The Voice of the Valley

THE SIMILKAMEEN STAR

Your Community Paper

Forty-Seventh Year; No.13 PRINCETON, B.C., THURSDAY, 13th MARCH, 1947. $2.00 per Year, 5c per Copy.

"CISSY AND SUSIE" DEAD —FROM LACK OF DRINKING - - And It Did Happen Here

SHORTY and Stubby—we called them Cissy and Susie but it turned out the other way—are dead. Cissy and Susie were two cougar kittens that Game Warden Allan Gill fished from their lair with a pole and a pin in rugged Otter Valley after he had smoked out and dispatched their mother.

Professor McTaggart Cowan doubted if they would live when he had a look at them at Bill Manion's—Bill helped Allan make the capture.

They were only two weeks old, and could not eat. A bottle did not appeal to them.

Their loss is felt not so much sentimentally—Allan's job is to kill cougars—as financially. A captive cougar—especially a baby—is a rarity.

Meanwhile Kit, the first youngster Allan took alive—is destined for a private zoo in Eastern Canada. He is hale and hearty—just a little too much so.

As this is set "Cougar Kill" Gill and Pat are out on anohter hunt, and you will likely find your weekly cougar ration on Page One.

OUR COUGAR IS QUICK, TAWNY DEATH—AND NEVER HEARD OF THE QUEENSBERY RULES

He Stakes His Claim and Puts Up His Sign; He Has No Friends, and Let Rivals and All The Rest Beware . . .

ANYBODY want a kitten?

And, Mr. Editor, plaese don't put this in the kiddies pet exchange, for it happens to be a cougar kitten, and while the tawny little bit of fluff draws many an 'Ooh—isn't he a dear?' the plain truth is that he is a vicious little so and so, even in the age of innocence.

Game Warden Allan Gill of Princeton is showing him around and the surly little renegade of the hills isn't a bit grateful for the break Allan gave him.

For Kit the Cougars mom and kid sister will do no more "couging". Neither will Kit, for that matter, but he hasn't accepted that yet.

Formerly they were three — Mrs. Catt, Kitty and Kit; for a poppa cougar doesn't think much of home life, and is probably miles hence when his evil brood is born.

Two days before Game Warden Gill got a tip that a cat was on the prowl in Otter Valley, beyond Tulameen—rough, rugged country, now gripped in winter fastness. In the grim, still, pre-dawn he whistled for his pal, and by eight o'clock they were 25 miles out of Princeton and had picked up the track above the McDonald ranch—the old Jack Thynne place.

New snow made tracking easy —if there is anything easy about tracking a cat. Only those who have done it can appreciate the tangle that a hill cat moves in. Once on Mount Misery off Cowichan Lake when Andy and I had killed a deer—but that is another story. The long and short of which is that we found the gnawed carcass, but gave up exhausted.

The Cap'n Hates the Kits

Allan is more hill-wise — he never attempted to bag a cougar before he got his dog. Since then, in less than two seasons, they have teamed up for 15.

The sun rose; they were tracking; it reached its seasonal zenith; they were still tracking; it declined in shadowly gloom — and they were tracking still.

But the track was growing warm; and pretty soon the dog went into his swift, efficient little excited act—but grim—and a big female cat was securely treed and a sitting target for Allan's rod. Niche No. 11.

The tracks, and Allan's knowledge of cougar etiquette made the rest relatively easy. Allan knew there were two kittens somewhere close.

Cougars don't lair down. They are pure killers, restless nomads, the Ishmaels of the hills, ever on the prowl. For the male, especially, home is wherever he hangs his hat. He never sees his offspring—would probably kill them if he did.

But the female is a truly Amazon mother. She guards and fends for her young with a vicious love. She beds down and bides there only long enough to have her young. Almost instantly they are on the move.

But in her own crude, cruel way she is a good provider —too good from the sportsman's point of view. Normally a cougar requires two deer a week to live —in kitten many more. The interrupted story of the Catt family from the birth of the twins would make a fascinating drama —if it were possible to film the fiercest and most furtive of our local predators.

But Mrs. Catt doesn't take the kids when she goes shopping.

She's a much too vicious bargain hunter for that. She quaintly parks them somewhere and goes off on her own leaving them to amuse themselves the while—nothing in the forest would dare to touch them, and man has no chance until he has eliminated the dam.

The Long Way Round

But once the old lady was out of the way Allan and pal soon had their address, and the dog had them up a tree, for even the infants are up to all the tricks. Treeing them is the one way to get them, and the right dog is the one way to do that.

Allan made quick work of one, but decided to bring the other back alive. What influenced his choice was just sheer luck—he was too tired to get both—but Kit isn't a bit inclined to count his blessings.

All day hunter and dog had trekked and tracked. When they made the kill they could hear voices on the ranch. Such is the course of a cougar; you have to try it to understand.

The kittens were half a mile from the mother.

In the British Columbia hills the cougar is king—the tiger of the north. He is the hunter supreme, urged by the instinct to kill By slaughter he survives, but he kills as readily for the sheer joy of killing. Many a hillsman has found an untouched carcass, with the cryptic marks of a swift final struggle.

The cougar is Callousness Inc. There is not an ounce of sentiment or sporting blood in his tawny heart.

Baseness The Acme of

And withal he is an arrant coward, a rogue, a renegade and a rascal, the lowest, most soulless gangster of the animal kingdom. There is no mention of him in the Ark. There is a limit to everything and he probably was towed behind.

And yet with that human instinct to honor surpassing expertness in anything, you have to admire his utter instinctive degeneracy. He is a master of baseness, and pound for pound there is nothing in the world that can touch him in sheer brutal killing cunning If all the fierce, low beasts — including mothers-in-law — of the whole world could somehow be herded together, the undoubted survivor would be the British Columbia cougar and especially if the arena were his own tangled habitat of mountain underbrush ver nor particularly cunning. He is simply built for swift, sudden and utterly brutal death

"We Tackle Anything"

Out of sheer instinct to kill he tackles anything that his instinct assures him he can kill; but he slinks away from what lies beyond it. He has no courage except the courage of desperation.

The yapping of a little dog will send him up a tree. It is not that he fears the dog — if he can ambush it he quickly tears it to shreds—it is simply that the yapping presses some button that no lion's roar can touch It can hardly be fear, for fear bespeaks some sense of feeling, and his is only the lust to destroy.

The greatest spectacle of sheer brutal battle would surely be that between two king cougars. But even if that could be seen—a sight to make a Roman holiday—it seldom would be, for the cougar does not stay around to be whipped. There is no chivalry about him. A female he can whip and she takes the poorer hunting ground. But she has her own fierce womanly womanly guile.

But there is something vain and whimsical about the soulless brute. Seasoned woodsmen know his signs and there one with its grim humor that never fails to amuse.

For the killer literally stakes his claim and puts out his shingle.

"My Ground— Keep Out"

When a hillsman comes across a pilt of leaves and twigs scraped together with clawish artistry it says very plainly to him, "My trap line. Keep out—or else. (Signed) King Kat"

And the prospecting cougar knows at a sniff whether he can move in or keep going. It is all perfectly orthodox like Wall Street or Chicago's south side, and on the same ethical plane.

Rare is the chance to see a cougar at work, but to study his carcass is to know his weapons. His is at best a fearsome beauty and unlike the human cat his strip tease costs him his glamor

Impressive is his small, flat, bullet like head The weak xyzonomical lobes wouldn't rate him a high I.Q.

The ears are flat and short, and usually well chewed—from love or battle or frost. But the deep flat jaw and the great hooked teeth—the better to eat you with my deer—send an involuntary shudder through one, even clenched in death. In an old animal the teeth like the ears can be eloquent, but the great front sabre teeth are as durable as the beast.

The body is long and lithe. the ribs are small.

He Runs On His Belly

When his teeth go he starves —he can neither kill nor eat.

But, outside the head and the mouth, the remarkable features are the strong, short legs with the great cushioned paws and wicked hooked claws and the long club-like tail.

From his anatomy you learn the nature of the beast. He is streamlined for swiftness, suppleness and stealth.

He runs, as the hunters say, on his belly. He depends on a sprint and a spring.

He has unusually small lungs. He is no good in a long chase, and that is why a man and a dog can track him down.

He hunts close, depends utterly on swiftness, stealth and surprise. He usually hunts on the brow of a hill, sneaking up to pounce.

Doubtless because he senses the dog's superior endurance. he takes to a tree, foolishly fancying himself safe. He does not "freeze"; he does not hide. He eyes man and dog with a mixture of curiosity and hate,

His tail and and forepaws are as vital as his teeth.

His tail is balance wheel and mainspring. It is nearly half his body's length and is always computed in his length. It is thick, strong and rubbery; he lashes it fiercely when angry.

Kit, though hardly weaned goes into lashing action suite by instinct. The minute a stranger comes near him he flattens his ears, puts down his head and pushes out a soft but hateful hiss. His captor he is familiar with now, but he has no love for him. He will never be tame.

But he does seem to like a bit of company.

We are not amused—or make no sign of it—when Allan pulls his whiskers. He is equally impassive when his hind legs are fondled—even tugged. But eyen come close to those sacred front feet and he is a fighting fury.

of Hate The Hiss

Of course he has no relations with the dog. And Pat feels just the same about it. Let them but sight oneanother and the instinctive hate is on.

Otherwise Kit grins and bears and the problem of what to do with him increases daily.

He couches down in a corner in the basement with something of an attitude of disgust and a seeming great desire to be alone—as far into the corner as he can go—but a defiant hiss for my invader.

When taken up to the living room his curiosity gets the better of his ill nature. He found the kitchen range most fascinating, and apparently approves of this invention.

But when he gets into the yard the one thing in his world is the tree. But the eye has to be quick to see how it is done.

Feeding is no great problem, though Kit was a bit squeamish at first. Just plenty of raw red meat and the tougher and bloodier the better. He has virtually eaten his mother, though Pat has an equa relish and surely deserves his share

What would happen if either knew the other was enjoying his tid bit is an interesting conjecure in inhuman relations.

Grim—for a Grim Life

Kit will occasionally nibble at cooked meat — he particularly likes the fat.

Warmth and fat are luxuries the brutes can appreciate, for, agents of wickedness though they are, their winters can be pretty grim. Invariably they show marks of frost bite. Kit's mother's ears were well whittled down, though even with two kittens she had a bit of fat on her briskets. But some, despite their maraudings, come in pretty lean.

An authority says that in the severe cold an animal loses ten pounds a day; it is nature's way of keeping body temperature up

Game Warden Adam Monks of Penticton bagged one in the Ashnola area —a nine footer— the bones in whose front feet had grown together from being frozen, Powerless were those precious paws and claws. He must have had to take an inferior hunting ground.

When Cissy and Susie were found they were snug in a rock —with four feet of ice-hard snow outside. This was the cougar's lair—in the wildest part of the hills.

They had never left it; they were only two weeks old,

The mother went out to kill, returned to suckle them. The hole was ten feet deep—and not wide enough for a man to go in, because he would never be able to turn round.

The first part was easy. They used an old device—smoke. They made a fire in the mouth of the hole and eventually the old lady was forced to creep far enough out for Game Warden Gill to get a shot at her.

He uses a revolver, and seldom has to fire twice. His favorite spot—between the eyes.

There was, of course, the matter of dragging the carcass out. And then the kittens. They had not budged.

But Allan had a brain wave —and a safety pin. He got a long pole, made the pin into a hook, and literally fished them out, contriving to twist the hook into their fur.

It took a mere three and a half hours. "We had to get them They would have died," explains the man whose job—and whose passion—it is to kill the ruthless cougar. (The "twins" have since died.)

But Cissy and Susie proved to be a much bigger handfull than Kit, though less than half his size.

They were too young for meat; hey wouldn't lap milk and would have nothing to do with the bottle Milk had to be dribbled down their throats—a delicate operation.

At first they were fine. The ruthless killer of the ruthless cougar has made a special 30 mile trip out to see them.

He found the Manion home like a nursery — with as much fuss as if they had been newlyweds' first twins.

Killers of Killers

It was Bill Manion who gave Allan the tip, and carried out the hunt with him. He found a fresh kill. When they got to it, it was plain that the mother had been back at it. So Pat and Allan and Bill went to work.

It was Allan's twelfth kill of the season—fifteenth since he took up cougar hunting last year with the advent of Pat. It was the 80th of the season for game wardens of B Division—Princeton to Fernie.

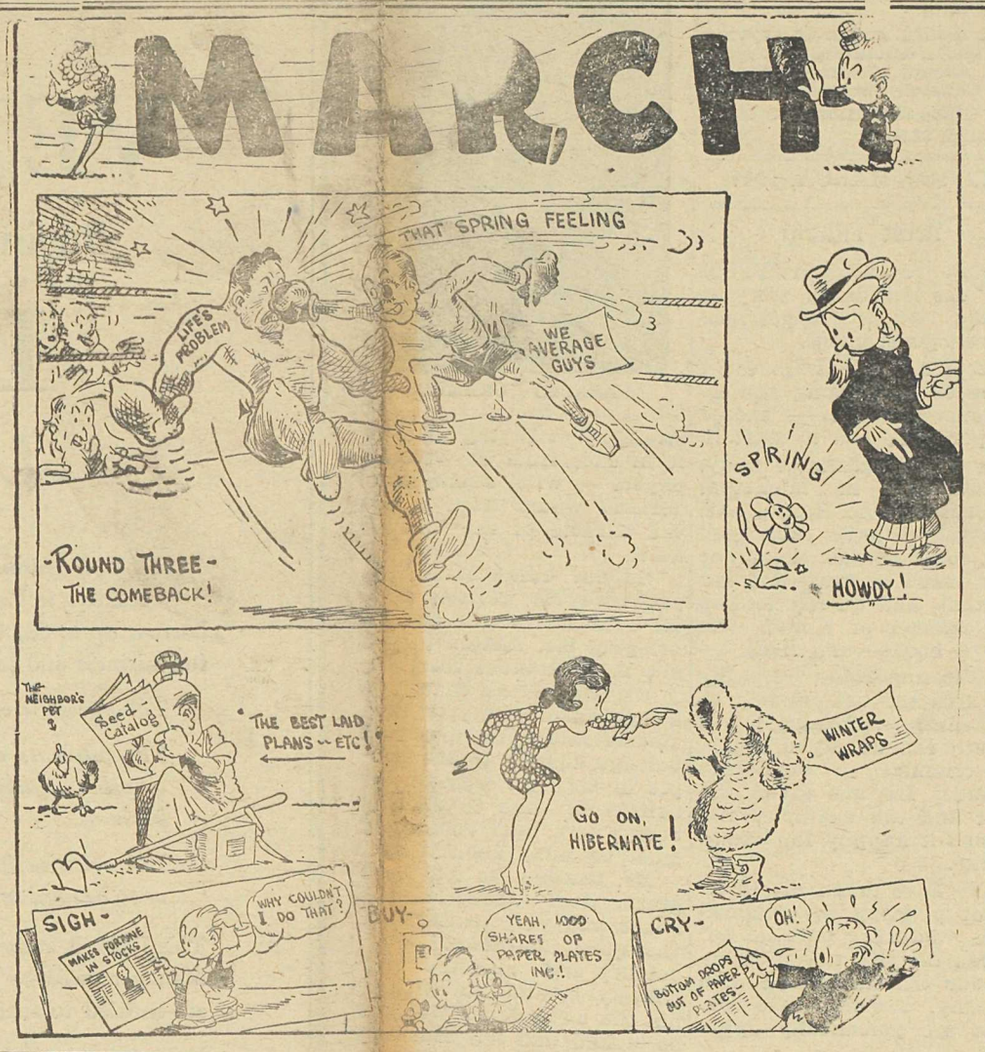
Allan wouldn't attempt the hunt without a proper dog. And Pat is a dandy. He is a cross between Walker hound and blood hound. Not very sociable and no domestic pet—he would be eternally barking. But as cougar hunters they understand eachother fine.

Pat is worth his weight a hundred fold in cougars — a thousand fold in their carrion of venison. He carries the blessing of every sportsman.

The best tribute to Allan's log is Allan's record. No attempt till he got him—sixteen since. and all the time is the open season for cougars.

They are usually less prominent in the summer—off season for big game sport—when

(Page Six, Please—COUGAR)



THE LEGION A-COURTING

THE best intentions won't pave a tennis court;and it looks like the Legion's bid is out, unless they can find some way to get a few feet more ground.

The yardstick says their pace—alongside the Legion Hall—is smaller than their public spirit.

But they are not giving up yet, and at the worst it may be badminton —which Desperate Dan says is bad enough.

Princeton "Cougar" Was A Bobcat

The "big cougar" that was seen in West Princeton recently wasn't.

It wasn't seen at all and the tracks, on expert investigation, proved to be those of a bob cat.

Yes thanks to the efforts of an active Rod and Gun Club—largest pro-rata in the North-West, Similkameen's rippling mountain streams are alive again.

. . And we have a heritage of big game too . .

. . A vast natural park nearby, a sanctuary from the spilling over of man.

. . And a marvellous climate, autumn and spring mate: summer and winat their most glorious.

Tourists! See Sunny Similkameen and if you don't get to heaven you'll never miss it.

★ THE SIMILKAMEEN STAR

—A COMMUNITY PAPER—
(Established 1900)

Published Weekly at Princeton, B.C., by the
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— DAVE TAYLOR —

Official newspaper for the important mining and fruit growing area of the Tulameen- Similkameen Valleys, embracing Princeton, Keremeos, Hedley. Copper Mountain, Allenby, Coalmont, Blakeburn, Tulameen, Brookmere, Manning, Cawston, Similkameen, Jura
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PRINCETON, B.C., THURSDAY, 13th MARCH, 1947

YOUR HEALTH!

PRINCETON HOSPITAL lost $3,100 again last year. It sold another $1000 bond. Its comfortable reserve of a decade ago is being steadily whittled down.

Some 3,500 of us depend on Princeton Hospital. True, most of us bother it very little, and that is all to the good. Up here in the hills we like the hardy pioneer spirit. We have little use for cotton wool.

But, since this is written with a guilty conscience to prick other consciences — take me, for instance—as if anybody would. I have been to this hospital twice in my nigh twenty years, and to hospitals — mental excepted four times in all. Twice I had nothing to say about it. Once they carried me, and the first time is obvious.

The other twice I walked. But those twice never fail to prick an honest conscience for there are things that are beyond gritting your teeth and iodine.

Mind, we feel that the cotton-woolers keep costs high, and there should be some fair way of making people pay for what they demand. But that is a relatively minor delight. The real issue is that in a mining and industrial community 3,500 of us depend on that hospital, and it has to exist between our ten year visits and serve all who come, regardless of profit or loss; moreover, the safe jobs depend on the hazardous ones

We must have an efficient hospital, and that cannot be at a loss. More, as a working community, we want fair working conditions for those who minister to us.

The changed picture is no fault of management and much of the loss can be laid to the price of efficiency.

The nub is simple. We will have to take more interest in our hospital and support it when we do not need it so that it can serve us when we do.

Just how hospitals should be supported is more complex, for the problem is common to all of them, and the government is rightly looking into that.

Why such essential services as hospitals and fire protection, apathy being what it is, should not get the same official recognition as schools will always puzzle us.

But the fact remains that we shall have to take more interest ourselves.

Only 30 odd were at the meeting. Only 56 are members. That will not do.

There is already, Mr. Nichols tells us, a contributory co-operative plan designed to give protection at a minimum cost, and if everyone participated the hospital would have no worries —but very few do. Actually all who do not, get protection without paying for it.

Mr. Nichols seems to incline to compulsion, and certainly there is nothing vicious about it, any more than in any other form of taxation; but in a matter so vital and humane, and so inherent in honor, we do not feel you will have to be compelled.

Hospitals, like home town newspapers, are one of those public services we are inclined to take too much for granted, expecting them to be around to serve us when we need them.

But we believe that if the matter were properly put before the public, and a canvass made, most people would see that the club plan is not only good citizenship but also good protection, good business and good sense.

Indeed, unaware that any such opportunity existed, we were quite enthusiastic over such a proposal by a strong local organization.

Mr. Nichols has undertaken to give us a full statement. We gladly put your paper at your hospital's service, and we feel sure you will accord it a careful and sympathetic reception.

YOUR FRIEND

MR. JOHN HUTTON has told us the story of Grand Forks' experience in self-government.

It is a fascinating story; it needs no priming and no recommendation — except to persuade you to start it.

It is a remarkable story, outstanding in municipal record. A civic Horatio Alger might have fabricated it.It loses neither point nor pith that it is true—and important, and quietly told in the manner of a man who keeps books—and bees.

It is important. Apathy towards the essentials of citizenship, Mr. Hutton has quietly reminded you, is just as criminal as deliberate fraud. He has given the fact and the example, and turned it happily for Grand Forks.

We have taken the liberty of pointing the remarkable natural parallel between the two towns. Many of our citizens moved with Granby. Yet our civic records are polemically opposite.

The danger of apathy in Grand Forks is in the municipal accounts. In Princeton the red is invisible, but equally expensive in lost opportunity and wasted potential, and there is nothing very brave or very wise in simly playing ostrich. It is not the rugged frontier honesty that should be our fundamental trait.

Grand Forks made its mistake — an optimism as foolish as our ultra caution and suspicion of our fellows —faced it, rolled up its sleeves and hitched up its belt, bought its own bonds when none would have them worked itself out of a hole and built a castle of homes.

Mr. Hutton points out that the watch dogs of James Bay would keep us from the Victorian Grand Forks follies. That is good security, but we prefer a saner optimism than was Grand Forks' — a faith in human values and in our ain folk, despite their queer nesses.

There is no need for an editorial. It is in Mr. Hutton's story. It is what we have alway said; and it is strangely satisfying to have it in fact from a veteran expert — what Jimmy Butterfield would have called the miracle of the inevitable.

So our editorial is that you read Mr. Hutton. It is an editorial of deeds, in bringing Mr. Hutton to you all, in permanent form.

We emphasize that it is a remarkable story, with a fundamental principle that belongs equally to the people of Grand Forks and to Princeton, and to citizens everywhere. and something must be done about that.

Mr. Hutton has told us a great deal about Grand Forks and very little about the quiet, statuesque competency and industry and honesty behind the scenes, but the coincidence will not be missed that the transformation dates from the time a man came who built things from wood, and became the keeper of books and bees.

If we hearken, John Hutton has already done us a great favor. More, we believe he will do us more. We believe he is our friend, a sincere friend who enjoyed doing this for us, because he lives his beliefs, and is a builder, a keeper of books and bees. He has given us a daughter. We believe he will give us his sin-

Page Five Please—FRIEND

C.B.C. Star —

FRANCES CRAMER

SKI HEIL AND ALL HAIL

Once again Amber Skiers have brought fame to Similkameen with fine showings both ih the Junior Internationals here and in the Canadian Open Championships in Quebec

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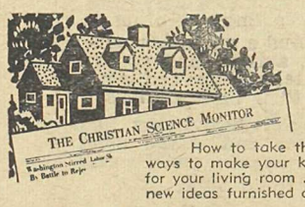

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Information may be obtained by employees upon written or personal application.

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PH-13

FRIEND

(Continued from Page Four)

cerne interest, his wisdom and experience—and enjoy do ng it.

And we want to suggest that we co-opt that interest for as he has poined out, getting the right men is all important.

It would be ill gratitude to covet, but Mr. Hutton's interest s large and his wisdom inexhaustible, and although he has earned his pasture, we feel that he would enjoy being called on for counsel—and that is our suggestion — that in civc matters we co-opt him as guide, philosopher and friend.

For our pastures are green and our future rosy and the water that courses in our twin streams s an elixer of youth and vigor for a builder of towns and a keeper of books and bees.

Mr. Charlie Thomas is renovating the foundations of the Ewart sto e.

The grader is busy giving the Princeton st eets much needed attention.

Stan Thompson has had his car repaired and looking like new aagin.

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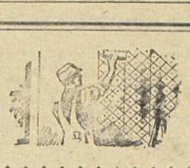

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Don Graham Comments on EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

"Isn't it good to see how well young Henry is getting along," I said to his uncle. "Yes, it is a great satisfaction. He served as his father did and now, since he came back, he has taken hold and I believe he is making more progress than any young fellow in town. He is a lot like his father was, full of ambition with a knack of sizing things up and profiting from the experience of others."

"I've been glad, too, to see that in him. He has half a dozen of the best men in town interested in him. He gets their good advice. He was wise when he consulted a trained man and took out the life insurance he needs. It's the foundation of his future."

"The officials of life insurance companies are like the men who advise Henry. They are leaders who know how to invest wisely in progress."

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COUGAR—

(Continued from Page Three)

the game go higher up, and the predators follow.

Whether by reason or instinct, animals form almost human habits. They have their roads and their meeting places from long before the time of man.

Allan, for instance, got his ten-footer almost on the Hedley highway. Here a well known animal trail emerges from the Five Mile valley and crosses the Similkameen River.

Last season they got three—one fellow nine feet long; and it takes a few deer steaks to fill that cavern. This season so far he has had nine.

The wide arc of his triumphs—Whipsaw, Hedley, Blakeburn, Otter Valley, Summers Creek—gives an idea of the local cougar menace. Just a short time before he killed three together in the Summers Creek area.

Recently the famous dog of a noted Vancouver Island cougar fouled out to a "cat" and was badly mauled.

She was rushed to Victoria to a veterinary specialist but made the sacrifice.

As a game warden, though it is not part of his duties, he gets no bounty, so that on this score

(Page TWO, Please—COUGAR)

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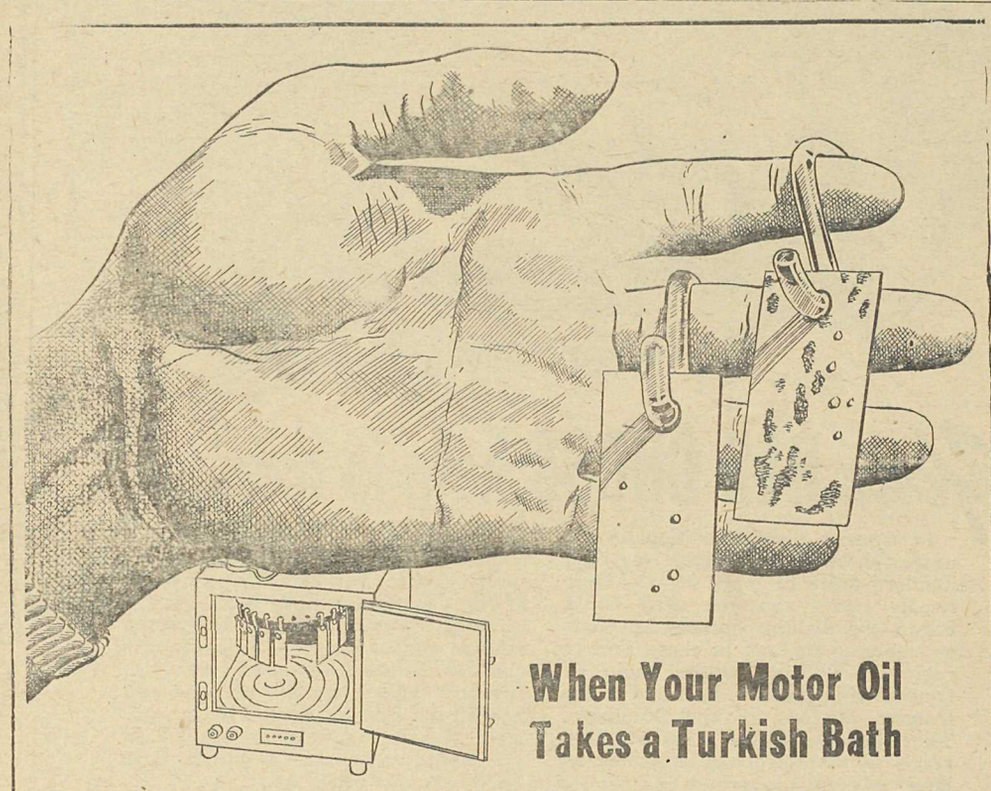

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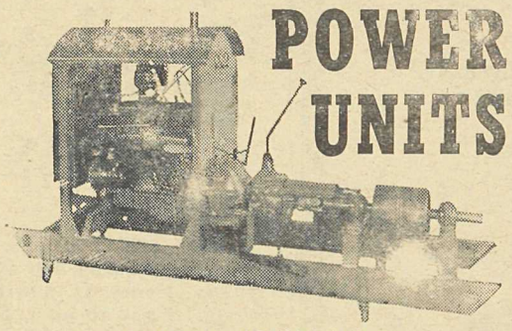

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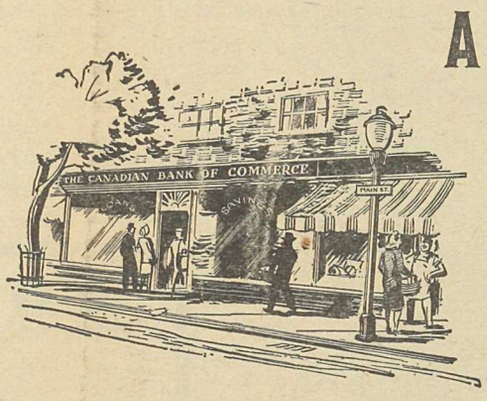
A Friendly Neighbour



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