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Thanks for A Job Well Done

ALTHOUGH winter brings anxieties about the fuel bill and discomforts at home if the house is not properly insulated or the furnace—if any—is not working correctly, it has its charms which most Canadians will stoutly defend.

In appearance nature is never more beautiful than when cloaked in snow. A nip in the air quickens the blood and stirs grown-ups and youngsters to unaccustomed bursts of energy such as chucking snowballs and dashing round a skating rink with far more zest than they show in other activities.

Being on the warm, moist shores of the Pacific, Prince Rupert does not know winter in the way most of Canada does, so a good sheet of skating ice becomes an extraordinary and exciting attraction. Yet if there were not a few citizens in our midst who were willing to get busy with a hose and do some flooding on their own time, we might be deprived of even this pleasure.

In the last two days hundreds of thrilled children have swarmed onto the ice at the Rotary Club tennis courts. To those who had anything to do with making their enjoyment possible, the delighted expressions of the young skaters were probably reward enough. We feel sure we are speaking for everybody, however, when we herewith record our sincere appreciation of the generous work done by these public-spirited few.

Welcome though some aspects of winter may be, the die-hard coastal British Columbian does not want too much of it, and there is something to be said for his views. For some instinctive reason, man and warmth are better companions than man and cold.

If anyone questions this, there is no better answer than the distribution of the Canadian population. Despite the fact that this country is larger than the U.S., and in its northern regions offers opportunities which our neighbor to the south has never possessed, Canada's population is only one-tenth as great and most of this is crowded within a few hundred miles of the international border.

Since there is no reason we should defer to Americans in character or in scope of development, it appears that their principal advantage lies in their warmer climate.

If a certain modern prophet is right, however, this will be corrected through the ages. He writes:

"It appears that man is destined to perish not of cold, but by fire, and that the earth will return, as Heraclitus believed, to primordial flame. Slowly but steadily, millenium by millenium, the temperature on earth will rise until life shrivels and the oceans boil away."

This is quite a drastic way of putting it, but when we get out of bed on a cold morning the thought does not seem so appalling at that.

Join The Fight

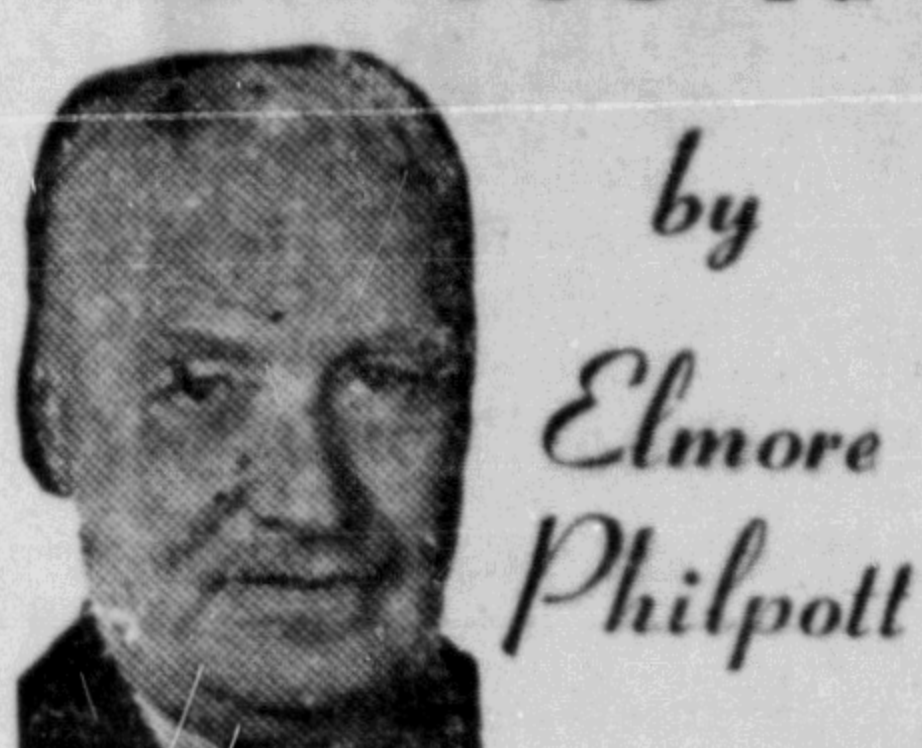
IT IS the usual thing at the close of one year and the start of a new one to review the important happenings of the past 12 months. In the past few weeks, in newspapers and magazines, on the radio and in the newsreels, you have been reading, hearing or seeing the various passing parades of the year 1952.

But not all things started in 1952 ended in 1952—in reality, the slate is not clean. More than 570 British Columbians realize this only too well—over 50 individuals who fell victim to last year's epidemic of poliomyelitis, and who this year face the prospect of pain-filled and fear-ridden hours while they attempt to regain the use of paralyzed limbs, or meaningless hands, or in some extreme cases while they depend on a mechanical contraption, an iron lung, to keep them alive.

For many of us, 1953 will be a great year, a wonderful year. Many of us will realize ambitions or become acquainted with success, many who are already successful will go on to greater things. But to others the new year will be the year in which they first learned to use crutches, or the year when they started to study a new trade because, due to polio, they were no longer physically able to continue in their old one.

That is why you are asked to support the Kinsmen B.C. Polio Fund, to make sure that these less fortunate individuals have a chance to pursue normal lives—perhaps in a wheel chair, but pursuit of life in a wheel chair is better than none at all.

As I See It



WHAT is your most vivid and happiest memory of Christmas?

Is it, Old Gunner Christmas 1915, in a muddy army camp in England, where the sergeant-major lined up your outfit, and gruffly said: This is the one day in the year when every soldier can get drunk, but how you didn't get drunk, and how the long suffering Frenchie at last fought and licked his long time tormenter, Scottie—and how the two of them thereupon became inseparable pals, in life, yes, and later in death too?

Or is it Old Fool Slogger, of the same year when Canadian and Saxons on the front lines in France declared their own private armistice, swarmed out of the trenches, exchanged British rum for German brandy, cigars, cigarettes, pictures, souvenirs—and even sang a carol that Germans and our boys both knew—Silent Night, not after that so silent?

OR LADY, is your happiest memory of when you were a little girl and after all the fun and joy with your presents, and after the turkey dinner, and Grandpop's little nap, how he read to all of you that Dickens' Christmas story and how Grandpop got so mad at himself for crying in the sad spot, just because you cried first?

Or is it of school in the years when every room vied with every other room to see who could draw the most beautiful colored pictures on the blackboards? They were always of such things as Santa Claus, and of course the baby in the manger at Bethlehem.

SUPPOSE by some miracle of turned-back-time you and I could stand outside that stable on that first Christmas eve.

Suppose the word should come out "There is nothing to wrap the baby in." You and I would take off our own coats, or rush away to buy or borrow other wraps, or quilts for the babe and the family.

The point is we would see, hear, and even feel the human need—close up. We would do the same if we were tonight in some shattered city in Korea and could see and hear the shivering orphans, half-cold, half-fed, half-crying. We would rush every old quilt we could lay hands on to the Unitarians and other churches who forward them.

BUT suppose outside that stable at Bethlehem the word had come out: "Yes, it's a boy, a bonny baby, except that he has a twisted leg."

You or I would do everything we reasonably could to see that the best healers obtainable were put to work making that weak leg well and normal.

Yet the Great Physician, Jesus Himself said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, you have done it unto me."

MILESTONES

From the Files of The Daily News

40 Years Ago Today

The president of the Prince Rupert Fish and Cold Storage Co., Sir Muriel Evan, left England last week en route to Prince Rupert.

The city engineer today warned citizens they will be liable to a fine of \$100 if they leave their water faucets open during the frosty weather.

30 Years Ago Today

E. A. Woods, returning officer in tomorrow's election, expects 1100 votes to be polled. There will be five bylaws presented to the property owners.

20 Years Ago Today

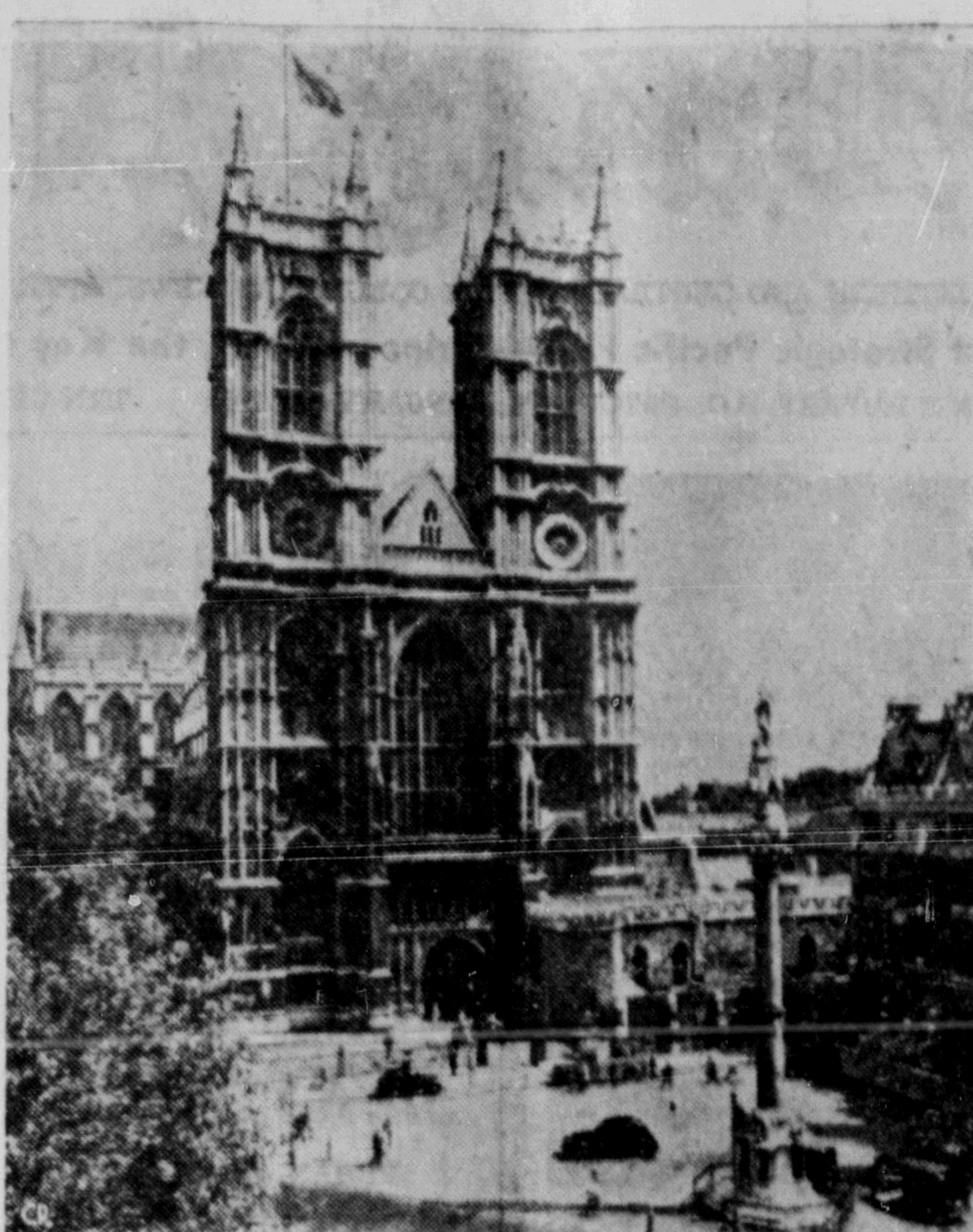
Thomas B. Black, secretary of the Library Board, announced that over 80,000 books circulated through the library last year.

Joe Jack was elected president of the Prince Rupert Pioneers' Association at its annual meeting last evening.

10 Years Ago Today

William Brand, well-known businessman in the city, passed away at his home yesterday after a long illness.

Four people reported a surplus of butter in their households today and had to hand in butter coupons to cover the surplus, a law put into effect when butter rationing was instituted in December.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY is the scene of the coronation of the British kings and burial place of a host of soldiers, statesmen and writers. Its legendary history dates back to the seventh century when the first church is said to have been built by King Sebert. Through the centuries it has been enlarged until now it has an extreme length of 530 feet, is 220 feet wide and 105 feet high. The 18th century towers on the west front, shown here, are 225 feet high. Queen Elizabeth II will be crowned in the Abbey next June.

HERE And NOW

By LARRY STANWOOD

A little lady seeking cure in a Calgary hospital from one of civilization's worst diseases—tuberculosis—has been wondering for a whole year how she could best express her gratitude to the people who saved the life of her husband a year ago Christmas.

So, from her hospital bed, Mrs. Ella E. Curfman penned a poem, dedicated to the Naas River Indians.

The poem tells, in part, of the dramatic rescue from a lonely trapper's cabin on the Naas River of an engineer; of a lonely wife who had been told her husband was dead, and of her emotional gratitude to the rescuers.

Little over a year ago, Art Curfman, a Vancouver engineer employed by a Prince Rupert construction firm, was in charge of installing a water system for the Naas River village of Greenville.

The job was completed a few days before Christmas, and on a Sunday, Dec. 23, Curfman set out early with an Indian guide for Kincolith at the river mouth, 25 miles distant where he intended to board a southbound steamer.

But the pair did not make the hike through ice, snow and bitter cold, and the guide left Curfman in an unheated cabin at Red Bluff, 10 miles from his destination, to seek aid of a fishing vessel for further transportation.

Curfman waited two days without food while a fury-filled gale whipped up the river entrance, preventing rescue-by-boat attempts.

Meanwhile, word of the engineer's plight was received here Christmas night, but word had already gone to his wife that he was missing.

Finally, on the eve of Boxing Day, a top-flight river boatman, Ernest Angus, reached the cabin site and returned to Kincolith with the exhausted, half-starved, near-frozen engineer.

Mrs. Ella Curfman, the woman who prayed for her husband's safety, gives her sentiments in the following penned lines, and as she says, they are "dedicated to the Naas River Indians."

A voice came through the ether From the land of midnight sun, A voice came through the ether To say my lover soon would come.

Many things he had told me Of the mysteries of the north, Many days I had waited For the voice to come forth, Then a voice came through the ether As I lay upon my bed, A voice came through the ether And said that he was dead!

Oh, the anguish! Oh, the tears! Of a wife so much alone; Oh, the heartbreak, Oh, the fears Of the things now to atone, But many times he had told me Of the people of the north, Many times he had told me Of the things that proved their worth;

Of the land of Nishga Indians Who for centuries have lived there; Of the land of cheer and laughter, Of the Indian maidens fair; Of emerald rays of summer, Of the golden hues of fall; Of the ice and snow of winter, Of the forest giants tall; Of all the mysteries of nature, Of the stories of the Naas, Of how the tide comes in And makes their barrier fast.

It is hard to find a ray of hope When prayers seem so vain, It is hard to see the good When sorrow dulls your brain, Oh, the endless hours of waiting, And anxiety of it all— If only I could get a message, No matter how small.

Then a voice came through the ether With a wondrous tale to tell, A voice came through the ether— "Your husband is alive and well!"

Oh, the gladness of the tidings With joy it filled my heart, For the people of the north Had once more played their part.

These things I did dwell upon As I tossed upon my bed, These things I did think upon As I turned my weary head, A voice went through the ether, A desperate call for aid, That all the difference made, At the height of a gale, Braving the pent-up fury of the north

When hopes seemed dim, These courageous people went forth.

The sea was very angry And with God as their only aid

Despite all the danger A heroic rescue was made, They heard the voice through the ether—

One tiny plea Calling for aid, to save a human life

They had set out to sea, And so my loved one is safe Because someone dared To go to the rescue Because someone cared.

This is the story of a people so timid,

Yet so brave,

Who would risk their own life For a stranger to save.

It is the code of the north So tried and so true That reaches out a helping hand

To me and to you, It is a religion far greater Than we can understand— It is God talking to us directly, Man to man.

Eight Dead, 12 Missing From Tanker

TOKYO (CP)—The Japanese Maritime Safety Board Friday said eight crew members are dead and 12 missing in the break-up of the Swedish tanker Avanti in a howling Pacific gale.

Rescue ships plucked 21 of the Avanti's crew from lifeboats drifting helplessly in raging seas about 240 miles northeast of Okinawa, the safety board said.

Japanese patrol craft radioed the 10,034-ton tanker had broken into three sections. It said eight men were reported dead when it is believed they were caught in the middle section.

ray...

Reflects and Reminisces

And now that we've got 1953 well launched, what's the matter with taking a bromo seltzer or a brace of aspirins in order to get back to normalcy within a reasonable time?

The famous line "punishment fit the crime" from the light opera "The Mikado" is familiar to most of us. And just now we are hearing it again. A Leeds (Eng.) youth beat a dog so severely it had to be destroyed. He was fined £20 and prohibited from owning a dog for 40 years.

The draft board physician was asking questions. "Any physical defects?" he inquired of the prospective soldier. "Yes, sir. No guts."

PREMIER IS HIGH

Perhaps you have not noticed them in particular, yet Prince Rupert has scores of newspaper carriers. They perform important work every afternoon and evening. But here's what General Omar Bradley had to say about them no so long ago: "A newspaper route might well be called a junior course in business administration. Its ups and downs place a high premium on stability, dependability, honesty and initiative—all the qualities adults admire in their future citizens." Bradley, one of the top officers in the U.S. Army, began life as a carrier boy.

Man may be able to live by bread alone, but some folks seem to get by pretty well on crust.—Washington Post.

Sportsman, explaining his black eye: "I was hit by a guided muscle."

JOSH HIMSELF

Josh Billings, editor, used to issue instructions to contributors, long ago. Some were: No notes will be took of letters without postage stamp onto them.

Don't send a manuscript unless you can read it and don't send much onto that. No swearing aloud in our paper.

The highest market prices paid for awful railroad smashes and elopements with another man's wife.

A Californian mistook a Persian cat for a panther and shot it. That's another danger of living in a country where everything is colossal.

Government Post Given Rupert Lawyer

Alistair Fraser, Jr., prominent young barrister and solicitor here, who was recently appointed executive assistant to Fisheries Minister James Sinclair is the son of Alistair Fraser, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia and former vice-president in charge of traffic, Canadian National Railways.

Disclosure of the appointment brings signal honor to Mr. Fraser, partner in the law firm of Ray, Fraser and Hogarth here.

Born in Toronto, Alistair Fraser moved to Montreal as a child with his parents and received his primary and high school education in schools there.

He attended McGill University from 1940 to 1942 at which time he joined the Canadian Army, receiving his commission in 1943.

After two years in the Royal Canadian Artillery he returned to McGill and was graduated with his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1946.

He then attended University of British Columbia and received his Bachelor of Laws degree there in 1950.

Mr. Fraser was articled to the firm of Davis, Hossie, Lett, Marshall and McLorg in Vancouver and called to the bar in May 1951. In November of the same year he came to Prince Rupert and set up practice with UBC classmate Doug Hogarth but the two remained together only a month before forming the firm of Ray, Fraser and Hogarth.

Mr. Fraser is not a complete stranger in Ottawa, having served as one of Defence Minister Claxton's assistants, during his 1949 vacation.

A good speaker, he was a member of the UBC debating team that won the McGown Cup in 1950 and with Rod Young, former CCF member of the House of Commons, won the Canadian debating championship at Ottawa the same year.

Mr. Fraser's brother Ian is with the Aluminum Company of Canada at Montreal and another brother, Duncan, is a law student at Dalhousie University.

UNDER OUR ROOF

By JOHN STURDY

Col. S. Skeffington-Smutts (Ret.) said to me yesterday: "Right now I'd even swap my trusty sabre for a peanut butter sandwich and a glass of water."

Actually the Colonel was echoing my own sentiments at this season of the year. On the Island we do a lot of visiting around the Christmas-New Year's holidays—it is an old and honored custom and I would have nothing against it except for one thing—those cold turkey and ham sandwiches.

It seems to me that there should be some sort of control on buying turkeys and hams. For instance, in my dream world, when a woman entered a butcher shop to buy a Christmas turkey she would be required to sign an affidavit stating how many persons in her family, plus the exact number of guests she planned to invite her Christmas dinner.

The butcher would then hand her a bird of proportional size. The same would apply to the purchase of hams.

This would eliminate a lot of waste and a great many sick stomachs. They way things are now, most people order turkeys far too big for their own needs and the inevitable result is that the misuses of the house, says to her husband: "Let's invite a few people in this evening. We can serve them cold turkey sandwiches."

The husband thinks this is a fine idea. He is fed up to the teeth with turkey. "I'll mix some drinks," he adds, thinking this will be a swell time to get rid of some of that terrible stuff one of his business associates (just wait until next year!) gave him for Christmas.

The unwary guests arrive and immediately find their laps loaded with hunks of dried-out turkey between slices of slightly stale bread, while they choke and sputter over the egg-nogg concoction that the Master of the House forces upon them.

If you are strong and in normally good health you may be able to stand one or two, or even three, of these so-called "small evenings." But if you are forced by tradition and politeness to keep going from one to another, all through the week between Christmas and New Year's, the wear and strain is unbearable.

The Colonel is holding the typewriter while I am writing this, and between the two of us we are managing to turn out fairly legible copy. Of course, now and again one of us will be seized by a tremor and SUD-DENLY EVERYTHING STARTS TO GET WRITTEN IN CAPITALS, LIKE THIS, or, if it is a particularly violent seizure, it may turn out something like 1234567890987654321.

The Colonel's face is a kind of mottled green at this point—"Darn it, sirrah, do you have to write a column about turkey?" he just said to me—and I have to keep my eyes averted because it is really a frightening spectacle.

Hamish has just arrived. "Supper's on," he announces. "Well, we go downstairs, trembling a little, fearful that we are going to see a somewhat

mauled cold turkey on the table and the remnants of a ham—but no such thing. No, er is in sight.

"Trust the little woman," say happily to the Colonel. "She's the smart one."

At this moment she enters accompanied by Anastasia, the Colonel's wife, and both look down with dishes.

"What's cooking?" I ask brightly.

"Something different of treat."

At that I beam and give the Colonel a merry smile.

"What is it?" I ask.

"A minced ham salad, my wife, and curried turkey with rice."

The Colonel and I are upstairs with the typewriter. But it's no use, we'll have stop. The tremors are so now that we can't keep the machine from falling off the desk 1234567.

Imported Label Habit Criticized

MONTREAL — A Canadian economist and expert on public affairs said here that a certain mental and emotional childishness was evident in the buying habits of many Canadians.

C. F. Fraser, consulting economist in Montreal and director of the Institute of Public Affairs, Dalhousie University, Halifax, said that the great respect by Canadians to the mere word "imported" showed that "Canadians are lagging mentally and emotionally behind the physical and economical development of their nation."

Speaking at the annual dinner of the Silk and Rayon Institute, he told delegates, heads of senior executives of firms producing chemical textiles that their industry was one of the first and one of the truly indigenous, or native, industries to make its appearance in Canada.



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