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Satisfying Our Housing Need

WILL the fifty houses now being constructed under the rental housing scheme be enough?

As we approach winter and the date of the houses' completion, an answer to this question becomes increasingly important. Without obtaining almost immediately an estimate of the present need, we are in danger of wandering again into months of wasted time and insufficient accommodation.

Since the Chamber of Commerce ascertained last winter that there was a demand for at least 100 more houses, new families have come to Prince Rupert. While it is true that others have gone, all evidence points to the fact that the arrivals outnumber the departures and that the shortage of living space is, if anything, greater than before.

A way to make sure of this would be to wait until the houses are finished and then to determine how many residents, if any, are still without a satisfactory roof over their heads. If the number proved substantial, however, the pressure would be on again and there would be nothing in sight to relieve it.

As dissatisfied tenants in Prince Rupert well know, there is a great deal more to the construction of government-financed houses than the pouring of cement and nailing up of wood. First the disorganized need must be narrowed into a specific demand. Sites must then be chosen, plans approved, financing agreements reached, tenders called for and contracts let.

Only after this and a myriad of details have received attention—and it takes months—can construction begin.

Unless some action is taken now, that is precisely the bleak position in which we will be if there is still a considerable surplus of home-seekers after the new houses have become occupied.

As an alternative to leaving everything until the last moment we can at least whittle down the list by finding out now the extent of the demand. Moreover if, as is anticipated in some quarters, a federal housing authority visits the city soon, we should be in a position to tell him on the spot what more is required here.

Since a committee approved by Ottawa must be set up to handle allocation of the present houses under construction, we urge that speed be requested on formation of this group so that it can immediately receive applications and judge future requirements.

A week lost now may take a month later on to repair.

BUSINESS SPOTLIGHT

1 Province Does Much to Keep Canadians Sweet - With Beets

Southern Alberta is keeping a good part of the nation sweet, producing 130,000,000 pounds of refined white beet sugar annually.

Sugar beet production has become a big part of Alberta's agricultural and industrial fields. Each year some 35,000 acres of farmland yield a \$7,000,000 sugar beet crop, and with the enlarging of irrigated areas production is steadily increasing.

The industry was started in southern Alberta in 1901 by Jesse Knight, who erected the Knight Sugar Company factory at Picture Butte in 1902.

First production totalled only 800,000 pounds, which could not be marketed in Alberta because of prejudice against beet sugar. The lot was sent to Winnipeg and found an immediate market, but the venture ended in 1914 when farmers decided wheat raising was more profitable.

Another company opened a factory in 1924 and later sold out to Canadian Sugar Factories Limited, which now operates three refineries within a 40-mile radius of Lethbridge. One is at Picture Butte, another at Raymond and the third at Taber. The latter was completed in 1950 at a cost of \$5,000,000.

The number of growers steadily increased until now more than 1,500 farmers are harvesting more than 400,000 tons of beets annually. In 1925 the beet harvest yielded 41,500 tons. Sugar production jumped by 13 times from 1925 to more than 130,000,000 pounds expected this year.

By-products of beet sugar refining—beet molasses and wet

and dry pulp—are largely used in the livestock industry. The molasses can be used to make alcohol but more often it is mixed with beet pulp for stock feed or shipped for feeding as a livestock supplement.

FEEDS CATTLE

Annually more than 30,000 beef cattle and 100,000 sheep are conditioned within a 20-mile radius of the factories. Cattle are put on the fields to eat the beet tops and later are fed pulp for conditioning for market.

Dried pulp, a livestock feed banking with Alfalfa hay, is shipped to the prairie provinces and eastern Canada.

Beets are planted in rows about 22 inches apart on farmland where irrigation assures ample moisture. During early-growing they are thinned, hoed and cultivated. Much of this work is done by hand but harvesting is a modern task. Beets are dug by machines, topped by hand and loaded by machines.

STRIKE THREAT SEEN IN COAST SHIPYARDS

VANCOUVER — Workers in Vancouver's steel shipyards are expected to call for a strike vote shortly.

There is no sign of a break in the four-month deadlock over new wages contract with the management, which is holding firm for a renewal of contracts based on last year's wage rates.

As I See It



by
Elmore
Philpott

P.S. on Saucers

THE IRATE gentleman who wrote to the paper castigating me as a "pseudo - pundit" who "pontificates as readily from ignorance as from knowledge" was more hasty than courteous or scientific in his own outburst.

If he re-reads the column on "To The Moon" he will see that I was not giving out my own opinions as to the difficulty of inter-planetary travel to Mars but simply reporting a lecture on that subject by the scientist in charge of the Los Angeles Planetarium.

As this is one of the best equipped institutions in the entire world designed to teach the general public something about the heavens; and as those in charge had gone to great pains to prepare a lecture on space travel geared to the understanding of the general public, I am happy to have done my bit in trying to pass it on.

A LETTER on the same subject, but in a much happier temper comes from R. W. James of North Vancouver. He says: "I took great interest in your articles on Flying Saucers. Strange, I was reading Don Key-hoes 'Flying Saucers Are Real' at that time."

"According to Einstein in travel at the speed of light time stands still. So we will assume you and I make a trip at the speed of light to the nearest planet (Wolf 359). We would be away, according to people on this earth, 17 years. All those left behind would have aged 17 years. But you and I would have aged only one year, plus an hour or so."

Whoa, brother, whoa, I sure don't aspire to climb aboard that space ship. Suppose the darn thing got going faster than the speed of light. Presumably then time would not only stand still but begin to turn backward. Maybe I would wake up to find myself back studying physics for my matriculation examination. It was bad enough when I really had to do it, in 1912. But that was before Einstein proved that straight lines are really crooked, and so on and so forth.

SPEAKING seriously, and as a sort of P.S. on the Flying Saucers series I wrote from the States, there is no doubt that somebody is sitting on the lid of a really big story—and one of these days the lid is going to blow off with a big bang.

Either the U.S.A. has a whole flock of new and really super-duper Buck Rogers type of secret aircraft or benign visitors from some other planet really are giving us the once-over.

If the latter is the case (which I decidedly doubt) the U.S. government would be making a tragic mistake in withholding authoritative facts from the public. Remember the panic there was when Orson Welles made his famous radio broadcast based on H. G. Wells book about a supposed invasion from Mars? It could happen again, only on a serious scale if the public wakened up to the news that space ships were real and did not belong to us or our earthly friends.

BECAUSE of military security I could neither request, nor publish if I had obtained it, full reports on U.S. rocket ships or guided missiles, which are being turned out in quantities.

But nothing has yet been "declassified," that is taken off the secret list, which remotely approaches the most lurid reports of the Flying Saucers.

Mosher Will Run For CCL Presidency

TORONTO — A. R. Mosher said today that he will run for re-election as president of the Canadian Congress of Labor and will carry on "as long as the members want me."

Mosher, 72, resigned as president of the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees (CCL) last week. He arrived here from Ottawa last night for the CCL's annual convention which starts tomorrow.



NEW STAMPS—These three new postage stamps will be issued by the Post Office department Nov. 3. The seven-cent stamp displaying a Canada goose in flight and designed by Toronto sculptor Emanuel Hahn is blue in color. The four-cent stamp is orange and pictures Alexander Mackenzie, Canada's second prime minister, 1873-78. The purple three-cent stamp shows Sir John J. C. Abbott, fourth Canadian prime minister, 1891-92. (CP PHOTO)

UNDER OUR ROOF

By JOHN STURDY

Well, we arrived in Whitehorse, Y.T., yesterday, after coming over the Trail of '98, and there was a letter from my wife waiting for me.

How she ever figured we would get to Whitehorse, I can't understand. As a matter of fact, I can't understand how we got here, myself, particularly when we had to carry Little Augie most of the way. No man should try to walk the Trail of '98 in canary-yellow dancing pumps, and consequently Little Augie was a terrible load on Hamish and Col. S. Skeffington-Smuts (Ret.) who had to take turns carrying him. Naturally I was too busy blazing the trail.

"Dear Sir," the letter from my wife began. (I winced as I read this opening salutation, because whenever my wife addresses me as Dear Sir, I know there is trouble in the wind.) "I see by the newspaper that you and your small band of ruffians are somewhere north of Skagway, and if you are not frozen to death by this time it is probable that you will eventually return to civilization. When you left here it was with the understanding that you were going to Prince Rupert to see the man who runs the newspaper, and that is why I lent you the money."

"Nobody in Prince Rupert has seen hide or hair of you, and that is probably okay with Prince Rupert. I have given up all hope of seeing my money again, but I suppose it is too much to ask that it will be ditto with you and your friends."

"Aunt Maisie, who is visiting me as you know, says that I am stupid to have anything to do with a husband who gets into the kind of scrapes that you and your friends seem to attract to yourselves, and then writes about them in the public prints."

"Since leaving here you have been locked out of a hotel, thrown in irons by the captain of a ship, and forcibly ejected from the city of Skagway. Is that any way for a husband to act? Oh, the shame of it!"

I looked at Hamish who was peering over my shoulder. "That last line," I said, "is pure Aunt Maisie."

"The old girl's certainly in a bit of a flap," said Col. S. Skeffington-Smuts. "By the way, does she say anything about my wife Anastasia?"

"Yes," I said, looking at the letter, "it says here that Anastasia has gone home to her mother."

"At her age," said the Colonel, "Anastasia's mother won't be able to weather the blow."

"You mean the shock of Anastasia leaving you?" I asked.

"No," said the Colonel, "the shock of having her around the house again."

I went back to the letter. "Our small son," it continued, "asks about you constantly, and wants to know what his daddy is doing. Thank heaven the child doesn't get to read the newspapers. We burn them as soon as they are delivered. I have discussed the whole affair with Aunt Maisie and we have decided that the only way to retain the last shreds of our pride is to have you come home. Therefore you will find enclosed a money

order to buy your airplane fare back to the Island.

"I know you will not leave your so-called friends stranded in the Yukon, so I have included enough for their fares, too. It means putting off the new washing machine you promised me for another year, but anything is worth having you within sight where you can't do any more harm (relatively speaking, that is)."

"Take the first plane available and wire us of your arrival time. There is no other news, except that Little Augie's goat has died. Yours very truly."

There were tears in Little Augie's eyes. "I bet your Aunt Maisie murdered my goat!" he moaned.

"She is not my Aunt Maisie," I said in a huff. "She is my wife's Aunt Maisie, and I beg of you to remember that. Anyway, your goat wasn't very happy, and I was tired sleeping with him."

"It was a her," said Little Augie, "and I bet she died of a broken heart."

So it looks as though our sojourn in the Yukon is over. The man here says we can get a plane out of Whitehorse tomorrow, and so I guess that's it.

There really isn't any choice. When I looked at the money order I discovered it was made out to the airline company.

Why don't wives trust their husbands?

LETTERBOX

HOSPITAL BOARD HAS BEEN FAIR

The Editor, Daily News:
My attention has been drawn to a letter in your paper objecting to the recent award for the new hospital heating plant to a Vancouver firm.

I must admit that this was a very difficult decision for the Hospital Board especially as both the local firms tendering had recently completed contracts for us to our complete satisfaction. However, for many years it has been Board policy to purchase goods and services from the most reasonable source. As both Provincial and Federal governments are contributing one-third the cost of this project it did not seem justified to add to their costs.

Our decision was reinforced by the knowledge that local subcontractors will be employed so local labor should be well protected.

No decision can please everyone but I am sure that the Board is trying to do the very best it can to stretch the money available to provide the greatest possible amount of modernizations with the resources available.

You will recall that our fund raising campaign fell short of its minimum objective and the city council has so far failed to give us any assistance. The fund is still open and we would welcome further contributions.

L. M. GREENE, M.D., Chairman, Hospital Board, Prince Rupert General Hospital.

ray... Reflects and Reminisces

There will be a not unnatural wonder if New Brunswick also became entangled in some of the finer points featuring Monday's election. British Columbia is not so far from her own polling and subsequent confusion, that the situation cannot be appreciated. But that now seems unlikely.

ONWARD AND UPWARD

The nickel fare has gone the way of the horseshoe. In some cities, transit rides, already in the 'teen stage, have not yet stopped climbing.

Pressure time is arriving. The U.S. presidential election is little more than a month away. Tension's tighter. Eisenhower is angry. Nixon is sore. Stevenson may be, but doesn't let on. Truman something the same, perhaps. The longer this goes on, the less uninteresting it will become.

Although the buffalo is all but extinct, sometimes a few useful facts about the noble creature become known. For example, when angry, it paws the earth and raises its tail, the tip of which is turned backward. How anyone has managed to get near enough to behold this remains undisclosed.

NUMBER ONE

What is known as hog calling is a talent, or a form of competition that has long been popular in the States, as autumn comes on. Adjudged the best this year is said to be a woman whose home is in Illinois. In other words, when she shouts she also brings home the bacon.

A winter sports carnival is being planned for the venerable city of Quebec, with particular features to attract tourists. The occasion is months away, but even this early it is emphasized that in January, the snow is deep and weather really cold. This has been suspected.

Political Leaders Head West

OTTAWA — There's a touch of political expectancy in Ottawa air these days.

It stems from Prime Minister St. Laurent's statement on his recent Western tour that a federal general election is always a cat that, health allowing, he possibility. He did not see it as a probability this year but indicated the Liberals into battle at the polls.

Since he has made those observations there have been moves indicating Mr. St. Laurent's political opponents don't intend to be caught napping.

The C.C.F. party has announced the most intensive pre-election campaign in its history. Social Creditors plan to field enough candidates to form a government if elected. The Progressive Conservative are organizing in the constituencies.

The leaders of all three parties in opposition, George Drew, Progressive Conservative; M.J. Coldwell, C.C.F.; and Solon Low, Social Credit, all plan Western trips like that taken by the Prime Minister.

Mr. St. Laurent returned to Ottawa last Saturday and plunged into a backlog of business at his office. From now until the opening of parliament Nov. 20 he will be particularly busy with matters pertaining to the new session.

NEXT OCTOBER

He plans no political tours for the present, and perhaps not until the date of an election—most believe it will come about October next year.

But next month, Mr. Drew and Mr. Coldwell will be going West. The details of the trip to be taken by the Progressive Conservative leader have not yet been worked out, but he will be going right to the coast.

Mr. Coldwell's trip will last from Oct. 12 until Nov. 19. He will carry here and there in constituencies in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and British Columbia, with emphasis on the latter province where, provincially, the C.C.F. is strong.

Mr. Low hasn't announced his tour plans as yet, but he will be going West with delegates to the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association conference and is expected to stay in the West for a time for political work both in British Columbia and Alberta.

In the ten years from 1941 to 1951 the largest increase in housing rents was in Vancouver where average monthly rental rose from \$26 to \$43.

Pacific Scientists Capture Weird Fish From Depths of Ocean Bed

LA JOLLA, Calif. (AP)—Some strange creatures, at least two of them never reported seen before by human eyes, are new captives here from the Pacific Ocean's dark depths.

They were brought back by the third major expedition into the Pacific by the University of California's Scripps Institution of Oceanography.

The exploration, in which the U.S. Navy, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and Inter-American Tropical Tuna Commission also participated, covered an area of 2,000,000 square miles off Mexico, Central America and South America.

It followed other Navy-Scripps Institution expeditions in the last three years to the mid-Pacific beyond Hawaii, and to the North Pacific.

The Scripps' research ship horizon crossed the equator five times in three months as its scientists studied currents, surveyed the ocean's bottom by electronic soundings and trawled up hundreds of creatures from their mile-deep haunts.

One grotesque specimen was a death's head fish with eyes on its gaunt cheeks instead of in the usual, empty sockets.

Floating Isle At North Pole Research Base

ANCHORAGE, Alaska (AP)—A bleak and lonely island of ice, floating near the north pole, is to be the winter-long home for a United States Air Force research party.

The six-by-nine-mile chunk of ice has been occupied as a weather station since last March, although the airmen have been rotated.

The floaters' strange life at the top of the world has become so work-a-day that the air force refers to the operation as "purely routine." Weather reports are received every six hours from the party on "Fletcher's Island"—in a region where science thinks many of the northern hemisphere's storms may be brewed.

The airmen there now are due to return to Alaska for reassignment late this month after riding the ice cake since early July.

Just when the new group of air force volunteers will go to the island for their 90-day, early winter tour of duty will depend on weather conditions. The men there also must get a runway in shape for a landing of a C-47 on the ice.

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If you are not a regular user, obtain a copy of the fully descriptive F-999 booklet, write to Diva Laboratories, Dept. 200, Victoria, B.C.

Another was a white, big, blister-like eye straight up on top of its head.

Dr. Car: a. H. H. marine biologist, and specimens are now in the hands of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography.

Warren S. Wooster, oceanographer, at Scripps on the horizon. He reported the expedition had found in waters containing percent of free oxygen.

It had not been known, he explained, that there could live with that supply of the vital element.

The expedition also had a Seamount (named California Seamount) rising from the bottom 1,200 feet west of Acapulco, Mexico.

No great mountains were found, such as covered in the promontories to the mid-Pacific north Pacific.

fair dealing in the huge, empty

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