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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1961

No animal fasting here, please

The rest of the Christian world may fast on February 24 but our cats Tuffy and Snoopy will not. They will receive their breakfast of dog food (thats right, dog food — just because they're cats doesn't mean they have to eat like them) at breakfast time, they will get their saucer of hot milk ("Put the Pacific into the pussy") at lunchtime and then their second ration of dog food at supper time. Just before midnight they'll have their late snack of hot milk. They'll do this despite William Cardinal Godfrey, Roman Catholic archbishop of Westminster.

His Grace made the news yesterday by suggesting that animals should fast with their owners on February 24 to help promote self denial in aid of famine relief in Dominica, West Indies. He probably made it in good faith thinking that pet-owners could send the money saved from dog, cat, canary and budgie bird rations, to help the famine relief fund. We don't suggest, as did the National Canine Defence League, that the Cardinal's plan is "fatuous." As a spokesman for the Pussy Cats Protective Society, we aver that His Grace just doesn't know the score.

It is bad enough, if we sleep in and breakfast is merely late and not completely cancelled. We have cats nibbling our ears and licking us, howling and meowing until all hope of a peaceful snooze is ruined. Should we come home late or eat downtown, we only have to take one step inside the door and there's a couple of small tigers testing out ankles to see whether or not they're tasty enough. Roaming around under one's feet until you open up a fresh tin of food pays off too, a sort of feline brain washing. Our cats can be absolutely dead to the world in other parts of the house but let one of us click the refrigerator door and there's a cat staggering into the kitchen even if it's on his knees. No sir, there'll be no cat-fasting in our house, Lent or no Lent.

We realize that this suggestion applies only to Westminster but we hope the idea doesn't spread to Canada. If it does we'll ship Tufffy and Snoopy over to the Cardinal and let him find out what it is like to have two well-fed loafers such as our cats on his hands when their regular meal times have been cut off.

Victoria Report by J. K. Nesbitt

VICTORIA — The Battle of the G's — Gibson and Gaglardi — has kept your Legislature in uproar for days. And Premier Bennett had said this would be a quiet session. However, as has been said here before, what's quiet to one person can well be a great noise to someone else.

The two G's have the loudest voices in the House — and when they get roaring at each other it's a sight to behold, a sound of fury that is sometimes almost terrifying; there have been times when we thought they might hop over their desks and pound and pummel each other in the middle of the floor, forcing the Sergeant-at-Arms to separate them.

Here are two potent, explosive quotes: —

Gibson: "I say calmly — that this government is riddled with moral dishonesty and moral corruption. I feel sorry for the Minister of Highways. He is so blinded by his own faith in his own goodness that he can't see the patronage for the caterpillar tractors. But I am afraid he is coming to the end of the road that he has bulldozed for himself."

Gaglardi: "He (Gibson) brought forth a tirade of innuendos and assertions and assumptions without producing one fact. Nothing but a lot of statements that were brewed — in the mind of an individual who had been hurt personally, and wanted only to vindicate his own persoal pride."

At one point, while Gaglardi spoke, Gibson got up, and, pointing a finger, called Gaglardi: "That little fellow over there."

Gaglardi replied he's not ashamed of being physically small, and he's not afraid, either, of anyone, not even a man as physically huge as Gibsosn. And then, for good measure, Gaglardi called Gibson "that fog and noise and racket from Hawaii." This was in reference to Mr. Gibson's estate in the Hawaiian Islands. The Premier likes to call Gibson "the pineapple king from Hawaii," and "a millionaire playboy."

The Gaglardi speech attracted packed galleries, and long queues of people wanting to get in. The House was tense as he spoke, hanging on his every word. Not one member left — highly unusual. Mr. Gaglardi was anything but boring. Social Credit members, led by Permier Bennett, frequently pounded their desks, spurring Gaglardi on, thus showing their faith and trust in him.

Mr. Gaglardi was a bit mysterious. It was difficult at times to tell what he was driving at. He gave several broad hints that he might be thinking of resigning his seat, and getting out of public life once and for all. For instance, he said this: "I repeat — the result of all this may bring a change in my status and my future, but I will walk the street in any city, any town, with my head high, in the knowledge that I have done my best to keep my oath of office and fulfill my obligations to the people of British Columbia."

Was Mr. Gaglardi singing his own swan song?

REPORT FROM PARLIAMENT By FRANK HOWARD

OTTAWA — The intricacies of governmental departments and operations oftimes baffle a person on the outside. We all hear of government "red tape" and how much it fouls up what appears on the surface to be a relatively simple problem.

This is somewhat the case insofar as the Alaska ferry system and the Hainess Cutoff are concerned. Apparently the Alaska people would like to have an indication from the Canadian government about keeping the Haines Cutoff open on a year round basis. At the moment it is closed for some five months during the winter. Apparently, also, it is quite costly to keep it open during those winter months.

The first complication in this state of affairs is that there are three governments involved. One is the United States, another is the Alaskan and the third is the Canadian. With respect to the Canadian government there are two departments involved. Both the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources and the Department of National Defence have fingers in the pie.

The Department of Northern Affairs is having a survey conducted but it is being done by the Department of Defence. Northern Affairs is reluctant to make any announcements until the survey is being conducted by the Defence Department is completed.

Because a foreign government (U.S.) is involved, Canada doesn't want to make announcemets that could be construed as interference in the affairs of another government. They want to function through the proper diplomatic channels. Diplomatic channels are not noted for the dispatch with which they deal with problems.

Another complication is the White Pass and Yukon Railroad because this railroad will be affected if the Haines Cutoff is kept open year round. There are forces at work to protect the interests of the railway, but these forces aren't out in the open. Nevertheless they are there having their influence. Because they are hidden influences they are all the more difficult to deal with.

A number of questions have been asked in the House of Commons by myself and the MP for the Yukon. A number of phone calls to the departments concerned have been made. A number of private discussions have been held on this matter of keeping the Haines Cutoff open.

In the meantime we in northern B.C. who would benefit by the Alaska ferry system and the year-round opening of the Haines Cutoff must sit and wait, and wait, and wait.

With three governments, six legislative bodies, a railroad, at least a handful of departments, and heaven knows how many individuals involved the resolution of this problem could go on for a long time.

Oh, for a pair of scissors especially designed to deal with government "red tape".

Short coats

We have been awaiting the colder weather with keen interest. There was a great, but not burning, question which had to await its answer until the snow fell, the mercury dropped and the cold north winds whipped down city streets.

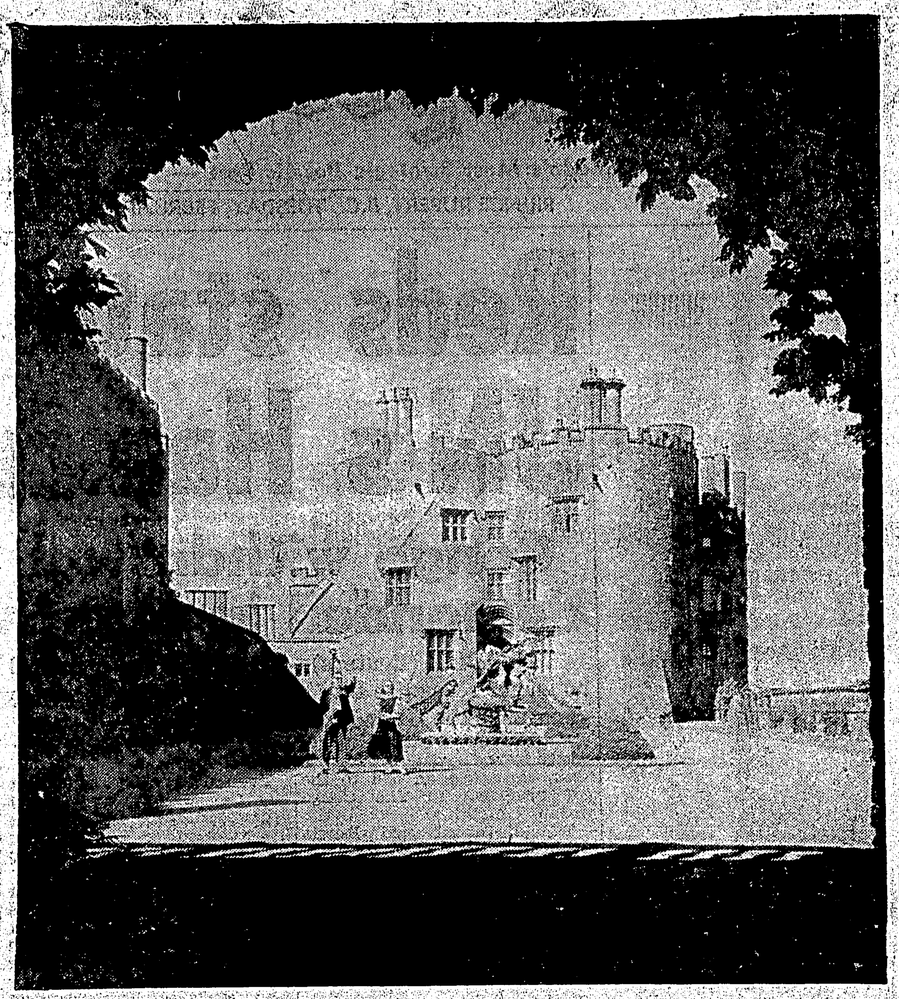
The question was whether or not the "girls", young and old, would continue to lay bare those long expanses of legs, including knees and above. Would the girls, in the name of fashion, take the risk of frozen knees and all the suffering of near freezing?

Or would they finally lengthen their skirts, or at least their coats in the name of comfort. Wanta bet? — The Owen Sound Sun-Times

The president

When President John Quincy
Set out to take a swim,
He'd hang his Presidential clothes
Upon a hickory limb,
And bound in the Potomac
Like a dolphin on the swell,
—He was extremely dignified
But rather plump as well.
And when Supreme Court Justices
Remarked, from a canoe,
"Our Presidents don't do such things."
He merely said, "I do."
He never asked what people thought
But gave them tit for tat.
The Adamses have always been
Remarkably like that.

— Stephen Vincent Benet
(With Rosemary Benet)



POWIS CASTLE, Montgomeryshire, Wales — Wales is a nation of castles and among the loveliest of them all is Powis Castle, Montgomeryshire. It is visited annually by most Canadians who visit Wales — a wonderful place for make-believe. — British Travel Association Photo

TIME AND PLACE

By WALTER WICKS of Alderwood Manor, Washington

OLD TIMERS OF THE SKEENA

Having lived at North Pacific Cannery near the mouth of the Skeena River for many years during my youth at the beginning of the century, I well remember a number of the old timers who will always linger in my memory as wonderful men. These were men of many vocations—prospectors, timber cruisers, seal hunters, traders, cannery workers, trappers, fishermen.

George (Muldoon) Johnson, Milton Christian, Old Bob Corner, "Portugee" Tom and Stuttering Hans are the five most vivid in my mind. The first three men, having lost trace of their sealing schooner while fur seal hunting, were forced to set sail in their small hunting boat for the mainland 50 miles away, having only raw seal meat on which to subsist. Four days later, they arrived at the mouth of the Skeena where they spent practically the remainder of their lives on the river.

"Portugee Tom was an old man whose days in the woods were about over. He lived in a log cabin in a location we knew only as "back in the rapids." I believe the road that leads to the small town of Port Edward goes through the location where the cabin once stood.

Many times my brother Paul and I camped with Old Tom when hunting in the area, and we would often leave a quarter of venison hanging on his back porch. When we would prepare for the day's hunt, I remember how Old Tom would bid us good luck and say, "Boys, if you can't get any mowich, bring in a porcupine and I'll cook you up a mulligan you'll enjoy." We sure did!

Then there was Milton Christian, always known among us as just plain "Chris." This man had the reputation for being an expert marksman with a rifle. His accuracy with firearms was considered so uncanny that often he was jokingly credited with being able to hit his mark around a corner, or shoot a deer out of sight behind a tree, with a curve bullet.

Then, of course, we always looked up to that colorful character, George Johnson, who was never known by his correct name, once the soubriquet "Muldoon" had been applied to him. This name he had always accepted with grace when it was used by his fellow crew members, during his early years while seal hunting in the Bering Sea.

Previous to an international agreement for the protection of fur seals, which were fast becoming extinct, shotguns were used to harvest these marine animals. My step-dad had been shipmate with Muldoon on several of these early voyages, and when they sat together and told of their seal hunting days, we brothers were all ears.

One story they told was of a seal they had shot which was lying in the bottom of the boat, when, suddenly, it became active and raised its head. The closest thing was Muldoon's posterior and the seal evidently decided to have one good, last bite. He got it. Muldoon then finished the story with the remark, "I can still show the scar."

On one occasion, Bob Corner saved my feet from freezing by rubbing back the circulation with frozen snow, although it took him all night. We had started out to check our trap line, hoping to be back before dark. I had gotten my boots full of water which froze to me before I realized it. When I informed Bob that I had absolutely no feeling in my feet, he knew what would happen if the circulation was not brought back immediately. For weeks after, I was peeling off dead skin, but, thanks to that old timer, I still have my feet.

Then, there was Hans who took me off a rock in the middle of the river, a quarter mile from shore, when my boat drifted away from me and the incoming tide was lapping at my boots. While looking for abalone on this rock, I had neglected to tie my boat fast and did not miss it as the tide drifted it away. Hans was in the same area at the time, looking for firewood on the beach, when he spotted my boat adrift. Good Old Hans!

These river characters were the men that taught us boys to hunt and trap, fish, cure animal hides, load our own ammunition, make a quick brush camp, caulk a leaky boat and seam it with moss in an emergency, ride out the storm when our gillnet was torn away and we were forced to make for land, stern first, due to a lack of ballast once the net was gone, to smoke and salt venison and salmon, and to preserve wild berries. These were men who could, of necessity, remove a crushed finger or sew up a severe gash in a man's leg, and, more often than not, would use the only anaesthetic available—a bottle of high-proof Hudson's Bay Rum. Yes, these were the men who always impressed us brothers and on whom we depended for guidance and information in our struggle for existence and our everyday problems.

They were all experts with the rifle and shotgun, born of necessity, and it was not un-

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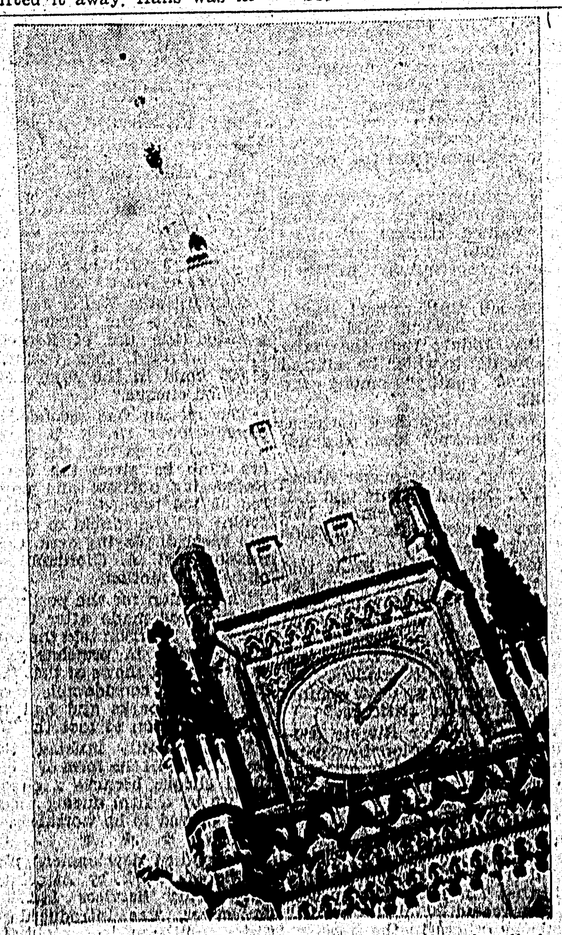

NOT FOR WEAK-HEARTED — These two steeplejacks climbed atop the Parliament Building's Peace tower in Ottawa last week to repair a frayed bronze cable used to raise and lower the flag. The distance from the ground to the top of the flagpole is 326 feet. — CP Photo

The Packsack of Gregory Clark

Copywright: Canada Wide

Several things impress me deeply about the Westerns we see on television, but none more than the behavior of the horses during the shooting. Any horses I have known usually went berserk at such sounds as gunshots, firecrackers or backfires. I have been on a horse that jumped 10 feet sideways when a plank was dropped in our vicinity.

But in Westerns, the cowboys fire their six shooters right beside the ear of their galloping cayuse. They let go 10 shots out of a six - shooter practically under the nose of their steed. And the horses never so much as twitch their ears. It is uncanny.

On discussing this with people who know about horses, I have been told that these cow ponies can be trained to almost anything. They become practically human. Besides, people point out to me the police horses which are also beautifully trained to keep calm amid the tumult and racket of downtown traffic.

However, the problem was solved for me yesterday when a young man who has worked in Hollywood informed me that in the Westerns, the six shooters don't go bang at all. They make no noise whatever. They are rigged with some sort of capsule that emits a puff of what appears to be smoke. Then when the film is being edited, the sound effects are dubbed-in, especially the bangs.

This explains everything.

Quote, unquote

Lawrence Appley:

"Working satisfactorily with people is not part of the management job—it is the entire job!"

* * *

William Lyon Phelps:

"I live every day as if this were the first day I had ever seen and the last I were going to see."

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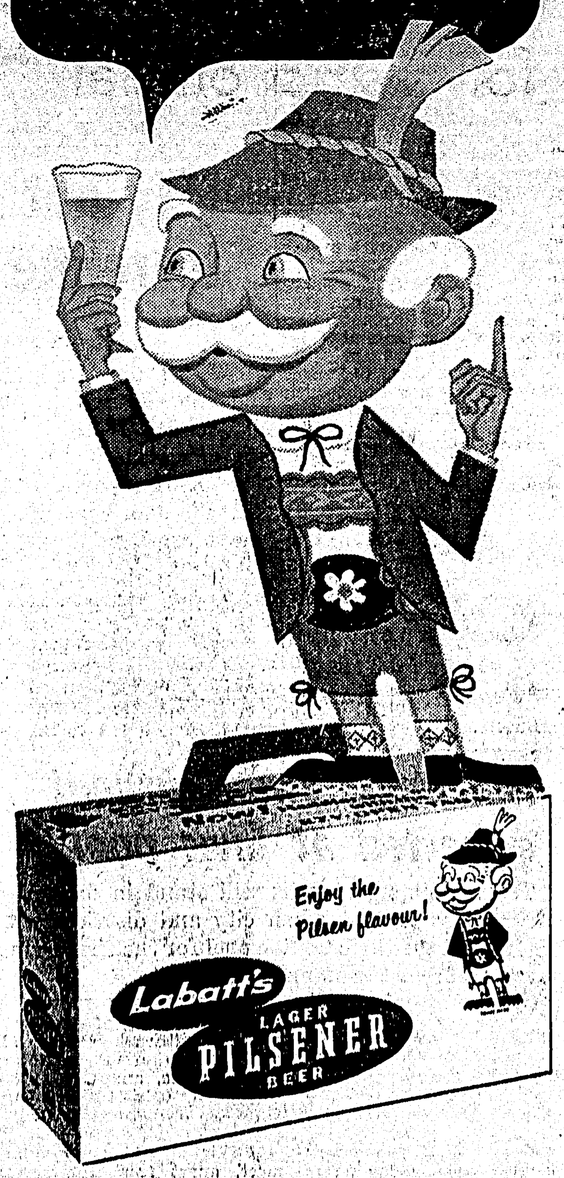

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