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 reserv- bonfire of o'd tires.

ed for the youngsters when they got home and tubbed—without benefit of apples.

Torchlight parade of rioutous 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

Fifty-First Year; No. 34— PRINCETON, B.C., THURSDAY, 23rd AUGUST, 1951 5c per Copy; $2.00 per Year

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

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, cob-webbed 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 tractor 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

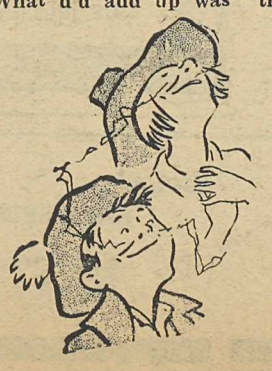
Now there are many great men of that generation, their outlook perhaps warped by their deeds, who will still contend that it was no sin to dump a dumphouse; they seemed made for it. Nor, within the limits of boyish discretion, was entirely lacking a sense of honor. Bloody noses were known to come stand ing 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 fliends he had a stone pot of ginger. We did not appreciate him. Equally, he did not understand the eccentricties 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.

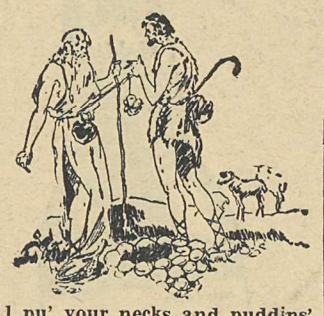
Another target for any dull night was old Pete Phillips. In a way, Pete had been one of us. The only time we ever saw him sober he told his admiring audience how, a lad in Lancashire

he glued clamshells 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 wooly 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 break 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 cons 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 regular.

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-devilest 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.

MOST TICKETS COLLECTED
Jean Ovington, Barbara Buchanan, Rozanne Almas, Annarose Powell, Marie Bush, Gail Farley Marjorie Primachook, Joe Caruso David Ovington, Fred Karas, Gordon Currie, Lorraine Stalker.

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

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 considerably 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 boolag 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 Tarzansifs)

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 identical 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 Fannie.

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 vammerin' 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, "Aoh,

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 t 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 eye (he still insists Katy tripped him) and for a while really did shine at college

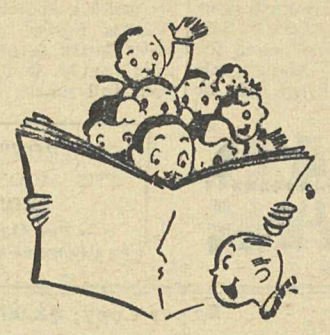
—PAGE 12 PLEASE

ChLee's Aunt

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

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 spittoonia.



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Your $2 subscription is still solicited—it's no cinch to produce an honest paper of the quality you need; the more you co-operate the better we can serve.

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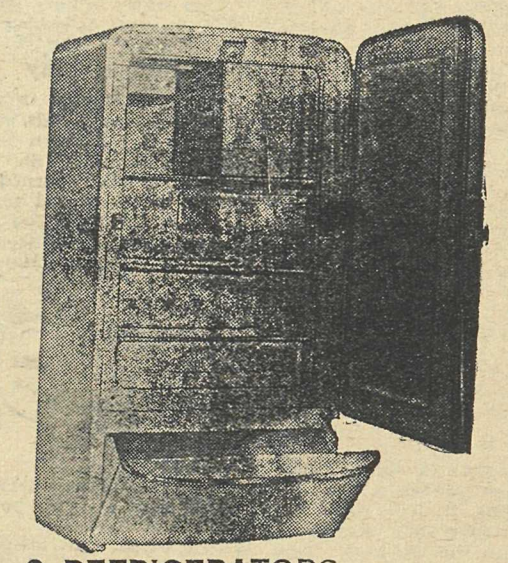

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LUMBER & BUILDING SUPPLIES LIMITED

BRIDGE ST. PHONE 171

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 fired 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.

HIGH LIFE Beer 51-2

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Canada's Finest

H50-14

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SKILL — *Superior* — SERVICE

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South Bridge Street — Princeton

★ PHONE 1-2-3

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Expert CLEANING

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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.

Boys!

EASY SPENDING MONEY for

BATTERY LEAD

★ THE STAR

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WEST PRINCETON
Grocery
PHONE 37-X

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Johnston & Byrne
The House on the Hill
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Choice Groceries, Fine Dry Goods

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"Handy to the Station"
Telephone 85 - Princeton

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Fine Food
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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.

Canada's Finest Whisky
H50-6

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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 artists and just occasionally you could find ammunition and spear and sword in that forest rockpile. 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 pike 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?

★

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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) missed the boat; quote:

25 YEARS HENCE—David Allan Brown (Ulysses Xerxes Sophocles m'gillicuddle, private) at 17 has granulated with horror from unadversary, 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, kink of kinks; look on my woiks ye blighters and despair" — and send the bright young brat down the pit like he wants

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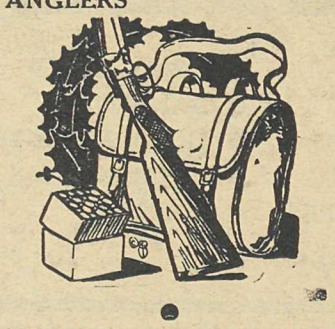

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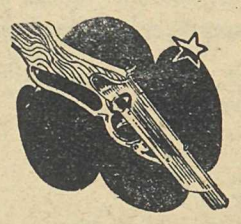

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Grizzly Bear—1st September to 30th June. No closed season for **Black** or **Brown** bear. Sale of bear permitted.

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

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Wilson Snipe—Day 8 season 50 Oct. 1-31

UPLAND GAME BIRDS

Quail—Oct. 15-31. Day 4; lot 24

Partridge—closed.

Grouse—Willow, Blue, Franklin: Sept. 15-Oct. 15. Day, 4 of one or 8 of all species; season 24 possession, 2 days' bag limit.

Pheasants—closed (subject to change.)

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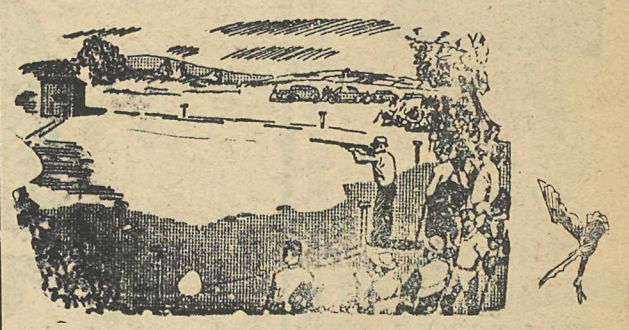

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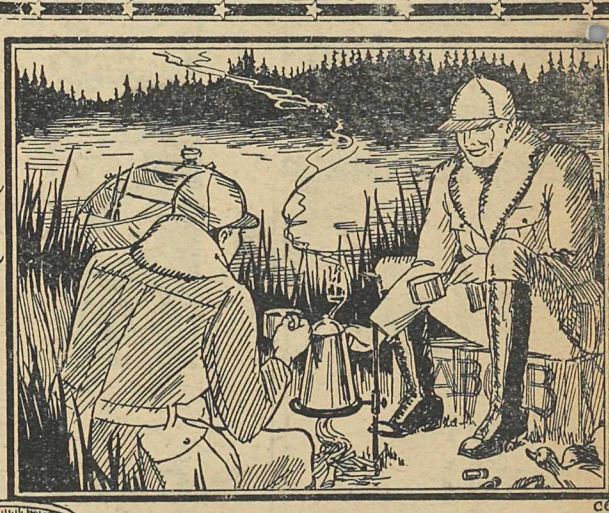

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