

Prince Rupert Daily News

Saturday, September 13, 1952

An independent daily newspaper devoted to the upbuilding of Prince Rupert and Northern and Central British Columbia.
Member of Canadian Press — Audit Bureau of Circulations
Published by The Prince Rupert Daily News Limited
J. F. MAGOR, President H. G. PERRY, Vice-President

Subscription Rates:
By carrier—Per week, 25c; per month, \$1.00; per year, \$10.00
By mail—Per week, 25c; per month, \$1.00; per year, \$10.00
Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

What About Our Radio?

ALTHOUGH voters did not stampede in their desire to obtain a new telephone system for Prince Rupert, the ballots allow no doubt that the public is weary of the present service.

Those who went to the polls to support the by-law are sure in the coming years to earn the gratitude of those who, for one reason or another, did not vote.

No doubt our ancestors in the days before Alexander Graham Bell were content to communicate with each other in more leisurely fashion. Once the telephone was invented, however, there was hardly any point in ignoring its progress as Prince Rupert has done for years.

Antiquity may have its charms but over a long stretch it becomes hard on the nerves.

Having made this leap into modern communications, we wonder if we cannot make another by asking for an improvement in our radio reception.

The scientific world has seen many changes since the Department of Transport has shown sufficient interest to send its technicians to Prince Rupert to correct the difficulties which make it unpleasant, if not impossible, to receive the broadcasts of outside stations.

The only evidence of interest we receive in the operation of our radios is the scrupulous collection of licence fees. While we pay these fees conscientiously, the thought crosses our mind that, if the fees were as small as the latitude of our reception, somebody should be paying us instead of vice-versa.

BUSINESS SPOTLIGHT

Former Arid Alberta Lands Support Thriving Farmers

By The Canadian Press

Fourteen years ago much of the population of east-central Alberta was burdened with debt and harassed by soil erosion and drought.

Today these same districts, which now make up the province's Special Areas, support a thriving population of grain farmers, ranchers and mixed farmers.

From 1931 to 1937, residents in the areas received direct relief of almost \$1,000,000. In 1951, total direct relief to the same population was little more than \$5,000.

The Special Areas were or-264 townships and have a rural population of 12,552. This population figure has remained constant for the last six years.

The Special Areas were organized to assist farmers and ranchers financially and agriculturally and to control settlement in the traditionally-dry regions. One of the first phases of the program was government-assisted depopulation to a point where the remaining farmers and ranchers would have enough land to make their operations successful.

From 1936 to 1938, economic and water surveys were made and the lands were divided into three major classifications—submarginal land suitable only for grazing, marginal land suitable for combination grazing and wheat production, and land suitable for wheat production.

Today, 2,000,000 acres of the 6,000,000 acres in the Special Areas are privately owned and about 3,700,000 of the remaining acres are leased from the government or used as community pasture.

The larger percentage of rural population is engaged in mixed farming, with 2,730 listed in 1951. The average holding is 1,500 acres, while 110 residents have holdings of 10,000 acres or more.

In 1939 the program introduced water development, re-grassing of abandoned lands, and allowed grazing rentals on the basis of carrying capacity of the land. More than 500,000 pounds of free crested wheat grass and brome grass were distributed by the government.

Administration of the areas is undertaken by a three-man special areas board located at Hanna. The board is assisted by an advisory committee of 18 ratepayers elected annually to represent their respective districts.

At one time, grain harvested at Cereal in the heart of the Special Areas, was considered the finest in Canada. If irrigation is introduced to the dry belt, and the possibility exists, the Special Areas of Alberta may become leading producers of prize grain in the province.

As I See It



by
Elmore
Philpott

Hello to Mexico

TIJUANA, Mexico: It seems presumptuous to say you have been to Mexico when you come to this part of the world—for it is almost like visiting Uncle Sam's Point Roberts, south of Vancouver.

But however untypical, the minute you cross the border you know you are in a different country. The parks are full of laughing, tan youngsters, whose speech is quicker, livelier, more musical than our hoarse Anglo-American.

VIRTUALLY every Mexican in this district is engaged with considerable success in reducing Mexico's adverse balance of trade with U.S.A.

There are three ladies and two cars in our party and between us we made three separate car trips across the border. The girls are buying leather bags, apparently for all their friends, for they have ended up with about a dozen. Not one of the three girls has been caught by the U.S. Customs. But when they asked my host, Geoff Scott, to bring back just one lone bag sure enough the Customs man smelled it out and made Geoff pay a couple of dollars duty.

All Customs men (like the Good Lord) must love a cheerful liar, for how many women ever get caught at any border?

THE MOST painless and indeed pleasant way that the Mexicans take away money from the Yanks (and straying Canucks) is by the delightful game known as Jai Alai, which is pronounced Hi Li.

This, of course, is the famous game played throughout the Latin world, under various names. The principle is about the same as handball. The players use wicker-cage bats to hit the hard white ball up against the end wall and the opponent must hit the ball on the rebound or on first bounce, or lose the point.

Thousands of Americans, and a few Mexicans, attend the games every night. They bet heavily on each match, exactly as on a horse race—that is for certain contenders to come first, second, or third. But they also have special betting wrinkles known as quinellas. In these you try to pick winning couples, in order they finish.

The net result of it all is that the visiting Americans leave large sums of money behind them every night—but go home feeling that they have had a wonderful time, and yearning to get back.

THE PLAYERS themselves vary in nationality. There are Mexicans, Cubans and Basques—who seem far the best of the lot. There is even one lone Yank.

It is a joy to watch them handle their basket-bats. We found the game far more exciting than tennis, and in a way just as rugged as box lacrosse—though they don't chop each other down as in the latter.

On the other side of the United States Stevenson's presidential opponent, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, worked busily in his New York headquarters polishing up speeches for next week's campaign tour in the midwest.

The landslide victory of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, Wisconsin Republican, for renomination is said to be posing a question for Eisenhower's strategists: How far should the General go in supporting McCarthy's re-election bid?

The Wisconsin Senator is a controversial figure because of his Communists-in-government drive which some laud as highly patriotic and others denounce as a smear campaign to innocent persons.

Eisenhower flew into New York yesterday, ending a 6,300-mile mid-west swing which, in turn, followed a successful invasion of the south.

Among the major moves still to be made: A conference with Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio, the man Eisenhower defeated for the nomination, to determine Taft's role in the campaign ahead.

CANNED ASPARAGUS
Canada's 1952 pack of canned asparagus totalled 295,318 dozen cans with a net weight of 2,932,160 pounds.



POLIO VICTIM—A portable iron lung was used to aid in transporting Mrs. Ronald Warnebolt, 25-year-old Vancouver nurse, who was stricken by polio while vacationing near Vernon, B.C. She was flown by the RCAF to Vancouver. As the late-summer polio epidemic continued in Western Canada, the number of cases passed the 1,300-mark during the week-end. Manitoba was the only western province that had not already exceeded the previous high for polio fatalities. (CP PHOTO)

UNDER OUR ROOF

By JOHN STURDY

Early last evening a steward climbed down to our stateroom in the depths of the ship, where Col. S. Skeffington-Smutts (Ret.) and Hamish, Little Augie and I are taking the cruise to Alaska.

(We are well below the waterline, right next to the engine room, and the only scenery we have seen so far are fish, which once in a while come up to the porthole and peer in at us. And I must say, I don't like the expression on their faces.)

I didn't like the expression on the steward's face, either. He seemed quite annoyed that he had been ordered to attend us. "The Captain hates to do this," said the steward, "but because you have evidently paid for your passages, he can't very well refuse. You're invited to the masquerade in the ballroom tonight."

"Well, that's a fine thing," I said angrily. "Why didn't you give us some decent notice so we could prepare our costumes?"

The steward shrugged. "I don't know about you," he said, and then he looked at Hamish and Little Augie and the Colonel, "but if those three characters go just as they are, they're a dead cinch to tie for first place in the funny make-up section."

That poor steward was playing foolishly with his life because I could see Little Augie reaching for his hat and the Colonel for his sabre.

GO AS STEWARDS

But it was Hamish who spoke up. "I think," he said, looking at the steward with those spaniel-like eyes of his, "that I'll go as you."

The steward didn't have a chance. And as the engines drowned out every other sound in the vicinity of our cabin, naturally no one heard his screams of protest. We lashed him to the lower bunk and gave him a gag to chew on.

I must say that Hamish looked very smart in a steward's uniform.

"That looks after one of us," I remarked. "But how about the rest?"

"They probably will send a relief man to find him," said the Colonel, and the old chap was absolutely right for once. This time Little Augie got the uniform, and except for the fact that the sleeves were a bit too long, he looked rather good.

Around eight o'clock that night there were four stewards lashed to the bunks in our stateroom and four fully-costumed passengers—namely the Colonel and Little Augie and Hamish and me—ascended from the depths of the ship to the brilliantly-lit ballroom.

Of course, no one there thought we were actually in costume—they took us for stewards—and the results are too painful for me to relate at this time.

PAINFUL

I might say, however, that we helped serve the supper which followed the masquerade, and it might have gone off quite nicely if it had not been for those long sleeves of Little Augie's. He was detailed to serve the soup, and the sleeves kept getting tangled up with the tureen. The fact that he spilled it in the lap of a stout, elderly lady who turned out to be the wife of the steamship company's president, did not help any, particularly as it was cream of mushroom soup, which is rather sticky stuff at best.

The chief steward immediately fired Little Augie, which

LETTERBOX

BACK CONCERT SERIES TO RETAIN FINE MUSIC

Editor,
Daily News:
On Wednesday, Sept. 24, our city will be host to three top-drawer musicians who will on that day give the first of four concerts planned for the Alaska Music Trail during the coming season.

For some reason these concert series in the past have not been the financial success they should have been.

This will be the third year the Civic Centre has sponsored the Alaska Music Trail locally. It is rumored that if this season again results in a deficit, that sponsorship will have to be dropped.

As a lover of good music, I feel that would indeed be unfortunate.

Probably the lack of support in the past was at least to some degree due to people not quite realizing what the Alaska Music Trail has to offer. For one thing, many people do not seem to know that the musicians appearing here under the auspices of the AMT are not second- or third-rate performers but are men and women of international repute. Musicians who under ordinary circumstances would simply be out of reach of Prince Rupert people and Prince Rupert purses.

It is only the fact that these musicians are willing to regard their engagements for the AMT as a sort of a busman's holiday and are not receiving anything for their performances except their actual expenses that makes it possible for people along the Alaska Music Trail to hear them.

It surely is a sad commentary on our own music appreciation if we let a chance like that go by default.

Some people stay away because they are afraid of so-called highbrow music. They would get a pleasant surprise indeed if they would only come once.

What I am trying to get across is that this may be our last chance. If we do not back this season's series there may not be another one next year. So I would urge all people in Prince Rupert who love music for music's sake to get a season ticket and to get their friends to take one. Let us put it over this time.

Thank you for your space, Mr. Editor.
ERIC FAURE.

Weekly Papers Favor 'Ike'

NEW YORK (AP)—A magazine poll of 617 weekly newspaper editors showed 75 per cent favor Republican Dwight D. Eisenhower for president, 20 per cent want Adlai Stevenson and five per cent are undecided, it was announced yesterday. The poll was taken by the American Press, monthly publication of the American Press Association, national advertising representative for 8,892 weeklies.

Young Girls Tell Court About Drugs

VANCOUVER (CP)—A nine-year-old girl Thursday told in court of watching a baby-sitter at her home taking narcotic "fixes."

Police were amazed at the knowledge of the nine-year-old and her six-year-old sister in the ways of drug addicts. The little girls glibly detailed every step in the procedure of "taking a fix."

The baby-sitter was Shirley Taylor, 18-year-old unemployed stenographer who was paid \$1 a day to watch the children.

She was paid by Mrs. Glenna Simister, 43-year-old housekeeper, hired by the children's father to look after the home during his absence in northern British Columbia.

Two women and Ervina Anderson, 19-year-old mechanic, are charged with contributing to juvenile delinquency by taking narcotics in front of children and also are charged with possession drugs.

Ray REFLECTS and REMINIS

Well, there's one thing that can help out in this nurse shortage business. Physicians and patients can stop marrying them.

Sixteen-year-old school boys in Edmonton are paid nine dollars a day to deliver the city's light and water bills. Pretty fair

pay for temporary help. Wonder what they expect when they start looking for a job.

Christmas crop in States, this season, total of 59 million tons. This does not mean that indeed, they might cost, should the grain double.

A WORD OF CAUTION

More and more the renece Waterways into the news of the is called Gut Dam, a vast engineering slowly and without making the slightest

"Synthetic Fibres" terious New Foun that's what we've all lit up at night Star.

Liberation By Force 'Disastrous'

KANSAS CITY (CP)—State Secretary Dean Acheson, in an obvious reply to Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, said last night any attempt to liberate the Communist-dominated countries by force is "a positive prescription for disaster."

"We believe, as anyone must who shares the Democratic faith, that free societies can and will be more durable, and that ultimately they must exercise a strong attraction that will shift the balance in our favor," Acheson said.

"But if through impatience or imprudence, we are urged to try to bring this shift about by force, if we are urged to seek the liberation of territories or peoples by force, this advice would be neither realistic nor responsible."

"If that is what is meant by being more positive, then it is in fact a positive prescription for disaster."

SWIFT OTTER

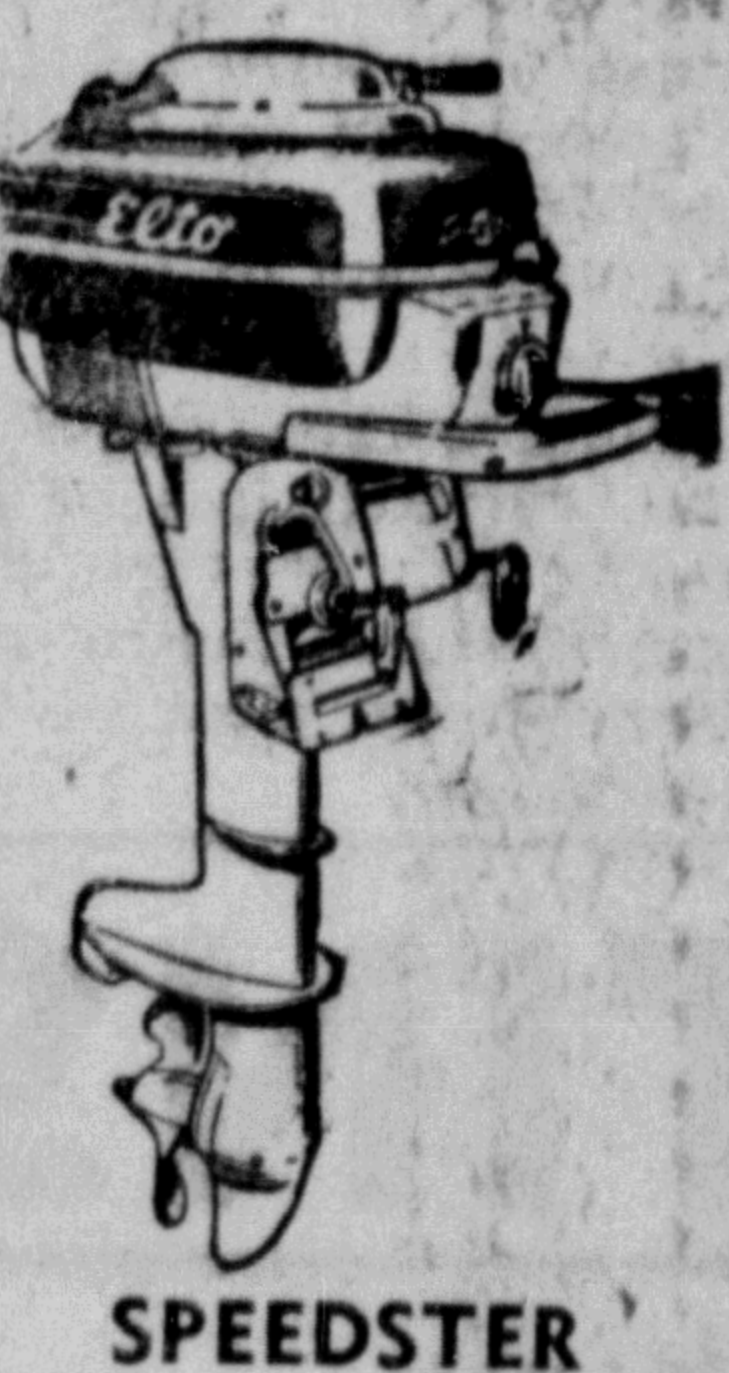
The otter, most adaptable member of the weasel tribe, can climb, swim and run for a short distance as fast as a fox.

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