Your Community Paper

THE SIMILKAMEEN STAR

The Voice of the Valley

Forty-Ninth Year; No. 2. PRINCETON, B.C., TUESDAY, 25th JANUARY, 1949. 5c per Copy; $2.00 per Year

COOK BEATS BLOOM IN ALL-PRINCETON BONSPIEL FINAL

And Penticton Makes It A Blessed Event For The Oestlander Also-Rans

YOUNG Ted Cook lost his amateur standing, but did it grimly and gleefully in winning Princeton's "Little Nipawin — celebrating the official opening of Princeton Curling Club's new ice sheets.

He beat the Bloom boys in an all-Princeton final in a two-day event that drew 32 rinks, a gross of alarm clocks, and a carload of corks.

Aptly enough, with so many outsiders, it was an all-Penticton final in the Consolation, Mather winning from McKeracher. Tre rest all lost—and some sleep.

Meanwhile Pasty Messiano was making history on his own. One more win and he'll be the permanent possessor.

Strenuous enough by human standards, with four ice sheets, perfect ice, a good sergeant-major and willing troops, it was comparatively mild. They finished up at a mere 12:42, whereas it is usually half past July, and they called time at 4:30 last year to serve bacon and eggs.

The big game, watched by a good gallery, was grilling rather than thrilling. Cook curled cannily Al was more spectacular but more erratic, and there were few gripping moments.

ROARIN' ANGELS—

Al stayed well, and had a chance with his last rock. But with a possible four, he lay two, and Ted did not need to throw.

More than once Al looked like overcoming an early deficit, especially after a burst of three in the seventh, but gambling for big stakes, he handed Ted a fatal three in the ninth.

With five in the second and third, Ted nursed his chances, was content to hold Al down in the final rallies.

Cook — 023 011 013 00-—11
Bloom — 100 100 300 112— 9

The other final was wide open and wild in spots, with good cleanup work telling. A three on the eleventh reversed the score, and when they had to play it close in the last, cagey M'Kay squeezed one home — and the match.

McKeracher—320 020 100 100- 9
Mather — 003 102 011 003-12

The best games, however, were earlier on, when both finalists had to earn their spots.

Richmond, a potential champion always, held Bloom 6-7 in a cruel one, and Hilton battled Cook 10-9.

Hamilton, another favorite, also fell to Cook, and Bloom topped Topping.

COOK, Wilson, Bonvin, Crowley.

BLOOM, Schneider, Bonvin, Metzler.

McKay, P. MATHER, Gunning, A. MATHER.

McKERACHER, Nelson, Guerin Powell.

—CANNA' COOK?

Bloom threw his decisive rock at 12:34, M'Kay his at 12:42.

Play started at 8 Saturday, went on till 2, and continued all day Sunday, with the schedule well kept.

Curlin' widows who decided they may as well work it out as wait it out turned angel for the night and night into day dispensing mercy with mustard at the coffee stall.

Angelic countenances included Mrs. H. Richmond and Mrs. A. Bloom, convenors; Mesdames G. Schisler, D. Stuart, O. Liabo, R. Scott, M. Maywood, J. Metzler, P. Crowley; Misses S. Bloom, J. Schisler, N. Towriss.

Only rinks defeated in the first round went into the "consols".

There were visiting rinks from Vernon, Penticton, Oliver, Osoyoos, Merritt, Hedley, Keremeos and Copper Mtn. Okanagan enthusiasts, many of them old Prairie hands—lacking ice and practice, put up a great show in quantity and quality too, and were as pleased with Princeton was Princeton was with them.

This of course was only a mere special. THE bonspiel comes off in mid-February. You remember the last one when in-law Mc Carthy flummoxed Stonewall Ed with a double- jointed centrifugal. Canny Ed, with a double purpose now, wears a quiet smile these approaching days ..

D-Day Sunday

Princeton curlers, three rinks strong—or at least ambitious—invade Mooper Countin' Sunday not for chapel, but to try to wrest the Wagen'auser cup. Only guy which 'asnt won it is Wagen'auser.

Princeton Rinks

RICHMOND, Hicks, Muncie and Battersby.

SCHISLER, Stuart, S. Atkinson and S. Schisler.

BLOOM, T. Burr, J. Mitchell and K. Thomas.

COOK, McRae, Crowe and Hickey.

BENNETT, Oreskovich, Mc Kenzie ick and Haicrowe.

EWART, J., Foster, D. Atkinson and Miller.

HANCOX, J. Caruso, Morgan and Allen.

LIABO, McKay, Iverson and L. Johnson.

WILSON, Crowley, Pesut and LaValley.

HILTON, R. Mitchell, Foley and Williams.

HOOPER, White, P. Smith and Stevens.

OLIVER -- Topping or Nelson skip.

G. BURR, Maywood, G. Schulli and Osmak.

HAMILTON, Robb, C. Harmon and C. Hamilton.

SCHNEIDER, Gray, Lyall and E. Johnson.

SCOTT, Towriss, Seidler and Slattery.

AVERY, Samuel, Dearing and Luhier.

JENKINS, Bonvin, Neff and Gallo.

NOWELL, Metzler, Phillips and C. Clark.

BONVIN — Stevens, J. Huey, A. Mullin.

ALLENBY— W. Nelson skip.

Spares—Rudychuk and Monroe, Hedley; Cornish and K Garrison, Princeton.

Skirlin' Curlin' High Jinks Sunday

THE roarin' game becomes the skirlin' game, with two tribes of civil Amazons proving themselves rampant besoms who whether they dae nae scoopin' at hame fair flush themsels wi' a stour doon the burn. In other words, the ladies have commenced curling (so claimed) at Copper Mtn. and Princeton. There is a bon spiel (big talk) at the Princeton rink on Sunday.

Well, after all there's no law agin' it, Tom notwithstanding.

Similkameen Shield Play Under Way

COLES Cup play over, Princeton curlers are now into the Similkameen Shield, same rinks

Princeton Ladies

TUCKER, Eastcott, Handy and Howse.

LEGRECCA, Seidler, Kovalsic and Schisler.

CROWLEY, Rhide, Harlock and Lind.

McKENZIE, Parr, Langrord and Cook.

BOYD, Cambray, Hardwick and Garrett.

GANDERTON, Morton, Rind and Burton.

ALEXANDER, Hughes, Boulier and Kitch.

HAMILTON, Towriss, Miller and Plecash.

JENNER, Dixon, Huey and Lawrence.

WRIGHT, Pott, Bennett and Hawkins.

(Sir, Miss or Madam as the case may be.)

Trainer—Charlie Harman.

Curlin' Weedy

A' simmer lang, Ma Jock's been fine,
He's delved the yaird, an' cut the grass,
Built a new pailin' 'roon the lawn,
Pit new shelves i' the kitchen press,
Withoot a single word frae me.
He fixed a bing tae haud the coal,
He pit new shingles on the porch,
An' rigged me up a new claes pole . . .
There's no a thing A wanted dune
But he did for me richt away.
T'was like Millaneum haud come;
That it waud lest, A could but pray.
An' whan the schule began again,
He'd tak' the bairns ilka nicht,
Hear Jimmie's readin', Phonnie's spells.
Seen Jeannie's sums were worked a' richt.
But noo—He gulps his supper doon,
He's hardly time tae speak at a';
Wi' Tam-o-Shanter on his heid
He grabs his broom, an' he's awa.
Then till the sma' 'oors yont the morn,
Nae gliff o' him A ever sicht.
Till he comes fair rampagin' hame.
"Gosh! But the ice was grand the n'cht!"
A see noo til' the Spring does come
(For me it canna' come ower speedie)
Oh! A'm nae longer Jock's guid wife,
A'm juist his "CURLIN' WEEDY."

—ETTRICK.

"COME BACK TO PRINCETON"

Coles Cup Curling Summary

'A' Section

NOWELL—lost Scott, beat Avery, lost Ewart, beat Liabo, lost Nelson, lost Hilton, lost Bonvin lost Schneider, lost Schisler, lost Ewart.

SCOTT—beat Nowell, beat Schneider, lost Schisler, beat Hilto lost Avery, lost Ewart, ost Liabo beat Nelson, lost Cook, beat Bonvin.

SCHNEIDER—lost Scott. lost Avery, beat Ewart, lost Liabo, beat Nelson, lost Cook, beat Nowell, beat Schisler, beat Nelson, lost Cook, lost Hilton.

AVERY—beat Schneider, ost Schisler, lost Liabo, lost Hilton. lost Nowell, beat Scott, beat Nelson, lost Ewart, beat Nelson, beat Cook, beat Bonvin.

SCHISLER—beat Scott, beat Avery, beat Ewart, beat Hilton, lost Bonvin, beat Nowell, lost Schneider, beat Liabo, beat Nelson, beat Cook.

EWART — beat Nowell, lost Scneider, lost Schisler, beat Liabo beat Scott, beat Avery. beat Nelson' lost Hilton, lost Bonvin.

LIABO—lost Nowell, beat Schneider, beat Avery, beat Nelson, beat Scott, lost Schisler, lost Ewart, beat Cook, lost Bonvin.

NELSON — beat Nowell, lost Schneider lost Ewart, lost Liabo, beat Scott, lost Avery, lost Shcisler, lost Cook, lost Bonvin.

COOK — won Schneider, won Nelson, won Hilton, lost Nowell, beat Avery, lost Ewart, beat Liabo.

HILTON — won Nowell, lost Scott, won Avery, lost Schisler, beat Ewart, beat Liabo, lost Cook lost Schneider, beat Bonvin.

BONVIN — won Nowell, lost Avery, won Schisler, beat Nelson lost Schneider, lost Scott, beat Ewart, beat Liabo.

'B' Section

HAMILTON — beat Jenkins, lost Burr, lost Richmond, beat Bloom, lost Hilton, lost Wilson, lost Topping, beat Hooper, lost Allenby.

JENKINS — lost Hamilton, lost Burr, lost Richmond, lost Bloom, lost Bennett, beat Wilson lost Topping, lost Hooper, lost Allenby.

BURR — beat Hamilton, beat Jenkins, lost Richmond, beat Bloom. beat Bennett, lost Hilton beat Wilson, lost Topping, beat Hooper, lost Allenby.

RICHMOND — beat Hamilton beat Jerkins, beat Burr, beat Bloom, beat Hancox, beat Wilson beat Bennett, lost Topping, lost Hooper, beat Allenby.

BLOOM—Lost Hamilton, lost Burr, lost Richmond, beat Bennett beat Hooper, lost Allenby beat Jenkins, lost Hancox, beat Wilson, lost Topping.

BENNETT — lost Bloom, lost Hancox, beat Wilson, lost Hamilton, beat Jenkins, lost Richmond lost Topping, beat Hooper, beat Avery.

HANCOX — lost Richmond, beat Bennett, lost Wilson, lost Topping, beat Hamilton, beat Burr, beat Bloom, beat Hooper, beat Allenby.

WILSON—beat Hamilton, lost Jenkins, lost Burr, lost Richmond, lost Bloom, lost Bennett, beat Hancox, lost Topping, beat Hooper. beat Avery.

TOPPING — beat Hamilton, beat Jenkins, beat Burr, beat Richmond beat Bloom. beat Hancox, beat Wilson, beat Hooper, beat Allenby.

HOOPER—beat Jenkins, beat Richmond, lost Bloom, beat Allenby, lost Hamilton lost Burr, lost Bennett, lost Hancox, lost Wilson, lost Topping.

ALLENBY—beat Jenkins, beat Burr, beat Bloom, lost Wilson, lost Hamilton, lost Richmond, lost Bennett, lost Hancox, lost Topping, lost Hooper.

Coles Cup Standing

A Section

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Schisler	7	2	.778
Liabo	6	4	.600
Avery	6	4	.600
Hilton	5	4	.556
Schneider	5	4	.556
Scott	5	5	.500
Ewart	5	5	.500
Bonvin	4	4	.500
Nelson	2	6	.250
Nowell	2	8	.200
B Section			
Topping	10	0	1.000
Richmond	8	2	.800
Hancox	6	3	.667
Burr (G.)	6	4	.600
Hamilton	5	5	.500
Bloom	4	6	.400
Bennett	4	6	.400
Wilson	4	6	.400
Allenby	4	6	.400
Hooper	3	7	.300
Jenkins	1	8	.111

Patsy Has A Most Persistent Cough

PATSY Messiano bought a ticket from Mrs. Bloom and the ticket won the prize. That was last year.

Patsy Messiano bought a ticket from Mrs. Bloom, and the ticket won the prize—again this year. More than likely it was the same number. It was the same cough medicine And Patsy is in the cough medicine business.

TOPPING TAKES COLES TROPHY

Unbeaten in Schedule Play, Trips Schisler In Inter-Section Playoff Wed'y

UNDEFEATED all through, Topping topped the Coles Cup curling. After sweeping every game in his section in round-robin play, he carried on to beat Schisler, winner of the other section, in a sudden death play-off Wednesday.

Though it may not literally happen, this is probably the first time the trophy—original one in the club—has left Princeton. It is strictly for intra-club play.

Topping's is an Oliver rink, though in regular membership in the Princeton club.

The score?—Ooh, you'd better ask Sammy.

Sammy Is Sure Onlocky Feller

OI, Oi, I am worrylnk for my friend Sammy. Because since we are neighbors Sammy is doink plenty too much worryink for us both. When he is leetle guy like me he is worrying to be beeg now he is meelionaire, he is worryink too.

In ze daytime he is worryink about ze enzymes, and is cry, "Feel 'er up." In ze nighttime he is worryink about eenturnes and is cry "Soop 'er up." By gar I am worryink for Sammy.

In ze spreenktime he is worryink for beezebull; he is not playink beezeball, so he is worryink. In ze weentertime, he is worryink about curlink. He is playink, so he ees worryink too. My gar, I am worryink for Sammy.

My friend Sammy he ees such great guy everyteenk he do he do hard like hell. Hees play hard like hell. Sure, hees win — like hell.

Oh, sure, hees win easy. Den hees in ze beeg, how you call, play-up. Den sure like hell hees lose. Eef I am captink like Sammy, I'm sure not peek Sammy. Hees sure onlocky guy.

Eef Sammy sit on snowbull, hees hatch hot-dog, also cheelblain.

In beezebull, hees Kenny play, wean good. I teenk more best hees let Feetz an' Betty curlink. Only zen Sammy have nodink for worry for, an' zees make Sammy worry like hell.

It Didn't Ought To Happen To A Dog

THIS didn't ought to happen to a dog, but it did, and to a doggone nice guy who was with him. Just to show that Sammy isn't the only guy with southpaw luck.

The lady wanted some curlin' weedys, and two million avid subscribers wanted their digest of indigestion, and Maggie Mergenthaler, who has a streak of Chinese in her, wanted to prove how important she is in a jam. Then the 120 pound Hercules snapped the 200 pound lever on the cutter, but by dint of pins and scissors made the deadline. But the lady didn't come.

So the moron, who wouldn't have been interested had it been bathing beauties spieling, trekked to the rink. So did a couple of hundred who would be interested if it were bathing beauties, or even Steve McOmak in his tammy.

They were all waiting for the river to freeze up. It had several weeks ago, and it was ten below night then. But by a strange

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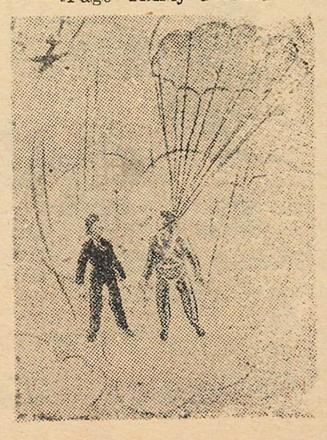
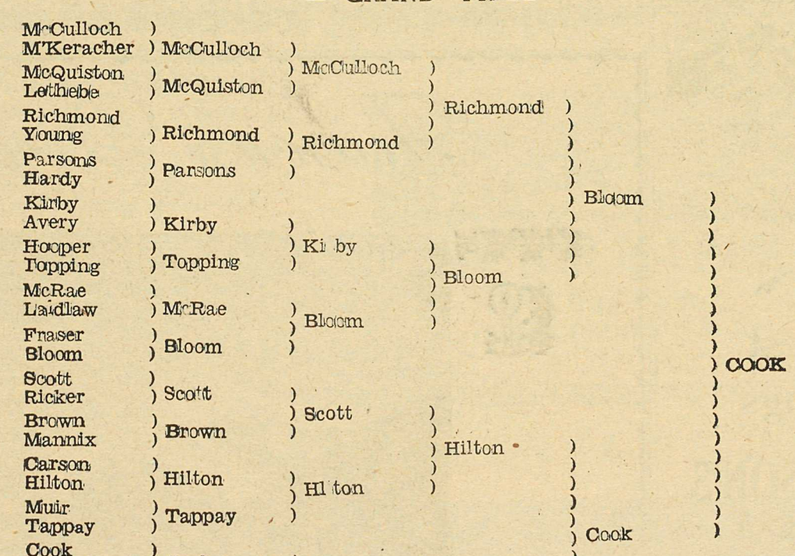
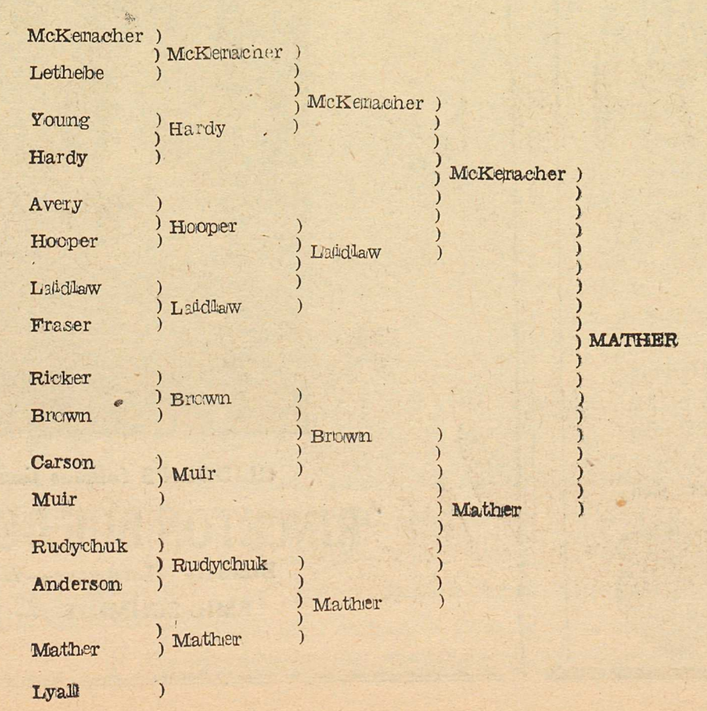


— GRAND PRIZE —



—CONSOLATION—



After Midnight

★ **IT** is the season of peace and goodwill, and necessarily too of high seriousness. M'Gillicuddy, the imp, whose puckishness is often rampant in this free verse of whims and moods, must be skelped into the ingle nook. But you know him well enough that, sucking the wishbone, he will be waiting his chance to slip into the funnybone.

The proselyte too — there is each in all of us and that is why the human of you like the columnist, not to be led, but to be provoked — will clamor for the pulpit too, but it is not his turn either. For this belongs to the friendly philosopher. He is not to be ordered or conscripted, or turned on by a spigot. His Christmas may come at midsummer and you can only preserve it for the occasion. And if it did, we didn't. But we can at least be friendly.

If spontaneity is out of call, reflection and recollection are at every window, ready, for who will open, for the windows of the mind, the heart, the soul.

This Christmas card of ours, this Similkameen setting, this gloaming of the day in the gloaming of the year, with its darking silhouette of hills and pines, a morsel of infinity, intimate and immediate, irresistible but gentle, vast but close mighty but kind, awesome but beautiful, taking and transforming our friendly roofs and homely chimneys, and our fragrant wispy smokes and our ruddy little lights, dappled in an aura of rose and lavender, with the still silent rush of time and space held in our little hand, symbolized in the silent rumble of our river, gliding ice-girt in its winter walls—the universe and us, and all the vasty truth of it.

★ **But Similkameen** needs no Christmas salesmanship, and it is no after-Christmas chore to fit the universe into a 12-em column. There, you see, it lets M'Gillicuddy slip in, and despairing of rising to being philosophical, perhaps we could stoop to being friendly . . .

★ **It was a** Christmas at sea, and under the rim of the equator and the unfamiliar index of the Southern Cross. It is something to be away from home—however humble—at Christmas, and especially on the wrong side of the earth; a lot of you know that: not awful, but odd.

★ **A great ship** is like a river: it rolls on, until the little community that clings to it for the voyage quite loses consciousness of its orbit, and springs to an adapted social status, full of its self-importance even for a purely passing phase. It takes some concession, even at Christmas, for first and second class to sit at the same board, though in the auspices of the occasion, it is inevitably contrived, how much in the mutual advantage of the true spirit, to be surmised. But that is something else, and no loss to any of us.

★ **But this** was no ordinary ship and no ordinary voyage. It was two days out of Singapore, and few could but think of the Christmas they would have been having there. It was a normal repatriation trooper, not an exodus, but the last that ever left in the services' norm.

It was a journey in the dark, which can be worse than fear. The churning roar of the great screws played its incessant obligato whenever you remembered to hear it over the busy buzz of little talk; the paper holly dipped in the modulated swell and fluttered in the tropic flurry of the fans whenever you remembered that this was not your wonted solid northern world.

The darkened ship sped like a fugitive through the glassy sea and the lambent night, straining every twist. And the strange stars looked down impassive on man's anxious little drama, and the wraith-like flying fish, in full sport, sliced into silver the bottle blue, that sealed alike their careless play, and all the little anxiousness of man, as it has done since time began.

★ **But** on the bridge and in the lookouts tense eyes saw nothing of the lambent beauty of the tropic night The lurking fish they suspected were not sportive, but black Japanned; and not to know did not make it the easier. It was an anxious Christmas for all who were brave enough to be anxious; and the fact that the chef—it was a Dutch trooper winged in Crete— had boiled the turkey did not make it more digestible (down M'Gillicuddy!)

★ **The buzzer.** There was a message from the bridge to the gun deck. The crew on a big ship is something apart, and yet cementing, with an ascribed social rating above its counterparts of the mere fighting men who are untouchable thirds, ineligible for the rivalry between the seconds and the firsts, the seniority of the services — something apart that belongs to the ship and is condemned with the ship, but tolerated in the necessity of the voyage.

The captain had gone round—strictly in pre-wrangled priority—and made his personal greeting to all the seconds and the firsts, in the shipside acceptance of the spirit of the season. The great concession was over, and the company had reverted to its classes and its cliques; and up on the bridge and the lookouts and the gundecks the ceaseless watch went on and down in the engine room the screws strained as the loudspeakers carolled the Silent Night of a tropic Christmas.

★ **The messenger** could not help but see. The stateroom door was open to the stifling tropic night. He knew them well. A ship is a very intimate little world, and it was his office to know the whims and circumstances of what can be for the crew a dif-

[Continued on Page Twenty-two]

Happy Ski Year

THIS is good news for us here, and we can suck on it, for it is all ours and we made it.

A long and sometimes bitter local ski rivalry has ended, and we are told that all hurtful opposition is to be replaced by all-helpful co-operation.

In itself that is good enough, and it pleases your paper especially, in that we always urged it could be easy and enjoyable, and perhaps had some part in its achievement.

But in a much larger sense, it is a symbol of what could be applied all round, with equal blessing all round, were we not so stupid as to cling to stubborn self-hurtful selfishness as a virtue.

Like so many more, our winter sport facilities are a resource and a community resource, which their sponsors can most successfully exploit for their own success by regarding and developing them in that light. For our own play, and as a valuable attraction—sheer good business all round, we shall begin to see what could be in this undoubted asset now that a brake is off. We should realize far beyond that the potential power in co-operative drive.

Though regretting the rivalry in ski sport, your paper has always understood it. It is natural that a forward organization should develop a healthly esprit. It is natural, but unhealthy that rival esprits should clash.

Unpartisan in the larger role of community good, it has been easy to see that both enthusiasms were good, and it has been as easy to sincerely work with both, though many have not found it so.

That Amber has well won the spurs of monopoly there is no denying. But in congratulating them, it is sincere friendship to remind them that spurs should spur.

Amber rightly runs its own house, and does it very well, but it is true friendship to remind them that they are custodians of an important community trust, and should not fail to let us help them.

And an equal appeal to all of us to help.

What so long seemed impossible has been easy and painless — and will prove joyous.

There are so many aspects of community endeavor in this queer little good little community to which the principle could as wonderfully applied.

Why not, for a start, to the incorpoartion wrangle

And far beyond us, to the larger sphere of petty politics, and the equally stupid national and international bigotry that is making a nervous hell out what should be a happy world.

War This Year?

WILL this year see war? The answer is, No, unless—

Deduction from facts and trends is that Russia's schedule does not call for war just now at any rate, and it is accepted that we do not want one.

But the fact is now full clear that in the irreconcilableness of two conflicting ideologies, the "cold war" is just that, and its very purpose is petty provocation which in any rashness might mean war at any moment. And both sides, neither planning attack, have planned for that.

It is common acceptance in the West that our side is simply defensive; but we have learned the fallacy of beliving we can avert war by trying to.

So, the popular view is, it depends on Russia, whether they attack us, or like Napoleon and Hitler, push us too far.

The Russian people, observations establish, want war as little as ours. They are not aggressive animals

By indoctrination and nature, however, they are loyal to their ideology and their state, and in authoritarian manipulation, they see us as much a menace to thier security as we do them. Like us, they would fight, though weary of war.

The rulers of the Kremlin are absolute realists. They know war is a costly way to get anything that can be got else. But they would have no scruples where war was the best bargain.

Human emotions will always be a factor in starting and winning wars, but wars are no longer simple "affairs of honor", however economy and ideology are linked—and they should be, but in reverse order.

There is no question, however right our cause that inspired us to rally to our advantage, nearly

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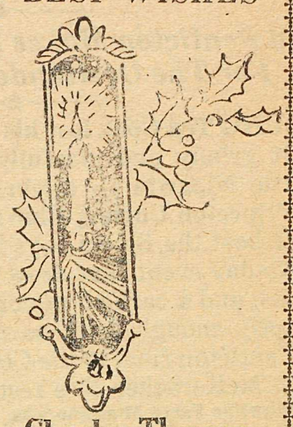
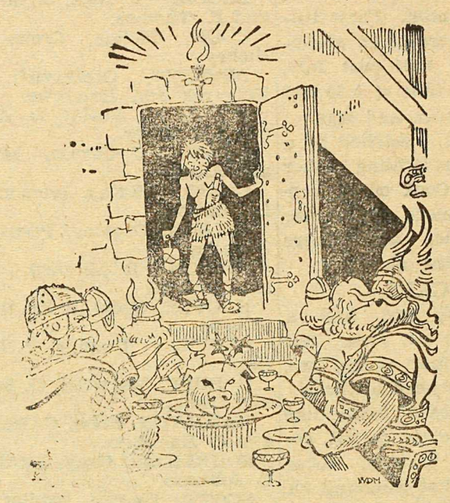
SEASON'S GREETINGS AND BEST WISHES



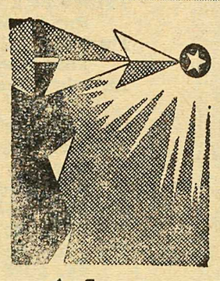
Charles Thomas
Builder :: Contractor
PRINCETON



We wish all our Friends and Customers and also those whom we have not yet had the pleasure of serving

The Old Wish, Ever New

— Your WATKINS DEALER —
M. F. BECK (and Family)



A Joyous NEW YEAR To All

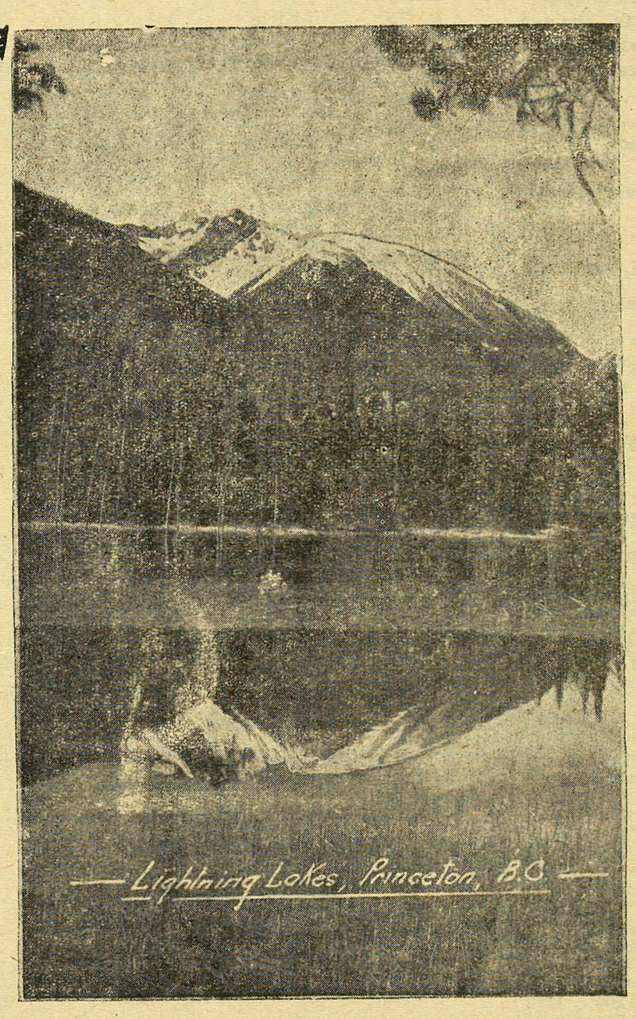
SID BROWN
CONTRACTOR - PRINCETON

☆ STAR ADS PAY DIVIDENDS

Cheeriest Greetings

ROBERTSON'S CLEANERS
PRINCETON 1-2-3

Season's Greetings



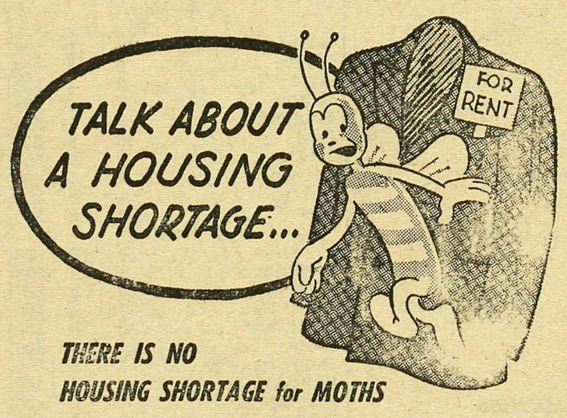
GLIDDEN'S famous lines our specialty—

PRINCETON BUILDERS' SUPPLIES
Builders' Hardware—Watch Us Grow
EMIL SCHMIDT :—: BRIDGE ST.

Glidden JAPALAC Paints

Happy New Year

IF IT'S MADE OF WOOD WE MAKE IT
Princeton Products
Furniture, Office Equipment
Boats, Skis, etc.
H. A MILLER—BRIDGE ST
PRINCETON



THERE IS NO HOUSING SHORTAGE for MOTHS

They may be homesteading right now in your favorite suits or dresses.

Better protect your clothing with U-San-O, the Insured Mothproof Cleaning System.

U-San-O is part of our regular cleaning service. Call us today and forget your moth troubles.

ROBERTSON'S CLEANERS
PHONE 123 PRINCETON

U-SAN-O INSURED MOTHPROOF CLEANING SYSTEM

War This Year?

[From Page Eighteen]

caught napping, that it was our economic advantage that saved us — and Russia. The atmosphere is strangely ihert of old wranglings of "who won the war." And as long as we are intelligently alert, there is ho doubt who will win for some time to come

Russia's remarkable pro gress indicates nothing else than that they were pathetically undeveloped, so that progress is relatively amazing. It is still pathetically behind, and if it fools anyone, so much the safer for us.

The pattern of world conquest is to consolidate each step as an investment in the next, and war-ravaged, conquest gorged Rus sia has a big job.

She has a big job too to catch up, and it is not any easier in that new areas she has gobbled are revealing problems of digestion inherent ih any nationalism, however supine. If war came, they might be anything but the assets Russia counts on as a preparation. And the same applies inside Russia, with a national difference. In short. Russia is not ready and we can see that she never is.

An invasion, such as rallied nationalism against Hitler, the Kremlin can hardly rely on.

This we have demonstrated in Berlin and in our general alertness. We may as well accept that it is a type of war, and in the same cost. Whether it prove a bargain in the long run depends on our good driving, and on the luck of the other fellow.

Marxism in the ultimate accepts war in the impossibleless of communism co-existent with capitalism Moreover, the very determinism of the creed, its self-centred concentration on its goal and its progress may cloud an otherwise realistic appreciation of relative strengths. And in ardent human nature there is always the chance of hot emotion over cold calculation.

Russian propaganda has undoubtedly befuddled a few of their own lesser leaders. Miscalculation is possible and incidents by individuals probable.

Naturally emotional, the Russians know they cannot afford to be. We too have exercised forbearance most uncharacteristic It is quite a new type of war.

It is a strange mixture of chess and poker now.

Just as Hitler did when he came to the big jump, Russia is likely now to turn to the soft spots, like Asia. Though their value is questionable, we must not forget that we made a soft spot—Russia—the means to beat Hitler.

Russia wants a chance to build for the eventual. We have only to keep a big head start.

Logic dictates that war is unlikely, and if it does come we yill win it, and come, we will win it, and that is something for now, But it is equally a fact for us as for Russia that the two systems cannot coexist, and this costly twilight, a sprag on our own system and our happiness, cannot go on forever, and in securing the present we must not lose sight of the urgency of full liquidation of a menace to our way of life.

There are two kinds of women and neither of 'em is.

Curling is a game played with 16 rocks and 8 lunatics.

Some men are wise and the married ones are otherwise.

They have raised Harry Truman's sallary, but more difficult matter will be Margaret's High C

Now you think of one to fill the last line.

CONSIDER THE STARS

High above the moon is riding,
Silver on a velvet sea;
Silken fins of stars are gliding,
Milky mists slide hazily;
Mighty music of creation
Thunders softly on the soul;
I marvel—
Serene I know the mighty myst'ry
Guides camly to my goal.

Vox Popoffski

IT is a quaint point of Soviet policypropaganda, surely akin to the despised Teuton theory of the Master Race, to pop up with ludicrous claims hundreds of years late, to have discovered everything in the world worth while.

Russia, and here erudition agrees, is not supposed before the advent of the enlightened proletariat, to have been a very forward looking land. It begins to look as if as soon as it penetrates the dark land trat something exists, the Kremlin comes up with the news that they invented it long ago.

The Czars must have been no sae awfu' after all

Some of their propaganda, to mere normal rationalism, is strangely, self-accusingly, inconsistent.

They were the first to master the atom, but they howl at the monstrous American monopoly. But such illogic does not disturb the sanguine, and sometimes sanguinary, Soviet philosophy.

At first you possibly gave some credehce, but trey seem to claim authorship of everything from the Revolt of Islam to Dionne quintuplets, whereas everybody knows Charlie Harman was responsible for both.

It is a sort of successor to Hitler's secret document discoveries, with, of course, much more proletarian appeal.

Their latest admissions are the aeroplane and Lavoisier's Law, which latter most of you elders would rather accept than look up but which every schoolboy knows and wrestles with, or did at least in the good old days when schools were places of education, and before the Soviet invented the Kremlorah plan.

It is just here that M' Gillicuddy smirks that the red readers will undo themselves. The schoolboy is the undoubted citizen of the world, and any guy who invents hypotenuses and 1066's is not going to be very popular with him. Professor M'Stalin please note.

Waste Is War

IN fact, we are very sinners in waste. We forget how lucky we are to live in so blessed a land; and pay for that.

Many of you came from the Old Country. You are sending food parcels just now, and no doubt feel quite generous; we forget the parcels might well have found us on the other end, and we had better not take all the credit.

Now this is no argument for the folly—and exploitation—of a nation rearing more people than it can do justice to. That breeds all the world's ills. It is a very selfish argument—where selfishness hurts noone—to make this happy condition of ours happier yet. It would be a better worl dwith fewer people and better, working in an eagerness of the true equality of intelligent effort for the very best, neither living off the weak nor burdened with them. And when religion sees that as sin, it forgets the true religion of nature. It is far more sinful to deny the highest in creation his right to highest height.

[Page Thirty-One]

Another Coal War

PENNSYLVANIA has gone and made herself a multi-million dollar fishing industry.

Pennsylvania, of course, is upland, could hardly raise a good fry. They are fishing for coal.

Streams fed by mine - wash water are being milked by froth flotation.

Now Pennsylvania is one of the largest, richest and best - managed coal fields in the world. You wouldn't think they'd go to the trouble and expense of milking coal dust from the rivers.

But they have spent millions on it, and are making millions. They have always been in the van of progress—and of prosperity accompanying it.

Compare the parallel of the coal industry in Britain, her main resource, and one of rer precious few.

We in Similkameen are blessed with more diversity. We can be wasteful, but we pay for it.

We have 300,000,000 tons of coal beneath us. very few us us burn it in our stoves. The industry hardly supports 100 men.

Our coal has its own peculiarities. By trying to sell some of it for what it is not, we have unquestionably denied ourselves the reward of what it is and could be.

When you burn coal — any coal — in a domestic stove, you waste most of its values—they go up the chimney and into the ash can. And the poorer the coal, the less adapted to simple combustion, the greater the waste.

But we still scratch at our resource in the same old penny wisdom.

River mining is only one the Pennsylvania wonders. They have a light, strong chemically inert vitreous material which mixed with cement gives great structural strength.

We have intrusions that a headache to old-fashioned coal mining ae in themselves more valuable that domestic coal.

The chemistry of coal is no subject for the layman —or the old line pithand.

Our problems are very different than those in Pnnsylvania, but they demand the same intelligent approach.

One blessing, most of the coal will still be left when we get round to efficiency, or vice versa.

Meanwhile friend Ed. tells us of a new machine that will revolutionize the pits. Now if somebody would only invent one to make the dashed stuff burn, he might have summat good.

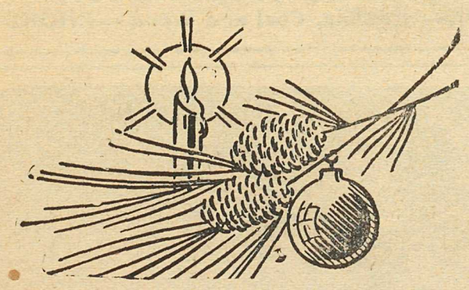
Happy New Year

Then come with old Khayam
And leave the world behind
The wheel of a smooth V-8
A loaf of bread a tank of gas and thou,
And a driver with know-how
For any kind of date.

★

BURR TAXIS
PRINCETON 1-5-0

Best wishes for the New Year



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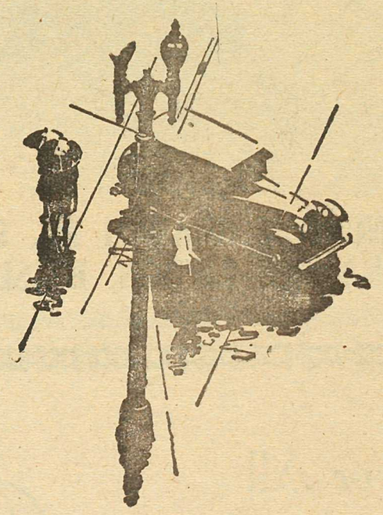

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CHRISTMAS GHOSTS

(From Page Twenty four)

still hope."

Bu the spirit only pointed to the stone. And the name was that of Ebenezer Scrooge.

"No. spirit, no. Hear me, for I am not the man I was. I did not think, I did no realize. But I will make amends."

For the fi st time the adamant, expressionless hand appeared to tremble. Scrooge fell down before it on the ground.

"Good spirit, your nature pities me and intercedes for me. Tell me that I may yet change these shadows."

The kind hand trembled.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart and keep it all the year. I will live in the pas , the present and the future. The spirits of all three I cherish within me. Tell me I may change the writing on this stone."

And he gripped he hand. It struggled to repulse him, and dissolved in his grasp, and he was left kneeling, as in prayer.

And the phantom faded in the weak morning light and became his own bedpost.

VISION COMES TO A NEW SCROOGE

YES, the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Bu best of all, time was his own, to make amends in. "I shall live in the pas , the present and the future; the spirits of all thee shall s rive within me," he repeated. "Thank thee, friend Jacob; on my knees I thank thee.

Yes, this was Scrooge, and he was fully awake now, and it was broad daylight, and his own room, just as before.

The bed curtains were not torn down. They were there, rings and all; and the blankets; and his best shirt was in the drawer. But Scrooge did not feel triumphant or cheated. He was full of humble determination

His hands were absently busy all he time, making such fantastic patterns with his garments, and everything he touched that he might have been the merest child. And he did not know hat he drooled at all.

"Mercy!" piped Scrooge when he saw, "I am s light as a feather, as happy as an angel, as merry as a schoolboy, as giddy as a drunk! Whoops! Merry Christmas everybody, Happy New Year."

"Ther'es the saucepan the gruel was in. There's the door the ghost of Jacob came by. There's the window where the spirits hovered. It's true all right, it all happened!"

What a strange change in old Scrooge. And for a man who had been out of practice so long, he put up quite a spirited laugh. The daddy of a long line of good laughs to come.

"I don't know what day it is. I don't know how long I've been away. I feel like a baby. I.'s good."

He put his head out of the w ndow. No fog now. Clear, cold, bright. Golden sun. Heavenly sky. Marvellous air. Merry bells.

"What's to-day?" called out Scrooge to a boy below who was wearing his Sunday clothes.

"Eh?" with a might of wonder

"Wha day is it?"

"Why, it's Christmas, of course."

"Eh?" said Scrooge. " Good. Good!"

"Ha, I haven't missed it," he said to himself. "It's been all in one night. The spirits can do anything. Why, of course they can."

Well, you have o admit they had done a lot, to do this to Scrooge.

"Hello, boy!"

The boy helloed back, beginning to wonder if this were a game or a lunatic.

"Do you know the poulterer's at he corner?"

"I hope I should."

Clever boy, this, thought Scrooge. "Do you know the big prize turkey in the window? Not the little big one. Is it still there?"

'I 's still there. I saw it but now."

A most remarkable boy. A pleasure to talk to him.

"Well, go and buy it."

He's balmy, thought the boy, I'll humor him. "Right, gov'nor.'

"No, I'm in earnest. Tell him o bring it here that I may direct him where to take it. Tell him Mr. Scrooge. Be back in five minutes and there's half a crown in it."

Now everybody thereabouts knew Scrooge was worth half a crown, and he big turkey too, but the question was, was he in his right mind? For half a crown, the lad risked it. He was off like a sho , a half crown shot

"I'll send it to Bob Cra chit's" mused Scrooge. Of course you guessed that. "Its twice as big as Tiny Tim. He'll never guess who sent it. Ha, ha! Capital. My nephew never thought of anything so capital." And he rubbed his hands at the most extravagant joke of his dry old life.

The callous hand hat signed off—or on—thousands made an awful mess of a ten bob a week clerk's address, but it managed it, and he stood in the door impa ient for the poulterer. He saw the ugly knocker and patted it affectionately. "I shall love you as long as I live," he cooed, with as as much passion as if it had been the leading lady at His Majesty's. "It's a wonderful knocker." Then he saw the panting poulterer, and quite forgo his ardency in a new one.

"It's a wonderful bird; you're a wonderful man. Merry Christmas." It was, at least a wonder ful bird. How it ever stood up to be axed was the wonder; the legs should have snapped like wax.

"Why, you can't carry hat to Camden Town", beamed Scrooge. "We must have a cab." Good heavens, Scrooge paying for a cab, let alone for a poulterer. But he did, and the boy for getting it, and tipped the cabbie, and chuckled every time he put his hand in his pocket. Then he sat down and chuckled over every chuckle.

Shaving was a precarious task For the benefit of the ladies and the young in years, it takes a steady hand; but if Scrooge had mis-sliced his nose off—and he had quite a nose — he'd have patched it up with plaster and laughed that off too. For Scrooge had found something worth more than noses or notes, and really a bargain, too.

And he togged himself in his very best, even to the special shirt that the laundress had sold. Then he went out into the streets.

The crowds were pouring forth now, as with the spirit. And for every human soul Scrooge had a most ostentatious greeting and a most lunatic smile, as if he too had to sprinkle cheer on everyone. But he was so irresistably pleasant and so obviously delighted with himself and everything and everyone that no one even thought

CHARLES DICKENS

to titter, but rather thought him the kindest, jolliest old man in all London, or all Christendom for that matter.

He had not gone far when, as chance would have it, he ran into one of the very men whom he had turned out of his counting house the day before when soliciting for the stupid poor.

Scrooge winced to think how the man would look on him, but he was glad of the meeting just the same. And he walked right up and greeted him merrily and gripped both his hands, and apologized handsomely, and whispered in his ear. The man stood back as onished. "But surely you are not serious?"

"Upon my soul I am," and forthwith pulled out his cheque book. "And I trust you will do me the favor of allowing me to make up back payments."

"Bu I don't know how to—"

"Don't say anything. Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"Pon my soul I will!" And indeed he did, though upon his feet. Scrooge knew he would, though from the way he said it. That was the first, and Scrooge felt like he had won a medal.

And then he went to church, and enjoyed i and walked the streets again, and patted children on the head, and bought them sweets, and stood to look a dogs rollicking and wrestling in the snow, and even beamed upon he topers. And indeed little things he had never seen, and nursed the gift like a new toy.

Then in the afternoon he turned his steps. yes, deliberately towards his nephew's house. Admitted he walked past wo or three times before he managed it, but at last he went up and knocked boldly. And he thought what a nice girl she was who answered the door. She would direc him upstairs, but already his hand was on the dining room door. He turned the knob gently and sidled his face in. They were engrossed at the table. He called "Fred."

"Why, bless my soul," said Fred, thinking i was his turn to see a ghost. "Who is it?"

"It is I, your Uncle Scrooge. and I have come to dinner after all. Will you let me in?"

Would he le him in? Why, bless my soul, don't you remember his threat?

It's a wonder he didn't shake the old codger's arm off. He was at home in five minutes. The niece was he same as he had seen; so was the plump sister when she came, and Topper's growling in the bass when he sang. It was a wonderful party, and Scrooge did right well at the games and hey all remarked on it, and he was as proud as a pouter cock.

But he was early at the office the nex morning. He had to be, and catch Bob Cratchit coming in late. He had schemed upon it. And he did. And sat wi h hi door open to trap him.

Bob whisked in like a lost minute. His hat was already off at he door, and his comfort r too and he was on his stool and with his pen up before Scrooge could speak, looking very guilty indeed.

Scrooge strode up like thunder "What do you mean by coming in at this hour?"

"I'm sorry, sir," the little clerk stammered, so scared that Scrooge was delighted. "We made ra her merry and rather late; it's only once a year. and it will never happen again."

"Now I'll tell you what, my friend. I am not going to stand for his sort of thing any longer—and he gave Bob such a dig in the ribs that he staggered back into his box—"and therefor I am about to raise your salary."

It was a cruel joke, even for the new Scrooge. Bob hardly survived it. He staggered from no shove now, and gripped the ruler, half resolved to knock Scrooge down and scream for a strait-jacket.

Bu Scrooge was beaming too benignly, and said Merry Christmas, Bob, so sincerely that the clerk could not doubt him, and cer ainly not the slap on the back that accompanied it.

"A merrier Christmas it shall be. I'll raise your salary and I seek to be your friend. We'll discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a smoking bishop, Bob. Make fires and buy another coal hod before you dot another i, you scoundrel.'

And Scrooge was as good s his word. He became as good a mas er and as good a friend as the City ever knew, or any city for that matter.

Some people laughed, of course and though him an old fool and an old hypocrite, but Scrooge was too wise to mind, and far too happy in his wisdom. His own heart laughed, and tha was enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with spirits; indeed he signed the pledge; nor had he any need of them. His own were good enough and high enough too. any man, for he truly knew how And may that be said of all of us, with Tiny Tim's blessing.

And Tiny Tim? Of course he didn't die. Scrooge saw to tha , and became a god-father to him if ever there was one, and deserved — and enjoyed — the tiny—but was i ?—blessing in a very special sense.

Of course Tiny Tim didn't die; we can hank Scrooge for that —or should we say Marley?—and die he never will, as long as hearts are young, and all hearts can be young at Christmas, and

He kept Christmas as well as found wild delight in so many timent our bus ness; and all the year too if we want to find what Scrooge found. And that indeed is the simple blessing of thoughtful Tiny Tim — God Bless Us Every One.

Greetings

1949

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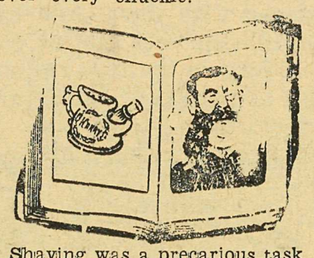

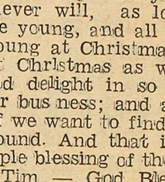

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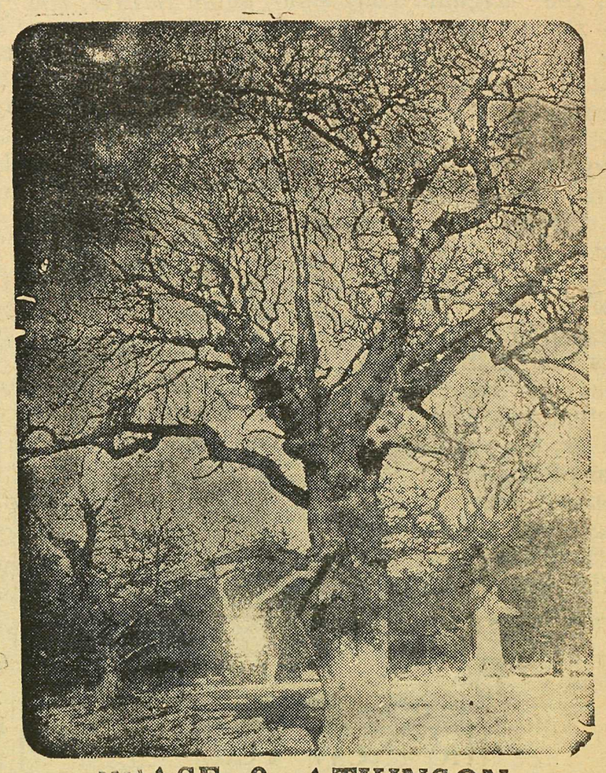

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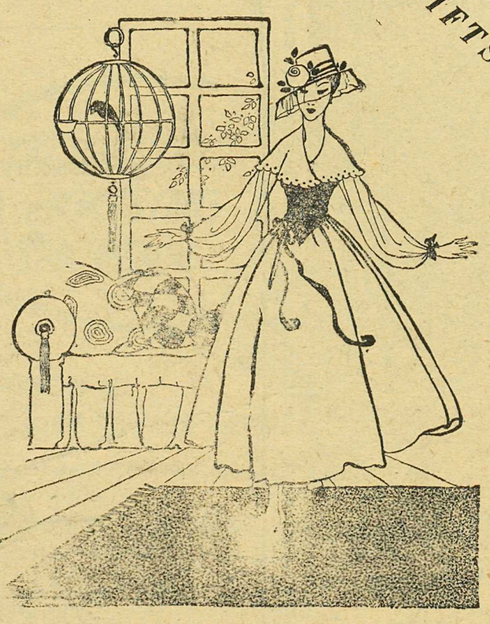

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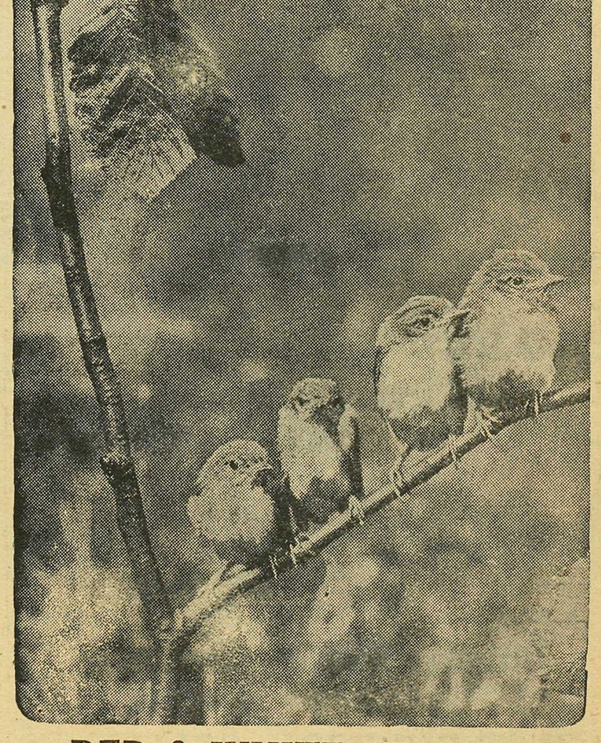

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