FINEST PICTURES
at Princeton's
CAPITOL THEATRE
Every Week-Night

THE SIMILKAMEEN STAR

Cameron's Grocery
The Friendly Store
See Our Ad
PHONE 137

Fiftieth Year; No. 19— PRINCETON, B.C., WEDNESDAY, 10th MAY, 1950 5c per Copy; $2.00 per Year

OLD FRED GETS A NEW JOB--AS FIRST CIVIC EMPLOYEE -- UNPAID

So Fred Gets A Home And The Firehall Gets A Caretaker

YOUR first municipal employee is now official—but not too official. And if everyone could feel sure of being as happy as about this, Princeton's vexed incorporation feud would melt in confident goodwill.

In a way this story starts on Wednesday night but it really goes back to the first building, and the first fire.

There is a historic commodity called fire water; it is not now approved by the underwriters. But being a fireman was still plenty of fun in the good old days at the dawn of the progressive Princeton we now boast.

Proud indeed when Princeton got (by the approved process of passing the hat) an obelisk-like abortion of futuristic architecture which, not unlike the Monument to the great fire of London, still stands as a monument to Pop, because nobody knows how to tear it down. (M'Gillicuddy suggests they get Mort hoist a flag on it, and they would have to tear it down to get the flag down.)

If no virtuous maidens were rescued from upper storey windows, it was neither for lack of upper storey windows or heroic firemen in those romantic days, and we shall discretely carry the reasoning no farther.

When a fire occurred whoever could holler loudest did holler loudest and who could run fastest ran fastest to ring the big bell in the tall tower.

ROMANTIC, BUT—

Then brawny butchers like Jim Gellatly and innocent babes like the youthful version of M'Gillicuddy lugged the hose reel and gallantly pulled for fire and firewater. Quite frequently when tediously set up they would discover they had forgotten the nozzle and dispatch M'G sprinting back for same.

Then came a big improvement They built a cart out of an old Model T chassis (sans motor, which in a model T was purely incidental at any rate). They also fixed the reel up with a coupling pin so they could hitch hike on the back of an ever-willing — and rather over-enthusiastic model T from which the motor had not yet fallen out. Once Carl Stenvold broke all records, only to find that the reel, which was still somewhat necessary, had parted company. Another time it was Chief Curly Pease who was lost by the wayside.

Now this was undoubtedly the stuff that made heroes and creatures like Louie Schulli, but it was somewhat hard on the clothes and early on M'G lost his only suit, angels being born without birthday clothes and it being hard to have a divorce suit when you don't suit at the outsuit.

FIREMAN'S WIFE

Which brings us to the nearer stages in pyrogenous evolution. They got a $1200 second hand fire truck, which meant they had to have a new $6,000 firehall to put it in. And a very nice hall too.

It was of course in the design that a truck that wasn't ready would be more liability than asset. That is why a place was built to keep it in. And to keep it ready, it was realized that the place it was kept in would have to be kept ready. So a room was built where a fireman could stay (The birdhouse on top is not where the Fire District secretary is paid to stay; it is where the siren stays.

The quality of manhood is not constrained, and by this time there was hardly a man left—most of them were married and noone could be found to take the little room. Marrying is something the fireman's manual does not recommend that a fireman make a habit of.

So the new hall was not an unmixed blessing to the firemen. There were stoves to tend and snows to shovel. And nobody to live in the little room.

There was an early extension, it is true, and occupants; but a nest of swallows were not considered desirable tenants, with a solitary vote from the gentle M'Gillicuddy, until he learned that the guests included females when he too withdrew support.

Then the ramp began to be swept and the water drained and the fire tended, and nothing interfered with at all. And M'G knew this could not be a female bird, and was very much in favor of it. A quiet little bird, friendly but not forward, that seemed to belong about the place. Nobody seemed to think it worth asking about. It was nice, and it belonged.

Then on Wednesday somebody brought it up. The old gentleman came in. The big lugs were sitting in his chair and sprawling on his neatly made bed (M'G meekly perched on the coal hod). Did the little old gentleman throw the big lugs out? He shyly backed out, begging their pardon, until prevailed on to come ahead and charge his pipe with baccy which he had come for.

ALL HAPPY NOW

And then it was brought up, and you got your first civic—and very civil—servant, unpaid.

It seems it was like this. Fred Joyce is a sea-faring man and a soldier. He has been round the Horn and in two wars. Now nearing 70, and with an ailment and a pension, he was recommended to a higher altitude and came to Princeton. He left.

A fireman friend who often thought about him—and about tending fires and shovelling snow, finally put two thoughts together, and Fred, the firemen's friend, was installed in the little room. And very nice things have been ever since. tended, but never interfered with. Those firemen who knew were very happy about it as were the others when it was explained. And Fred was too, for the Legion is next door and he was able to make a similar mutually happy hookup.

Indeed, so content was the little old gentleman with the arrangement that he began to doubt if it would last, and in his quiet, brave way he decided he had better know. So, with Fred's proprietary doubt, the explanation came up on Wednesday. Firemen made short work of letting it be known that their exemplary little bird was most welcome And Princeton's first civic servant — unpaid—became official. And the firemen hope permanent.

Caretaker's Daughter Is Taken Care Of Too

AND this is the story of Fred's lass. It seems to tie in very well.

Fred's daughter is a nurse. You have read of odd romances that spring from the simple kindnesses of the service of Florence Nightingale.

This was a very ordinary patient, and a woman, and mayhap Nurse M'Gillicuddy would have nursed a yen to slit her throat. There was certainly nothing to suggest that she might be Madame Midas or the fairy godmother.

But Nurse Joyce ministered to her with standard devotion.

Then one day when the lady was getting well enough to leave she unexpectedly invited Nurse Joyce to accompany her on a trip around the world.

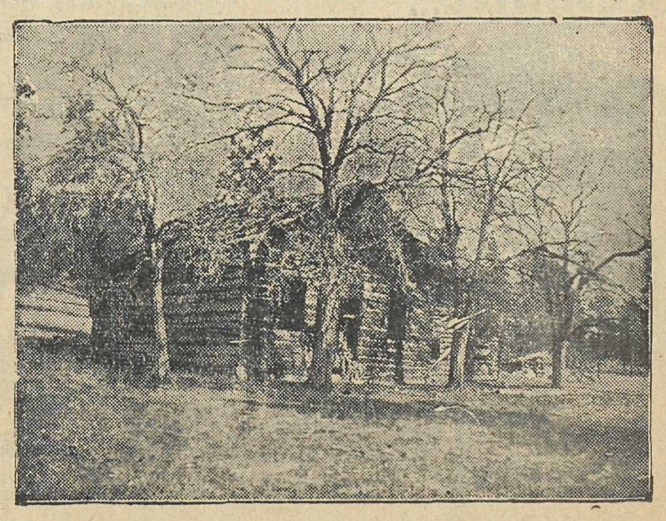
And now Fred looks forward to getting letters from his lass with postmarks like Honolulu and Karachi—which must happily mind him of more expansive days.

And without drawing any morals, may happily remind us in a prosaic age that humanity is still pretty sound stuff.

Home And Music: They Still Endure

THE old Allison place near Westbank, where they spent the winters in the 70's, driving their cattle to milder climate, is still standing (shown here) but in ruins. It was visited recently by Mrs. Doug Parsons of Keremeos, a grand-daughter.

The Allison organ, first in B.C. and brought round the Horn is now in Vancouver museum.



Princeton Bowlers Bring Home The Bacon

THOUGH Princeton bowling is in just its first year, two honors were brought home from the all-comers tournament at Penticton. Outlaws were third in the team event and Ted Pringle and Ike Mullin of the same team were third in the doubles. They led up to the final day of play.

AL JOHNSTON TAKES HIS LAST LONG RIDE

He Drove The Roads In Stagecoach Days; Built Roads and Friendships

END NOW, Al Johnston. The thinning generation of yesterday has lost a firm hand and a stout heart and a good head.

A good hand, because Al was a true pioneer, who helped to build to-day out of the frugal pocket of yesterday. He panned gold in the Yukon, he drove stages in many parts of the surging west. He sawed lumber and built roads in Similkameen, and no one ever gave better value

A good head, for, with no great academic opportunity he turned the learning of experience into wisdom; practical but with a tint of romanticism that made him a rare conversationalist and spinner of yarns with those he favored. And a ripe sense of humor and understanding that bloomed in a homespun hill philosophy pitched somewhere between that of Don Chaucer and Will Rogers, but typically Al Johnston's.

Similkameen's Friend

And a great heart. For while like all the rest of us he was in some things a wee bit queer and a mite stubborn, he was solid honest and fair at the core; and if independent to the nth, and an x in choosiness, his mathematics in trust and friendship never flinched. Al liked you or he didn't and you couldn't ask for a truer, fairer friend, ready both to give and take.

He was not a complicated character. He was either yes or no, and his judgments were usually right. He was harder on himself than any one else; thought of himself too little.

In the time most of us have known him he should have taken better care of himself. There were a lot of things wrong with him and they irritated him. But to have bowed to them, to have pampered himself, would have been worse suffering to his rugged spirit.

A TRUE PIONEER

He would trudge in from his Wolf Creek ranch, dutiful in his rounds, yielding to his lure for a few fast friends—though congenial to everyone — but impatient to be back. "My old woman is poorly; I gotta be with her."

He liked to rest his legs and have a mug-up of coffee, to skim over his romantic days and keep up with the current scene — which he categorized with succinct comments; and then he must be off.

If he accepted you he would let you do things for him; but he always saw that he returned as much. One of his old pals got married; and that was the end of Al's visits there.

Albert Everest Johnston was a true son the pioneer West. He was born, the son of a stock rancher, on 13th May, 1870, near Hastings, Nebarska. Though Nebraska was frontier enough, at 18 Al pushed farther west with his step-uncle.

That would be in 1888, and though Al seemed to indicate that he drove stage in various parts, the Cariboo road was by this time renowned. Certain it is that he was driving on the Cariboo road in the 90's and before he went to the Yukon.

He quit the Cariboo for the gold rush of '98 and went in by Edmonton. He spent three years in the far north and came to Similkameen in 1900.

In the Yukon he met Stefansson, the noted explorer.

BOSSBURG'S BOOM

He then went on the Bossburg-Boundary run in the halcyon days of that area. The journey was in two divisions, Cascade to Greenwood and Camp McKinney to Penticton. The customs point was Cascade.

Only once was he held up, at Jack Hill, near McKinney. He had to hand over the mail, but all the bandit got was Eaton's catalogues which were left disgustedly strewn by the roadside.

He only once drove the Welby stage from Penticton to Princeton, when the regular driver was ill. That winter Okanagan Lake was frozen over.

In 1902 he married Susan Louisa, fourth of a family of 14 of Mr. and Mrs. John Fall Allison, our first settlers. The ceremony took place in the Allison home on the Bill Thomas Flat and the bridesmaid was Miss Hagerman—a family still remembered here.

At this time he was working at the sawmill started by Tom Hunter of Nicola where the Elks Hall now stands.

Some years later he had a

(Page Three)

Spring in Similkameen

It's springtime in the hills again,
With wispy winds and wistful rain,
And hope's rebirth in pleasant pain,
In secret stir and cheerful strain:
Th' eternal ode of wax and wane,
A new ruond and an old refrain.

Where seasons linger, loth to go,
But mellower in their ripeness so—
On this stern stage of sun and snow
Deft interludes of afterglow.

The thin moon scythes the field of night
And flails a chaff of star delight;
The round noon sits on higher throne
And wins the hill world for his own.

High up the slopes of Hozomeen
The white is pierced by spears of green
By little lakes that grow from snows
Beside the snow th' anenome blows.

The churlish hills, still pocked with snow,
Are loth to let their languor go.
But storming greens in swift surprise
To scale the rocky ramparts rise.

The strong sun sails, aye prowing fore,
Where waves of cloud break from the shore
And deep down on the valley's floor
The river rumbles to a rising roar.

In fitful clouds the vexed hours fly,
In truant sun and fretful sky,
Whereout in passing pageant spills
The evolution of our hills.

The canopy of virgin snows
Is tarnished as the young year grows;
Emerges slow the bald cocoon,
Fuzzed with an infant green full soon.

Till yellow daisies stamp their sway
And rule a brief but brilliant day;
Then verdure rises rich to reign,
Till summer sears the brow again;
In dwindling days the passing show
Is claimed again by ancient snow.

In pageantry of sound and smell
The magic wand tips dune and dell,
With catkins purring in the brakes
And sleek trout sportive in the lakes.

The phallic ooze of heaving earth,
The sweet smoke of the woodsman's hearth
E'en the old church bell 's throb is musked
In lengthening overtones of dusk.

With wisps of wind and raps of rain,
Sweet evidence of changling pain,
One with the seed its kiss unchains,
The season's budding in the grain.

And in the medley of the hours
A panoply of vanguard flowers,
Where pansies pout and tulips spill,
Tumbling on snowdrop, daffodil.

The robin's ripe complacent air,
The naiad bluebird's furtive lair,
The saucy sparrow's mocking gawk,
And high aloft the scouring hawk.

And here in nature's breed of men
The spade and hammer sprout again,
The young man's fancy, says the verse,
Doth run to better or to worse.

Voici la mode Parisienne;
And Bronc's shirt's worn outside again;
Out comes Virginny's string and twig
And Mutterin' Jimmy's sprightly jig.

And Gilbert toils among his tulips
And mops his brow and thinks of juleps;
The Cenotaph, reviving leper,
Is sprinkled rich with Martin's Pepper.

The roads rub out their icy rust
In pools of water and of dust,
And skis and sleds abandon hopes
To marbles, balls and skipping ropes.

The first stiff fly in fuming fuss,
The first frail moth, sad-humorous;
Silvester's frog booms baritone,
That summer's come and winter's gone;

And swift will surge the rushing green,
Pine-tinctured air and sky serene,
And swaying bunchgrass' silken sheen
And summer in Similkameen

THE REDWOODS OF OUR DAWN

VERY OLD are the hills, and the rocks of Similkameen, cradle of our mineral wealth, are also the grave of our richest tree. Once the Redwood grew in Similkameen, a rarer species than the California giant. And a new discovery of an old species in far - off China links us with a living fossil.

Some six miles up the Similkameen River from the forks at Princeton, where the first panners sought river gold, too shadowy for record, the face of geology is bared. It is a crossroads of ages and in clear evidence of an old water basin is the story of coal and shale and fossil in the making. The fossils — carbon copies of ancient life on sandstone slabs — have long stirred curiosity but only lately drawn research.

From this spot half a mile off the thronging Highway a fossil slab went to Victoria and became the subject of a newspaper story. With leaves of the oak and poplar—but of a species quite different from those of to-day—were identified twigs of the evergreen redwood—first credit to Rev. Robert Connell.

The redwood, an overhang from a bygone age, is one of the rerest of trees

Once it covered the northern hemisphere but is now confined to California and North-West Oregon, where it was first studied by Alexander Menzies, the Scottish botanist, in 1795.

Since then the redwood has been a research her's prize as a living link with the Cenozoic age of geology 60 million years ago. It has long been recognized that fossils found over the northern continents are of a different species and not direct ancestors of the California tree. The fossil cones are on long stalks, with no needles.

Only a few years ago Tsang Wang of the Chinese Forestry Department was attracted in remote Szchewan, where even few Chinese travel, by an enormous tree, of a kind he had not seen before.

With the confusion of war this was reported by a Japanese and in time came to the notice of Dr. R.

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DISTRICT SCHOOLS REGISTER

PRINCETON

Supervising Principal—Mr. K. F. Alexander.
Vice-Principal—Mr. T. Crowley

HIGH SCHOOL

Div.	Grade	Teacher	Enrollment
I	13 (Sr. Matric)		11
I	12	* Mr. T. Crowley	17
II	11	Mr. K. Williams	24
III	10	Mr. A. Seidler	18
High School Total			70

JUNIOR HIGH

I	9	Miss M. L. Suttle	31
II	8	Mr. J. S. Henderson	36
III	7	Mr. D. White	33
Junior High School Total			100

* In High School grades subjects are distributed among the staff. Teachers listed art room-masters.

SUBJECTS

English and Literature — Mr. Henderson.
Science and Mathematics — Mr. Crowley.
and Mr. Seidler.
Social Sutdies—Mr. Williams.
French—Miss Suttle.
Commerce—Mrs. VanStockum.
Industrial Arts — Mr. W. P. Dixon.
Physical Education—Mr. White
Home Economics—Miss Berscheid.
Arts and Music—Miss Semko.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

I	6	Mrs. J. Sharpe	34
II	5	Miss C. McKnight	3[illegible]
III	4	Miss S. Garrett	
IV	4 and 3	Miss N. Cambray.	
V	3	Mrs. G. Thomas	
		Grade 4: Enrollment	65
		Grade 3: Enrollment	43
VI	2	Mrs. T. Jenner.	
VII	2 and 1	Miss I. M. Bisson	
VIII	1	Miss N. Hardwick.	
		Grade 2: Enrollment	51
		Grade 1: Enrollment	47
Elementary total enrollment			285
Total Princeton Enrollment			45[illegible]
1948 Total			460

(Page Four please)

Similkameen's Friend

MANY TRIBUTES TO LATE J. J MALONE

His Wish Fulfilled, He Rests Beside Man He Served and Succeeded

J. J. MALONE is at rest, and at peace. He rests beside his colleague and his leader, in the city both served as pioneers.

The ashes of J. J. Malone have been interred at Nelson, his grave beside that of John Houston, militant newspaperman and Nelson's first mayor.

That was his wish.

They were together on Nelson's first council when the city on the lake incorporated in 1897 not long after Mr. Malone arrived there from Granite Creek with his life-long partner, Al. Tregillus—another of his noted loyalties.

John Houston was mayor, J. J. Malone was an alderman. And when Houston died Mr. Malone succeeded him as mayor, in 1914 As Nelson's second mayor he served three terms. He was also a director of Nelson's first fair and later served as president.

When Nelson celebrated its golden jubilee in 1947 Mr. Malone as the only surviving member of the first council, was honored with an illuminated plaque which hangs in the Malone home in Princeton, alongside a photo of the first council, in which Mr. Malone appears as here.

Nelson's eight surviving mayors were so honored.

16th AT GRANITE CK.--

With Tregillus Mr. Malone established Nelson's Tremont Hotel which they sold in 1912.

About 1901 Mr. Malone came back to Similkameen and found ed the Princeton Brewery.

With his family, he made his home here about 1925.

To keep complete the record of so outstandng a man, an old note just upturned shows he told The Star he was the 16th man to reach Granite Creek and John Amberty was next.

He came from Arthur, Ontario the same township as the late Al. Towriss and Mrs. Prosser, then of Nelson, remembers him as Nelson's mayor.

Mrs. Malone and Edna (Peggy) have remained in Nelson for a visit with friends following the interment rites.

Many were the tributes to Mr. Malone. The Nelson News printed, with this photo, the full appreciation from The Star, with a tribute to its author.

From the Nelson City Council Mrs. Malone received the following:

"Dear Mrs. Malone: At the meeting of the Council held Tuesday I was directed to extend to you and your family the profound sympathy of the Mayor and Aldermen in your recent sad bereavement.

We wish to pay tribute at this time to the outstanding service of Mr. Malone to this city in its early years both as mayor and alderman. His faith in the future of this city and his efforts in its behalf will be long remembered by our citizens.

"We trust that the many words of condolence extended by Mr. Malone's large circle of friends, and our own, will help you in your time of sorrow.

"Yours very truly,
W. A. GORDON,
City Clerk"

Not So Bad Man

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

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

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

AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE

International Trucks
B & A Products
Tires, Batteries
General Repairs
Etc.

Johnston & Byrne
The House on the Hill
Princeton — Phone 48X

AL. JOHNSTON --

From Page One

ranch out One Mile, then took the Wolf Creek place which he kept on. This was an old Indian camping ground.

In 1934 he was appointed road foreman, the most conscientious we have ever had. He seriously injured an eye while working on the Tulameen bridge and retired in 1942.

He died 21st May in hospital in Vancouver where he had gone for an operation. With his ailing wife—about whom he was much more anxious—he spent last winter at Keremeos with their daughter. The winter before the old couple were holed up on their ranch by big snow and had no contact with town for six weeks. But Al had no resentment over it.

Besides his wife—now 77 and frail, but still bright, he is survived by two daughters, Ida (Mrs Meldrum) of North Vancouver and Alberta (Mrs. Doug Parsons) of Keremeos and a son Laddie.

The funeral was on Wednesday, 26th April, from St. Paul's, with rites by the Oddfellows — one of his few affiliations. He was buried in the picturesque family cemetery of the Allisons, on the slope of Castle Rock.

Friends like Al Johnston don't die, and there is no sadness in us who know them when, restless in inactivity after a full, brave life they go to well-earned rest. It may be opportunity to do more for them than in their pride they would allow. And that's the way some of us will. That's the way some of us will always feel about old Al, one of nature's gentlemen. So long, old timer.

★ Skill
★ Equipment
THE STAR

ask for Princeton BEER & ALE
Royal Export
&
High Life BEER
OLD DUBLIN ALE
at all Vendors on the Mainland
50-5
This advertisement is not published or displayed by the Liquor Control Board or by the Government of British Columbia.

10th ANNUAL 10th ANNUAL

KEREMEOS
RODEO
WEDNESDAY, MAY 24th
FAMOUS JOE KELSEY HORSES—BRAHMA BULLS
LONGHORN STEERS—MEXICAN BULL FIGHTER
Steer Bulldogging—Broncho Riding—Bareback Riding
Parade—May Queen Crowning—Cowboy Dance—Meals
Carnival Concessions—Clowning—Refreshments
Calf Roping—Horsemanship
Rodeo Starts 2 p.m.
Sponsored by Keremeos Elks

FOR YOUR SUNDAY BREAKFAST

SAUSAGE – Fresh Daily
Broilers—Chicken—Fowl
QUALITY MEATS ONLY
QUALITY MEAT MARKET
PRINCETON 100— A. E. BLOOM, Prop.

At Your Service

To serve the happy and growing community of West Princeton
★
DALLOW'S
WEST PRINCETON
GROCERY
PHONE 37-X

PRINTING Brings Business!
★ THE STAR

QUALITY RYE AT A POPULAR PRICE
Adams OLD RYE WHISKY
A50-4
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● NOTICE

Canadian Legion, Branch 56 Princeton, invite applications for the position of

STEWARD

who will take charge of the club facilities under the direction of the House Committee. Applicants are requested to state age and experience, also salary expected. Address all applications to the Secretary

Advertisers YOU NEED GOOD PRINTING
THE STAR
Can handle the Valley's every printing need

F·I·S·H
Fresh As The Waves

Salmon,
Halibut
Sole Fillets
Oolichans
Smoked Haddock,
Kippers, etc.
Fresh Cod & Fillets
Princeton Meat Market
S. A. Wilson, Proprietor
PRInceton 21

TALK ABOUT A HOUSING SHORTAGE...

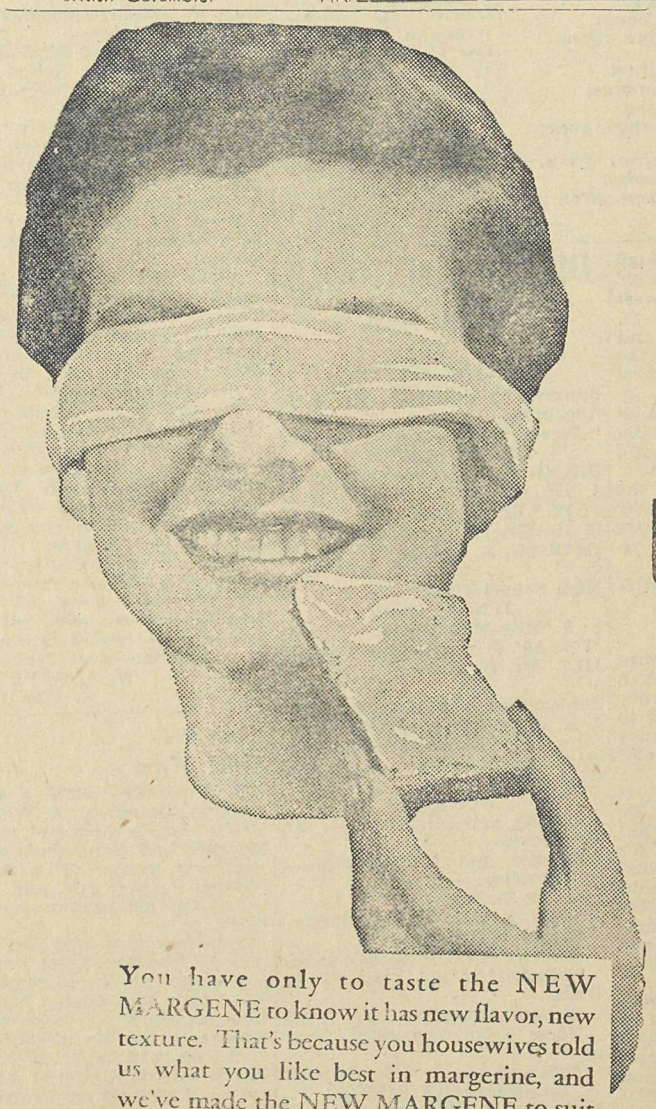
THERE IS NO HOUSING SHORTAGE for MOTHS
They may be homesteading right now in your favorite suits or dresses.
Better protect your clothing with U-San-O, the Insured Mothproof Cleaning System.
U-San-O is part of our regular cleaning service. Call us today and forget your moth troubles.
ROBERTSON'S CLEANERS
PHONE 123 PRINCETON
U-SAN-O INSURED MOTH PROOF CLEANING SYSTEM

THE STAR COVERS THE VALLEY

SILVER SLIPPER London Dry GIN

The Best GIN You Can Buy!
: Triple Distilled.
: Tropical Botanicals add that delightful bouquet.
: Strength, for a good fizz or cocktail.
YOU CAN BUY NO BETTER.
650-2
This advertisement is not published or displayed by the Liquor Control Board or by the Government of British Columbia.

HOME BAKERY
— PRINCETON —
In the interests of you whom we serve, and our tourist visitors, WE ARE NOW
NOW OPEN TILL 6 P.M.
Thursday included, except Sunday
— Buy Princeton-Made Bread —



100-to-1 You'll like the New MARGENE
BETTER THAN ANY OTHER MARGARINE...

You have only to taste the NEW MARGENE to know it has new flavor, new texture. That's because you housewives told us what you like best in margarine, and we've made the NEW MARGENE to suit your wishes. It's GOOD—better than ever. Get some today.

A PRODUCT OF CANADA PACKERS LIMITED

QUALITY RYE Distilled in Bond
ADAMS OLD RYE WHISKY

A50-3
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Star Ads Pay Big Dividends

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

JOIN THE GAME CLUB NOW — for 1950

The Membership Dues are still only $1 and if you have the lucky ticket

You May Win $25, $10, $5

Draw will be made when all the stubs are in

Get your mebership card from any of the following — Mrs. A. Gill, Mrs. C. V. Prosser, Mrs. H. Miller, Mrs. T. O. Lessard Messrs Bert Taylor, C. Dunnnigham, Gordon Price, F. Dunningham, Bobbie Miller Ray Bombard, T. O. Lessard, Don Jenner

Help the boys help you; join up

Yours for better hunting and fishing,

Princeton &Dist Fish &Game Club

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

AMATEUR NIGHT
AT
HEDLEY
COMMUNITY HALL
Friday, May 12
at 8 p.m.
— GOOD CASH PRIZSS —
Entries Free—Send Entries to MARGARET ANDREWS, HEDLEY, B.C.

SPONSORED BY C.C.F. CLUB

WHATIZZIT?
Dave Thomas and co-conspirator were taking survey levels on Princeton streets this week but wouldn't say nowt.

Elizabeth's
Beauty Salon

MISS MARGARET HANDY
PROPRIETRESS
All Forms of Beauty Culture

HOURS—9:30 to 5:30
Thursday: 9:30 to 1

Phone Princeton 57 for your appointment

Haven't *You* Been Missing Something?
Harwood's
Canada's Finest Whisky

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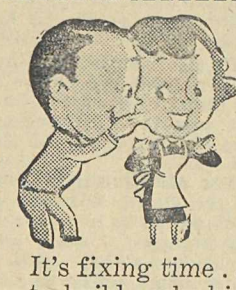
PROPANE GAS NOW 8½c POUND
RELIANCE SERVICES, Princeton

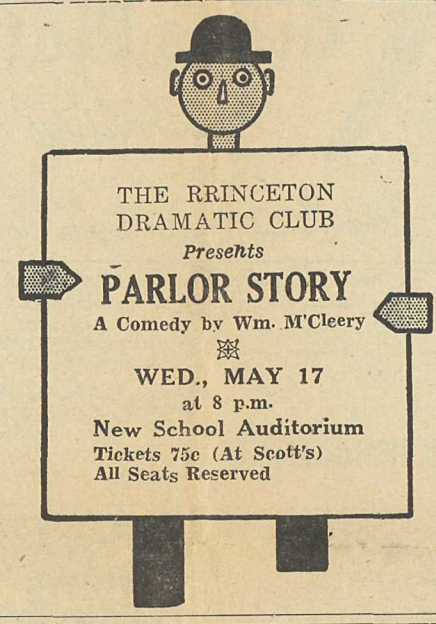


Let's Fix Our Nest

It's fixing time . . . and whether you are starting to build or looking for the little luxury touches of extra comfort — and don't forget what you have needs protecting — we have everythihg to give you the utmost value in security and enjoyment—for there is no value like the value of living. In **Paints, Building Materials ahd Furnishings** we offer you up-to-the-minute lines. It it is our specialty. Come in and talk over better values for better living. You may be missing it.

TWO RIVERS
Lumber & Building Supplies
Bridge at Harold, Princeton—Phone 137

GRANGER'S FEED & STORAGE
Heated Storage - . Packing & Crating
Fireproof — Mothproof
OFFICE: BRIDGE ST., PHONE 145
WAREHOUSE: HOFE ROAD, NEAR TUNNEL
O. B. GRANGER, Proprietor



THE RRINCETON DRAMATIC CLUB
Presents
PARLOR STORY
A Comedy by Wm. M'Cleery
WED., MAY 17
at 8 p.m.
New School Auditorium
Tickets 75c (At Scott's)
All Seats Reserved

PRNCETON & DISTRICT WAR MEMORIAL SCTY.
ANNUAL MEETING
The Annual Meeting will be held
WEDNESDAY, 10th MAY, 1950
at 7:30 p.m.
in the
PARISH HALL, PRINCETON

BIG HOME TALENT PRODUCTION
It's A Date
Sponsored by Princeton Branch No. 56 Canadian Legion, for Local Charties

NEW SCHOOL AUDITORIUM, RRINCETON
TUESDAY, 23rd MAY, 1950
CURTAIN TIME: 8:13
THE BIG LAUGH SHOW OF THE SEASON, USING YOUR OWN NEIGHBORS

ADMISSIONS—
Adults $1.00
Students 50c
Children 35c

Come One, Come All

NOW We Can Supply
PEAT MOSS
For Gardens and Poultry
IN BALES :: ANY QUANTITY
GRANGERS FEED & STORAGE
OFFICE BRIDGE ST. :: PRINCETON 145

Be Money In Pocket With
MURRAY ROLL ROOFING

You'll reduce expenses for sure when you buy Murray Roll Roofing—to roof or re-roof garages, summer cottages, farm buildings, temporary structures. You'll find out—as hundreds of others have—that the low application costs, and the weathertight protection of Murray Roll Roofing make it the most economical you can buy.

See us about dependable Alexander Murray Roll Roofing—either smooth or surfaced with colourful slate granules.

PRINCETON BUILDERS' SUPPLIES
PHONE 72-Y
EMIL SCHMIDT, Proprietor
BRIDGE STREET, PRINCETON

Glidden JAPALAC Paints

LUMBER AND SUPPLIES!

DAWN TREE--

From Page Three

W. Chaney, paleobotanist of the University of California. It was noted that the cones matched those of the fossils, and it was nemed the Metasequoia (me a change), or Dawn Redwood.

In 1948 Dr. Chaney, with Dr M. Silverman, went to Szchew n to see the "living fossil", only tree of its kind known to exist

Flying to Chungking, sailing down the Yangtze-kiang (kiang, river) to Wan Hisen, and th n a three day journey over rock trails, near Mo-toa-chi . . . "we stood beneath the great tree growing on the eastern border of Mo-tao-chi, our hands upon its gray, red flecked bark, our eyes uplifted . . . a giant that persisted from the past."

Many living redwoods are 100 to 1500 years old but this one belongs to a lost tribe of 60 million years ago.

Dr. Chaney also heard of the fossils of Similkameen and in July last year came to see an sample them. He quickly identified them as of the Metasequoia, the true dawn redwood.

He also examined another wel known fossil bed, about a m up China Creek, where he found not only the Metasequoia but also the Taxodium, the California variety.

The distinguishing characters of the Dawn Redwood—deciduous (sheds its needles); ascending branches, cones on long needle-less stems, with ma e cones sometimes on long spikes and needles opposite.

This last is a vital distinguishing characters in the California variety the needles ar alternate.

At one time of course the continents of Asia and America were linked. To-day the tourist must go 10,000 miles to remote Szchewan to link 60 million years in the one living fossil, but he can see the carbon copy a half mile off the highway, and in the Similkameen Star's little local museum. And one day he may be able to see the living tree, for we are endeavoring to get seedlings of both the California and Dawn varieties.

Due to changes of climate there is little liklihood of this beatuiful and valuable tree being commercially revived so far north, but it has the value of fascination, one of our many rich and romantic heritages.

★ Skill
★ Equipment
THE STAR

SCHOOLS--

From Page Three

COPPER MTN.

HIGH SCHOOL

I Mr. F. J. Bower (Principal)
II Mr. J. R. F. Warr

PUBLIC SCHOOL

I 7-6-5 Mrs. V. Mayne
II 5-4 Mrs. F. H. Chase
III 3-3 Mrs. S. Eror
IV 1 Mrs. E. P. Keats
Total Enrollment 150

ALLENBY

Mrs. L. Sanders
Grades 1-4; rest at Princeton.

COALMONT

Mr. J. Schellenberg

TULAMEEN

Miss R. Kirkbride 18

★

PRINCETON'S FIRST SCHOOL was held in premises where the Oddfellows' Hall now stands. It was privately operated by Sam Nicola was the first teacher in Spencer. Miss Jessie Murray of the government school.

Are you thinking about YOUR NEXT JOB?
PRINTING and BOOKBINDING
THE STAR

Captured flavour of the Indies...
OLD INSPECTOR RUM
OVER 4 YEARS OLD
Old Inspector RUM
R-9
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A Champion
Seagram's King's Plate Rye Whisky
Say Seagram's and be Sure
KP6B
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Now Available! TRIPLE INDEMNITY INSURANCE
A new policy providing accidental death and dismemberment benefits to protect your loved ones. Your beneficiaries will receive:
Face Value of the Policy if you die from a natural cause.
Double the Face Value of the policy if you die by accident.
Triple the Face Value of the policy if you die by accident while riding as a passenger in certain public conveyances or while in a burning public building.
You yourself get liberal dismemberment benefits providing cash for loss of parts of your body.
Ask for our pamphlet "Confederation Life Announces" giving particulars of these benefits. It will interest you.
Before you insure Consult Confederation Life Association
HEAD OFFICE TORONTO
Representative:
GILBERT PRIDEAUX - - PRINCETON

PRINCETON BRANCH No. 56
CANADIAN LEGION
BUSINESS MEETING
QUARTERLY
ALL VETERANS WELCOME

Haven't You Been Missing Something?
Harwood's
Canada's Finest Whisky
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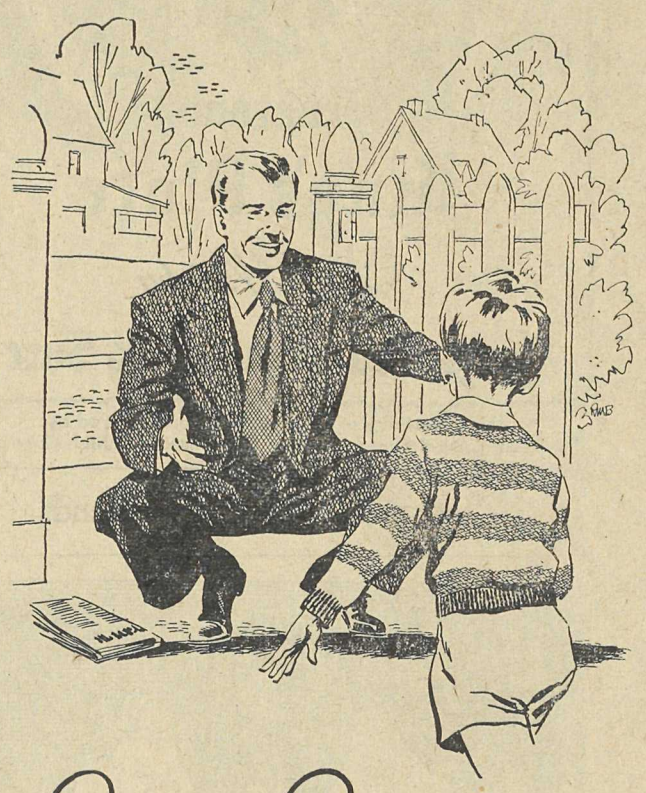


Planned Saving
paid off for the Browns

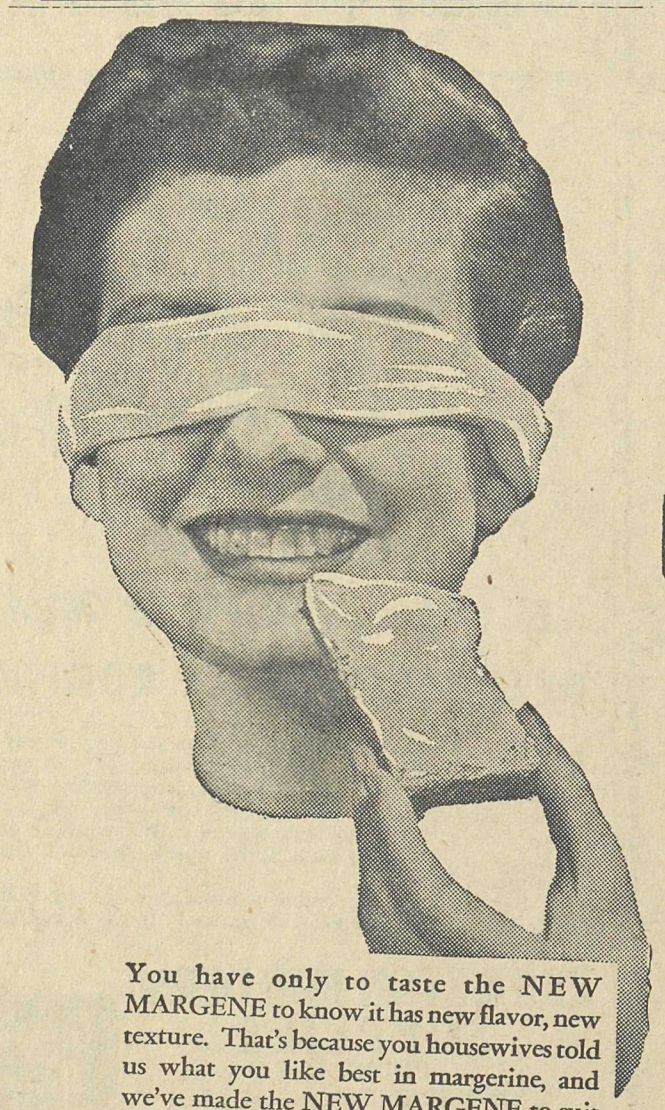
The neighbors remember how sick young Donny was a few months ago, and how worried the Browns were. But they never guessed what a serious drain his illness had been on the family purse.

Wisely, the Browns had made it a rule to put something into their savings account, week by week, almost from the day they were married. So when they consulted their bank manager, their credit was good. With the help of a small bank loan, they were able to pay all their bills promptly. Now Donny is healthy again—and so is their bank account.

* * * *

Planned saving pays off, when bargains, opportunities or emergencies come along.

SPONSORED BY YOUR BANK



100-to-1 You'll like the New MARGENE
BETTER THAN ANY OTHER MARGARINE...

You have only to taste the NEW MARGENE to know it has new flavor, new texture. That's because you housewives told us what you like best in margerine, and we've made the NEW MARGENE to suit your wishes. It's GOOD—better than ever. Get some today.

A PRODUCT OF CANADA PACKERS LIMITED

Calvert Mount Royal
Canadian Whisky
A Distinguished Member of a Distinguished Family
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