Your Community Paper

THE SIMILKAMEEN STAR

The Voice of the Valley

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COPPER MOUNTAIN TOOK MOST TRICKS IN FIRST AID CONTEST

But Princeton Played The Trump To Win Mine Safety Open Honors

BIGGER and better than ever is trite, but truthful; it is the only way to sum up this year's Mine Rescue and First Aid Competitions.

Despite The Flood, the annual field day —the 17th annual at a hazard — drew more competitors than ever before. Competition was keen and the standard was high.

All the more credit then to the local devotees for keeping honors at home.

Which is perhaps a mean way of congratulating Copper Mtn; for the men—and woe-men of Copper Hill are top dog in a top test.

Laurels were well distributed, however. While Copper Mtn. had an edge in bulk, Princeton had the signal honor of winning the mine rescue trophy from the doughty Fernie invaders.

The Elk River men, though, helped in a big way to make a gala day of it. Only outside competitors, they drove 900 miles over our proud B.C. roads, despite the flood. They took third prize, and a special vote.

Good For Allenby!

Copper Mtn. took 15 prizes in the events; Princeton six, but as many firsts. Allenby, with a mere task force, carried off two major firsts. Hedley, disappointingly represented, failed to score a place.

Augury for the future, Copper Mtn. made a clean sweep of the novice event.

BOX SCORE

	1st	2nd	3rd
Copper Mtn.	3	5	7
Princeton	3	2	1
Allenby	2		
Fernie	-	-	1
Hedley	-	-	-

The Flood spared us from the threatened invasion of Big Brass There were no Princesses or Premiers or even PPPrinters, and ex-Nanaimo chum Jimmy Mitchell, now very dignified as Nelson district inspector, had the firmament of glory to himself; except for a genial mine safety supply representative, who did a fine job as a pinch - hitting judge.

The Safety Folk do not cater to the spectacular; perhaps a little culpably, we think: a little dramatization and showmanship would enhance an inherent but well buried spectator appeal. In this our professional friends don't see eye to eye. They are interested in raising safety standards by competition, not in putting on a public show. We can't see that that would suffer by exploiting the very vital factor of winning the public to their work. However, the attendance showed that you good folk have a sincere appreciation of their mission.

And Good Lads!

All in all it was a good day, well handled and well contested, and some of the first l-aid-ies were winsome enough to make a guy spring a gasket on the spot; so Harry says; that's of course why we weren't there.

Doctors Paul Phillips, A. R. Hicks and G. A. Badger judged the first aid events. Instrumental in organization were mines inspector E. R. Hughes and instructor T. H. Cunliffe, aided by C. W. S. Tremaine, T. M. Wilson, R. A. Douglas, W. I. Nelson and A. S. Baillie, Jr.

Despite our intense love for politicians, it is only fair to say, and sincerley, that; however they do it, the Department of Mines enlists the finest body of men we have known; we could only wish for a war and them in the same unit. And — long overdue—it should be noted that Princeton has enjoyed a long succession of doctors in skill and personality a tribute to a fine profession. Carry on!

THE WINNERS

MINE RESCUE

Mine Rescue Shield—B.C. Open

1. Princeton (J. Fairley, capt. G. Bosnich, D. Craeter, A. Frew, W. Waugh, C. Angstadt); 2. Copper Mtn. (G. Hallinan, capt., D. Parsons, J. Forsythe, P. Brunner M. Pero, J. Dodd); 3. Fernie (D Chester, capt., D. Brown, L. Slippa, E. Singleton, J. Anderson, I. Plecash (Princeton).

Also competing — Granby No. 1, Granby No. 2, Hedley Mascot.

FIRST AID

Dept. of Mines Cup—5 Men

1. Allenby (J. Morrison, capt. G. Hingley, T. Blake, R. Miller C. Ceccon); 2. Princeton (I. Plecash, capt., L. Saaman, R. Miller, A. Hilton, J. Bottaro); 3 Copper Mtn. (N. Kirby, capt., D. Ashe, R. Tappay, A. Byer, M. Howe.

Bocking Cup—5 Men

1. Allenby (G. Hingley, capt., R. Miller, T. Blake, J. Morrison, R. Ceccon); 2. Copper Mtn. (L. Hempy, capt., E. Pickard, J. Nelson, F. Burges, L. Fraser); 3. Copper Mtn. (G. Hallinan, capt. D. Parsons, M. Pero, J. Forsythe J. Dodd.

Coalmont Shield—Senior Two's

1. Copper Mtn. (G. Halinan, capt., D. Parsons); 2. Copper Mtn (Miss R. Schwoerer, capt., Miss M. Konigseder; 3. Princeton (I. Plecash, capt., R. Miller.

Novice Cup—Senior Five's

1. Copper Mtn. (Mrs. E Anderson, capt., Mrs. F. Stevenson, Miss L. Anderson, Miss M. Silovich, Miss H. Clark); 2. Copper Mtn. (A. Byer, capt., D. Asche, N. Kirby, M. Howe, G. Kirby); 3 Copper Mtn. (M. Bey, capt., A. Pecton, R. Tappay, G. Gabry, R. Boudreau).

Bennett Cup—5 Ladies

1. Princeton (Misses A. Antonich, capt., C. Johnson. D. Rines, D. Lowen, F. Berger); 2. Copper Mtn. (Mrs. F. Kirby, capt., Miss M. Konigseder, Miss R. Schwoerer, Miss B. Lydin, Miss R. Balas); 3. Copper Mtn. (Mrs. E. Anderson, capt., Mrs. F. Stevenson, Miss L. Anderson Miss M. Silovich, Miss H. Clark.

Granby Cup—5 Girls

1. Copper Mtn. (Misses D. Gabry, H. Swedberg, S. Reblin, P Hambly, S. Thompson; 2. Princeton (Misses C. Johnson, A. Antonich, R. Rines, D. Lowen, F. Berger; 3. Copper Mtn. (Misses P. Premorokoff, D. Henston, A. Kooenoff, P. Stelb, S. Hambly.

Granby Cup—5 Boys

1. Princeton (J. Cunliffe, capt. C. Harman, R. Miller, F. Antonich, R. Antonich); 2. Copper Mt. (G. Kirby, capt., K. Lydin, W. Thompson, J. Silovich, G. Truax 3. Copper Mtn. (R. Tappay, capt N. Kirby, G. Gabry, M. Howe, M. Silovich.)

Princeton Has Everything

AT Princeton, to serve the adjacent mining field, is maintained a mine rescue station, amply equipped with the latest safety devices. The full-time attendant, a modest young veteran, also instructs crews at the various mines, and graduates about a dozen competent men

(*Page Four please*)

A NEW BLAKEBURN?

Coast interests are exploring the coal measures near Coalmont with a big mine in view.

To Princeton for Rodeo Day Dominion Day

BEAUTIFUL for situation, nestling in the forks of the Similkameen and Tulameen rivers, Princeton has again taken its rightful place as the centre of a rich stock country.

The town is only 31 miles north of the International Boundary, and serves the area east of Hope west of Penticton and south of Merritt to the Boundary. The area includes Manning Park, Vancouver's playground of tomorrow.

It is a land of creeks and rivers bench lands and grazing lands, rolling hills and mountains, only a few hours distant from the Coast.

With the coming of the trade winds, Princeton has become one of the busiest towns of the Interior. The population now nears the 2,500 mark The Princeton Rodeo Association has made the town a Rodeo City.

When the Hudson's Bay Company men settled the Keremeos, or lower end of the Valley, they were quick to see the possibilities of horse and cattle raising, for the bunch-grass hills made an ideal range. The town of Keremeos owes its beginning to the early fur traders who pioneered in stock raising, farming and fruit growing.

The discovery of gold led to an intensive search, and it was soon found that the rivers and mountains of Similkameen were rich in the yellow metal.

There was a rich strike at Blackfoot, near the Allenby of to-day, in 1859-61. The gold rush to Granite Creek in 1885 made that place the third largest town in the Province in 1886.

But the most consistent gold producing area proved to be Hedley, where discoveries were first made in 1894. It has proved to be the best gold-mining camp in Similkameen.

It was known for a long time that there was gold in the rivers as well as in the hills, but large-scale dredging operations were not successful until last year, when the Atkinson Dredging Company began operations on the Similkameen above Princeton.

Coal, too, has been extensively mined since 1860, when it was discovered by John Fall Allison, Princeton's first settler. Many mines have been in operation since then: around Princeton, at Blakeburn and elsewhere in the Valley.

Large scale strip mining is now being carried on at the old Black Mine, only a few miles

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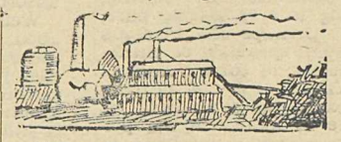
The Silent Service of Mine Safety

Davy (Safety) Jones Tells All About His Modest Pals of the Underworld



THIS is the story of the evolution of the safety lamp, as told by the collection in the Princeton office of District Mines Inspector E. R. Hughes.

One of the top functions of Mr. Hughes's important work is mine safety, and in the coal mine there is no more important adjunct to safety than the detection of deadly gas.

We here have seen gas explosions. Some of us know all too graphically the deadly enemy of the pits, and its tragic toll. We honor the work of mine safety and this annual effort to impress its importance, and demonstrate preparedness and prevention.

We wish this fascinating little army of salvation could have been on display to tell its own fascinating story. We shall let it, as best we can.

We introduce you to the pioneer. It will introduce you to its pals in progress.

I am Davy Jones; just one of the Jones boys.

I am the safety lamp My friend is the miner. He risks his life to keep you warm, to cook your food and wash your clothes. I try to protect him. I would like you to know me, and meet my pals. I have some strange pals, from the scientist to the canary bird. We are a modest lot, and we started in a humble way If I overlook one or two, I'm sure they won't mind. From the fire-boss to the automatic detector—that's me carried to the nth degree — we have a big job to do quietly. We don't look for glory; if I overlook a pal or two it's because we're too familar to notice. But we do make a grand team.

❖

He Found The Secret

Sir Humphrey Davy

Inventor of the Safety Lamp

[1815]

❖

My enemy is gas—the sort of thing that is your best friend, that fries your bacon and boils your shirts. Gas is fire—a good servant but a bad master. When you burn coal, it is mostly the gas that burns In combustion it makes other gases.

Burns & Co.

Almost everything burns. When iron rusts, that it slow combustion, the oxygen from the air forming an oxide.

The same thing happens when you breathe oxygen from the air. It burns in your lungs, and is carried in the blood cells, and gives you energy. It burns some of the tissue, but its energy makes new tissue. Without oxygen you would die. Too much a mixture would give you a glorious jag, but would burn out your tubes in no time.

Your mother Nature provides the right mixture. When we engage Nature, we must compensate her.

There is no combustion without oxygen, but oxygen is everywhere. She is the fair hostess of the gases. She has many violent kin.

Aeons ago your black diamonds were tropical forests. The dinosaurs roamed down Bridge Street; only Princeton was upside down then. Great seas came in, and made great swamps Millions of tiny clams made your limestone. Sometimes salts impregnated the wood and the fishes, and made fossils.

But by and large the tropical forests subsided in the tropical swamps. Volcanoes baked them under great pressure, and earthquakes turned them upside down. They became your coal seams. The amber you see in Blakeburn coal is tropical resin Under other conditions carbon crystallized and became diamonds, elsewhere the graphite that polishes your stoves and writes in your pencils. The sugar that sweetens your tea is largely carbon. There is a lot in the black mystery of coal that you never use and never know. But we know, my pals and I.

Dis-gas-ted

In the combustive putrefaction of a swamp marsh gas is formed. You have often smelt it— that marshy, mouldy odour. It is composed of carbon—found in all vegetable matter—and hydrogen, found in water and in the air

It is known as methane, CH_4 (C, carbon, one part; H, hydrogen, four parts). It is a most violent gas. You burn it in a carbide lamp, and you know what happens when you don't burn it gradually.

Now as the forests subsided in the swamps, some of this methane was locked into the coal. It has lain there for millions of years. When the seams are exposed and the air gets in, the coal sweats, and the methane oozes out.

Ventilation, besides bringing air to the miners, carries off this and other dangerous gases; some dangerous because they explode, some because they suffocate But ventilation is man made. The gas has to be watched.

There are two other gases that spell danger to the coal miner. Both, likewise, are carbon gases, formed by combustion, and containing oxygen. You might call them carbon rust, except that the oxygen takes on the carbon, whereas the iron takes on the oxygen.

Gas: Life and Death

One is carbon monoxide, the other carbon dioxide Monoxide is caused by incomplete combustion, due to insufficient oxygen. The other, product of complete combustion, is carbon dioxide. You will see it in the names and the chemical formulas (Mon, one; di, two)—CO and CO_2. (O, oxygen).

Monoxide is only half burned. It is greedy for oxygen, and very explosive CO_2 is fully satisfied. It will put a fire out. It makes your bread rise and your pop fizz. It is used in fire extinguishers. It is breathed out of your lungs. It is fresh air for plants, but suffocation for you

Monoxide is toxic too, but far more sinister It attacks the haemoglobin of the red blood corpuscles and robs them of their power to carry oxygen. It strangles you by a glorious drunk, as oxygen is burning alcohol.

There is, naturally, no free monoxide on the surface; it greedily becomes CO_2; but it is frequent in the close atmosphere of the pit.

"Know your enemies," says the proverb These are the miner's, and ours.

Methane and monoxide cause explosions. So does coal dust, by a sort of spontaneous combustion, when it is too dry. Dioxide is the product of expesion. We call methane blackdamp, monoxide firedamp; dioxide afterdamp You see why.

Methane is not a poisonous gas, but it will not sustain life, and where it supplants oxygen, of course, men die

The Battle Force

Monoxide and methane, and coal dust too, cause terrible explosions and fires in the rifle-barrel that is a mine. That is why we have to be so alert, so careful. Of course that is why no naked lights are allowed. There is always a certain amount of these gases in a mine, and their behavior is freakish We have to be eternally vigilant. Before a shift begins, the fire-boss goes round with one of my pals and tests the amount of gas, and keeps a record of it in a book. and the inspector comes round and checks up periodically, and takes samples of mine air and seals them in glass tubes and sends them to the Ottawa laboratories for minute analysis. In this way we not only know when a mine is dangerous, but also how it is likely to behave, and we are able to devise efficient means to keep it safe.

But in spite of all this, our enemy is cunning, and accidents can occur and that is why we have trained mine safety teams, and special emergency apparatus. But we don't like to think about that, except to demonstrate once a year that we are prepared.

But now I'd like you to meet my family and see how we have done our modest job better through succeeding generations

I am the grand-daddy of them all. I made it all possible. I am the brainchild of that great British scientist, Sir Humphrey Davy (1778-1829). In 1815—just after the Napoleonic wars and on the eve of the Industrial Revolution, aimed at the frequency of pit accidencs in the increasing demand for coal, evolved the safety lamp. The principle on which I am built is the screen.

Davy learned that a fine gauze encloses flame and heat, by a sort of condensing action. It is no longer an open flame, but a safe light. Not only so, by the behavior of the flame, he found you could detect the presence of dangerous gases. I became the prototype for safe lamps for almost a century.

Pageant of Light

I may look a little quaint and sturdy, for fashions change, but you'll assess me quite practical even to-day.

I am cylindrical, of brass. I burn colza oil. My wick is shielded by fine gauze I am known as the "60", or **single gauze** type.

The first of my kind had no glass, but I have an airtight glass cylinder.

My younger brother, here has a **double gauze.** It was found to be more efficient.

Our flame was locked in We had to be ignited out of the mine.

My friend here is the **Wolf** Safety Lamp, made in Leeds, Yorkshire, where the pits are a tradition. British Columbia's first miners were brought from Yorkshire, round the Horn, to Nanaimo. Mr Hughes is a Yorkshireman.

The Wolf was the standard for many years. It has the double gauze, of course, but the important innovation is the igniter—the familiar flint and ratchet type Otherwise, in principle, he is just like me. The igniter, of course, is a big improvement. The lamp can be lit anywhere and at will in safety.

Up to now, we could always be tinkered with. When I say I can only be lit outside the mine, I mean of course, with safety.

The next Wolf here is tinker-proof. It has a **key lock.** It was lit and locked with a key outside the mine. It was really safe.

It was now only left to achieve the same standard in modern ways. Most folk know the modern battery lamp, the case fitting on to the belt, the lamp, connected by a cable, fitting on the hat. High-test gas had replaced colza oil in the flame lamps, but now it is an incandescent light. The locking feature is also improved. There is a **magnetic lock,** which can only be operated by a special device. You see, this is complete-a product of the electrical age. Perhaps the next step will be atomic.

But this renegade in the corner we can't ignore. It is the good old **"pit lamp"** familiar to some of us from our boyhood, in the days when payday was once a month and wives and kiddies used to wait all night outside the saloons. In spite of its crudeness, it remained until comparatively recent years, the fire-boss being the only one it was thought necessary to have a safety lamp.

It is simply a tin cup with a spout for the wick and a hook to fit on to the miner's cap

It burned foul-smelling fish oil, and you may be lucky enough to remember the grimy old lamp house, and how, if the nice man was on, you used to go and "bum" some — and snitch it if old misery was on — to go pit-lamping for dog-salmon with the gaff.

Of course it is now forbidden to use a naked light in a coal mine, though carbide lamps are still seen in metal mines, where, of course, gas is not a comparable problem

Yet you will remember being startled by the news of a fatal gas explosion in a shallow metal working in the Bridge River field. That was methane gas, which in the earth's evolution sometimes clings in the crevices of rocks just as in coal measures.

So no mine is ever certainly safe, and inspections are rigorously made in metal mines too, and crews kept trained in mine rescue work.

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Safety Lamps

From Page Three

In our collection also are English and German types of the electric light.

Light -- and Heat

It is safe to work with these "safe" lamps in explosive gas, but obviously no one wants to work in gas. I told you that we could also detect gas. I don't claim that we were ultra scientific. In Nature, nothing is ever utterly pure, except perhaps the Printer's Devil. I'm speaking of chemical purity, of course. A trace of wicked gas is not dangerous, except as a warning to beware of more. A 5½ per cent. content of methane is explosive. I am sensitive to two per cent., the modern lamp to one half of one per cent.

You won't find him in our collection, but there is another little pal I want to pay tribute to. He is the canary bird. He used to be taken where gas was suspected. Naturally, he was overcome before a man would be, and he sometimes made the sacrifice to save men. He is not used any more. He is free to sing to his heart's content.

He has been superseded by the most aristocratic and exacting of my cousins. He is our rich relation, and I'll admit he's pretty good, but don't forget we gave him his start.

Of Another Color

This is the automatic detector, and he comes chromium finished and a beauty-parlor dial. He is always in the back of Mr. Hughes's car. Actually, there are two of him.

One is the M.S.A. **Methane Tester.** Its needle indicates down to one tenth of one per cent., and of course gives an accurate reading.

The other is the M.S.A. **Carbon Monoxide Detector.** It works, to the eye at least, quite differently. There is a tube of sensitive substance which, after the fashion of litmus, changes its color in the presence of CO (as many a frustered private has been known to do). It is normally white. Monoxide gives it an increasingly green tint.

By comparison with a color chart, on which the percentages are tabled, you gauge the monoxide content.

We are the army of prevention, but tragedies still happen despite our eternal vigilance. It is then that the mine rescue contingent has to come in. We'd rather not talk about it. You have no doubt seen them demonstrate. We hope that is all you ever see.

Of course they have to know a lot, but it would mean nothing without their "gas mask"—like a diver without his oxygen helmet.

It works on quite a different principle, though; is is really a very fine gas mask.

Favorite Air

You have probably seen the big box-like device they strap on their backs. Well, like a gas mask, it simply shuts out the poisoned air, and purifies the air already in your lungs, with an oxygen supply to enrich it as required. You really breathe over and over again the air you start with in your lungs.

When you exhale, it circulates through the machine, and the CO_2 formed in your

lungs is filtered out in an absorbant chemical.

Well, now you know enough about us to be friends, remembering that we help to cook your food and wash your clothes, and serve you in a thousand other ways, for coal is still a main spring of your economy.

Ours is a silent service. The more efficient we are the less you think of us. That's the way we want it; only don't forget we are there. And use our motto—eternal vigilance for safety first.

This, then, to sum up, is the pageant of progress in pit protection—first the single gauze, unenclosed, then the double gauze; then in a glass casing. First using coza oil, now from coal but from cole, a plant like kale, the oil being made from the seed. Then using high-test gasoline. Then the introduction of a crude flint lighting device, successively improved—providing for safe ighting in the presence of gas. Then a lock, to prevent tinkering in the presence of gas, this also gradually improved. And at last the electric light and the magnetic lock.

And a flock of erudite cousins in the form of scientific devices for detection, calculation and combat, with all the precision of modern skill.

And something stronger and yet more sensitive than the brave little lungs of my pal the canary, on free wing to sing, but still honored by our gang.

Will You Join Our Team?

This in one short century of progress, and many a hand in it. And more and better to come.

Beside these modern masterpieces I look quain and crude, and indeed I am. But I am no whit jealous, nor are my betters haughty in despise. For our job is silent service, and we are always humble, and a solid team.

So I welcome my heirs who do so much better what I set out a hundred years ago to do, and I am quite ly proud that all this sprang from one idea, one principle, one man, and me. And they, humble too in your service, are quitely proud of their part, and me, and all the brave hearts who serve with them.

I could tell some brave stories; perhaps one day I will.

Of course we shall go on improving and saving and serving, and once a year we come out to parade before you in proud but humble service, just to emphasize that to serve you best, we need you too in our team.

Safely yours,
Davy Q. Jones.

Princeton Prepered

From Page Three

each year.

At almost every Valley point first aid classes are held each year, with the doctors and the old hands cheerfully giving of their time.

Resident mines inspector E. R. Hughes (professional, but not so shy) regularly combs the mines over his large territory.

Similkameen has just about the healthiest climate in the world. It has, too, a fine modern hospital, with most industrial workers covered by contract. It is almost impossible to die in Princeton, but none the less we have an enterprising undertaker. And we are **not** incorporated.

★ **THE KIDS** may have been short on the technical aspects of the mine rescue contest, but showed rare enthusiasm. Press-ganged as patient stooges, their rivalry to be "dead" quite matched the teams'.

★ **With all his** modern gadgets, Harry has no machine like this for turning out wisecracks.

Princeton Gets Latest Mine Safety Device

A new mine safety device has arrived at the Princeton mine rescue depot. A military secret during the war, it is the best and the latest.

It is the Chemox — chemical oxygen—an American wartime invention based on an improved chemical filter, which not only removes the exhaled carbon dioxide, but also creates oxygen. The filter is a chemical powder.

It weighs only 13 pounds, less than half the old ponderous machine, but is effective for only 45 minutes, as against the two hours of the old device. For this reason it could not be used in the recent Bridge River explosion, some distance from the surface.

It is equipped with a clock, which rings a warning bell when the charge is about to expire.

There is no more exacting master than the B.C. Department of Mines and the machine has been adopted, despite eager approval of the principle, only after modifications—chiefly reducing the warning bell to a margin entirely safe.

Firemen Trained In Gas Equipment

PRINCETON'S volunteer fire brigade is trained in the use of mine rescue apparatus too as provision against gas fires.

The Department of Mines has put equipment of the mine rescue station, Princeton, at the service of the community, in case af emergency. The Public Works Dept. has also made a similar contribution.

In return, your firemen provide a flying squad to help in all emergencies.

Chemical warfare is an important phase of modern fire-fighting, sadly deficient here as the experts due soon will probably tell us, and there are some who think that the money put into an elaborate fire hall would have been better applied to chemical equipment.

Proving Revolution

IF our mining pals were your printer — and you could not decently wish such a thing on your enemies — this would carry a banner on page one. But reporters are stodgy fellows who subvert what is important to what folk foolish enough to read 'em like to read. So you buried this. And it is important—revolutionary. It may change your whole economy before your printer changes his shirt.

A turbine engine has been perfected. Something entirely new, the scientist's dream of many years. Utterly simple and insultingly economical, it is more important to our economy than atomic fissure, they assure us. The whole secret is in the creation of a metallic alloy that will withstand the heat. The rest is dead simple, as this exclusive photograph shows:

But, seriously, it is a most significant innovation. It would have special application in the Princeton coalfield.

While we are too ignorant to work up the required lather over it, let it not be said that we failed to note it.

PRINCETON RODEO ASSOCIATION

Would Be Grateful If Each And Every One Of You Who Helped In Any Way Towards The Outstanding Success Of **The Big Event** Would Accept This As A Personal Intimation Of Our Sincere Appreciation And Thanks

Yours Aye,

ALEX. BROOMFFIELD
"BRONCO" HUFF
JEAN HANES

Bigger and Better This Year
Bigger and Better Next Year

P.S.— This Includes "Mrs. Wigmore" and the Printer's Devil

PRINTING

★

THE STAR

Please Share The Service On Party 'Phone Lines

❖

We are trying to give service to as many as possible with the limited facilities available. As a result, we now have a greater percentage of party-line telephones in our telephone system than ever before.

And good results on party lines depend on a willingness to share the service.

This means fewer calls . . . shorter calls . . . surrendering the line promptly in times of emergency.

EST'D FISH 1913
WHOLESALE
FRESH CANNED CURED
SEAPORT CROWN FISH CO. LTD.
N.H.B. FISH DOCKS • VANCOUVER, B.C.

Announcing the Re-opening of the

TULAMEEN CAFE

☆

Entirely Renovated

☆

Your old friend
Dominick
back again

YOURS FOR BETTER EATING

TALKING OF TREES

Trees Must Have Protection

Like any other living things, they can be destroyed if their enemies — fire, insects and disease — are present in sufficient strength to overcome their natural immunity or resistance. Our trees are so vital to our welfare and prosperity that we must make sure that they receive every possible care.

PREVENT FOREST FIRES

B.C. FOREST SERVICE

Department of Lands and Forests

HON. E. T. KENNEY, MINISTER C. D. ORCHARD, DEPUTY MINISTER

Don't Let 'er Buck

Bring her in here. We take the kicks out of everything but your motoring pleasure

●

HIGHWAY MOTORS

The Stamp of Time

is on our service. In 1885 a cowboy, John Chance, while fetching water, found gold in Granite Creek. That set off the wildest gold rush of all time. At Granite Creek F. P. Cook opened a store. The panners paid in gold dust. Ever since, the old firm has continued to serve Similkameen.

F. P. COOK ESTATE
Since 1886

This was your 2nd annual rodeo. Similkameen is traditionally a cattle country. It is your privilege to enjoy at home thrills that many go miles to see. It will bring visitors, fame, profit to Princeton. It is put on by local men. Give them your support.

HOLY SMOKE

Well, anyway, a smoke fit for the gods whatever your preference. From A to Z in smokers' supplies
Books, magazines
Periodicals
Local views and Souvenirs

●

J. CORRIE
Princeton Hotel Block

Horses to Horsepower

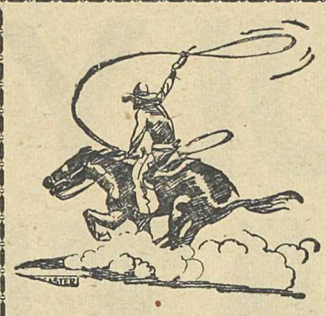
In the carriage days Burr's was a well known name. When the horseless carriage came, Burr became Burr Motors, and with **FORD** have swept on with the tide of progress.

Burr Motors
Limited
Princeton 55

LA SOO

is neither a Chinese nor a Frenchman, but even a Dutchman would admit that you get the best values at the

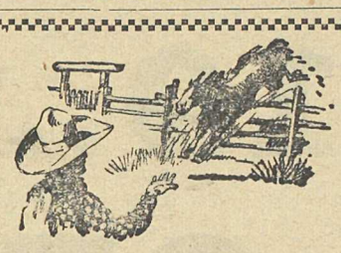
Central Market
Princeton 75



They don't give you a
Bum Steer
when they tip you to eat at the
PRINCETON CAFE
Rear Hotel Princeton

Over the Garden Wall

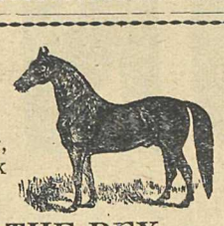
is where all your housekeeping worries go when you shop at the



PRINCETON GROCETERIA
R. MITCHELL, Prop.—Princeton 38

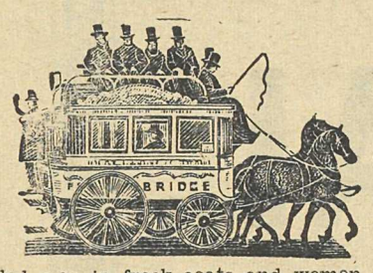
If'n you're a little hoarse

after all the yipping, try a refreshing drink or a-n-ice cream at



Ed Mullin's—THE REX

IN STAGECOACH DAYS



bearded men in frock coats and women in big bonnets and bustles were rattled over awesome mountain roads. Millions in bullion were carried despite desperate bandits and bad Indians. The hotels were hostels indeed. Then as now travellers found the

HOTEL PRINCETON
Princeton's Leading Hotel

PRINCETON HOSPITALITY IS TOPS...

Princeton has seen the pages of history unfold for nearly 100 years. The Fur Trader, the Gold Seeker, cattle driver and prospector came and were made welcome in the tradition of hospitality for which Princeton has always been famed.

P.B.

PH-1

If the gee-gees take you to the cleaner's . . make it . .

ROBERTSON'S CLEANERS
SOUTH BRIDGE STREET, PRINCETON

HOSPITALITY

has always been a byword at Princeton's hotels. A Chinese was the first host, but the real pioneer hotel man wasJohn Henry Jackson. When the first railway was building in, he began the Great Northern, a log structure. The first Tulameen came soon after, then George Wardle's Similkameen on Vermilion Avenue.

TULAMEEN HOTEL

No, My Deah!
That's *not* the ideah!!
You don't need these to see that
PRINCETON BREAD
is thoroughbred.

★

PRINCETON BAKERY
O. Granger, Proprietor
Bridge St.—Phone 9

The First Cow

was brought to Interior B.C. by JOHN FALL ALLISON. Sent by the Governor to seek gold, he was fascinated by Similkameen, its hills then verdant with silky bunch grass. In the 60's he drove in a herd of fine pedigreed Shorthorns from California, registered as the Red Oak herd. He pre-empted summer range at Princeton. The ranch house was at Trout Creek, but they soon moved entirely to this valley.

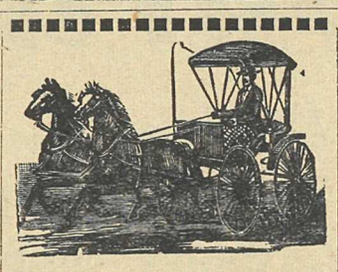
East Princeton Dairy
Colin Campbell, Successor to The Allisons

A GLORY HOLE . .

. . . a simple hole scooped in the rock yielded millions when Nickel Plate was young. A prospector, not looking for gold, but merely travelling overland, found golden ingots in the embers of his campfire. When Arundel and Woolaston showed ore samples to the famous Guggenheim scout, M. K. Rogers, at Victoria, he cancelled a trip to Alaska and claimed Nickel Plate for his chief. "Worked out" in the '20's, the mine was revived by the Kelowna Exploration Company. Now other rich producers have joined it, with more to come

★

G. N. HOTEL
Mrs. W. HALL, Proprietress



In 1850

this was o.k., but to-day wise folk call

J. B.

☆ 24-HOUR SERVICE ☆
Jack Anderson, Proprietor
Princeton 66

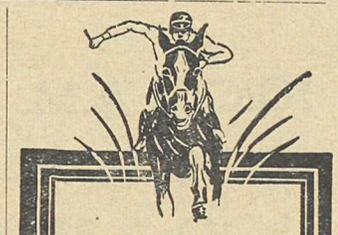
The Cattle Barons

★

had their 'castles' and corrals at Keremeos. Alexander Ross, a Pacific fur trader, found 'a low and pleasant valley' in an epic overland trip in 1812. The Hudson's Bay Co. built a post, made it their local headquarters for the vital packhorses, planted grain. Then came the era of the cattle barons. Fruit trees were planted, irrigation won the fertile benches which now produce the world's finest fruit — and the possibilities are even now only just enfolding. . .

★

Stop off at the
LUCERNE HOTEL
KEREMEOS, B.C.
'Hank' Egli, Proprietor



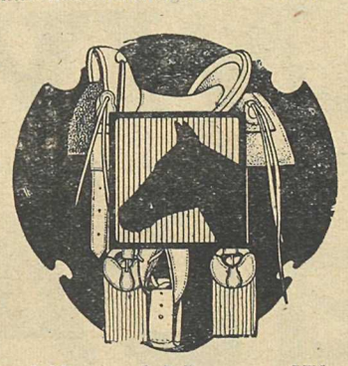
PULL UP
for the best meals in town at the
CLUB CAFE
CHARLIE MOY, Prop.

TOUGH BEEF

is o.k. for tough guys at the Rodeo but for the tender cuts stampede to Stan's

★

PRINCETON MEAT MARKET
Telephone 21:Bridge St.
S. A. WILSON, Prop.



Saddle and Harness Work
We still do it—expertly—and nothing else

☆ ☆ ☆

C. V. PROSSER
PRINCETON

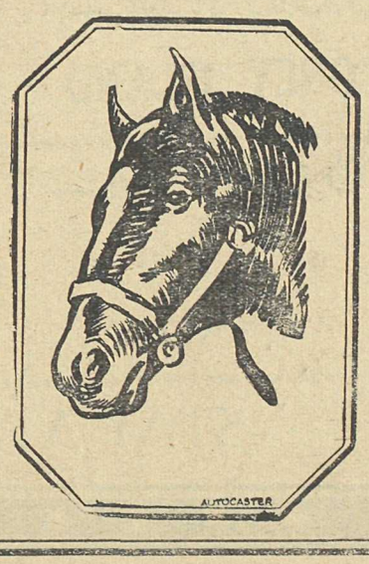
It's just good

HORSE SENSE

to think about insurance, and when you think of insurance you mean Confederation Life

★

GILBERT PRIDEAUX
The Insurance Man
Princeton 59



Dominion Day

PRINCETON

19.. 1st JULY ..48

CELEBRATION

SPONSORED BY B.P.O. ELKS

PROCEEDS TO

WAR MEMORIAL

Programme

10:00 A.M.— MONSTER PARADE— Floats — Comics — Novelties — Fancy Bicycles — Horses $100 in Prizes

10:30 A.M.— COLORFUL MAY QUEEN CROWNING CEREMONY— School Grounds

11:00 A.M.— PET PARADE — KIDDIES' SPORTS — SPECIAL EVENTS— .. *Sponsored by Royal Purple*

12-2-6 P.M.— MEMORIAL PARK ..

Baseball

ADMISSION 75c — Children 25c ● Admits You to All Games

COPPER MTN.
SMMMERLAND
HEDLEY
PRINCETON

$200 in Prize Money

8:00 P.M.— CONEY ISLAND

CARNIVAL

FUN FOR ALL

10:00 P.M.— ELKS' HALL

Gala DANCE

STAY AT HOME AND HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE