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A Gain to the City

WHEN people of 70 or over get together, as they did in Prince Rupert this week, an onlooker realizes that altogether too many alarm signals have been erected along the approaches to advanced age. Nothing really happens as the years roll by except that tempers improve, personalities mellow and honest pleasure is more readily found.

Senility in most cases has no application, for the truth seems to be that the mind at 70 and beyond is usually far more keen and vigorous than outward appearances suggest and, in fact, is continuing to grow. While there are several elderly world figures today who substantiate this, further proof is being carried out on a less spectacular level by a British industrialist named Alfred Owen.

Head of a big engineering firm in England, Mr. Owen believed that the majority of old employees did not want complete retirement and should not be forced to take it. He, therefore, put 15 of his pensioners to work in a shop converted from an unused building and told them to go ahead at their own speed.

Although the old-timers are supposed to report at 8:30 a.m., an hour later than the other employees, they do not have to punch a time-clock and can work just as long as they please, knocking off to loaf for an hour or so if they feel inclined. They are paid for what they turn out and their regular pension continues in force.

In this shop without a boss, where every worker is over 70, there is no lateness and absenteeism is as low as in any factory in England. Although the owner expected the program to run at a loss, it has consistently turned in a clear net profit above wages and overhead. This year the number so employed has been increased. It will go on increasing until every man eligible for retirement will, if he wishes, be included.

In the gentle twilight years it appears there is much chance of happiness and accomplishment which is not generally understood. Those who met this week have rightfully gained admittance to that attractive world, and the city is better for having them in its midst.

We do not patronize these older citizens. We congratulate and envy them.



As I See It

BY

Elmore Philpott

● TOTAL PEACE ON EARTH

AS A NEWSPAPERMAN who, for thirty years, has written about 500 words per day I never cease to marvel at the superb craftsmanship of the inspired writers of the Holy Bible.

Take the wonderful story of the birth of the baby Jesus, as told by Saint Luke, beginning verse eight, chapter two.

He takes only 230 words to tell this wonderful story commencing "And there were in that same country shepherds, keeping watch over their flock by night" down to where the same shepherds, having found the new born babe, return to their job "glorifying and praising God for all the things that they can be heard and seen."

What power, nobility—but above all, what economy there is in the words, such as when "the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid."

HENCE my kick about the new translation. For hundreds of years unnumbered millions of people have learned from earliest infancy that the heavenly multitude, which accompanied the angel, said:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men."

Now in the new Revised Standard version we have it watered down like the quibbles of the cold war antagonists at UN or the peace-words-where-there-is-no-peace-will at the truce tent in Korea.

The Revised standard gives it: "And on earth, peace among men with whom He is pleased."

IF THAT is the literal translation of the original Greek words as written by Saint Luke

(which I doubt), then all I can conclude is that the men who produced the King James version were more truly, divinely inspired either than Luke or the recent translators.

"The whole point of the teaching of the Prince of Peace Himself was that the Kingdom of God would come to earth when humans were willing to do what Jesus Himself demonstrated, as did Gandhi, much later:

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; That ye may be the children of your father which is in heaven, for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust."

HUNDREDS of years before the baby Jesus was born the prophet Isaiah wrote: For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

The whole purpose of the birth, life, death and re-life of Jesus Christ was to bring peace between Man and God, patron and nation, race and race, class and class. It was total, not partial, peace.

A Child's Life of Jesus



"I love you, my dear son," He said. "I am happy that you have come home to me."

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 IX

When we do things that Jesus asks we feel just wonderful. We feel gay and glad just as He said we would.

He liked to tell stories to show what He meant, like the one about the Prodigal Son. (Prodigal means someone who wastes things.)

It is the story of two boys. Their father was rich, and someday he meant to give all his money to the sons. But one son did not want to wait. He was the prodigal. He asked for his part right away. And his father gave him the money.

With his pockets full, the prodigal son left his home and went far away. He wasted all he had. He spent it on foolish things. Soon his money was all gone. Then he was hungry and had nothing to eat. He was tired but he had no bed to sleep in. He went to work feeding the hogs for a farmer. He had to eat the same food as the pigs. He had to sleep on a hard bench in the pen with the pigs. He was cold and had no blanket. He cried and wished he had stayed at home.

At last the prodigal son said to himself: "I will go back to my father's house. I will ask my father to take me as his hired servant."

So he started to walk the long way back. For days he walked the hard dusty road. And when he was still a long way off from home his father saw him coming. The father ran to meet the prodigal son and threw his arms about him and blessed him. The father took off the son's ragged clothes and put on him a fine new robe. And he put a gold ring on his finger.

We can all see for ourselves why Jesus told this happy story. He wanted us to know that our Father in Heaven feels like that. No matter how foolish we have been, He will always hug us to His breast if we will be sorry, and make no more mistakes, if we can help it.

One morning Jesus, who loved animals and trees and flowers so much, told a story about the white, woolly lambs. There was one in the stable where He was born—remember? Now that Jesus was a grown-up man, He called Himself a Shepherd and the people were His sheep. This time He told the story of a shepherd who had a hundred sheep. One lamb did not stay near its mother but wandered away by itself and it got lost. It was a dark, cold night.

So what did the shepherd do about it?

The good shepherd left the 99 good sheep in their warm shed while he went out in the cold and the dark to search for the foolish lamb that had lost itself. When the shepherd found the lost sheep, he gave a shout of joy. He lifted it up and put it on his shoulder and carried it back to the fold.

Then he called together all his neighbors and friends and said:

"Come and be glad with me, for I have found the sheep that was lost and it was not eaten up by the wolves."

Our Father in Heaven is like that good shepherd, Jesus said. There is joy in heaven, when one foolish person stops making mistakes and comes back to God.

Monday: The Last Supper

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L THE LETTERBOX

GUESTS WELCOME
Coca-Cola

BACKS MAYOR

Editor, Daily News:
May I, too, be permitted a few lines in your paper regarding the previous election. Frankly, I think "Just a Rupert Housewife" has the wrong slant regarding Mayor Whalen. Who is better able to give advice on suitable candidates than the Mayor?

Of course we are living in a free country and did not have to follow this advice, but as he gave an outspoken and much-needed opinion, it was up to us to think and decide for ourselves.

As for "dictating," did not Mr. Casey practically insist we vote for his choice in a pre-election speech on behalf of other candidates? Where is the difference, may I ask Rupert Housewife?

Mayor Whalen is doing a good job. We need more like him.
A HOUSEWIFE, TOO.

PRINCE RUPERT DRYDOCK AND SHIPYARD

SHIPBUILDERS AND ENGINEERS

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Welding

SPECIALISTS ON SAWMILL and MINING MACHINERY

UNDER OUR ROOF

By JOHN STURDY

Yesterday I went out to cut a Christmas tree. I must say that it was one advantage of living in the country and having a small holding—there's none of this business of paying out three or four dollars for a scraggly bit of evergreen that some sharp-faced profiteer has the audacity to call a Christmas tree.

No, here in the country you just grab your little hatchet, walk into the woods on your own property, and take your pick.

Which is just as well this year, because right now I have not the price of a stick of peppermint candy, having been forced to pay the farmer for all the turkeys that Little Augie shot last week—we had a turkey-shoot on the island, and Little Augie took the term literally. While the members of the local Rod and Gun Club were in the field behind the hotel, firing at cardboard targets for the prize turkey, Little Augie was in a nearby turkey farm, mowing down birds with his trusty forty-five.)

Well, it was either a matter of paying the farmer for the turkeys or going to jail, which would have been all right with me if they had wanted to incarcerate Little Augie alone, but there was a little technicality about finding the dead turkeys in my kitchen and something about "receiving stolen goods," so I paid.

I'm determined about one thing, that Little Augie is going to be so sick of eating roast turkey, and boiled turkey and a fried turkey that he will never want to hear the name again. Well, our Christmas dinner had cost me plenty, but the Christmas tree was something else again. All I had to do was cut down a small tree on my own property, and I couldn't go wrong there. It couldn't cost me anything.

I was starting for the woods with my little hatchet when I encountered Hamish and Col. S. Skeffington-Smutts (Ret.) and the next thing I knew they had me down on the ground and were trying to wrest the axe from my grasp.

"Don't do it!" pleaded Hamish, sitting on my chest. "Think of your wife and child!"
Well, it took some explaining to convince them that I was merely on my way into the woods to cut down a Christmas tree, and not, as they thought, to split Little Augie's head in two. The hatchet, of course, had frightened them.
"We will cut down a tree for you," offered the Colonel.

"No," I said firmly. "I can cut down my own tree. I am fully capable of cutting down a tree."

They looked at me doubtfully, as they always do when I am embarked on any form of physical labor, and I tossed my head haughtily and stamped off into the woods.

It is not easy to find the right kind of Christmas tree. They look splendid when they are sticking in the ground, but when you chop them down some peculiar chance seems to occur. They are either bare on one side, or lop-sided, or the branches fall off, and I must have tackled about twenty of them before I found one that was half-way suitable. It was then that I heard the cry.

It sounded like the Colonel's voice, but I thought that was silly, because why should the Colonel be shouting, "Timber!" and so I ignored it and picked up my Christmas tree and my little hatchet and started out of the woods.

It was then that I saw this other tree. It was about a hundred feet high and it was moving. I thought: "Certainly is a strong wind today to make a giant tree like that bend over," and then it suddenly struck me that there wasn't any wind today.

I dropped my own tree and I dropped my hatchet and I started to run.

Two hours later when they dug me out of the branches of the fallen monster, the Colonel said apologetically: "Sorry old boy, it should have toppled the other way."

"You've messed up the branches," said Hamish ruefully. "And it was such a lovely tree."

Yes, sir, that's one thing about living in the country—you can go out and cut down your own Christmas tree and it doesn't cost you a penny. Of course, in this case, the

A1 PICK OF THE MARKET

1949 Plymouth Sedan—Smart, gray, reconditioned motor, good tires. Real family car. Only \$1435
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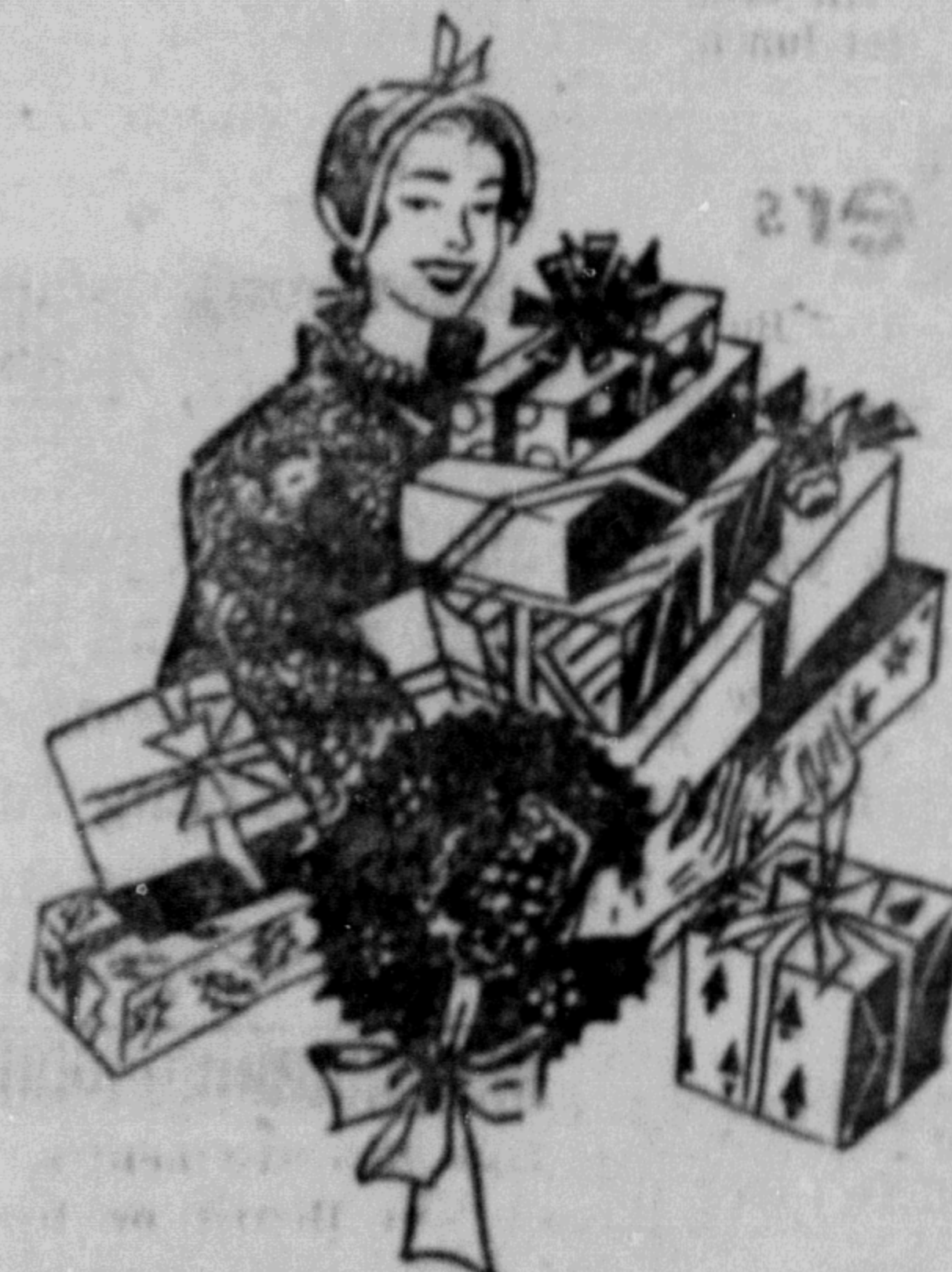


tree that the Colonel and Hamish had felled happened to take all the power lines with it, and the telephone line, too, and both the power company and the telephone company say I am responsible for the damage, because the property belongs to me, and they will bill me accordingly and thanks for cheque by return mail.
Oh, well — Merry Christmas everybody!

GILBEY'S Governor-General IMPORTED DEMERARA RUM

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