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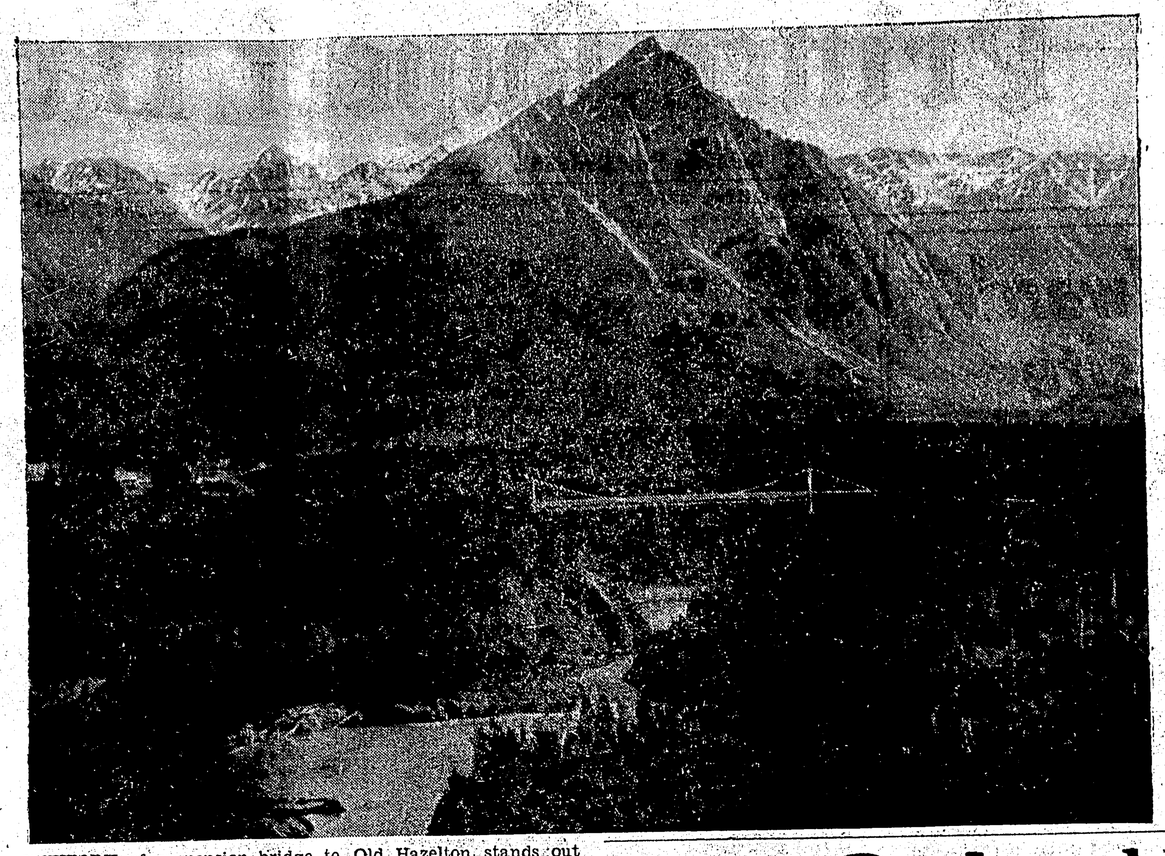
Christmas gift chance to brag about B.C.

For persons or families who are as proud of British Columbia as we are, the ideal opportunity of showing off our province to ill-informed Easterners or fog-bound folks in the Old Country, has presented itself. The Department of Recreation and Conservation which publishes quarterly a magazine of fantastically colored photographs called "Beautiful British Columbia," has produced a Christmas special.

The special is an already wrapped gay Christmas package with golden Christmas trees and "Merry Christmas from Beautiful B.C." emblazoned on the cover. All you do is address and mail it.

Imagine the pleasure of your far-away friends and relatives when they open this exciting package. First there is the current winter copy of "Beautiful British Columbia" which tells in words and full color pictures about the wonderful province in which you live. The winter issue also features a story and pictures of Agnes H. Neave country (Francois Lake to you newcomers). Then there is a big 9-inch by 12-inch Christmas card announcement that subsequent issues of the magazine will be coming throughout 1962 with your warmest Christmas Wishes for "Happy Days" all year long. Finally there is your extra special gift of a beautiful ivory plastic framed desk calendar with a different color B.C. scene for each month of the year. It's a value plus deal and you're selling your province besides. You can't beat it. Get yours while you can. Let all your friends know just how beautiful British Columbia is.



NETWORK of suspension bridge to Old Hazelton, stands out against backdrop of forest which skirts the swift-flowing Bulkley River. Pictures of magnificent scenery such as one above are included in four issues of "Beautiful British Columbia" and ivory plastic framed desk calendar offered as a special Christmas gift by the Department of Recreation and Conservation are available at The Daily News.

— Photo by Wrathall's Photo Finishing

Cash is still popular

The all-purpose credit card, with which it has been possible to obtain nearly anything from a sandwich to an African safari on tick, has not proved to be the thumping success that was expected.

Three of the cards are still in the field. Only Diners' Club the originating company, is showing a profit. The American Express Company's credit card operation is in the red. The Hilton Corp.'s Carte Blanche lost $4,280,000 in its last year.

One reason for disappointing results is simply lack of sufficient customers to justify the huge outlay on business machines needed to process masses of small bills. Another difficulty is that competition among the clubs has forced their charges down to unreasonably low levels.

It has also been found, as any shrewd economist could have predicted, that many shops and restaurants, accepting the cards as evidence of credit worthiness, evade the club commissions by billing customers directly.

But the most valid general conclusion is that cash, the poor man's credit card, is still a status symbol of sorts. To make a profit from this discovery an enterprising group has started up the Cash Card International Club. Shops which belong give card-carriers discounts of 5 percent to 40 per cent — if they pay on the nail.

— The Financial Post

From a man who knows

Jacob Holst, the president of Local 1-424 International Woodworkers of America, surely had his tongue in his cheek last week when he supported a fellow union leader's claim that locals are not doing the job necessary in the hinterlands.

Angus Macphee, head of the Pulp and Sulphite Workers local at Prince Rupert, said interior and northern workers suffer through lack of organization in the province.

"You can't organize labor in the interior and then leave the job of carrying on to volunteers," he said.

Mr. Holst climbed right on the bandwagon. "Long-range servicing of union members by telephone, telegraph and the occasional visit of professional organizers from Vancouver is no good," he said.

Which is quite understandable and perfectly logical, as well as coming from a man with considerable experience. For Mr. Holst, who has been out of town a great deal during the last couple of months attending conventions and business meetings as far away as Miami, Florida, certainly knows the problems involved in running a union from long-range.

Just think of the cost of servicing the local by phone and wire from Miami!

— The Prince George Citizen

ALL ABOARD with G. E. Mortimore

The two boys went to sleep with their paper bags full of Hallowe'en loot on the bed, each boy nursing his bag of candies and apples and popcorn as if it was a live creature.

There were more goodies in the bags than they could consume in two weeks, even if they ate nothing else. But they guarded the hoard carefully their arms thrown over the bags in a protective position.

Both of them had streaks of brilliant face-paint, and John still wore his mask, a fearsome thing with glasses a long nose and protruding snaggle teeth — the sort of features that will become common, I suppose, when the mutations caused by radioactive fallout are beginning to show themselves.

The little untidy patch of garden produced exactly two pumpkins, one for each boy, and there was a great ceremony of hollowing them out and making pumpkin pie, keeping some of the seeds to plant next year and roasting the remainder of the seeds in the oven to make tasty snacks — rather like nuts in flavor.

Then the faces had to be cut in the shells of the small pumpkins and the candles lighted, while many warnings were issued about fire prevention. Then there were bowls to fill with candies and peanuts, to be dished out to the sheeted, masked and painted creatures that came to the door.

It was a damp and innocent Hallowe'en, a steady drizzle discouraging the more robust pranks and hi-jinks. The boys let off some firecrackers, then went to bed snuggling their bags, and listened to a story from Grimm's Fairy Tales, about the King of the Golden Mountain.

How those tales bring back one's own childhood — full as they are of sorcerers and wicked dwarfs and witches, and simple people wandering through strange lands and resting for the night in dark woods full of menace.

The stories come to us from the distant past of Europe, handed down from an age of many perils and unknown powers.

And I made up my mind to spend more time reading to the boys and talking to them while they were still young, with fresh minds full of enthusiasm.

Victoria Report by J. K. Nesbitt

VICTORIA — Your capital citys 100th birthday next year will bring out a galaxy of Descendants of Pioneers who will form a living history book, not only of this city, where British Columbia was born in 1843 as a fort for the Hudson's Bay Company, but of the entire province.

John Douglas of Victoria and James Douglas of London are registered. They are the only living grandchildren of the founder of Victoria and the father of British Columbia Sir James Douglas. Their father was old Sir Jamess' son, James William, and their mother was May, daughtbr of Hon. A. C. Elliott, 4t4h Premier of British Columbia,1876-78. What a heritage is their's!

Another living link with Douglas is Arthur Douglas Crease, QC, last surviving child of Sir Henry Pering Pellew Crease, first attorney-general of the United Crown Colony of British Columbia in 1860. He was named Douglas after Sir James, who was his grandfather. Douglas died in 1877, when Mr. Crease was five. He has but a faint recollection of Sir James calling on his parents at "Pentrelew", the rambling Crease mansion on the curve of Fort Street hill. Douglas' grandsons were born after he died.

Mrs. Constance Mary Babbington, aunt of Justice Minister E. Davie Fulton, is daughter of Hon A. E. B. Davie, eighth B.C. Premier, 1887-89, and granddaughter of Thomas Skinner, who arrived here in the 1850's in the sailing vessel Norman Morison, founded Constance Farm on Skinner's Cove in Esquimalt Harbor, and became a member of the legislature of the Crown Colony of Vancouver Island; her paternal grandfather was Dr. J. C Davie, Sr., also a member of the old colonial legislature. What a wonderful heritage!

Daughters of the only two men in our history to be both Premier and Lieut.-governor are registered — Mrs., John Hope, now living in Portugal, daughter of Hon. James Dunsmuir, and ganddaughter of Hon. Robert Dunsmuir of Craigdarroch Castle; and Mrs. F. G. Hood, daughter of Hon. E. G. Prior, who, as well as being Premier and Lieut.-governor, was, for years, Victoria's member of the House of Commons, and colonel of Victoria's famous old 5th Regiment. Mrs. Hood is also granddaughter of Hon. John Work of Hillside Farm, a power here in colonial days.

Oldest woman registered is Miss Emmeline Pemberton, who will be 95 next March. She is daughter of Hon. Augustus F. Pemberton, first police magistrate of Victoria and niece of Chartres Brew, founder of B.C.'s first police force.

Three grandsons and two granddaughters of Thomas Harris, first mayor of Victoria in 1862 are on the list, among them Lamburn Wilson of Kelowna.

Two granddaughters of several times Mayor of Victoria, Charles E. Redfern, who arrived here in 1862 in the "brideship" Tynemouth, will be at the city's 100th birthday party — Mrs. Kate Ford of Victoria and Mrs. E. H. Probert of Agassiz.

A Bible Thought for Today

He knoweth the way that I take, when he has tried me. I shall come forth as gold. — Job 23:10.

Letterbox

TAKES NO SKILL

The Editor,
The Daily News:

In last Thursday's edition of The Daily News I happened to read "The Way I See It" by Gary Oakes. But it is not the way I see it.

The majority of the letters concerning television in Prince Rupert had the facts correct. It could be he didn't understand the letters, because his opinion is different to theirs. He says, "let's be realistic just for a moment." Why doesn't he be realistic just for a moment.

I don't think everyone in Prince Rupert will be playing golf. Some don't like the game. It may take a little skill to play a good game of golf.

But it takes no skill to sit staring at an idiot box, as Mr. Oakes calls it. Television is no more an idot box than chasing a little white ball around a field. As for putting extra strain on the eyes and extra inches in the waistline, that is plain hogwash.

If we ever get TV in Prince Rupert, it won't be an all-day, all-night thing. Is Mr. Oakes forgetting about our senior citizens and our shut-ins who can't go out? It is better for them to stare at an idot box than at four walls.

As for students is Mr. Oakes forgetting that some programs can be very educational? We don't expect the city to bring in TV, but Prince Rupert does have a television committee, which so far has been static for over a year. If they have not been static they haven't been telling us what they have been doing and we have a right to know.

I have just finished reading Friday's Daily News and after many letters in "Letter Box," the mayor has decided to give us some facts.

But let's keep the Letter Box open until we do get TV.

First TV Fan,
Prince Rupert.

HOT TIP

The Editor,
The Daily News:

In connection with the interest shown lately concerning the lack of television in Rupert, I would like to say that I recently learned, from a CBC source in Vancouver, that Prince Rupert is definitely slated for television next year.

If this information is correct, and apparently it is, one can only wonder why it has not been made public.

V. Brain,
Prince Rupert.

Editor's Note: Mainly because you seem to have been the only person in possession of this vital information.

With the classics

On the deck the Rover
takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, 'It will
be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of
the rising Moon.'
'Canst hear,' said one, 'the
breakers roar?
For methinks we should
be near the shore.'
'Now where we are I can-
not tell,
But I wish I could hear
the Inchcape Bell.'
They hear no sound, the
swell is strong;
Though the wind hath
fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with
a shivering shock—
'Oh Christ! It is the Inch-
cape Rock!'

—Robert Southey.

The lighter side

Two men were having a drink and discussing their wives.

"My wife is always unhappy when I'm not with her," the first said.

"That's funny," said the second. "My wife doesn't trust me either."

The Packsack of Gregory Clark

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An acquaintance of mine just back from a visit to Brazil had an interesting experience in one of the smaller cities of that country. His guide introduced him to a small shop on a side street where a staff of craftsmen were busy making Eskimo carvings. With modern electrical drills and cutters, they were faithfully copying some genuine Eskimo carvings, even down to the signatures and Canadian arctic place names on the originals.

Busier than bees, the Brazilian craftsmen were turning the stone jobs out by the hundreds.

"We formerly did primitive African carvings," explained the foreman of the shop, "fine ebony replicas, undistinguishable from the originals we obtained from the Congo. But the big demand nowadays is for Eskimo art."

And there on the other side of the equator in semi-tropical surroundings is being demonstrated the affinity of art and industry. Nobody is more alert to the arts than the racketeers.

Short sermons

A man does not have to be married in order to take orders.

✦ ✦ ✦

The most disillusioned girls are those who married because they were tired of working.

Unemployment questions and answers

In this column we publish questions about unemployment insurance and employment, together with answers which may be of interest to you:

Following are some questions with answers received from the Unemployment Insurance Commission. If you are uncertain about any point do not hesitate to send us your question. We will obtain an answer and publish it in this column.

Q. My neighbor and I were both laid off from the same job at the same time. He collects his unemployment insurance benefit on Monday, but I do not get mine until Thursday. Why do I have to wait these three extra days?

A. It is essential that local offices have some means of control of the number of persons reporting for payment on any particular day. To determine the person's report day is, therefore, made from his insurance number. The result of this control is that the number of persons reporting on each of the days of the week is approximately the same.

gems of thought

Worth begets in base minds, envy; in great souls, emulation.—John Fielding.

✦ ✦ ✦

God only waits for man's worthiness to enhance the means and measure of His grace.—Mary Baker Eddy.

✦ ✦ ✦

We receive but what we give.
—Coleridge

✦ ✦ ✦

Many a man who now lacks shoe leather would wear golden spurs if knighthood were the reward of worth.
—Douglas Jerrold.

✦ ✦ ✦

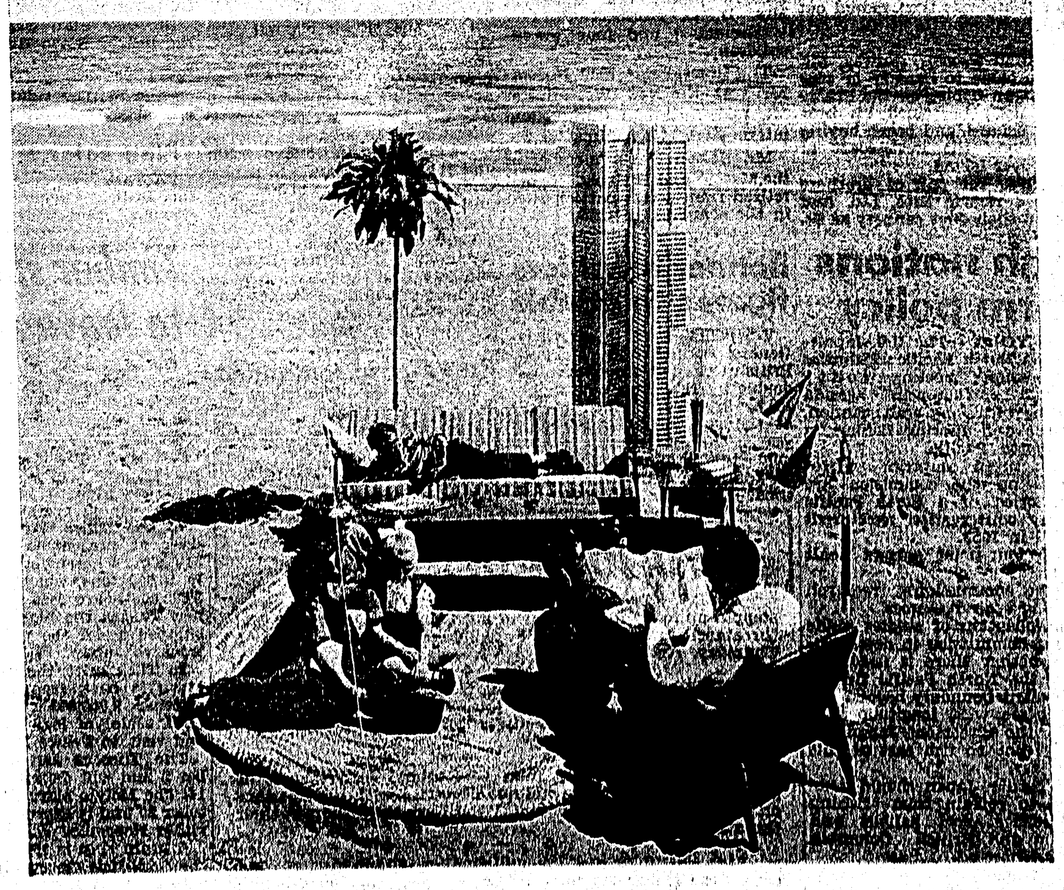
Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing.
—James A. Garfield.

✦ ✦ ✦

There is no readier way for a man to bring his own worth into question than by endeavoring to detract from the worth of other men.
—John Tillotson.

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

Spend winter in the wonderful world of ESSO warmth



Remember family fun in the warmth of the summer's sun? You can keep this spirit of easy living in your home for all the winters to come. All it takes is a wonderful feeling of warmth, safe and economical Esso warmth.

Relax and leave your heating problems to Esso. You'll have a constant supply of top-quality, clean-burning Esso Furnace Oil, delivered to you automatically as the weather demands. On budget terms if you wish. Heating equipment service dealers, trained by Imperial Oil Limited, will give prompt and expert service when required. If you need new equipment you can choose from a full line of burners or complete furnaces, installed on very easy monthly terms.

To enjoy the wonderful world of Esso warmth just call your nearest Imperial Oil sales office.

ALWAYS LOOK TO IMPERIAL FOR THE BEST — ESSO OIL HEAT