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Letter to Santa

Dear Santa:

Please put into my stocking a large piece of Human Kindness so that I will be able to treat others as I would wish to be treated myself.

I would also like some of the Breadth of Vision which will give me a better understanding of the problems and hopes of my fellow beings. If this is not enough by itself, will you add a portion of Tolerance? Having seen the difficulties of others, I will then not immediately shut my eyes to them.

Would you also include a vial of Graciousness? This is the magic ointment which does so much to make life smoother and creates more pleasant human relationships. If I have this, no one can say when I'm gone that I lived for myself alone.

Please leave for me a generous package of Good Cheer. This is a very important item, Santa. If we are cheerful and can cheer up others, too, a lot of the things that are worrying us don't seem so big after all. Where there is laughter, nothing can be very much wrong.

I could also use a box of Faith. This is a wonderful stimulus when the going is tough. It gives us the power to look up and to realize that we are not all alone in a life that sometimes seems dark.

Please also give me the Courage of Conviction. If I do not have this, I will be untrue to myself and therefore untrue to those who depend on me.

There are many other things I need, Santa, but I will not ask you for more this Christmas as you will probably be busy filling similar requests by others. If you can bring me the gifts I have listed, perhaps the rest will take care of itself. But I had better warn you that I will always be thinking of what else I need. I think it's best that way.

Yours hopefully,

RUPERT.

VICTORIA REPORT

... by J. K. Nesbitt

VICTORIA—A visit to the Provincial Archives is always worth while. The other day I was digging through old papers and files, by way of relaxation, when I discovered that it is just 100 years ago that a marriage important to the history of this province took place in Victoria—that of Dr. John Sebastian Helmcken and Cecelia Douglas.

The wedding was Dec. 27, 1852 in Fort Victoria, by the Rev. Robert Staines.

When he was an old man, Dr. Helmcken wrote his memoirs, and he recalled the day he arrived here in 1851, and went to call on James Douglas, then head of the Hudson's Bay Company, later to be Royal Governor of the Crown Colonies of Vancouver Island and of British Columbia.

Helmcken wrote: "At a window of the Fort stood a number of young ladies, hidden behind the curtains—and there I saw Cecelia, his (Douglas') eldest daughter, flitting about, active as a little squirrel, and one of the prettiest objects I had ever seen, rather short, but with a very graceful, pretty figure—of dark complexion and lovely black eyes, petite and nice. I was more or less captivated."

Later: "I had so fallen in love with Cecelia—that I spent much of my time courting. The courtship was a very simple affair—we had hot chocolate and singing—early hours kept."

In due course, a marriage was arranged, after Helmcken "could prove myself to be a man of good character, which Mr. Douglas insisted."

And so Dr. Helmcken commenced building his house, which stands yet, now a Provincial Government museum near the Legislative Buildings.

Dr. Helmcken may have been interested in his new house, but he was more interested in courting, for he wrote: "How is it that the courting business does not become very monotonous—to look back, in our old age, this custom seems so absurd—but, nevertheless, it is instinctive—and will forever go on—with modification."

bride and bridegroom return to their parents' home for a good time, and then the guns roar from the bastions. The bell in the middle of the Fort rings—the dogs howl, the men fire muskets—all hurray! Groceries served out all round, there is feasting, revelry and jollity and everybody, heart and soul, wishes the handsome, favorite and favored couple very many happy new years."

Dr. and Mrs. Helmcken first took up residence in a small building in the Fort, their own home not being finished. The doctor wrote: "The snow was very deep—and partly for this, and modest reasons, my wife would not go out, but after a few days we went to see Mrs. Douglas, who soiled us for neglecting her—she was really annoyed—the snow offered no excuse."

In the spring of 1853 Dr. and Mrs. Helmcken moved to their new house. And a child was born: "Of course, the boy-baby was a wonder, a light-haired, blue-eyed, fair little fellow. When he was about a month or two old, we found him dead in the bed. The anguish felt at this is indescribable. The poor little fellow was buried in the garden, where the holly now grows, close by our bedroom window. An oval of white daisies was planted around, with a daisy cross in the centre."

Sorrow came again to the Helmckens: "My little girl Daisy took croup—she died. Daisy was a little, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, fair child—full of pleasant tricks and always hid herself behind the door in order to frighten me when she heard me coming in. Poor little thing—she was a great pet—and methinks I can see her now."

Four of the Helmcken children grew up, but young, they would lose their mother. By this time it was 1865: "Cecelia and her mother went to the opening of something or other on Church Hill—the weather turned out bad—both took cold. Very little notice was taken of this, and my wife kept about as she was able, but soon pneumonia resulted and in a few days the end unhappily came, after having given birth to a boy—a few days later the boy died. Poor Cecelia—she had been a good wife and mother..."

Dr. Helmcken lived on, was Speaker of the Colonial Legislature until 1871, was a power in early-day politics, and a beloved physician and surgeon. He died in 1920 when he was 96.

A Child's Life of Jesus



"He is standing right in the garden. He has risen from the grave."

A Child's Life of Jesus is one of the last books written by the late Fulton Oursler, noted author of such volumes as The Greatest Story Ever Told. The Greatest Book Ever Written, etc. This presentation of Mr. Oursler's book has been specially illustrated for newspaper publication by the well-known artist, Neil O'Keefe.

Chapter XII

Jesus, looking down from the cross, prayed for all of them, even for the men who killed Him. "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do."

Mary, His mother, loved Him more than ever for those wonderful words. Yes, poor Mary, the mother of Jesus, stood at the foot of the cross, and never took her eyes off her beloved Son. She saw Him die.

Now all who loved Jesus were crying. They wrapped His body in a sheet and laid it in a little stone house called a tomb. And they rolled a big stone against the door to keep His body safe from the wolves.

All Friday night and all day Saturday the stone lay fast against the door of the tomb. On Sunday morning some of His friends came to the tomb to pray. But look! How can this be? Something wonderful, something unbelievable has happened.

The stone is rolled away from the door of the tomb. The tomb is empty. The body is gone from the grave.

Where, then, is Jesus? He is standing right there in the garden. Not dead, but living! He has risen from the grave.

This Sunday when Jesus rose from the dead, was the first Easter. That was when He proved what He had told the people: That if we love God and our neighbors, there is no death but life forever in Heaven with God and Jesus and the Holy Spirit. For forty days more Jesus stayed on earth. Many times He

visited with His friends. He told them He must go back to the Father in Heaven but that no one who loved Him would ever be alone again.

"For I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

That is what He promised them the day He left the world and rose to be with His Father in Heaven.

And His promise of life forever was for you and me and for everybody. That is the secret of the wonderful story of Jesus.

The wonderful Boy who was born in a stable came to earth to help people to be happy—not just the people who lived 2,000 years ago when He was born but all the people since then. The people today—you and I and the President and the candy store man and the ice cream man and all the aunts and uncles and fathers and mothers and boys and girls today and tomorrow and always and always.

That is why the story is not finished yet. You and I can be a part of it if we know the secret, which is to let Jesus live in our hearts. The story is not finished for us because we have a soul to save and bring to God.

Each of us can help or hurt each other. Jesus wants us to help each other. Let us all try to live as Jesus taught.

Were everyone to love Jesus with the whole heart, how wonderful this world would be. No more greed or hate. No more war.

Only peace—the peace that Jesus brings us from our Father in Heaven.

—The End.

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OTTAWA DIARY

By NORMAN M. MacLEOD

Spending Christmas Eve on Parliament Hill is a soul-satisfying experience.

The beautiful, Gothic Centre Block, with its Peace Tower reaching up to the sky, is well back from the bustle of last-minute shoppers thronging Sparks Street, and is shrouded in quiet. Inside the building, the only sounds are the comforting tick of the clocks, the measured tread of the protective staff making their rounds, and the rap of a late-working newspaperman's typewriter.

It's a vast change from less than a fortnight ago, when the halls echoed to the voices of members of Parliament and senators and the staff that look after their needs.

HAPPY SECURITY

The vaulted Commons chamber is the quietest place of all. When the House rose on Dec. 17, it had been bitterly debating the Currie report charging laxity in administration of the Army's works services. Tempers flared then, and accusations were hurled back and forth across the floor.

Today, the MPs are all back at their homes, the bitterness of debate temporarily forgotten. And the darkened Chamber exudes the spirit of "peace on earth, good will to men."

The most impressive feeling that comes from being in the empty Chamber at Christmas results from the knowledge that the MPs who are at home celebrating with their families can do so with the happy security of men living in a democratic country. They have enjoyed the freedom of unbridled expression of their thoughts, and need fear no ill consequences from a dictatorial government for anything they have said.

HONEST HEARTS

And that, after all, was the moving spirit behind the teachings of the Man whose birth the

Christian world celebrates now: underlying everything, he said, was the code of respect for the individual and freedom for all.

All too soon, the spirit of goodwill to all men will, on the surface in any event, seem to be watered down by the strident voice of political debate.

But deep down in the Canadian political system, the spirit of Christmas prevails the year 'round. The members of Parliament and the Senate, whatever their political affiliation, are men of honest heart, striving in their various ways to give the people the kind of government Canada needs and deserves.

Certainly they don't always agree on precisely how the country should be run. But they do agree that the people should be free: that they should have the privilege of worshipping the God of their choice in whatever manner they see fit.

And so... "God rest ye, merry gentlemen."

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE



As I See It



by Elmore Philpott

Union Would Solve It

THE VERY first articles that I wrote in this space, years before the Hitler war, were in favor of outright federation of the British Commonwealth, the United States and the democracies of western Europe.

I pointed out at the time that the combined strength of such a federal union would be beyond attack. Not even the combined strength of the then-fascist powers, Germany, Italy and Japan, would be sufficient even to challenge the proposed mighty Union-of-the-Free.

We would have one elected parliament for the whole free union. Citizens could move freely within the entire area. Goods could move without internal tariff of any kind. There would be one sound money for the whole area.

Above all, there would be one foreign policy, one army, one navy, one air force—with equal obligations to serve, equal pay, equal opportunities for promotion.

WE HAVE been moved by giant shoves towards such a federation since those dark days—prodded into action by menace. Hitler, Mussolini and the Japanese militarists came within a hair's breadth of conquering the world. Looking back on it now, we in the west were saved more by Hitler and Co.'s three fatal mistakes than by our own intelligence.

First, he failed to attack Britain after the Dunkirk disaster. Second, he doublecrossed his partner, Stalin, in the Machiavellian non-aggression pact and invaded mighty Russia. Third, he and his Japanese gangster pals literally shot the United States into the war which she would never have entered of her own free will.

As a result of these mistakes (Continued on page 5)

Ray Reflects and Reminisces

Soviet newspapers denounce the North American games of football and baseball. They are also laying claim that their vodka is away ahead of our hybol.

Is it any easier for a salesman to assist a prospective customer in discovering what to buy? Well, you know at this time of the year an awful lot of us defer to the other fellows' judgment. Somehow we feel it's superior to our own.

The Queen has given four-year old Prince Charles a gun to play with, and for this has incurred the criticism of Rev. D. Oliver, a Congregational minister. Her Majesty has her private thoughts no doubt, after having digested one clergyman's remarks: "Let us avoid giving weapons of violence to children," he said "despite the deplorable example from high society recently publicized."

According to Vancouver, Christmas will be a warm, cheer season because the stocks of fuel are ample. There's no shortage of oil, wood, coal or sawdust nor anything else that can help contribute to warmth.

Three more steamships to load barley for Korea, and some time around the new year, more wheat will cross the Pacific. It has taken Prince Rupert many a long day to become recognized but it's here at last.

A nineteen-year-old girl in Barrie, Ont., attempted to recover from illness by faith healing. There should be physicians in any city of that size. And one can always be called.

In New Jersey what was at first thought a "flying saucer" has been found in a quarry. It turned out to be a decoration intended for a dance. So that's what the darned things are made of.

For ten thousand dollars, Jack Hubbard, Washington Weather Projects Inc., will undertake to prevent rain or snow on January 20, date of the Eisenhower inaugural. Ike has experienced a lot of each and ten thousand is a heap of cash—particularly during a winter when lots are laid off.

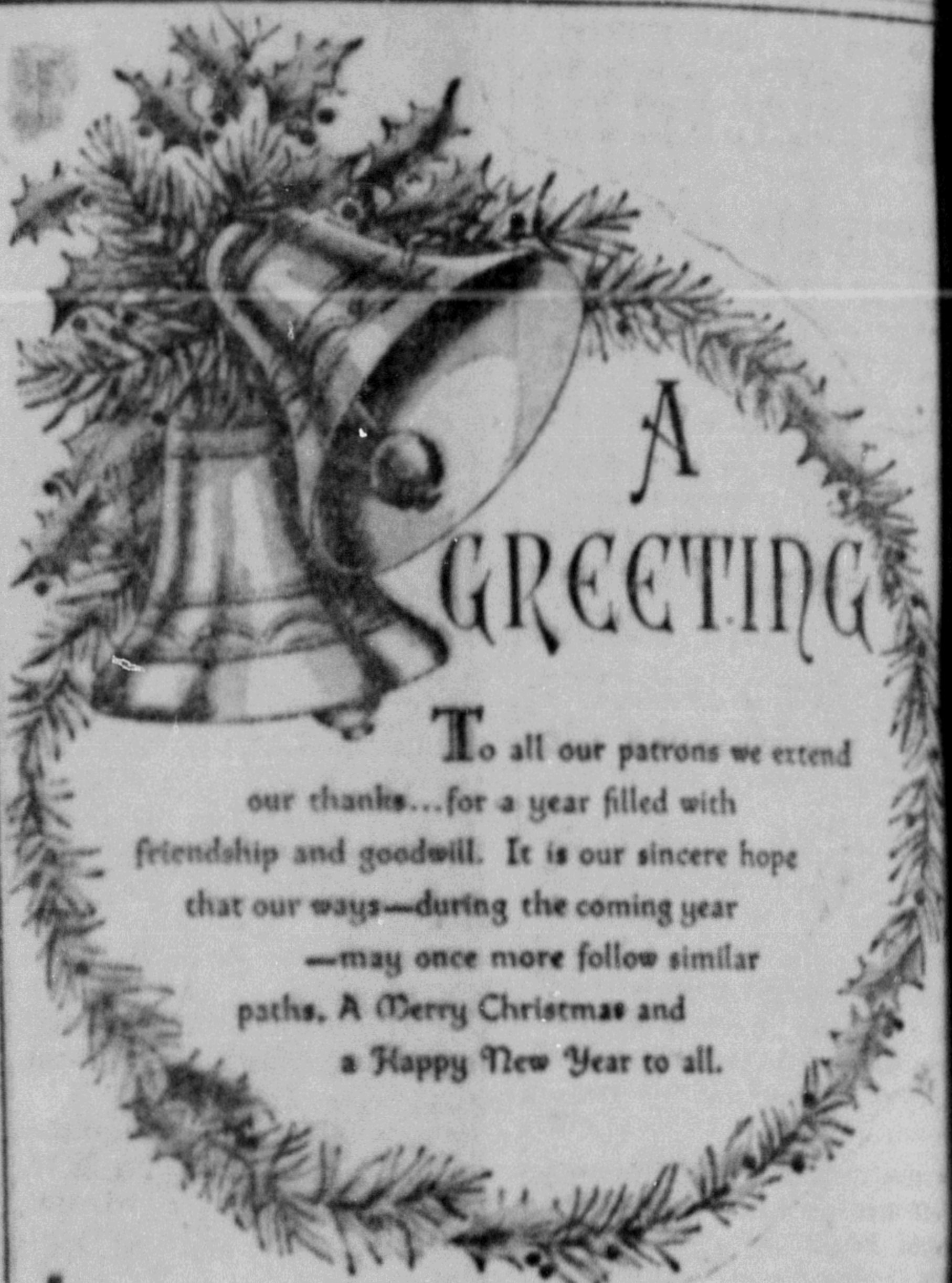
LINKED AT LAST

The PGE railway, already in Prince George is making a cheerful start, but it will be some months yet before full freight and passenger traffic and scheduled

ules will be in effect. However the long and tiresome story is finally ended. From now it will be the sort of line that begins somewhere and ends somewhere.

Doukhobors in B.C. march again! No one arrested, no property damage, no one injured. There's worse exercise.

Anyone in Michigan holds the job of Santa Claus is paid from 75 cents to a dollar an hour. In this day and age just about enough to establish the fact that "there ain't no



A GREETING

To all our patrons we extend our thanks...for a year filled with friendship and goodwill. It is our sincere hope that our ways—during the coming year—may once more follow similar paths. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

MANAGEMENT and STAFF of the CIVIC CENTRE DINING ROOM

CLOSED — All Day Christmas Day
OPEN
BOXING DAY 4:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.
NEW YEAR'S DAY 11:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.
CIVIC CENTRE DINING ROOM

A Very Merry Christmas To All.



RUPERT RADIO & ELECTRIC

Phone 644 Box 1279

A Merry Christmas

and a

Happy New Year

EDWARD T. APPLEWHITE, M.P., Skeena.

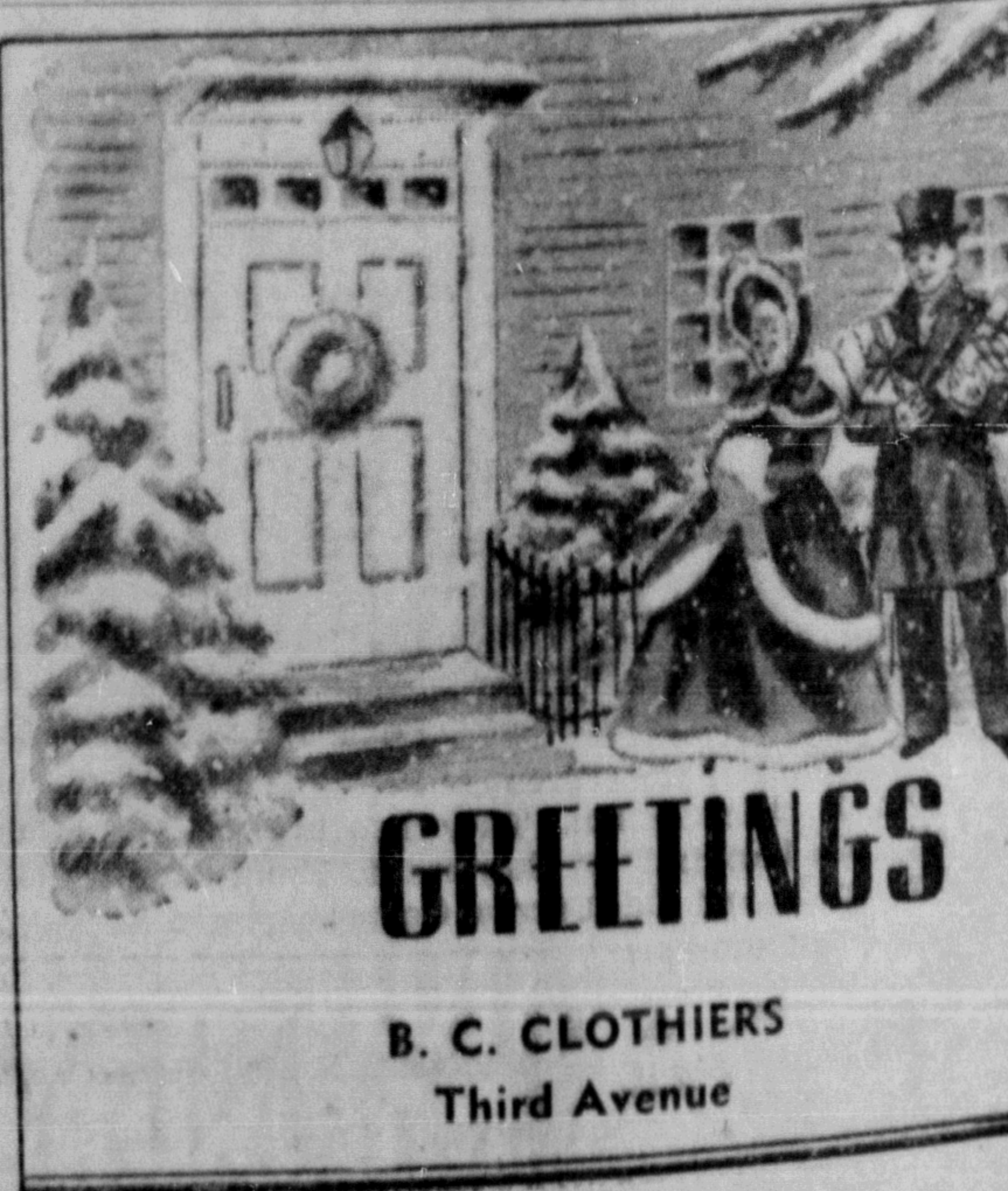
To The Citizens of Prince Rupert

A Sincere Wish For A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

(Signed)
HAROLD S. WHALEN,
Mayor of Prince Rupert.

Seasons Greetings AND Best Wishes to all our patrons and friends FROM

MODERN BEAUTY SHOPPE



GREETINGS

B. C. CLOTHIERS
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