

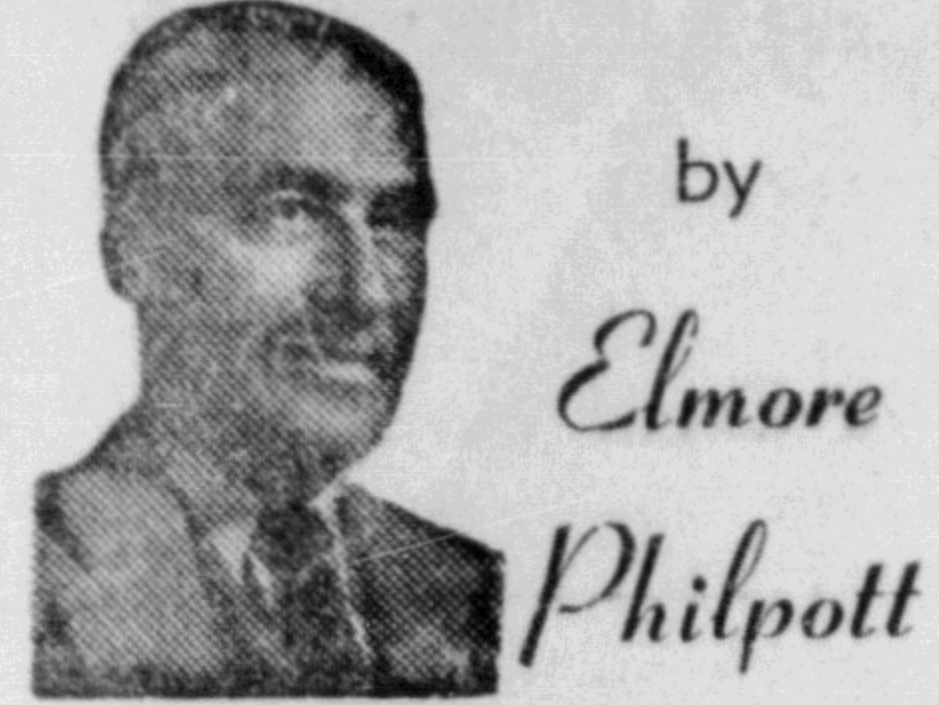
Prince Rupert Daily News

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As I See It



by

Elmore
Philpott

Reluctant Twins

HERE inside the parliament of Canada you see the great ever-present, rarely-mentioned fact that is at once the tragedy and the hope of this great country.

We are still "two nations warring within the bosom of a single state" in one sense of the words, as we were a century and a quarter ago when a great British statesman, Lord Durham, wrote those words.

True, Canada has long since achieved what a great visiting Frenchman, a century later, described as "modus vivendi without cordiality."

The French writer, Andre Siegfried, means that the two great lingual sections of Canada live together like a married couple, both of whom would prefer a divorce, but who are nevertheless destined to live under the same roof, till death do them part.

YOU are not inside parliament for a week until you hear on the quiet how many more English-speaking Canadians have lost their jobs in the past year, and how many more French-speaking Canadians have taken over those jobs.

It is, of course, only partly true. But few of those who voice the complaints ever add the main reason—though not necessarily the only reason:

That more and more of the civil service jobs call for a working knowledge of both languages. Those of us who are born and brought up in English-speaking homes rarely take the pains to learn French. We may struggle through enough French to "get by" the high school or university examinations. But as for really learning the language well enough to carry on even a simple telephone conversation or write a letter—no, we simply do not do it.

But we kick when the French-speaking Canadians take over the public jobs in a country which is a two-language country.

The French-speaking Canadians who get the jobs also, of course, speak English.

But it is a fact also that, regardless of the theory of our constitution, the public business of Canada is done in English.

About a third of the MPs are born into French-speaking families but most of them speak English in the House, for the obvious reason that they wish to be understood.

It is a sad sight to see the exodus when a French-speaking MP begins to speak in his own tongue.

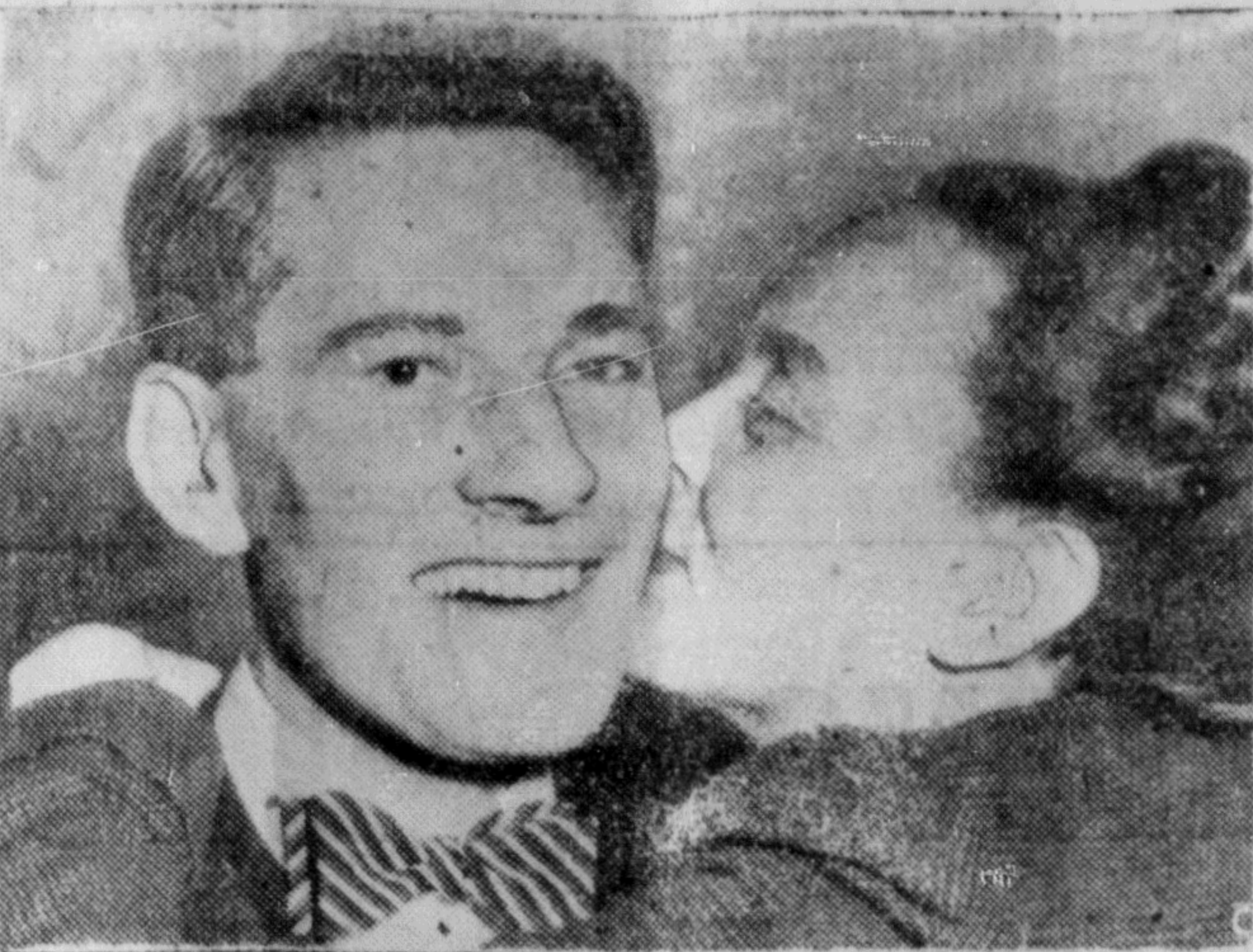
LAST NIGHT I talked with people who know the background of Premier Duplessis's absolute rejection of the proposal for federal money grants to Quebec universities.

The financial position of McGill and other Quebec universities is so desperate that they literally may have to close their doors unless they can get assistance from the national treasury.

There is an overwhelming demand for such assistance from the western provinces.

But the government of Quebec says "no" and it would be folly to ignore the fact that it means "no." It fears the loss of French culture and fears this is the thin edge of the wedge.

It is on the background of all these truths that you begin to understand why the present Prime Minister has such a unique hold on the affections of the Canadian people; and why the most important event of the election of 1953 may yet turn out to be that George Drew, the Ontario-born, Ontario-bred Conservative leader, learned French well enough to speak in Quebec in French.



GEORGE GREGORY, 37-year-old Victoria lawyer, upset British Columbia's Social Credit government attempt to obtain a legislative seat for Finance Minister Einar Gunderson by defeating him in a by-election. Mr. Gregory is shown receiving a victory kiss from Cathy Shaw.

DOCKSIDE TALES

Aircraft Engineer Salvages Plane; Lands, Takes Off at Seal Cove Base

By LARRY STANWOOD

When Harold Kellough, base engineer for Queen Charlotte Airlines at Seal Cove first saw the cracked-up fuselage of the small Cub airplane on the beach, his mind began working overtime.

A year later, his brain-child had grown into the reality of a completed, fully assembled two-place plane which, recently took Kellough and friend Bill Tocker on a 6,000-mile, cross-Canada trouble-free trip for \$120.

Just over a year ago, an American flyer was forced down in his Super-Cub near Butedale. Shortly afterwards, Kellough decided to have a look at the wreck. When he located it, he made another decision:

"I thought if I could only somehow get it to Prince Rupert and work on it, I felt it could be rebuilt."

And that's exactly what Kellough did. There was a lot of red tape to wade through in getting the plane, but finally the Canadian government released it to him as aircraft parts.

Placing almost every moment of spare time at the disposal of his new project, Kellough began the arduous task of disassembling every part. Sea water had penetrated everything for the plane had been covered several times by high tides. The engine, instruments—all metal parts—were rusting badly, but finally the cleaning job was done.

Among several new parts, a propeller had to be obtained as well as the under-carriage. Kellough had decided not to equip his little plane with floats. By October, the 135-horse-powered craft was ready to take off on wheels. Where? On the Seal Cove tarmac, of course. The concrete 600-foot rampart used by amphibious planes as a loading deck is the only level stretch of terra firma in these parts.

And Kellough found that his "new" plane could take off in 150 feet at 35 miles an hour.

After several test flights, the engineer who first gained his commercial pilot's licence in 1937 and Tocker, who had helped Kellough with much of the work, planned their cross-country trip. Kellough relates his experiences.

"We planned to visit Floyd Glass (formerly with QCA here) who has been in Prince Rupert for a while. He was always bragging about the goose-shooting there so we were going to put him on the spot."

"There were geese alright, thousands of them, but there were almost as many American hunters. The geese were shy and the good weather kept the birds high in the air all the time."

"We didn't get a single goose."

From Prince Albert, the flying

holidays landed in Saskatoon for fuel, but as they were hungry and there was no place to eat near the airport, they flew to Regina.

From Regina the pair flew to Neepawa, Manitoba, Kellough's home town. Other places, in their quest for both, sightseeing and hunting included The Pas, Flin Flon, Edmonton and Jasper.

"On our way to Jasper we ran into a snow storm near the mountains. We turned back but didn't want to return all the way to Edmonton, so we looked for a place to land nearby."

Their improvised "strip" was the Jasper-Edmonton highway and they taxied to a stop in front of a lone filling station.

The station attendant rushed out to meet his customers, then stood agape as he saw the plane parked near the gas pumps. He threw up his hands, managed to say:

"Now, I've seen everything."

Throughout their tour, if there was no airport where they wanted to land, they made use of the natural flat surfaces of the prairie roads, farmers' fields or just the plain, bald prairie.

Like Tocker exclaimed to Kellough near the beginning of their flight after crossing the Rockies, heading east to Calgary:

"Man, look at the miles and miles of landing strips."

In Jasper, an easy landing was made on the neat, hard earth runways. But after landing the flyers were told to park their machine in a corral. This precautionary measure was advised because, they were told, "the elk are so plentiful here they'll come at night and literally eat up your plane."

"Near McBride, B.C., we ran into another storm. We sat down in a small cleared patch back of a homesteader's yard. The farmer met us happily and offered his horse to pull us out of the muck. We thanked him, but did not need it."

All through their prairie flight, the pair met with excellent flying weather. On their return along the northern route, however, several storms were encountered in the mountains, especially along the Skeena.

Kellough, who graduated from a flying school in Winnipeg in 1937, took to mechanics more than to piloting. He's "only log," he says, but for the last 16 years never has been very far away from an aircraft. He served as flight engineer overseas at the outbreak of the Second World War, worked in wartime aircraft factories, and spent some 10 years with a mining exploration company in the Northwest Territories.

He's been with QCA here for the last two years.

Ray Reflects and Reminisces

Sir Frank Kenyon Roberts, in the UN diplomatic party at Bermuda, is five feet four inches in height and weighs 150 pounds. He is capable, widely experienced and gets along on four hours sleep. He needs all the rest of the time. Next thing, he's liable to be called "Bobs." For there was once another five foot four party whose name was Roberts and who, for much of his life, was known as "Bobs." Only he wasn't in the diplomatic service.

will have any misgivings about the possibility of scoops.

The cocktail party is a cheap and convenient means of mixing drinks and bores.

IN ANY DIRECTION

Half a dozen dwellings which will look like comfortable homes are going up out in Westview. It isn't everywhere you can see, from your easy chair, scenic gems in the way of snow-crowned peaks, islands, boys, charnelis, inlets, harbors and harbor entrances.

Woman (at the bank): "I'd like to open a joint account with someone who has money."

SHOULD PASS

A new Irish whisky of light character, especially blended to appeal to overseas customers, particularly in the United States, is now on the market. The glass is of a special green color. Generally speaking, we are prepared to take a chance on the question of morality.

MIGHT AID

If the music, wit and humor, the laughter and color of the Story of Gilbert and Sullivan could be served regularly to lots of folks we've heard of, affairs might be helped a lot. There's an increasing shortage of all five. Today, if not actual war, we're trying to devise a way to stop or start one. What's in our literature so called? A heap of sex—or close to it. What d'ye like to talk about? Oh, anything from arthritis to taxes, so long as we can be kept miserable, anxious, irritable and half-sick when as a matter of fact there's not the slightest thing wrong.

The size of the fish a man catches usually depends on the length of his arm.

New York's daily papers have not published for nearly a week. Four hundred photoengravers are on strike, and some 20,000 other workers refuse to cross picket lines. Normal circulation of the six papers total 5,169,000. They had been drawing about \$120 to \$131. Nobody, this week

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Light Up For Christmas

IT IS TIME now to give serious thought to the Christmas light-up campaign sponsored annually by the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Here is a real chance for householders and merchants to exercise their ingenuity and, at the same time, to help brighten the whole holiday season. Nothing is more cheery at Christmas than homes and stores gleaming with lights and colorful with decorations. Larger cities may have their Santa Claus parade and other gala events, but it is the individual effort of each citizen which establishes the true Christmas spirit.

For local businesses the Jaycees' campaign offers the more tangible inducement of stepping up trade. A decorative store-window is, in fact, a subtle form of flattery to the customer. It is like a wife laying out the pipe (if he smokes one) and slippers for Dad. It makes him feel appreciated.

The merchant making the best showing will receive a plaque for his effort. So it is well to remember that Dec. 5 is the deadline for applications from business concerns.

Householders, too, have something definite to aim at. By way of reward, the Jaycees are putting up a little folding money which might come in handy for purchase of those last-minute gifts.

As a separate part of the campaign, the Jaycees are planning again to erect a decorated tree in front of the post office. All in all, they are doing a lot to make this Christmas a merry one.

Not So Bright

WHO'S going to buy the darned stuff and what with?" asked a Prince George store-keeper the other day as he watched dozens of cartons of Christmas goods being unloaded at the rear of his place of business.

This is only one of the questions being asked by many pessimistic local merchants as white-bearded Kris Kringle looms on the horizon to discover hundreds of sawmills which have been silenced for two months by a strike which at this writing appears to be a note from a settlement than when the operators of workers first decided to part company.

With lay-offs increasing in practically every line of business and the bulk of the lumber industry pay-roll dried up, the prospect of a "Merry Christmas" for many Prince George families is gloomy indeed.

—PRINCE GEORGE CITIZEN.

OTTAWA DIARY

By Norman M. MacLeod

The report around Parliament Hill circles is that Igor Gouzenko, central figure around whom the Washington-Ottawa cause celebre has revolved during the past week, has written another book.

It is said to be a manuscript close to 200,000 words in length. Its subject is said to be Maxim Gorki, the great Russian revolutionary novelist. One of the most picturesque of the "old Bolsheviks" of the turbulent Lenin-Trotsky era, Gorki is reported to have been made the subject of an elaborate critical analysis by the former Soviet embassy cypher clerk whom the federal government has had under mounted police protection for almost seven years now.

The sources which tell of Gouzenko's recent literary labors assert that he has a publisher who has been engaged to bring out his book. The understanding is that it will be between stiff covers in time to catch the Christmas trade.

If this story is correct—and it comes from quarters which usually are most reliable—it is a safe wager that the publicity which the ex-employee of the Soviet embassy here has received during the past fortnight will not diminish public interest in him as an author—but very much the reverse.

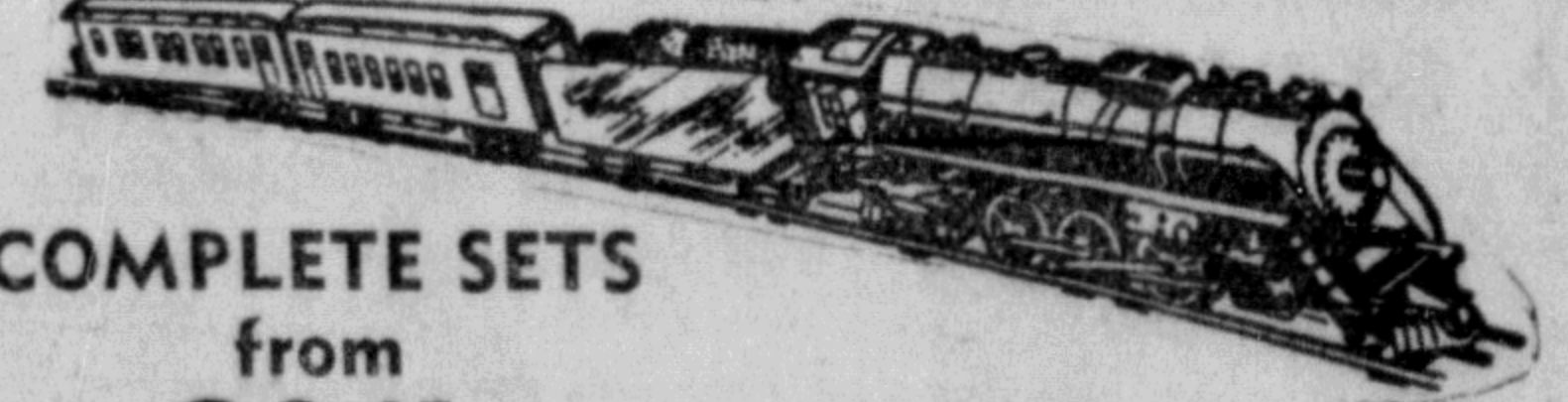
Following his exposure of the

world-wide Russian espionage ring some six years ago, Gouzenko wrote a book which was mainly autobiographical. He was so dramatically in the public eye at the time that his sale was substantial. His earnings from it are reported to have reached \$50,000—with a like sum being paid subsequently by Hollywood for the movie rights.

A new book by Gouzenko, if it arrived on the market on the heels of the bizarre international situation in which its author has been the central figure, conceivable would be the subject of a wide interest which its sales could be expected to reflect. The recent publicity would be particularly valuable in the American market.

BACK IN HARNESS
WINNIPEG (CP)—After battling fires in the village of Brooklands for 2 years, the old red fire engine was put up on blocks in 1950. Now the fire engine has been sold to a drive-in theatre as an attraction for its outdoor amusement centre.

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