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Christmas spirit

The bright glory of the Christmas Star penetrates the mass of tradition and custom that 19 centuries have built up around the great festival of the church. It's meaning may sometimes seem to be obscured but it continues to reach and be enshrined in human hearts.

Christmas today is very different from that first one when shepherds on Judean hills heard the angels sing. Yet, not so different. The world still crowds in and leaves little room for the Christ Child, but there are always places ready to receive Him.

Throughout the years, Christmas has come to be associated with tinseled trees, lighted candles, mistletoe, holly, Yule logs and red-clad Santas. These things, grafted on the the celebration of the central event in history, merely forms a framing for its light.

Christmas today is many things. It is throngs of shoppers jostling one another in the streets; it is a tattered waif peering wistfully into a shop window; it is street decorations, bright windows; it is family gatherings, feastings, ringing of bells, carolings, exchange of friendly greetings; it is reverent worship, giving of thanks, contemplation of the goodness and mercy of God in the hope that lasting peace will envelop this strife-torn globe.

Of all the customs that have become identified with Christmas the most significant is the giving of gifts.

Yet it is in the Christmas tradition that the gift without the giver is bare. The true spirit of Christmas is expressed in giving that is inspired and transfigured by love.

The Nativity

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying. Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said to him, In Bethlehem of Judea; for thus it is written by the prophet. And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

When they had heard the king they departed, and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them 'till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star ,they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And when they were come into the house they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed into their own country another way.
— St. Matthew 2:1-12.

Christmas bells

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth", I said;
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

Till ,ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A slight contradiction

In presenting his 20-year program to the Soviet Union Communist Party Congress last month, Premier Khrushchev set a goal of implementing the Marxist precept, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs."

Now, according to reports from the Soviet Union, Communist internal propaganda media are everywhere urging Soviet citizens to bend their backs to the tasks of making the glowing 20-year promises come true. "To work, tovarishchi!" is the pervading theme.

Indeed, although communism disdains "bourgeois morality", a code of "morality for builders of communism" has been widely publicized in the Soviet press. It extols truthfulness, simplicity, moral cleanliness, friendship, brotherhood, humane relationships, mutual respect, and "conscientious work for the good of society."

This last is reinforced by the maxim that Captain John Smith adopted in the Jamestown settlement in early North American history, "He who does not work, shall not eat".

This is in rather sharp contrast to the popular concept of the "welfare state". In Western societies capitalism has made elaborate provision to assure at least that those who cannot work still may eat. Soviet "socialism" uses work norms and wide differences of pay levels to push or reward its producers. Communism may offer the future Soviet citizen a soft life — but he'd better work for it.

— The Christian Science Monitor

"BE NICE TO ME KID"

Married Romeos keep office girls on toes

By HAL BOYLE
Associated Press Staff Writer

NEW YORK — One of the things that keeps girls on their toes in the average business office is the married Romeo.

He sometimes keeps them on the run, too.

No office is without a married Romeo; most have several. But they add more comedy than menace to the poor working girl's life, as generally they are merely would-be wolves who long ago have lost their claws.

Here are some you can find in almost any large office:

"Winded Wilbur" — He asks his secretary to stay late. Then he closes the door and pursues her around the office 12 times, leaping desks like a broken field-runner. Finally he pauses, puffing heavily and says, "Well, I guess that will be all for tonight, Miss Winfield. Please be in on time tomorrow morning. We have a lot more work to catch up on."

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"Cry-Baby Bobby" — "We're all lonely prisoners in a lonely world. Life is but a jail," he whines, wheedling each girl in turn for a comforting kiss. This Little Boy Blue isn't looking for romance. He just wants a dozen more mothers.

"Oily Oliver" — "Be nice to me, kid," he says, "and I'll see you go places in this firm." This gives the girls a big laugh, as Oliver has been with the firm 25 years and hasn't been able to get any place himself.

"Ambushing Arnold" — He hides in the supply room and pounces at any new unwary stenographer who comes tripping in for a packet of paper clips.

"Light-Fingered Larry" — The fatherly type. As his arm gently steals around a girl's waist — pat, pat, pat — he tells her, "Here are some new snapshots of my grandson. Isn't he a fine-looking lad?"

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"Big Shot Bert" — The firm's top salesman is as expansive as an accordion. "Baby, go out with me, and you'll travel first class — anything from caviar to champagne," he says, pulling out a wallet that contains two $1 bills and 27 credit cards.

"Leo the Leech" — His wife gives him only $2 a day. Leo's idea of romance is to sweet-talk any available secretary into taking him out for two martinis and a big lunch. On the way back he gives her a big squeeze — and a large I.o.u.

"Anniversary Abner" — the senior vice-president feels one of the privileges of seniority is to kiss every girl in the office on his birthday. Thats why on his birthday there is no one around to take dictation. All the girls stay home.

All Aboard

with G. E. MORTIMORE

Reprinted by Request

Caught in the pre-Christmas stampede, a man begins to think that Scrooge was right the first time.

He sees normally thrifty womenfolk in the grip of a herd impulse, rushing like lemmings to drown themselves in a sea of debt; or like a great undisciplined army, massing at bus stops and store counters, to attack and destroy every man's peace of mind.

When they hear the command to "Charge" and pay later)they gallop into battle with elbows and shopping bags swinging.

Soon the field is littered with the corpses of cheque books and mortally-wounded bank accounts, breathing their last. The women march home, carrying their trophies.

Hurt, defeated and bankrupt, a man wishes he could turn Mohammedan, since the chief Christian festival has become too expensive for his limited means.

That's how he feels during the long pre-Christmas campaign, which drags on for six weeks of noise and worry until the blessed day.

Then the clamor stops. Carols ring out clear and sweet. A little boy laughs under the shining tree. He rides his new tricycle until a playmate arrives to show him what Santa brought and the two of them plunge into a mound of colored paper.

Some of the grown-ups return from church. Grandfather sits by the fire, with the cat at his elbow. Friends come in, stamping snow from their boots. The house smells of turkey and pudding and cigar smoke. Christmas is itself again.

Letterbox

IN PRAISE OF SNOW

The Editor,
The Daily News:

The snow we have just had has prompted me to write the following :

As I stand by my window
and gaze at the snow, I think
of the places it's been my for-
tune to know,
I've travelled in so many
places on earth. And of the
sights I've seen none has been
worth
The whiteness and glory of
snow all around.
When the trees stand
shrouded in their mantle of
white, Especially when the
stars are gleaming at night,
It makes us feel good that
we are alive, Now that we're
waiting for Christmas to
arrive.

Hubert de Burgh.

CAMPAIGN COMPLETED

The Editor,
The Daily News:

With the sending of the final $250, we have now concluded our 1961 Red Shield Campaign. The final total for the effort is $5,300.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you and your staff for the splendid support and co-operation, in making known to the public in such a wonderful way, some of th work being carried on by the Salvation Army here in Prince Rupert and across Canada.

While we are slightly short of our objective, it is certainly with no sense of disappointment in either organization or public response that we close this effort. Our committee and workers have done an excellent job, and the people of Prince Rupert have been very generous.

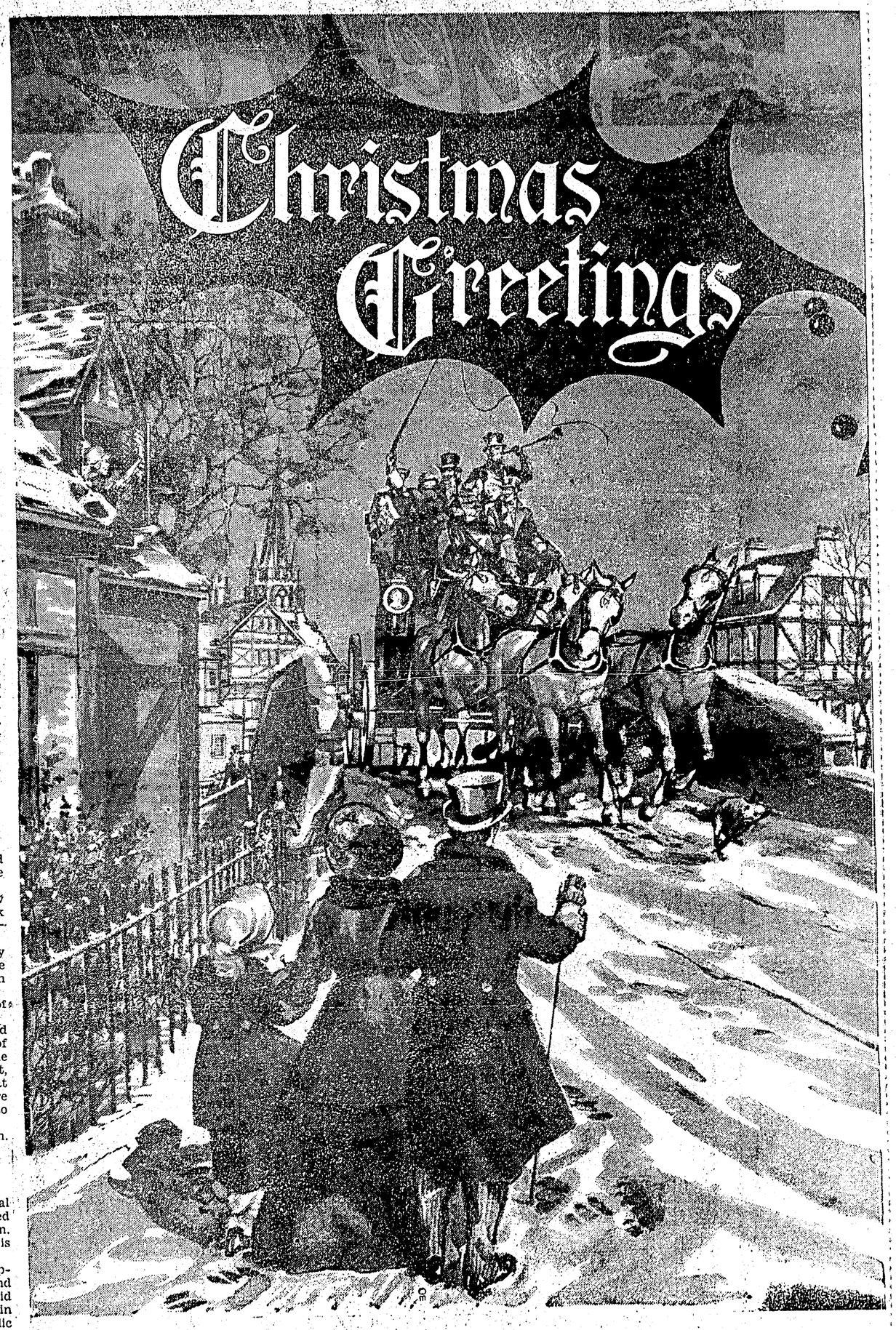
Thank you again for your interest and help. God bless you!

(Hector McDonald)
Captain
The Salvation Army,
Prince Rupert Corps.

Nuclear distillers

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil," said William Shakespeare, "would men observingly distill it out." And today's nuclear scientists, taking the Bard's advice, have found a good use for that sinister by-product of thermonuclear explosions, strontium 90.

In a few weeks the U.S. Coast Guard will anchor off Chesapeake Bay a new buoy equipped with aids to navigation operated by nuclear power. Four shielded cylinders in the centre of the buoy contain pellets of strontium 90, and the heat produced by the spontaneous decay of the radioactive material will be converted into electricity by 60 sets of thermocouples arranged around the core. Where conventional batteries in standard buoys must be replaced every few months, the little nuclear power plant is expected to operate for several years without attention.



Sincere Greetings and Best Wishes from the Staff of The Daily News:

J. F. MAGOR — J. R. AYRES

M. D. Montesano	John A. Lacey	Chris Harris
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Dawn Mackintosh	William Skyrme	Fred Chernoff
Ellen Couture		Allan Mellor

AND OUR 30 CARRIERS AND SELLERS

The Packsack of Gregory Clark

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If it weren't for Christmas coming within three days, today, December 22, would be the day of universal rejoicing. The entire population of the northern hemisphere would join in the celebration — Christians, Moslems, Hindus, Eskimos, even unbelievers and Communists. For today is the day the sun stops going south, pauses, and starts north again. True, we have the worst part of winter still ahead of us. For three months and more, the cold resulting from the sun's journey southward will plague us. Due to delayed action, the chill of the sun's deserting us during the past three months will be felt for the next quarter of the year.

But at least we have the assurance that the sun is on its way north; that each day, from now on, grows longer; the sun rises earlier and sets later.

Anthropologists tell me that primitive men, ages before the Christian era, know all about December 22, even if they had no calendar. They celebrated it. It should at least put us in a better mood for December 25.

This is Packsack's usual salute to those who are taking no holiday Christmas Day in order that the rest of us may celebrate.

Touch the light switch, and it goes on. Who's keeping it going? Pick up the telephone, dial O. A girl answers. Put in a call all the way across the continent, and there'll be a girl in every switch. Dial the telegraph office. The sound you hear in the background when they answer proves they are going full belt.

The buses are running, the trains, the aircraft. Every station, airfield, office, is manned. The police are on full duty. The highways are being patrolled more alertly than on ordinary days. The fire departments, the waterworks, the gas works, the fuel oil delivery services, all standing to.

The hospitals? The internes, the doctors, nurses, orderlies, all in white, busy.

There are 200 million of us on the North American continent. It is not a few of us but millions of us who will be having no Christmas Monday.

A kind thought for them.

The Lighter Side

Two cops met in a quiet part of town.

"Say, Mike, this wouldn't be your new beat, would it?" asked Pat in a shocked voice.

"Aye, that it would," Mike answered grimly. "Ever since I arrested the judge on his way to the Beaux Arts Ball."

"You pinched His Honor?"

"Sure, and how was I to know that the convict suit was only a fancy dress costume?" Mike protested.

"And now you're pounding a beat in the sticks. Ah, there's a moral there somewhere, Mike, my boy."

"That there is," Mike agreed. "'Tis the last time I'll ever book a judge by his cover."

Last week the Archbishop of Wales said that "Alcoholic beverages are a gift from God."

This weekend, the vicar of St. Wilfrid's Church, Bognor Regis, said "Tobacco is one of the gifts of God."

This England

I was shocked to read of the cruel method Lord Montgomery adopts to tame Sir Winston Churchill's budgerigar — "by giving him a bang and a good swipe." Bearing in mind the difference in his and the bird's size, I consider this horrible and spiteful. Surely a gentleman's code is not to hit anything smaller than yourself
—Letter in Evening Standard.

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Hanging, a clergyman suggested yesterday, might be theologically and intellectually, rather a good way to die.
—Daily Mirror.

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Four men surrounded the car, broke the windscreen and battered the two clerks. They were treated for head injuries in hospital. Mr. Solos Constantinos, who was mowing his lawn nearby, said: "I heard a crash and saw a man run towards the taxi with a rod in his hand and begin hitting it. But I didn't bother to go over because I thought it was the Minicab war."—Guardian.

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