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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1961

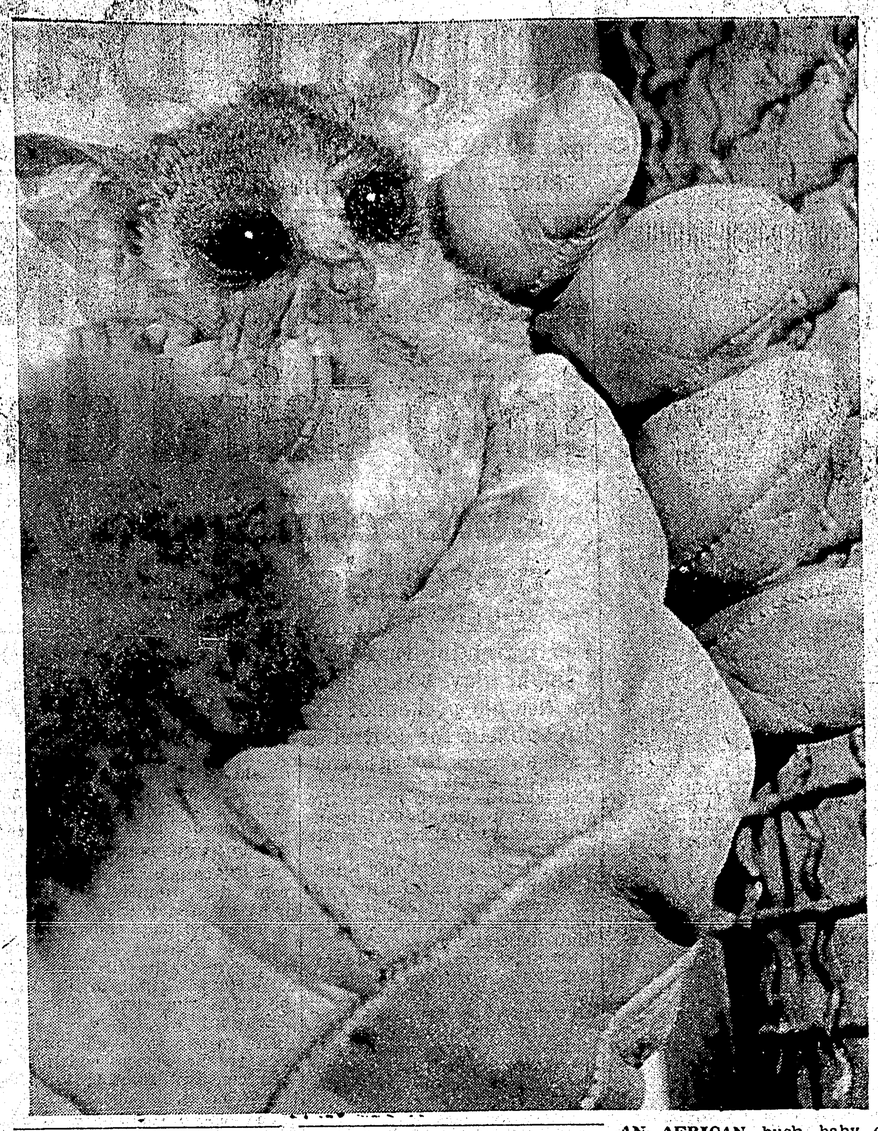
More time given TV fans to show demand

Television supporters in Prince Rupert have been given two extra weeks in which to demonstrate their desire for a delayed transmission TV system in the Skeena Valley area. Any doubts as to Skeena Broadcasters Ltd.'s proposal to bring television to the city and district, as to what the public will receive and how it is to be accomplished, should be dismissed by now.

Frederick Weber, manager of Terrace radio station CFTK and promoter of the proposed television circuit, left no shadow of doubt in the minds of anyone Sunday night when he said that his company must have a concrete indication of a real demand for television before he stands a ghost of a chance of being granted a licence. This means some 2,500 or more down-payments of $25 by TV fans at local dealers are necessary. The dealers will accept the down-payments, issue special certificates and the money is to be deposited with a special trust fund already set up by the Prince Rupert Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Weber has his money ready to install the TV network. What is needed now is the purchase of as many $25 certificates as possible to guarantee the TV company an operating income for the first two years.

It was pointed out at the meeting Sunday that purchase of a $25 certificate from a local dealer does not bind the purchaser to buying his TV set from that dealer. The fact remains that unless certificates are purchased then there will be no way of providing Ottawa with proof of any demand for TV here.

With this in mind, the deadline for the purchase of certificates has been extended until January 15, 1962. That gives TV enthusiasts two more weeks in which to set aside a few more dollars to show that they want television here. They had better make the most of it.



AN AFRICAN bush baby or galago, takes a look at the world through saucer eyes. The diminutive distant relative of the monkey family is full grown. An inmate of the Vancouver Stanley Park zoo, he is held for the camera by a zoo employee. — CP Photo

In his own interests

It is interesting to note that Lands and Forests Minister Ray Williston at a meeting here Friday described his boss, Premier W. A. C. Bennett, as "one of the most astute men I've ever had the pleasure to work with."

The Oxford Dictionary defines the astute as: "of keen penetration, especially as to one's own interests; subtle; sagatious; wily".

Few people who know Mr. Bennett would dispute Mr. Williston's opinion of the premier, particularly in view of his recent use of government (and therefore publicly-owned) mailing facilities to send out Social Credit political propaganda about the B.C. Electric takeover.

— The Prince George Citizen

Noncomformist way

You've seen the magazine cover picturing the fictitious fellow who paved his yard and painted it green. It's really happened.

Out in Portland, Ore., John A. Burtis spent $830 to have asphalt paving put in place of grass. Next summer, after he's saved some money, he plans to paint it a vivid green.

End of story? Oh, no.

The neighbors don't like it. The neighborhood holds that anything but grass is a sacrilege to their community. Dig it up, they say.

Mr. Burtis hasn't brought out a shotgun yet to defend his right to do as he pleases with the surface of his property. He hasn't argued that paving a front yard with asphalt is no different from building a large brick or concrete patio in a back yard.

In fact, he isn't doing much of anything to answer his critics. He just sweeps off the yard and ignores the power mower brigade.

Such stoic dignity is the requirement of any neighborhood non-conformist.

— Memphis Commercial Appeal

MOTHER-IN-LAW NOT COMING

Letters we'd like to receive but seldom do

By HAL BOYLE
Associated Press Staff Writer

NEW YORK — More fragments from letters we'd like to get — but rarely do:

"That song your teen-age son sent us, "I gave Santa a Bongo Drum", looks like the big novelty hit of the year. As you are his legal guardian, we are sending you a royalty cheque for $50,000, and assure you this is only the first of a. . . ."

"The doctor says the sprain isn't too bad, but that I should rest it for a few weeks. This means I won't be able to pay you and Madge my annual holiday visit, as I have done every year since you married my daughter 21 years ago. I hate to break this fine old family tradition, but. . . ."

"This is just a memo to let you know, Jim, that after the first of the year you'll have the title of vice-president and $5,000 more per annum. The case of whiskey that comes with this note is to help you celebrate your. . . ."

✣ ✣ ✣

"As it has been three years since your wife used her charge account at our store, we are discontinuing it because of our policy that it doesn't pay us to keep accounts which remain inactive for longer than. . . ."

"Just as you suspected, a physical examination has disclosed that patrolman Kelly is both nearsighted and colorblind. Therefore the department is tearing up the 15 parking tickets and the ticket he gave you for running through a red light, and we apologize for any inconvenience we may have . . ."

✣ ✣ ✣

"Of course, I could sell you a new furnace if you really want to go to all that expense. But the old one is working fine, as far as I can see. However, you did have a little trouble with your thermostat, which I adjusted. The bill is $7.75."

"My little elves, while fooling around in their workshop this summer, stumbled on a way to make money. Not play money. Real money. So instead of just bringing you another necktie this year, I decided I'd surprise you by giving you something you could really use. Enclosed are 10 genuine $100 bills. Have a merry Christmas! Sincerely your, Santa Claus."

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

Little U.S. support seen for O'Brien charges

By HAROLD MORRISON
Canadian Press Staff Writer

United States authorities greatly admire the work, sincerity and fortitude of Conor Cruise O'Brien but they suggest his charges against Britain and France may be a bit out of focus with the facts in the Congo war against rebellious Katanga province.

That is why, officially, the U.S. remains silent on the accusations of the 44-year-old Irishman who charged the British and French governments with frustrating the United Nations effort to tame mineral-rich Katanga and force it to submit to the rule of the central Congolese administration.

American authorities feel that perhaps Britain and France could have done more to help end the Katanga struggle; that perhaps they may be guilty of "sins of omission". But in general the U.S. has no complaint of the propriety of British-French operations in The Congo.

While there is a great deal of sympathy for O'Brien in American quarters, there also is a view O'Brien may not have been in the best position to judge whether his charge against Britain and France is entirely accurate.

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The Irish diplomat, who quit his own career job as well as that of UN chief in Katanga, may have suffered from "localitis," one American official suggests. This is a diplomatic disease of reaching sweeping conclusions on the basis of local incidents.

In his latest accusations, O'Brien has placed particular emphasis on actions of local British officials in Katanga. Americans acknowledge that O'Brien is "a pretty good judge" of what went on locally, but he also has rounded into his accusations such other officials as British Prime Minister Macmillan.

Lack of American support may tend to reduce the strength of O'Brien's charges. But it appears the U.S. may support the British-French position with something less than full enthusiasm.

It is unlikely that Afro-Asian nations, as well as the Communist bloc, will allow the O'Brien charges to die. Focus of a stronger United Nations light on the Congo entanglement could possibly tend to quieten the struggle and force removal of the European mercenaries known to be still active in Katanga.

A Bible Thought for Today

He knoweth the way that I take, when he has tried me. I shall come forth as gold. — Job 23:10.

NUCLEAR AGE ETIQUETTE

Shooting bomb-shelter moocher now considered in best of taste

By New York Columnist
John Crosby in The
Toronto Telegram

It is now recognized that it is the correct thing to slaughter your neighbor when he comes knocking at the door of your bomb-proof shelter.

Why hasn't the poltroon built his own shelter? All summer long every time you stopped digging you could see him starting for the golf club or trimming his rosebushes. Perhaps even reading. All of them stupidly useless occupations. He should have been breaking his back and draining his bank account building a shelter for himself. So no hesitating. Shoot him between the eyes (For best results press the trigger slowly and not with a quick jerk).

Yet a few problems of etiquette still remain to be settled. A reader writes:

"Suppose the attack is made during the course of a dinner you are giving. You have invited friends to drink and dine, but not to use your shelter. The bomb falls, shall we say, between dessert and coffee. How do you succeed in casing your friends out into the radio-active atmosphere? I mean, without offending them? How would you put it to them, wise boy?"

Well, frankly I think a jovial approach is best. "Come now! Here's your hat and here's the door!" And then something of this sort: "Forgive me for not seeing you to the street, but my doctor tells me radio-active dust is bad for my throat. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

You should be able to make a big hit with that line. Nothing like danger for releasing pent-up merriment.

There is, of course, among authorities on etiquette, another school of thought according to which it would be kinder to your friends to kill them off before they leave the table. It would be quicker, neater, and more charitable, they argue.

I cannot agree. I consider it impolite to strike down one's friends at one's own table, though with the best intentions. Already too many polite usages are being lost. Hardly anyone, for example, now dresses for dinner.

So for heaven's sake let us not kill our friends at table. It is unpleasant enough to have to do it in one's bed if one surprises them there. But never, never at table! Let that be perfectly clear!

While we are at it we may as well get the matter of invitations straight: "Mr. and Mrs. John Doe request the pleasure of the company of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Roe at dinner, Thursday, June 29 at eight o'clock, R.S.V.P." and at the lower right hand corner in small letters: **"This invitation unhappily does not extend to the use of the atomic bomb shelter. Should such a danger arrive, your hosts offer you their best wishes with the hope of seeing you again sometime, someplace."**

Finally, there is the school of thought which holds the strange view that atomic shelters are not funny. When in fact they are, terribly so. Can you imagine anything funnier than a garden-size bomb-shelter designed to protect you from a 20-megaton bomb?

A 20-megaton bomb would be capable of flattening Chicago and setting fires raging as far as Wisconsin.

While arranging your sandbags, you can encourage yourself by recalling that a 15-megaton bomb dropped by the U.S. Air Force on the Marshal Islands in 1952 vaporized an island 1½ miles long, leaving in its place a hole in the ocean bed more than a mile long and 50 yards across. Perhaps you should lay two layers of sandbags.

My conclusion, faint-hearts, is this: Let others dig in the ground. Go off and play golf. Tend the garden. It is more useful.

Letterbox

NEWS UPSETTING

The Editor,
The Daily News:

I note by the amount of space you have used recently that there must be many interested in television and civil defence. Reading so much of that brand of stuff, added to the continual radio yapping about southeast Asia, the Congo, Cuba and that pain in the neck from Russia; not forgetting (Roosevelt and Berlin) and the $17,000 the United States has to pay every minute on its national debt, and Canada and Quebec, about as broke, well just see what it has done to me.

I note in the December 1 issue of The News that the National Democratic Party leader was charged with impaired driving. He was arrested charged and remanded. Also a Progressive Conservative MP was charged with the same offence. These two items were mentioned in The News in small print and with no comments. This is a contrast to the usual and endless yapping when Gaglardi drives too fast, in his efforts to expedite our business, not for the benefit of himself, what happens? Maybe this is funny, but it sure makes me sick.

Excuse me while I get an aspirin.

D. T. Greene,
Smithers.

Editor's Note: The reason there has been no comment on the two cases referred to above is because both cases are still before the courts.

Short sermons

The clumsy, old-fashioned way of doing something occasionally has much to recommend it.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Signed articles and editorials credited to other newspapers do not necessarily reflect the views of The Daily News

The Packsack of Gregory Clark

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The art of trumpeting while blowing the nose is one of the manly arts that has almost died out. In the bus yesterday, I heard a magnificent trombone tone; and on glancing behind, saw a young man dusting off his proboscis after having executed as fine a snort as I've heard even in the early 1900s, when trumpeting was high style.

Indeed, there were in those days really only two stages in a man's growth. One was when he moved out of short pants into long pants around the age of 14. The other was when he succeeded in making a blast like a cornet with his nose when blowing; and this usually occurred around the age of 20. By the time a man was 40, he was in his prime, and could sound off not only loud but long.

The Presbyterian church I attended as a boy was ministered unto by the Rev. Mr. Mutch. In his congregation was a sprinkling of elderly Scots who did not entirely hold with some of Mr. Mutch's doctrine. And when, during the sermon, there arose grounds for dissent, in various parts of the church would suddenly sound off these stentorian trumpets. No one could take exception to gentlemen blowing their noses. But I can still see Mr. Mutch pausing in his discourse to glare at the congregation of whom only the very young giggled, having no proper conception of the subtler elements of theology.

All Aboard with G. E. Mortimore

Has anyone seen a piece of real bacon lately? I asked this question a year ago, and nobody had.

All you could buy was a wad of sliced lard, with a sliver of lean at one end.

In the frying pan the so-called bacon frizzled away to a tiny curl of meat submerged in boiling fat.

Well, the situation hasn't changed. Canadian bacon is still the same. Calling it bacon is marketing the stuff under false pretences. For the sake of honesty they should label it "sliced fat, with a little bacon."

For a time they prettied it up with a striped cellophane package, which made it look as though it really contained meat. But the Dominion inspectors of weights and measures and standards stopped them doing that.

The inspectors should stop them calling the stuff "bacon", too.

However, there may be hope for the bacon-eater yet.

The other day I found some canned Danish bacon that had lean meat on it, and tasted like real bacon, too. That made a pleasant change. I hope I can find some more of it.

I have heard that there is a reason for the poor quality of Canadian bacon: Farmers get paid the same amount for pigs, whether the pigs are good or bad. There is no allowance for quality.

How can people put up a fight to get decent food? There is an organization called the Canadian Association of Consumers.

I dont' know where the association has its offices, or how a citizen can join.

If I were a rich philanthropist, I would hand over some money to the CAC on condition that they use it to advertise themselves and run a complaint, information and investigation bureau.

If the consumers ever got organized in strength, they could root out all the gyp artists and short-changers overnight.

They might even bring back real bacon again.

The Lighter Side

A pretty young student nurse and her doctor fiance had just broken their engagement.

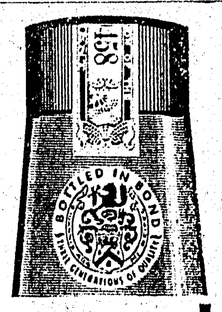
"Do you mean to say," exclaimed her friend, "he actually asked you to give back all his presents?"

"Not only that," sniffed the young nurse, "he sent me a bill for 36 visits."

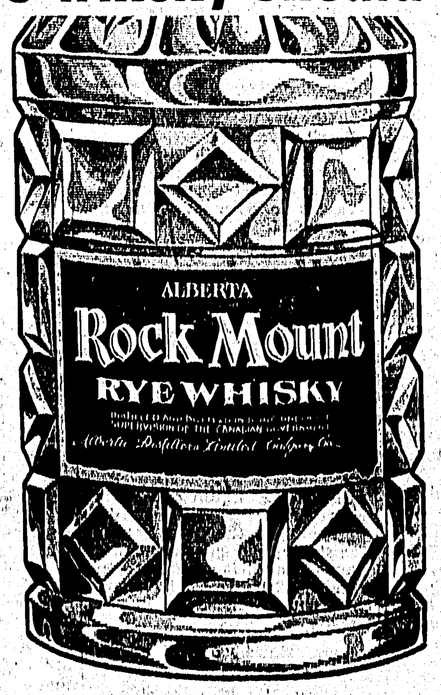
A teacher was having difficulty in making little Johnny understand subtraction.

"Now, Johnny," he said, "you have 10 fingers. Suppose four were missing, what would you have then?"

"No piano lessons," replied Johnny.



Next time you ask for 'rye', say 'Rock Mount'. Mature and full-flavoured, the way real rye whisky should taste.



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