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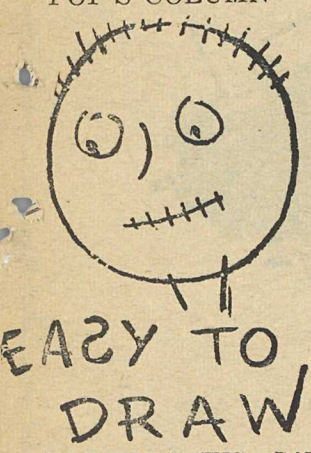
THE SIMILKAMEEN STAR

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

Fiftieth Year; No. 35— PRINCETON, B.C., THURSDAY, 31st AUGUST, 1950. 5c per Copy; $2.00 per Year

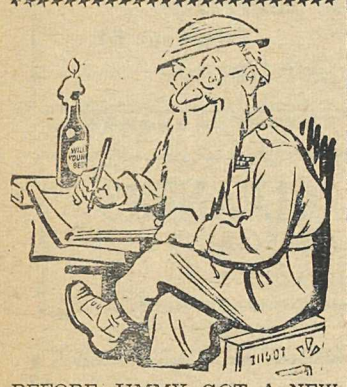
AIN'T EDDICATION WONNERFUL?

POP'S COLUMN



(a) BY THE RISING RAFAELS—THIS; (b) BY THEIR DEVOTED TUTORS—$; (c) BY THE SCHOOL DENTIST; (d) BY VISITING EXPERTS—WRONG CONCLUSIONS ABOUT THIS·

AFTER ALL, WHAT DO THE JUDGES KNOW ABOUT IT?



BEFORE JIMMY GOT A NEW SANCTUM—AND A . . . .

AND AFTER . . .

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALES (2).

THE P.T.A. GOT REVENGE

WE ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY PAY THE CHIT

NEW SCHOOL DEDICATED TO SERVICE

450 From Valley Points Join Visiting Notables In Opening Ceremony

MILESTONE OF PROGRESS

'An Acquisition And Full Value', Is Assurance.

PRINCETON opened the doors of its new $400,000 school with prescribed formality, and its heart with traditional frontier hospitality.

Pulses quickened when the symbolic keys were formally handed over and the imposing modern structure was officially ours; for this was a milestone of progress—almost 90 years to a day since the first land was pre-empted; fifty years since Princeton had its factual founding, inheriting its name from that fanciful flair.

The dedication ceremony was apt, but not auspicious: the occasion looms larger than the calibre of its celebration. Actually, in quality and substance, the oratory was disappointingly trivial. But it mattered none—it did the job, the school was opened and ours, and we opened our hearts to it.

OUR PROBLEM SOLVED

And the organization was flawless the reception good.

More than 400 attended the function, held in the proud new auditorium 12th September (program page five). The public function was preceded by a luncheon for the officials and prominent citizens.

The addresses were important rather for the prominence of the speakers than for what was said their common theme congratulatory.

EDUCATION MINISTER W. T. STRAITH noted that the occasion was an example of a general condition in British Columbia. Because this is the fastest growing province in Canada, educational demands were almost phenomenal.

Princeton was fortunate—her needs were well satisfied.

DEPUTY MINISTER DR. F. T FAIREY assured us that from point of educational standards our needs were indeed taken care of and we had made a good investment. He liked the location, and was pleased with the liberal playground space.

That he saw the picture from the focus of the educationalist was further emphasized when he told us, injudiciously, however true, that the school—after all our school—put the town to shame and should inspire us to better things.

And he raised an overt titter when he told us how unanimously and harmoniously we had gone about it.

AND GOOD VALUE

Other speakers were ceremonially routine.

Refreshments were served in the chromium edged cafeteria and the elder students guided their guests through the building. Commendably practical were the working demonstrations in industrial arts and home economics. The inevitable impression was that the youngsters of our disrict are fortunate and we can be proud of an acquisition.

The building can take it too, though its absolute sound-proofness is still debatable. But the Florences and their pals sang Offenbach's barcarolle with the illusion of Venice; they at least have the voices if not the vices of the angels they are.

Representatives and school district officials made a plaform background of beauty and intelligence for the notables. Mr. E. E. Burr presided

RIVAL OPENING PROVES A FLOP

(Mort Lost The Opener)

AN erudite undress on education in the evils of alcohol by Dr. M. T. Erskine avalanched the opposition opening in the Forum Legion. The large crowd in attendance consisted of Dr. Erskine (waistband 86).

Dissention had arisen among the dissenters. Prof. Emeritus Prideaux is engaged in first hand or head first research into Similkameen batholiths. Prof. Pepper has transferred from condiments to paleobotany. Prof. Prosser never bot any either, and Dr. Erskine had enough to do paying for his own.

Prof. Gott, plumping for a union, gott involved in a union suit over the loyalty oath. Orator Allin was as usual involved with other oaths. If President Fairley went where Dr. Earskin consigned him he graduates in vulcanism

Prof. Pop, the by-all-ogist who specializes in the bottom up bird Similkumora cuspidora made the dedidacatory address. It was "pop." That was when Dr. Earskin lost the opener.

● 'LITTLE ICELAND' MODEL COMMUNITY

Viking Corner In Canada Holds Interest For Princeton Visitors

SEVENTY-five years ago a man wrote a letter to the government. It was an historic letter. for the man was in Iceland; he wrote to the government of Canada.

A party of Iceland folk wanted to emigrate to Canada; they asked the government for a piece of land—with special conditions. For they did not wish to become simply emigrants, absorbed into the bloodstream of infant Canada; they wished to continue their ancient ways, preserved from their Norse ancestry, in the dim days of an earlier exodus.

And they did and they have. They celebrated the 75th anniversary of the founding of "Little Iceland" in Canada this month. And by coincidence there was a considerable representation from Similkameen to witness the unique event. For at Gimley, north of Winnipeg, on Lake Manitoba where the air cadets held summer camp, was held during the same period, this unusual commemoration; and for one Similkameen man the coincidence had dual association.

Strong Men

There was an earlier "expropriation" in the fertile frontier land of Manitoba. In 1812 Lord Selkirk brought out colonists from Scotland to found the Red River Settlement: its fate the Seven Oaks massacre in the rancour of the fur men's war.

But when in 1869 the embryo Canadian confederation—formed only two years before—reached out to annex the North-West even Manitoba was still mostly wilderness.

Another "colony" had come: but it presented an opposite problem. The French breeds had moved into the Red River valley because they wanted frontier conditions, and their welcome to annexation was the Red River Rebellion. One way or another colonization of Manitoba seemed ill-starred.

But the Iceland folk knew what they wanted. They got a grant of about 400 square miles Though just a hundred miles north of Winnipeg, this was not in the Manitoba that had become a Canadian province in 1870, for original boundaries were modestly south, and this was still federal territory. So the Icelanders could arrange directly with Ottawa to be largely self-responsible; they were not subject to provincial authority: and no government interferes much with pioneers who get on well enough by themselves.

This suited the Icemen as well, and even when the area was absorbed into the present boundaries of Manitoba, so well established, so well ordered, had "Little Iceland" become that it persists to this day, a virtual foreign corner within a couple of hours' drive of Canada's fourth largest city. Its relations with Manitoba provincial authority have been equally happy

True Vikings

Technically of course it remains in the same relationship to federal and provincial authority as any other Canadian community, but in the true fundamentals it clings to its traditional Icelandic character. It has its own newspapers and churches, its own social order. There has been very little inter-marriage or transfer of property to non-Icelandic stock.

For it was a conscientious enterprise in expatriatism, and they are as proud and conscientious in it as ever; eager to be honored, affable but individualist. It is "Little Iceland." And quite because of this the colony stands in marked contrast to too many emigrant counterparts with less lofty national concept on Canada is as proud as itself of its "Little Iceland." It has the obvious attributes of a showpiece.

Such indeed was this anniversary fete, an admixture of ancient ritual and happy folklore on a tidy stage with the best properties of modernism—they have tractors and color presses, but they use them after the tradition of Iceand and not of Hollywood. There is an impressive naturalness, serious, not solemn homey yet unstartling

"Little Iceland" has given proportionately, more professional men than any other Canadian community. It has now endowed a chair in Icelandic studies at the University of Manitoba giving $150,000.

Premier Campbell of Manitoba was among the crowd of 5,000 that attended the anniversary celebration, held in the open air. The government of Iceland sent as its representative the head of the University of Iceland. There was something grand, almost mystic, as ancient airs, sung by the Iceandic choir, cadenced among the evergreens in this transplanted bit of an ancient, exotic land — Gimley, "home of the gods"; where the sons of Eric the Red claimed their due after all.

And Good Canadians

For it is now conceded that the seafaring Vikings pushed beyond Iceland and reached the mainland of the New World centuries before it was discovered by Columbus.

The unique event, so rich in natural color, attracted international interest. And the Vikings, proud of their work, cherish appreciation.

(Page Twelve)

LAID ON FOR OUR AIR CADETS

FIFTEEN fellows from Similkameen—maybe you had best include the padre, make it regular fellows, and 16—had themselves a regular time — a 2,000 mile trip, a two week vacation on Lake Winnipeg, and not only real airplanes, but half the blooming R.C.A.F. to play with. And all for nowt (*).

They had just one bit of bad luck — they got back in good order Friday. That probably deprived them of having to be flown back.

But they did no sae bad. Ia was pukka, lovely grub and all that sort of RAF rot for cushy doings

Every boy had a turn at the controls of a regular battle plane There were many hours aloft, liberal instruction in flying, aeronautics, swimming, etc., and just a spot of squad drill, the official idea of a picnic for the infantry And enough RCAF personnel to corrugate Korea. Even the padres took the controls, to become sky pilots in fact.

There was a conducted tour of Winnipeg, a visit to the glass-enclosed tropical gardens, and the Viking celebration at Gimley

Air cadets from the five western provinces—Thunder Bay to the Pacific coast—gathered at the RCAF camp—850 boys and nine honorary padres. Any air cadet could go who wanted—all free.

The Similkameen party, which left 1st August, included: J. Norman, E. Dunningham, J. Kobilan, G. Milne, S. Muir, R. Green, R. Jones, R. Olsen, W. Wilkinson L. Ficter, J. Francis and G. Merrill, all of Princeton, juniors,; G. Kickbush, B. Luxon of Keremeos and R. Huey of Princeton, seniors; and Rev. J. C. Goodfellow, Princeton, padre.

The boys behaved well, said the minister. The boys said the minister behaved quite well too.

(*)——Paid not from the surplus but the taxes.

'Our Drivers Are Courteous, Trained'. .

FIVE more Princeton Brewery drivers have gained St. John first aid certificates. They are: G. Currie, M. Gellatly, M. Garrison, C. Bond J. McKinnon.

Dr. A. R. Hicks was examiner

WEDDINGS

Young-Allison

A popular wedding of more than common interest was solemnized at St. Paul's United Church at 7 p.m. on Thursday, 31st August, when Susan Harriett, younger daughter or Mr. and Mrs. Harold Archibald Allison, became the bride of Grant Alexander Young, all of Princeton. The bride is the granddaughter of the late John Fall Allison who in 1860 became Similkameen's first settler.

Rev. J. C. Goodfellow performants were Miss Irene Dartt and Mr. Ronald George Allison.

Mr. and Mrs. Young will live in Princeton.

★ ★ ★

Thomas-Knighton

A pretty wedding of wide local interest was solemnized in Saint Cuthbert's (Anglican) church at four on the afternoon of Tuesday, 22nd August, when Rev. E. Grant Dale united Elizabeth Diane, daughter of Mr & Mrs H.R Knighton, and Arthur Dalton Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Thomas, all of Princeton

The tie unites two old local families and consummates a long and loyal romance of two of Princeton's best liked young folk

The ceremony was solemnized in the tiny chapel laced with the delicate ardour and aroma of gladioli and laved with bridal music.

Given by her father, the bonny bride was all in white—her gown of satin, princess style, trimmed with Swiss lace, net veil fastened to Juliet cap by a tiara of brilliants. Accessories were in matching white and her bouquet of pink and white carnations.

Her bridesmaids were her cousin, Miss Catherine Howarth, and Miss Ethel Thomas, sister of the groom, both gowned in orchid moire, with Juilet caps, all fashioned after the bride. They carried galdioli in pastel shades.

The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Kenneth Thomas and the ushers were Mr. Thomas Harry Cunliffe, brother-in-law of the groom, and Mr William Brown—all of Princeton

Wedding music was played by Mrs. W. McBryde, and Miss Peggy Godden sang "Because."

The bride's wedding ring was moulded from those of both her grandmothers, set with diamonds

The bride's gift to the groom was a wristwatch; the groom's token to the bride a golden necklace set with amethysts, her birthstone; to the bridesmaids necklaces of brilliants.

The bride's mother chose gray lace over pink satin, with navy accessories, the choice of the groom's mother being navy and white.

Many were the well-wishers at a reception following, on the lawn of Mrs. F. Howse, where on the centre table a three-tier wedding cake was centred on a crocheted cover.

The toast was proposed by Rev. J. C Goodfellow, who had christened the bride. It was responded to by the groom.

For going away the bride chose a suit of mulberry gabardine and accessories. Following a honeymoon by motor to Yellowstone Park Mr. and Mrs. Thomas will reside in their new home on Princeton Heights.

Out-of-town guests included Mr. W. D. Williams of Vancouver grandfather of the bride; Mr and Mrs. D. Miller of Vancouver (Emily); Mrs. E. Abbott of Vancouver; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hockley, Ocean Park, White Rock; Mr. and Mrs. David Funk, Vancouver Mr. Harold Hanawalt, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. W. McKinstry, Vancouver; Mr. and Mrs. Scott Ford, Armstrong; Miss Olwina Kitch, Penticton.

MOST LAW-ABIDING TOWN IS MENACED BY LAWYER PLAGUE

IS it true what they say about Princeton? Our beloved tourists, whom we think more about than we do our ain folk, who gad about on foreign licence plates and park on our lawns, and come up to do what they'd never be seen doing at home—and go back and write letters about us and give us the reputation that we make our main tourist bait. . . .

But our energetic constabulary assure us that outside an unsolved murder we are the most law abiding town in B.C. Our police court blotter has practically ceased to be . . .

And now we have an epidemic of lawyers to support it.

Law careless Princeton over most of its 50 years traditionally had two, not counting the village lawyers. But for a year, with everything else bursting at the seams, we have been left with one, who also combined the duties of coroner: and while acknowledged as a remarkable man, it was hard to see how even he could argue two sides at once, which is all lawyers are supposed to do, right or wrong.

Now, however, another lawyer has hung up his shingle and at least two more are enquiring.

A local man who got such an enquiry reminded the learned counsel that his charge for such advice would have been considerable smoleons, whereas he did not even enclose a stamp.

In the next mail he had one from a litigant ex-citizen asking to be put in touch with Lawyer Black—who joined the firm of St. Peter 15 years hence!

Mort says, wait till we get a battalion of 'em, then ship 'em off to Korea, they live on trouble. M'Gilicuddy says why not the politicians and the women? But Mort will not stand for no women and Fairley is afraid it might mean him too, so I guess the inns of courting brigade is off and it means more lawyers.

OUR GLADS ARE REALLY GLAD

But Too Many Pansies And Wallflowers Pass Up Our Garden Gala

NATURE was good to Princeton, even in some of the folks she gave us; but some of us could co-operate more with her in making our town more lovely for ourselves and our cherished tourists who ride around on foreign licence plates and park on our lawns and go back and write letters about us.

Despite the pre-occupation of gladitulip king Prideaux who has transferred to hard rock gardening, and the indifference of Pop, who is more concerned with corned cabbages—and a lot of others—the flower show showed we can raise other kinds than five roses in absence of Perley.

Our hill-locked verdure, with its blaze of natural blossom can be embellished by a gorgeous tapestry of garden blooms, including Albert. We can grow grand flowers, but we should grow more; and certainly more of us should exhibit. The PTA says so and it takes a brave man like Prof. Gott to argue with the PTA, only he is more interested in unions than onions.

Though Charlie Thomas did not have his Glad on show, this flashy section was again the highlight, in the absence of Gunther's spitoonias and pansies like Bond the Younger. (His dad did not bother to enter his superb ones when he thought Bob was going to enter in person).

Sammy entered Flowers of the Forest in A flat.

private m'gillicuddy had a private show of skunk cabbages and puff balls and Herr Kozak had the best collection of weeds in captivity, also Dorothy who must wish she could show widow's weeds.

The sweetest P's Prideaux, Prosser, Pop and Perley were also missing, and there was no section for split peas, which would have been won by Russ Foster, though Silvester can also split them well enough.

WINNERS

ASTERS
1 Mrs. J. D. Butler; 2 Mrs. W. Maywood; 3 Mrs. T. Crowley.

GLADIOLI
1 Mrs. A. Eastcott; 2 J. Cunningham; 3. Danny K. Metzler.

DAHLIAS
1 J. Cunningham. 2. MRS. K. Houghton; 3 Mr. ditto.

ZINNIAS
1 Mrs. Butler; 2 Mrs. Maywood 3 Mrs. Crowley.

SWEET PEAS
1 W. O'Neill; 2 Mrs. T. M. Towriss; 3 Mrs. T. S. Cameron

SNAPDRAGONS
1 W. O'Neill; 2 Mrs. Crowley; 3 Mrs. Maywood.

PANSIES
1 Mrs. Maywood.

TABLE DECORATION
1 Mrs. Butler; 2 Mrs. Maywood

MINIATURE GARDEN
1 Mrs. M. J. Stewart; 2 and 3 Mrs. Maywood.

HOUSE PLANTS
1 Mrs. E. Potruff; 2 Mrs. Towriss; 3 Mrs. J. Milne.

CHILDREN'S BOUQUET
1 David Maywood; 2 Esther Milne.

COLLECTION GARDEN VEG.
1 Mrs. Milne; 2 Mrs. R. Cook; 3 Mrs. C. Tether.

COLLECTION, HERBS
1 Mrs. W. J. Porter.

MOST ENTRIES
1. Mrs. Maywood.

OFFICIALS

Judges were Mrs. A. W. Smith and Mr. Walter Weise.

Tea convenor was Mrs. T. Jenner, assisted by Mesdames J. Metzler, G. M. Harman. F. Howse, G. Lawrence, T. M. Crowley, K. F. Alexander, and Misses Diane Bysouth, June and Pat Cook; Kitchen— Mrs. G. E. Allen, convenor, assised by Mrs. R. Cook, Mrs. K. Caruso, Mrs. K Nishihara. Mrs. Butler. Mrs. A. Gill was in charge of door collections, Mrs. Towriss of tea collections. Mrs. Gillies was convenor of the show.

The show was opened by Rev. Dale. Mrs. Percy Smith presented corsages to the officials.

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EDUCATION - -

From Page Three

conversation. For Ug and Einstein are nature's men. There is ample living space in them, but no room for smugness; it is ful of wonder—with a few. but so reatively few — conquests and they have ample time to sit and stare. For what it there more vital, more urgent in life than to live and when you don't learn you don't live. "I am a part of all that I have met; yet all experience is an arch wherethro' gleams that untravelled wor'd whose margin fades forever and forever when I move—To follow knowledge like a sinking star, beyond the utmost bounds of human thought."

How stupid to fancy that a diploma is a certificate of knowledge; only a passport to it; that education is the monopoly of schools, when all life is learning, sewing a button as much as the binomial theorem. How ignorant are we all. except in so very little—humb an encyclopedia or look on the stars. But that is all in effort, and the only true ignorance is smugness, unwillingness to know. How sad how understandable, to find it the prize of society as the epitome of vast but careless accumulation. And how ungrateful, how self-condemning, how unworthy, how ignorant — the betrayal of ignorance and inadequacy in the vanity of the opposite; how poorly we have used so much, made so much better by those we scorn, because their task was harder, their accomplishment bigger.

And how insignificant; for the march of truth goes on, unconcerned save with truth, untouched by else, in the reluctance of wisdom that some doors you cannot crash, they have to be opened from within. There is the essence of education; there are no closed doors, no smugness; it is ever eager search

It is tempting and easy to close doors and be superior behind them. You impress no one. the ones you could and should help and those whose help you need, which is the obvious aegis of our schools — prepration for life in lieu of the experience of life—nothing else, and only a tiny bite. What are Einstein's diplomas to his worth? Would donning a bathing suit make a swimmer?

Nature does not change. It evolves. Ug had the same intellectual capacity as this year's graduate. And other capacities and urges. We have more to store and use and confuse, and less time and need to sit and stare. But really less need?; with the same appetites and more to confuse them? Knowledge tells us, through those specialists our complexity assigns, but still all is knowledge and ours—that we have lost a lot by accumulation of what we had as boys and aborigines. Our works have outstripped and enslaved us, because we are still Ug, with less chance to make knowledge wise The evidence is all about us.

Wisdom — if the alchemy of intellect could touch the germ, where the sadness is it cannot—would instruct the opposite of closed doors in smugness and boredom and escape, would rouse the sated eagerness that materialism sours, and show that all the world is fair and full of wonders and many more than Ug's are easily ours, of we will only translate them from the artificial and in the alchemy of intellect. our natural essence, make knowledge wise—and vibrant.

But that is telling the frightened not to be afraid.

With no magic for closed doors and dry essence. this thought is unlikely to gain a graduation platform. Ignorance is ample, and we all have our share, and true lore understands how easily it can creep behind school doors too. Knowledge must be critical, but it is kind. It is the true creative criticism of progress. with a fellow-love for all its fellows, tolerance for their intolerance. It loves the schools, though their doors be closed to it. Ignorance, the inly ignorance of closed doors—is a pity, a mutual pity that at least the wise can feel. He can find no sneers.

Nor smugness. There are too many closed doors that he cannot reach. in sharing as in search. He is humble, with the glory of humility. He holds an invitation to humility . . .

"The man whose eye Is ever on himself doth look on one The least of nature's works. one who might move the wise to scorn—which wisdom holds unwise. O be thou wiser, learned that knowledge leads to love. true dignity abides with him alone who in the silent hour of inward thought can still suspect and still respect himself in lowliness of heart but cheerfulness of hope.

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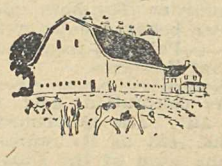

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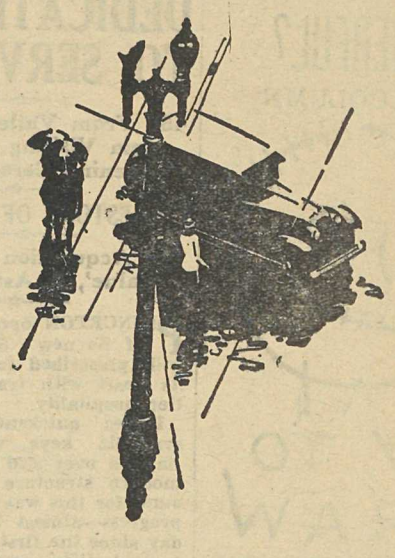

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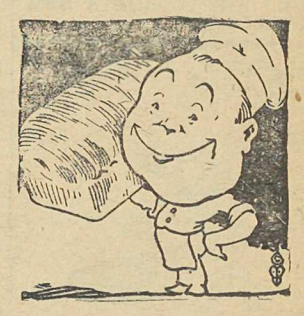

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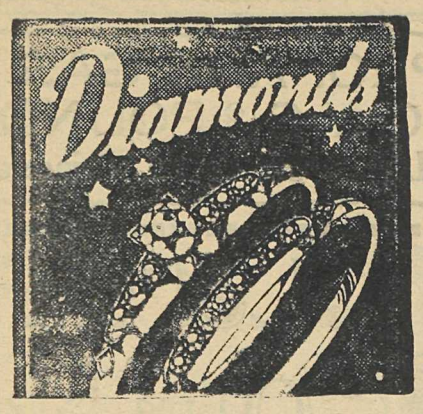

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After Midnight--

From Page Three

game, see, but smart. Well, Limpy he ain't smart that way, and they don't like him so much. He don't mix with the right crowd or live the right way. You gotta please the right guys in this game. But me, I know a guy who kin fight, and which has got brains. Limpy ain't no cripple, no way. But in this game you gotta please the right guys.

I try to tell Limpy this gentle like, for maybe I got knocked punch drunk, but I been around. And I will stick by Limpy, queer guy or not. When I am punched out, what do the smart guys do for me? But this guy, who ain't my kind, he sees me hanging round the gym and stakes me to a feed and a change and when I tell him how I got no right to take it from him he lets me train him and keeps me on.

We do good for a while and if Limpy will only play to these guys a little he can make plenty of dough. Of course I know he just wants enough to get started and get out of it. The guy is always reading books which ain't English like Ring Magazine, and I know somewhere he's got a goil. Me, I don't go for this dame stuff in the fight game. You take Rosie. They good time you out of condition and then they drop you cold when you're punchy and broke. You gotta make your dough when you got the chance and hang on to it, and they is sometimes easier ways of making it. But Limpy, when I says this, he says I just don't know the right kind of dames, and if I ever again bet so much as a finiff, if it's on him no matter, he will have to part company. Now I will never walk out on Limpy after what he does for me, so I go along with him even when he is screwy, real screwy I mean.

So I know it is not dames when Limpy goes queer, even queer for him I mean. He don't seem to be interested in his books like he was, and he does not seem quiet-like sure of himself like he was. And he quits the game, it seems like. Now this I like for books and dames is no good for a fighter, even a nice guy and brainy like Limpy. And I think maybe he changes his mind but I don't fancy to speak about it.

But it is not good like I hope. In the ring he loses something too. He is not smooth any more, but he can take plenty and he wins on points. Two more fights and the champ.

Izzy yaps at him like he always does because he will not use some of the smart tricks Izzy shows him, which is a rat I do not like anyway. Now always Limpy just smiles but tonight he chucks a soppy towell in Izzy's face and walks out.

Well you know what happens to a guy which walks out on a contract, and just two fights from the champ.

Limpy says he is going to write for a living now which seems to me a hard way to make it when you are just two fights from the champ. I get me a nice job at the Y, I think on account of I have been with Limpy. But I do not like the way he is looking, so I say I cannot find a joint and he does not mind if I stay.

Now I guess Limpy can write pretty good on account of he is sure brainy and a nice clean guy. But he always tears it up.

He is not well and getting worse and one day he picks a scrap and tells me to get out. But this don't seem right to me, and I find out, I will rather not tell you how, on account of Limpy would not think it honest, that he is sending all his dough to pay for his college and is broke.

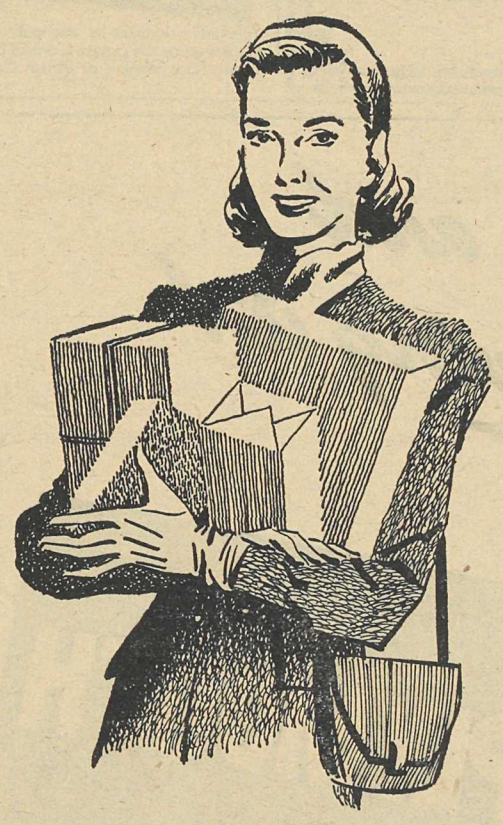
When I come back next day for my pyjamas which I do not forget to forget, he is in bed sick and when I remember him how I am broke and he stakes me he lets me stay, being we will call it a loan. But he will not have a doc and in a couple of days he is out and gets a stevedore job, which I do not think he is strong enough now for. He has a bad cough.

On Saturday he comes in and he pays me and I see he has a long box, like flowers. Then I remember it is June, and about this time every year he does this.

He says he is going back to do an extra shift. Before he goes he writes on the box. He knows he can trust me.

That night two cops comes to the door and asks if Limpy lives here. He has fallen down a hold. It looks like he fainted.

I am here with them flowers. I wonder should I send them. I wonder is there such a thing as the right kind of dames after all



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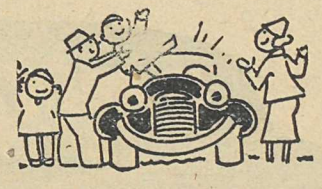

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VIKINGS-

From Page One

A few years ago Rev. J. C. Goodfellow of Princeton wrote an unpretentious piece on this interesting venture in transplanted nationalism. He was surprised to see it reprinted with obvious pride in the Viking paper Heimskringla: the Vikings claimed him as a friend.

So when he found himself as a padre at the air cadet camp in Gimley at the time of the festival, he understandably took an interest in the event. And they remembered, were just as eager. He had a liberal insight into the interesting experiment.

He stood side by side in the pulpit with a Viking colleague Viking and English bibles too side by side. "Now I read from mine and you follow me from yours." Such is the sincerity o the Viking: and the success.

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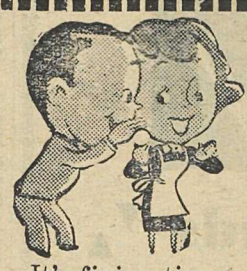
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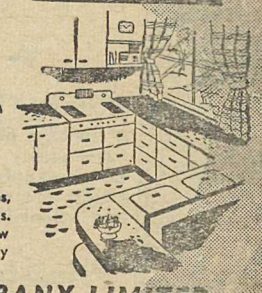
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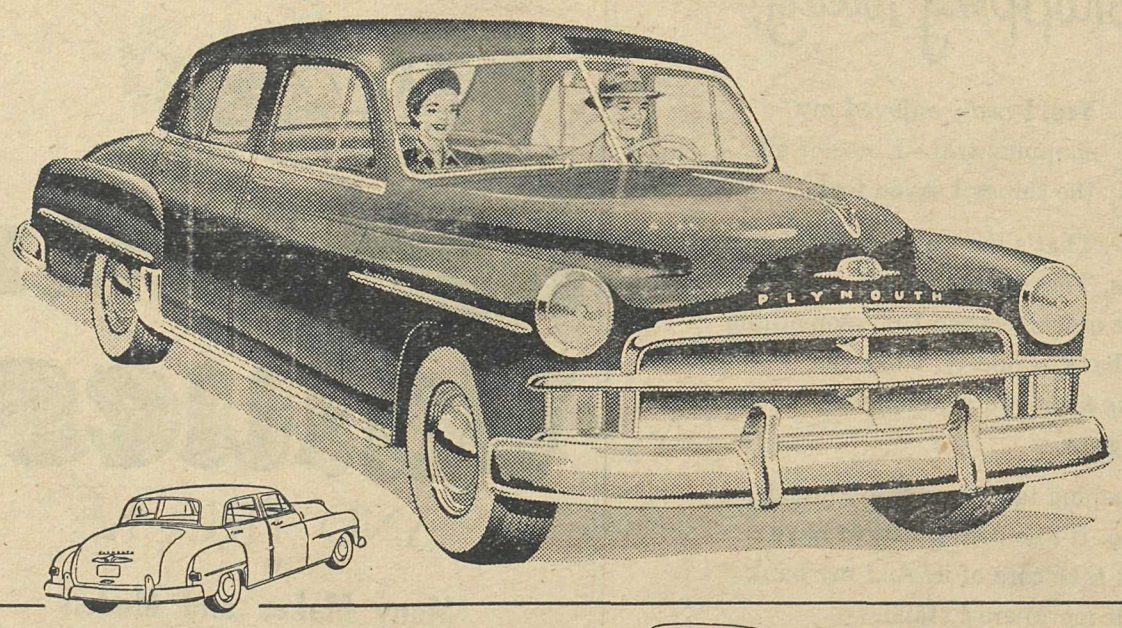

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