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Canadian Reciprocity

PRIME MINISTER ST. LAURENT of Canada evidently doesn't want reciprocity with Alaska. In a speech before the House of Commons in Ottawa he stated that Canada must keep for herself all the water power facilities of the upper Yukon River and not grant any of it to a proposed aluminum plant at Skagway.

He added that non-Canadians in the northland must realize they are under Canadian jurisdiction.

Very well—the same rule should be applied to Canadians in Alaska.

However, the main tenor of his talk was indirectly in opposition to a movement proposed by business interests in British Columbia for mutual inter-trade relations between Canada and Alaska, with the granting of deep-water ports in Alaska for Canada and less red tape restrictions over the boundary line between the two.

Perhaps British Columbia and the Yukon district ought to join the United States so that they can pool their common interests with Alaska.

It might be well for the prime minister to take another look at his "hole card." He would find that American interests and capital and enterprise have contributed far more to Canada than Canada has to the United States.

Moreover, in the interchange of trade relations, Alaska can offer Canada much more than it can offer Alaska. Canada cannot utilize all the potential or any part of the upper Yukon River power without an outlet in Alaska. By denying power to an aluminum plant at Skagway it is cutting off its nose to spite its face. As we have stated before, reciprocity is a two-way path, with equal benefits to both sides of the boundary line.

—KETCHIKAN DAILY NEWS.

Ray REFLECTS and REMINISCES

A Californian, who had already wed twice recently announced her engagement to Jack Dempsey. She had at last met a real man. Since then developments have appeared. Mrs.

Dempsey issued a challenge. There was a fight but this time in a court room, instead of a ring. The Manassa Mauler and challenger were in excellent shape. The challenger won.

Here is a description of the perfect barman, according to the Irish Licensing World: He is not a university graduate, but he is well read and intelligent; he is at once politician and diplomat and judge and jury; he can be friendly without being intimate; he can flatter his customers without being false; he can be humble without being servile; and he can be silent without being aloof or talk at length without being garrulous.

And more than the candidates are telling things to one another. There is such an individual as a supporter. Prince Rupert, it would appear, has plenty this election. Personalities are praised and roundly criticized. He's a dictator or worse. Has he ever done anything to make him remembered. Think of the money he'll help save in the next few

The development of a maritime museum for British Columbia is being featured in the south coast press, and this might well be emulated here and elsewhere in the north. Ever since Prince Rupert began maritime matters have been active. Ships and shipping have meant much, and as the growing city expands, this will be more clearly seen.

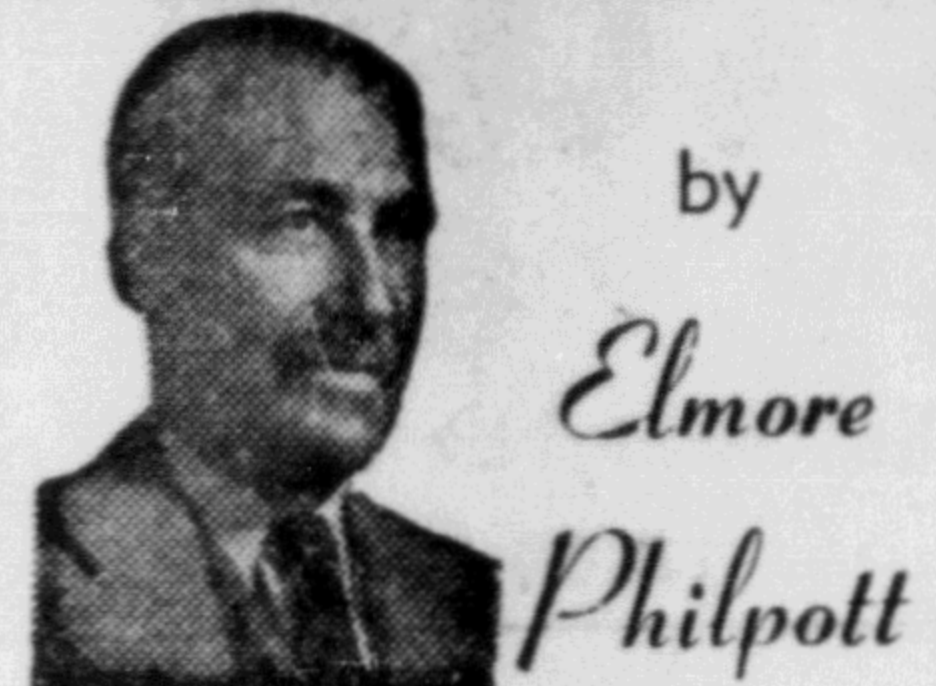
The Queen and Duke of Edinburgh crossed the line last Friday, away down in the South Pacific. The occasion was a highly special one. Unlike the Caribbean visit, where no one splashed water on Her Majesty as she splashed back, and nobody dreamed of painting the duke's nose a strong scarlet, no one felt bored. This time laughter was heard loud enough to be heard the ship's length.

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As I See It



by
Elmore Philpott

Lady MP's Book

MISS MARGARET AITKEN is a new member of the parliament of Canada.

In collaboration with Byrne Hope Sanders she has just published a new and lively book about how she won her election in the riding of York-Humber.

The book is HEY, MA! I DID IT, Clarke Irwin, \$2.50. I can't think of a nicer Christmas present, especially for a lady interested in public life.

LET ME SAY right here and now that I think the picture on the front of the book is a bit deceptive. So, for that matter, is the title.

Miss Aitken does not look at all like the kind of person who would spontaneously give that prize-fighter's handshake of self-congratulation, as she is shown on the paper cover of the book.

But maybe I am wrong. Maybe the real Miss Aitken, MP, is not the one who sits faithfully and quietly in the House of Commons, but the one who, as a journalist, climbed the wall behind one corner of Westminster Abbey, in order to get her copy to the cable office in time.

BUT THE STORY in the book contains few such astonishing episodes as that which shocked and confounded even the London bobbies.

It is, I think, the most peculiar book ever written about politics in Canada. It gives a close-up view of the actual mechanics of an election, from the time that the young lady was propositioned to run, till the time she was finally declared the winner, after a recount.

Of course, the story would not apply to all parties and to all parts of Canada. But it is a lively and highly instructive and useful account of just what does happen before and after the nomination of a party candidate.

IF THE political professionals read Margaret Aitken's book in any numbers, few of them will be in much doubt as to why she won out.

She had several great assets. But chief of these assets was that 20 newspaperwomen, or others with similar background, worked rain or shine as volunteer house-to-house canvassers. That is the kind of a "machine" which money literally cannot buy.

The book gives some really witty sidelights about the experiences of these canvassers. One housewife was all ready with the glad-hand for Margaret Aitken, because, she said, "I listen to her every day on the radio."

She had confused Margaret Aitken with Kate Aitken. The authoress MP tells the best joke on herself though. She herself personally canvassed the home of her main opponent—the Liberal.

The Liberal candidate's wife was so nice to the canvasser that the canvasser (the present Conservative MP) put down "C" opposite the name of that particular family—the "C" meaning a sure Conservative vote.

Ford Captures Miami Tourney

MIAMI, Fla. (AP)—Youthful Doug Ford, the most consistent golfer of the 1953 professional campaign, whipped the veteran Sam Snead in a torrid two-man battle over the final 36-hole stretch Sunday to win the \$10,000 Miami Open tournament.

Slippers This Christmas

LUCKY THE PERSON TO FIND A PAIR UNDER THE TREE

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FASHION FOOTWEAR
YOUR CHRISTMAS STORE



THIS 12-OUNCE BEER GOBLET is big enough to hold two six-ounce Chihuahua puppies owned by Mrs. Delia Fields of Windsor, Ont. With the dogs, tentatively named "Get-off-the-carpet," and "You-too," is Cary Thibert, Mrs. Field's grandson.



The story so far: Steve and Nancy have just landed at the North Pole in Santa's sleigh. They are going to take over his job while he takes a rest before his Christmas Eve ride.

Chapter IV

The warmth of the fireplace in Santa Claus' living room seemed to reach out to greet the children as Mrs. Santa Claus opened the door.

Mrs. Santa Claus reminded them a lot of their Mother, only older. She wore a long, red dress trimmed in white.

"So you're Steve and Nancy," she said. "I'll bet you are chilled to the bone. Take off your things, while I fix you some hot chocolate."

When she came back carrying the chocolate, she said, "It certainly is nice of you to come up here to give Santa Claus a rest. Santa works so hard just before Christmas that he always seems to have a few sniffles before he leaves on the long trip. And after he gets back, he has such a bad cold I have to keep him in bed for days."

While Steve and Nancy were drinking their chocolate they were looking around the room. It was the strangest and by far the nicest room they had ever seen. It was decorated with toys, mostly real old toys.

Santa, who was sitting next to Nancy, couldn't help but notice how her eyes travelled from one toy to another.

"You like my playthings, eh?" Santa commented.

He stood up, pointing to a clock. "See that," he said. "That is the first cuckoo clock. It has a real cuckoo that comes out and tells us the hours. I've never been able to figure out how he knows just when to poke his head out, but he's never slow. You don't have to wind him like most cuckoo clocks, but then there's the cost of birdseed."

Just then there was an awful commotion over in a corner of the room, growling and clawing.

Steve said, "My, what is that?" "That's a teddy bear. A wild one. Most of our teddy bears are nice quiet fellows, but not this one. I've had him for years trying to tame him. He's quite well behaved now around Mrs. Santa and me, but when he sees strangers he still gives a growl or two to show off. I put him in his cage when I decided to fetch you, and he's been pouting all day."

Nancy finished her chocolate and walked over to a table nearby. "Look, Steve," she said, "A jack-in-the-box." And with that she flipped the switch on the lid and the cover popped off.

Instead of a jack-in-the-box popping out, however, a tousled little head and a pair of eyes

peeked over the edge, and then popped back into the box.

"I should have told you about him," Santa said. "He's the shy jack-in-the-box. After you've been here awhile he'll come out and say 'Hello,' but he wouldn't think of popping out of his box without being introduced first."

"Here is someone else I want you to meet. This doll has had a cold for years. We've tried every way we know to cure her, but to no avail. She was supposed to be a crying doll, but when you bend her over, instead of crying, she sneezes. I've waited and waited for a little girl to ask me for a sneezing doll, but so far no one has. Perhaps it's just as well, for we wouldn't want to give her cold to anyone else, would we?"

By this time everyone was through with their chocolate and while Mrs. Santa was gathering up the dishes, Santa lit a long, thin pipe, took a couple of puffs, and said, "Well, I suppose you are both anxious to take over your duties as Santa Claus."

"Nancy, I think I'll put you in charge of the books of names of all the little boys and girls. But you mustn't spend all your time looking up the names of your playmates to see if they've been good or bad. My first assistant Tinker is in charge of the books now but he needs a rest as much as I do. If you are ready let's go to Tinker's cottage where the big books are kept."

(Tomorrow: The Red Ink River)

Hudson's Bay Buys Terrace Lot

TERRACE—A business district property here has been purchased by the Hudson's Bay Company.

The corner lot, a main business intersection at Lakelse Avenue and Kalum Street, was purchased from Egel Sargent and Ernie Robin.

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— THE LETTER BOX —

The Editor,
The Daily News:
Strange things continue to happen!

A few years ago, through a mistake, I was able to view the bottom of my own grave in Fairview cemetery. On Saturday my card of thanks to my supporters was displayed in the obituary column, ordinarily dedicated to funerals, while all other candidates' expressions of thanks were prominently displayed on the second page of your paper.

Being the type of person who refuses to take everything lying down, the following contains my thanks to my supporters, which I trust will be published as a part of this letter:

To the electors: I sincerely appreciate the vote of confidence given to me December 10 in recognition of my loyal service to the city over many years.

Special thanks to the taxi operators of the following numbers, 67, 70, 75, 66, 32, 99 and 555. A service deeply appreciated by an old age pensioner.

ALD. GEORGE B. CASEY

WHAT NOW, MR. CASEY?

The Editor,
The Daily News:

So the election is over for another year and we find Mr. Casey still on the council. As an ordinary taxpayer, may I ask a simple question—"Is he going to really try to co-operate for the next two years with our city council—or is he going to continue with his past methods?"

No doubt he has his followers, but please, Mr. Casey, get it out of your head that a large cross-section of the people want somebody in there to keep an eye on what the council does—in other words a "watch dog."

We have elected our council with the hope and confidence that they will work together in a harmonious manner. We have faith in them as a body—not in you alone. The fact that you got in by the skin of your teeth bears evidence to this fact.

Come on, Mr. George B. Casey, in the interests of Prince Rupert get that chip off your shoulder and put forth an honest effort. "A CITIZEN"

The Editor,
The Daily News:

In your editorial of November 24th entitled "Markets For B.C. Salmon?" you make the inference that the fishing companies or the Association are withholding information with regard to the possibility of a sale to the United Kingdom.

I would like to point out that our chairman, Mr. J. M. Buchanan, who has just returned from Britain, is quoted as saying that "while no specific agreement was reached, the trip can be considered successful in that we were able to establish a good foundation for future trading. Mr. Fraser, our industrial representative, carried out a thorough survey of plants manufacturing fishing equipment and this will prove of great help to our companies when buying British goods."

As for the possibility of future sales of canned salmon, I can only say that we found ample evidence of the popularity of our product and I am personally quite hopeful of renewing, to some extent, the traditional trade we once enjoyed."

Bearing in mind the purpose of the trip to the United Kingdom, this statement is as clear

and as frank as could be expected. I can assure you that no attempt whatsoever has been made to conceal important facts about the recent negotiations with the British Government.

In your editorial you state that "Perhaps the companies are asking too much, but whatever the reason, the fishermen and public are anxiously awaiting an announcement." The question of the price at which salmon can be sold is naturally related to the cost of the raw product, processing, financing, selling and other costs.

As you are well aware, this Association has been consistent in pointing out the necessity of keeping canned salmon prices

competitive with other food both in the domestic and the export field. Dollar short countries such as the United Kingdom, obviously very anxious to get value for all dollars spent, to this extent the price of B.C. canned salmon will always be a factor in our negotiations with the British.

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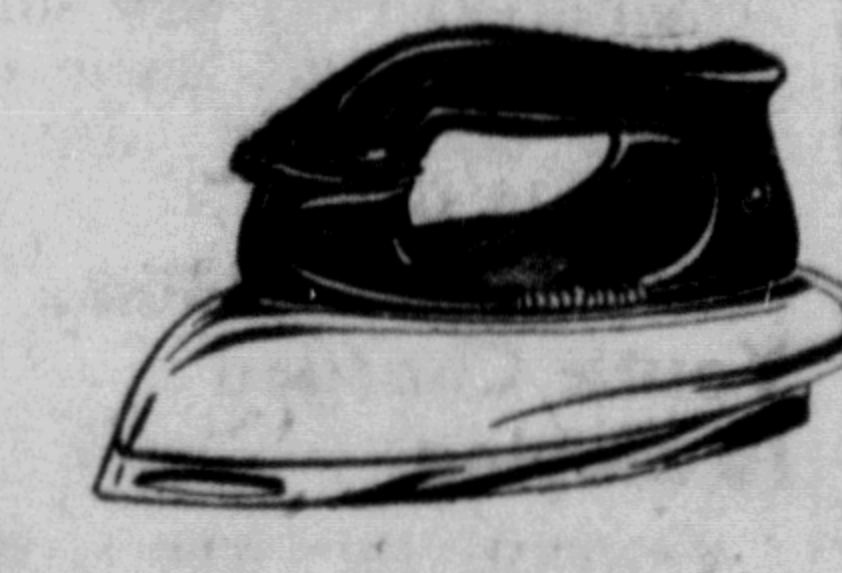
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