

# Prince Rupert Daily News

Thursday, January 7, 1954

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

Subscription Rates:  
By carrier—Per week, 25c; per month, \$1.00; per year, \$10.00.  
By mail—Per month, 75c; per year, \$8.00.  
Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa

## Death of a Rat

ONE RECENT death which Prince Rupert should celebrate is that of the last rat at the city dump. Fed on poison and starved of food, the verminous community on the city outskirts is extinct, at least for the time being.

Now before the city is the question of whether to invest a fairly substantial sum to keep it that way. As past experience has shown, poison by itself is not enough. So long as fresh garbage is being thrown into the dump, the rats will survive.

In the present case, this was corrected by diverting refuse to Algoma Park where, by means of heavy tractor equipment, it was buried and impacted under layers of soil. This operation served the simultaneous purpose of helping to develop the park grounds.

The key to the problem is the equipment, which the city does not at present own. Merely as an anti-rat weapon, the tractor perhaps would not justify an expenditure of about \$28,000, undesirable though the pests are. But its value on park grounds is already being established and certainly there are many other levelling, clearance and ditch-digging jobs where it would increase speed and efficiency.

Without a close study of all projects on which it could be used, no one can say what course should be taken, but we trust there will be no hasty rejection. An important consideration is that it would be an investment good for many years.

## It is Over—Perhaps

NO ONE is going to fool himself that the northern interior IWA strike just over is one of those affairs about which one can say, "Well, fellows, that's that! It was a good fight but now let's shake and get down to work."

It wasn't a good fight any more than the outbreak of some disease is a good fight. Whole communities were rendered almost lifeless. Families lived on fear and starvation rations, and hate swept down the Cariboo like a scourge.

It is not something that will pass lightly on the breeze. The rancor will linger and so, too, will the defect in our economy and thinking which makes such disasters possible.

But the part about getting down to work will follow naturally, even if the handclasp does not. To be idle in such a country is the condition that is not natural.

Then with time, perhaps, something will be learned from the strike to increase assurance that another will not occur. Unless this is done, the misery it caused will have been suffered in vain.

## OTTAWA DIARY

By Norman M. MacLeod

If limited to just rank-and-file cabinet ministers—thus excluding Messrs. St. Laurent, Howe and Gardiner, who are in a hierarchy by themselves—a Parliament Hill contest to pick the Cabinet Minister of the Year (1953) might very well be won by Defence Minister Brooke Claxton.

The past year has been a particularly successful one for him. Politically, the Progressive Conservatives selected him as the Achilles' Heel of the Liberal government and concentrated all their main attack upon him in the mid-summer election. The monumental scale of their thunder was made apparent by the PC debacle. The Drew high command learned from disaster what it could have learned earlier from common-sense—that no cabinet minister as able, as industrious, as conscientious, and as wholly selfless as Claxton can be held up to public ridicule and abuse with safety.

Then, in the realm of solid, worthwhile achievement, Claxton finally met with success in his campaign for standardization of ammunition amongst the NATO allies. The adoption at Paris last month of a standard rifle bullet for use by NATO troops anywhere was no small forward step in practical military co-operation by the western Allies. Its effectiveness under wartime conditions could be decisive in any theatre. And credit for it goes rightfully to Claxton, with the assists from representatives of other powers which are involved inevitably in any international project.

The situation was that standardization of ammunition, while recognized as a project of top importance, was on the

## As I See It



by  
**Elmore  
Philpott**

### Prophet's Stubble

JOHN MAGOR, editor of the Prince Rupert Daily News, has let out a howl of righteous indignation at my recent column which said that nobody had won the "Beard of the Prophet" award for 1953.

He says: "We are going to suggest to Elmore Philpott that we are entitled to at least some of the hairs of the Beard of the Prophet he offers each year."

When I check back over what the Prince Rupert editor wrote on Jan. 2, 1953, I am delighted to admit that—even though he is not entitled to a full beard, like that of Mohammed or Santa Claus—he surely has sprouted a visible stubble of a Beard-in-the-Making.

HERE are the correct answers that the northern B.C. editor wrote:

1. There will be a cease-fire in Korea.
2. There will be no world war involving the U.S. against Russia.
3. Nothing will be done to execute admission of German military units to the western defense alliance.
4. Russia will still be a UN member in good standing.
5. Louis St. Laurent will finish the year as our Prime Minister.
6. The Liberal government will be returned, with a reduced majority.

HERE are the questions which the Prince Rupert editor failed to answer with complete accuracy:

"In the B.C. election, Social Credit will be returned with an increased plurality but still lacking a majority. The order of the parties will remain unchanged."

Actually the S.C. party won a small, clear majority.

The northern editor predicted that the Liberals would win 142 seats in the federal election. They actually won 171.

He predicted 70 for the Conservatives—whereas they actually won 50.

He guessed that S.C. would win 21—but they only took 15.

He was 100 per cent right about the CCF—he predicted 23 seats for them, and that is precisely what they got.

BUT even if the Rupert editor did not win that full-blown, wind-blown beard, he can console himself that his score was as high as that of the internationally famous clairvoyant, Madame Gloria Lys.

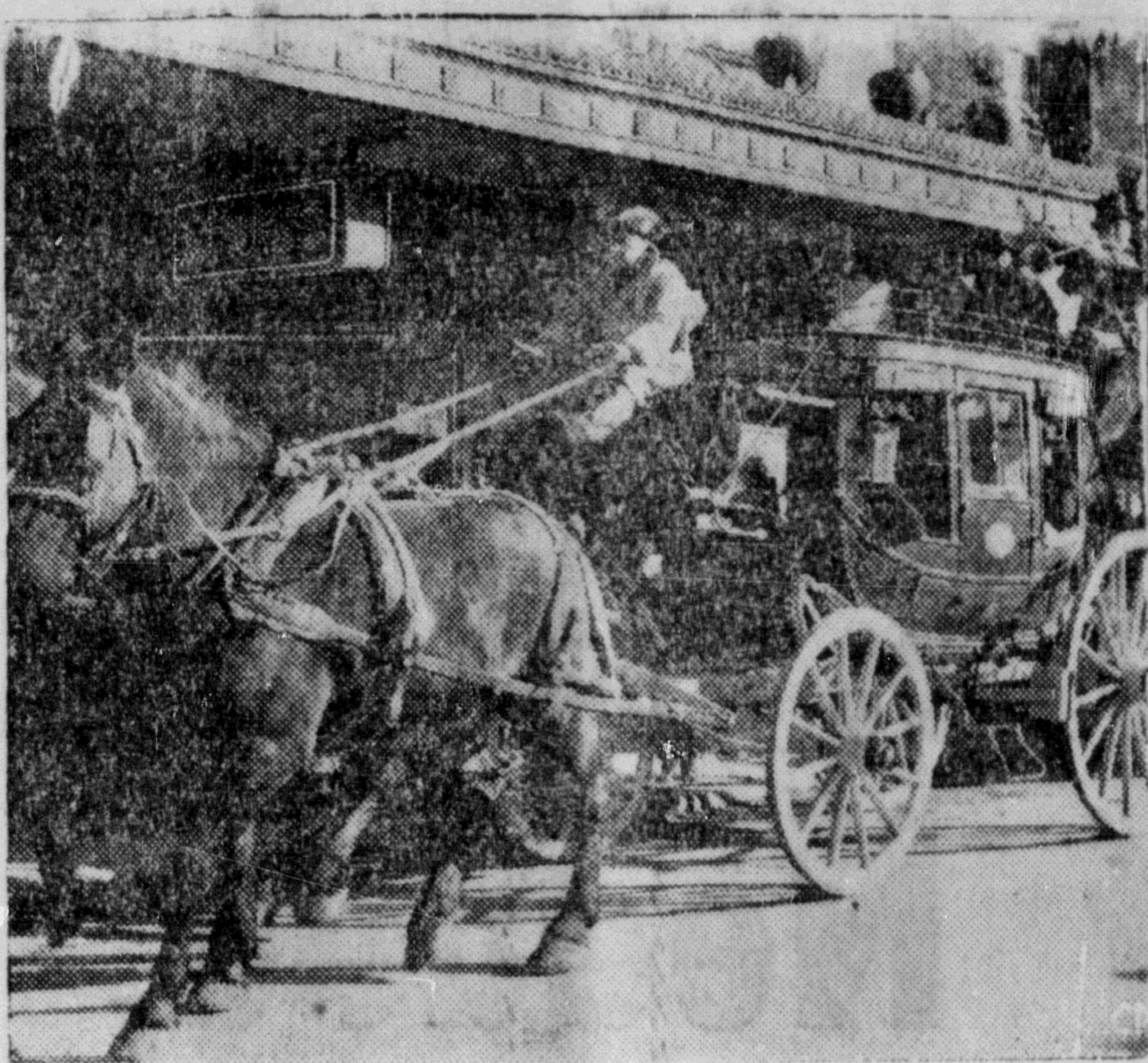
Madame Lys, who clearly predicted in writing the embroglio which led to the abdication of Edward VIII and also many other crucial world events, fell down in one of her 1953 predictions about B.C. politics.

She saw the crumbling and defeat of the Social Credit party by the Liberals. Other than that, Madame Lys hit a lot of nails right on the head.

READERS may recall how, before I went out to India, Madame Lys told me that she "saw" a mysterious woman who would emerge as the real ruler in the Kremlin. I wrote about it in this column.

I notice that some European seers have taken up in 1954 what Madame Lys told me in 1950—that is, to look out for that woman.

so steeply, or upon such secure foundations. Nineteen-fifty-four is another year. And defence policy is going to continue to be a foremost government activity. It could be Claxton's year, too.



WINDSOR, ONT., started into its 100th year in 1954 with a parade and reception. The parade featured five horse-drawn coaches from the Henry Ford museum at Dearborn, Mich., including this old stagecoach. The liveried driver is D. T. (Red) Hanes. Phil Murphy, a Windsor musician, is tooting the horn.

## Fishermen Looking for Answer To Wrecked Floats at Cow Bay

Now that Mother Nature has dealt the coup de grace to the Cow Bay fishermen's floats—as everyone knew it finally would—fishermen are asking questions that are to the point:

"Where do we go from here?" "What is going to happen next fishing season? Are we going to be without a place where we can tie our boats close to town? Will we have to haul our supplies several miles to a place we can load them?"

The fishermen are looking for an answer. It appears to them that the subject of the Cow Bay floats is a political one. It can become a hot political issue, a two-edged sword which could cut deep.

Briefly, the history of the Cow Bay floats is this: For years, they provided the only place where fishermen could tie their vessels when in port. Easily accessible and centrally located, the floats were mainly used in the summer for vessels provisioning and laying over weekends. At other times, the floats were used as and when found convenient.

During the summer months, the height of the fishing season, as many as 500 boats would tie side by side, at Cow Bay. During the off-season months, the "steadies" would number from a dozen to about 40 boats with a similar number of transients.

The floats were owned and maintained by the Public Works Department of the provincial government.

Meanwhile, with increased activity in the fishing industry, the Cow Bay floats became entirely inadequate to accommodate all the fishing boats in Prince Rupert. Also, they provided insecure shelter during pounding winter seas. The Federal government stepped in and built two big floats, one at Fairview and one east of the drydock, providing enough float space to accommodate all fishing vessels here under normal circumstances.

There was only one hitch, according to the fishermen. While the floats were highly practical for winter storage of their boats, there were few other facilities. Because of their distance from city centre, delivery of provisions over more than a mile involved considerable expense and time delays. So most of the fishermen continued to use the Cow Bay floats, and with heavier congestion there each year, the strain on the floats soon became apparent.

Two years ago, the Prince Rupert Chamber of Commerce took up the cause of the fishermen, strongly recommending that the

## Ray Reflects and Reminisces

Premier St. Laurent will make a world tour soon but won't go to Australia and New Zealand, Royalty having beaten him to it. But there is always another time and each is always there.

Leading Cadet Lloyd Magnusson of Prince Rupert is away on a cruise to "Down Under." He will accompany nine others in Australian waters aboard HMCS Ontario. It will be a three months' experience, and unless one has been there already, there is no knowing anything about it in advance. But they will remember where they go, what they see and how it strikes them, for life—as well as doing them a world of good.

### IT SOUNDS GOOD

From Inverness (that's in Scotland, me lad) comes advice of progress being made by a new cold cure. The mixture, or brew, or whatever it is consists of malt whisky, oatmeal, honey and cream. Nothing is announced as to what to do when consuming—be seated, or remain standing.

It's Pat Carey on a plane away up somewhere in Peace River, instead of Colonel Bill Cody aboard a saddle horse in Wyoming when it comes to hunting buffalo today and 80 years ago. Yes, this is 1954, yet Canada still possesses buffalo, and annually a few hundred are guided from the skies to some point of concentration, there to be shot and marketed.

Thus, one of the dominion's grandest wild creatures continues to show its usefulness in coping with the cost of living. It was almost exterminated, but now one may well assume will never die. Once, however, the bison was near that dangerous point, when alleged sportsmen came in their thousands, and Buffalo Bill's deadly rifle helped feed the builders of the Union Pacific Railway on its way to San Francisco.

### TRYING AGAIN

Joe Bell, with wife and two tots, are not going back to Nova Scotia after all. Friends appeared, and the Bells will have another try. A year had been spent trying to find a job, which, for them, was impossible. If every one decided to quit British Columbia after one year of unsatisfactory effort, there might be few folks west of Alberta.

Every New Year, whether desecrated or not, is regarded as crucial. Anyway, it's called that, so there must be a reason of sorts. Well, for one thing, it's

easy to spell. And then, how that couldn't have cost a less than five dollars.

A conductor in a southern town was recently hit by lightning, but only slightly. But only non-conductor, like enough.

The Winnipeg couple who were presented with triplets on Christmas Day now know what the large economy size present means.

### FORESIGHT!

Of course, you can always buy your next Christmas gifts about a month from today. Of course, it will mean self control, thrift, and determination, but it will also reduce your private worries, and make pocketbook pressure a more simple affair, as the year shortens.

One advantage of a gift wrapped package is that it can make what looks like a \$1.98 article seem to be something or other



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