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Alcoa Development Effects B.C.

CAUGHT between two huge aluminum developments, Prince Rupert and Central B.C. citizens may feel their future has received another boost towards prosperity and progress.

No doubt, a good deal of prosperity's run-off will hit this centre from the north and from the south and a good deal will by-pass us. These are probably the first reactions to the announcement by Aluminum Company of America that it will build a \$400,000,000 plant near Skagway, Alaska.

There is, however, at least one other major point included in this announcement which affects British Columbians and Canadians as a whole. In order to operate an aluminum plant in the Skagway area, Alcoa must get its water power from northern Canadian sources.

Alcoa plans to dam the Yukon River, fill up a basin comprised of 104-mile-long Atlin Lake, 50-mile-long Surprise Lake, and several other smaller lakes in the area. A large part of this source of waterpower lies within the boundaries of B.C.

But a news dispatch says that although Alcoa has made its announcement of plans, it must first get permission of the Canadian and the B.C. governments to use this waterpower source.

We don't follow quite so fast. Have the American financiers just taken for granted that this, one of the richest waterpower resources in Canada, will be handed to them? Or have they already received the blessings of our governments? It is hard to understand that a multi-million dollar project of such magnitude would be announced before all major problems have been overcome.

Surely, when we as British Columbians have such a large stake in the natural resources on which Alcoa depends for its development, we should be among the first to know of plans to dispose of them.

It may be, however, that Canadians have no intention of developing this waterpower source for their own use. It may be that granting Alcoa the water rights would be the best move ever made for the development of North America's northland. We would like to hear both sides of this subject, one of major importance to all B.C.

We would like to hear some definite opinions or facts in the case from our Victoria government, as well as from Ottawa. No doubt the benefits from another big aluminum plant in our vicinity will be sizeable, but we should know what we are getting in return for a good chunk of our own resources.

BUSINESS SPOTLIGHT

Britain Hopes For Big Slice In Canadian Car Market

By FORBES RHUDE
Canadian Press Business Editor

Britain's problem was expressed very briefly in Toronto by Roger Gresham Cooke, director of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Ltd., of Britain.

He said: "British agriculture produces enough to meet half our food needs. So we have to sell enough to pay for the other half and for the raw materials which go into what we sell."

A. B. Waring, vice-president of the Society of Motor Manufacturers, added: "Obviously, to buy we must sell."

Messrs. Gresham Cooke and Waring were with Sir William Welsh, North American representative of the society, at a press reception preceding a British motor show at the Canadian National Exhibition which opens on Friday.

None of the British spokesmen mentioned it, but presumably they might have added:

"We also have to sell enough to buy the raw materials for our re-armament program for western defence."

It all adds up to the fact that the British motor car industry is after a permanent slice of the North American motor-car market. The spokesmen said, in effect, that they could sell their cars elsewhere, but they are trying to sell them in North America so that they can buy the things they need from North America, including Canadian wheat and other agricultural products.

Mr. Gresham Cooke painted a rather sad picture of drooly-mouthed Britons watching their brand-new cars go abroad.

"In Britain," he said, "the

waiting list for cars extends four or five years. And if you have had one post-war car, you can't get another."

Sir William Welsh, a colorful Air Force type who, in 1915, was the first pilot to fly a plane off the deck of a ship, said:

"Five years ago when we came here, people were skeptical as to the permanency of our stay. It was said openly that our products were not suitable to the country—for the hard winters and the rough roads—that we were here for the duration of the sellers' market, and that when selling became tough we would quit."

"That was an illusion. The cars have proved themselves as capable as any other cars in rough going with the result that they have been accepted."

"People also pointed to the pre-war days when our limited sales were not supported by parts and service. That has been overcome. . . . This time we are here to stay so long as you want us and it is up to us to see that you do want us. We will."

Background supplied by the conference included:

Britain is the world's greatest exporter of motor vehicles, and in 1951, exported to the value of \$648,556,692. Seventy per cent of the industry's total output in 1951, or a total of 618,458 units, were shipped to all parts of the world. In addition, shipments of parts and accessories amounted to \$218,400,000.

As I See It



by
Elmore
Philpott

The Delayed Dream

SAN FRANCISCO. — I shall probably never return to this city of the Golden Gate without experiencing a pang for the delayed dream of 1945.

We met here, in those last weeks of Hitler's war, to watch the great statesmen of the earth lay the foundation of world peace. The greatest war in all the history of the human race actually came to its end while we were here.

But now, seven years later, there is no peace. The allies of 1945 have become the open antagonists of 1952. The only real question still unanswered is, will this antagonism between two great rival blocs end as all similar antagonisms have ended before, that is in war, or will the present state of what is called "cold war" gradually cool off into some sort of live-and-let-live tolerance?

NOBODY knows the answer to that question. We do not know what is in the minds of the men in the Kremlin, even now. We can guess even less of what is likely to be in the minds of the men in the "Kremlin" when Stalin, the greatest and most formidable of all the Czars, passes from this earth and the new number one man takes over in Russia.

Also, and this is far more important for us Canadians, we are not sure of the future course of action of that mighty giant, the U.S.A. We do know that this nation has more power over all our lives than any other nation has ever had before—not even excluding our own mother country, Britain. On the whole, the leadership that the U.S.A. has given to our part of the world, in the past seven years, has been well-meant, intelligent, and shrewd.

No nation in the history of the human race ever made such lavish handouts as the United States has made since the end of the Second World War. Nobody is such an idiot as to imagine that these were based on mere altruism. On the contrary, the U.S.A. has literally bought her way to a position of world power by subsidizing the economies of other countries to a degree never before known in history. If you go right around the globe you find a complete circle of countries where the governments could not suddenly cut off the receipts from the U.S. without throwing their own lands into severe, maybe fatal, local economic crises.

Thus, without planning it from either end, the U.S.A. has set up a new form of imperialism, and the recipient countries have accepted a new form of disguised colonialism which is something truly new on this planet.

IT SEEMS a grim sort of joke, when we look back on it, that when I came here in April 1945 to write for Canadian papers and report for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, we were betting about even money that the U.S. Senate would reject membership in UN much as it had rejected membership in the League of Nations.

We were afraid that the U.S.A. was going to revert to isolationism.

Now, if you go all over the world, you hear the very opposite sort of talk. At some times all the allies of the U.S.A. wish that she would pull in her horns a bit. But at all times all the enemies of the western lands wish that.

That, I think, gives the answer. The world has not gone back but forward in the past seven years. Uncle Sam set his hand to the plow in 1945. He has made many mistakes. But he won't turn back, I think, until by trial and error he finds the way to set up true world law.

THE AMAZING thing is that in spite of war in Korea and enormous handouts to allies (with bases to trade) all over the world, the people of the U.S.A. are better off than ever before. Till now, they have not had to choose between guns and butter. They have both—more of both than they ever had before—or than any nation on earth ever had before.

FREQUENT TARGET

CALGARY (CP)—The grocery store at a turn at the bottom of 4th St. hill here, is in the danger zone. Four times in the last few years vehicles have crashed into the store after failing to make the turn.



EXAMINING on the map the areas they will visit this fall are four members of the U.N. trusteeship council mission who will make on-the-spot studies of conditions in four West African territories. In addition to visiting both the British and French administered Togoland and Cameroons, they will make a special survey of the Ewe people's unification problem in these territories. The members of the mission are, from left to right, Chairman Roy Peachy, Australia; Robert Scheyven, of Belgium; H. K. Yang, of China, and Roberto Quiros of El Salvador.

UNDER OUR ROOF

Only a couple of days remain before we set sail for the North—Hamish and little Augie and Col. S. Skeffington-Smutts (Ret.) and I—and as far as yours truly is concerned, that is just two days too many.

(I must say I was pretty smart yesterday. I rented a safety deposit box in a Vancouver bank to guard our steamship tickets. Only after the tickets were safely locked away and the bank gave me the key to the box, did I breathe with any ease. The way things have been going, I didn't even trust myself to hold the tickets.)



John Sturdy
You may remember that we left the Island without any money in fact, we left the Island without anything, we were in such a hurry to elude the police, who wanted to talk to Little Augie about his stock of "Little Augie 100 per cent Extra-Special Auld Scotch Whisky, Guaranteed By Little Augie Personal" and that we were first locked in, and then tossed out of the hotel in Vancouver where we registered.

That was rather embarrassing in itself, and our continued lack of funds (despite collect telephone calls to my wife on The Island for assistance) was even more embarrassing. In short, we had nowhere to go.

"Except me," said the Colonel. "I met an old friend today who has invited me to go cougar-hunting in the wilds of North Vancouver."

Little Augie, who had been reading a newspaper, suddenly remarked:

"It says here that there is a big show in town—the Pacific National Exhibition. Which gives me an idea. We will set up a stall at this Fair and make ourselves some ready cash."

SET UP SHOP
"And what would we sell at this stall?" I demanded.

"Cougarburgers."

"What!"

"Certainly," said Little Augie. "The Colonel has just said he is going cougar-hunting. We will take the Colonel's kill, run it through a mincing machine, and we will sell individual patties, between buns at a dime a throw." Little Augie regarded me solemnly.

"You know that people who go to exhibitions will eat anything."

He had a point there, but I was having nothing to do with his plan. For one thing, I strongly suspected that a man had to have a license to sell cougar-burgers. After all, you need a license for almost everything these days. But after a couple of days (which was this morning) I couldn't resist the temptation to go to the exhibition grounds and find out how things were going.

Little Augie's stall was not exactly part of the Exhibition. In fact, it was outside the grounds; near the back door, actually. It was a very small, dilapidated stand with a sign "Mystery Burgers—10c." and when I discovered it, Hamish was in charge.

"How's business?" I asked.

"Well, it's fine," said Hamish.

"except for one thing."

"What's that?"

"No cougars."

SELL THE BRIDGE
It seemed that the Colonel had returned from the hunt without a single cougar in his bag.

"However," said Hamish, "Little Augie is inside the grounds now, drumming up some new business."

"What kind of business?"

"He intends to sell the Lion's Gate Bridge."

"But he doesn't own the Lion's Gate Bridge," I protested.

Hamish shrugged.

"Well, Little Augie says that plenty of people have sold the Brooklyn Bridge without owning it. Furthermore, he hopes to sell the bridge and the lions separately. There's more profit in individual deals, he says."

It was at that moment that the back door of the exhibition grounds opened and Little Augie made his appearance. When I saw that his feet were hardly touching the ground, it is sheer understatement. He was leading the policeman by about fifty yards.

Well, you know how panic is contagious. It took Hamish and me about a second to join Little Augie and by the time we had reached New Westminster, the police were far out.

Of course, hurrying one of the fences on the way, I tore my trousers and left part of them behind. Unfortunately that part included a hip pocket. And in the hip pocket was the key to the safety deposit box.

So maybe we will get to Prince Rupert—after a small matter of blowing up a bank to get our tickets.

No Teepees

CARDSTON, ALTA. (CP)—Fifteen new houses are being built this summer on the Blood Indian reservation near here by members of the tribe. It is planned that eventually all Indians on the reservation will own their own homes, instead of living in tents.

FAMINE FARE

During a famine in China in the 16th century, thousands of natives boiled leather shoes for hours and then ate them.

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ray...

Reflects and Reminisces

The day is approaching swiftly when what is usually called scenery will be described as water power. That is, in B.C., Alaska and Yukon.

Using dry ice, or any kind of ice to spill on clouds, and by producing rainfall, reduce the blistering and destructive mid-summer forest fires isn't so easy. Hang it, if we were only playing hockey or curling, instead of baseball.

MAY NOT NEED IT

Why do so many, advertising something lost, take care to say that if any money is found to keep it—but please return everything else? Are there variable grades of just plain everyday—but rigid—honesty?

Porcupines are by no means unusual in the woods around Prince Rupert, and a dog, on hunting or fishing trip is mainly a nuisance. On Kaien Island mountain, years ago, our pup pursued a little creature with soft coat, and unhappily managed to overtake it. The porcupine is docile and unobtrusive. Underneath the woolly jacket are thousands of barbed spines, about five inches long, each tapering to needle sharp points. Even cougars have been known to starve to death, their mouths full of festering quills. Moistened by the flesh they have entered, the tiny barbs expand and hold solidly. All muscular movements keep working the quills further in.

McCUTHEON TO RESCUE

Next time we beheld our doggie, he seemed to have suddenly grown a grey moustache. He could not brush away with his paws, all that strange feeling stuff on his lips. In fact, the beastie who'd been fooling with a porky was disturbed and worried. And so, after a bit of Sunday shopping, over Doc W. J. McCutcheon's counter in the Empress Block, we adjourned to Third Avenue. It was a long and colorful job. It can be stated that never before or since was a surgical operation performed in the old Empire office, but every quill was extracted. We're not quite certain which was in greatest quantity—blood or chloroform? Nevertheless, there was no funeral.

The degree you get before you're thirty will determine the degree of comfort you will get after you are sixty. — London Free Press.

A generation ago, a barber gave a moustache a lot of skilled attention, and well wages were paid precious little. What did a barber make twenty five or forty years ago? A barber did all it was possible to do with a man's face and head, and pocketed? Well, haircut, shampoo, shave, trimmings and any other little odds and ends. One fifty for the works? Only!

"Travel and see the country" reads an advertisement. Sure, but it mightn't be a silly notion to clear the billboards out of the way to start with.

St. Lawrence Job Recall Big Plan For West Cham

WINNIPEG (CP)—Approach of action on the St. Lawrence deep waterway project that stirred the west 70 years ago—an route from Winnipeg to the Great Lakes.

Freight rates then were already a problem for western grain growers, and the plan was to reduce transportation costs by a water route from the Red River to Lake Superior. The United States Congress and the cost of the project proved the stumbling blocks.

STEAMBOAT DAYS

Western Canada in the latter part of the 19th century was still steamboat-conscious. River boats had delivered most of Winnipeg's freight for nearly 30 years before rails linked the prairies with the east, while some goods came by cart trains.

Freight business on the Red River in a single year, 1875, totalled nearly 40,000 tons. Big, shallow-draft freight and passenger vessels plied the north and south branches of the Saskatchewan river to Brandon and northward.

For the proposed water route to the east, various courses for the channel were urged. One would have taken it to the Lake of the Woods. Another would have used the Red River, with a follow-through to Duluth on Lake Superior.

Minnesota was as enthusiastic about the plan as was Manitoba, and after 10 years of agitation a planning convention was held at Duluth in 1882.

FAVORED RED RIVER

Delegates there agreed that the Red River route was most practical. It rises in western Minnesota and 525 miles of its 665-mile course are in the United States. Canadian representatives agreed with the choice, since the costs would practically all be in the United States. But the plan came to nothing when it reached Congress.

Research at that time showed the Red and its tributaries would afford a natural waterway to Lake Superior for all except 37 miles, with the addition of numerous locks and dams. An early estimate of the cost was \$3,800,000, which was a considerable amount in those days.

So Winnipeg's dream of a water highway to the Atlantic was forgotten. Its value for grain carriers was lessened by the opening of the Hudson Bay route in later years.

Statistics Men Cut Off Relics Of Older Times

OTTAWA (CP)—The wooden refrigerators, the way of the books of the Bureau of Statistics. Reports on these and 54 others, were continued in the pages of pamphlets it turned out to slim down the publication distribution. Says such things as refrigerators have been cause there just as consumer interest in the figures.

LIMITED DISTRIBUTION

Production figures on hops are incorporated in reports. Among the items were the statement on world movements, the annual report on vital statistics, preliminary survey for each province.

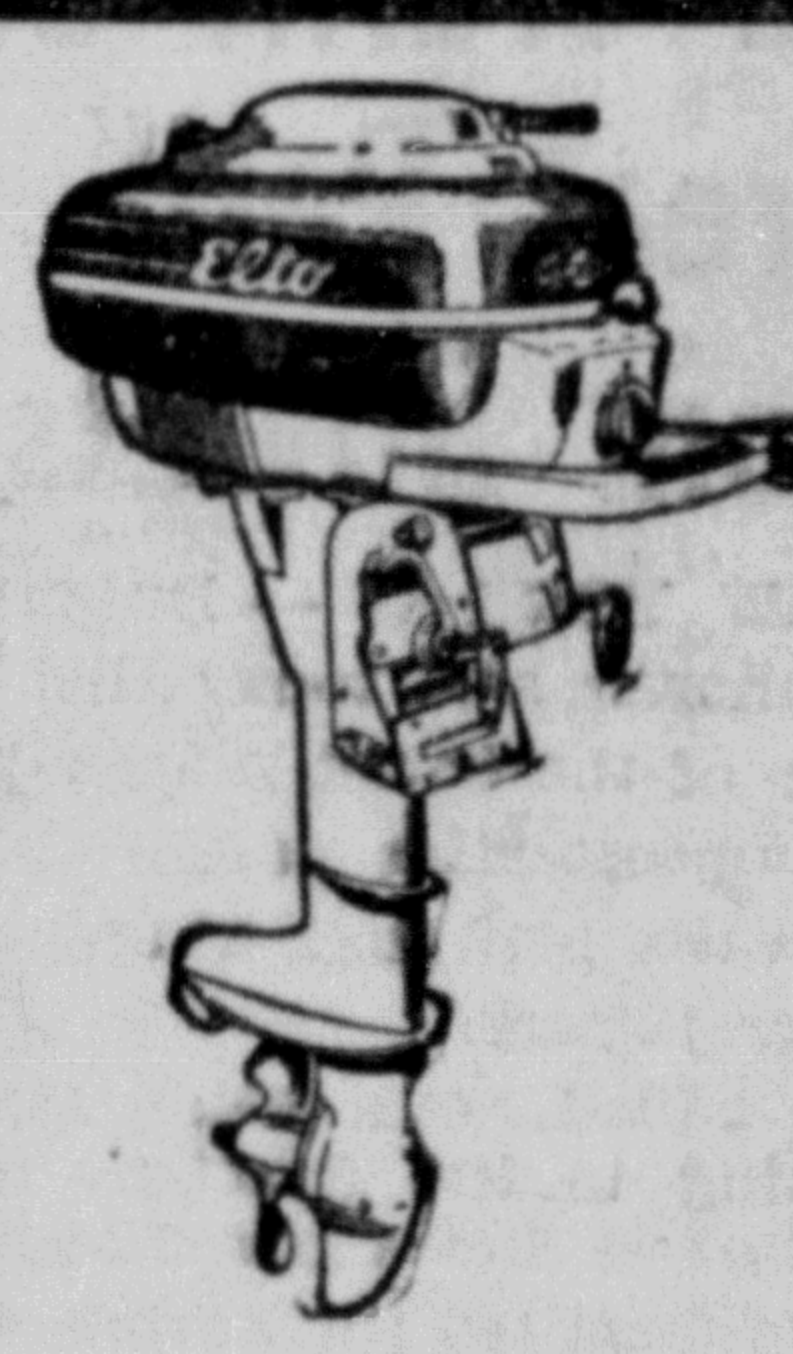
Another 120 items for general distribution transferred to public to special business experts in a particular.

For example, the reports on canning of apples, pears, peaches and other fruits and since the canning about the only business interested in these publications now are canners.

Since the work of publications started say 175 general reports discontinued, many list.

AIR-MINDED

EDMONTON (CP)—Edith Prior, 71, old grandmother, airplane ride home from a home from the West Coast. Her never want to go any



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