

An independent daily newspaper devoted to the upbuilding of Prince Rupert and Northern and Central British Columbia.

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Real Danger Is Fear

THERE is a savage quality to the United States' dispute over Communists which is surely creating far more damage than the whole inquiry into un-American activities is worth.

It is possible that Senator McCarthy, the high priest of agitation, is quite right when he predicts that the ferment he started will become the main issue of the next congressional elections.

Dangerous though the infiltration of communism into free countries may be, it is still more dangerous when the national behavior becomes one of almost hysterical anxiety over wipers that may be lurking in the nest.

There is another disquieting feature of the jitters which some leaders seem determined to inflict on the country. No other state of mind could be more suitable to the Communist movement.

In Britain the fellow-travellers seem to have comparatively little success because there, even more than in Canada, they are accepted with a sort of careful tolerance which gives them hardly any more chance of starting something than the Sunday orator in Hyde Park.

Canada can learn a great deal from the sound and fury being heard across the border. Perhaps the most important lesson is that, while Communists are an unwelcome company, fear of them is very much worse.

Ray REFLECTS and REMINISCES

Some one, the other day mentioned the Canadian Legion garden. Not once in a blue moon does this occur.

DOING WELL

When Igor Gouzenko changed jobs of clerk in Moscow for confidential clerk in Canada, he seems to have made a bit of substantial progress.

Government Sells Phones, Telegraph Line

OTTAWA (CP)—The cabinet has approved sale of the federal government's telephone and telegraph facilities in British Columbia for \$1,500,000.

The facilities will be taken over by the B.C. Telephone Co. and the Canadian National Telegraph Company each paying \$750,000.

The main lines involved run from Kamloops, through Prince George to Prince Rupert in central British Columbia.

A Department of Transport spokesman said a condition of sale will be that the buyers must agree to maintain at least equivalent—if not better—services.

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As I See It



by Elmore Philpott

Fish Caught the Man

ALL the western world now knows the story of "The Man Who Would Not Talk."

The Calgary man was featured in the Readers' Digest as a great hero. He is the central figure in a book which tells how the Canadian held out successfully against the whole devilish power of the Nazi torture squad.

The poor fellow has gone to his bed in a state of nervous collapse. Maybe, like that foxy old Dr. Mossadegh of Persia, he felt that bed was the safest refuge from the public wrath—especially of the famous journalist Quentin Reynolds who swallowed the fish story, hook, line and sinker.

WHAT a wonderful novel could be written around the life story of someone like their unmasked fake hero!

We see him first enlisting to help fight the enemies of his country. We share with him his heroic dreams—how he expects to engage the Nazis in mortal combat, perhaps with rifle and bayonet.

On the end of the shaft a crank was fitted which had to be run by potato power. Looking back on it now from a motor car angle, a business that I have been associated with all my life, it stands in the category of an old model T Ford compared to the modern motor car.

THEN we see the deflated hero coming home at the end of the war and by mistake in a mail delivery getting a letter addressed to another fellow with a name very like his own.

And from the evidence in the letter our own "hero" realizes that other men, of his own age, background and ability have led most exciting lives in the army. Some of them have even been on secret missions to France, or even to the heart of Nazi Germany.

One night when our "hero" has hoisted a few too many in the local Legion hall, and when he has been exasperated by the tales of some of the old sweaties there, he begins to tell his own tall tale.

He begins to spin them a bit of a yarn about his "secret mission" for Bureau X. He thinks no more about it till next month, at a meeting of the local Lions Club, he is unexpectedly called on to fill in for a speaker delayed by a late train.

AT FIRST our hero is timid about his fake reminiscences. But then he gets caught up in the thing. The fish story swallows its author. He really begins to pile it on and make a real story of it.

Then comes the awful ordeal, when a great magazine of world circulation stumbles on his fish story, and puts its ace reporter on the job of writing it up for publication.

Finally comes the exposure of the fraud and our hero's nervous collapse.

Before you are too tough in your moral judgment of that man, remember the case of Grey Owl. In real life Grey Owl was a white man, who faked an Indian background. But in the fake character which he created for himself Grey Owl was a very great man and good teacher indeed.



RELAXING in a suburban "hid-away" after his vigorous and victorious campaign for election to the Presidency of the Philippines, Ramon Magsaysay plucks a symbolic "political plum" from a fruit tree.

LETTERBOX

FIRST X-RAY ON THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST

Reading in the Prince Rupert Daily News of Dr. W. T. Kergin's 50th wedding anniversary party held in Vancouver where he is now residing, brought to mind my early associations with Dr. Kergin when he arrived on the coast, and relieved Dr. A. E. Bolton at Port Simpson, and took charge of the Port Simpson hospital.

Among the things I remember during that early period, was the arrival of an X-ray machine from Toronto. Believe me it was some machine! It came in a knocked down condition all crated up.

It consisted of a bunch of wooden timbers, a steel shaft with a very large heavy flywheel. Mounted on the shaft were a large number of large rough glass disks, which when put in a revolving position some way gathered and produced the electricity.

On the end of the shaft a crank was fitted which had to be run by potato power. Looking back on it now from a motor car angle, a business that I have been associated with all my life, it stands in the category of an old model T Ford compared to the modern motor car.

ASKED FOR HELP

Dr. Kergin asked me and some other young fellows to give him a hand to assemble the rig. The doctor took charge of the blueprints and written instructions, while we built the job under his instructions. After many changes and replacements, we finally got the machine presumably in a perfect set-up.

There was a seat to sit on, and a curved bracket came out from the back, with a dings of mystery fastened on the end of it that came down over the head of the victim.

This arrangement was to give one's scalp a shower of violet rays, probably to cure dandruff.

After everything was in place, the next thing was a trial trip. Dr. Kergin turned to me and said: "You get on Wiggs and we'll try her out." I hesitated and looked the contraption over, then suggested he take the trial run as he knew more about the thing than anyone else, and having the technical knowledge he could direct us. I felt I would be better on the crank, under his direction.

His reaction to this was, after looking it all over, was to remark: "I wonder if we got everything right."

I don't remember who was the brave one to finally hop onto the old contraption, but lo and behold, when we got her revved up

she actually worked, sparks were flying like porcupine quills, and the feeling in one's scalp was like the quills were hitting the mark.

We finally got another rig working, and every one had a look at bones in his hand; you could see your ulna, radiuses, our carpus and metacarpuses, and filangées, could even see the place the end of my thumb used to fasten to, which I had shot off some years before.

NO CONTROLS

I don't remember the rig having any ammeter or voltage regulator on it, or any modern gadgets for control; I think the efficiency and intensity of its output was entirely in the hands of the man on the crank. Perhaps if he got over-rambunctious he could have blown the contraption up.

Bert Kergin, the doctor's brother, was around there at the time. Bert had a strong arm, and I think he was really the first engineer on the rig, or the man on the crank anyway. Bert will still be remembered around those parts.

He was member for Atlin for some years, that was before the Natives took over. The doctor had an assistant at the time, who was also in on the assembly of the rig. I think it was Dr. Johnson, but wouldn't be too sure as this is all from memory.

Dr. Johnson also lost his heart in old Port Simpson. I think "WT" got some good results out of this old rig, as long as he had an efficient man on the crank.

I often wonder how Dr. Large, Dr. Hankinson, Dr. Greene, and even the second growth of Kergins would make out today in Prince Rupert if they had to put up with this ancient monstrosity, to get their X-rays. Dr. Kergin is a grand man and a fine doctor and was much beloved while he served the north country.

If Prince Rupert boasts a museum this old rig should be looked up if it is still in existence.

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OTTAWA DIARY

By Norman M. MacLeod

The unfortunate ease with which parliamentary circles are able to pass from the sublime to the ridiculous has been demonstrated by a really disturbing manner during the past 10 eventful days. Here is the story in brief:

Just 10 days ago everyone in the capital from His Excellency the Governor-General down to the most humble citizen was paying enthusiastic and hospitable tribute to President Eisenhower. The commander-in-chief of the allied forces in World War II was being received with an acclaim to which he made modest and sincere response by accepting the tribute as evidence of the solidarity of cordial sentiment between the two great North American nations.

But despite the enthusiasm shown universally here for the President and the President's pledge of sincere United States friendship and co-operation in return, dispatches from Ottawa by usually well-informed correspondents over the past week-end have suggested a Washington plot to "smear" Canada's external affairs minister, Hon. L. B. Pearson.

Agency in the alleged Washington "plot" was the United States Senate Committee on Un-American Activities headed by Senator William E. Jenner. The insistence of Jenner in pressuring Canada to submit Canada's Russian ward, Igor Gouzenko, to United States questioning was interpreted by a number of experienced Ottawa correspondents as an attempt to expose Mr. Pearson—who was bound to refuse such a request—in the role of being "soft" towards communism.

The curious feature which the whole situation has revealed is the gullibility of parliamentary circles here. The same groups who 10 days ago were expressing satisfaction over President Eisenhower's pledges of friendship and co-operation during recent days have been taking a dim view of the outlook for relationships between the two nations because of the alleged "plot" by Senator Jenner.

The suggestion is that the President is something less

than the spokesman for the United States people and that Senator Jenner is something more than the President in his power to influence relationships.

Fortunately, the St. Laurent government is continuing to do its business with President Eisenhower, not with Senator Jenner. It is pinning its confidence to the power of the presidency and its distinguished incumbent. Nor does it expect to be disillusioned. But it would be just as happy if Canadian correspondents didn't magnify Senator Jenner by writing seriously about him "plotting"

against one of our cabinet ministers. Jenner just isn't that important.

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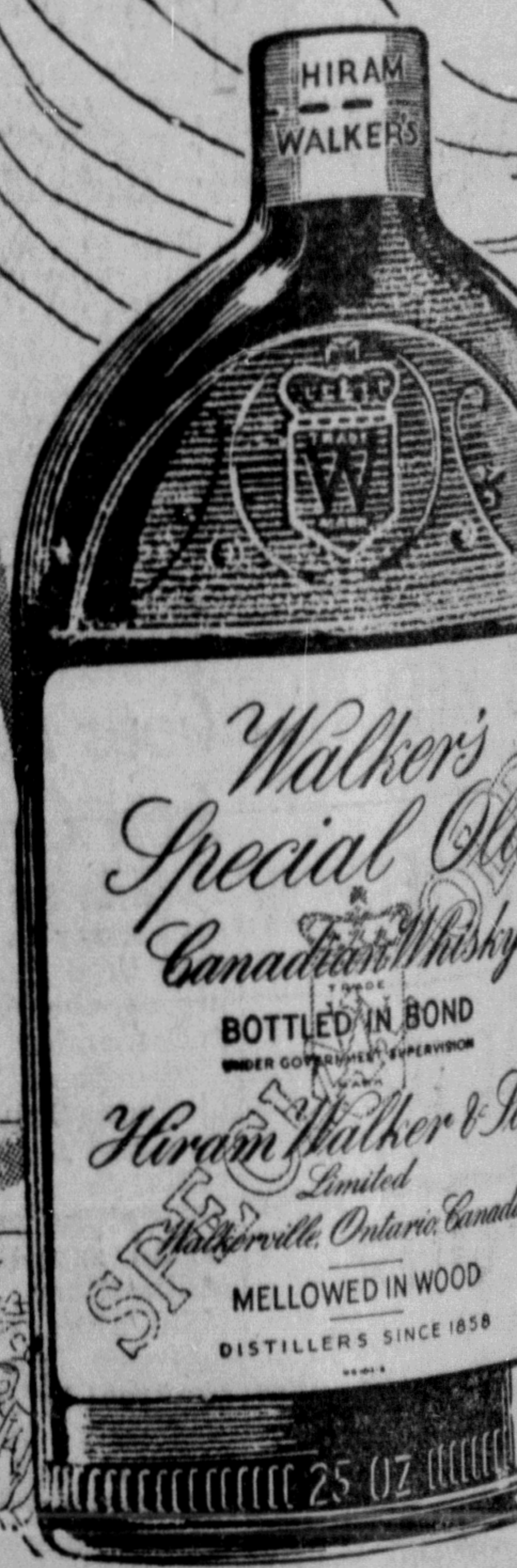


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