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Hospitality Thrives Here

HOSPITALITY of Prince Rupert in the early days was proclaimed far and wide by visitors to the town. Then during the war years, the same generous spirit prevailed and thousands of men and women from distant parts enjoyed it. In the past two days—Christmas and Boxing Day—the residents of this city generously demonstrated that the hospitality of old still thrives in Prince Rupert.

Many a visitor here over Christmas had his Yuletide made bright by that hospitality. It is a hospitality not born merely of courtesy, but born of the heart. Simply, it is goodwill toward men. A city's greatness can be measured by the hospitality and stature of its people.

COME TO RUPERT

HERE IS A pre-New Year resolution for every staunch Prince Rupertite:
"I will be a staunch booster of this city and country. When writing 'thank you' letters for Christmas gifts received from relatives and friends out of town, I will invite them to visit Prince Rupert next summer and ask them to suggest to their friends that they also holiday here."

This city and province of ours have much to delight and interest visitors. By citing some of their wonders and attractions in letters we write, we can stimulate interest and help materially to promote the tourist trade which can mean so much.

Long-range planning is necessary if we are to reap rich benefits from the tourist business. So, let each one of us start now. Write that letter today!

The man who gets too big for his breeches is usually exposed in the end.



WHAT A WARM WELCOME ST. NICK RECEIVED!—Lovely Dorothy Parker, Canadian-born screen actress and former model, assured St. Nicholas a warm welcome when he paid his annual visit Christmas week.

PEACE PIPE BARGAIN — The peace pipe is still smoked by many Canadian Indian tribes, Romania who died in 1916 was particularly when a bargain is best known by her pen name, sealed.
QUEEN'S PEN NAME — Dowager Queen Elizabeth of

LIFE in this Prince Rupert

by BIDDEE JINKS

With the great day—Christmas—gone after weeks of bustling preparations, I am left with much cold turkey, a grated finger (done as usual in the dressing), and a feeling of great quiet. That the weather was one day behind in its calculations is my only irritation. Had it behaved as weather is supposed to on Christmas Eve, a group of us would have followed our practice of other years and gone singing carols as sweetly as nature had ordained that we should. As it was, we listened from inside, ourselves warm and dry and in the process of getting especially well-fed, to other carollers in a truck. With the younger members, we worried only slightly about Santa getting water-logged. Vividly, some of us knew he had his soaking some time in advance.

Morning . . . ah, morning . . . arrived at but 3:30 a.m. Happily it had not come to stay, for certain members of the family carried special items back with them to a warm and waiting bed—and Christmas Day arrived the second time much later. **MANY CHILDREN HAD NO CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR**
In spite of the activity that accompanies the advent of so wonderful and busy a day, I found time to compare it with others—other days and other people. For a fact, I knew that many children in our own city would find no expected gift from St. Nicholas, or even have much to eat. Another group, greater and more distant, would have much less after spending the night huddled under anything handy to keep from freezing.

I skipped over the morbid thought and went on preparing more food than was necessary, and ended up by thinking how Christmas, on the average, has stepped up in tempo since the days of my own childhood.

Then it was a time of great family gatherings. Our house, chosen probably because of our family equation of seven-and-two make nine, was the scene of these parties. From noon-time onward, the excitement mounted among the young household, and the exquisite feeling of Christmas Eve fell like a blanket. For once we forgot to be as near as possible to the mince tarts, but fastened our gaze out of the window, or followed the road a small distance "just to see if Grandpa is in sight." He never was, for no one arrived until evening when the chores were done—an item we overlooked in our rightful childish anxiety.

Eventually they were all there—aunts, uncles and cousins galore. Fun ran rampant that night, fun of the old-fashioned calibre, which allowed Grandpa to play a game much older than himself, and he took his turn at being blindfolded after he was caught and detected by his wealth of beard.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AGES DISSOLVED
Now, I think it was that very thing we anticipated most, the dropping for one evening and the next day, too, of the rigid line of deference and respectful distance that existed between parent and child, or between older and younger. For the most part, for the rest of the year we lived in one world and they in another. I never thought the

thought, or dreamed to tell my mother she looked "oh, about 17." Of course she didn't; but it was her clothes and the knowledge that she was past 30 which made her so, not in the fact that her hair was more beautiful than her daughter's and her figure something to envy.

Our gifts were of a practical nature or were of the mechanical kind over which the whole family watched and laughed until they wore out that first day. We did not think of them as practical. Skates were skates, and a few dress was a dream come true. One most pleasing gift received on my third Christmas, was a pair of shoes, shepherd plaid but with patent trim and purple lining. They sat a little by themselves under the tree that morning, and my delighted eyes knew them as mine for those just older and just younger were of the other sex.

We lived much as everyone else lived for miles around. We had no more, and no less, except that our horses shone a little fatter and our driving sleighs were long and well-turned. My father loved horses. The harness was kept in perfect shape with the addition of Scotch-tops with their red plumes. For the Yuletide, sleigh-bells were polished and fastened to the backband to set us and the frosty air a-thrill with a tinkling in tune to prancing feet.

ONLY SPIRIT OF SANTA REMAINS CONSTANT
Toast was a slice of bread browned over the coals in our world. And someone sitting by the street talking to himself in utter profanity on Christmas Day was a horror reserved for much later life—a thing on which my children hardly make comment. Santa Claus was seen only on rare occasions, and was always the same. It seems there was but one suit in the district and it made the rounds. He was a much adored old gentleman that outlived many scoffs and jeers, and, later, pretending almost brought him back.

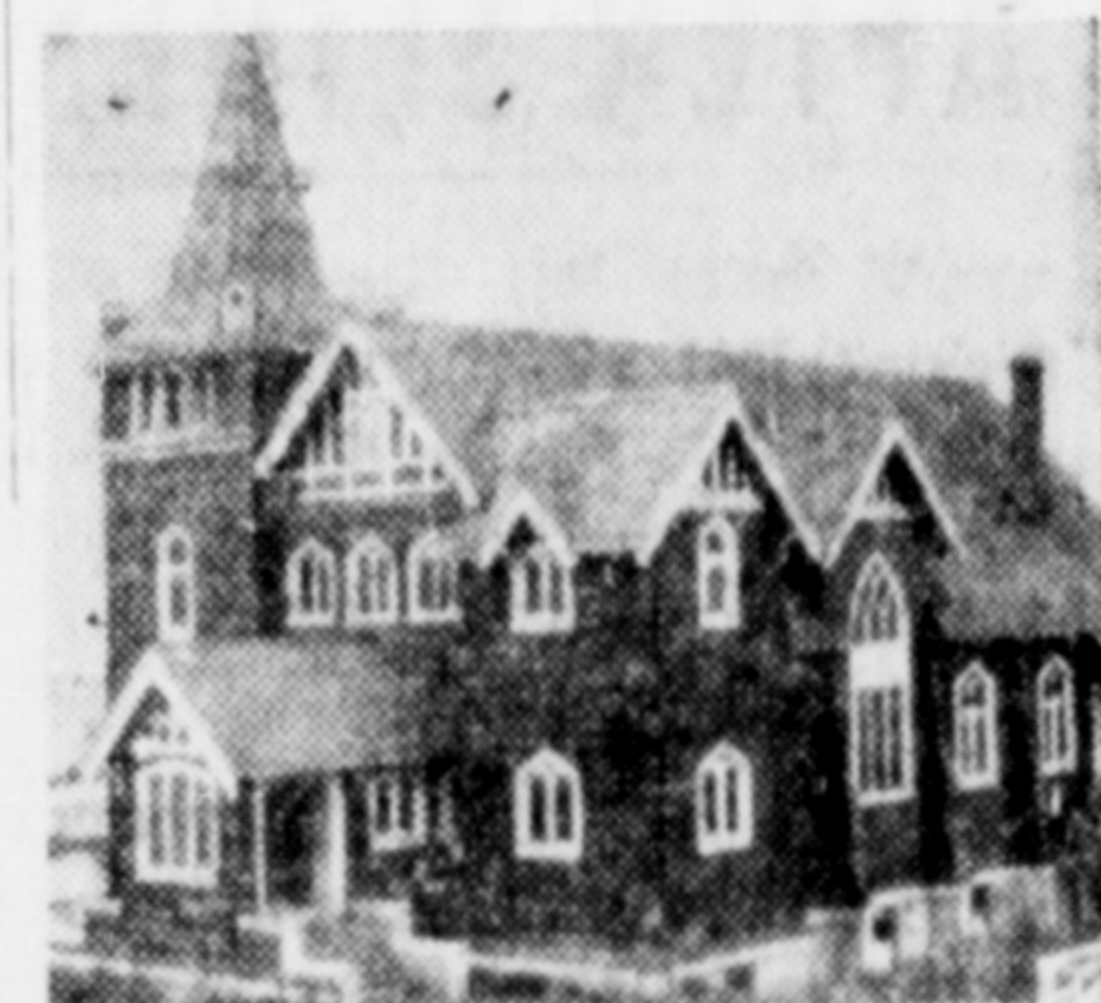
Then as now, Christmas past meant New Year not far away. One recovers from the first barely in time to make a few well-chosen resolutions for the other. By times these brief forms take the shape of wishing . . . for things as impossible to find as are the resolutions to keep alive. Just now, one wish is constant. It would need a magic wand to bring one of those pages back, not for myself but for my children—yet I would have it so. Knowing, even hearing after it was done and once more folded away, a "Gee, Mom, I like it this way best!"

INCOME DOUBLED IN NEW ZEALAND

AUCKLAND, N.Z. — Aggregate private income in New Zealand more than doubled in the 10 years from 1937 to 1946 and is still rising. The total in 1937 was \$505,600,000 compared with \$1,046,400,000 in 1946. These totals include salaries and wages, other forms of individual income, state benefits and pensions and company income.

Salaries and wages increased to more than double in the 10 years, whereas "other income" rose by less than half. Social security benefits and pensions in 1946 were three times as great as in 1937 and it is estimated that they will be five times as great in 1947. Company income has increased to four times its 1937 level.

GREAT YARMOUTH, Eng. — Thousands of fresh-water fish were killed when gales fanned the sea into the fresh-water Norfolk Broads.



First Presbyterian Church
Fourth Avenue East
Rev. Allan M. McCall,
Supply Minister.

11 a.m.—Anthem by Junior Choir.
Sermon: "Boast Not Thyself of Tomorrow."

7:30 p.m.—Antiem by Senior Choir.
Sermon: "Thine Ear Shall Hear a Voice Behind Thee."

A word for the last service of the year.
We best prepare ourselves for entrance into the New Year by dealing faithfully with the old one.

First Baptist Church
(Young Street)
Minister: Rev. F. Antrobus
Phone: Res. Green 812

Sunday, December 28
11 a.m.—Morning Service.
12:15 p.m.—Church School.
7:30 p.m.—Evening Service.

Wednesday, December 31
8:30 p.m.—Annual meeting of Sunday School teachers and officers in the church. This meeting will be followed by refreshments to which all those attending the following service are cordially invited.
11:20 p.m.—Watch-Night Service.

REGULAR BAPTIST

(FUNDAMENTALIST)
1.0 DE Hall—5th and McBride Phone 309
Sunday, Dec. 28, 1947
"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—I Tim. 1:15.
12:15 p.m.—Sunday School. (Special children's talk—The Misses Krowchenko.)
7:30 p.m.—Gospel Service. (Prayer—Praise—Testimony)—Come and close the Old Year aright. Speaker—G.R.S. Blackaby Topic—"CALVARY IMPLICIT IN BETHLEHEM."
Special Music — Ladies' Trio "THE LOVE OF GOD"

WE PREACH THE OLD-TIME RELIGION

A Renaissance of . . .

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When you lay plans for that NE WCOAT, DRESS or SUIT, visit Sweet Sixteen and use our convenient BUDGET PLAN—No Interest—No Carrying Charges.



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Church

DIRECTORY

Services in all churches at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.; Sunday school at 12:45 except as shown.

ANGELICAN CATHEDRAL
4th Ave. W. at Dunsmuir St.
Holy Communion 8:30 a.m.
Sunday School 2:00 p.m.
Rector: Basil S. Prockter, B.A., B.D. (Blue 733)

FIRST BAPTIST
5th Ave. E. at Young St.
Minister: Rev. Fred Antrobus (Green 812)

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN
4th Avenue East (Green 982)

FIRST UNITED
636 6th Ave. West
Minister: R. A. Wilson, M.A. (Green 613)

FULL GOSPEL TABERNACLE
221 6th Ave. West
Pastor: Paul A. Barber (Green 620)

SALVATION ARMY
Fraser Street
C.O.: Capt. Earl Jarrett
Directory Class 2:30 p.m.
Sunday School 3:00 p.m. (Black 209)

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN
5th Ave. at McBride St.
Pastor: S. Solland (Black 910)

ST. PETER'S ANGLICAN
Seal Cove
Archdeacon E. Hodson
Sunday School 11:00 a.m.
Evening Prayer 7:30 p.m. (Blue 627)

COMMUNITY SUNDAY SCHOOL
East End Hall, 2:30 p.m.

The Salvation Army
Captain and Mrs. E. Jarrett,
Corps Officers.

TONIGHT, 8 p.m.—Youth Rally.
TOMORROW—

"Enter into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise."—Ps. 100-4.
11 a.m.—Holiness Meeting:
"This Is the Victory."
2:30 p.m.—Directory Class.
3:00 p.m.—Sunday School.
7:30 p.m.—Candle Light Service entitled "The Christmas Altar."
A Very Happy and Blessed New Year To All!

NOTTINGHAM, Eng. — Because he received 20 appeals for money during his first weeks as Lord Mayor, Councillor John Mitchell said he was not in office to "provide petty cash" and added he could not "find husbands, wives or pen-pals."

WISHING ALL OUR

FRIENDS AND PATRONS

A
Happy
New Year



The Popular S.S. PRINCE RUPERT
Sails For
VANCOUVER
AND INTERMEDIATE PORTS
EACH THURSDAY
AT 11:15 P.M.
For KETCHIKAN
WEDNESDAY MIDNIGHT

For information call or write City or Depot Ticket Offices.
PRINCE RUPERT, B.C.

Just Arrived

Another Shipment of POPULAR

Connor Washers
IN THREE MODELS

Now on Display

Rupert Radio & Elect
PHONE 644



MAY THE NEW YEAR
BE THE HAPPIEST
YOU HAVE KNOWN

From . . .
BOB, GEORGE and EVEL
Brownwood
SHOES

We thank you for your patronage during the past year and extend to you a very
Happy New Year

PHILPOTT, EVITT & CO. LTD.

PHONES 651 - 652

COAL — LUMBER — BUILDING SUPPLIES



WRATHALL'S
Photo Finishing
Mac Shoe Hos
Box 774

Fireworks!

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY
WE HAVE AN INTERESTING STOCK FOR A "BA" CELEBRATION

THE VARIETY STORE
Where Your Dimes are Little Bools
518 Third West

Good Will Gifts to Britain

Members of the Rotary Club, assisted by the Boy Scouts, will make a canvass of the city during the week DECEMBER 29 to JANUARY 3. Please have your parcels of clothing or grocery items ready.

IF YOU PREFER A CASH DONATION, PUT SAME IN AN ENVELOPE WITH YOUR NAME AND IT WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED.

Prince Rupert's gifts to the needy of Poole, England