

Discovery of Nonsense

DISCOVERY of nonsense, declared G. K. Chesterton, was the most notable discovery of the Victoria era. He came into Fleet Street at the end of that era and he continued the discovery well into the twentieth century with his light verse and paradoxical prose.

Chesterton was referring to Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland and Edward Lear's limericks as classic examples of Victorian nonsense. But W. S. Gilbert, in his Bab Ballads and his libretti to Sullivan's operas, was at once the greatest jester and nonsense writer of the nineteenth century. He poked fun at kings and queens, at peers and policemen, and made a laughingstock of political quacks and highbrow artists and poets who "walk down Piccadilly with a sunflower or a lily in your medieval hand."

Gilbert, thou shouldst be living at this hour! What a riot of wit and humor the author of Pinocchio and The Gondoliers could have with the nonsense in the world today. The composition and proceedings of the United Nations make nonsense of the very name of that organization, with one of its principal member nations waging a cold war in Europe and hot wars in the Far East, while Vishinsky uses the platform at Lake Success as a broadcasting station for Communist propaganda. What could be more ludicrous than the presence in the United Nations' councils of delegates from a power that is openly in league with and supplying arms to a country that is at war with the United Nations? Being an astute lawyer, Vishinsky is well aware of the irony of the situation, and his satirical squibs at the western allies indicate that he is laughing at us up his sleeve.

The peculiar feature of Victorian nonsense was that the British were laughing at themselves, as revealed in the novels of Dickens and Thackeray, in the pages of Punch and in the stories of such writers as Jerome K. Jerome. During the same period Mark Twain and other humorists in the United States saved the American people from taking themselves too seriously. A revival of humor in the States is long overdue. The excesses of McCarthyism are getting funnier and funnier, and that monstrous word, "un-American," is in danger of indicting most Americans and Canadians also of some sort of misdemeanor. O for the saving grace of a sense of humor! It might even save mankind from the terrible nonsense of the atom bomb.

—LEWIS MILLIGAN.

Ray REFLECTS and REMINISCES

Here and there are indications that Second Avenue is moving toward the status of what the founders of Prince Rupert intended the street to be—a thoroughfare of time to become—an avenue of some consequence. The first 30 years have been the hardest, and

we dislike saying it but somehow there persists the feeling that things will pick up, providing a fellow lives long enough and continues normal.

JUST ONE

The B.C. Medical Association is authority for the statement—that just one male in a hundred, at 65, is financially independent. The other 99 are dependent wholly or in part on private or public charity. Nevertheless there should be millions who at 65 are able to perform all kinds of useful work, if not find time in which to clean up a tidy stake.

Oakalla will miss what it's been enjoying so long. The change of location, while not actually so far away, nevertheless means a hefty change from the standpoint of business.

I RARELY find myself in agreement with anything proposed by the Social Credit leaders. But in the debate, so far, I thought Mr. E. G. Hansell made the most helpful suggestion. That was for Parliament to screen all the thousands of suggested designs down to two or three—and then let the people pick their own flag. In 1946 the parliamentary committee eliminated all but two possibilities.

One was an improvement on the present Canadian red ensign by substituting for the mixed-up coat-of-arms one large "scarlet and gold" maple leaf. The other was a diagonal blue and white or red and white flag, with a large green maple leaf square in the centre.

The committee itself voted about two to one in favor of the one containing the Union Jack. But the French-Canadian members of Parliament circulated a petition against any new flag which did contain the Union Jack.

Groundwood pulp is the chief raw material of newsprint paper.

May I express my warmest thanks and appreciation to all those who gave their support to my election.

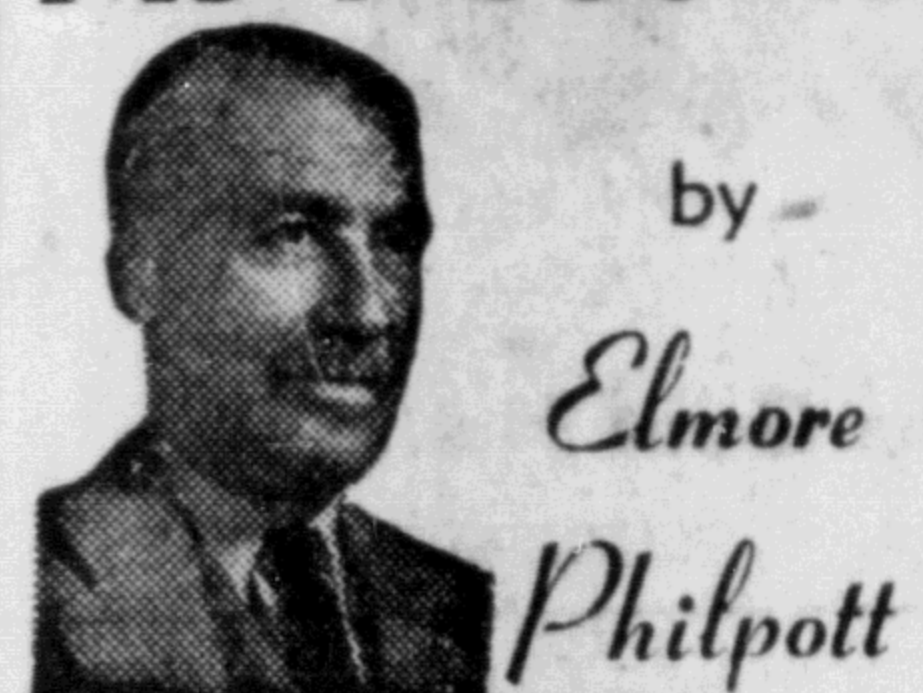
NORMAN (BUSTER) BELLIS,
Alderman-Elect.

THANKS

My warmest appreciation is extended to all those who supported me at the polls on December 10.

W.J. Smith

As I See It



by

Elmore
Philpott

Under Which Flag?

THE House of Commons has fought the first round in the battle which will engage the new Parliament on the perennial question of the flag of Canada.

We listened to a dozen speeches on the question of the flag. But none of them got right down to bedrock on the real question, which is:

Will the new flag of Canada contain the Union Jack in the upper left hand corner or will it not?

ALL THREE opposition parties were having some fun with the Liberals because they knew very well that what the Liberals were saying in the speeches was not half so important as what the Liberals were leaving unsaid in those same speeches.

The resolution on the order paper called for the setting up of a committee to consider designs for a distinctive Canadian national flag. It is safe to say that 99 per cent—perhaps 100 per cent—of all the MPs are in favor of a distinctive, official national flag for Canada. But the resolution—like the speeches by the supporters of the government—sidestepped the real question. It was on that question that the Liberal party split, behind the scenes, in 1945 and 1946. There is no certainty that if the committee were set up the same split might not occur again.

The sponsor of the flag motion is Mr. Bona Arseneault of Bonaventure, Quebec. In his parliamentary speech he tried to face up to the question which is in the back of everyone's mind. He suggested that when Canada does select and proclaim the new distinctive Canadian flag the Union Jack should be simultaneously legalized as the Queen's flag for Canada.

In his speech he suggested that the Union Jack and the new flag should fly side by side, even from the same flagpole. But with all due respect to Mr. Arseneault's good intentions, most MPs know that this is just not a practical proposition.

Law or no law, large numbers of Canadians would continue to fly the Union Jack, whenever they felt like it. But law or no law, once a new Canadian flag were selected, it would be physically impossible to keep the Union Jack in a position of theoretical equality.

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Steve and Nancy Santa Claus



by Wes Sullivan

The story so far: Steve and Nancy have written to Santa Claus suggesting they take his place at the North Pole to give him time for a nap before Christmas Eve.

CHAPTER II

"Nancy, wake up!" Steve yelled. "There's Santa Claus outside our window." And with that, he jumped out of bed and dashed over to where Santa Claus was still standing, smiling.

Steve opened the window just about the same time Nancy sat up in bed, still not sure what was happening.

"My goodness, Steve," Santa said. "I thought you were going to leave me out there all night." With that he swung his leg up to the window sill to climb into the room.

Steve and Nancy were so amazed to see Santa Claus at the window that neither one of them thought to help him over the window sill.

So there he stood with one chubby foot hoisted up to the window. "Well, give me a hand," he said. "Here, Nancy, you take one hand, and Steve, you take the other."

"Now, all together, pull-I-I-I!" Steve and Nancy were just little children, and both together they didn't weigh half as much as Santa Claus. And all the pulling and tugging in the world wouldn't lift that stocky old man into the room.

It didn't take long for them to find that out. They couldn't budge Santa Claus an inch.

Finally Santa Claus put his leg down. "Guess I'm getting too old for this sort of thing," he said. "Seems kind of silly to have to use magic just to get through a window, but I can't seem to manage it the ordinary way."

"Well," he sighed, "if I gotta, I gotta," and with that he put his index finger alongside of his nose and—Who-o-o-oops, there he was in the room standing beside Steve and Nancy.

"Now close that window before you cool off the whole house," Santa said.

He put his chubby arms around the children, drew them close to him, and said, "Children, I've got a big surprise for you."

"Golly, Santa," Steve said, "what is the big surprise? A cowboy outfit, maybe?"

"No. Something much better than that," Santa replied. "Every year before I leave on that long trip of mine Christmas Eve it seems like I have to work so hard that I'm all worn out before I start. Now, in that letter of yours was a wonderful idea. Know what I'm going to do? I'm going to turn

over the job of being Santa Claus to you two for awhile so I can get a long rest before making that big trip bringing presents to all the boys and girls. It was certainly nice of you to offer to help."

Steve and Nancy didn't know what to say. They just stood there and gaped. Finally Nancy said, "But we really didn't think we'd get to be Santa Claus. We were just wishing."

"Well, that's what my job is, to make people's wishes come true," Santa said. "So get your clothes on and make your beds because we have a long trip ahead of us."

"But what about Mama and Daddy?" Steve asked as he put on his shoes. "We can't leave without telling them. Oh, they'd be awfully mad."

"Certainly, you must tell them," Santa said. "Nancy, before you get your nightgown off, go tell your mother where you are going."

So Nancy went into Mama's and Daddy's bedroom and said, "Mama, wake up." Her mother moved about a little and Nancy said, "Mother, Santa Claus is in our room and wants to take us to the North Pole."

"What's the matter with you?" mother said. "Waking me up in the middle of the night to tell me silly dreams like that. Now you go back to your room and don't let me hear another word out of you tonight."

Nancy did as she was told, and when she got back to her room she told Santa what had happened.

"What do you know about that?" Santa said, chuckling. "I guess there are some things that older people just don't seem to understand. I know that your mother has told you never to get into cars with strange people, but first of all I'm not a strange man and second I haven't got a car, but a sleigh and eight reindeer. So I guess she won't object if you come with me for a little while."

"All ready, kids?" Santa said, moving over to the window. "Come on, then, let's go."

(Monday: Trip to the North Pole.)

Fred E. Dowdie

OPTOMETRIST

New address: 303 3rd Ave. W.
Phone Green 960

I wish to thank all those who supported me for Alderman.

Whether you voted for me or not, you may consider me at your service at all times.

PHIL LYONS

I would like to thank sincerely the electors for their support during the past two years. To our new Mayor and Councillors... I would like to congratulate them, and wish them every success during their term of office.

Mayor H.S. Whalen

To ensure
mail delivery
by Christmas

Post by
DEC. 17th
for local
delivery

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points

Greeting
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Athabaskan Returns Home

VICTORIA (CP)—The sleek, proud Royal Canadian Navy destroyer Athabaskan, veteran of three tours in Korean waters, slid into her berth at Esquimalt Friday under grey skies pouring icy rain.

But thousands of citizens, togged in raincoats, shouted a welcome from under a mushroom sea of bobbing umbrellas. The cheers were returned from the rail-lined decks of the Athabaskan as the crew returned to Canadian shore for Christmas.

There was a cloudburst as the Athabaskan, loaded with Christmas packages like a Santa Claus sleigh, nosed into port. It was the first rain the 200 crew members had seen since leaving Japan Nov. 17.

Chinese Dish

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Frank R. Whitten, Chief
South Portland (Maine) Police Dept.



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