

## Hope Grows Reds May Return More Prisoners Than Promised

PANMUNJOM, (CP)—Hope that the Reds would repatriate more non-Koreans than they originally promised grew Monday as 400 more captives, 150 Americans and 260 South Koreans, were scheduled to return to Freedom.

Prisoners returned Sunday told of large numbers of officers and sergeants awaiting repatriation in the Red collection centre at Kaesong, north of here.

They estimated the Communists actually hold about 1,200 non-Korean captives at Kaesong. Most are sergeants and officers—U.S., British and few of other nationalities.

### Reports From Prisoners

Figures originally provided by the Reds would indicate that about 500 non-Korean prisoners are still to be returned. But the reports of the returning POWs, if correct, suggest that the number still awaiting repatriation is about 1,050.

The Communists already have returned 24 Canadians, 10 more than they originally promised. At least six more known to be prisoners have not yet been returned.

The Reds sent back 400 POWs Sunday. Among the 110 Americans

was Staff Sgt. Kenneth E. Kisser of the 372nd bomber squadron, 307 bomber wing U.S. air force, whose wife lives in Winnipeg. Kisser is the fourth member of the U.S. forces with relatives in Canada to be released since the Korean armistice.

### Tell of Dissension

Prisoners repatriated Sunday told of dissension between the Chinese and North Korean Communists. They said the Chinese often treated the North Koreans contemptuously, and the Koreans returned the feeling as best they could. One American said he saw a sign "Chinese go home" chalked on a North Korean wall.

In addition to the sergeants and officers at Kaesong, returned Allied POWs said there were a smaller number of men sentenced to jail by the Reds on charges of violating Communist laws in prison camps.

The Communists at first claimed the right to compel them to serve out the jail terms, but Saturday the Red spokesman on the prisoner repatriation committee said the Communists would send back all men wanting repatriation, including those under jail terms.

## Monty Has "New Look" On Arrival In Canada



Sporting a gray flannel suit with a blue and white polka-dot tie instead of the customary khaki, Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery arrived in Ottawa for an action-packed one-week visit. Besides conferring with Canadian military leaders, Monty officially opened the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto, August 28. The deputy commander of NATO forces in Europe told reporters that the world's "real problems lie ahead of us," despite the Korean truce.

## Scots Resigned To "Monster" Being Shark

By J. Ferguson MacNair

GIRVAN, Scotland, (Reuters) — The majority of the fisher folk in the west coast port, after scanning the moonlit sea by night and being scoffed at by scientists, have reluctantly conceded that maybe their sea monster wasn't really a sea monster at all.

Or at least not the kind they had in mind, a fantastic prehistoric denizen to compete with Scotland's other famous monster up Loch Ness way.

The verdict as most of the museum men had maintained all along: a basking shark. Huge, yes, sometimes growing to a length of 40 feet or more. And grotesque, especially after being battered on the rocks of the surf. But harmless, and quite normal.

A small band of die-hards, however, still maintain that their monster is no basking shark. Led by William Kerr they are determined to catch it alive.

"Lighthouse keepers told me that two nights ago the dead monster's mate was seen carrying the carcass of a wild sheep into an unexplored cave on Ailisa Craig," Kerr said.

"Despite the danger, I am prepared to lead an armed expedition to the lair in an attempt to bring the thing back alive."

How Story Began

The short-lived legend began early this month when a huge carcass was washed up on Girvan's shore. The villagers gaped and spread the word that "the thing" was 35 feet long, covered with coarse hair, topped by a giraffe-like neck and ending in a 12-foot tail.

As the corpse ripened in the summer sun, however, they were

## Table Top

by Eden Philipotts

CHAPTER VII

Continued

### THE "RIGHTFUL HEIR"

For the first time in his life, Felice found his silent parent voluble, and her customary reserve vanished.

It happened on returning from the office, after reading Tom's letter and writing his own reply, that Felice, over their supper-table, told his mother the story of the parrot. Whereupon she had dropped her knife and fork and stared at him as at a stranger.

"What's struck you dumb, Mother?" he asked. "Not this nonsense from Tom? I've written and told him what an ass he is — dear chap."

"Have you posted it?"

"Not till to-morrow. An English boat comes into Callao to-night and I may hear again to-morrow."

He had other children besides Julia—a son and a daughter—but their old mother had lost sight of them long before I knew her, and couldn't say whether they were alive or dead.

"Well, Julia wed Pardo, and that stone you're handling was given to her by her father."

"The pair had one son and he was called Felice Pardo. At twenty-five years old Felice married me, and you are the only child that we ever had. Your grandparents on your father's side died not very long after my husband married me; but your great grandmother—

"Finish your food and listen to me then," she directed.

When they had left their little dining-room and sat out of doors on the patio, the young man smoked and his mother spoke at greater length than he had ever heard her do so. She was a handsome woman still, and might have wed again, but felt no mind to another husband, and had found the nurture and education of her only son enough occupation to make life worth while.

"You've told me a wonderful thing," she began, "and filled up bits of old history in a queer fashion, my son. Belike Ayimer would have thought twice and again before he revealed this story if he'd known what I know."

She rose, entered the room behind him, dived into the drawer of an old cabinet and produced an object wrapped up in silver paper.

"Look at that," she said, "and listen."

Felice opened the little parcel and found himself gazing upon a brilliant yellow stone set in gold.

"You never were interested in our history," continued Anita, "but you've got to be interested now. Your grandmother was a girl called Julia Boss, and she married a fruit-grower by the name of Pardo. He worked in Puna for two brothers called Garcia. That must be about sixty years ago I suppose. Julia was the eldest daughter of Benjamin Boss—known to his generation as 'Benny'—a very remarkable man by all accounts. He had other children besides Julia—a son and a daughter—but their old mother had lost sight of them long before I knew her, and couldn't say whether they were alive or dead."

"Well, Julia wed Pardo, and that stone you're handling was given to her by her father."

"The pair had one son and he was called Felice Pardo. At twenty-five years old Felice married me, and you are the only child that we ever had. Your grandparents on your father's side died not very long after my husband married me; but your great grandmother—

Benny Boss's wife — only passed away about twenty years ago. Marie Boss she was called.

"I remember her when I was a small boy," said Felice. "She smoked cigars, when she could get them, and knew English and had a blue parrot."

"Start from her then and what follows?" asked Anita. "That blue parrot's living yet you see, and he's told his secret, that Benny taught him, to these alien people. He's told them where Benny hid his treasure when the Garcias got wind that he was playing them false. As to that there's little doubt, Benny took the pains to make up a riddle and teach it to his bird before he went on his last voyage, and the Hand of Providence points to you, Felice, as his only rightful heir."

"Stones are eternal things," she continued. "They outlive the hands and necks that wore them, and serve one generation after another, as that topos served for another, hundreds of years after it had shone on the breasts of the Inca priests. There's a hoard of wonders lying in wait for you, no doubt, on that island."

"Why for me, Mother?" he asked.

"Because the treasure was gathered by your great grandfather. And you are the only one left alive with Benny Boss blood in you. It came to you through Julia Boss, and her son, your father, was in the line, and if he'd lived, he'd have inherited anything that Benny had to leave behind. You are the rightful heir of the Boss family; and if this story is true and the old, adventurous man hid his property for safe-keeping on some God-forsaken isle, and lost his life trying to find it again, then the treasure is yours, if ever it should be found. Not one quarter part of it, Felice, as Ayimer says, but all."

"Looking back after these things," she concluded, "I'd say that Benny Boss knew he was going to have danger and trouble to recover his jewels, so, being a whimsical fashion of a man, he invented his riddle, and left it behind him for

other people to guess if they could, should he never come back. And he never did come back, and foreign English folk have guessed it, because it's an English riddle and was easy for them to do so."

To be continued



## Super-Stacks

THE U.S. "UNITED STATES", new speed queen of the Atlantic, boasts the largest stacks ever built: the forward stack is 55 feet high, 60 feet long. Made of aluminum, they are assembled with 65,000 aluminum rivets. Reputed to be the safest vessel ever built, the liner contains more aluminum than any other single structure on land or sea. This light, strong, fire-and-weather-resistant metal is used for lifeboats and bulkheads, decks and elevator doors and a hundred other items.

In naval vessels, too — such as the fourteen minesweepers now being built for the Canadian Navy — aluminum is being used more extensively than ever before. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan).

## Considers Criticism Of 27th Brigade Monstrous

TORONTO (CP)—Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery considers "most monstrous" a criticism of the quality of personnel in the Canadian 27th brigade in Germany — and thereby disagrees with the stated views of three of Canada's best-known war correspondents.

Discussing an article in Maclean's Magazine, by Lionel Shapiro, Lord Montgomery said its comment about the brigade's morale was "monstrous because it was untrue." In an interview Thursday, he went on:

"The Canadian brigade is as well-trained a brigade as any in Germany. But my anger at that article is not because it is untrue entirely but because no Canadian should publish that sort of stuff about Canadians. Is it not reasonable to suggest that if anyone hears such an opinion he should go to the chief of staff or the minister concerned and state what he believes?"

"This is what you might call fouling one's own nest, is it not? I would call it that."

Views of Newsmen

Mr. Shapiro, a former war correspondent, wrote that "Canada is represented on the ground in Europe by an indifferent brigade—indifferent in military efficiency, in esprit de corps, in appearance and in behavior." He called the troops "a collection of indifferent, morose, restless characters."

Ross Munro, former CP war correspondent in Korea, expressed views similar to Shapiro's. Munro, writing last month for the Vancouver Province, referred to the "grim experiences of last year" with the 27th brigade and said:

"One of the fundamental difficulties of the 27th brigade was the type of man recruited hastily for the formation. Hundreds of them were problem youths who had no steady jobs of stability.

The problems of discipline have been enormous. Probably no other brigade in Canadian history has had the grief of the 27th. There is an improvement now. Many of the bad actors have been weeded out. There are more experienced officers and NCO's."

Really Hot in Field

After a visit to the brigade last February, Bill Boss of The Canadian Press wrote that while in the field the brigade was "really hot", the men had no intellectual resources and "more than a fair share have been 'bad apples' who are being weeded out but not before they have lowered the local prestige of the Canadian soldier. A relative minority have won the Canadian soldier here such a label that a decent German girl's reputation is gone if she is seen with one."

## Urges Increase In Synthetic Rubber Prices

WASHINGTON (AP)—Sir Sydney Palmer, a leading spokesman for rubber producers in southeast Asia, made a plea Monday for an increase in the price of U.S. synthetic rubber.

He told a press conference his hope is to raise the price of natural rubber and with it the income of 500,000 small holders in Malaya.

"There isn't any doubt," he said, "that the small holders will be easy meat for communism with prices at a starvation level." Synthetic rubber, he said, now is selling at 23 cents a pound and competing grade natural rubber at 21.5 cents.

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