CAPITOL THEATRE
For The Latest in
Capital Entertainment
Every Week Night

The SIMILKAMEEN STAR

M[illegible]ON'S G[illegible]
THE MODERN STORE
PHONE 137
— See Our Advert —

Fifty-First Year; No. 25— PRINCETON, B.C., WEDNESDAY, 5th DECEMBER 1951 5c per Copy; $2.00 per Year

Behind the Lines
by onlooker

RIGHT SOLUTION

BEER is a stock vaudeville joke, and the most holy must have tittered at the devious devices of beer-running from plenteous Princeton to strike starved Vancouver—and the counter conspiracy.

But it is not unadulterately funny. Idealism must be realistic and imperfect laws must cope with human imperfection. At times the end must, in this imperfect situation, justify the means. War is wrong but it is better than something worse.

So the obvious and sometimes ludicrous paradoxes of our liquor laws unavoidably lie in the compromise of law to human imperfection. No law can command it; law must accept it and make the best of it. But it must never lose sight of its compromise. It must not degenerate into hypocrisy.

Assuming a perch of perfection, it is easy—but foolish—to see the whole system where government profits from an undisputed evil as hypocrisy. And the whole point is that it is ever on the border, as the true motive of the moment is profit or protection; for perfection people do not want, so it cannot be.

And that is universal, and by and large, a frank concession to wrong, our liquor laws work better than any we have had, and better than in most lands.

But inherent in the compromise, temptation remains on both sides, and the morality of perfection must always be the matter of the moment.

The Liquor Act is therefore necessarily unusual, and full of potential dangers. Society is served no better by turning profit and incentive to private license. Nor by shouting injustice to serve the unjust. Beer-running and bootlegging our imperfect society does not commend, or other evils within a compromise to evil.

But equally, there can be no respect for a law that encourages, then punishes, and that is the delicate path this law has to tread. It is not easy, but the principle is paramount.

Here in this dilemma circumstances engineered a paradox that came near hypocrisy. They sold beer, then seized it.

But certainly such beer should be seized. It should never have been sold, and the runners were taking advantage of an anomoly of law just as much as the seizers, and with less morality.

The impasse was more ominous than ludicrous and the worst critic of this law must be cheered that it did the right thing by stepping in and stopping the sale.

Round the CORNER

★ **THERE** seems to be some false virtue in bad handwriting. We all know clever men who are proud of what in plain good sense they ought to be truly ashamed, for it is just nonsense and self deceit that a man who can write philosophy should write it in so bad a hand that not even he can read it, when a six year old can learn to write childish prattle in a legible and still lovely hand. Beauty is truth, and the genius of it is clarity, simplicity.

Writing is meant to be read. If the writer simply seeks to admire his own vanity — surely a silly vanity—he had much better go direct to the looking glass. And a graphologist assesses character in writing by things far more subtle than we pompously imagine.

"When I wrote this only God and I knew what it meant—now only God knows." Browning was referring of course more to the thought than the penmanship, but it applies both ways, and it is not a confession for a brilliant man to be proud of. Bad writing is inexcusable. If it saves a fraction of writing time, it wastes ten times that in reading. It costs millions in money and many a life.

It nearly trapped the brilliant Horace Greeley, who could match most wits. A female reader sent in a poem, as readers will. It was as usual a very bad poem and Greeley was too good a newspaperman to dawdle. He scrawled his thoughts and sent it back and dismissed it forever.

Some time later came this from the fair poetess: "Dear Mr. Greeley,- I so regret the delay, but unfortunately I found your letter difficult to decipher. However I hasten to say that I am delighted to accept your proposal of marriage."

P.S.—Since he ran across this anecdote, M'Gillicuddy's writing is marvellously improved.

More Noise

making equipment for beloved c-BURP and economical airport has been installed at C.P.

● O DUO MIO

Conte Caruso Takes A Bride

And Schulli Shakes

CASTELLO CARUSO, up the Parthenon montagna from Princeton's Via Appia was regaled in Roman revelry this day—with ah, paroline amorose, just a tich of romance.

The portico of the palazza, accustomed to spaghett, overflewed with confett.

And inside the plebs and patricians were riotous in Roman carnival. The grandest Roman of them all (sit down, Schulli) was being thrown to the matrimonial lionessese, oh heck ssss, you fit em in.

And, dolce far niente, the old boy was happier than he has been seen since the Indians gave the country to his cousin Cristoforo Colombo.

Rome-eo

A patriarchal Romeo, his iron gray mustacchi neatly trimmed, his face aglow and the lume d' amore in his iron-gray eyes, Conte Caruso gently but proudly pushed forward la passione de cuo cuore.

A charming matrona of sympathy and good sense (one of which accounts for her choice of Franco), she wore a wisp of rosebuds, and roses of happiness in her good, friendly face, and warmly invited you to her beloved Venice, paradise of poets and abattoir of a foreign butcher called Shylock.

But alas, the lovebirds will not nest in Venice. Of all places, they have compromised on—Penticton!

The Grandest Roman (from Palermo in Siciliana via Porta Garlica and Phoenix) is not to be confused with his 51st cousin Ereeko the crooner of the same appellare, a defunct tenorore. Franco is no mere rosignuolo, but a creative composer He has composed much plumbing in Q flats and has indulged in an occasonal minuetto of junk.

Shy-Lock?

Franco was erupted by Etna in 1884 (Gregorian wreckening). Like most of his countrymen he has spent most of his life in Princeton — some 30 fruitful annos, plenteous with plumbs.

But there was nothing shy about Franco. It was a lightning courtship, a cuopa da forza, with Conte Caruso serenading the balcony of his bella Julietta —no longer O Solo Mio.

The bride, Signora Romana Castron, has graced that dull villaggio for some years.

Mass and communion was solemnized by Father Corrigan at 8 a.m., Saturday, 1st December.

Best (?) man was Mr. Angelo Caruso of Osoyoos, and matron of honor the bride's daughter, Mrs. Dora Antonick.

Julie Et

There is no need to wish them —though we all sincerely do— many annos of amore and bumpteen bambinos. They start with a joint capital of 9 children and 16 grandchildren, and Joe is an industrious and ambitious figlio.

And when a guy aged 67 gets up at 8 a.m. in December to jump into the matrimonial puddle, brother it must be love (whatever that is).

And that ain't all. Brother Timmy, that avowed incarnation of "indipidence" appeared not long ago hooked by a bonny and buxom Scotch trout free Maryhill.

Appendice

VOCABULARA ITALIANA
(Costa: Duo Centimos)

Castello: castle; also a kind of (soft) sopa.

Montagna: mountain (also rachel!)

Paroline amoroso: song of love (also, phut.)

Palazza—palace (also, Chilli's shack)

Cuopo da forza: coup de farce.

Appellare: name (nice one)

Rosiguoto: nightingale (also daylight sou'wester)

Annos: years (we hope)

Mustacchi: what Kozak kids himself he has.

Conte: Count, one two Dock.

Passione coure — flire in the heart (alarm box at the corner)

O Solo Meow — The tomcat's sonata.

Figlio: son (has also been called daddy and darling)

Dolce far niente—dunno, we heard it sometimes and it sounds good, hope it ain't bad).

AVERTIMENTO

FOR SALE — **Italian Dictionary, only slightly used—Box m'g, Star (or will swop for second hand signorita)**

LINGUISTS — **Translations from the Latin, also Evetalian, Hindustani and bagpoops—Drs. Steal & Crawfish, 51st floor, Star Bldg.**

Too Young?

POOR POP IN PENSION PAINS
BORNE, BUT WAS HE BORN

POOR penurious (*) Pop, practically penniless and more than somewhat perplexed.

Pop is popular as one of our gay young gaffers. He came into Granite Creek in the hell-roarin' gold rush days in '87, a-ridin' on a government pony, and ever since has considered it his personal prerogative to take the political jackasses for a ride.

There is of course a perverse pittance of polyphonous people who profess that Pop is peculiar. Pop sniffs that they don't know nothin', which is unusually generous flattery for him.

But I propose to pretermit the pusillinamous prodigals.

He's Willin'

Pop is peppy, progressive and practically penniless. To wit:

He contributes (grudgingly) to insure Dr. Johnson's health. Now he has dutifully consented to take out an old age pension.

Only there poses Pop's problem. He don't know how old he is. Oh, claims he does all right but he can't prove it. Aha, sirra, but we have you there. You made a pickled puss when the cops said that about the murder.

This of course is awkward, for it is well known that Pop had the contract to build the Ark; and the darned thing leaked in the for'rd stokehold. I know, I wuz there. but I can't prove it. They didn't wrap oranges in soft paper in them days.

All Pop has to do is get mad (which is no great feat for him) and say to Dr. Johnson. "Man, d'ye no read yer Bible?"

But I can tell Pop when he wuz born; I defy anyone to tell why. He was born 19th January 1878. How do I know? Pop told me many moons ago and I can prove it.

And it is well know that Mom, aged 98, bragged she would skijomp 250 feet if the kids didn't.

I doubt, though if Pop can qualify. It is true the welfare state has made him docile and incorporation will bankrupt him for all his plethora of castles, and it is doubtful if any young buck would give a good horse

He's Unofficial

for Ethyl, but I seem to remember he built a house in Olalla and used W. C. McDougall's Penticton railway bonds for wallpaper. Tough, Pop, but you stay off my corner. Wonder how much for a beggar's licence under the new Trades Buy Law?

And how about some insurance against Pop?

★ POP went ridin' in his Rolls Noise (made by one H. Ford, Esq about 1912). When they got near Osoyoos Pop saw (sorry, seen) an auto camp, two-bit dump painted like a million bucks, where he says we might as well spend the night. The proprietor sniffed "We only cater to people with money. Whereupon Pop pulls out a roll big enough to make the dump look like the mustard on a Rockefeller sandwich, utters a rude sound, and drives on.

Pop could always loan them the money to pay his pension.

And if you know Pop, maybe the bureaucrats need more sympathy than he does.

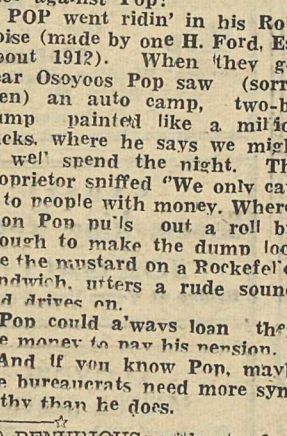
(*) PENURIOUS: without means (translated from ancient Icelandic by Dr. Erskine Otherwise we use simple words in this here paper.)

Envoi

SURE we know the Parthenon is Greek but as an ex-promoter Frank oughta know you can't start a scrap like this without reparations.

Move over, Signor Schulli.

Sicilian Plum



● WE WANT MORT

'PROMOTION'
(OF EMINENT ERSKINOLOGIST)
PROTESTED
Objection Upheld

AS IF one slight to the civic pride of Princeton (village of) were not enough—failure of the fairy Princess to visit our salubrious dumpground—we are now threatened with the loss of our most distinguished citizen; he is about to be ex-tinguished.

Dr. Q. Mortimer Erskine is slated for promotion, in recognition of his notable contributions to science as caretaker of Princeton Airport, and concurrently its Lord Mayor and May Queen.

Like many things about Mort his immediate destination is a trifle vague, but it would seem he has been offered (or ordered) a huge metropolitan charge somewhere north of the North Pole. His ultimate destination is a somewhat warmer climate, to which he so freely consigns anyone (including top brass) who falls short of his omniscience.

Man of Woids

Though a doctor of law, language and letters (after the fashion of Harry Truman) his special science is liquids.

His encounters with the law are Legion. Last audience, he was about to sue the government, claiming title to North America or at least a considerable portion of it adjacent to the airport.

Two years ago he led the Airport Revolt against that tyrant Metzler, kept all the kids out of school—and won. Some disagreement also seems to have developed with his one-time apostle the model (T) Mr. Finnerty.

Most serious though was when a nasty man called Dr. Erskine the illegitimate offspring of a questionable canine—and the indignant dog brought suit against Mort (be assured, though we speak in allegory, all these things be true; Mort it is remarkable man.)

For truly Mort is a big man; that tummy is all heart. His methods may be a mite unorthodox (allowing for his delicate artistic temperament) but his motives will give St. Peter an inferiority complex.

Re-Solution

Many an invalid has anonymously blessed Saint Florence Lord Mortimer, for when the tap tonic is turgid Mort totes to hospital clear cool water from the airport oasis.

One could wish that Dr. E. would devote more interest to this limpid liquid. Far more of his researches have involved gasoline. His trusty steed when he goes crusading is an overgrown bulldozer, and thrilling are his exploits. It is however too big to get into a newspaper.

We will say however it comes in handy when Dr. Erskine wishes a worm to go fishin' with.

Like we said, Mort may not be orthodox, but he is effective.

Sorry, But—

WITH all the sympathy in the world, The Star is forced to call a halt to helping pension - applicants to provide proof of age through references in our files.

Though we have files of The Star from 1900, and a great deal of other material, in good organization and with major events cross - indexed, and are proud to have invested this effort in your service, it is obviously impossible, as a hobby, to card every item.

Where a date or other significant clue can be certainly provided, we pride in finding it fast. But memories unsure of their own vital statistics we have sometimes found unreliable.

Though professional agencies charge a shocking search fee, we are glad to have been able to help a few. But henceforth favors must be limited to one half hour. Sorry, but—

Obviously

OUR no-means-test pensions for over-70's administrators are softening up. Quite seriously they announce that as proof of the septuagenarian's age they will accept a certificate of the doctor attendant at the birth.

Aptly

OUR benevolent government sent out a pamphlet on baby benefits. Accompanying the post mark was the slogan: "Recreation pays dividends."

Frying Port

And most obliging.

As a favor, he gasses up planes a sideline he finances himself, and often manages to collect for 50 gallons out of a 100 gal. drum.

Once a plane urgently needed gas. Mort promptly burglarized the dealer's warehouse.

Freeze Fried

Another time a plane got stalled. He installed them — in his own bed, while he slept on the floor; also Madame Mort.

Next morning mechanic Mort started the plane. He drained out the oil and the extras and fried them — on Madam Mort's nice new stove.

In gratitude they wanted to sell the plane and Mort the good fairy took a day off to do that. It was brand new, cost $7000, with a spare engine still in the crate. But he is not a very good salesman. He could not sell it for $1200, complete with spare engine and deep-fried extras.

Though the Erskines are a Scottish sept originating in Ireland and by way of Brooklyn. Mort wore proudly the King's pants and has every ambition to serve the Princess similarly. His most daring research has been in combining gasoline with Lemon Lotion, with which, however, he is alone forever.

Mort lacks not patriotic zeal. When he puts up the flag it stays put. In fact last time they had to take down the 150 ft. pole to get it down.

Mortamours

Dr. Erskine's symphonies, paintings and poems we have not been privileged to puruse, but we have heard him speak nostalgically about having hoid the boids. And while he is a (full scale) model family man, the heart inside that tummy can hold much love. One 30 below 3 a.m. he tried to haul pte. m'gillicuddle to Nickel Plate to endorse his amours, knowing full well m'gillicuddle wouldn't give a cuddle for a shemale m'gillicuddle. Mostly though it is Mort's pride. He is inordinately jealous of Fairley's schoolmarm conquests. Now if Mort could only wear his tummy bald. . .

Once a green goddess stopped at Mort's platel. She was tramping her way around the world, and had safaris with the Nizam of Azerbaijan and a truck driver on the Alaska highway, just for instance. When she got back to Blighty she was grounded with divorce. Mort took that one hard.

Now while the Exploits of Erskine are endless (and maybe you would like them to be continued) enough has perhaps been told to show that Mort is quite a guy. And now we have acquired civic status we must guard our civet asses. We cannot have the Brooklyn Bridge so let's keep Mort—at least until he returns my bunk.

Polemics

This was the finding of an emergent assembly of our intelligentsia including Dr. Knicks, Dr Oddfellow, Dr. Muiterin' Jimmy Goodfellow, Dr. Mutterin Jimmy, Dr. Ole Virginny, Dr. Dame Andy Ferenta Dean Crawford, Prof. Steele, Gen. Jawn Quinn and ete ulysses sophocles xonophon m'gillicuddle.

It was orionanimously agreed that instead Mr. Fairley be sent as administrator to the north pole with instructions to move it farther north. In fact he may go right on to Siberia, just so long as he has a one-way ducat.

Anyway, suppose Mort was to get the flag stuck on the north pole?

And since Fairley's quotation to move Mort's kip was $1800 and this will come out of the taxes, impersonal patriots like Prosser and Pop will concur.

The town council is hereby petitioned to endorse this finding and all citizens in favor should write their names on the post office wall. Then unless someone steals the p.o. like they do

Vision of Ersk

● POP'S POVERTY

Leaping Lena On The Block
Pop Loves Another

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
Diamonds to Prinz Liz and lizzies to rust;
Page Mr. Ripley an praise de Lord,
Doggone Pop done sold his Ford.

LATELY with lamentation we had to relate that poor pioneer Pop, practically penniless, was pursuing the possibilty of a pension.

With humility and horror but still h-henesty we are afeared we must confess us unworthy of our trust of truth.

Oh, it was true enough, as far as it went; but it did not went near far enough. And when it goes as far as that Ford it is going some. Pop must not only be bowed and bent; he must be bust and bankrupt.

You will now kindly remove your hats and bow your legs before reading on:

POP HAS (sob!!) SOLD HIS FORD.

Too Tearful

Oft have I seen him at the poop of dawn Swinging with swarthy swipes he cranked away; In noont de heat his tummy on He'd lay (or lie) And swore upon the Stanley Steamers chugging by; When curfew tolled the knell of passing day Cussing like, well, he'd still be swinging away, With cranks and kicks and cusses at his onederful one hoss power shay.

Then seek no more his sparkplugs to extoll Or slash his tubes with sly censurious sword. He gave to earth—'twas all he had—a hole; He gained from heavin—'twas all he could—af-Ford.

Here are just a few [illegible] from Lizzie's log:

She was the Her in Ben Her's chariot race

She kicked the rear end off O'Wallihan's mule.

She vomped 250 feet over the ski vomp.

She fell un Niagara Falls.

She flew (b't by bit) to Mars.

She wrote under water.

How old she was Pop cannot say, on account of he don't know how old he is. But she was born two years before he was; he rowed to Granite Creek in her, side saddle.

Reports are not confirmed that once he gets his pension Pop will make do with a Cadillac.

Ca-respondent

POP the fickle no sooner has deserted faithful old Lena Cana-Ford than he takes up with a sleek bodied English minx called Melita Morris. Pop says she is well upholstered and has a nice rear enh.

BONDED

We notice that stiff necked arisocrat Alan Bond riding round in Pop's holy roller (see above) if as he wuz the kink of Siam (and the way things is, maybe he is. Heck, we remember him when he wuz a common trucker before he got smart and broke said kneck.

Now if it was Bobby we could credit it.

We Export Air

PRINCETON has an expanding industry—under compression Local mine rescue depot now supplies oxygen—for mine rescue apparatus — as far as the Bridge River mines

And our invigorating ozone is no mean commodity. Our mountain water, with a hop and a kick added, has become a renowned export.

Post Mortimer

It is now official that the Excellent Erskine, Lord Privy of the Airport, will not be promoted to the North Pole Plus after all. Star ads pay, like we say.

Mortified

Dr MT M' Erskine, noted astrophysicist, has been called into consultation at Saturn where the rings are not ringing, and will be unable to undress the Literary and Scientific Society in the Legion on cosmology and squaring the circle.

at Keremeos and Oliver, Landlord Bush will forward said p.o. to Ottawa and we will keep our Mort. Amen.

Fairley Noted

THOUGH both have Merritt, James Fairley the politician is not to be confused with James Fairley the pit manager. The latter works for a living.

Not His Fault

WE LIED. It was not — —who blew the bugle at the Cenotaph and scared away the birds. It Willie Q. Burton; the Q. is right.

LEGALS

AUCTION SALE
TIMBER SALE X-54759

THERE will be offered for sale at public auction at 10:00 am on Saturday, 5th January, 1952, in the office of the Forest Ranger, Princeton, B.C., the Licence X-54759, the Licence X-54759, to cut 324,000 F.B.M. Yellow Pine, Fir and other species sawlogs on an area situated North of Tu'lameen.

Two years will be allowed for removal of timber.

"Provided anyone unable to attend the auction in person may submit tender to be opened at the hour of auction and treated as one bid."

Further particulars may be obtained from the Deputy Minister of Forests, Victoria, B.C., or the District Forester, Kamloops, B.C.

COMING EVENTS

WRESTLING—Chief Thunderbird and top professionals. Community Hall, Copper Mtn., Saturday, 19th January, sponsored by B.P.O. E. No. 3088.

Card of Thanks

Princeton Kinsmen thank all who helped make the annual kiddies' treat at the Capiol an outstanding success.

Amber Ski Club thanks all who patronized their Christmas ski dance and otherwise contributed to its success.

★

EIGHT FINGER JOHNNY

Johnny Knezacky's educational budget was slashed by a fifth when he suffered two badly cut fingers in an accident at the Taylor mill. Now Johnny can only count up to eight.

Captured Flavour OVER FOUR YEARS OLD OF THE INDIES...

OLD INSPECTOR RUM

This advertisement is not published or displayed by the Liquor Control Board or by the Government of British Columbia.

To Serve You
HOME BAKERY
Open Wednesday & Thursday Afternoons
HAPPY NEW YEAR

Quality **Meats**

- FISH—Fresh, Cured, Frozen
  Prime quality Beef, Veal, Pork, Mutton, Lamb
- MEATS—Fresh and Cured.
- FOWL for all seasons
- SAUSAGE—Our own prize recipe
- HAM, EGGS, PROVISIONS
- POTATO SALAD etc.—Our own made.
- FROZEN FOODS in wide variety

— See Our Windows for Specials —

QUALITY MEAT MARKET

Bridge St. —A. E. BLOOM —Phone 100

Your new
5c To $1.00 Store
Invites You
Come..See..Save
Bridge Street, Opposite Central Market.

STAR CLASSIFIED
Sure - Fire Sales

FOR RENT — House on Allison Townsite—Box F, Star.

AMMUNITION—.303 high velocity, best grade, $1.95 per box of 20. Order your future supply to-day while stock lasts. We ship C.O.D. promptly — Sportsmen's Wholesale Supply, 2098 St. Catherine W., Montreal, Que. 8

BUUSINESS SUITES for rent—Apply Princeton Meat Market.

OPPORTUNITY— 120 acres for sale, good land, sub-irrigated, good open range, new 4-room house, barn, chicken coop, 50 head stock, team of horses, harness, mower, hay rake, potato cultivator, all implements needed—P.Popovich, Princeton

VACANCY. Room to Rent—Mrs. L. Bell, Princeton.

WANTED—Reliable man as dealer in Princeton area. Experience not necessary. A fine opportunity to step into old profitable business where Rawleigh Products have been sold for years. Big profits. Products furnished on credit — Write Rawleigh Dept. WG-L-167-168 Winnipeg, Man. 5

SKINNY MEN, WOMEN!—Gain 5 to 15 pounds. New pep, too. Try famous Ostrex Tonic Tablets for double results, new "get acquainted" size only 60c All druggists.

POPULAR PIANO PLAYING made easy through an individual Piano Correspondence Course? Sounds impossible — but it is done at the "Modern School of Music, Penticton, B.C; A. Leander, R.M.T. 4

FOR RENT—Garage for car or truck, Princeton close in—Box D. Star.

WANTED — Old stamps, curios, photos, Indian Relics, Books, Music, Records, etc BoxK Star

FOR RENT — Cement mixer — Quality Woodworks.

WANTED—Experienced carpenters want work by day or hour. Repairs, alterations, cabinets, cupboards. Free estimates. — Phone Princeton 69-Y or 76-M

WANTED, USED CARS —Good prices—Riverside Motors, Prntn

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE STAR

LUXURY DWELLING in Princeton for rent or sale. Box M Star

FOR SALE—'51 American Buick Roadmaster, all extras; $300 below list price; terms — 403 Winnipeg St., Penticton; phone Penticton 359Y.

FOR SALE—Minneapolis Moline automatic w re-tie baller like new; also M-M model R standard tractor, one year old; sold separate or unit — John Mc Garver, R.R. 2, Abbotsford B.C.

FOR SALE—One Frigidaire Pop Cooler, also 3-hole Universal ice cream cabinet, both in good condition; reasonable—Phone 868 Peachland or write Box 56 Deep Creek Auto Court, Peachland B.C. pnkp

WANTED—To buy, small house close in—Box A, Star.

WANTED TO RENT, URGENT—Family moving to town needs accommodation, good tenants. Want 4 or 5 room house, modern—apply Room 7, Princeton Hotel or Star Office. ankp

LOGS WANTED — One to five million board feet or more, fir hemlock, balsam, spruce preferred. Prompt cash for logs ready for loading. Give quantity, loading point and shipping time to—J.J., 1135 Connaught Drive, Vancouver B.C.

WANTED—Rough spruce lumber straight and | or mixed cars; 1" and 2" x 4" to 12" - R/L. price $51.00 Net F.O.B. cars shipping point. Reply Box AJS Star, Princeton.

ATTENTION SAWMILLS — wanted cants 3, 4, 5, 6 7, 8, 9 inches thick. 9 inches wide or wider 24 feet long, rough, in sound merchantable grade, fir, hemlock balsam; can use one million board feet or more loaded on railway cars. Quote prices, shipping point, quantity available and delivery time to J.J., 1135 Connaught Drive, Vancouver, B.C. e

BOYS! — Pocket money for old batteries, lead — The Star.

The SNACK BAR
HOME COOKING
SODA FOUNTAIN
::
—MARG. McGOWAN
BRIDGE STREET, PRINCETON

The CLUB CAFE
::
GOOD FOOD
GOOD SERVICE
CHINESE DISHES
WONG KEE, Proprietor

Travellers' Cafe
—Princeton's Most Popular—
::
Fountain Candy Kitchen
Meeting Room Upstairs
Nick and Amy BUSH
BRIDGE ST., PRINCETON

DEPOT LUNCH
::
Bus Depot, Vermilion Ave.
MEALS SNACKS
SODA FOUNTAIN
Nora Anderson, Proprietress

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

Princeton Plumbing & Junk Company
We Buy, Sell, Install and Repair
: :
F. CARUSO & SONS
Bridge St., Princeton

Princeton Welding Shop
JIM and JOCK STALKER
General Welding, Blacksmith
ANYTHING IN IRON
Opposite Tulameen Hotel

Expert
Shoemaking, Repairs
JOE GALLO
Bridge at Vermilion, Princeton

LLOYD'S
JANITOR SERVICE
Windows, Chimneys Cleaned
Floors washed, waxed, polished
L. A. HOFFMAN — PHONE 70G

REG. COOK
PAINTER and DECORATOR
::
ESTIMATES FREE
PRINCETON 62-X

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Times ..... x ..... @2c, subsequent insertions .....
ENCLOSED .....
★ The Star Offers the Best Values in Canada.

SIMILKAMEEN DIRECTORY

Hospital	Phone 25
Ambulance Phone	13 or 190
Police	Phone 39
Fire	Phone Central
Drug Store	Phone 15
Printing, Publicity	The Star
Municipal Office	Upper Harold Avenue
Board of Trade, N.	Littlewood. Secretary
Ratepayers' Ass'n,	Mrs. A. Bush, Secretary
Ski Club	Laura Allin, Secretary
School District	J. S. Metzler, Secretary

Free Information—The Star.

CHURCHES

UNITED CHURCH
ST. PAUL'S
(Dr. J. C. Goodfellow)
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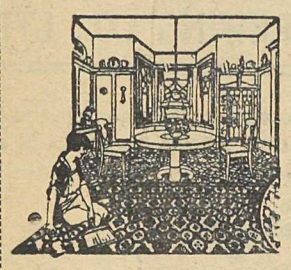
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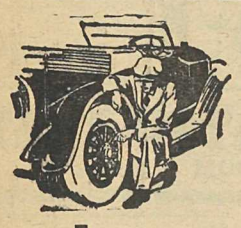
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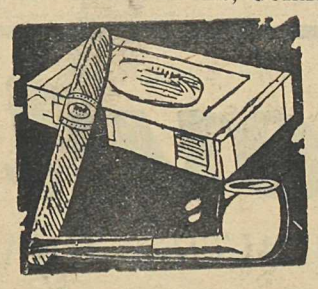

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With more than three million of our women bowling this winter, it had to happen; there had to be a controversy over fashion. It was skirts versus shorts — until the International Bowling Congress stepped in and officially banned exterior abbreviations. So this is what they're wearing officially. M'Gillicuddy's comment has been tactfully expunged from this paid advertisement.

But remember, no trip is too long—or too short— for

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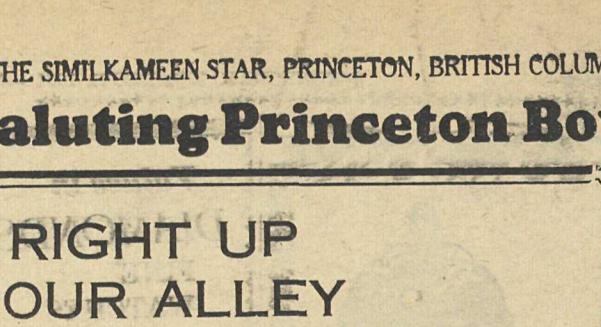

We Would Be Good With Wood

It's quite PLAIN—you SAW how we can CHOP 'em down; we take a TREmendous delight in FLOORING 'em.

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Ah! This!

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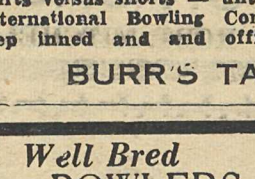

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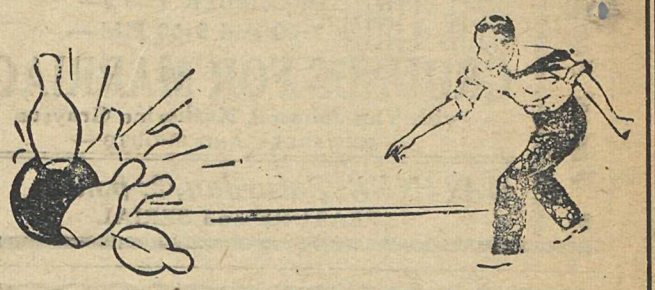

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The only kind of strike we like in Similkameen, where we work hard to earn the right to play happily.

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Best Wishes to our bowlers from

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Good weiners, we don't beef, but this is no

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Bloom's Meat Balls

Bowl 'Em Over

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YOUR LUCKY STRIKE!

Smashing Values in Fine Groceries

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— LIMITED —

BRIDGE ST.-RUSS FOSTER Mgr.

We don't mind who(m) we beat, say our bowlers

And like our team, you'll find our quality,

our service and our prices hard to beat

COSMOPOLITAN RED & WHITE STORE

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AS EVER . .

We Feel Sorry for the Opposition

[All in the spirit of sport, of course.

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You'll Have Something to SPARE

and your cooking will have 'em licking the bowls clean

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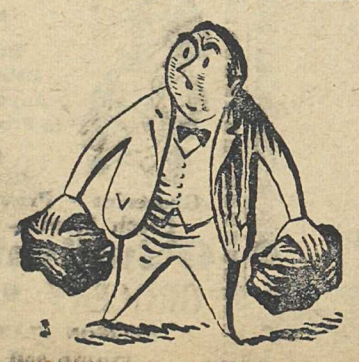

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—ED. MULLIN.

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Proprietors.

REX CONFEX AND BOWLING ALLEYS

Growing with Princeton

The Star for Sport News, Sport Printing

Soot and Soap Take Over as Warring Weapons of Similkameen's New Sanity Hallowe'en

SOAP and soot are the not so secret weapons of Princeton's sanity code for the old Hallowe'en feud.

There was considerable of both this year—and not a scar else. A lot of soot on the bold bad skirmishers, done up fierce as witches and pirates in mom's and dad's old made-overs. Some applied by the juvenile beauticians in preliminary make-up, some acquired from a nice tarry

A little soap went on the shop windows — sole relic of the old vandalism; but most was reserved for the youngsters when they got home and tubbed—without benefit of apples.

Torchlight parade of riotous ragamuffins was marred by an unfortunate accident. In the gloom Fairley was at first awarded the king oscar on the assumption that it was Jimmy Bush done up as the Harvest Moon. The mistake was discovered when the future M.L.A. for Similkayale put his hat on, realizing that he wasn't going to have a chance to make a speech after all.

Russ Foster as usual played chief-foster father to a formidable family, with the school getting full marks for cooperation

CAPITOL THEATRE
For The Latest in
Capital Entertainment
Every Week Night

The SIMILKAMEEN STAR

CAMERON'S GROCERY
THE MODERN STORE
PHONE 137
— See Our Advert —

Fifty-First Year; No. 34— PRINCETON, B.C., WEDNESDAY, 5th DECEMER 1951 5c per Copy; $2.00 per Year

SHENANIGANS OF BAD BOYS OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS 'MOVING' TALE

Bach-house Serenade By the Slag Flat Minors

John Coles Had a Way with Coal -- and Cars

Plain Fish Oil

IN the bat-ridden, cobwebbed spooky October murk you could hear the eaves-drop. So suppose we do. On this eve in those days small boys were wont to drop the parental pilot as a preliminary to the sky pilot's pilot house—the one on the poop deck

Old men of brave spirit may dimly recollect the picturesque holey of holeys that stood rear guard to Everyman's castle and cathedral, usually without encumbrance of plumbing and central heating, where Eaton's catalogue was pondered upon in salubrious meditation by priest and peasant, in the good old days when men were men; and boys for a night.

Since to most of you gentlemen gentiles this undoubted authentick chronicle of the Arabians' Night will be regarded with curious condescension as a figment of fancy, we may as well lead with a whopper and state that once, when Princeton was young and the standard wage was $3 a day and you could buy a pair of iron pants for a dollar; believe it or not, so were Pop and Perley and Percy. It would have been handier if Percy had been magistrate, but he wasn't, yet.

Boxer Rebels

The townsite company arrived with big tidings, also a lady with a big dog. One of the company's plans was a big beautiful townsite office. It turned out to be a bandbox where the Legion now stands. On the morning after Hallowe'en the company's sign appeared on Fido's kennel.

At the same time, a mild, milk toast little man called Newsy Hill snuggled home-cum-newsstand in a converted piano case under the Tulameen bridge. The model little man was asleep under the counter when the party-ers (ncluding, 'tis said, some of our nicest old ladies) came home—and carried newsstand and Newsy all around the town.

One of those young matrons lit her fire against the autumn chill; and ran out gasping. Next morning the chimney was found stuffed with cabbages. It is rumored that Pop grew great cabbages even in those primitive times. It is not reported whether Pop made four bits cleaning out the chimney, but we can vouch that in later times transfer manny Ernie Garrison did a nice business hauling away stuff he had helped pile the night before.

Fire & Feud

In that delightful camp of saloons and slackheaps, swamp and bluff and Bucket of Blood of which ex-Nanaimoites hold old acquaint, Hallowe'en might have been Scotchtown talk for holy eyes. But it wasn't. It was plain Mischief Night, just as Guy Fawkes' night, within the week, was bonfire night. The latter was tue Canadian folklore. You worked at it for weeks, with a keen sense of rivalry that your gang's should be bigger and better. The gang's folks came round and there was solemn ceremony as the pile was fired, and screams of suspense and horror and delight as the flames crept towards the effigy of the traitor on top. There were games and songs and dancing and roasting of spuds and marshmallows, and taffy pulling and ducking for apples, and pansies like Bond would even steal a kiss

But Mischief Night in utter contrast was plain mayhem by minors the one night in all the year when you were in total revolt against law and order and all who were older.

Now most of the nice things about 5th November seem to have been moved forward to 31st October, and I will tell you how this could have come about There were occasionally bonfires on Mischief Night, for the prize coup of Mischief Night was to snook over and prematurley fire a rival bonfire. This has been known to cause an occasional bloody nose, but think of the glory with the gore.

But that was just a playful interlude to the united revolt against all thing ssnior. Grudges were forgotten and there were rare feats of strategy and organization. The boyish brain is greatly under-estimated. Which suits him fine; it leaves more time for the really important things.

Out-Housed

By far the most important things that night were those little private studies. Indeed Mischief Night, for better or for verse, died with the Bach-house. If one were left standing next morning it was a national disgrace. And the first to go and with most zest was your own. It might be a little inconvenient next morning, but you had the family pride to think of: the shame of letting so easy a prize be despoiled by someone else!

Down in Ladysmith (no relation to our village clerk) where gentlemen like Hairy Cunliffe come from they once set the tipple on fire (not him, he would put it out.)

Dean Crawford, when he was a chubby, curly-locked little gangster, once hid behind a hedge (pre-war hedges were bigger) and said "Boo." Most daring thing Prof. Steele was ever guilty of was to deliberately play C sharp in the 27th bar 1st movement of the Bach-house Sonata where the score distinctly demands a knE.

Come to think of it, even cops must have been kids. Imagine!

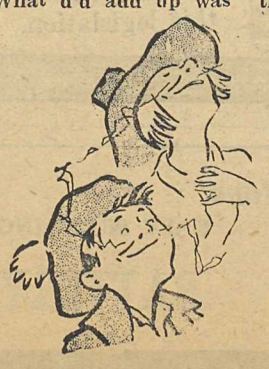
Valiant Too

Now there are many great men of that generation, their outlook perhaps warped by their deeds, who will still contend that it was no sin to dump a dumphouse; they seemed made for it. Nor, within the limits of boyish discretion, was entirely lacking a sense of honor. Bloody noses were known to come standing guard over a widow's woodpile. At other times, alack, enthusiasm made a doubtful counsellor and most good pranksters have since said the publican's prayer. Mind, at the time you did these things in the same sense of righteous sportsmanship as you punched the goalie over the line. To lose a leg was one thing; to lose a game entirely another.

Cherchez la femme is hooey to a kid. To be chased by a Chink is delight. Poor Tye Sing the cobbler, was a good guy. He bothered no one, his craftsmanship wsa a glory, his prices most fair. He kept many a poor kid in dry feet. He was generous with fi'clacks and lichee nuts at

Mucka Hi!

Chinese New Year, and for the kids of his fiends he had a stone pot of ginger. We did not appreciate him. Equally, he did not understand the eccentricities of Accidental boycycology. A draw. What did add up was that



CHAMPIT TATTIES AN' DOOKS

IT is in the remote glens of Scotland, Wales, that you will find the true Hallowe'en. An ancient Druid holy days under Christianity it became All Hallows' (saints) and the remnant of Celtic spirits remained in spooks

There the relics of the Druid rites remain — the burning of nuts, the ordeal of the three bowls — such stealthy superstitions saved by Burns.

Of this origin, modified by time, are the guises (masks). "dookit" apples and "champit' tatties (roast spuds) and pumpkin (originally turnip) lanterns

The merry guisers, swinging lichted neeps (ach awa, d'ye no ken yer Bible?) go from house to house in frolic.

Most exciting is the eating of champit tatties. Drawn in the dark from the mystic pot, each strange ingredient has its magic message—the bachelor's button, the spinster's thimble . . . the mercurial shoe mender from the City of Rams would cherish you in the daylight and chase you in the dark.

So for poor Tye Sing Mischief Night was a nightmare that lasted all year round. Tye was mildly emotional: in fact he frothed in a frenzy of rage. Unfortunately this was to his disadvantage. It was nice to be scared—like climbing the mine tipple or diving into the deephole in February.

Dark Doings

This is what we always worked for Tye Sing to work up to: — — you! You— —! Whaffo' you? I bleak you — neck. I telle you mammy an' you pappy. I bleak you — neck What intrigued us was why bother to tell our mamas after he had bloke our — necks, but nobody ever waited to find out.

Another target for any dull night was old Pete Phillips. In a way, Pete had been one of us. The only time we ever saw him sober he told his admiring audience how, a lad in Lancashire

he glued carnshells to a cat's paws and put it on the slate roof of the church during meeting. For one so great who had fallen so low there was no mercy The saloons were too grim a spectre to the mining camp kid.

Also, while mimicking Pete in daylight a certain kid fell down and was caught by an irate pop and caught a spanking and a broken arm, the latter coming first but being divined second.

Pete had one faithful friend, a woolly old brown dog as morose as himself. Of a night, when swamped, Pete and Darky would totter home around the swamp, with tantalizers on their tails the object being to get them in it. Darky simply slunk on. Pete fought back.

"Darky, Oh Darky, where art thee? Ah, ye — little —! I'l pu' yer necks. I'll breake ver — bones

I'l pu' your necks and puddins' wi' it. Darky, Oh Darky. Sweet memories of youth.

A boy's delight down that way in those days at this time of year was jigging doggies. Tanslated, dog-salmon come up the rivers to spawn and die, penetrating the tiniest ditches, and can be more or less readily gaffed, especially at night. Of course this is diabolically illegal and probably was even in those plenteous times. But if it was eons have changed as well as kids.

Best of all was pitlamping for doggies at night. You had a real chance to be drowned, you were sure to be scared, and of a licking for sneaking out.

Not to mention the eerie delight of skin-silhouette by firelight in stygian darkness while your clothes dried—in spots (and burned in others).

Pit lamps were really pit lamps then still common enough—like little kettles, with a string wick up the spout, burning foul-smelling stuff which at least was called fish oil.

And Doggies

Every kid had a collection of old pit lamps. Fuel was the problem. Of course kerosene would have done as well, but it would n't have been reg'lar.

Fish oil could not be bought; it could be snitched or bummed off the moody old lampman—in the mood. Mostly he wasn't, and he had to be enticed out on the chase while one sneaked in and snitched. One Mischief Night his lunch was appetized with succulent fish oil. Caviar, m'lord.

Surely the dare-devil est kids

—PAGE 11 PLEASE

ON HALLOWEEN GRAVY TRAIN

BEST COSTUMES

Barbara Anne Crowley, Terry McCullough, Dwight Littlewood, Bobby Hatton, Annarose Powell Terry Lindsay.

MOST TICKETS SOLD

Karen Madore, Margaret Gibson, Robert Tupper, Lacrie Cook Vernon Scott, Bev. Byard, David Maywood, Marilyn Gabriel Marie Bush, Gail Fairley, John and George Stuart.

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PRIZE TICKETS

Keith Cousins, Wayne Gott, Pauline Metzler, Lindy Mullin, Marilyn Gabriel, Gail Fairley, Dick Lockhart, Bryan Hughes.

ChLee's Aunt

Princeton Drama Club is now rehearsing to present the smash comedy Charlie's Aunt. Lee Taylor will have the leading role.

When Men Were Kids

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE WHERE HEROES WERE MADE

When John and Katy Were The Big Pushes

A CAT & TEN TALES

LINCOLN learned by firelight, with a ball-pointed chunk of charcoal that wouldn't write under water. And some of the great men of our generation were reared in readin', writin' and redheads in the little red school house of romantic reverie

All that was lacking in the one we have to immoralize was the little redhead, but we got by without benefit of free milk and cod liver oil laid on (though there was free fish oil at the pit lamphouse for the snitchin'.

Nor, among the galloping generations do we grudge Old Abe his glory or the modern mama's boys their orange juice (except maybe at tax time, secure in the conviction that our generation of amenities made better men (Steele and Crawford excepted) than they—or Abe Lincoln come to that.

This is going farther back than when and where, but when John Jenkins went to school there was a swamp in which willows grew, just like in The Lady Eats Shalotts. Come this time of year the smart kids of Nanaimo who seldom were in high school over 25 used to go to the swamp and cut willows and bind them with stout thongs, just like the Jutes and Angles did (according to Manzer's history.)

Weeping Willows

By the time a new crop of freshies (prelims in those dark ages) came up in September an old crop of willow whips was waiting in the swamp, together with the old crop of smart young 25-year-olds. All you had to do to be duly initiated was to be tattooed in black and blue with the willow whips as you ran the gauntlet. You could look forward to at least two years of dishing it out, and in most cases consderably more; passes were somewhat rare. Willow whips and heads of oak.

In the old Pavilion you played a combination of basketball, rugby and mayhem, including shemale, and a fair bunt might make Jardine's fish glue factory off Comox Road, which was invariably an occasion for yellow sox and polka dot ties in class, much to the embarrassment of the prim and cultured Miss Cadow. Happy Valley, who was as dumb as he chose to be, had difficulty conjugating the amiable verb "do". He got do-das-dat in ramrod Roman, then paused and gulped "damus" — and was excused to the study room. There were other Latinisms on which one could work certain sound effects but this is a respectable family newspaper You ask Jack

(Another highly respected citizen innocent save of business acumen worked up a flourishing boolog trade among the students

Tale of a Cat

★ THERE WAS (at times) a nice fraternal sm between teacher and student. The students were invariably bigger (and sometimes older) than the teachers, who sportingly got into the games. Les Johnson thus threw a beaut of a block into (Prof.) Richards sliding into third (I hope we are not putting any naughty notions into the heads of you Tarzansites)

It was a matter of great regret to Mr. Arthur Peak that Herr Manzer was too academic (also too angular) to be more than a critic. Arthur was a broth of a boy, well muskled, right above the ears. One day after Jack's brother Roy had dressed a window where he worked after school with an illustrious bedroom commodity, Herr Manzer was giving us Macaulay and some budding literarist decided to give us the cat.

"What saith the brave Horatius?" "Meow!"

Without a question, Mr. Manzer (you see, we had to call him MR. Manzer) bellowed:

"Peake, I'll give you five minutes to lose that cat in the Ravine." Whereat our gentle Arthur suddenly developed a beautiful sympathy for dumb animals, feline and prelim. He returned to the ident cal setting five minutes later—plus one week.

He was promptly directed to the principal's office and the principal followed. What happened there we did not see; we only heard. But it wasn't exactly an idle rumor. Some of the more lawless and more leal were all for going to Arthul's aid, but that wasn't really necessary. Soon after they built a new school

Dirty Celtic!

★ THIS of course was in the cultured metropolis. Out in the barbarous sticks, with the Bucket of Blood and Katie Peroni, George Pollock and Bob (the junior pansy) Bond we were not so elegant.

We were to play Extension at ftba'. The whole school hiked through the woods past Mushtown, where Bond was occasionally an unwelcome guest at Auchtermuchty estate. Here also lived May and Wullie Fnnie.

The teacher picked the team and put the names on the black board. At centre-hauf was "Finnie". An' wuz oor May no hauf mad when she fun' it wasna' her

Willie once was to get the strap It disappeared. The teacher at once suspected oor May, for though May and Wullie wuz aye yammerin' at ilkither, they wuz leal agin' a' ither body. So there was no more school till May returned the strap. Strangely, the teacher found that didn't work out so well. Another time there was just pretty nearly no more school. There was a hole in the foundation siding and one night a fire started there. That school was too ornery to burn May and Willie by pure coincidence, quit soon after.

Innocents at Play

But not without a final fling. There were many feuds, but none such as that between the sons and daughters) of St. George and St. Andrew. Scorned Frances (whose family had immigrated a year earlier), "You Scotchies had to come out here to get civilized." Retorted May, "Ach,

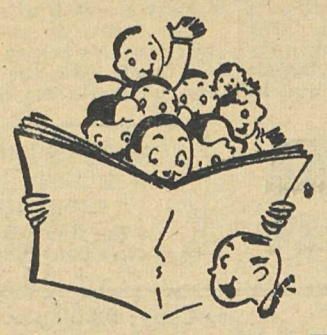
we had to come out here to civilize youse!" Two points for Scotland.

★ OUR POOR PARISH of course had no Pavilion. We had a very creditable swamp, but our uncivil engineering did not equip us to move it over the bluff and for a playground we had to be content with a relatively exquisite slab of solid bedrock at a pitch of 25 degrees. Indeed, we wouldn't swap, for you could lose more skin than you could get wet in any swamp. Just before pte. m'gill cuddle went up for his doctor of devilment he landed on one eve (he still insists Katy tripped him) and for a while really did shine at college

—PAGE 12 PLEASE

Gamboliers

THE school orators are going to debate (in public) on gambling (Dr. Wismer please note. Jawn Quinn wantstaknow if it will be illustrated with demonstrations. Aunt Amelia says gambling means marriage and it is no subject for students. Tickets carry a free chance on a broad rimmed spitoonia.



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Hallowe'en Highjinks

(FROM PAGE NINE)

ever were Davie Balfour's gang in Trail along about 1926. The road up the hill to Ross and then was pretty awful, but one night they did it in an old jaloppy with no lights, one kid astride the bonnet lighting matches at the 'bad' spots.

Scotty Mitchell, the night cop, affectionately known as Fannel Feet, had no ambitions to be prime minister, but such was the Hallowe'en program that it was thought as well to spare his old feet. Scotty slipped into the usual shed for a quiet smoke —and was locked in for the night

A medieval instrument of painless torture was the forgotten tick-tack. A bobbin was notched. When it was placed against a window and the cord pulled it sounded as if the glass were being ripped out by the roots. A chase was the sure sequel. Pop's crowd got much the same effect by dropping old glass in front of Jim Wallace's Hotel Princeton prized plate glass windows; Jim tearing down in shirt-tails and terror.

Transposed gates, signs and cartwheels were routine. The best trick was to cross the lines of Gee Hop the vegetable Chink. To turn a horse you pulled on the appropriate rein and said "gee" or "haw", and the more Gee hawed in blissful ignorance the more Gee's haws geed.

Occasionally a trick backfired. Like the left-handed monkey wrench a young buck was sent to annoy the storekeeper with a request for a pennyworth of doo's milk, a stock shocker in Scotland where a "doo" is a dove Which the grocer knew and his tormentor didn't. He was solemnly handed a bag which he put in his pocket; and later put his hand into a pocketful of treacle.

A measles sign was pretty sure immunity from the junior Huns. On the other hand, they could put a "closed" sign on the pub.

Ghosts were known to walk in Princeton shortly after. One post - Hallowe'en morning an early riser looked down on placid Bridge street—and blew up. Transformed in sleep, it was lined from stem to stern with all manner of impedimenta, but mostly old mine trucks. One look and he stormed over to baby-faced Jack Coles. "You get all those cars back by 7 o'clock or—"

Now John couldn't possibly have done all that by himself; but put them back he had to, tired as he must have been if he had a hand in it; and shovel coal all day on top of it.

Wag loved a show. This time he got one. He looked out of his sleep through his second storey window on a monument crowned with a holey of holeys, his picture framed therein.

The priest's study appeared in front of a bank with a sign "deposits here." At the entrance to Angel avenue an erstwhile hardware sign announced "sporting goods."

And when one of the klan took them to his house for a refresher, 'tis said, out they slipped and un-ended HIS privy.

During the "red" trouble a Hallowe'en Hammer and Sickle floated from the court house flag staff. A gate flew from the cenotaph's. How they got it up is a mystery; it took two men two days to get it down. Of course without pranking Mort beat that. Once he put up the flag and they had to take down the flagpole to get it down.

Sparky Hatherill was copper then. At 2 a.m. he sleepily answered the phone. "There's a big fight on." "Where, at the dance? "No, in Ethiopia."

That night when the revellers got home the plumbing was frozen. It was 5 below zero; and there has never been a hot time in the old town since.

Who they were will never be known, but model young men about town at the time included Count Louise de Schulli, Francois Madore, Slaughterhouse Dave Muir and it seems a young fellow named Affleck was principal at the school. It was about this time agitator Arthur Evans got a free ride out.

Nor has it ever been established how so accurate an account always got into the paper.

Now whether this was fun or not is for each to write his own ticket. The old yardstick is that to laugh with folks is good; what hurts can't be funny. But it wouldn't do if we all had the same sense of humor.

It wasn't wee tots who dress up like witches to scare themselves and dangerously soap windows, but it wasn't the wrecking zombie-ism rampant in Vancouver.

The high spirits of youth must be served; it was the stuff that served well enough over there. Some of those guys who moved mine cars won't come back. They were good guys to be with.

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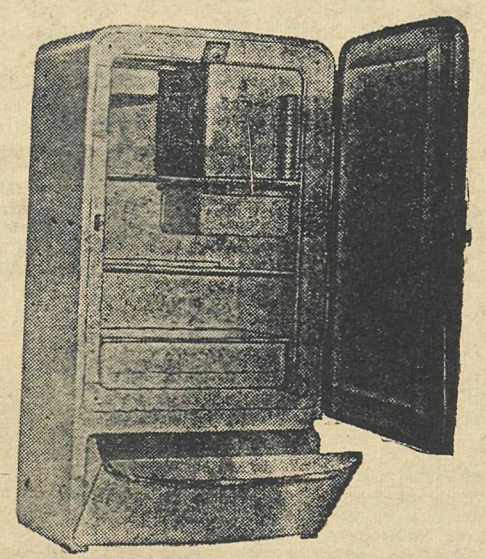
FOR PROUD POSSESSION . . .



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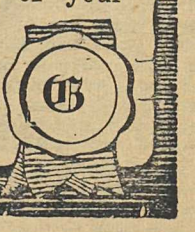
concerning your new driving responsibilities under the Public Safety and Financial Responsibility provisions under Provincial law, now in effect. Otherwise you risk impounding of your automobile and loss of your driver's licence. We have policies designed for just this legislation.



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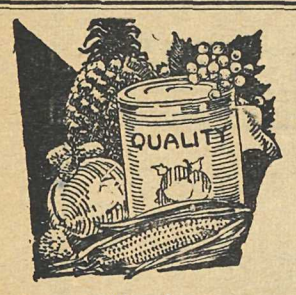

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STAR ADS SELL

Polio: Better

EX-Legion President Dick Gregory, stricken with polio and in Princeton hospital, is now progressing favorably and expected to make a complete recovery.

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School Daze

(FROM PAGE NINE)

There were no such civilized amenities as track meets, but we did have a swell swimming pool. It was in the river, across the mine Dinkey Bridge, only three miles away. When the teacher felt indulgent (or the aroma of m'gillicuddle's big toe) he would herd us all there for a hike. One day we were all on the Dinkey Bridge when toot toot and so was the dinkey. Ed Hamilton please note. History repeats, but all she ever says to me is toot.

★ WE ONLY played one ball game a year. It started on the first day of the term and ended on the last. That made it worth while learning to count up to a million. Second base was behind a big boulder and the Big Room fort was behind second base. That is where Katy spiked m'g, also behind.

Baseball was insufficient to satisfy the feud that baseball engendered. So we built forts. Every now and then one side would raid the other's. We were all accomplished duck-on-the-rock soil the boat—quoat: artists and just occasionally you could find ammunition and spear and sword in that forest rock-pile. So it did not pay to show too much of your head when things were hot. Well, they were, when the bell rang.

A hurried council decided that a licking was better than a bricking, and anyway he couldn't lick the whole school. Let the Big Room make the first move.

Look! They had! A head over the parapet! A yeomanly poke did it mete honor. Our teacher had a lovely set of teeth. We said he had. At this point the reminiscences become too painful to continue. Florence, do you still want to be a school marm?

★

m'gillicuddle's appendix

Some anonymous and malignant nitwit sends a marked copy of the Nanaimo Free Press which should have arrived in time to go into the Dumbsday Book of m'gillicudology preceding, but like him, (or he, she or it) mis-

25 YEARS HENCE—David Allan Brown (Ulysses Xerxes Sophocles m'gillicuddle, private) at 17 has graduated with honors from university, specializing in English and History. Pork shoulder has advanced to 20c a pound.

m'g plans a law suet because they fail to note post-graduate research in the culture of the Olalla and Ningpo dialects. Dispaches from the front say the porker is sueying too.

"My name is Ozymandius, k'nk of kinks; look on my woiks ye blighters and despair" — and send the bright young brat down the pit like he wants

Nanaimo Cider Press Please Do Not Copy

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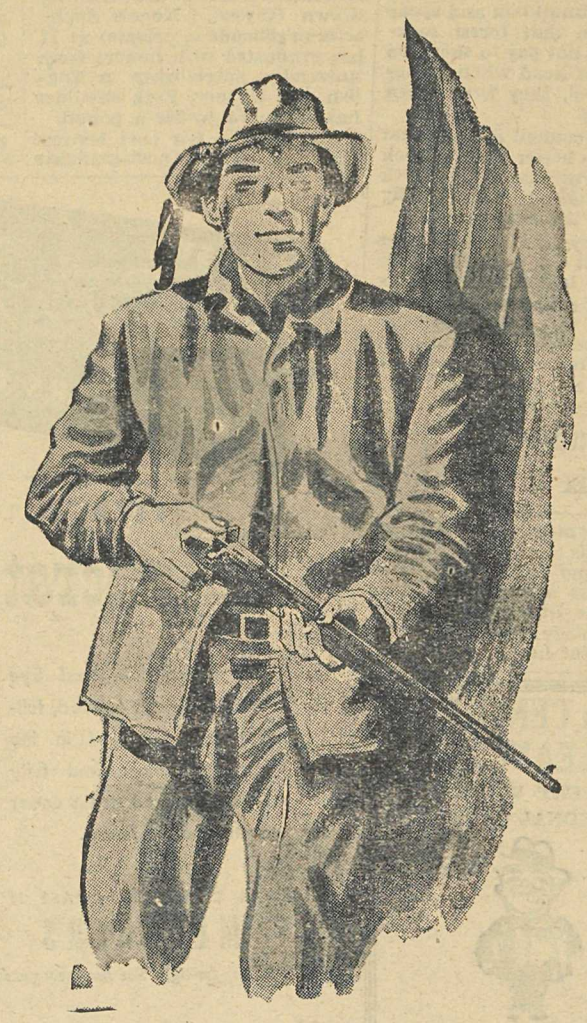

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Outdoors Gear

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Daily hunting time — sunrise to one hour after sunset (P.S.T.)

Ducks—Oct. 1 to Nov. 29. Daily bag 8; season 100; possession limit 16.

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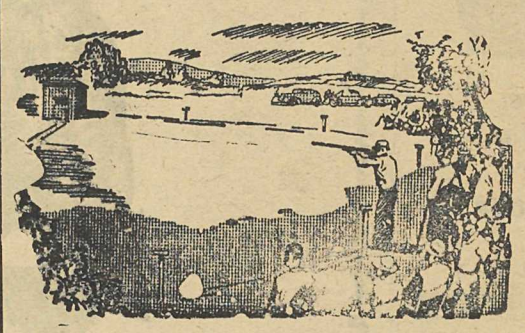

HUNTING HERITAGE...

From the dawn of time the lure of the hunt has been strong in man. Our earliest ancestors lived by the hunt, and the instinct was rooted in a dimmer stage. Long after man ceased to live by the skill of the hunt the pleasure and pride in its prowess persisted. The Greeks fabled the hunter. He is immortalized in a heavenly constellation. And the lure of the hunt is still undimmed Here in Similkameen we have a wondrous heritage to indulge an ancient instinct. It is a manly, healthy pursuit. Enjoy it now!

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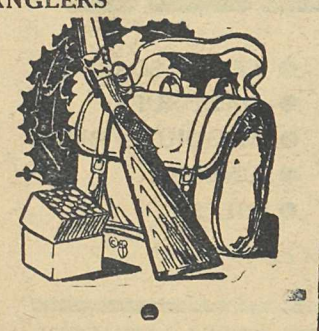
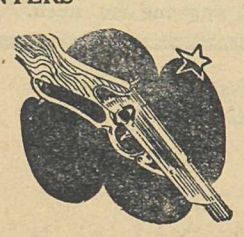


HUNTERS



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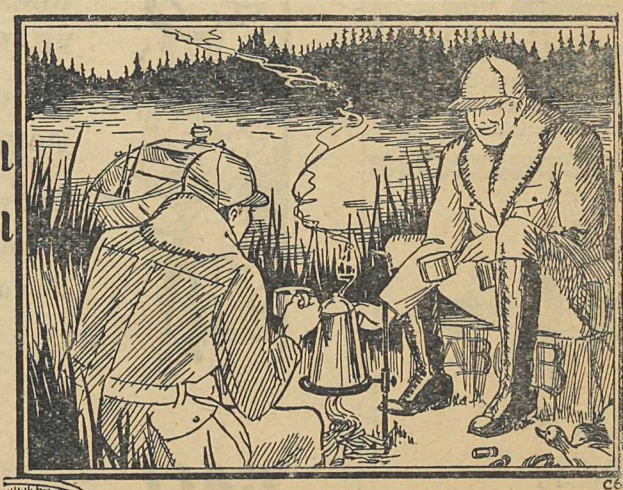

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