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Eisenhower's Test

ADLAI Stevenson lost to two opponents. One was a man who appears almost certain to go down as the most widely liked president in U.S. history. The other was Russia.

The extent of President Eisenhower's personal popularity may be measured by the fact that he won after literally getting off his back to enter the campaign. He was a sick man when the electioneering commenced and the American voters were left in little doubt of the chance they were taking if they returned him to office. The fact that they accepted that chance must be added to the stupendous victory he has achieved. It is as if they said that what may be an abbreviated term with Eisenhower is better than a full term with anyone else.

But there is no doubt that his triumph is attributable to something more than his popularity. Americans have not forgotten that behind the pleasant, honest face of their president there is the mind of a brilliant soldier. It is the kind of a mind they need to direct their government at a time when a potential enemy as dangerous as Russia is in a hostile mood.

It can never be determined to just what extent the Middle East crisis and Russia's invasion of Hungary affected the election results. But there is little question that these circumstances played into Eisenhower's hands. To change leaders at such a time would have been risky enough in any case. But to eject a leader with Eisenhower's wartime experience in favor of one without any would have multiplied the risk beyond all count.

The tragedy of Adlai Stevenson is that he is a contemporary of Ike Eisenhower. Against any other Republican of modern history he would have made a formidable opponent in both his tries for the presidency. As governor of Illinois he proved himself to be a capable administrator, and his campaign speeches have revealed him as an original and challenging thinker. It will be a loss to U.S. public life if he retires from it.

Ahead of Eisenhower is a real test of the soldierly and statesmanlike mettle in which Americans have expressed such faith. One of his first duties should be to seek a strengthening of the Anglo-American alliance. Although Britain openly flaunted this in its attack on Egypt, Eisenhower's government must accept much of the responsibility for provoking the British into action. Its policy in the Middle East has been inept, and it is apparent that the U.S. has lost friends through the heavy-handed methods of Secretary of State Dulles. Whether to keep Mr. Dulles in office would seem to be a matter for serious consideration.

President Eisenhower commences his second term in a period as critical to world peace as any since 1939. He will need all the wisdom and strength which the U.S. public believes him to have.

Grievous Loss

IT WAS with a sense of personal sorrow that we carried the announcement yesterday of the passing of Mrs. George Casey.

To the very end, this wonderful old lady, who was one of Prince Rupert's pioneers, showed a courage in life and a devotion to her family for which she will long be held in the affection of this community. Although unwell in her final years, she never considered this an excuse for not carrying on until death came for her.

Her brave and generous spirit must always have been a source of inspiration to Mr. Casey, for whom her pride was obvious. To him we extend our sincere sympathy in his grievous loss.

— GEMS OF THOUGHT —

Behold the turtle. He makes progress only when he sticks his neck out. —James Bryant Conant.

As I See It

by Elmore Philpott

Lacked Surprises

MOSCOW—The new Canadian ambassador to the Soviet Union is an old friend of mine, David Johnson. I met him when he was on the same job out in Pakistan.

Without any request on my part, Mr. Johnson very thoughtfully wangled me an invitation to a really big do in the Kremlin.

It was on my second day in Moscow, and the occasion was the signing of the agreement with Japan which ended the state of war and restored normal diplomatic relations.

We drove in through the Kremlin gates sharp at 6 p.m.

For in official Moscow, they say, you are supposed to get there exactly at the stipulated time.

There were plenty of uniformed guards and plain clothes security men outside and inside the premises.

But as our ambassador was flying the flag of Canada on his car—which of course means that the ambassador himself is personally in it—there was no hold-up at the gates.

We checked our coats and climbed the long, three-stage red-carpeted staircase—I think the most majestic that I ever saw anywhere. But then as we entered the famous St. George's Hall, I almost gasped with astonishment.

FOR it is without doubt the most imposing big hall that I ever laid eyes upon. It is of immense size with pure white walls and very high ceiling in which are inset white marble slabs.

It is lighted by thousands of electric lights, which look like candles.

All the alcoves are filled with gold lettered tablets which list the names of the regiments and officers who were long ago members of the Order of St. George.

The names and dates impress you with the continuity of Russia's history for all the ones I read were before Napoleon's invasion of Russia.

The ambassadors were shepherded off from the rest of the ordinary invites at this big party, where they are to make their bows to the heads of the Soviet government and to the Japanese guests.

While I waited, parked beside the security men in the only chair in the immense hall, I looked over the guests.

There was a generous sprinkling of officers in uniform. They nearly all wear several rows of ribbons—but none that I have come across so far have that haughty—much less studiously arrogant look—that was the proud and deliberate badge of the professional German officer class.

There were hundreds of people at this party who seemed to me to be professors or engineers or technical people of some sort. Of course they had all brought their wives—all very well dressed with good style but perhaps less fashion—or at any rate different fashion—than we are accustomed to in the West.

THERE were also the foreign diplomats and a few foreign newspapermen.

The band, concealed somewhere in an upper balcony, blared out the Japanese and Soviet anthems. Then Chief Minister Bulganin read his short, polished and highly professional speech.

It contained no surprises, but did highlight one extremely important point—the Soviet promised to back Japan for admission to the United Nations unconditionally—that is, of course, without any further attempt to hold up Japan's entry unless the People's Republic of Mongolia is also admitted simultaneously.

All this time, except for the playing of the national anthems I was still sitting in my big red velvet covered chair. But then the top security man came along and moved me. He got me a special chair beside one of the tables of food and drink that plentifully circled the entire immense hall.

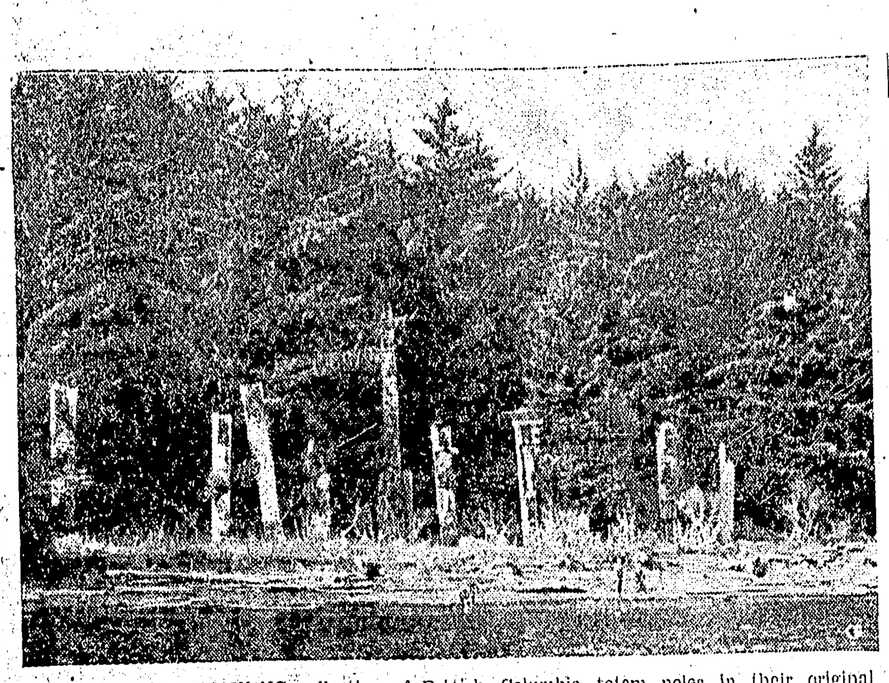
As I cannot speak a word of Russian, and as nobody around me could speak a word of English, they would not believe me when I tried to tell them I had to go easy on the food and drink.

The waiters, the security guards and the kind-hearted Russian ladies around me all ganged up to keep my plate loaded with food and my glasses full of drink.

I NOTICED by the way that a surprising number of the Russian scientists, especially the women scientists, touched no alcohol, but stuck to tomato juice.

During the speeches and the supper the Russian heads of state and the diplomats were all together at the end of the hall and beyond a barrier beyond which the other guests were not allowed to pass.

Neither Nikita Khrushchev (pronounced here as Crewshov) nor Molotov was present. Malenkov was very much in evidence, affable and full of jovial camaraderie as on his visit to England.



THE LARGEST REMAINING collection of British Columbia totem poles in their original locations has been discovered near the former Haida Indian village of Ninstints in the northern Queen Charlotte Islands. The 38 remaining poles, some of which are shown here, will be removed and restored next summer. (CP from National Defence).

OTTAWA DIARY

By NORMAN M. MacLEOD

The PM has been a bit short-tempered with the press on a couple of occasions during the past week. The outbursts have not hurt the newspapermen any, and if they had brought any relief to Mr. St. Laurent they might have had some net value. Unfortunately, there is no evidence that such has been the case.

For the PM is by nature so gentle a person that when he does give way to irritation he does it in a way that reveals the great effort of restraint he is making. Thus he denies himself the luxury of using his annoyance as a safety valve for blowing off excess steam.

Actually, most of the Ottawa correspondents are sufficiently understanding to be sympathetic towards the PM. They realize that the questions they ask so glibly can be inconvenient. They also appreciate that the very glibness with which they are asked raises the irritating subconscious suggestion that there should be just as glib answers available.

Obviously, that isn't the case in the present difficult world situation, and Rt. Hon. Mr. St. Laurent knows it. Inferentially, he thinks that newspapermen should know it also and should cease asking him the glib questions for which he hasn't got the glib answers on tap. The trouble is that asking questions is the business of newspapermen and they can no more refrain from it than Mr. St. Laurent, in his days before the bar could refrain from badgering a witness whom he was trying to break down under cross-examination.

Not that the Ottawa newspapermen are trying to badger the PM with their questions. They simply maintain the accepted routine of their profession. It's the way news results, —and even in these perplexing days the PM often has answers that make headlines.

But for the most part the activities of the newsman assigned to interview the PM during these days of crisis have been a barren process. The reason is nothing short of the fact that the nation has been forced to recognize that suddenly it is without foreign policy for the reason that the principles to which it has adhered in the past no longer are serviceable. The break-up of the Grand Alliance means the disappearance of Canada's traditional role of interpreter between London and Washington. The failure of the United Nations to intervene effectively in international disputes where issues of peace or war are at stake means the crumbling of the very cornerstone of Canadian foreign policy since the end of the Second World War.

It is difficult and a dangerous situation. Capital circles aren't surprised that the PM is worried—and that occasionally he may be a little short-tempered.

TIME and PLACE

By STAN ROUGH

EARLY DAYS

We nulled alongside the fish packer, "Advise" at Hartley Bay and stepped aboard. Her skipper, John Moore, one of the first white children to be born in Kitimat, and his mother, Mrs. Charles Moore, gave us a warm welcome. Mrs. Moore, after whom Moore Creek is named, and on whose old homestead on the flats of the Kitimat River the golf course is being built, was the last of the original settlers. She left Kitimat in 1943.

Mrs. Moore was born in Killarney, Manitoba. She came to Kitamaat Mission in 1923 as a domestic science teacher. The matron of the school was Miss Ida Clarke, and after her departure in 1925 Mrs. Moore acted as matron for two years. In 1927 she married the late Mr. Charles Moore and went to live on his homestead.

THE MOORE HOMESTEAD

Charles Moore was born in England and after coming to Canada worked in Trail and Squamish. Hearing that land in Kitimat area was open for settlement, he came here in 1907 and homesteaded lot 74 with an acreage of 74 acres. Due to the nature of the terrain lots were of various sizes. He built a house and barn of hand hewn timbers, cleared five acres of land and made his living by lumbering, fishing, working out, trapping, prospecting and farming. He was a widower with two children when he remarried.

PLEASANT LIFE

Mrs. Moore still leads an active and interesting life and is interested in Kitimat where she spent so many years. She enjoyed the pioneer life and remembers vividly the days when the mail arrived once a month. It was not an unusual occurrence for someone to row to Hartley Bay to pick it up, as gas-powered boats were few in those days.

When Mrs. Moore lived on the homestead only a few of the older settlers remained. Charles Hanson, who rented the Anderson farm, run 80 head of cattle; the late Rudolph Braun, who had nine children (Mrs. Braun now lives in Vancouver); Hans Hanson, now residing in Sydney, Vancouver Island; Jack Pyne and Charles Carlson.

John Moore commented on other settlers who took up land and for various reasons left. A number of settlers built cabins near the Robinson store located where the transmission line camp is now located, and in the vicinity of the sandhill. Some of the names mentioned by Mr. Moore were Pete Asher, Pete Long, Jack Cole, Percy Mills, Hallet and Mitchell, Dayton, who was drowned while crossing flats after cattle, Blair, Worthing, List and Bentley, who cut cedar shakes. Mrs. Moore believes that Mr. Blair still lives in Vancouver.

There was always plenty to do and people made their own entertainment. They attended church and social functions at Kitamaat Village. Children were sent out to school or were taught at home through correspondence courses. The nearest hospital was Port Simpson. The failure of the railroad to come to Kitimat, lack of markets, schooling facilities and young men joining up in 1914 were all factors why people moved on.

WEATHER CONDITIONS

Mrs. Moore recollects several winters on the flats when it did not freeze "water in a pail." The snow usually came towards the end of December and lasted until April. Gardens were planted around May 24, and a wide variety of vegetables did well. Berries were grown successfully, but for some reason apples did not ripen.

One unusual winter the temperature dropped to 18 degrees below zero and ten miles up the valley Mr. Moore, who was out on his trap line, was forced to remain in camp when the temperature dropped to 21 degrees below.

Cheap Heat

CARDSTON, Alta. (—A hothouse owned by Fred Romerill has produced watermelons. It is heated by an old converted oil drum in which old rubber tires are burned.

Elementary schools in Korea enrolled 2,049,000 children up to 11 years old in 1956, of a total of 3,230,000.

OLD CRAFTSMEN

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SAXONIA	Fri. NOV. 16	Greenock, Liverpool	MEDIA	Fri. NOV. 9	Liverpool
SCYTHIA	*Sat. NOV. 17	Havre, Southampton	QUEEN MARY	Thurs. NOV. 15	Cherbourg, Southampton
IVERNIA	Sat. NOV. 24	Havre, London (Tilbury)	FRANCONIA	Fri. NOV. 16	Cobh, Liverpool
CARINTHIA	Thurs. NOV. 29	Greenock, Liverpool	QUEEN ELIZABETH	Fri. NOV. 23	Cherbourg, Southampton
	From HALIFAX		PARTHIA	Fri. NOV. 23	Liverpool
			BRITANNIC	Thurs. NOV. 29	Cobh, Liverpool
SAXONIA	Sat. DEC. 15	Cobh, Liverpool	QUEEN MARY	Fri. NOV. 30	Cherbourg, Southampton
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CARINTHIA	Sat. JAN. 12	Cobh, Liverpool	QUEEN ELIZABETH	Sat. DEC. 8	Cherbourg, Southampton
IVERNIA	Fri. JAN. 18	Havre, London (Tilbury)	SAXONIA	Fri. DEC. 14	Cobh, Liverpool
SCYTHIA	Sun. FEB. 3	Havre, Southampton	QUEEN MARY	Sat. DEC. 15	Cherbourg, Southampton
SAXONIA	Sat. FEB. 9	Cobh, Liverpool	IVERNIA	Thurs. DEC. 20	Havre, London (Tilbury)
IVERNIA	Fri. FEB. 15	Havre, London (Tilbury)	PARTHIA	Fri. DEC. 21	Liverpool
CARINTHIA	Fri. FEB. 22	Cobh, Liverpool	QUEEN MARY	Fri. JAN. 4	Cherbourg, Southampton
SCYTHIA	Sat. MAR. 2	Havre, Southampton	MEDIA	Fri. JAN. 4	Liverpool
SAXONIA	Sat. MAR. 9	Cobh, Liverpool	CARINTHIA	Fri. JAN. 11	Cobh, Liverpool
IVERNIA	Fri. MAR. 15	Havre, Southampton	IVERNIA	Thurs. JAN. 17	Havre, London (Tilbury)
CARINTHIA	Sat. MAR. 23	Cobh, Liverpool	PARTHIA	Fri. JAN. 18	Liverpool
SCYTHIA	Sat. MAR. 30	Havre, Southampton	QUEEN MARY	Sat. JAN. 19	Cherbourg, Southampton

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