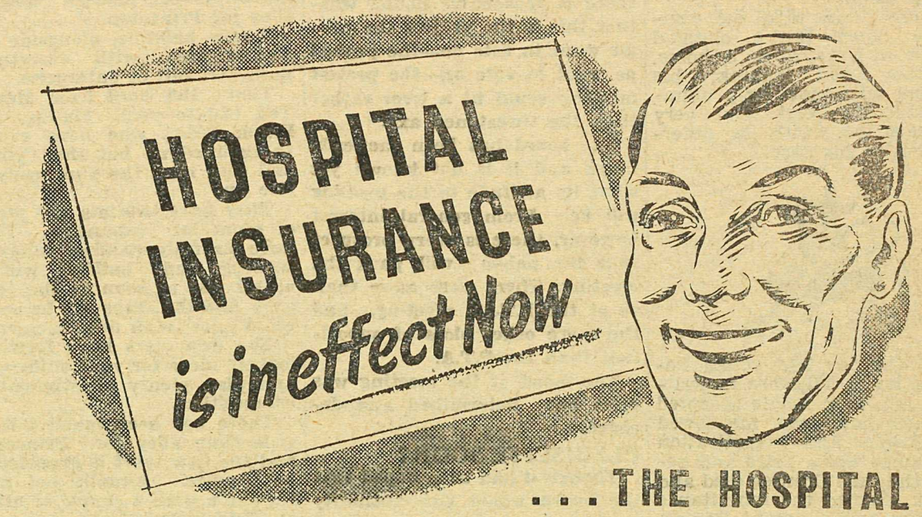

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Persons who have not already paid at least six months' premiums are in arrears and ARE NOT PROTECTED Bring your payments up-to-date now

YOUR 4th Instalment Payment IS NOW DUE

to be followed by two more instalment payments in February and March to complete coverage for 1949

DON'T SLIP BEHIND

Persons who have not made any payments should make arrangements to do so immediately

Persons using the instalment plan who have allowed their payments to lapse must complete them to acquire coverage for themselves and their families.

NO HOSPITAL INSURANCE CARD CAN BE ISSUED UNTIL SIX MONTHS' PAYMENT HAS BEEN MADE

Mail or Bring Payments to

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22, BOARD OF TRADE BLDG. PENTICTON

COURT HOUSE PRINCETON

Until your Hospital Insurance Card is issued, keep your receipt as proof of eligibility for benefits

B. C. HOSPITAL INSURANCE SERVICE

WHEN THE RED COATS CAME TO TAME THE REDSKINS AND THE WHISKEY JACKS JUMPED

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

[From Page Twenty-Eight]

held up for an hour while the air was cleared; but the storm did a good job.

For two days then they traversed prairie razed by Ind an fires that rivalled any grasshopper scourge, and laboriously picked out little islands of grass that the flames had spared for the fretting stock. Mile after mile the Indians and the insects had teamed up to perfection. It was a crop no barber could surpass.

Next in the strange medley of trials was fog — not usually associated with the prairie sea. They awoke one morning to find themselves enshrouded. It was serious enough from the point of navigation, and of course the caravan had to keep moving, and the guides depended on sight and sun. For a day they groped through the murk.

Nekt day they came upon a freshly abandoned camp. They were surprised — and chagrined to find it the one they had quit the day before! Another log entry for red ink.

Mellow September found them in the pleasant country of the Cypress Hills (near Maple Creek) It was a time of mixed blessings. If the days were shorter for travel — and there was a gnaw

there—the nights were longer for rest. If there was sweet and ample water the coulees made hard travel, and weary shoulders were often at the wheels. If the loads were lighter, it was the provisions that had gone and 100 faithful horses and 75 true oxen rotted behind on the trail.

Late in September they reached their objective—the Bow river and Whoopup, notorious whiskey lair. But there were no whoops on either side. The place was deserted. Their objective had gone off ahead.

In The Woods The Babes

It was appropriately a Saturday night and they made their week-end camp.

They were at the western wall, but the trek and the trials were far from over.

Next morning a herd of buffalo was spied to the south and two n-c.o. cronies sensed sport. They took our hero along to drive the cart. A big bull was bagged at once, and so elated was the marksman that he took off back to the camp for an extra cart. While he was gone the other pal shot another, which they decided was enough, so they skinned and dressed it and started back. The corporal took the reins. Our hero soon began to think they were going in the wrong direction, but privates are traditionally not supposed to think, and the corporal was in such good spirits that all was right with the world. After two aimless hours however he began to see the point and they agreed that they might as well look for water and a place to camp.

At sunset they found water — the whole South Saskatchewan river. They were completely lost. In the morning they would try once more, and if they failed would strike out for the settlement at Prince Albert.

He Rushed -- To Return

As they sat by the fire a light in the east puzzled them. It might be a camp signal; they hitched up and made for it. But it proved elusive and they decided it must be a star, so they unhitched and tied the ox and horse to the cart, stretched the reeking buffalo hide under it, and themselves under that. Just as the warm stench suffused them it reached the horse and he started to kick. The ox bolted too, but they were soon caught and tethered again. The mere men trailed the bloody robe a respectable way from the squeamish animals, crawled under again and enjoyed a luxurious sleep in spite of all.

They had hardly started in the morning when they heard a rifle shot and saw two of their own men. They went sheepishly back to the camp, a few hundred yards off. And the partner in the parody was a survivor of Balaclava!

They found that the force had split up for its various posts and B troop had gone off for Edmonton. So our hero, with gear strapped on his back made after them on foot, and was literally twitted when he caught up. The anxious days were over

But the joke was more on him than ever. Plans had been altered and they were returning to rejoin the camp he had left.

They now set out after the other troops and had to fend for themselves. One of their butchers sighted buffalo and decided to set up shop. They left him to catch up. They reached the main force and rested, but no sign of the provident butcher. He not only lost the buffalo but himself and wandered so long that when he accidentaly stumbled on the camp he was almost a raving maniac. But he recovered "and was no dafter than the rest of us who made this trip."

They were at a picturesque foothills called Three Buttes, with the gentle plains rolling endless to the south and the awesome grandeur of the Rockies 150 miles ahead, but seeming within hand grasp.

[Page Thirty Please]

ATTENTION ALL CONTACTORS THROUGHOUT BRITISH COLUMBIA!

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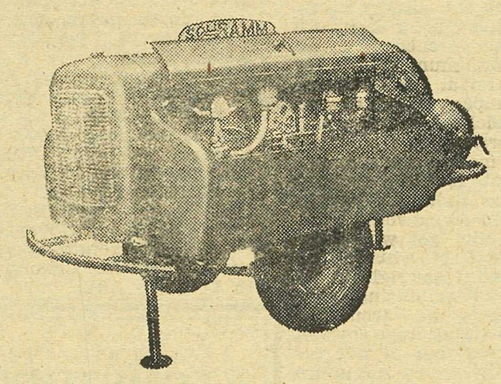

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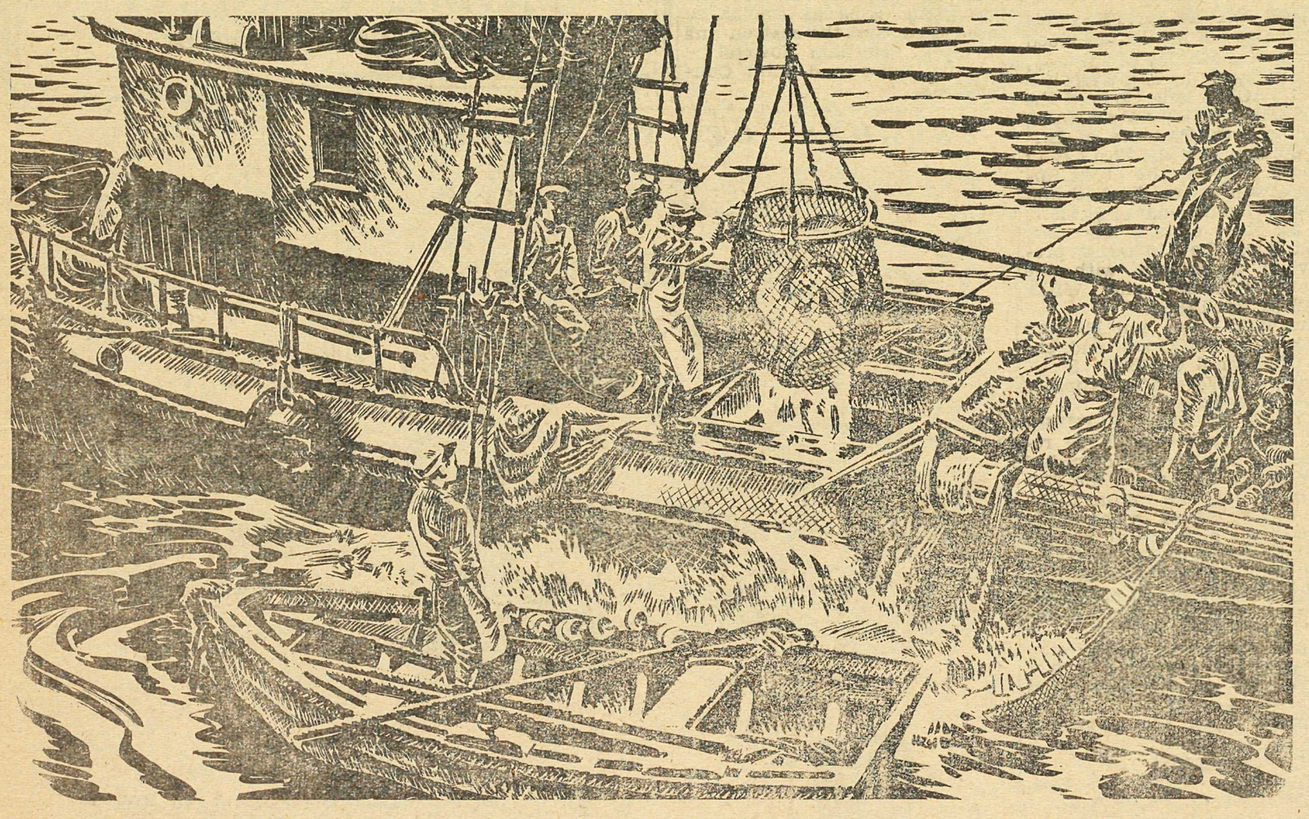

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To a hundred and three countries Canada sends one of the world's finest whiskies—Seagram's V.O. Delightfully different in taste, Seagram's V.O. Canadian Whisky is known all over the globe for its smoothness, light body and delicate bouquet. For the lightest, cleanest-tasting whisky you have ever enjoyed, try Seagram's V.O. Canadian Whisky. Men who think of tomorrow drink Seagram's V.O. today.

WHY SEAGRAM'S SELLS CANADA FIRST

This is an adaptation of one of a series of advertisements designed by The House of Seagram to help promote the prestige of Canada and sell Canadian products to the markets of the world.

The advertisements, which are appearing in magazines and newspapers published in various languages and circulated in all parts of the world, are in keeping with the belief of The House of Seagram that the future of every Canadian business enterprise is inextricably bound up in the future of Canada itself; and that it is in the interest of every Canadian manufacturer to help promote the sale of *all* Canadian products in foreign markets.

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THE ABLE "SEAMAN"

This man is the backbone of the Navy. A fully trained seaman, highly competent through broad knowledge and experience, he is equally at home on the deck of a warship at sea and on the streets of the foreign lands to which his duty takes him. Wherever he goes he wins respect for Canada. He has a satisfying job and does it well. He is not called "Able" seaman without reason.

you *can become a* SAILOR

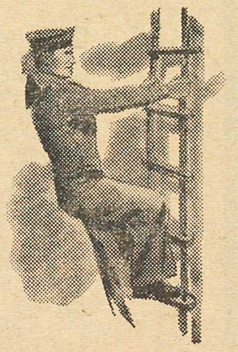
You'll have a busy, active, adventurous life.

You'll have a healthy life and a satisfying one.

You'll visit foreign places and have your chance to see the world.

You'll have the opportunity to learn a trade . . . acquire a wide variety of knowledge.

You'll be given every training and educational aid to help you climb the Navy's ladder of advancement. You'll be encouraged and helped to advance with the Navy.



Naval regulations permit 30 days leave a year with pay. Pay scales have recently been increased . . . and you can qualify for a generous life long pension at the end of your service, while you are still young enough to enjoy it.

Royal Canadian Navy

Get the facts today from the Naval Recruiting Officer, Royal Canadian Navy, Ottawa, or from your nearest Naval Division.

48W

PIONEER DAYS

REDSKINS and RATTLERS

[From Page Twenty-Nine]

Here they camped while officers crossed into Montana to arrange with the I. G. Baker Co. to supply the force. Baker was the great pioneer trading firm of the American prairies, with posts far and wide, supplying the whole north-west, with the proviso of no winter guarantees.

The emissaries also sought news of the elusive whiskey men. Satisfied on both counts they rejoined the troop.

Permanent dispersal was now in order and it was arranged that troops B C and F would go on under Col. McLeod and set up a new post in the far west, while D and E would go back to garrison Fort Pelly (Kamsack, Sask.) recently built. The guns went to the west.

So the splinter party was left to complete the westward limit. As at the original outset, the first day brought grim reminder of the mission. Some 60 Indian corpses lay naked to the naked plain. Apparently chased over the border by American troops, they had run foul of the Blackfeet who relieved them of their worries, their wares, their squaws and their scalps.

It was chiefly a question of buffao preserves.

A Hundred Thousand Buffaloes Stampede

From '74 to '8 the West experienced a terrible drought. The parched prairie quivered in the heat. There was no wood and nothing to burn, and buffalo chips had to suffice—a familiar prairie fuel. But there was more water than now, for the long grass around the sweet sloughs was not cut, and its shelter retained the snow water.

In the October blue, on the prairie gold, against te backdrop of the lordly Rockies, they saw an unforggetable spectacle, a black cloud of buffaloes, as myriad as the poet's daffodil—and as peaceful.

In their feeding ground they paid no heed—until one burly bull who had apparently known men as hunters raised his head—and then the stampede—by one bull. The chuck wagon was directly in his path—and became hash. But the old fellow, stunned saw how calmly the rest were taking it, and dubiously rejoined them. But some had panicked and the thundering herd came on. Escape without casualty was little short of a miracle. The estimate was between thirty and a hundred thousand. They rushed by for two hours.

In a week they reached iniquitous Whoop-up. The long trek from Red River was ended and a new epic had begun

The hooch h.q. was at the confluence of the Belly and St. Mary rivers. Once again—the foe had fled. The fort was there, the cannon mounted, and they crept up with caution, for they expected resistance. A gray haired old man came out: "Walk in, gentlemen, you're welcome." He was all that was left, too old to go. They pushed up the Old Man river (after him?) to another reputed whiskey spot 55 miles from the Rockies, but it too was barren. The tactics became plain.

The welcome here was by a dead Indian. A cold reception, for they could find no fuel and spent the night—12th October—without a fire.

Continuing on down the river the next morning they noticed, with their usual luck, that the opposite bank was amply wooded

At about ten o'clock they were given the command to halt, and wondered at it. Ahey soon knew. This was it. The long trek was over, and this was (Camp) Mc Leod. "If you want to write, that is the address—North West Territories."

The post soon took shape, with logs felled across the river. The first mail arrived a month later; an occasion—joyous and wistful.

As stability—and winter — set in, the first camp problem, as ever, was cooks. They would quit after a day or two of thankless drudgery. Our hero was asked to try his hand and was a game 'un. The regular F troop cook and he joined forces and dug a sheltering bit, and "by gosh and by golly" methods kept their boon platoons alive. The ingredients were buffalo meat and baking powder, salt and flour, which came out "bread." Before they moved into the fort it was done at thirty below.

A sick man had been carried along. The doctors who joined the post diagnosed typhoid. He was isolated in a tent but despite every care, he died. There were two others, but they recovered. It was the first break in the commadly ranks of the 300 who had left Red River, and he was buried near the post with touching sincerity.

They moved into the fort just in time for Christmas and just in time—it was 40 below. But two days later it was 40 above, and they felt this was a great country indeed as they began to look up the seeds. The Indians shook their heads. The palefaces from the east had not heard of our Chinooks. Result—a grand sneeze-up.

They soon had formal visitors, a band of Blackfoot Indians with their chief Crowfoot and a ministering Catholic Father who told them their coming was a godsend. The childlike Inians, he said, gave everything they had for drink and the next minute railed and repented. This sort of unexpected welcome cheered the hard early days.

And it was true. Few of the ragged redmen had horses.

They shunned tillage, impossible anyway in the drought and were satisfied as long as there was buffalo meat -- and grass for the buffalo. They moved about with the herds.

Despite the stolid nature of the redman, these Blackfeet had a ripe sense of humor and the pranksters among them put on a hilarious show, with the acrobatics of one tawny runt in particular, with a scrawny seven foot straight man for a backdrop, a tonic for cadre nostalgia. Life in the wild west was not so bad after all.

There was no such diversion for the horses. Hay which had been stacked by arrangement had met the usual fate of fire, and the tired animals were in no condition to forage in the lean sub-zero drifts. Moreover, eastern cultured, they had not learned the prairie ponies' resource of pawing up the snow.

Sent to milder Sun Valley, Montana, they soon caught on. They watched the shaggy bronchos paw—and chased them off. But they soon learned to do an aristocratic minimum themselves

The resourceful I. G. Baker Trading Company soon opened a post at McLeod with warehouse for furs, and the Mounties became the magnet for a maudlin settlement. It was a forward step, for the Indians, with a childish gusto for novelty, came in droves, and got wholesome wares instead of whiskey for their furs. And it was right under the eyes of the stabilizing force.

Supplies came in from the south by bull trains, huge covered wagons coupled four or five together and drawn by miniature armies of oxen. The drivers — "bull punchers", were a profession apart, tough hombres, but with inlaid understanding and gentleness when it fitted. They could be tough enough. Their overdrive was a stout whip with an 18-foot tail which cracked like a rifle and drew blood thro

Fiery Whip and Sulphur Tongue

the toughest hide. It was accompanied by a torrent of cusses which is forever a lost art.

The crimson crest came in the devlish tenticles of quicksand, when hesitation or kindness was not kind, only fatal.

Rarely the Indians attacked the caravans. Then the punchers climbed down and behind the cover of their carts showed that their guns were as testy as their whips and their vocabularies.

And they were always well prepared.

One of the Baker staples was rattlesnake pork. Though grain was scarce and milk fed pigs an undreamed of luxury, there was no dearth of rattlers, and the porkers were no more particular when the rattlers were dead than the rattlers when they were alive The fatter the rattler the fatter the pork. And also the tougher. Rattlesnake pork had a patent taste that was not exactly of Araby.

There were plenty around Mc Leod—our narrator has an odd

[Page Thirty-One Please]

"PUBLIC SCHOOLS ACT"
Section 146 (1), (2) & (3)

TAKE NOTICE that Lots. Nos. 24, 25, 26 and 27, Block No. 23 Plan No. 55, Princeton Assessment District, are required for school purposes, and that a plan thereof, together with notice that the said Lots are so required, has been deposited in the Land Registry Office at Kamloops, British Columbia

SCHOOL DISTRICT No. 17
(PRINCETON)
Wilfred. E. Freeman,
Secretary-Treasurer.
Princeton, British Columbia,
11th February, 1949. (2

SHERIFF'S SALE

Of a 2-ton Mercury Truck with SABCO Rear End

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF CANADA

Between:
KARNAILL SINGH, Plaintiff
and
MAYHR SINGH SANGHA,
Defendant

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE of an "ORDER" of Mr. Justice Wood given on the 5th day of January, 1949 and by virtue of a WRIT OF FIERI FACIAS issued out of the SUPREME COURT OF CANADA at Vancouver, Province of British Columbia on the 17th day of January, 1949 in the above entitled action to me directed and delivered for the sum of $1,425.70 and all other costs, I have duly levied upon the following property in accordance with the aforesaid "ORDER" and WRIT of FIERI FACIAS:—

One 1947 - two ton Mercury Truck with SABCO rear end, engine Number 6 G-31377, Serial Number 450V47-5437. (Appears to be in good conditon.)

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that sealed tenders will be received on the above described truck up to Thursday, the 31st day of March, 1949 and until the hour of 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon of the said day at my office in the Court House, Kamloops, B.C. All bids to be addressed to the undersigned and plainly marked 'Mercury Truck Tender."

The above truck can be seen Burr Motors, Princeton, B.C.

HIGHEST or any tender not necessarily accepted.

TERMS CASH, plus sales tax when applicable.

JAS. R. COLLLEY,
Sheriff for North-west Yale.
DATED AT KAMLOOPS, B.C., this 7th day of March, 1949.

CARD OF THANKS

We take this opportunity to convey our sincerest thanks for the many kindnesses and expressions of sympathy in our bereavement. Especial thanks to the doctors and the matron and nurses of Princeton Hospital.
—Annie, David and John Cunningham.

Department of Lands and Forests
B.C FOREST SERVICE

NOTICE

Examinations for Scaler's Licence will be held at the following places on the following dates, ing places on te following dates, standing at 8 a.m. each morning Place (all Date (1949) Logs to be in B.C.) scaled at
Kamloops—March 31—Kamloops Lumber Co. mill
Armstrong—April 2—Armstrong Sawmill
Lumby — April 4 — Lumby Lumber Co.
Penticton — April 6— Meet at Forest Ranger's Office

The morning will be taken up scaling logs and the afternoon will be taken up with the written paper.

Candidates are required to bring a pencil and, if possible, a B.C. Scale Rule.

Examination fee is Five Dollars ($5.00)

Applicants trying the examination for the second or third time will be required to show their receipt for the payment of the $5.00 fee.

Application forms and further information may be obtained from the District Forester, Kamloops, B.C.

Application forms must be properly made out before the examination.

District Forester.
A. E. PARLOW,

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED — apply J. Bennett, Brookmere.

Government of the Province of British Columbia

DEPARTEMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS

PUBLIC NOTICE

THE undersigned being a person authorized by the Minister of Public Works in writng to exercise the powers vested in the said Minister under Part 2 of the "Highway Act", and being of the opinion that the Highways are liable to damage through extraordinary traffic, makes the following Regulations pursuant to Section 35 of the said Act:

The following load and speed limitations are imposed from twelve o'clock midnight, March 11. 1949 until further notice on ALL highways within Area No. 2 of the Similkameen Electoral District.

Trucks with pneumatic tires: Payload (i.e., load carried) not to exceed 50% of the licensed carrying capacity.

Dated at Penticton, B.C., this 11th March, 1949.

A. R. COLBY,
Asst. District Engineer.

FAMOUS TODAY AS IN 1804
THE Preferred DEMERARA RUM

Matured and Bottled in England

LEMON HART

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* TENDER_DO

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All our recipes noy use TENDER—DO

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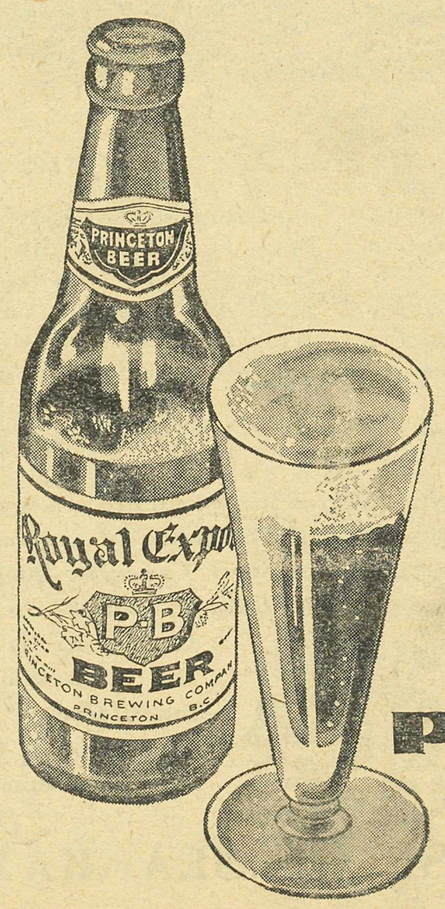
VANCOUVER, B.C.

SHADES OF YESTERYEAR...



"Sharp at eight," and the entire family packed itself off for the fun. We danced into the small hours to the music of the never-tiring threesome of fiddle, mouth organ and guitar. Finally, to the buffet tables set with good food and, of course, Princeton Beer. Princeton was a "must" when it came to entertaining . . . always at home in these gatherings . . . and it has been so, since the turn of the century. For people know Princeton is a good beer . . . ripe, mellow, its every sip testifying to that fact. That's the way we aim to keep it, always.

PRINCETON BREWING CO., LTD.
PRINCETON, B.C.

PRINCETON
Royal Export
BEER

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