Local Clergy Endorse Welfare Campaign Starting This Week

Yesterday in all the local Protestant churches special attention was drawn to the work of the recently organized Protestant Welfare Bureau and the need of the wholehearted generous support of all members and adherents of the various churches, in the financial campaign which begins Wednesday November. 14th.

Following are statements given to the Press by local clergymen:

Rev. Canon J.T. Ibbott, St. Paul's Church

"The first question recorded in the most ncient of World Literature, the Old Testament having to do with human relationships, is the question which according to the Bible, Cain addressed to God after Cain had slain his brother Abel - the question "Am I My Brother's Keeper" Gen. 4:9. God's own answer to this question ' unquestionably "Yes."

"The Protestant Welfare Bureau fo the purpose of meeting a variety of Social responsibilities that could best be met by a properly organized institution, with a specially trained Executive Agent who could rightly direct all phases of Welfare Work and deal personally with those in need of help, providing wise coun-selling as well as material aid where needed.

"Every citizen of City or Province holds a definite responsibility towards the more unfortunate. Only through organized effort and the service such as the Welfare Bureau can provide, can you as an individual meet your responsibility in caring and providing for others.

"Yes — "You are Your Brother's Keeper" — You as a christian Citizen have the opportunity of helping the needy, materially and spiritually, by giving financial aid to The Protestant Welfare Bureau."

Rev. Canon Gerald E. Moffatt, St. Peter's Cathedral.

"The establishment of a Welfare Bureau which can assess conditions and genuine needs among the non-Roman Catholic population of our City, and which can do helpful and remedial work amongst those who have social economic or family difficulties should be warmly welcomed. All who worship and serve the Incarnate Lord who 'went about doing good and healing all manner of sickness and disease among the people' should support its work by prayer and by alms. As long as the work of this Bureau is carried on in the spirit of true Christian charity and as an agency of the Christian Communions, it will not lack the means for its maintenance and expansion."

Rev. H.L. Mitton, Baptist Church

"One of the things which heartens me about the establishment of the Protestant Welfare Bureau in this City, is the fact that it will assist in the rehabilitation of individuals and families. Hither to, much so-called welfare work consisted largely of "hand-outs" to the needy, but because of the lack of such an Agency as we now have, and the services of a trained social worker lit,tle was done to help others to help themselves.

"The setting up, therefore, of the Protestant Welfare Bureau should meet a real need, and it seems to me that it is our Christian duty to give our support to the current drive for funds."

Rev. Svend A. H. Christensen Bible Chapel:

"We believe the Protestant Welfare Bureau is attempting to meet a real need of the public.

"In helping poor, broken, underprivileged families, it is hoped that many of these will be more receptive toward the Gospel of Christ, which is the remedy to the cause of all ills.

We recommend this charitable organization as worthy of your support."

Rev. M.D. Dunbar, Central Christian Church:

"As co-partner in the work of the Church in meeting the physical and material needs of our community, the work and purposes of the Protestant Welfare Bureau deserves our fullest interest and co operation. Any organization dedicated to lifting the level of society and bringing hope and happiness to dissatisfied and unhappy people receives my blessing.

"All such organizations of mercy and benevolence are bi-products of Christianity. We may well thank God for their existence and service rendered."

Rev. J.H. Bishop, Church of Scotland:

"The Protestant Welfare Bureau located in Charlottetown, which has been organized within the last year, has been a long felt and realized need, whereby all Protestant Groups, may have all their Welfare work, in its different fields concentrated in, and channelled through, one representative organization, for better, for more extensive, and more clarified work.

"The Protestant Welfare Bureau, with a fully qualified Social Worker, and an efficient staff, is ready at all times to deal with every Welfare problem brought to its attention. To date, the Bureau has been thorough and most detailed in its work; and has proved itself worthy of the full support of all Protestant Groups, in the coming campaign, and at all times."

Rev. T.H.B. Somers, Kirk of St. James:

"The Church has been strengthened in its work in this City and Province by the establishment in our midst of the Protestant Welfare Bureau. All who have come to learn something of the varied and beneficent services rendered by this institution to the needy, the perplexed, and the frustrated, both individuals and families, realize that this is the work of Christ. But, it is your work and mine also. And, so, we shall be gladly willing to help to the utmost of our ability and resources that by our gifts and our goodwill these services may continue and increase for God's greater glory and the good of our fellowmen."

Rev. Quincy Stairs, United Pentecostal Church:

"Ever since hearing about establishing a Protestant Welfare Bureau in Charlottetown. I have watched with interest its development. I am sure it can and will be a benefit and help to many more than what be helped through sectarian channels.

"I give my endorsement and benediction to the work of the Protestant Welfare Bureau and recommend that all who regard my admonition to give what support they can to such a humanitarian enterprise."

Sr. Captain John Carter, the Salvation Army:

"Jesus Christ declared His mission in the world "to preach good tidings to the poor.to proclaim release to the captives.recovering of sight to the blind.. .to set at liberty them that are bruised." His followers are bound to interpret this charge in daily practice. Every person or family in need of any kind is a challenge to the sincere Christian: The Salvation Army of Charlottetown, with other Christian groups, has been facing this challenge effectively for many years. Now we are happy to welcome a new ally - The Protestant Welfare Bureau. We believe that the Bureau will help to co-ordinate present efforts and to render more effective service to our neighbours in need."

Rev. G. Howard Christie, Trinity United Church:

"I am happy to endorse the work of the recently organized Protestant Welfare Bureau. Although just beginning, it has proved to be a much needed agency assisting the work of the Churches among all classes of people.

"In counselling families with domestic problems I have received advice and encouragement from the Bureau, and it gives me confidence to know that a professionally trained counsellor is available to whom I may refer such families.

"Not only does the bureau place children for adoption in the Province, but it does much to help the unmarried mothers.

"One does not need to commend the work of the Bureau to the public for the work it is doing is its best recommendation."

Rev. W. H. Brown, Zion Presbyterian Church:

"The first call of the Church is to help people find the 'bread of life'. In other words, the Church in its witness seeks to help people to become spiritually adjusted to life.

"The Church also recognizes the physical needs of people. Christ fed the hungary - thousands. In Christian society it naturally follows then that we have such an organization as a Protestant Welfare Bureau. This welfare work grew out of the Christian Church.

"As Field Secretary of the Protestant Welfare Bureau, I believe, we have a man who recognizes where the readjustments of life really begin. In seeking the Welfare of those in need he realizes that moral and spiritual welfare must come first. As a Minister of the Church of Christ, I, therefore, am happy to give my full support to the work of the Protestant Welfare Bureau."

Well over 100 leading bussiness men and citizens, under the general chairman of Mr. A.J. Haslam are participating in the campaign plus a large organization of women under the leadership of Mrs. J.A. Lawson who will undertake a door-to-door canvass the week of the 19th.

The Protestant Welfare Bureau although operating only since May has already done a marvelous work in the various services for which it was organized and with the assured and expressed support of the Protestant public should continue to develop and fill a long felt need in our Social services.

In setting up the Bureau valuable assistance was given by Sister Mary Henry director of the Catholic Social Welfare Bureau which has been operating so successfully for 25 years among the Catholic population.

By the nature of the work it is often necessary for the two Bureaus to consult each other on certain phases and Sister Mary Henry and Mr. Walter Baker field secretary of the Protestant Bureau work in close cooperation in such cases.

The Campaign will officially open with a supper meeting at the Y.M.C.A. tomorrow night at six o'clock and with the great interest evident in the cause and the seasoned campaigners who are its leaders its success seems assured

FRENCH CONSERVE GAS

PARIS (AP)—Gypsies will be among the few allowed to drive where they please when gasoline restrictions take effect in France at midnight tonight. Because of the gasoline shortage resulting from the Middle East crisis most motorists won't be allowed to use their cars outside their home counties. But members of certain professions and nomadic gypsies will be issued special circulation permits.

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The Graphic Story Of The Springhill Mine Disaster

Thirty-nine miners were killed when an explosion crashed through upper workings of a Springhill, N. S., coal mine, trapping 113 men deep underground. Here Dal Warrington, Canadian Press staff writer who helped cover the disaster, puts into one graphic story the heroism and tragedy; the joy and sorrow of four of Springhill's most memorable days.

By DAL WARRINGTON
Canadian Press Staff Writer

SPRINGHILL, N.S. (CP)—Coal miner Ken Gilbert picked up his lunch pail, said goodbye to his wife and four children and drove off to work. His job was digging coal in No. 4 mine of the Cumberland Railway and Coal Company.

That day—Thursday, Nov. 1—the town in the Cobequid Hills of northern Nova Scotia, drowsed in Indian summer warmth.

He passed the miners' memorial, a 20-foot granite shaft with the figure of a miner holding pick and safety lamp, without a thought. The inscription said 125 men had died in Nova Scotia's worst mine disaster—an explosion in No. 1 mine—Feb. 21, 1891.

STILL COAL TOWN

That was 35 years before he was born. He'd been only five when No. 4 was opened. But the 8,000 residents of Springhill still lived on coal.

At the mine on the edge of town men entered the washhouse to get ready to go below on the 3-to-11 o'clock shift.

"It's too good a day to work," someone said. "A fellow should be off deer-hunting."

"Lennie Boss has gone hunting," another said. "He's skipping this shift."

"I don't blame him," said a third, standing naked in the steamy room and a pile of clothes in his arms.

Underground on the 6,100-foot level Raymond Smith thought about deer - hunting, too. He'd worked since 7 a.m. He wanted to go hunting and they'd asked for two men to work overtime. He spoke to his buddies, Murray Terris and Dougie Hemwood. They agreed he should go and they would stay.

START OF SHIFT

At 3 o'clock the evening shift straggled to the bankhead where coal is hoisted from the mine, a horseshoe - shaped building with sheet-metal walls from which main haulage slopes led to No. 4 and No. 2 mines.

The men got on the rake, cars running on rails down the 25-degree slope to working areas below.

There was Con Embree, an overman, at 48 a veteran of 33 years in the pits.

There were other old timers like night mine manager Russell Morse and youngsters like 18-year-old Wayne Smith. There was Len McCormick, who'd been out with an injury, back for his first shift.

Ken Gilbert and about 25 others went down the main slope to the 3,200-foot level, then through a stone tunnel to the top of the backslope driven in No. 7 coal seam.

An underground hoist at the top of the backslope lowered them to the 5,700-foot level. They walked to the working face at 6,100 feet and started to dig coal. They were 6,100 feet along the diagonal seam and 2,000 feet below the surface.

Another group went to tunnels on the 5,700-foot level and others were scattered through the workings doing various jobs.

Altogether 130 men were at work in No. 4—118 underground and 12 on the surface. Just another shift for which the ordinary miner would get $9.74, the foremen and others somewhat more.

LIKE EARTHQUAKE

At 5:07 p.m. a tremendous rumble shook Springhill. A shock like an earthquake spread for miles across the hills. A woman in Joggins, a colliery town 30 miles away, felt it.

Springhill women ran outdoors and instinctively looked toward the mine. They saw a red glare silhouetting colliery buildings.

At the town undertaker's, an embalmer heard a roaring boom. "I saw a ball of smoke and then flames shooting over the mine," he said.

A deer-hunter four miles away thought the town had blown up.

Leonard Boss, 59, mine washhouse caretaker, was standing in a doorway.

"A blue flame about the length of a car shot out of the slope," he said. "A fraction of a second later there was a terrific bang. With it came the biggest ball of fire I ever saw."

Norman Boss, a bankhead worker, was talking to Allen Skidmore, waiting for the rake to come up with a load of coal.

BOLT OF FLAME

"It was like a smouldering stove that somebody poured a bucket of coal on and then all of a sudden there's a little hole in it and the flame whooshes up through.

"I was knocked a little stupid like, but not unconscious. I saw Skidmore. His clothes were all aflame.

"We wrestled each other on the ground and tried to smother the flames. Every time I hit him, I burned my hands so I put on my mitts.

"He was semi - conscious and couldn't talk. He just kept pointing to his face."

Most of those underground didn't feel the explosion but a blast of air sent dust whirling through the tunnels. The men sensed trouble.

Foreman Charlie Burton headed a group working at 6,100 feet. One of them, Bruce Canning, 25, slim and sandy-haired, said:

GUSH OF AIR

"All we felt down there was a big gush of air. Then Charlie said there was a break in the power line. We didn't know where it was."

Murray Terris felt only the blast of air.

Ken Gilbert said: "The air stopped and seemed to go the other way. "Then we had a feeling it was going to be rough. We checked everything and left fast."

John Jackson said: "We thought the rake cable had broken and were all worried about having to walk all the way to the surface."

In adjoining No. 2 mine the men worked on, feeling nothing. Timberman Ralph Mallard, working with props and timber braces in the tunnels, didn't know what had happened until he reached the top.

Two of his uncles and a nephew were in No. 4. The bankhead was afire and debris covered the ground.

Crowds began arriving from the town. Draegermen—Nova Scotia's volunteer mine rescue workers—donned oxygen masks to go below.

RUSHED TO HOSPITAL

Cars whisked eight badly burned surface workers to the town hospital. A hearse carried away the body of 20-year-old David Vance.

The grim news spread across the province and the continent by telegraph, telephone and radio. Forces of rescue and relief began to mobilize.

Underground in No. 2 mine, Earl McCarthy, a rake operator, was at the 4,700-foot level when he got word of the explosion. He was told to take his rake to 3,300 feet where a stone tunnel connected No. 2 and No. 4, with steel explosion doors at either end of a concrete chamber to prevent a blast in one mine from reaching the other.

"When I got through the explosion doors everything was all smoky and a grey dust filled the air. Every time I breathed it burned my lungs so I got down in a crouch to ease the burning for a while.

"I kept going until the burning came back. Then I crawled in further. Something seemed to knock me back, turning me around.

"I crawled until I fetched up against something and fell down. Two men carried me to the surface and I was sent to hospital. I had a terrible pain in my lungs."

BLAST CAUSE UNKNOWN

Rescue men knew now that No. 4 was filling with gas. They did not know what caused the explosion. They said it could have been coal dust, which can be triggered by a spark when in certain proportions in the air. More likely it was firedamp — a combustible gas, mostly methane, in the seams and pockets of coal mines.

In Halifax, Lionel A. Forsyth, president of Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation, Cumberland's parent company, said the mine had been thoroughly stone-dusted; that is, pulverized stone had been spread through the workings as a safety measure to control coal dust.

The gas filling No. 4 was deadly afterdamp, mainly carbon monoxide, left by a firedamp blast.

Finally the surface fire was subdued and draegermen could enter the debris-littered No. 4 slope. Draeger crews generally are five men, miners who volunteer for hazardous rescue work without extra pay. They are trained in underground fire-fighting, erection of barriers or fire stoppings, recovery and first aid of the injured, and detection of gas. They wear protective clothing and carry oxygen so they can work one to 1½ hours without fresh air.

Ed McCormick, a draegerman about eight months, was in the first rescue team.

"Bill Ferguson, a member of my crew, was only down 130 feet when he dropped," said McCormick. "About the same time we found two other members of our crew—Benny Roy and Alex Spence—were unconscious. Benny didn't seem to have any pulse. We dragged them to the surface."

LAST IMPULSE

On a stretcher, Ferguson struggled.

"Get my mask! get my mask!" he cried. "I' e got to go back. I've go to . . . ."

Minutes later he and Alex Spence were dead.

Another body was found in the surface wreckage. Three of the injured died in hospital, raising the death toll to sev .

It was now 11 p.m., six hours after the blast. Harold Gordon, coal chief for Dosco arrived from Cape Breton coalfields to direct operations. Ambulances came from all over Nova Scotia. An army hospital unit set up in Springhill armories. Soon 25 doctors and 40 nurses were ready.

Premier-elect Robert Stanfield drove from Halifax. Premier Henry Hicks followed. RCMP and Halifax city police sent reinforcements. Navy helicopters began flying in rescue supplies, including escape devices from a Royal Navy submarine flotilla at Halifax.

AIRBORNE AID

Draeger crews arrived by air from other Nova Scotia mines.

Women wearing kerchiefs and wrapp in blankets took up a fearful vigil near the pithead. Electricians strung lines of emergency lights that cast a yellow glow on the crowd.

Knowing the frightful risk of a second explosion, the Draegerman kept going down.

And in the deeps, as the lower levels of a coal mine are called, another drama unfolded. Most of the 118 caught below were still alive, though life hung by a thread.

Harold Tabor had been running a cutting machine at the 5,700-foot level.

"George Stonehouse and I started out to the backslope when the smell of smoke hit. It smelled like old rubber and everything burning choked us.

"Men were dropping like flies everywhere. Everybody was saying help this fellow and that fellow.

"Victor Hemwood, had collapsed. We dragged him back to where the smoke had stopped Four of us collapsed with him.

"The gas was getting stronger. I shook some water over my coat and held it to my face. The rest did the same and we made our way back to the 5,700 wall where we were in the first place. The air was fairly good but getting deader all the time.

"Then we got up a side passage to the 5,400-foot level and turned on every air valve we could."

OVERMAN A HERO

Now Overman Con Embree came into the story—a man named by almost every miner as the hero of the explosion.

Embree, the modest, shy son of a miner who survived the 1891 Springhill disaster, had lived through two explosions himself in the nearby River Hebert Mines in the 1920s.

Doggedly he marshalled more than 50 men at the 5,400 level. It was Friday morning. Embree directed the men to build a makeshift door in the tunnel to divert the gas They used old trap-doors and insulating cloth. Behind the door they had air that was still flowing from a valve in the mine ventilating system.

Fourteen men, who had worked their entire shift Thursday night not knowing of the explosion joined them from lower levels.

"Now we had the gas boxed off and we had compressed air," Tabor said. "We knew as long as they kept the pressure on we could live.

"Con kept a diary in case he died—to let anyone know what happened when they found it. He wrote in it every hour.

(The diary has not been made public. It will likely be studied by the official investigation.

"Time didn't mean a thing, but everybody there asked what time it was every five minutes."

Five men went back to the slope to look around. They found three others there. Only one — Doug Beaton—was alive. It took five hours of artificial respiration to revive him.

MOUNTED TO SAFETY

Other men from 6,100 tried to make it to safety, Ken Gilbert among them. They came to the 5,700-foot level.

"We heard yelling and we could smell smoke and gas," Gilbert said. "One of the boys grabbed a man and hauled him into our section. Others were lying there but we couldn't get them."

They finally reached the 5,400-foot level and Con Embree's group. There they took turns sucking air from an air valve Hours passed.

"No one got panicky or discouraged," Gilbert said. "We all expected to see Draegermen come through any minute.

"We split what food we had left. Being without water was the worst.

"I figured we were about done for. I wrote a will and got three of the fellows to sign it. Then I wrote a little note to my wife.

"Grover Brown said it was his birthday—that was Friday — and we sang him a happy birthday.

"He said, 'boys, if we get out today you're all invited to a party at my place.' But we said that if we had any party it was going to be at our own places."

Some of the men decided to go up the slope. They saw lights and thought it was a Draeger crew but it was more miners looking for a way out. They struggled to the 4,400-foot level and huddled around an air pump. Five or six didn't make it.

NIGHT MANAGER GASSED

"One of them was Russell Morse (night mine manager). He must have been gassed. Davie Betts went after him but he didn't come back."

The men tried to get past a rockfall but couldn't. They returned to the 4,400-foot level, choking for air.

Through Thursday night despite efforts to reach the trapped men had continued, but hope grew dim. Rescue crews could not get into the lower levels through the gas.

At 2:30 a.m. Friday, mine manager George Calder of No. 2 mine said "There is still hope, though it may be only a faint hope, that the men are alive," but the hope was short-lived. A Draeger crew found a rockfall at 3,400 feet on the backslope, blocking passage to lower levels. They saw two bodies but could not remove them. There was a fire burned at the top of the backslope where the hoist was, and a new hoist would have to be rigged before they could go farther.

Rescue director Harold Gordon, 57-year-old former Draegerman who helped in the famous 1936 Moose River, N.S., gold-mine rescue, said, "we'll go on, come hell or high water." He led a rescue team himself.

They found two more bodies, bringing the known dead to 11. With the two Draegermen it was 13. Six were in hospital and 113 trappped below.

Noon Friday brought more bad news. Gordon said the fire was so serious that rescuers would have to leave the mine.

To wall off the fire area to reduce the explosion danger, Draegermen—in dense smoke and afterdamp—built stoppings of concrete and wood barriers. Then they withdrew and rescue work stopped temporarily.

ONLY SLIGHT HOPE

Ordinarily there would be a 12- to 24-hour wait to let the fire die but about 7 p.m. the Draegermen started again to grope through the smoky, gassy depths — although hope was all but gone.

The crowd had dwindled. Saturday morning only a few determined relatives kept the vigil. It was raiming, with some snowflakes.

The Salvation Army served coffee and doughnuts. Miners kept offering to help below. Many were bitter when told they weren't needed just then.

The rockfall at 3,400 feet was finally passed. It was an explosion hazard but immense quantities of air were pumped into the deeps. No one knew whether any men lived to use it.

On the 5,400 level the gas was worse. Con Embree told his men to cut holes in an air hose, plug their noses with pieces of cloth and put their mouths to the openings.

"He saved our lives," Harold Tabor said.

Saturday morning overman Charlie Burton and five others tried to get out. The gas was stronger as they climbed the slope. They stopped at every air valve to suck air.

At 4,600 feet they found 23 other miners, some of whom joined them. Gasping at every step, holding wet rags to their faces against the gas, they struggled doggedly upward.

PRAYERS ANSWERED

"We started to pray," Tabor said. "I don't care who knows it, we prayed. At the 3,500 I flaked out. I recovered enough to crawl. Then I heard voices. It was a Draeger crew."

"We met all of them in a group," Draegerman Robert Ashton said. "They looked exhausted and talked hardly any on the way up. If they had tried to walk out Friday night they'd never have made it."

A few minutes before noon Saturday, almost 43 hours after the explosion, Charlie Burton walked out of the bankhead door, the first trapped man to emerge. His appearance set off the loudest cheering and horn-blowing ever heard in Springhill.

In the next 9½ hours, 36 grimy, haggard miners, including Ken Gilbert, came through the same door—some on stretchers but all alive. One, John Jackson, has a vivid recollection of his rescue.

Saturday afternoon as he climbed up the slope a white face confronted him.

"I knew he wasn't one of us. 'Where'd you come from?' I asked. 'Down the slope??' He grinned and said "I'm an 11 o'clock shift man come to relieve you.' He was a Draegerman."

Seventy - seven men were still missing but not more came Saturday night. Hope faded again for wives, children, parents and sweethearts still waiting.

Then, about 8 o'clock Sunday morning, Draegermen came up to say more than 50 men were believed to be alive at the 5,400-foot level. They were Con Embree's men in their gas-proof room.

WANTED TO RETURN

Some of Saturday's rescued were back at the mine. They tried to get below "to help the others out," a Charlie Burton put it.

Burton, father of three children, was refused permission.

Wayne Smith, 18, the youngest miner among the rescued, went back to dare death again.

Sunday afternoon, as rescue work went on, Springhill buried 10 of its dead. At 5:10 p.m. a Draeger crew opened the wall to Con Embree's makeshift chamber. Draegerman Amos Goggin stuck in his head. One of the men kissed him.

"It was the best kiss I ever got," he said.

At 1:19 a.m. Monday survivors started coming through the mine entrance. The third stretcher carried Con Embree. He insisted on walking to the ambulance.

"I want to get out of here the same way I went in," he said. A cheer greeted him, as it did each survivor, but it was louder than the rest.

Five hours later—3½ days after the explosion—the 52nd of the second group of rescued men came up.

"That's it," a medical officer said. "The rest of them are dead."

RELUCTANT DECISION

The company announced that 26 bodies w in the mine.

Some women remained at the pithead sobbing. One cried, almost hysterically, outside the mine office, "they won't bring him up!" Her brother was among the missing.

Harold Gordon said with grim reluctance that the mine and its 26 dead would be sealed off for two months, until the danger of fire and explosion danger were over.

"The feeling of relatives must be indescribable," he said. "But we can't jeopardize the lives of other miners by bringing the dead out."

Another injured miner died Wednesday and one later.

The toll of the Springhill mine explosion Nov. 1, 1956, became 39 dead (including two Draegermen) and five injured.

Eighty-eight were rescued.

A steady drizzle fell on stilldazed Springhill Thursday, a week after the blast, as rescuers, rescued and their families crowded church services for the dead.

At Miners' Hall the men pondered their future. No. 4 would be closed for at least two months and probably longer, No. 2 for a shorter time. Things were bound to be tough this winter.

Ken Gilbert, thinking back on a week he could never forget, said: "You know, it was something like a dream you never thought could really happen. I've been a miner 15 years—but there's other ways t make a living."

But other miners would go back when the company gave the word. They felt like Chesley Harrison.

"I haven't got any choice," he said. "I'll have to go down again What else can I do?"

Synthetic Rubber Plant Is Rumored

EDMONTON (CP)—The Journa says a large firm which produces synthetic rubber is planning a $5,000,000 plant for the Red Deer area, 100 miles south of Edmonton.

The newspaper says the firm is believed to be Polymer Corporation, a crown company established by the federal government.

An option on 1,100 acres of land eight miles northeast of Red Deer has been taken up by agents of the company, the paper adds. The sale agreement involved around $137,500.

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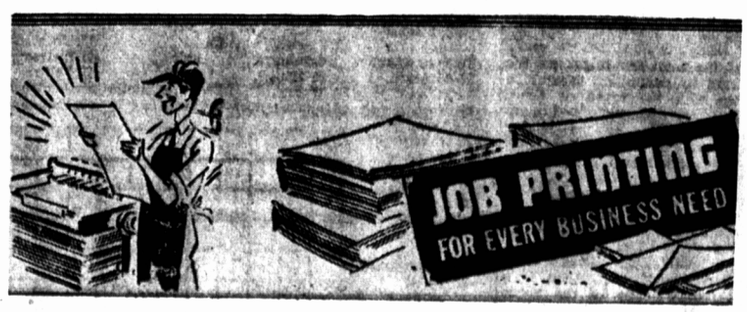

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