Your Community Paper

THE SIMILKAMEEN STAR

The Voice of the Valley

Forty-Seventh Year; No. 29. PRINCETON, B.C., THURSDAY, 12th JUNE, 1947 5c per Copy; $2.00 per Year

Beware, a Damsel In Distress May Come Up With Your Address

NOW gather ye round, be ye Gentiles or Jews, ye shall hear a sad tale from the good Vera Cruz. And ye who have tears now's the time they will spurt, so pull out your hankies and prepare to eat dirt, but button your cheque book and hang on to your shirt.

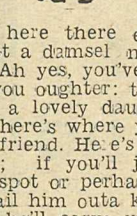
For we bring you a story full of pathos and woe that happened but lately in old Mexico, where the lasses are lovely in gay calico and the laws they are asses for win place and show.

In that saintly city, the good Vera Cruz, a banker named Martin had plenty to lose, but when the bull needeth slinging, or some bambino needs shoes, now pray, how can a soft hearted money man choose? Especially when, twixt a sigh and a groan, the charitable cash ain't exactly his own?

The genus and species of his ill fated kindness Mere modesty makes us to color with blindness, but nathless and nilly, being a good guy yourself, you won't query the pedigree of mere filthy pelf.

So the the long and the short of it simply is this that the good Mr. Martin was scored with a miss, and when cruel pseudo justice reached out its paw, Mr. Martin was all for the spirit of law, and to 'scape the clutch of bankruptcy cold, he gathered together his jewels and his gold and sealed them up in an old tin trunk, which however much other folks' had shrunk his own remained a considerable hunk, and leaving the Mexicans on the lam, he sent it off to his Uncle Sam, where in a customs house it stands, as safe as the Bank of No Man's Land.

The while our hero, Martin the good, languishes in chili solitude, cooped up in a Mexi cal boose, on pimentos and cactus juice nor yet will yield or call a truce, consigning Mexi infidels to hotter climates still; oh, well.



And here there enters in the plot a damsel in distress, I wot. Ah yes, you've guessed it, as you oughter: the banker has a lovely daughter.

And here's where you come in my friend. Here's your big chance; if you'll just send a five spot or perhaps a ten, we'll bail him outa klink and then, he'll carve up all his secret gold and pay you back a hundred fold.

You say you've heard that one before? Well, mebbe so, they've quite a store or rackets gay south of the border, down Mexico way, and when your granny sped the spindle Pancho was pulling this "Prisoner Swindle." So when you get Al. Martin's letter, we're printing this so you'll know better than to be skinned by golden fleece — just hand it to the Mounted P'lice. You know the mounties always get their man, even when he's stewed in a Mexican can. Won't Mr. Martin's face be red as scarlet coats? And so to bed.

Game Men Fooled By Cougar Meat

A score of B.C's best cougar hunters ate cougar and did not know. Our own ace, Allan Gill, thought it was veal. He was one of the victims when game wardens and experts banqueted at Nelson recently.

He is not quite sure whether he enjoyed the joke. He admits he enjoyed the cougar—up to the point of revelation.

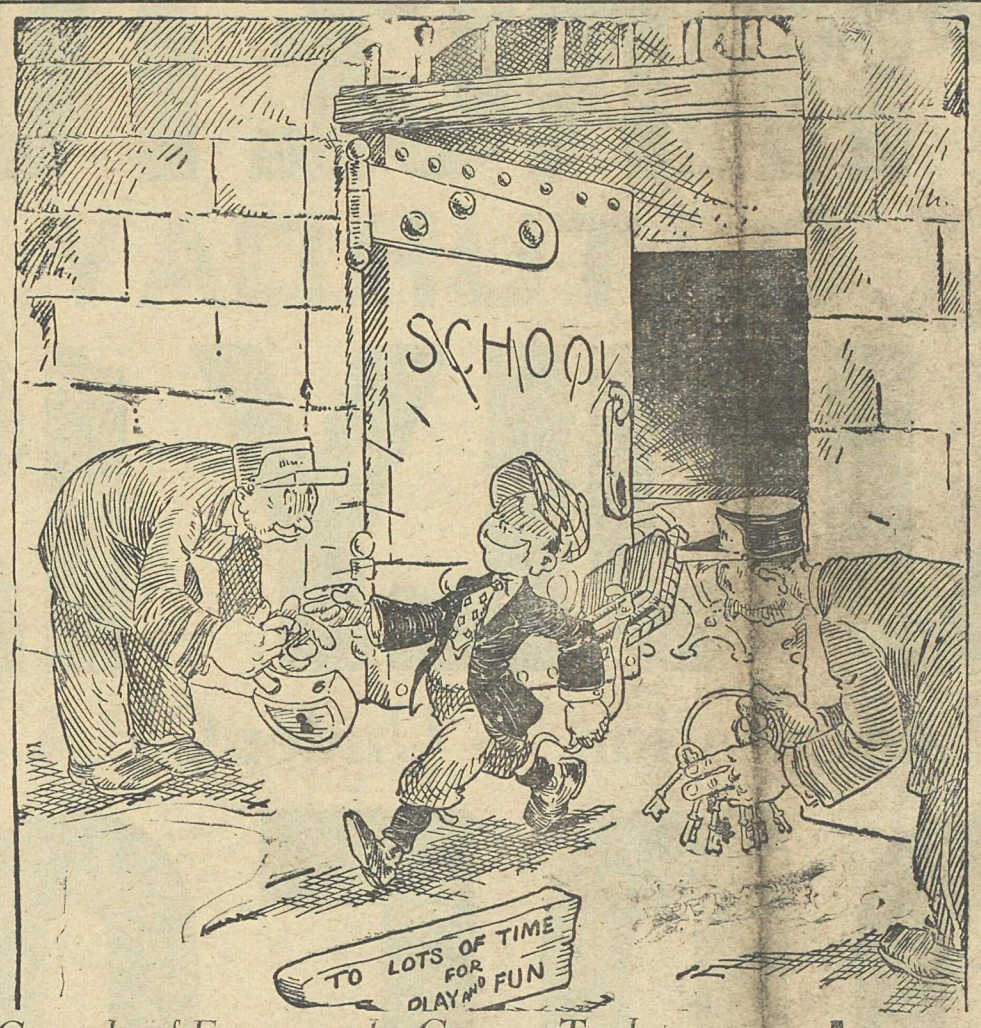
The coup was a complete success. No one knew — because no one suspected. In the excitement of the feast they ate as a matter of course.

It was cagey Jim Cunningham, veteran game chief, who first smelled the rat, or rather cougar. But noboby wanted a second helping after the secret was out.

Eating cougar meat is nothing new. Game Warden Monks of Penticton is a regular addict, says Mr. Gill. He keeps it in cold storage.

There is no reason—as with many another kind of flesh—outside "scunner" why cougar shouldn't be eaten. It's a more particular animal than bear, the hillsman's pork, which most hillsmen prefer to venison.

Cougar meat is a bit lighter in color, says Mr. Gill



Comedy of Errors as the Cougar Took A Bow and Derm Took Three Arrows

But the Archer Made the Kill and Now Harry Shuttleworth Tells the Story

I still think we should have left the darned thing home.

I was thinking so then, in several shades of discontent, and all of them black as I sat on a log in the gathering dusk, mentally harranguing that bows and arrows may be all very pretty in Hollywood sets of *Robin Hood* and *Red Riding Hood* and red-riding Injuns without any hood, but that hunting cougar is, in the real and the raw, not at all the stuff that garnishes Christmas cards, and no game for amateurs — men, or dogs or weapons.

Still, if it hadn't been that way, it wouldn't have been a story, and I'm here to admit it is more in confession than in pride.

Of course, I'm glad about it now, to be an unheroic actor in a unique event, but sitting on that log I had no idea it would ever turn out this way. Indeed, though the woods were full of them, judging by the tracks, I was quite convinced I would never see a cougar on the hoof, and I would have been more than willing to settle for a humble fool hen.

Dog Daze

In fact, that is precisely what I was trying to do, and feeling pretty black about the whole business.

For three days we had wandered through a nightmare of cougar tracks, toting that fool come-to-me-go-from-me contraption of imported lemon wood and gut, and chasing two fool dairy farm pooches, as green and game as ourselves, who ran thir guts out without being able to get it through their thick heads that this kind of cat has a yen to climb a tree.

Derm, you see, had been reading all about it, and Derm was as Lincoln green as ever Robin Hood. The bow was a noble weapon. It had just been glorglorified, Hollywood style, in "Robin Hood", and Derm had chanced to be along when the archer who "ghosted" in marksmanship for Errol Flynn in the picture had been on a moose hunt—with bow and arrow—in the Cariboo.

He had made quite a name for himself hunting big game with the bow from Mexico to Alaska, and I believe him the same man whose account of hunting cougar this romantic way you may have read in a Vancouver magazine supplement not long ago. Well, he obviously never heard about us.

Wrong Track

Derm was dead serious and I was game. Cougar had always been plentiful on the mountain back of the Willis ranch, overlooking Wolf Creek, and the McCarthy ranch — Derm's folk, that is—was out that way.

However, we packed provisions for a four-day expedition, and the two dogs, equally inexperienced, were just as keen as ourselves. Of course we took the noble bow and a professional assortment of arrows, and although I did not so much as breath so irreverent a doubt, I had my orthodox weapons just in case.

I had them now as I sat blackly on this black log, and consigned all the bows ever to Agincourt and Bull Run.

We had camped on the summit, overlooking the creek. It was 1939. The snow was crisp and icy, not the best for tracking, and it was a hard day's hike, with some snow - shoeing.

We were off eagerly with the crack of dawn, and hardly were we clear of the camp before we were on cougar tracks. Soon our dogs set up a whining, and we let go the leashes, expecting that in a minute or two our quarry would be snugly treed, for we could see that we had jumped the cougars and they had made off down the hill.

But we came up to find our reputed best friends dashing about in utter bewilderment, obviously puzzled how one thing could go three ways at once.

For half an hour they kept it up, aimless, frenzied, then skulked back, shamefaced and exhausted.

The next two days was a maze of tracks and a nightmare of failure. There must have been a cougar convention, by the numbe of tracks, but those dogs had never heard of a cougar climbing a tree, and of course we couldn't pick up the scent.

Bow Minded

So while the camp fire made spectral shapes in the sombre pines we held a last ditch council of war. Our supplies would play out tomorrow.

In our general despair, it was natural that I should damn the bow and arrow. But Derm was staunchly loyal.

This thing of beauty of imported lemonwood was a very different shooting engine than the crude creation of the primitive Indians, and in the hands of an expert, with its 90 pound pull—the Indians had 40—was a a precision killer at 400 yards, he defended.

Well, he could argue, but at that moment I felt I would be perfectly safe at 400 yards—or 40. And I turned in.

The next morning it was the same old story, and we gave it up early and came back to our camp.

Feeling that we at least ought to take home a booby prize, I picked up a .22 Colt revolver and went off to look for a fool hen (hooter grouse).

But I wasn't feeling particularly ferocious, and after about ten minutes I came into some broken country, and sat down on a log, on a cliff overlooking the valley, in a pretty black mood. Darkness was rolling in.

Suddenly I was aware of a soft crunching behind me, and turned round to snarl at one of the dogs, which I presumed had followed me.

Instead, thirty feet away, and staring right at me in cold curiosity, was a grim and tawny cougar.

Well, you know, that was a bit ironical. For four days we had scoured that festering mountain, and here was one sneaking up on me.

But my slant right then was neither philosophical nor humorous. I give you just one guess how I felt—and the same to you sometime.

Whether it was cold courage or instinctive fear, I automatically swung my .30-.30 carbine up and blazed.

The startled brute bounced round and went off in a flurry of snow and yipes.

After it had a good start, I shook myself to earth and followed its fight down the hill, spattered with bright red blood.

Dutifully—let us hope—I went back to camp to collect Derm and the dogs, and, of course, his precious bow.

By The Tale

It was nearly dark, and we hustled with a new vigor. The fresh blood made tracking easy.

The dogs were soon out of sight. Then we heard a faint barking, far up and on our right.

Slipping, struggling, fired with expectancy, we panted on. At last we reached the top.

But we could hear nothing but the fierce pounding of our hearts in the eerie gloom of a pale ascending moon. Foiled again.

It was quite dark now, and tracks were no help. But even as we poured we heard the "Yip" of Derm's big shepherd dog.

We separated to seek the dogs from different directions, and the strengthening moon was coming to our aid.

Game Warden Gill Wins Shooting Prizes

AGAINST a hand - picked entry of crack shots, Game Warden Allan Gill won two prizes at the invitation tournament to open the new C.N.R. range at Ioco. He took second in the sporting rifle event and third with the target rifle.

Some forty crack shots competed—to be invited was honor enough—including Mel Rogers, world's champion revolver shot. (No, you're wrong, kids, it isn't Roy Rogers — the stars have stooges.)

Finding himself a little nervous in the presence of the greats, Allan withdrew from the revolver event and concentrated on the gun, where nerves don't matter so much.

No PROMOTION LIST

There is no more promotion list in our schools. The principal says nobody fails any more. Everyone succeeds to some extent. The inspector has aready told us the Three R's don't matter any more. The ratepayers' meeting is now a mere formality. But you still have the privilege of paying for it all—by appropriation.

In Penticton, Merritt and some other towns, promotion lists were published as usual.

Derm found the dogs and hailed me. Both dogs were whining and looking up at a clump of firs. Which one they themselves didn't seem sure, but anyway, this was an improvement.

We stealthily circled the trees, hoping to find our prize silhouetted against the moonstone sky. After a half hour of many false alarms, Derm whistled softly. Was it a limb ,or was it a tail?

It was a tail, all right. It had a peculiar droop. The furtive brute had overlooked that in its camouflage, and was literally caught by the tail—if we could catch it.

Miss and Hiss

We had still to figure out what lay beyond that appendage—or rather where. And all beyond was mystic black. Just how does one calculate a thing like that? Logarithms and sextant are not meant for moonshine, and anyway, we hadn't any, and I at least couldn't have used them if we had.

Derm was the scholar, but he descended to gambler's luck. "I think he's to the right. I'll let go a blunt head and find out." I might have suggested a tracer bullet.

The blunt hunk thudded into something very much alive, that answered with a snarling and a spitting that was most unladylike. But it was sweet music to us, and while our dogs looked on with an air that seemed to suggest we were bigger fools than they were, Derm fitted a killer broad-head into the arc and twanged—and missed. We heard the shaft whistle through the still night and plummet far down the hill.

Well Dead

He drew another from the quiver and slotted it into the splendid engine of death. This time he took painful aim, and almost simultaneous with the twang there was a soul-rending howl followed by such a snarling and spitting as you may not imagine; then a dark, desperate threshing which modulated into a scraping and sliding, and a tawny hunk of helpless viciousness came slithering down and fell with a dead weight headlong into the snow.

Before it could bounce I had the muzzle of my carbine thrust into its ribs, and blasted it into oblivion.

Next morning we took some snaps and skinned the beast, and made a post mortem. It was a female, not very large, but still a cougar, and we had got it with an arrow, despite the multitude of dents in it.

My first bullet — the one I blasted when she sneaked up

(Page Six please)

PRINCETON WOMAN BAGS 90 POUND COUGAR—ONE SHOT

Game Warden Gill Makes Partner of Partner and String Is Now Seventeen

WOMAN shoots cougar!

Mrs. Allan Gill, with one shot from a .22, bagged a 90-pound cat near the Wilkinson ranch, Missezoula Lake on Monday evening, and doubtless made a considerable amount of history.

Admittedly there were "extenuating circumstances" but have you, for instance, bagged a cougar—with one shot from a .22?

Mrs. Gill is the wife of the Princeton game warden and ace cougar hunter, who has 17 (★) to his credit in these parts. She is keen on game and guns.

Allan had always wanted to let her have the honor of killing a cougar. But Allan, a gentleman in as out of the woods, has enough knowledge of the fiercest thing in the western hills to know you are not going to set up a shot from your drawing room easychair; and too much natural chivalry to take a woman and a wife where he ordinarily goes for a kill. So he waited—as his score rose near the score—for a chance where the going would not be too rough.

Summer Style

When a tip came in on Monday night, he figured maybe that chance had come.

It was a lovely June evening, rather different from cougar country in January.

A cougar hunter has to be off like a fireman. Wanted cougars won't wait. And it's notorious how long it usually takes any little lady to get ready, whether it be foxes or wolves.

But Mrs. Gill proved her mettle. In a trice not only she, but the two twin boys (both, oddly enough, aged nine) bounced into the car, which Allan and Pat—his ace Walker hound — already had turning over, and they were off.

Mr. Ogren of Copper Mtn. had brought the tip. While motoring home from Missezoula Lake (pronounced Missoula and so commonly spelled) he had seen a cougar right on the Summers Creek road, near the Wilkinson ranch **and a boy watching it.**

Nice Playmate

Though Summers Creek is noted cougar country — Allan has had several kills there — this section is relatively open.

Allan found the spot—and the boy.

He thought it was a dog — and he was 11, and lived out that way.

Pat pricked up his ears and went off like the mail man.

But in a couple of minutes he was back.

But Allan is wise to Pat's blarney. There was a significant, satisfied look about him that said, "Sure, I found him. This is easy pickings" — and seemed to fancy that if he could find him, his boss ought to be able to. "Only I haven't got his nose," defends Allan.

But Pat refused to go back and set up his usual war whoop. This one was just too easy. Allan had to go and find for himself.

Most Obliging

And he did, within a few minutes, and not 300 yards from the road. Allan could see the road. And sure enough the "cat" was nicely treed. Allan spotted the give-away dangling tail.

He had simply to shout, and the others joined him in a jiffy. The creek, however, gave her a chance to exercise her prerogative, or—have it which way you will — him to play Sir Raleigh. No doubt the mere male twins had to carry eachother.

It would hardly do make a ditch more formidable than a cougar, but this barbarian was something of a gentleman at heart, for, realizing that his executioner-to-be was a lady, he hardly made a hiss, and certainly not an impolite one.

Turn About

Mrs. Gill had patrolled the road while Allan reconnoitred. Now, in approved battle formula, Allan gave cover while the commanding officer prepared the despatch.

But she was good; indeed, she was perfect, and one shot did it. She was a good pupil, and Allan a good coach.

His formula is one shot between the eyes. He uses a revolver—lighter and quicker—but a rifle is surer aim.

A .22 is ideal, he says, better than a larger calibre. In the right spot it is just as fatal, and far safer.

For with a large bullet the shock is intense, and the animal catapaults out of the tree, physically quite dead, but his nerves still in their death fury.

With the .22 the shock is gentler, and the animal dies outright in the tree.

It was a male, about 90 pounds, seven feet from tip to tail — not particularly big, but in its prime. A cougar reaches full maturity in four years and its normal span is about 12.

★ **This knightly grace** brings up a delicate question of scoring and amateur stardings. It is the fourteenth this season, and the 17th since Allan and Pat began in these parts—if you concede it to Allan. At least it's 17 for Pat, and offhand we don't think cougar hunting is in next year's Olympics. All there is left now to speculate upon is which of the twins will be first, and when.

★★ Allan cheerfully admits he wasn't bagged that way. Mrs. Gill learned to shoot after their marriage, and he taught her.

TWELVE BEHIND

A Sydney, V. I., woman has just shot her 13th cougar.

PRINCETON
SATURDAY
JULY 12

Princeton Rodeo Association - - Under C.P.A. Rules

RODEO

FORENOON

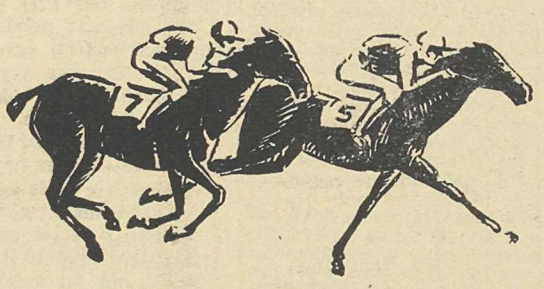
10:30 A.M.—

MONSTER PARADE Line up at School Ground

AFTERNOON

1:30 P.M.—

AT RODEO PARK



Calf Roping, Broncho Busting
Ladies' Race, Steer Riding
Broncho Busting, Pony Races
Steer Decorating, Wild Cow Milking, Clowning

★ **REFRESHMENTS ON THE GROUNDS** ★

NIGHT

DANCE Friday-Saturday

ELKS' HALL
LOCAL ORCHESTRAS

ALL ENTRIES MUST BE IN BY 9:30 P.M., FRIDAY 11th JULY

Don't Let 'er Buck

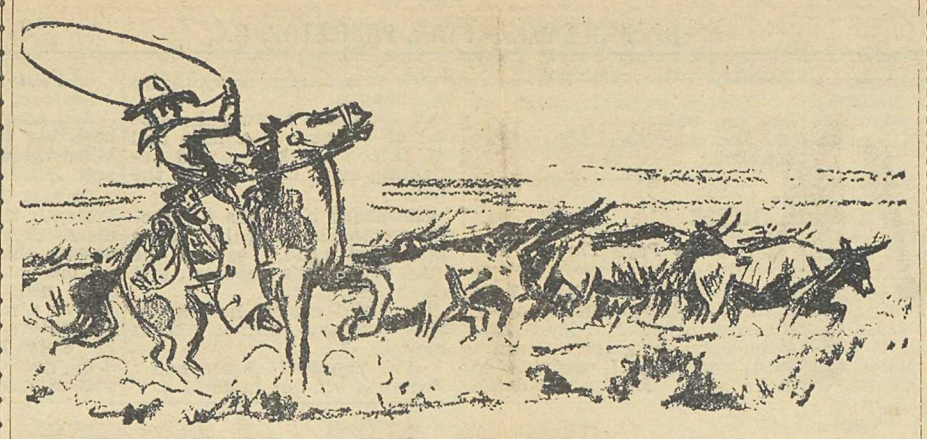
Bring her in here. We take the kicks out of everything but your motoring pleasure

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 pannears paid in gold dust. Ever since, the old firm has continued to serve Similkameen.

F. P. COOK ESTATE
Since 1886



This is your first 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.

Horses to Horsepower

In the carriage days Burrs 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

HOLY SMOKE

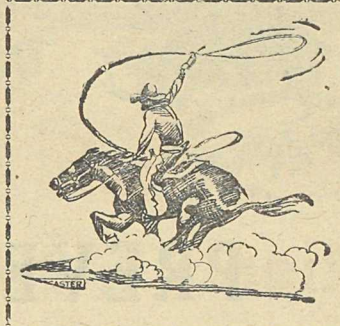
Well, anyway, a smoke fit for the gods whatever your preference. From A to Z in smokers' supplies
Books, magazines
Periodicals
Local views and Souvenirs

J. CORRIE
Princeton Hotel Block

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

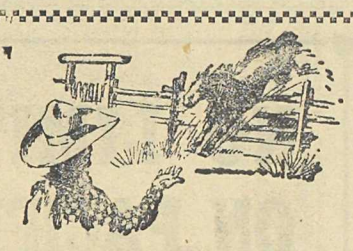


They don't give you a
Bum Steer
when they tip you to eat at the

PRINCETON CAFE
Rear Hotel Princeton

Over the Garden Wall

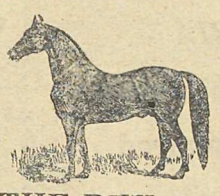
is where all your housekeeping worries go when you shop at the



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

PRINCETON HOSPITALITY IS TOPS...

Governor James Douglas visited the Similkameen country in 1860. Like all visitors to Princeton, he was greeted with the warm hospitality for which this favoured area of B.C. has always been known.

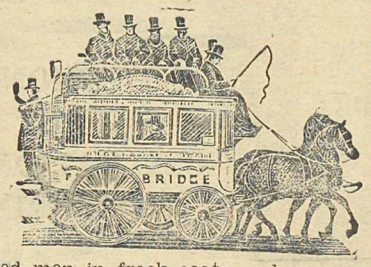
P.B.

PH-2

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

ROBERTSON'S CLEANERS
SOUTH BRIDGE STREET, PRINCETON

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

HOSPITALITY

has always been a byword at Princeton's hotels. A Chinese was the first host, but the real pioneer hotel man was John 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
Young & Townsend
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.

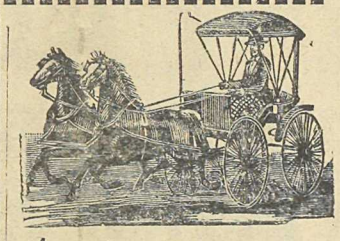
ALLISON'S
East Princeton Dairy
Phone 2R

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.

JIM Haley — BOB Gray
Ex-Servicemen
☆ 24-HOUR SERVICE ☆
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

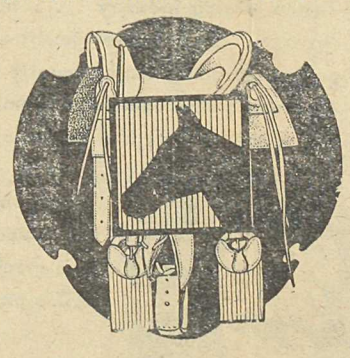
PULL UP
for the best meals in town at the
CLUB CAFE
CHARLIE MOY, Prop.

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

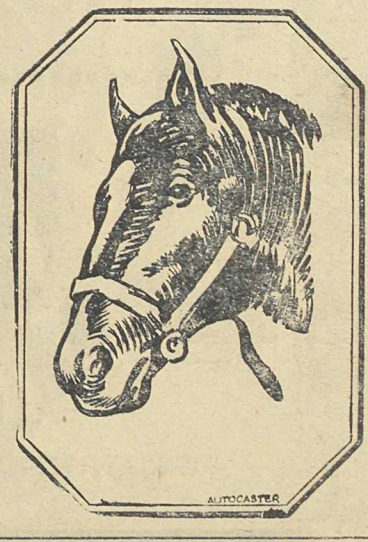
It's just good

HORSE SENSE

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

★

GILBERT PRIDEAUX
The Insurance Man
Princeton 59



Anniversary

From Page One

sushine and shadow over our little community in the 20 years of his labors, and some of the true Christian characters who have helped him in his work.

The first Protestant service in Princeton seems to have been conducted by by Rev. George Murray of Nicola in 1900 The first resident minister was Rev. W. L. Mason Among the more notable ministers of St. Paul's were Rev J. Richmond Craig and Dr. J. K. Unsworth

Mr Bill Francis (violin) played a selection of hymns, accompanied by Mrs. W. McBryde. Miss G. C. Allen was the regular organist.

After the Benediction, a figure of massive dignity stepped forward, with two small white paper packages. It was "Doc" Donald, and he presented, in congregation he presented, in a tone that commanded one used to command, on behalf of the congregation, to John, a to Mrs. Goodfellow a handbag. gold watch, suitably engraved, John looked obediently surprised.

There was another gift which even Mac could not conceal, so the minister helped by sitting on it. It was a pulpit chair, made from various local woods, by Harry Gordon, veteran hillsman. That was for the church.

The church already had a chair, presented some years ago by Rev. Father Adrian F. Carlyle, Roman Catholic priest who is now chaplain at Oakalla.

But they got round that very nicely by dedicating Father Carlyle's chair to St. Peter, after the good Father's charge here, and the other to St. Paul.

Then they sang "O God our Help in ages past' and the ladies served coffee and cake and John settled down in his new chair to what friends both in and out of the congregation hope will be another happy 20 years through the ups and downs of this good if sometimes wayward little community.

Though swere to speak, we like you well,
And may you always ring the bell.

Cougar

From Page Three

on me—would not have been fatal, though of course it paved the way for the kill. My second —the coup de grace — wasn't really necessary. It was just to make sure, for in the death throes of a cougar, nasty things can happen.

Of the three arrows, the second, of course was a miss and the first a "seeker", and accounting must be made for the dark.

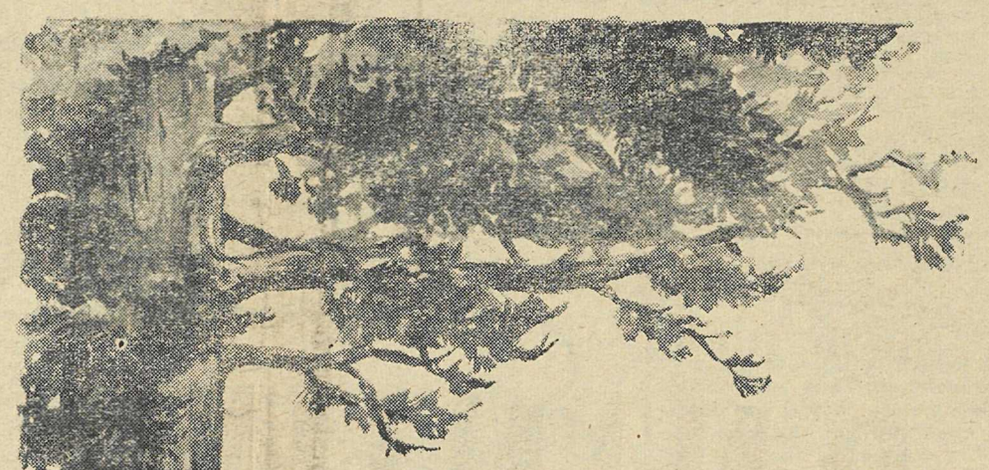
The death blow was the second arrow. The first, the chance shot blunt head, caught the brute behind the shoulder, and left a fleshy gash.

The third caught her in the chest and went almost clean through.

The agonized brute had bitten it off, but in doing so had only torn her lungs and hastened her end.

And that is the story of perhaps the first and only cougar killed in Similkameen with bow and arrow.

Dermot MacCarthy lost his life with the R.C.A.F. over Denmark, Harry Smitheram, who despite this experience was by no means a novice — he had some nine kills to his credit— is now a patient in Shaughnessy Military Hospital, whence he relates his story, asking that it be dedicated to "a great lad and a good hunter."



PREVENTION!

A MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

In the past, British Columbia has averaged about sixteen hundred forest fires a year. with a resultant loss in standing forests, felled timber, equipment, buildings and other values. Our bill for these losses, plus the cost of fighting forest fires, has amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. The easiest fire to fight is the one that is never started. When in the woods, BE CAREFUL WITH FIRE! PREVENT FOREST FIRES.

E. T. KENNEY
Minister of Lands and Forests

BRITISH COLUMBIA FOREST SERVICE
DEPARTMENT OF LANDS AND FORESTS

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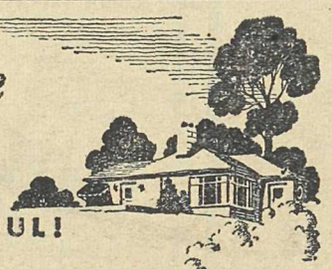

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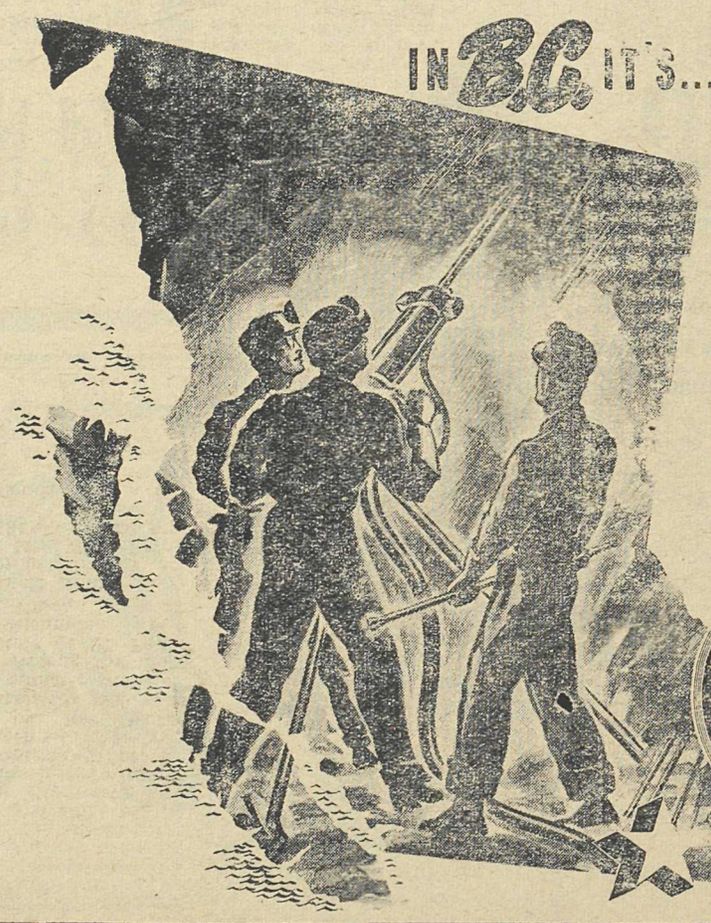

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To the Mining Industry . . . more than any other B.C. industry goes the credit for the development of our great province. From the prospector searching virgin country for mineral wealth down through the testing and development of promising showings and finally the building of a great industry is a unique and exciting story. It is a story the ruggedness and courage of which is reflected in those who today follow B.C.'s pioneer industry. Consolidated is proud to be in the forefront of this great industry which contributes so much to B.C.'s prosperity.

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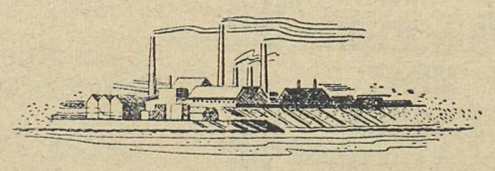

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Plans call for the expenditure of millions of dollars within the next few years on telephone expansion in B.C. But it is frequently necessary to change the program to fit the supply situation. For this reason, the present telephone situation is not a happy one. Efforts are being made against all sorts of odds to get the telephone system back to normal. Progress is being made, but it must be admitted that it will be a considerable time before the goal is reached In the meantime, the B.C. Telephone Company and Associated Companies wish to express their appreciation for the understanding and patience shown by the public.

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