Your Community Paper

THE SIMILKAMEEN STAR

The Voice of the Valley

Forty-Ninth Year; No. 4. PRINCETON, B.C., THURSDAY, 4th FEBRUARY, 1949 5c per Copy; $2.00 per Year

OUR KIDS WILL JUMP 200 FEET

And If They Don't I Will, Says "Mom", Aged 80 (?) On Eve of Ski Tourney

BIG COAST CONTINGENT

New Death-Or-Glory Course For Daredevil Downhill

SPURRED by the pick of Coast ski talent and with the official zone championships at stake, four teen-age home-brew daredevils will be jumping their heads off on Princeton's famed Big Hill on Sunday, and 200 foot leaps by sixteen — and even a thirteen—year olds are on the card.

Though 30 of the Vancouver big names are coming in, the knowing ones here predict not only another Amber clean sweep but bigger thrills than the biggest names have produced in 20 years of local tournaments.

With weather and hill conditions unparalleled, the peerless local brood is in rare fettle, and all is anxiety in the Irwin igloo on the eve of the big event that only the weather hold over Sunday. And since it has held without a day's respite since November, even Lloyd's would probably not insure the meet.

NEW DOWNHILL

It is not a major tournament and if Amber does not sweep the boards, there will be shameful faces in Aberdeen-Amber.

But they would feel just the same if it were the Western Championships rather than the zone doings, for the happy fact is that Princeton has both the athletes and the ski runs for the biggest show there is, whatever the actual auspices, and this is A-Day—the biggest day of the year for the best ski-ers on the best hill.

Olympic Bertie Irwin is expected to show in the classic slalom, perhaps the dangerous downhill, which, experts know, is—not the jump—the most dangerous thing in ski-sport. And this year will see the first competition on the towering new downhill course, said to be the most thrilling in the west. This is on Saturday, and you should drive there direct on the Hedley Highway, not the skihill road.

COAST STARS

Sunday is slalom and jumps day. Princeton is not particularly strong in senior talent just now, although this year Andy Kassa and Dud Paul have graduated to senior ranks and will probably give oldsters Jack Young and Jimmy Allin more trouble than Coast stars Jack Pratt and Jack Roocroft.

But the big thrill is likely to be in the junior jumps. Four kids have been burning up the snow, with dare-devil Allan Rines and 13-year-old Ray White most spectacular, but Stevie Kassa equally a distance threat. On the other hand, Johnny Ray, winner of the last Sun Valley international jump, is acknowledged to be one of the greatest stylists in the game.

These kids have beaten the 200 mark already this year, and outleaped national senior champ Noel Paul when he was home on holiday.

With Dot MacAulay out with an ankle injury, its up to willowy Flo Berger to provide any opposition to peerless Laura Allin in the girls' events. In a bathing suit, she could. All you have to do is talk her into one.

It is expected the start and finish of the cross-country will be in town. This on Friday.

Judges are expected to be Dave Spence and Fred Hudson of Vancouver. And we expect Pop up by dog sled with a late flash, probably saying Mom has flown into an Aberdeen temper and is entered in the big jump.

Sam's Slide

SAM LANGFORD has something—for the kids. A sleigh hill, made to order, thrillful and safe. He has prepared a nice hill on his property, West Princeton—and hired a bulldozer to perfect it in good time.

Mothers will bless St. Samuel. Sleigh time has been an anxiou time on dangerous streets.

It now occurs to Sam that it would be a nice gesture if some ine would donate a couple o lights. Grown-ups would ehjo the sport as well. There is powe on the property.

Bill Irwin Wins Slalom At 'Peg

IRWIN flag is in its traditional spot at the top of mast in Winnipeg ski lore Princeton's Bill opened a new season in the old Irwin style by running away from a classy field in Manitoba Ski Zone Invitation Open Slalom event at the big Thunderbolt Snow Valley zig-zag.

Bill's time was 44.9 for the dual run, three seconds better that his nearest rival.

Hard luck man of the Canadian Olympic team, Bill is now a Winnipeg fixture. And Danny —remember him?—is coming on fine.

Sister Ethel, nursing in snow-starved Ottawa, has had no skiing yet this year.

Amber Waves The Olive Branch

DEAR POP, Amber, B.C.:

This being election year and everybody expecting quite a slide, would like to learn about Amber and how you done it Please send us 200 copies of your bill of fare, and your recipe for Amber brew coffee. We ain't got no blow torch. P.S.—Since we can't have Ike, and don't especially want Tom, Dick or Harry. how's about running for president?

Well, maybe Ollie didn't put it quite like that, but that's the general drift, and they do get a drift in the windy little village of the Illinois tribe.

The girl who writes to Pop is Miss Olive Hanley, Travel Representative, Canadian Government Travel Bureau, Chicago She doesn't give her phone number or enclose a snap so Mom doesn't mind.

Letters, Amber's Pop Irwin has been known to admit, under pressure, come in from all part of the world asking how we done it — won more prizes than any other club on the continent and sent the two Irwin boys to the last Olympics. Even Stalin ask Pop how to make Red-skis, and astronomers accept as proof tha there is no life on Mars, the fact that there have been no enquiries from there.

Princeton, thinks Pop, could reap quite a winter tourist harvest if we wuz only more progressive.

New Downhill Is A Lulu

THE deep secret is out—and it' high and steep. You recall that when the cactus was blooming in the Amber igloo, a time o year which makes the snow minded affable Mister Amber very unhappy, Pop turned in consonantly dour and told you Amber had something but he wouldn't tell.

This strange diffidence in the usually positive Pop, who ain' exactly Amber-shy, caused som anxieties about his health, bu he visited old crony Doc McCafrey among the Nanoose mermaids during our C.C.F. summer and the diagnosis was that Pop was turning not shy but sly. He was working psychological publicity, using suspense, the stuf that keeps old fashioned trouser up and the Ku Kluxers use on the limb. And now it's hotting up in the Amber igloo, and Pop is ready to tell how we done it again.

It is of course the new downhill run and it is something really startling. Suck it and see. Roy hasn't got his breath back yet.

It's right off the Hedley transprovincial highway, and you can drive right to the top on a logging road from the Taylor mill.

It is a three-quarter mile ru. and it drops 1600 feet, not including spills, which by blowtorch triggerometry is about a 35 per cent. grade, and just too much for this Taylor's mill, even in sports gear.

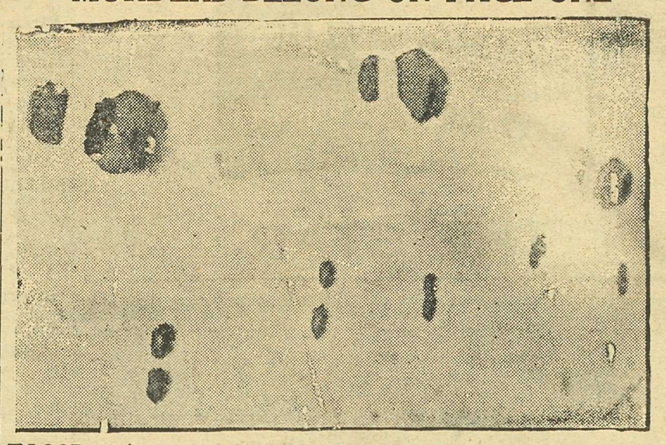
The Revelstoke run is longer but — don't get Pop started on Revelstoke. And it is within a mile of the cabin.

Its tournament baptism is eagerly awaited—and Bertie has a glint in his eye that suggests he may come straight down as in his Olympic gamble. If he does—my God!

Latest Curling Scores

Richmond 10, Nelson 11.
Hamilton 11, Bloom 7
Bennett 11, JJenkins 7.
Miss Lagreca 11, Mrs. Crwley 7
Mrs. Hamilton 8, Mrs. Jenner 7.

MURDERS BELONG ON PAGE ONE



BLOOD. Crimson on the silver snow. Spot on spot in fateful trail. A grizzly clod of wood. A sinister axe, an open window. And heavy footprints in the virgin snow.

A secret telephone rings silently in the police office. The law is on the prowl.

A burly officer strides down the steps, Arctic - proofed in grey greatcoat and fur cap. A sleek dog sniffs at the tangy spots, the ominous treads and takes up the rail.

This was on Tuesday morning, in Princeton, after the night snow. We seen it ourselves.

Murder? Who the heck said anything about murder? Can't a guy leave a window open, even in winter ime? Is there my law against splitting a hunk of wood? And can't a guy get a tooth out and walk home down the street without you starting all this hue and cry?

Have you never seen a policeman in his normal winter issue? Have we any lack of sniffing curs? And come to that, can't a guy describe perfectly truthfully a perfectly normal winter scene? We seen it ourselves, and the words are all in the dictionionary. You can have 'em, we don't want 'em, she's too fast for me.

THEY MOTORED IN

Foretaste of what is to come, Eric M'Intosh. with Mrs. M'I and Rickey came in by car. Eric is Vancouver's Mr. Amber.

They Curled In Permanent Waves

THEY battled with brooms and rocks. our Similkameen ladies. But it was all in sport, and they took time out for a banquet.

And declared Princeton Ladies' annual bonspiel Sunday a big sporting and social success.

Top honors went to Mrs. Du Val's Copper Mtn. rink. The other finalist, Mrs. Crowley (Princeton) took second prize. Third went to Miss Lagreca of Princeton and fourth to Mrs. Shannon of Osoyoos.

Consolation honors went to Mrs Kirby, Copper Mtn., with Miss Tucker, Princeton, second.

There were 13 rinks, including four from Copper Mtn. and one from Osoyoos.

They made a brave bid to emulate the daft endurance of the men — curling from 8 in the morning to two the next. And after the banquet they went back to play off the consolation final.

Copper Mtn. ladies come along with their spiel soon and Princeton plans to send at least four rinks, and outisde points may make a stronger bid.

P.D., B.A., P.D.Q., A.S.C.

IN an "impressive ceremony" last night — they snook up from behind, the Printer's Devil was presented with Amber's "medal" for "outstanding service" and no doubt great valor in dealing with the Loch Aber monster, known affectionately as Mom.

Thanks humbly for a fine gesture, but Amber gets the same service as you all, and the 'medal' goes where the rest went. If worn at all it would be where he wears the third ski. God Bless.

The Social Security and Municipal Aid Tax

3% SALES TAX

The purpose of the Social Security and Municipal Aid Tax is to create revenue for the maintenance of British Columbia's high standard of Social Services and for assistance to Municipalities to meet their ever-rising admihistrative costs.

The average person will pay less than 1% of his spendings as his contribution to the levy because he has been protected by the exemption from the tax of living essentials . . . foods, wood ahd coal, rent, medical and dental expenses and insurance.

Everyone contributes to the tax. It is entirely equitable. It is not a hidden tax. Low-income groups have either an immediate or deferred benefit.

The Social Security and Municipal Aid Tax is specifically designed to improve general health, protect the aged, relieve want in the Province and to assist municipalities in progressive government.

MUNICIPAL AID *means*

Financial aid to your community . . . lower taxes, increased services.

SOCIAL SECURITY *means*

Old Age Pensions, Mothers' Allowance, Child Welfare Service, Control of Tuberculosis, Cancer and Venereal Disease, Operation of Public Health Nursihgand Medical Inspection of School Children, Social Assistance, Hospital Grants and Mental Hygiene Program.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Department of Finance

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B. C.

TWO HOTELS MAKE BIG IMPROVEMENT

Princeton Opens New DeLuxe Wing With Everything The Best

TULAMEEN REMODELLED

Cook Estate Will Build New Store In The Spring

PRINECTON progresses.

HOTEL PRINCETON—New addition just opened adds elegance to Princeton's proudest building and one of the best appointed hotels in the Interior.

The new wing is arranged so that the rooms can be used singly or as suites. Finish is the finest and in excellent restful taste, with luxurious imported carpets, the latest in plumbing and the very best in beds and linen, and all-steel furniture.

Appointments throughout the rest of the hotel will gradually be brought up to this deluxe standard. Accommodation has been considerably increased.

Downstairs quarters were remodelled and enlarged some time ago.

TULAMEEN HOTEL—New owners Nick Popovich and Gus Crucil have shown immediate enterperise, reconverting this old landmark in workmanlike style.

Big change is the enlarging of the buffets at the expense of the restaurant and the moving of the stairway. Finish and fixtures are being improved. Business is not interrupted by the changes.

COOK ESTATE — Plans are ready for a fine new store, 40x60 feet on the site of the adjoining garage recently gutted by fire. Historic present store will still stand. A new warehouse has already been built at the back. Building will proceed in the spring.

This old end of our main thoroughfare is fast assuming the new look.

So is the upbuilding south end. Roberston's Cleaners rub it in with green neon. The Capitod is sparkling too and much improved in comfort following the recent alterations.

Kirby Winner Of Copper Mtn. Spiel

COPPER MTN. exported only half their metal at the annual bonspiel and the best they kept for themselves.

Kirby a name to be conjured wi' in the besom and stane game won the main event, but Princeton monopolized the secondary honors, foxy veteran Hancox beating Gourlay of the home club for the trophy—his rink: Caruso Sahuli, and Pesut.

Once again the handling of the doings drew generous praise.

There were six rinks from Princeton, one each from Oliver, Osoyoos, Penticton, Kelowna and Peachland.

Similkameen Shield Curling

Section One

HAMITON—lost to Nowell, to Schisler, to Topping, won from Hilton from Bloom.

NOWELL—Won from Hamilton Bloom, Schisler.

BLOOM—Lost to Newell. to Hilton.

SCHISLER—Lost to Hamilton. Nowell, Topping; won from Hilton.

TOPPING—Won from Hamilton, Schisler, Hilton.

HILTON — Lost to Nowell, to Schisler, to Topping; won from Bloom.

Section Two

JENKINS — Won from Scott, from Ewart, from Blake; lost to Bennett.

BENNETT—Beat Jenkins, beat Blake, beat Bonvin; lost to Ewart

SCOTT—Lost to Jenkins, to Ewart.

EWART—Lost to Jenkins, to Blake, to Bonvin; beat Bennett, beat Scott.

BLAKE—Lost to Jenkins, lost

BURR—Beat Hooper, lost to Bennett, beat Ewart, beat Bonvin.

BONVIN—Lost to Bennett, to Blake; beat Ewart.

Section Three

BURR—Beao Hooper, lost to Schneider

SCHNEIDER—Beat Burr, lost to Ewart.

HANCOX — Beat Liabo, beat Hooper.

LIABO—Beat Schisler, lost to Hancox, beat Hooper

HOOPER — Lost to Burr, to

[Page Forty. Please]

These People Don't Like Santa

There are lots of people who don't like Santa Claus — good Canadians, too.

They are—of all people—the Esquimaux of the Far North, supposedly Santa's stamping ground.

A benevolent stranger wintering up there thought to bring some cheer to the natives. He dressed in traditional Kris Kringle robes, loaded presents in a bag for all the villagers, dropped in at a community gathering—and caused a panic stricken stampede (cables our North Pole correspondent).

Reason—the Esquimaux, like most primitive races, intensely superstitious, fear all spirits.

VIRGINIA . .

[From Page Twenty-Nine]

wonders there are, unseen and unseeable, in this world.

You might tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus. You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus, what would that prove?

Nobody sees Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither men nor children see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which all strength combined cannot lift, or all the wisdom see through.

Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside the curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty and glory beyond. Ah! Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God he lives and he lives forever. A thousand years from now he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

Are you thinking about YOUR NEXT JOB?

PRINTING and BOOKBINDING

THE STAR

HEAR

HON. GEO. S.

PEARSON

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY AND MINISTER OF HEALTH AND WELFARE

SPEAK ON

Our B.C. Hospitalization Scheme

—C.B.R.—

10:15 p.m.

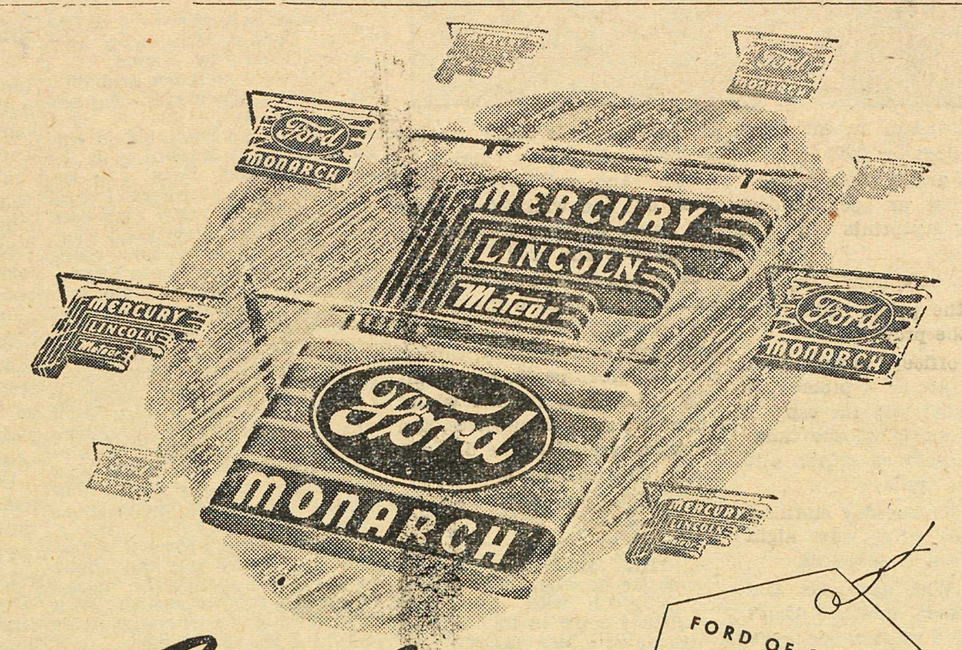
MONDAY - FEB. 7th

"Much More Than A System Of Wires"

"I use the telephone every day of my life without realizing, perhaps, that it is much more than a systsm of wires, transporting my voice and others from one place to another." So a telephone subscriber wrote, in praise of service on a long distance call during an emergency.

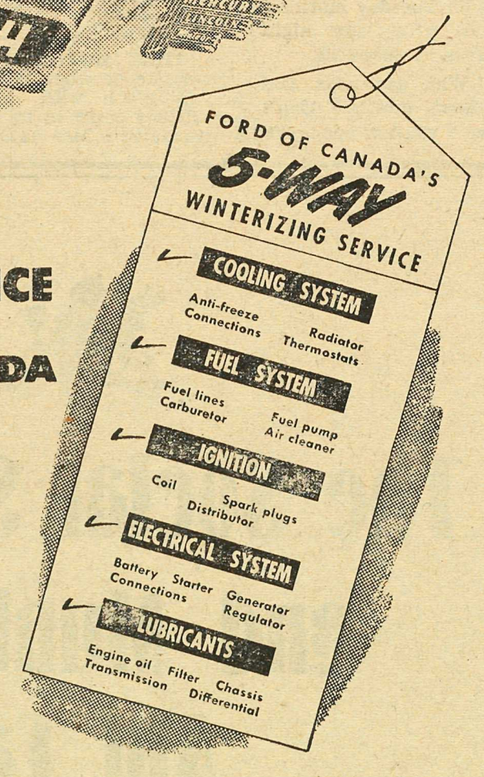
"What I have found it to be in this particular matter is a group of very friendly people, people who understood my problem, my worry, and who did everything humanly possible to assist me."

BRITISH COLUMBIA TELEPHONE CO.



Complete WINTERIZING SERVICE from 1104 FORD OF CANADA DEALERS

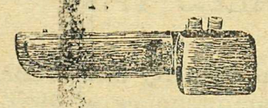
Complete winterizing service means more than just anti-freeze—more than just a change of oil. Ford of Canada dealers from coast to coast now introduce a new, complete 5-WAY WINTERIZING SERVICE that will give you trouble-free driving for the winter months ahead. Your Ford of Canada dealer is ready to completely winterize your car and offer friendly advice regarding necessary adjustments and repairs. His factory-trained men—factory-approved methods—specialized equipment and Genuine Parts provide a *complete* 5-Way Winterizing Service for safe, dependable, comfortable winter motoring.



YOUR CAR NEEDS ALL '5'—GET COMPLETE 5-WAY WINTERIZING SERVICE TODAY!

EXTRA VALUE FORD OF CANADA PARTS AND ACCESSORIES

BATTERY—Cold weather driving is tough on batteries. A new "Ford" battery will give you best winter performance.



HEATER—Quick, dependable heat is yours with a new Ford of Canada "fresh-air" heater. Ensures real driving comfort.

SPARK PLUGS—New Spark Plugs save gas on every mile of winter driving. Install a complete "factory-specified" set.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

COME IN AND MEET

The New '49 FORD

It's The Car Of The Year

NOW ON DISPLAY AT

BURR MOTORS LTD.

FIRESTONE and GOODYEAR TIRES — [illegible] BATTERIES

IMPERIAL ★☆★ GAS and LUBRICANTS

PHONE 55 COMPLETE GARAGE SERVICE BRIDGE ST., PRINCETON

LADIES: READ THIS

Unwanted hair removed instantly from face, arms, legs, with **Flash Hair Remover. Harmless,** leaves skin soft and smooth. You can't lose. Money promptly refunded if hair grows back after third application, with no questions asked. Complete treatment $2.00 postpaid (COD's postage extra.)

KAPEX PRODUCTS (Dept. 133)

Government of the Province of British Columbia

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS

Similkameen Electoral District

NOTICE OF TRANSFER OF HIGHWAY RIGHT OF WAY

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Section 17, of the "Highway Act", that it is the intention of the undersigned, thirty days after the publication of this Notice, to transfer those portions of Lots 8,9 and 10, containing 0.10 acres, more or less, of Block 26, Map 55, District Lot 706, Yale Division of Yale District.

E. C. CARSON,
Minister of Public Works.
Department of Public Works,
Parliament Buildings,
Victoria, B.C.
11th January, 1949.

NOTICE

EXAMINATIONS for the position of Assistant Forest Ranger will be held at the following centres at the dates and times there indicated:

Tuesday, 1st March, 9:00 a.m., Penticton.

Wednesday, 2nd March, 9:00 a.m., Vernon.

Friday, 4th March, 9:00 a.m., Revelstoke.

Monday, 7th March, 9,00 a.m., Kamloops.

Thursday, 10th March, 9:00 a.m., Williams Lake.

Application forms and full particulars may be obtained from the District Forester at Kamloops or the Forest Ranger's office at examination centres. Completed application forms should be forwarded to reach the District Forester by 22nd February or failing this must be presented to the Examiners at the time of the examination.

These examinations are being conducted to establish eligible lists for 1949 fire season employment. From such lists appointments to positions now vacant will be made according to candidates' standings in the examinations.

Candidates must be citizens of one of the nations of the British Commonwealth, and must have resided in British Columbia for one year. The candidate must be physically capable of the work. Candidates must be 21 years of age, but some exceptions may be made depending on the candidate's standing in the examination and men between the ages of 18 and 21 years are not excluded from taking the examination.

No examination fee is chraged

TIMBER SALE X45036

SEALED tenders will be received by the Minister of Forests, Victoria, B.C., not later than 11 a.m. on the 8th day of February, 1949, for the purchase of Licence X45036, to cut 4,410 000 f.b.m of Yellow Pine, Fir, White Pine and Spruce on an area adjoining the north boundary of Lot 522, one mile west of Tulameen, Yale Division of Yale Land District.

Three (3) years will be allowed for removal of timber.

Further particulars of the Chief Forester, Victoria, B.C., or the District Forester, Kamloops, B.C.

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

Photo Finishing
24-Hour Service
★ Jumbo Prints
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6-8 Exposures 35c
THE STUDIO
M. C. Parkinson - Princeton

Men! Want pep, vim normal vitality?

Thousands Regain Vigor, Easy Way

Quit feeling weak, pepless, worn-out, rundown, older than your years. Try a little "pepping up" with stimulating, invigorating, revitalizing, blood-regenerating Ostrex. Especially advisd for men, women of 40, 50 or 60. Costs little. New "get acquainted" size only 50c. Try Ostrex Tonic Tablets to renew pep, vigor, vitality and feel years younger, this very day. At all druggists.

QUALITY WOODWORKS

Cabinet Makers, Builders

★ Craftsman-made to your requirements

S. BROWN

Princeton—Next Post Office

CONCRETE MIXER FOR RENT

★

New Condition

★

QUALITY WOODWORKS

NEXT PRINCETON P.O.

SUSETTE Variety Store..

DRESSMAKING
ALTERATIONS
REPAIRS
SUPPLIES - NOVELTIES

MRS. A. C. BELL
Vermilion Ave., Princeton
P.O Box 103
Mail Orders Welcomed

JOE TINKER'S

"We Fix Everything"

MECHANICAL
RADIO
ELECTRICAL
and
REPAIRS

ACE BOMBARD

Leave Orders at Star Office

—Prompt and Courteous—

AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE

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

Johnston & Byrne

The House on the Hill

Princeton — Phone 48X

Charles Thomas

BUILDER, CONTRACTOR

ESTIMATES FREE

PRINCETON

★ Skill
★ Equipment
THE STAR

HOME BAKERY

● The Home of Better Bread Cakes, Pies Etc.

JOHN GABRIEL, Prop.
Phone 54 ★ Bridge Street

THE SNACK BAR
[Formerly Taylor's Dairy]
ALL HOME COOKING
DAILY SPECIAL
MARGARET McGOWAN -
Opposite Princeton Hotel
Try — Know Why

RUBBER STAMPS

RUBBER TYPE
DATERS
STAMP PADS
★ THE STAR
PRINCETON 36

ROCK GAS
●
Clean, Convenient Cooking
ARCH M'CRUM
PRINCETON—PHONE 93

Spangler's
RED & WHITE
Store
"Handy to the Station"
Choice Groceries, Fine Dry Goods
Telephone 85 - Princeton

Pasture Fresh MILK

From your own Similkameen Meadows
Atkinson's
● Princeton Dairy
— Daily Delivery —

"Old at 40, 50, 60?"
— Man, You're Crazy
Forget your age! Thousands are peppy at 70. Try "pepping up" with Ostrex. Contains tonic for weak, rundown feeling due solely to body's lack of iron which many men and women call "old." Try Ostrex Tonic Tablets for pep, younger feeling, this very day. New "get acquainted" size *only* 50c. For sale at all drug stores everywhere.

PRINTING
★ THE STAR

EST'D FISH 1913
WHOLESALE
FRESH CANNED CURED
SEAPORT CROWN FISH CO. LTD.
N.H.B. FISH DOCKS - VANCOUVER, B.C.

Prideaux's Phutile Philibuster Phlops

★

The Time Has Come The Walnut Said To Stop This Psilly Spiffle

★

LOCK 'IM UP, SAYS PHRANK

[From Page Twenty-Eight]

and spending Spree, especially about election time. Now that should spell deficit, and does in fact and constitutes a mortgage on our homes and and our pay packets, just as, in a sense, does an insurance premium.

So Mr. Prideaux feels we are not getting all we are paying for which is in truth "a haul" and a truly local deficit. In unorganized territory the government collects our taxes. It does not ask us what we want, how much we want to pay. It does not promise to spend it on us. Far from ambitious, we could, as we wished, make our needs very modest. Now our wants have no relation to our tax, nor, according to Mr. Prideaux, does our return. If we complain, they can, and do, say, collect your own taxes and spend them as you wish. But Mr. Prideaux does not trust us to do that. He does not trust the government. Maybe we should turn it over to the insurance company, but that would be monopoly. You know, a man can only stand so much.

★ ★ ★

We would at least elect our own commissioners. Now we have only a minority vote in electing one of the fifty men who rule us municipally from Victoria.

The things Mr. Prideaux complains about are all on through highways, which whether you incorporate or not, are a provincial charge. Under the act there is a plain contract whereby you can insist on standards in their work. There are also guaranteed revenues, such as when Mr. Prideaux wins a bottle of whiskey, or an outside insurance man—or printer—sells in your town.

As now, we get none of them We have no contract, no bargaining power. A ratepayers' organization — that is not at all its function—would have none.

We get what they like to give us. Whether we have a deficit or not we cannot say. We do not even have an accounting.

Mr. Prideaux does not like this. He suspects political—and civic— minded Penticton of wagging our last hair. Your paper has consistently pounded on that, and laid it to our civic deficiency adroitly exploited — not at all only incorporation — so that far from monopoly we are suckers for inferior dumped imports and all our roads lead out.

Our argument is received just as the one on logs was and will one day be proven in the same result.

We pay for air coal to our ex-enemy and insurance on folks in Timbuctoo, but we won't contribute to our own parks.

★ ★ ★

Latterly, of course, governments have big surpluses. representing mortgaging, manipulating and milking of our dollars and I will frankly admit that high finance is sound business, though outside life insurance Mr. Prideaux does not seem to be in love with it. And it is bad business to be dictated into setting $50 worth of type for a $2 subscription, against all the rules though Mr. Prideaux does not mind doing business with that kind of concern.

And I will frankly admit that we deliberately let him, for strategic reasons too obvious to our intelligent citizens seeking the real facts about incorporation. Because, while I have no desire to be president and no anxiety over either me or Mr. P. being mayor, I too am at least subhuman, and enjoy a good natured joke especially against my friendy foe, and have more commando training than he.

★ ★ ★

Though one must frankly admit that when Mr. Prideaux emits such episules, one is tempted to revise one's opinions about locking him up—and not in jail.

One begins to wonder whether the issue is incorporation or Scott's whiskey. Of course we don't know much about either, but could learn.

And admitting that Mr. Prideaux's letter was funny, we positively proclaim in popular perusal that we possess the potential to go longer and better than Mr. P.

As to our relics—and Mr. P has missed our bus, ask George— he again has his facts awry and his logic awrong. If he read his paper and his memory was good he would know that the up and coming young man's shed was burned not in summer, but in late fall, and he is to replace it when spring allows with a big modern store, transforming one of the drab spots of our once one horse town. Nor has the insurance YET been paid, nor are the beer bottles beer bottles — they are ale—nor are they ours. One wonders if Mr. Prideaux would have felt so badly had they been whiskey bottles. Most folk feel bad because they are empty.

As to unsightliness, it would be one of the ambitious and expensive provisions of civic authority to order it cleaned up, but perhaps that would be undemocratic in Princeton, B.C.

Most towns levy stiff tariffs against non-resident traders.

And betten sanitation would be a better insurance risk, but since he cannot lock up us simple apes in a zoo on one of his spare lots maybe he wants us to die of a complex Prideaux-Tory disease, though he should know he cannot legally bury us in the cemetery, for it is not a legal cemetery, so maybe he will let me fertilize his roses, since I am not a sucker for tulips or any color or flavor of lips.

We can only—and here we are serious — only deeply apologize for being an unwilling instrument in an innuendo of ill taste upon a very fine lady.

She will be mollified, however, to know that Mr. Prideaux will "low her ratepayers' organization to proceed, although he is not "assuming" office. We hope he will also allow the posters to stay up; you see, we have an eye to the business.

Political "Healers" (wot, no faith, Mr. P?), simple apes and prostitution are refreshing words in fact we have not heard the late since agitator Arthur Evans, how did he stand on incorporation?

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One of these expensive wants would be traffic control, at no cost. We might also make the trains let Mr. P. sleep, like they have in stupid Penticton, and stop teh dogs from irrigating his tulips and fix it so he could hear something on his radio except electric razors and stop Lothario from honking for Angela next door or Albert from building an abattoir next door, not to mention light and water rates in which he has had a mild interest, and make Lanky use eau de roses on his honey wagon, but all this would be a prohibitive mortgage and quite undemocratic in Princeton, B.C., 1949 A.D.

We still think one lawyer too many. In incorporated Cumberland there is none.

A cruel world — Mr. P.'s gas were the only ones entered, we like his roses.

We, too, Mr. Prideaux, think have said all that is necessary perhaps our simple apes can think after all.

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For 20 years Mr. Prideaux has been using the circulation you look to for truth and for logic to circulate stuff that just does not stand up. He was given the opportunity to have that exposed privately. It has always irked us to print what did not measure up, under the catch-piece of "press freedom". Henceforth everything we print must check up, and there is a standing appeal to be checked up on. To insist on that in an organ based on that is not, logic decrees, dictatorship.

Now I will frankly admit that I have a bad memory too; it won't let me forget what others want to forget, and that can be difficult.

It is interesting that to Mr. P the important part of our utterly detached analysis was the paragraph—near the end concerning his eligibility to use our columns, and he did not interpret it aright nor, given grace, is he very gracious.

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What can we do for our friend Mr. Prideaux? There is so much to be admired in him, so much good, vital force that could do good, but comes out the wrong funnel and does great harm. For fear is an easy infection, and others, fearful of good truth that is only a bogey when you refuse to face it, find strange comfort in a militant fear. And that is Mr. Prideaux's great strength—the desperate courage of fear. It is the truth of all prejudice and stubbornness, for the brave free man has no need of them, knows them, valueless and his real enemies. So Mr. Prideaux rides at his enemies — he is quite safe, the do not exist and ex-commandos stand by here — with a Quixotic lance and a powerful paunch, and the small-fearful applaud their brave champion, and he has grown to love and believe in his silly little game, and nowt else.

The wise nurse understands this curious little fellow and his malady and hopes for the opportunity when his own despair — for he has closed all other doors, hiding under the blankets in his delusion — will hold the candle and show that the bogeys are not there, and all this no part of a champion.

But meanwhile she must save the mania from infecting the weaklings of the herd, even if it has to come to locking him up, figuratively at least.

In some things — material things—Mr. Prideaux is a shrewd judge of value. Were he running your paper, it would be punctual and prosperous and practical. What Mr. Prideaux and most of you forget is that the purely practical man is a simple copyist, drones in the hive inspired by the power of the idealist and when the fount of idealism is stemmed the pipes run dry. There is no materialism save in the power of idealism. The practical man simply primes the pump, and scorns the man that makes the water flow, and his superior profit possible. But he is missing the best in his fancy of profit, just as you would miss a lot if Mr. Prideaux were running your paper. Whether you know the elixer of value—the truth—or not, the material value rests on it, and somebody has to put it in.

In material values, Mr. Prideaux, like most of you, is shrewd enough. Of the real value behind it, he admits it is not his currency. The laws of logic, the laws of debate, of word and thought structure, Mr. Prideaux contends it is unfair to be him to, because he does not know them. He demands the right to build without them.

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He knows good value in a house He forgets that the house was built according to precise laws, and that these laws were built of logic and the abstract values of ideas and ideals, the only basic truth, the true foundation and structure of his house, that it all reduces to a simple mathematical formula, exactly one with arithmetic — and stresses and art. In a materialistic world that lives on the ideals it scorns, Mr. Prideaux, and most of us, presume a lot- and cheat true values not one whit, and only ourselves, however we sneer at simple apes who know the true dictatorship of life is not the cash register and the clock, but the friendly dictatorship of right.

But if Mr. Prideaux has not presumed on that very vital principle which is the true dictator in all things, his house would have toppled down. That is material, and Mr. Prideaux would see that. He does not see that his logic and his whole case topple in the very same rule. And he claims the right to say his wreck is an unassailable castle.

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He will not submit to rules or a competent chairman because he has not that training. The rest of us must accept the responsibility for that, for even though vanquished, he will argue still, and of course flaunting all the laws, can never see that he is vanquished. And he demands that right, unwilling to submit to the clear verdict of truth, demanding, simply, the right to do wrong, simply becase he is willing to pay for it, with money that is a symbol of true values, but in such abuse of true values is, to use his own word in its true and impersonal sense, just prostituted.

If it were algebra, e would see that it did not come out right. But the cash register, ready-reckoning algebra, tells only half the story. The scales do not weigh quality. But that is bughouse.

A man who either rejects or is simply ignorant of the laws of truth has, in the very laws of truth, no right to argue. That was most amusingly adduced by the schoolmaster in Tre Vicar of Wakefield who proves that the bright young fellow, lacking laws of truth, concedes his opponet the truth awards the adversary the debate. But not with Mr. Prideaux. He claims the right to argue still, and it is dictatorship to deny him. That is one man's idea of democracy in Princeton, B.C. and A.D. His authority is Alice in Wonderland, which, by the way, Mr. Prideaux, is a satire for children.

Let Mr. Prideaux presume to drive his car in that arrogation And when he faces nemesis, let him try it on St. Peter. Heaven will be incorporated over his veto, and he no doubt expects to be there longer than in Princeton, B.C.? Otherwise he may find asbestos more expensive than newsprint, and the devil's devil more devil than the Printer's.

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The laws of logic and thought structure are very simple, Mr. Prideaux. They stand the stresses and they do not bend for any man. There is no need to be afraid. If A is B and B is C then A is C. Good planks properly laid make a good platform. But Mr. Prideaux is careless of his parts—his facts — and reckless of the mechanics of their structure. And Mr. Prideaux is a succesful business man and a mechanic, impatient of the speed of an idealist. But Mr. Prideaux is again careless of fact. Our machines are kept as sound as our logic. They work by the very same rules. There is no magic and we face our problems and work them out by those rules. It is the only way to make truth truly synchronize with the clock and in the long run it will be proven.

The structure is more than the speed of its building, and the cardinal law of print is truth. We have always put it first. In the soundness of the law, punctuality will come, and truth will work with the clock when everything is right. Most of you will agree that it is better to get this two days later than Mr. Prideaux on the dot; and on man does it quicker.

But it is wrong and unfair not only to us to let Mr. Prideaux make erroneously excuses for us.

★ ★ ★

When Mr. Prideaux brought his epistle in he was clearly told that we were working on a big paper. We asked him to let it hold over to the next. We had already announced that the big issue was delayed to play watchdog on incorporation. Nothing was being put over. Mr. Prideaux saw it in paper. We had done it for him, but clearly Mr. Prideaux was not interested in just that.

He disputes now that he insisted that it go in this issue, though it is plain fact that he had forfeited any right by refusing a challenge. But it is fact that Mr. Prideaux would not wait even for the concession of publishing it in this issue, against our wishes and plans, as published and explained to Mr. Prideaux.

We had already published a special to do all Mr. Prideaux has a right to do — make the public alert. We were certainly not going to publish, at our and your cost another, to mislead you with Mr. Prideaux's illogic and untruth. And when we did print it, we were bound to allay its offences.

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Our difficulties are only too true, as those who would could know; but they are being mastered by hard work and the rules, and no miracles. There was a disastrous parts holdup in which you have to share, and a gap to be made up, but this and three other issues plus your urgent jobbing needs, in one month, needs no apology or excuse.

There are many who will attest that in urgency we do not let you down There are things in this paper no colder than the ink.

Our mutual pal Pop will frankly admit that he gets tired just watching us work with Maggie, who has been well schooled to the laws of love, honor and obey, though like most of them she takes a lot of breaking.

But our universe does not move round Mr. Prideaux and our course was planned without reckoning on him, and we explained that if he insisted on inserting himself just what it would mean — exactly not our wish and this is it—fast.

will be quite obvious that most of the troubles Mr. Prideaux alleges were Prideaux troubles which meant considerable extra labor and expense and completely upset our plans. When we do that we are incompetent; when don't we are a dictator, and Mr. Prideaux's logic is by no means confined to Mr. Prideaux.

Mr. Prideaux made eight visits, each of which obviously delayed his objective. His anxiety is that his imaginary enemies would jump in and put something over.

Everyone is doing that but Mr. Prideaux.

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Possibly, an attribute of delusion, Mr. Prideaux's bogies give him a strange sort of distorted pleasure. We wasted no time—it can be verified—in exposing the error of a false start by the incorporationists. We made it very clear that we were to be a moral watchdog, sifting for you facts and logical conclusions of the issue that you might make your own choice wisely, with full faith in your intelligence and integrity. But Mr. Prideaux has no faith in you for that. He commends our attitude, finds not one flaw in it, but he is desperate to make up your minds for you, after you had been put fully on your guard. He does not trust you, then. Then why bother with you? If we felt that way, we would not care to live among you, no matter how many ads we bought; we would be afraid.

So Mr. Prideaux is. He is afraid of truth, and he is afraid of trusting you with it, or he would exorcise his bogies with a simple little light, even the light of a little—and late—Star.

Of course Mr. Prideaux's anxieties are, in this, too, mere bogies. We wasted no time in exposing an error of procedure, and approval was most gratifying. We investigated it, and found it was simply that, a good intention started in the wrong road, and Mr. Prideaux is surely the true champion of that himself.

Nobody was trying to put anything over, or your watchdog needed no prodding from Mr. P.

Since then many sincere and helpful approaches have been made, to fortify your paper—and you—in a sane and intelligent consideration of the issue, the best—and the first—there has been. And if Mr. Prideaux is bent on stopping it, he had better prepare for a private spending spree.

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So we did not join in Mr. Prideaux's panic. Nor did anyone we have spoken with. Just as the view was applauded that the wrong approach was a sure way for the incorporationists to kill it, so there is agreemnt that Mr. Prideaux, by equal folly, is doing his best to put it over. When you tie them down, people do not like their intelligence and integrity underestimated. That is just fair warning to Mr. Prideaux We need his side of the case.

But Mr. Prideaux's suspicions and fears are all too unhealthy and unholy to give much confidence in a champion. Nor his appeal to intelligence in the flaunting of the laws of logic and of truth.

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We have never imagined that our friendly service of truth would always win friends in exposing error. Possibly not with Mr. Prideaux. But if we make ourselves non persona grata to him, whether the fault be ours or his, we shall expect to be put off his property, and we have no fears that he will connive or contrive to keep us from meetings and raise our assessment and build an abattoir alongside our roses. For one thing, we have more trust in human nature and another, being right, quiet confidence in our ability to protect our rights. Bogies would drive us mad but they won't.

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But Mr. Prideaux does not excuse in others the mistakes of procedure he insists on imposing himself. There was no plot, but he woludn't believe it. There was no plot in the school meeting. It was advertised well in advance and the posters were simply sent round as a last minute extra spur Your watchdog—investigate it — has been most alert for proper publicity in school matters.

Mr. Prideaux, with all allowances, has a habit of making with all too much levity very serious charges. and it is manifestly in the intersts of public trust in Princeton that an end be put to it. Mistakes are costly enough on all sides, but breeding unfounded suspicions is hard to reconcile with public interest. Lord knows there are too many silly wedges already to the civic disadvantage of all of us.

So Mr. Prideaux was very anxious to get over, not the truth but what an impartial analysis shows to be far from the truth: his personal fears. And by this very anxiety, he delayed getting it over. So he got out a paper of his own, and sent it outside to be printed, arguing in it against that very thing, that public truth is the sacred function of your paper, and interference with that is the very opposite of the freedom of the press he demands

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Mr. Prideaux's faults, in the extreme, are common faults. Sincerity and ethics break down in selfishness, as when you dump bread, and in little things just in the same principle curtail to your own loss the sincerest press service possible. There is just one right, and there is not much use reaching for anything except unconditionally. There are no little wrongs and if you want to prove Mr. Prideaux wrong, look to yourself first. Doing that, we must correct Mr. Prideaux.

In truth, we could not print Mr Prideaux's piece by itself. Nor do we print untruths for money. The ethics of the profession are not always so high, and you can get most things printed.

It is a common, but dangerous fallacy that anyone who can open his mouth can speak, who can scratch can write. In free competition the proper value is soon attached, but it is still dangerous to turn a powerful weapon to incompetence. and sooner or later you are going to have graphic experience of the cost of it, which is just as real already. If anyone could run around with a scalpel and operate on you, you would very soon be alarmed. The authority of truth is a much more serious thing, but you call that licence freedom of the press, and bargain in it as you do with dumped bread. And you will read and agree with that argument—and go on defying it.

But the more dabbling the more authoritative journalism is impressed. In sheer truth, you can get no better, and no better bargain. Some of you know.

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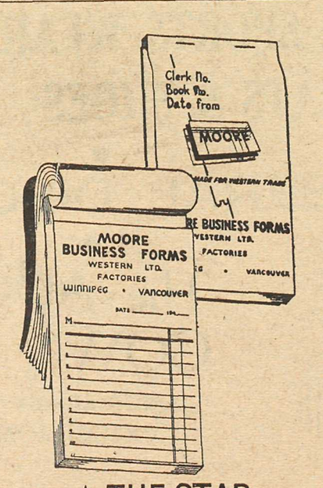
Truth is important, and so it it important to examine the qualifications of its agents. That is the danger of democracy, which is surely not a beauty contest, and just what you make it.

It is a very dangerous excuse to plead ignorance.

We do not doubt Mr. Prideaux means well. So do a great many tragic people. But it is hard to plead sincerity and indifference to truth together—and tragic.

Mr. Prideaux saw his letter in in print a fortnight ago, and we

[Page Thirty-Six Please]



★ THE STAR
SIMILKAMEEN AGENTS:
PHONE 36

PROFESSOR PRIDEAUX'S PRETTY PINK PILLS FOR PRINCETON'S POOR PALE PERPLEXED PLEB

[From Page Thirty-Five]

certainly don't hold ourselves up. He has served nobody by his tactic of jumping the gun on impersonal truth and fairness, most likely hurt his cause. Indeed, Mr. Prideaux underestimates intelligence, mistakes amusement for approval. He has good reason to fear analysis of his case in the same yardstick as the other side's. But even evading it, he does not escape that the simplest soul knows a rough something of values. In attempting to escape inescapable laws of value, he at once weakens his authority and his structure. He will not listen to that.

But it will be.

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Because we want truth, and so left the door open ta Mr. Prideaux's carelessness in it, we do not like, in principle, his jumping the gun. In practice, it affords—for us—a useful precedent which this time he will not forget. We smile at his business sense in paying for something he knew he was getting for nothing, but would sooner have seen him give his money to his hated park than send it out to someone who cares only enough about us to make money out of our dirty linen.

After all, another bootleg sheet of as little authority, preaching not truth but incorporation, with not a nickel's stake in the town, only interested in profit by embarrassing your service of truth, proposes, at this late awakening to do just the same on the other side, likewise by import; and some, professing right and condemning Mr. Prideaux, instigate it, and ask you to indulge in it.

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Our point is procedure now. In good humored little personal contest by his own mistakes, we have the champion just where he had the banker, and the wise are smiling, as they are at Prideaux's powerful paunch.

If to decides the issue, we are certainly not ruled by intelligence and not fit for incorporation. We shall see.

The verdict is not a matter of opinion, but of fact. Logic is like that. So it will be with incorporation no matter how you vote.

There is no campaign yet on incorporation. Mr. Prideaux's frenzy is so irrational. A petition—it was stressed in our first article—is simply being presented, asking for a campaign, and there is no misunderstanding there. Mr. Prideaux's is plain distrust.

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Now is ours any attempt to preach incorporation, least of all at this stage. We want what is best and will work, and that is truth and private whim must not bend it, but gladly bend to it, and they must be in the majority. All else is what Mr. Prideaux labels it, a hypocrisy of democracy. Let him think well whom he really calls those names. Let him set aside his fears and examine truth—and himself.

So our effort is but to clear the approaches, and that it important enough—to get rid of the barnacles and set the course for speedy truth.

Mr. Prideaux says that is calling him a barnacle. He knows best, but certainly we called no one; we called stupidity and prejudice, and all the things that clutter up truth.

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For we know that abuse is not argument, but the confession that you have none, and we have no such confession. When we do we will gladly confess and welcome truth. We challenged Mr. Prideaux in that, but he did not think it important. He does not remember.

But Mr. Prideaux insists that we called him a barnacle, and he enjoys it; and his pals watchdogs and though they do not object, nor does he to our claim to be a watchdog too, Mr. Prideaux objects for them and says this gives him the right to call others apes and hypocrites and prostitutes.

It is useless to explain that it was a figure of speech, a complimentary metaphor. He does not dabble in these things, therefore they do not exist, nor does logic. And it is equally futile, as any authority would to brand apes and prostitutes — for Mr. Prideaux wants no rules and no metaphors — as disqualificaiton and defeat. Nevertheless the Vicar of Wakefield would judge just so, an dis regarded in somewhat higher authority than the Walrus or the Powerful Paunch.

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Not by Mr. Prideaux. But then Mr. Prideaux does not have to convince himself, but the rest of us. As a successful salesman he should know that. Of course the wise wrote long ago that there are those whom wisdom will not sell, and we have not sold Mr. Prideaux, nor yet called him a simple ape, nor wanted him locked up. But we are rather glad the shoe is not on the other foot.

But you may understand why we insist on a competent chairman.

Mr. Prideaux argues oddly. The onus is on the proposer to prove his premise. But Mr. Prideaux does not. He leaves it to his opponent to disprove it, and then says it is not important and does not alter the conclusion. Let him tell that to the judge.

But a fighter and a champion should know it scores his opponent two points. Count 'em up.

Could not Mr. Prideaux find a prize pumpkin—the Hiss kind—tip-toeing through his prize tulips?

★ ★ ★

Mr. Prideaux denies that his opposition rose out of personalties. He can hardly deny that it has run to personalities, or that they bristle in his piece.

But in the history he quotes in substantiation he tells you that one man defied the meeting, and he defied that man, and two petitions when found, one for, one against, which might seem somewhat childish and personal—on both sides—to some of us. Certainly any authority, and plain good sense would rule that now Mr Prideaux starts with the conclusion that incorporation won't work and he doesn't propose to give it a chance to, and his arguments are thrown together to support him; whereas a sincere, open mind gathers all the facts, then makes its deduction, which is exactly all we recommend but which Mr. Prideaux does not propose to allow.

Who is capable right now of an intelligent vote? Where are the opposing facts?

No case has been made. No one has a right to ask you to vote for incorporation yet—nor against it. Except Mr. Prideaux.

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When Mr. Prideaux proudly took his last blast around, an astonished newcomer asked him about it: Mr. Prideaux proudly tells. What right have you to do such a thing? But it is a good question. Anywhere but in Princeton it would be unheard of

But now, condemning the very principle in it, he starts a private newspaper to do it. Any normal person not allowing for Princeton — and especially Mr Prideaux, might well ask by what right a man has to impose his personal defiance, a self-appointed champion of sheer illogic. In sheer logic, as your authorized custodian, your paper disputes on your behalf the right of anyone to usurp this power ability to afford the luxury of a whim being no justification or excuse for a sheer disservice to truth. His business must be more lucrative than his terms to the paper ne so oddly claims to endorse.

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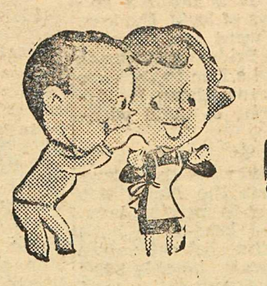
But waste is always a public offence and never moreso than in the abuse of privilege and credulence. No one has the private right to do a public wrong, and that is not democracy. It is as fair to argue that you can take a life if you can pay enough.

There is an adequate and authoritative medium your newspaper and its shortcomings are trivial in the light of the performance of its cardinal service and simply a flimsy excuse, as in this, for those with false banners who won't play the rules.

There is some idea now of the cost of cold type, but it has no relation to the value of its truth. Examine that and stop cheating yourselves with shoddy bargains. You are paing for it. You have a reputation. Your newspaper

[Page Forty, Please]

Better ....
Quicker ...
Cheaper...
STAR
PRINTERS



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War Memorial Rink

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