

An independent daily newspaper devoted to the upbuilding of Prince Rupert and Northern and Central British Columbia.
Member of Canadian Press—Audit Bureau of Circulations
Published by The Prince Rupert Daily News Limited
J. P. MAGOR, President H. G. PERRY, Vice-President

Subscription Rates:
By carrier—1st week, 25c; per month \$1.00; per year, \$10.00
By mail—Per month, 75c; per year, \$8.00.
Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa

Ike Should Visit Alaska, B.C. Too

A NOVEL but by no means implausible suggestion has been made by the Ketchikan Alaska Chronicle which might well have an important bearing on northern B.C. It is that President-elect Eisenhower be invited to visit Alaska in the course of his trip to or from Korea.

Remarkably that defence would, of course, be the General's main interest, the paper suggests he might also wish to see some of the projects which are contributing to Alaskan development.

"Some of the long range projects such as a railroad to Alaska, a car ferry between Prince Rupert and Haines and a railroad to the Bering sea coast he may want to have studied by experts," the Chronicle observes.

"But if he could see first hand some of the projects already under way—the dock being completed for the pulp mill here, the burgeoning tunnels for the pipeline, the charts on water power potential at Taiya, or what the new highway system has done for the scenic Kenai peninsula, he might develop some of the enthusiasm that Alaska needs in the White House."

Most of the projects mentioned are also of close concern to the northern part of this province. In the Taiya proposal alone, which involves the Aluminum Company of America, there is an issue which promises to become one of great international importance. In the immediate present there is the Ketchikan pulp mill dock for which plans have already been finalized to establish a ferry connection with Prince Rupert.

If the General were to visit Alaska, he would no doubt find it edifying to discuss these matters with Canadian authorities, who should be of cabinet rank. Defence Minister Claxton and Trade and Commerce Minister Howe are two who at once come to mind. Premier Bennett should also be in the discussions.

The idea is not nearly so far-fetched as it may appear at first glance. The problems of defence would by themselves warrant such a meeting. In the event of war, Canadians and Americans would have to work in tight co-ordination through this area. The Kitimat development, the railway and this port would be of as much interest to the enemy as many of the Alaskan projects.

The Chronicle having urged Alaska's governmental leaders to sound out the President-elect on the subject, it would not be amiss if the Canadian government maintained close touch with our neighbors to the north with a view to inviting the General into Canadian territory should the occasion arise.

Sooner or later the U.S. President-to-be is certain to visit Canada in any case. With the threatening situation in Asia now occupying much of his interest, there is surely no more appropriate point at which to make his first visit than in the area which would become the front line of the continent if the threat ever materialized.

Scripture Passage for Today

"Ye . . . took joyfully the spoiling of your goods."
—Heb. 10:34.

Ray REFLECTS and REMINISCES

It may be just around the corner: the snowshovel.

Since the end of October no fewer than seven Vancouver women have been terrorized by masked bedroom prowlers. We are not sufficiently familiar with ladies' private premises to think of suggesting something useful, unless it would be a loaded revolver under the pillow.

CRITICAL MOMENTS

The big bruiser, in need of a check-up, called at the physician's office and was asked if he had ever been afflicted by dyspepsia. It was only when he tried to spell it, remarked the B.E.

A plane crashed near Tacoma, and 35 men, women and children—and three babies—home-ward bound from Alaska for Christmas, were killed.

The initials, "D.P." used to mean Displaced Persons. Today they make us think of Depressed Politicians.

WELL LET YOU GUESS

The annual milk production in

the United States would fill a river 3,000 miles long, forty feet wide and three feet in depth, comments the Chicago News. From a calculation like this, fancy the total number of flies that would fall in.

OR EVEN A DAY!

In a way, science is extremely farsighted. No one can tell us science is unable to say where the stars will be in 1990. But it's impossible to say what's doing ten days hence.

Twenty-five pigs recently managed to get away from their pens on an Alberta ranch. It took five hours to catch them. In other words, it's not so simple to bring home the bacon.

SIMPLY FINE!

Federation of the British West India Islands suggested by Canada a year or so ago and not endorsed will be discussed in London next spring. Objective is to strengthen the economic position. Bermuda is not part of the West Indies. But it would make a delightful Canadian resort between November and May.

UNDER OUR ROOF

By JOHN STURDY

Ever since I received that letter from P. Potts, janitor in my old apartment house Back East, asking if I knew the whereabouts of Hamish and Col. S. Skeffington-Smutts (Ret.)—well, of course, I know their whereabouts. They're right here, living in our house, along with Little Augie and Anastasia the Colonel's wife, and—where was I?

Oh, yes; well, reading Mr. Potts' letter got me thinking about the old days Back East in the apartment house, and started me wondering about Ian Igfish and the Twittles' maid, Esmeralda, and whether or not they were still pledging their love at the incinerator chute.

I hope they are, because it always struck me that a romance that could blossom over a garbage pail was really one of the great love stories of all time.

Ian Igfish was a young man who lived in the apartment next to mine, and he was a very shy person, I remember. The Twittles lived on the same floor, at

the opposite end of the hall, and the incinerator chute was in-between, at the head of the stairs. Ian Igfish was so shy he had to have an excuse for everything, and the incinerator provided it. It was there that he used to meet his love, the fair Esmeralda.

Esmeralda would come out of the Twittles' apartment carrying a pail of garbage, and Ian would meet her in the centre of the hall, and they would stand there together with the pail between them, gazing soulfully into each other's eyes as they rammed down after bundle of garbage down the chute.

Sometimes they wouldn't talk at all, their love was so overpowering, and when at last the pail was empty and the door of the chute was finally closed, they would simply clasp hands for a moment of unspoken bliss and then return to their respective apartments.

That pail was the most important thing in their lives. The length of their tryst depended on how much was in the pail, and sometimes I would hear Ian Igfish complain sorrowfully:

"Oh, Esmeralda, only one tiny bundle today!" and Esmeralda would explain that the Twittles were dining out a lot and the scrapings were consequently very lean.

I remember the time, too, when the Twittles entertained at a large dinner party, and later Esmeralda appeared with a radiant face and carrying, not one, but two pails. I'll never forget the wonderful glow in Ian Igfish's eyes when he saw those two pails. The lovers were so long at the incinerator that time that I thought that Ian Igfish would get to the point of proposing. (He was very shy, as I have said.)

And I shall never forget that terrible period when Esmeralda didn't appear at the incinerator for several days. Poor Ian was in anguish, and when at last he did encounter Esmeralda his shyness dropped away in a sudden and terrible burst of jealousy.

"Somebody else has been helping you empty the garbage!" he accused.

Well, it took quite a time for Esmeralda to convince him that she was not meeting another man at the incinerator in off-hours, and that she had been laid up with a cold.

A BIT FUR

And that was not the only time when the course of true love struck a reef. I happened to be climbing the stairs this day when Esmeralda appeared with an overflowing pail which contained, she told Ian, a lot of old bits of fur that Mrs. Twittle wanted to throw away, and of course Ian Igfish was deliciously happy as they started to push all that junk down the chute.

Then Ian suddenly asked: "Did you hear something Esmeralda?"

"No," she said. "What was it?" "It sounded like a cry," he said. "Just after I put that last piece of fur down the incinerator."

It was just at that moment when Mrs. Twittle suddenly appeared in hallway.

"Esmeralda," she demanded, "have you seen our cat?"

Well, of course there was a lot of screaming and wailing, with Esmeralda accusing Ian Igfish of murdering the cat, and Mrs. Twittle accusing both of them, and then Hamish (he was the assistant janitor then) appeared from the basement carrying a slightly bedraggled kitten for the scruff of the neck.

"You are not permitted," he announced sternly, "to put tin cans and cats down the incinerators."

Yes, sir, that was one time when romance nearly got all burned up.

OTTAWA DIARY

By Norman M. MacLeod

The most surprised people on Parliament Hill these days are the senators. They find themselves leading really useful and almost strenuous lives once more.

When they get used to it, they think they're going to like it. At least it rescues them from the sense of inferiority which used to overwhelm them when they would have to spend a considerable portion of their time defending themselves against charges of laziness, or of being as much value to Parliament as the legendary fifth wheel to a coach.

What has happened is that, while the House of Commons is spending its time in day-long chatter over the speech from the Throne, the Senate has been given the legislative ball to carry. For the first time in history, the government has seen fit to initiate the bulk of its sessional program of legislation in the Upper Chamber.

Fourteen measures have been given first reading so far, and more are to follow. The Senators have been told, figuratively if not in so many words, to wake up from their day-dreaming and step on the gas, because the government wants the measures all passed by the Christmas adjournment.

Ostensibly the reason the government is putting the senators back into their legislative overalls is the Coronation. The idea is that if the sessional program of legislation can be speeded up, prorogation will be possible that much sooner in the New Year. And the ministers and other members of the parliamentary party scheduled to go to London will be able to make their plans in orderly fashion.

That's the government's story, and it could be perfectly true. But the Opposition parties are more than a little suspicious. There's another event in the cards for 1953 in addition to the Coronation—namely, a general election. And they recognize that a desire on the part of the government to be in a position to call a surprise vote in the spring would explain equally with the Coronation the legislative haste now being shown.

From the government's standpoint the obvious advantage of a spring election would be to shorten the organization period available to the Opposition parties. But there is an offsetting disadvantage of which the Liberal strategists are also aware. That is the fact that seasonal unemployment is usually at its peak during the very weeks that the campaign would be in progress. That's a factor that's unlikely to be overlooked in any political plans which the ministry may make.

As I See It



by Elmore Philpott

What Nehru Told Me

IN THE PARLIAMENT of India Mr. Nehru has scored a triumph to date.

His impassioned plea to the west, to accept India's plan for peace in Korea, has won him the greatest ovation of his career.

It was a lovely day last year when I interviewed Mr. Nehru on such matters. The sunny winter air in New Delhi was as stimulating as fine wine. Guards at the main door of the parliament buildings quickly checked my papers. One chatted as we walked the circular corridor.

A cabinet meeting was still on, and there was such silence in the secretaries' office that I could hear the clock tick. The phone rang and a woman wanted to know if it was true Mr. Nehru took only lemon in his tea. Yes, it was, the smiling young man replied.

OUTSIDE Mr. Nehru's office stood the handsome guard I ever saw. He was dressed in scarlet, gold and white uniform, presumably as in British raj days.

The first thing that struck me about Mr. Nehru was that, in Indian clothes, he is much more impressive than in business suits of the west. He was wearing a knee length grey tunic, tight at the neck, with white breeches, tight on his lower legs. He has clear tan skin, and sad penetrating eyes, which change color a bit flashing from brown to blackish according to his mood. I noticed his hands, artistic, expressive.

A servant brought us fruit juice in plastic mugs. I asked him, among other things, about Korea. He smiled rather wistfully and said:

"No, India is not going to say 'we told you so' about things in Korea."

India had been right when she warned the western nations they should not send their armies north of the 38th parallel, right again when she warned them China would come into the war if they drove right to China's border, and then right again when she had warned the temporarily victorious Chinese that THEY too should stay north of the fatal parallel.

But I had a new respect for the Indian Prime Minister's MILITARY grasp when he said:

"Of course the reality is that THEY could drive the west clean out of Korea whenever they chose to pay the heavy price of doing it."

Attend CHURCH SUNDAY

PRESBYTERIAN LIQUOR BRIEF

Exercise of local option on the establishment of beer and liquor outlets, and a government educational program on the effects of drinking, are among the points recommended in a brief submitted by the Presbyterian Church to the B.C. liquor inquiry commission.

The brief was drawn up at a meeting of the Church in Vancouver at which Prince Rupert was represented by Rev. E. A. Wright, D.D., Presbyterian minister here. It reads as follows:

"The Presbytery of Westminster of the Presbyterian Church in Canada met within Central Presbyterian Church on November 6, to consider the liquor problem and endorsed the following brief which is being presented to this Liquor Inquiry Board for your consideration.

"We recognize that the use or abuse of liquor has been a problem of many centuries. We feel that the various attempts to control the consumption of intoxicating liquor have all exhibited weaknesses, nor did the attempts made recently to control it through total prohibition meet with the success anticipated by its advocates.

"We are convinced that the only ultimate solution to this problem is the regeneration and re-education of the individual person by the grace of God. However, we realize that the recommendations of this Presbytery must give directive toward the amelioration of the present conditions under which malt and spirituous liquors are served.

"Therefore, believing that the present system of beer parlors is not conducive to moderation we recommend:

"First, that a suggestion from your august body be directed to the Government toward the reform of the present system of handling beer outlets. We suggest that your committee allow no more than one drink per person on the table at any one time, thus forbidding bottles of any kind on, under or around the table.

"Second, an honest effort be

made to limit or ban the consumption of liquor by all under the age of twenty-one.

"Third, no cheques of any kind be honored or cashed in (Continued on Page 4)

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH

5th Ave. at McBride St.
REV. H. O. OLSON, Pastor
"The Just Shall Live By Faith"
Come and Worship with us.
SUNDAY SERVICES
NOVEMBER 30, 1952
Morning Service 11:00 a.m.
Sermon: "The Incarnation of Christ."
Choir Anthem.
Evening Service 7:30 p.m.
Film: "Shmaltz Alaska."
The L.D.R. will be in charge.
Sunday School 12:15 p.m.

First Presbyterian Church

We extend a cordial invitation to visitors to worship with us.
231 Fourth Ave. East
Minister: Rev. E. A. Wright, D.D.
Organists: Mrs. E. J. Smith and John Currie.
NOVEMBER 30, 1952
Morning Worship 11 o'clock.
Sunday School 12:15.
Evening Worship 7:30.
Minister at both services.
"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it Holy."

First United Church

Sixth Ave. W. and Musgrave
11 a.m.—Morning Worship.
Children's Story and Sermon.
Anthem: "All Glory, Laud and Honour."
7:30 p.m.—Evening Worship.
Sermon: "Size Isn't Everything."
Anthem: "Magnificat."
COME AND WORSHIP
SUNDAY SCHOOLS at First United Church: Beginners and Primary at 11 a.m. Older pupils at 12:15. At Conrad United Hall, all at 11 a.m.
Young Adults Club in the Church Hall after the Evening Service. Come.

The Ideal Christmas Gift ENGLISH HOLL

Well Baked—No Waste—From Canada's Largest Shopper
Shipped to all points in Canada and the U.S.A. Carefully packed to ensure freshness and delivery in time for Christmas shopping.
This offer should be of special interest to business firms, many of who are using this method of conveying greetings to associates and customers.
Large Box \$2.00 — Sprig of Mistletoe 25c — Double Size, Extra Large \$3.00
Expressed or Mailed Prepaid anywhere in Canada or U.S.A.
JAMES BRAND & CO. LTD.
2404 GRANVILLE ST., VANCOUVER 9, B.C.
Established 1919



and what it meant to the world!
A Child's Life of Jesus
by FULTON OURSLER
You, as well as your children, will marvel again at the miracle of the greatest life ever lived. Truly spiritual simplicity of writing with brilliant illustrations.
FOLLOW THIS SPECIAL CHRISTMAS STORY
A Child's Life of Jesus
every day until Christmas starting Dec. 11
THE DAILY NEWS

YOUR HOSPITAL INSURANCE PREMIUM IS DUE

DEC. 31ST

MAKE SURE YOU ARE PROTECTED

Please return your billing notice with your premium payment directly to:
B.C. HOSPITAL INSURANCE SERVICE
Victoria, B.C.
or make payment through local B.C.H.I.S. office or Government agent.

LOWEST COST PROTECTION AGAINST CRIPPLING HOSPITAL BILLS!

ONE WEEK ONLY

\$50.00 TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE For Your Old Washer Balance on easy terms

on a new "INGLIS" washer

- 3 beautiful models
- Lovell safety wringer
- All with automatic pump
- New Hercules mechanism, with five year guarantee.

RUPERT RADIO & ELECTRIC

YOUR EXCLUSIVE "INGLIS" DEALER
Phone 644 Box 1279