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Foster plan gives new chance to children

. . . Tai Wah's father is now working as a manual laborer earning $21 per month. His mother makes plastic flowers at home and earns about $5.30 a month. This income is totally inadequate to support the boy, his parents, three brothers and one sister, so two of the boys beg leftover food from other families. They all live in a 10 foot by 12 foot windowless cubicle in a huge resettlement tenement in Hong Kong. Their total possessions consist of a bed, a table and four stools . . ."

This is part of the tragic case history of a Chinese boy and his family who fled communism on the mainland to try to eke out an existence in the refugee-swollen squalor of Hong Kong. The case history, together with Tai Wah's photo, is now in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Norris A. Ayers of Shaunavon, Saskatchewan, who have financially "adopted" Tai Wah through Foster Parents' Plan, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Ayers have learned that despite his hardships Tai Wah is a good-natured, obedient little 8-year-old, who, up to now, has been unable to attend school because of lack of school fees. Through the Foster Parents' Plan, Mr. and Mrs. Ayers contribute $15 a month toward the boy's upkeep. This will give him a monthly cash grant of $8, regular parcels of food and clothing, plus necessary medical care. Perhaps equally important is the sorely needed, heart-warming knowledge that somebody in distant Canada is interested in his welfare and wants to help.

Through Foster Parents' Plan you, too, can help some desperately needy boy or girl overseas, and exchange monthly letters with your child, translated both ways by the Plan. The adoption is financial only. Foster Parents' Plan is a non-profit, non-sectarian, international relief organization recognized by the Canadian government and supported by hundreds of individuals and groups across Canada and around the world. For information write Foster Parents' Plan, Post Office Box 65, Station "B", Montreal, Quebec.

Why not beer parlors, too?

FOR years, Canadian beer parlors have been bare, unadorned and unattractive places—this due to the theory of earlier licensing authorities that the less inviting their appearance, the less drinking that would be done in them. Customers wouldn't care to patronize them, or if they did, they wouldn't want to stay long—that was the belief of the amateur psychologists of the day. And so it was that customers were obliged to quaff their brew in sitting position, in the bleakest kind of surroundings. Strolling about with a glass of suds in hand was forbidden; anything conducive to sociability or relaxation or recreation, like dart games or checkers, were absolutely "verboten". These conditions have been allowed to go on, year after year; beer parlors are still dull, plain and generally unattractive.

Surely it is time, now, to put an end to these obsolete restrictions. They don't work; they never did work, and strangely enough, certain results of certain policies now in effect by various provincial liquor boards lend credence to the belief that they never will work—hence, should be abolished.

Evidence substantiating this belief exists in the reaction of the public to the policies of various liquor control boards of building new liquor stores featuring comfort and attractiveness. This policy is being followed in Ontario, at least, where the Liquor Control Board is building new stores, when new ones have to be built, they are spacious, comfortable, convenient, dignified and in good taste, both inside and out. With what result?

An effective answer to that question is inherent in what happened when the Ontario authorities decided recently to replace an old store, in Toronto, with a new one having the desirable features referred to above. The old store had long been an eyesore. It was dilapidated, dirty, cramped—the kind of place that invited scorn. Customers treated it accordingly. Many of them showed their disrespect with loud talk and careless behavior; they were inconsiderate of others, they expectorated on the floor.

All this changed, however, when the new, modern store was built only a block away. The tasteful surroundings reminded customers that this was the kind of place that called for decency and good conduct. Their manners improved; some of the old customers even dressed more presentably when they visited the store. The quality and good tone of the outlet had the psychological effect of promoting better behavior and improved private and public relations. It promoted respect not only for that store, but for the whole industry! It proved the point that human beings are greatly influenced by the character of their surroundings.

Why shouldn't this truth be applied to our beer parlors? Why shouldn't their owners have the privilege of "dressing up" their establishments—of making them more attractive, more comfortable, more interesting and pleasant, like cocktail lounges, bars and other licensed outlets. Wouldn't this help to improve the "corporate image" of the industry, too?

If beer parlors and beverage rooms were freed from their long-standing strictures, would not their operators have a real incentive to improve their appearance and standards of their operations? Would we have quite so many smelly, dirty, disreputable outlets as we now have?

If more attractive, better appointed liquor stores can increase public respect—why not more attractive, better appointed beverage rooms?

—Wine, Beer, Spirits Magazine.

Problems in space

Space is usually a problem to newspapermen. But space of an other sort bothers the editor of the Hollister (Calif.) Evening Free Lance. It's the space in the heavens so much in the news today. Editor Pugh wants it defined.

A Washington reporter came up with the definitions. True space, he said, starts where the atmosphere ends, but no one really knows where that is, except that it's about a thousand miles up. From that vague point to the moon is cislunar space. Beyond is interplanetary space, and — probably infinitum—interstellar space.

When the various strata of space in the heavens are penetrated by man, there will surely be reporters present to report on space-events. Consider what a problem in editorial space that will present?—Houston Post.

A Bible Thought for Today

He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of the water. Psalm 1:3.

Life soon perishes without water. Christ offers us living water, something to live by and live for.

DEER BOARDERS—Three tame deer are quite at ease in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Campbell. Mr. Campbell, controller at the Vancouver Park Board, is keeping the deer until Stanley Park zoo facilities are built. About four months old, the deer weigh between 80 and 110 pounds and are thoroughly housebroken.—(CP Photo).

The Packsack of Gregory Clark

Copyright: Canada Wide

The wives of public men must be ladies of extraordinary indulgence, patience and forebearance. Not only at election time but probably throughout the year, winter summer, they see little of their husbands in the ordinary domestic companionship of quiet evenings.

It seldom occurs to the chairmen of speakers' committees of clubs, societies and associations that when they call upon a public man to come and address their meetings they are imposing upon him. It is in the public man's own interest that he seize the opportunity to address a gathering.

But how about the lady in the case?

There is one association I know of that exhibits a little imagination in this respect. In their budget they have an annual item entitled "Speakers' Wives."

And on the day of their meetings they send a bouquet of flowers or a seasonable potted plant to their speaker's wife with a card that reads:

"Thank you for the loan of your husband this evening."

A small thing, but bigger than it looks.

From sip to cell

From The Toronto Telegram

If every driver, before turning the ignition key, were forced to read of a few of Magistrate Crawford W. Guest's sentences on drinking drivers, the traffic accident rate might plummet.

On Thursday, Magistrate Guest sentenced an Etobicoke man to a year in jail for driving while his ability was impaired by alcohol. The same man had committed the same offence three times in the past and at the time of the fourth his licence was under suspension.

On Friday a first offender drew 10 days in jail for impaired driving. This is a far cry from the practice of only a few years ago when a small fine was the penalty for this infraction.

To the average citizen, 10 days in jail is almost as frightful to contemplate as 10 years. It is a stiff penalty, as a year in jail is a stiff penalty even for a four-time loser.

But the record has proven that gentle treatment is ineffective; that fines have not deterred. Few can quarrel with the magistrate's firm approach. Many may be scared into absolute sobriety while driving.

The lighter side

A man was walking down the street when he saw a friend staggering toward him, battered, bruised, and looking as if he had just gone 3 rounds with a champion.

"Gosh Nick, but you're a mess," said the first. "Come on, let me carry you home."

"For the love of Pete, don't," was the reply, "I just came from there."

✣ ✣ ✣

Wife to husband: "I'm sick of the whole thing. You won't work and all you do is mope around the house and belly-ache all day. I'm getting a divorce."

Husband: "Oh, you don't really mean that. You're just trying to cheer me up."

✣ ✣ ✣

Vacationist to druggist: "Do you have anything that's good for mosquito bites on top of poison ivy over sunburn?"

✣ ✣ ✣

Two goats wandered into the alley behind a motion picture theatre looking for dinner. They found a can of film, which one of the goats devoured along with the can.

"How was it?" asked his companion.

"The book was better," he replied.

All Aboard with G. E. Mortimore

In the parts of southern Canada that are within range of American television stations, many children are growing up with the idea that they live in the United States.

Even though they have been taught that Canada is their country, they have trouble distinguishing their own national symbols from foreign symbols.

Here is the way the conversation went in one household that I know:

"Daddy, there's O Canada playing."

"How many times do I have to tell you, boy? That's the American national anthem. The television station isn't in our country. We live in Canada."

"Daddy, you ought to vote for 210."

"What's 210?"

"I don't know, but it says on the television that you ought to vote for it."

(Later it turned out that 210 was a daylight-saving measure in Washington State, the object of a plebiscite.)

The children went to hear a kiddies' program called "Mr. Greenjeans" on an American station.

One of the commercials ran something like this: "Rr-roor! Enemy bomber squadron approaching. Wh-oo-tam Watch defence base blast it from the sky. Wow! What a toy set. Only $11.88 at your store."

For a determined Canadian nationalist, the television set is an electronic Trojan horse in the house. Start the day with the Stars and Stripes. Vote for 210—and also Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon and Lodge. Watch a defence base blast enemy bombers out of the sky.

"Hey, gang! Dandy nuclear warfare set allows you to blow up Russia and America with one button. Leaves real radioactive waste."

That could be the next development. People who live outside the range of television stations don't know how lucky they are.

With the classics

They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee;
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and passed,
Hotly charged—and broke at last,
Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall.

—Mathew Arnold.

✣ ✣ ✣

Pluck the fruit and taste the pleasure,
Youthful lordings, of delight;
Whilst occasion gives you seizure,
Feed your fancies and your sight:
After death, when you are gone,
Joy and pleasure is there none.

—Thomas Lodge.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Signed articles and editorials credited to other newspapers do not necessarily reflect the views of The Daily News.

Short sermons

A rumor is about as hard to unspread as butter.

✣ ✣ ✣

A good salesman has a steady nerve, a steady tongue, steady habits and a steady eye.

✣ ✣ ✣

A bachelor is a man who is crazy to marry—but realizes it in time.

✣ ✣ ✣

By the time a man can afford to lose a golf ball, he can't hit it that far.

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Flattery is the art of telling a person exactly what he thinks of himself.

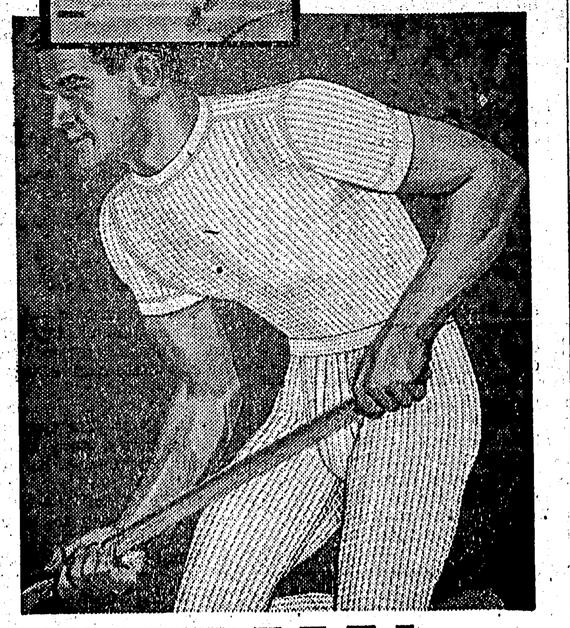
✣ ✣ ✣

White lies have been out of fashion for years. They now come in technicolor.

✣ ✣ ✣

The height of nervousness is the husband who takes his wife to the maternity hospital and before registering says: Darling, are you sure you want to go through with this.

Illustrated are
STANFIELD'S
new *Thermal* Underwear
Short-Sleeve Shirt (9911) and elastic-waist, double-seat Longs (9912). Available in men's and boys' sizes.



THERMAL WARMTH

Stanfield's present a new way to get tops in comfort

Stanfield's unique Thermal Underwear is now available in two weights—MEDIUM and LIGHT weight. This means you can now wear less and be warmer than ever, because it utilizes a specialized feature developed for Antarctic explorers. Thousands of tiny knit pockets capture body warmth and insulate you against the coldest temperatures. Because of its combination of top protection and special knit, Stanfield's Thermal underwear is perfect for outdoor, active men. The fine cotton yarns used are shrink controlled . . . garments hold their shape through endless washings.

Short-Sleeve Shirt, Medium Weight (9911), about $2.95, Light Weight (6611) about $2.50 • Long-Sleeve Shirt, Medium Weight (9913) about $3.95, Light Weight (6613) about $3.95 • Elastic-waist Longs, Medium Weight (9912), sizes 30-44 about $3.95 everywhere; Light Weight (6612) about $3.95 • Combinations, Medium Weight, Short or Long Sleeves, sizes 34-44 about $6.95, Light Weight $4.95 • For Boys—Shirts (6611) short sleeves 2—6X years about $1.50, 8-16 years about $1.95 • Boys—Longs (6612) with elastic waist, double-seat, 2 to 6X years about $1.95, 8-16 years about $2.50.

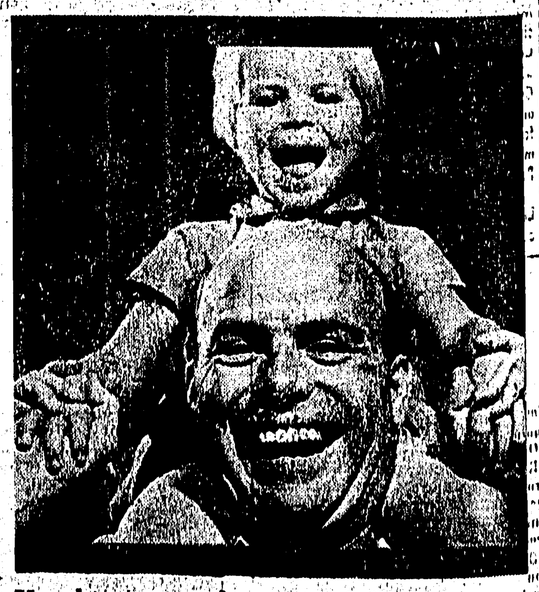
Prices are for regular sizes.

"WHEN YOU BUY STANFIELD'S YOU BUY THE BEST"

STANFIELD'S
THERMAL UNDERWEAR
Stanfield's Limited, Truro, Nova Scotia

How do I save?

When it comes to saving here's a trick worth knowing. Avoid writing cheques against your Savings Account. Impossible? Not at all! Open a *Personal Chequing* Account at the "Royal".



Use this account for paying bills. Keep your *Savings* Account strictly for saving. The bank calls this the *2-Account Plan* — a sure-fire way to save. It makes sense. Give it a try.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
The bank with 1,000 front doors

Prince Rupert Branch ..... A. D. PERLEY, Manager.
Branches also in Terrace and Smithers.