

Prince Rupert Daily News

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Mrs. Heady Remains

THE flippant remark of kidnapper Mrs. Bonnie Brown Heady as they fastened her in the gas chamber that she was not going anywhere had some truth in it, though not in the way she intended.
For the parents who lost their son, she and her accomplice still will be two nightmarish shapes destined to torment them for the rest of their lives. Wherever this is a reminder of Bobby, there too will be Mrs. Heady and Carl Hall. They will be beside his deserted toys, his little clothes and his empty bed.
To remove these pathetic reminders of a small dead boy is, unhappily, not a remedy, for the memory of a child's laughter, tears and affection cannot also be erased.

No, Mrs. Heady has not gone. But perhaps at last she will be able to serve a useful purpose. As long as the evil that she and Hall have done lives after them, society may try to discover and isolate their psychopathic kind before the crime is committed.

Guest Editorial

AGAIN today we see the familiar tripod erected in front of the post office and federal building on Third Avenue from which used to swing an old iron kettle, but which now supports a modern plastic bowl. The purpose of the tripod and bowl is to give us who so desire an opportunity to contribute to the winter relief fund of the Salvation Army.

Last year's contributions enabled the local corps of the Salvation Army to pack a large number of food hampers, mainly for the people who live on the borderline of penury. The balance was used, during the year that has now ended, to pay for the 677 meal tickets that have been distributed from the office of Captain Frayn and to take care of certain types of welfare work outside and beyond the limits of the provincial welfare department, indeed often at their request.

Then, too, this fund was a readily available source of money at the time of the tragic rooming house fire, and was placed at the disposal of the authorities at that time.

When the bell rings, its imperative call is not for mere charity but for a sharing of the blessings that have attended our ways this year. Let us give adequately and then trust the Salvation Army to spend it wisely.

Ray REFLECTS and REMINISCES

The Bobby Greenlease tragedy has not quite ended. Three are in their graves, yet not all has been explained and understood. That \$300,000? Where and how come? A heap of money, in these days of strikes, strikes, and higher and higher and higher prices.

More wives would learn to cook if they weren't so busy trying to get meals.—Post.

JUST PICTURES, BUT . . . ?

A movement is developing in British Columbia to reduce if not eliminate the sale of "horror" books, regarded as bad for juveniles. Any age can understand pictures, but cannot comprehend literature. It's needless to go any further than the illustrations we see today, if morals are to be shocked.

A Quebec MP, the other night, suggested to parliament that New Brunswick be annexed to his province. Highly improbable, of course! And anyway, who ever heard of herring joining up with pea soup?

EACH CAN REMEMBER

Canadian veterans returning home aboard an American troopship complain of the chow. Rice becomes tiresome. So does

macaroni and wieners and spuds after a while. But then anyone who's been in any army long enough has plenty of stories to draw on.

The Loch Ness Monster has been reported sighted in Scotland, its natural home. This is months too early. It will be around May or June before anyone on the British Columbia coast comes running with a tale of having seen the Ogo Polo shaking water off itself. As a rule the tourist season starts about May.

ILL-FED, ILL-CLOTHED

Speaking in parliament the other day, G. H. Castleden (Yorkton, Sask.) remarked: "There never was a time in the world when we needed the good will of people throughout the world as much as we need it today. The western continent today is choked with food. Surely it would be better to share this food and our surpluses with hungry people and to win their goodwill than it would be to frighten them with the iron fist. Two thirds of the world's people are today ill-fed, ill-clothed and ill-housed."

Report From PARLIAMENT

E. T. APPLEWHITE

Last Saturday morning I took a run over to Montreal to have a little chat with Alcan officials about our Prince Rupert Drydock. I wanted them to look into the question of how the Kitimat operations and the Drydock could be of advantage to each other. That they are now doing.

I have been trying to get a bit more information on the cancellation of extra maritime insurance premiums for ports on

the northern British Columbia coast. There has been confirmation of the report from London on the abolition of additional marine insurance premiums on the hulls of ships trading to ports on the mainland of British Columbia between 50° and 54° 30' north latitude.

This information will, I feel sure, be good news to the Prince Rupert Chamber of Commerce. It is anticipated that the Commonwealth Shipping Committee's report, which was made following the return of Sir Clement Jones to London will be available in the near future for distribution and I have arranged to get a copy.

LETTERBOX

TWO SIDES TO QUESTION

The Editor,
The Daily News—
You can judge the calibre of an athlete or a politician by his reaction in defeat.

Therefore, my friend who signed himself "Citizen" in a letter appearing in The Daily News Dec. 15 under the heading "What Next, Mr. Casey?" is "relatively a newcomer to Prince Rupert. Emanating from the school of big business, he appears more or less confused in a forest of people of many minds.

Through observing manner of expression of writers, I had no trouble in laying my finger on my friend while reading his advice and chastisement. As the writer did not care to reveal his identity, I shall not, though he and I have had a few previous battles but always in the open.

He, being the father of the Civic Affairs Association, naturally is concerned over the welfare of his family in council, whom I propose to treat with the same consideration and respect as they tender me.

Co-operation has of late become a slogan to my friend, as he tried to kill me with its use during the campaign. Let us briefly review the past couple of years. We will then see if he really understands its meaning or application.

Co-operation is not the answer to all things as there are often two sides to a question. But I agree in the main it is a good line to follow. Following is the brand of co-operation Mayor Whalen introduced in his campaign broadcast when he was elected mayor two years ago.

He informed his listeners that if he was elected mayor, I would be excluded from all important standing committees, a proclamation religiously implemented during his two years in office.

To me it sounded more like a proclamation of war against me than a bid for co-operation, although at no time did I allow those foolish words to become the foundation of my opposition.

Any time I dissented it was founded on what I considered good and sufficient cause, that no sane person could condone—unless it could be my citizen friend who appears to grieve at the sight of the Casey Camp flag still in the air, by the skin of my teeth—reinforced by an acid test certificate of public opinion, despite the vitriolic bombardment of The Daily News.

ALD. G. B. CASEY.

[Editor's note: it does not appear that Alderman Casey has identified the writer correctly. Although we do not disclose names if so requested, it is not a breach of confidence to advise that the writer in question is a woman who had no known part or connection of any kind in the recent campaign.

The report of the Department of Fisheries for the fiscal year 1952-53 indicates the progressive advancement of previously declared policies of the government along with the introduction of new ones. New implementing legislation to the Pacific Halibut Convention was submitted to Parliament during the 1953 session and additional regulatory powers given the Commission.

There was amendment to the Fisheries Research Board Act with a view to improvements in processing and handling of fish. Steps were taken during the year to initiate new policies for the benefit of fishermen, and to try to overcome their difficulties in securing insurance and credit.

I met my famous cousin—or to be more exact—second cousin this week, Captain Nicholas Monarrat who is best known as the author of "The Cruel Sea." He is here in charge of the United Kingdom Information office and tells me he hopes to pay an extended visit to B.C. in the spring.

There is something which I think should be made very clear. No serious-minded person in these Parliament buildings ever believed that the actions of the Senator Jenners and Chicago Tribune's in the United States represent official U.S. government policy, any more than the utterances of Social Creditor John Blackmore represent the views of the Canadian government.

There are times, you know, when we do practice economy down here; one such incident was the adopting of an Act to enable us to use for any by-elections, stocks on hand of printed forms, etc., left over from the general election, even though, technically, they are obsolete. The Hon. Jack Pickersgill, newly-appointed Secretary of State, sponsored the measure; Davie Fulton of Kamloops, B.C., was Opposition leader in the debate.

Shortly after the general election, the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1952, were brought into effect and Pickersgill, as the minister to whom the Chief Electoral Officer reports, was advised, that on the coming into force of the new Revised Statutes all the printed material used for the holding of elections, both general elections and by-elections, would no longer be usable, because, although there was no difference in the substance of the law, most of the sections in the Revised Statutes were numbered differently to those in the Act of 1938 and that all the references in the printed matter were to the old Act and not to the new one.

This was obviously a technical point that no one had thought of, but it had very important practical consequences because the

Steve and Nancy Santa Claus



The story so far: Santa is taking a nap while Steve and Nancy do his job at the North Pole workshops.

Chapter VIII

No sooner had Steve put the telephone back on the tree, than it started to ring again.

"Mr. Steve," a voice at the other end of the line said, "this is the train department. If we take a messenger away from the delivery work now to send you a train we won't have enough workers to get all the trains to the shipping department on time. What shall we do?"

"Would it be all right if I came and got it?" Steve asked.

"Certainly," came the reply, "and thank you, Mr. Steve."

"I guess I'll have to go get my own train," Steve told Nancy. "You watch out for things while I'm gone and I'll bring back a doll house for you."

As Steve left for the train department the telephone rang again.

This time it was the book department. "Oh, Miss Nancy," the voice from the book department said, "I'm so glad it's you! We're having terrible trouble and we need you over here right away. Please hurry."

"Well, I don't know what I can do to help," Nancy answered, "but I'll be glad to come over."

When she got to the book department, she found all the dwarfs gathered about a big red book lying on the floor. They were tugging at it, and they found it very hard to move.

"What's the trouble?" Nancy asked, all out of breath.

"I'm Timkin. Tinker's assistant," one of the dwarfs said. "I was working on the Arizona book when all of a sudden it toppled from the shelf way up there, and hit on the floor, ever so hard."

"Well, let's put it back," said Nancy, picking up one end of the book. She could almost lift it by herself, for she, as little as she was, was bigger than the largest dwarf.

"Oh, but that's not the worst of it, Miss Nancy," Timkin said. "The book hit on one end and jammed all the A's and B's and C's together so hard we can't read any of them."

"That is too bad," Nancy said, "but first of all let's get the book back up to its shelf so we won't forget where it is supposed to go."

So Nancy, with the help of the dwarfs, moved the book up the ladders to its shelf near the top of the room.

All the while the dwarfs were moaning, "Oh, what shall we do? All the A's are jammed into the B's and C's."

They had the book almost to the top of the ladder, when suddenly the ladder began to tip and Nancy had to grab the wall and hold on tight. In doing so, she lost her hold on the book and down it went, crashing to the floor again.

"Oh, woe is us!" the dwarfs wailed. "The book has dropped again." Down the ladders they climbed to the floor and opened the book.

"Well, what do you know," said Nancy. "The book hit on its other

end this time and jarred the A's and B's and C's right back to where they are supposed to be. I guess that clears that up. Let's put the book back where it belongs and no mistakes this time."

Nancy ran back to Santa's office and there was Steve answering the phone. "No, I don't know where to get any more logs for the toy log trucks," he was saying.

Just then another phone rang and Nancy answers it. "You say the electric train whistles are going 'chirp, chirp.' Oh, how awful."

When the phones stopped ringing for a moment, Steve said, "What are we going to do? They haven't enough logs for the log trucks. The stilt for the little boys were made too long. And the toy canary birds go 'Toot, toot' instead of 'Chirp, Chirp.'"

"They do?" said Nancy, her face breaking into a smile. "Well, I know how to fix that. I've got some trains that are going 'Chirp, chirp,' and all we have to do is trade sounds with the canaries that go 'Toot, toot' and everything will be all right."

"And we can cut off the stilt and use the extra pieces we've cut off as logs for the log trucks," Steve added.

"That sounds wonderful," said Nancy. "By the way, where is the doll house and electric train you went to get?"

"I didn't have time to get them. It looks like being Santa Claus is going to be a full-time job. There goes that phone again."

And Steve was surely right. The telephone tree was ringing so hard that it seemed it would shake to pieces.

(Tomorrow: Lots of troubles.)



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Gaglardi Nicked In Car Mishap

VICTORIA (CP)—Public Works Minister P. A. Gaglardi has been assessed \$5 for denting a government car.

The provincial government's interdepartmental safety committee assessed the minister this week for damage done when he ran into the rear of another vehicle a month ago.

The committee reviews accidents to government vehicles and if it finds the driver at fault—minister or junior civil servant—it may levy an assessment up to \$150.

ANCIENT PILLARS
Ape's hit in Morocco and the Rock of Gibraltar were known to the ancients as the pillars of Hercules.

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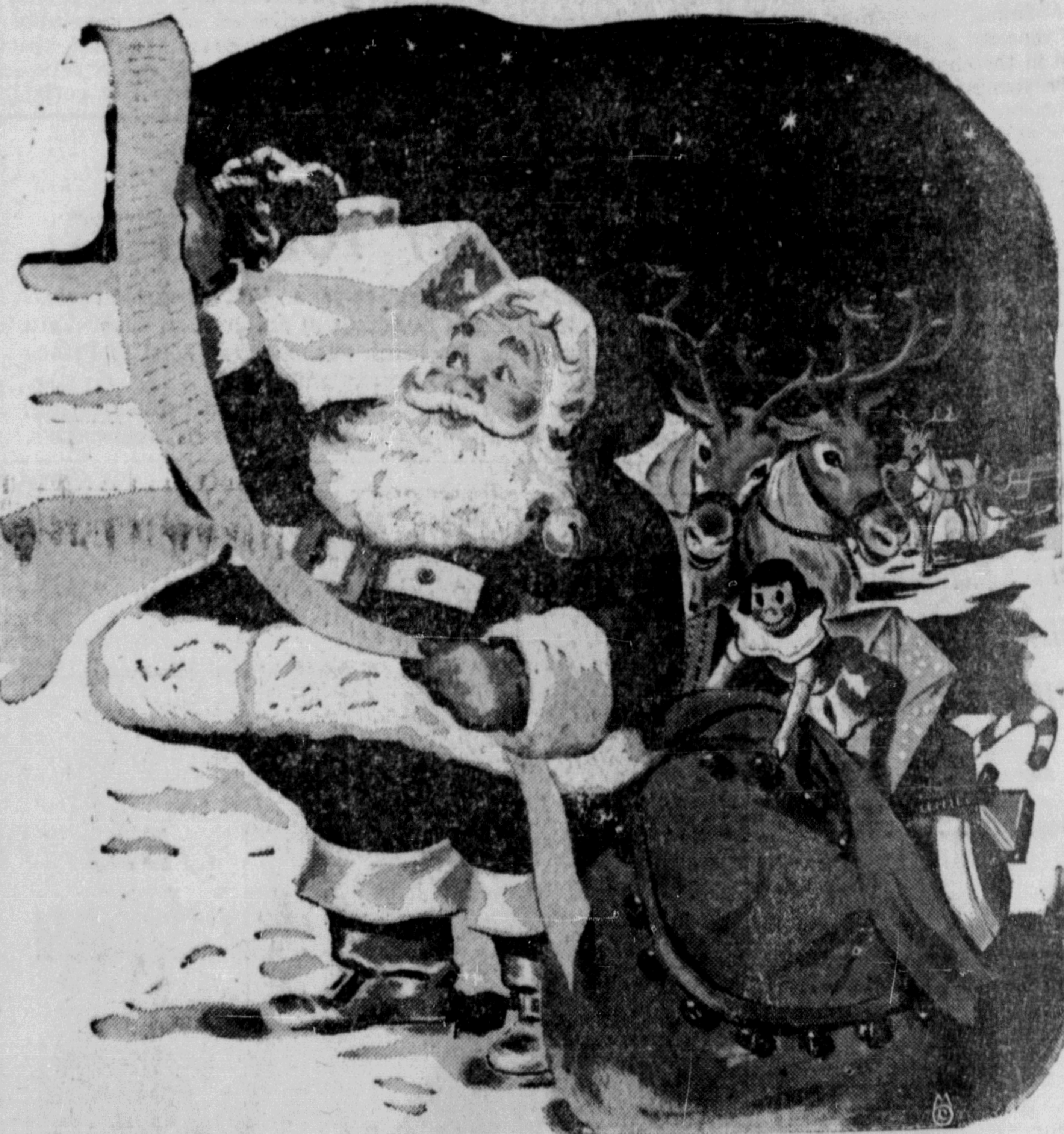
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VESSEL	From NEW YORK	From HALIFAX	TO
ASCANIA	Fri. DEC. 18	Sun. DEC. 20	Cobh and Liverpool
QUEEN MARY	Wed. DEC. 23	—	Cherbourg and Southampton
PARTHIA	Thurs. DEC. 24	—	Liverpool
FRANCONIA	Sat. JAN. 2 (1954)	Mon. JAN. 4 (1954)	Cobh and Liverpool
SAMARIA	Wed. JAN. 6	Fri. JAN. 8	Havre and Southampton
QUEEN MARY	Fri. JAN. 8	—	Cherbourg and Southampton
ASCANIA	Sun. JAN. 16	Mon. JAN. 18	Cobh and Liverpool
SCYTHIA	Fri. JAN. 22	Sun. JAN. 24	Cobh and Liverpool
QUEEN MARY	Sat. JAN. 23	—	Cherbourg and Southampton
FRANCONIA	Fri. JAN. 29	Sun. JAN. 31	Cobh and Liverpool
MEDIA	Fri. FEB. 5	—	Liverpool
SAMARIA	Fri. FEB. 5	Sun. FEB. 7	Cobh, Havre and Southampton
QUEEN MARY	Wed. FEB. 10	—	Cherbourg and Southampton
QUEEN ELIZABETH	Wed. FEB. 17	—	Cherbourg and Southampton
SCYTHIA	Fri. FEB. 19	Sun. FEB. 21	Cobh and Liverpool
QUEEN MARY	Fri. FEB. 26	—	Cherbourg and Southampton

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