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Canada's Long Term Prosperity

CANADA'S post-war prosperity has a long life expectancy but over the short run the prospect is not quite so good, Fortune Magazine says in its current issue.

Canadian prosperity is based "not on gross inflation and promotional bubbles, but on the rational development of her magnificent endowment of low-cost natural resources—resources that the western world and particularly the U.S. will need more and more as the years roll by."

More than half the articles in the issue are devoted to Canada's "revolution-in-progress," the 12-year boom that Fortune finds "restrained, well balanced, a model expansion."

An article by Gilbert Burck says the boom has had two contradictory effects on Canada. One is that it has increased her economic dependence on the U.S. The other is to encourage Canada's political nationalism.

"And political nationalism, often blind to a nation's long-term interests, usually begets economic nationalism," the article says. "Industrial expansion, moreover, often runs into difficulties for which economic nationalism means an easy way out. Canada thus is approaching a critical stage whose outcome will powerfully affect the future of politics and business in North America."

This Canadian nationalism could work out badly.

The boom, well balanced and un-nationalistic as it may be, is making Canada more vulnerable than ever to problems beyond her control. In relying on exports for a quarter of her income, she puts herself at the mercy of the outside world.

"As a royal commission once phrased it, she is like a small man in a big poker game; when he wins he wins a lot by his standards, but when he loses he loses nearly all. Canada can win a lot and lose a lot too."

Until Canada's home market develops, she is crucially dependent on the American market. And it is through foreign trade that Canadian living standards can be kept high enough to attract the people needed for a bigger home market.

BUSINESS SPOTLIGHT

Alberta Oil Board Controls Pressure Waste of Wells

By The Canadian Press

Alberta has frowned upon the fast-living oil well. Gone is the day of the Hollywood gusher which ran wild and uncontrolled as it came in, marking the birth of a new well.

There was a time not so long ago when whole oil fields died prematurely because they literally lived too fast. That was when oil wells were allowed to produce at maximum rate, with gas pressure caps dissipating their tremendous oil-lifting energy into the open air and leaving enormous pools trapped in the ground forever.

The Alberta Petroleum and Natural Gas Conservation Board, set up in 1938 to guard the province's underground treasure-house by conserving energy and avoiding excesses, put a stop to all this.

One of the first major problems faced by the board was the situation at the Turner Valley oil field southwest of Calgary. Tremendous withdrawals of gas, then incidental to the recovery of oil, had been made there during the previous 15 years.

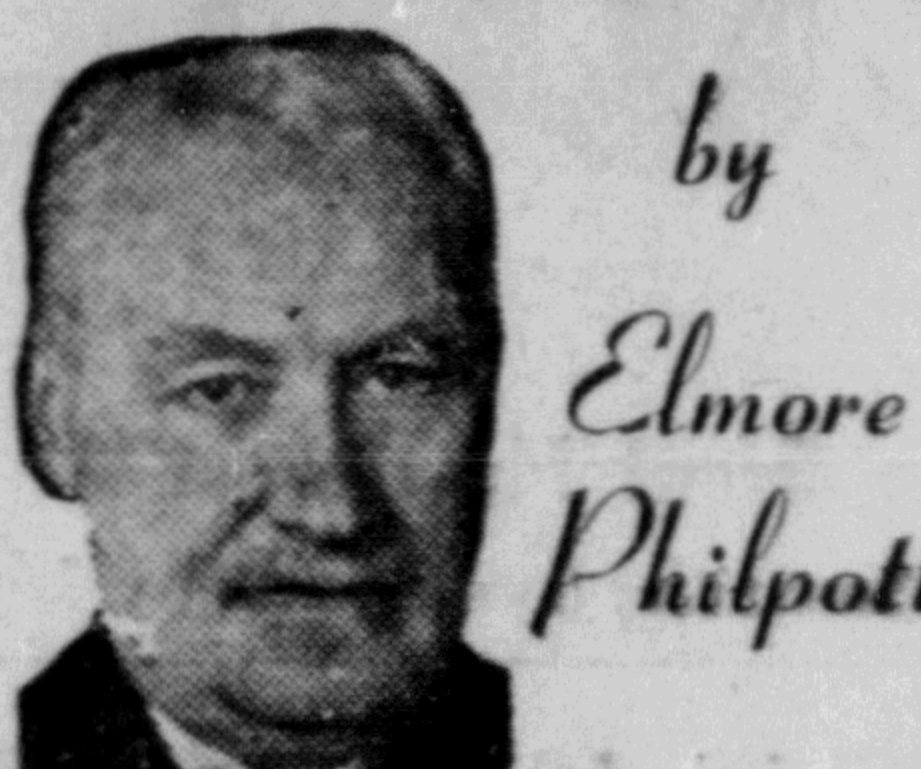
Wastage reached as high as 500,000,000 cubic feet daily in 1929 alone, reducing the gas pressure needed to bring the oil to the surface. Gas was burned off in big flares, causing a continuous red glow in the sky for miles around and earning the valley the nickname of Hell's Half Acre.

The board stepped in to preserve the oil field's life. Each well was assigned monthly production quotas based on its productivity, formation, pressure and gas and oil ratio.

At first, many operators resented these strict measures but by the time of the great Leduc oil discovery was made in 1947 conservation was accepted as a blessing to the oil industry along with the spacing of wells to one producer in each 40 acres.

To ensure maximum ultimate recovery of oil from a field, it is necessary to make the most efficient use of gas pressure that drives oil through the rock pores to the well. This pressure is principally due to natural gas

As I See It



by Elmore Philpott

Alberta Again

GULL LAKE, Alberta—Thoughts on a smooth plane ride from Vancouver. Here is how I rate methods of transportation: For romance, travel by ship. For reliability, travel by train. For speed, travel by plane.

You can't see much flying over the Rockies, but as the plane glides down for the landing the fields of Alberta look almost as green as those of Ireland.

THERE is an election here in Alberta—but you would never guess that fact from anything you see or hear. We drove north from Calgary on the main highway to Edmonton, in more than a hundred miles we did not see a single election card, not a single poster or billboard mentioning the vote, now only a few days away.

Evidently the Social Credit party is so sure of an easy victory that it feels it does not have to exert itself, and the opposing parties have not the means or inclination to do so in a way that makes a visible or audible impression on the voter.

As a matter of fact, the main highway between Calgary and Lacombe is in anything but first class shape. Apart from low spots where the level of the road is being raised there are numerous frost bumps not yet smoothed out. Some of these are dangerous. Yet less than a week before the election the government feels so sure of itself that it does not bother even to rush such repairs.

Surely times have changed in this respect. I can remember in my native Ontario, and also in many parts of B.C., where people could show you different stretches of highway which had been built just before such and such an election.

BACK around 1938 I came over to Alberta to try to find out if the first Social Credit government would be re-elected. I soon found out that it would be. I finally pinned down a group of rather untalkative farmers to give me the explanation. They admitted that the Social Credit party had not done any of the things it had promised to do when elected (for instance to give everyone a cash dividend of \$25 per month). But as one put it:

"They're not as bad as them other fellers."

By "them other fellers" I gathered he meant "the old line parties." I imagine that this same general sentiment still prevails.

BUT on one matter B.C. and Saskatchewan are far ahead of Alberta. I have checked up here on the workings of their hospital system. While our B.C. system is on a province-wide basis, here each municipality must vote its people into the scheme. But once they do vote into it, it is compulsory and universal within the municipality, whereas ours in B.C., like that in Saskatchewan, is on an overall provincial basis.

Here the cost of the compulsory system falls mainly on home and farm owners. A 260-acre farm at Mayerthorpe, for instance, pays \$41.58 per year in hospital tax. In the case of people who live in rented properties this tax is of course passed on by the landlords to the tenants.

THE BIGGEST myth ever put over the people of B.C. was the claim that in Alberta patients pay only a direct charge of one dollar per day while

UNDER OUR ROOF

By John Sturdy

"A friend of mine—my old commanding officer, as a matter of fact—is coming to dinner tonight," announced Col. S. Skeffington - Smutts (Ret.), when he met me yesterday. "Would you like to

I thought it was very white of the Colonel to invite me to dinner in my own house, but at the same time I was suddenly fearful.

"How long is this gentleman staying?" I asked.

"Oh, he's leaving the next morning," said the Colonel. "He's putting up at the local hotel."

I felt somewhat relieved. What with the Colonel and Anastasia and Hamish and Little Augie filling up the house and forcing my family and me to live in the shed, probably another guest wouldn't have mattered very much. Still, I felt relieved.

"We're having goose," the Colonel added.

"That was even better. The Colonel usually eats nothing but curry and rice."

"I'll tell my wife," I said. "She'll be delighted."

The Colonel frowned at me. "Boy," he declared, "this dinner is for gentlemen only."

So I had to go and tell my wife that I had been invited to our house for a goose dinner, and that it was strictly a stag affair. I ducked briskly when she threw a can of sardines at my head.

I must admit that I, too, am a little tired of eating sardines and other canned victuals. Consequently my mouth watered when I thought of roast goose.

At seven o'clock Major-General Darcy Dart-Jones made his appearance. An imposing man, he rushed up to the Colonel and shouted: "Haw!" and the Colonel shouted: "Haw!" right back at him. It really was a sentimental reunion between these two old campaigners.

"When do we eat?" I whispered to Little Augie.

"Any minute now," said the ex-blind pig king. "Hamish has the goose in the oven."

We sat down to a polished table with the Colonel at the head and the Major-General on his right hand. From the kitchen I caught a waft of something that made me drool.

We had a decanter of Little Augie's extra-special goat's milk Drambuie on the table and the Colonel said: "While we're waiting for the fowl to be brought in, I thought, sir, that

"Haw!" shouted the Major-General. "Absolutely... haw!"

"On your feet!" the Colonel yelled at little Augie and me, when the glasses were filled. "To the Khyber Pass!"

So we drank to the Khyber Pass and the Colonel and the Major-General smashed their glasses in the fire-place. (My wife's glasses, incidentally). Then the Colonel called Hamish out of the kitchen for more goblets and insisted that Hamish remain to

in hospital. Here the average charges for X-ray and other things (which are free in B.C.) is \$3.50 per day. Also there is no provision to pay for patients who must go from small towns to big city hospitals.

For B.C. to revert to the Alberta system would be a giant backward step.

ray ...

Reflects and Reminisces

May, June, July, 1952! Can anyone recall a three-month period in or near Prince Rupert when accidents were graver, more frequent, or the victims better known and esteemed?

After all, a spell of coolness in Prince Rupert feels pretty fair, which reminds one of the inmate of a mental hospital who kept tapping himself on the head with a hammer. He was asked if this did not hurt. "Sure," came the reply, "but think how nice it is when I stop."

A VOYAGE ENDS

An Edmonton bride disappeared off an Atlantic liner this week. Husband had fallen asleep and when he awoke could not find her. North of Prince Rupert last summer, an Ontario girl travelling alone vanished from a tourist steamer. Men appear less prone to those little, but momentous mysteries.

Halifax always has the navy—more or less. But this week, squadrons from the United States, a submarine fresh from Great Britain, and the RCN good and plenty concentrated at the Nova Scotia city. There should be everything from beer to manoeuvres.

WHY CERTAINLY!

Not the least a mooring aspect of the austere English is that once again they have been told, by Sir John Charles, chief medical officer, that their health is getting better and better. —Ottawa Journal.

Another thing about a woman, observes a contemporary, is that she can't put a pillow in a slip without biting the pillow.

Prince Rupert is about to receive unique advertising. Modelled tourists from New York permitted to drive car, alone, to Seal Cove and elsewhere. Car owner and visitors complete strangers. Don't think this won't be a little yarn to be told and re-told back home in the U.S. I surely will when they tell of their adventures away in the ferocious northwest.

A seat worth occupying at the Olympic games in Helsinki costs \$60. Yet plenty of Finns have been working their heads off for love of sport. What the Helsinki?

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| 1—1949 Austin Panel | 1—1939 Chevrolet Sedan |
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| | 1—1950 Austin |

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| 1—1946 Dodge 2-ton Truck |
| 1—1951 Austin 5-ton Truck |
| 1—1941 International 3-ton Panel |

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 1 to AUGUST 9

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------|
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| Boys' Jeans | \$2.50 |
| Socks | 20c and 45c |
| Girls' Silk Pyjamas | \$1.65 |
| Joe Shirts | \$1.79 and \$2.25 |
| Boys' Gab Pants | \$3.10 and \$3.98 |
| Sport Shirts | \$1.20 and \$1.40 |
| Cord Overalls | \$1.98 |
| Babyalls | \$1.10 and \$1.40 |
| Girls' Plastic Aprons | 45c |
| Baby Sleeve Plastic Bibs | 50c |
| Pullover Sweaters | \$2.25 |
| Coat Sweaters | \$2.49 |
| Two Only Boys' Gab Coats | \$9.95 |
| Girls' Silk Pants | 40c |
| Girls' Dirndl Skirts, size 10 and 12 | \$1.50 |
| Baby's Winter Pyjamas | \$1.55 |

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MEN AND TREES

Bert Brown is B.C. born—he comes from Kamloops—is married and has a son nearly two years old. He has been logging for six years and has the responsible job of loading the powerful trucks that transport logs from woods to dump. Experience and judgment are vital to his job. Equally important are the forests from which a perpetual supply of logs must come. In British Columbia, the forest resource is important to everyone because, directly or indirectly, it affects their livelihood to a great extent.

Protect Your Prosperity

Keep British Columbia Green

DEPARTMENT OF LANDS AND FORESTS

British Columbia Forest Service