

## Santa Blames The Parents, Not Tots On Jangled Nerves

NEW YORK (UPI)—It's parents not the children, who wear Santa Claus to a frazzle, says one veteran Kris Kringle.

Jangled nerves go with jingle bells because, in the words of this particular Santa, "parents never seem to grow up. Some of them resent the affection the child will show us. We get neurotic mothers who never have gotten out of life what they want and blame this on the kids."

This Kris is Jon Richards, 49, an actor playing the character lead in the off-broadway production of "Leave It To Jane." He has been a Santa at Gimbel's Department store for 10 Christmases and now acts as unofficial captain of the store's Santa force.

"We develop into amateur psychologists," said Richards. "We can tell immediately when there's harmony in the family; we get a happy child. Friction in the family? The child on my knee is

nervous and tense. "Sometimes I'd like to adulterate the adults."

He also would like to restrain doting grandparents. "They can be quite difficult," said Santa. "So we try to move grandma out of the scene."

Lest Richards sound like an Ebenezer Scrooge, let it be said that not all parents annoy him. He does love people.

"But I would suggest this to each parent," he said, in an interview in the Santas' dressing room. "Don't force a child to visit Santa. Don't use the words 'now, don't be afraid.' Don't use Santa as a threat, telling children that unless they eat their cereal or drink their milk or be good that Santa won't come."

Richards is one of six Santas at the department store which this time of the year is one confused crush. "One day we clocked 10,000 children through here," he said.

To keep that mass of small fry from putting Santa into the hospital, each Kris works one hour on, one hour off "stage." All are actors, some of whom are at liberty, some of whom, like Richards, handle two roles.

Richards, a native of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., said he had been in snow business since he was 13 and did a soft shoe dance in a minstrel show. After Christmas, he resumes his daytime radio show business since he was 13 soap operas.

He is married and the father of two children, a daughter, 16, and a son, 24.

"One of the rules we have is, never lie to children. When they question how come they saw so many Santas we tell them that we are only Santa's helpers... that the real Santa is the Spirit of Christmas."

"I think most children believe, not in Santa necessarily, but in what he represents."



"ADORATION OF THE MAGI"—This oil-on-wood painting, 9 1/2 x 12 1/2 inches, is called the Jativa Master after the small town in Spain where it was discovered. It was painted by an anonymous Spaniard in 15th century.

## U.S. Gobs Gift Ike With Golfing Statuette During Foreign Cruise

CASABLANCA (UPI)—Backstairs at the traveling White House:

The other morning off the coast of southern France, President Eisenhower watched from an upper deck of the cruiser Des Moines while units of the American Sixth Fleet steamed by in proud review.

As the huge aircraft carrier Saratoga eased her enormous bulk through the choppy sea before the President, a man standing behind Eisenhower said, "There goes the only ship big enough to have suburbs."

The enlisted men of the supply division of the carrier Essex which escorted the Des Moines through the Mediterranean sent Eisenhower a gift. It was a fabric statuette of a golfer with an idiotic smile on his face and looking straight up in the middle of his backswing.

The President saw it and roared with laughter. "By golly, that's just about my style."

The Navy put a golf practice net aboard the Des Moines for the President and had clubs for him, too, but he would not use the equipment. He was not about to have it said that he was riding around in the Mediterranean on a floating driving range.

One more river to cross today—a big one, too: The Atlantic Ocean—and this trip will be in the history books. Because of fatigue and the close contacts of living together in a tightly compressed herd for nearly three weeks under most difficult conditions, there are some rather short and raw tempers in the homeward bound party.

Once the head colds begin to clear up at home, once a relatively normal sleep pattern is re-established, what seem to be intense grievances on the beach today in Morocco will fade blessedly under the kindly unguent of Christmas at home.

But there are some people for whom there will be little or no holiday. For example, the President—and not even the Democratic national committee would deny it—is in need of a rest and he's been thinking about going down to Augusta, Ga., for a few days just after Christmas. If not Augusta, Gettysburg.

This means quite a few men of the secret service, the signal corps, the White House staff and the around-the-clock nucleus of the press corps will have to keep moving.

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More than one man in the President's party was murmuring on the way home today, "What am I going to tell my wife and kids if he goes away the day after Christmas?" Yet, if a President is to consider his own survival and well-being and if he feels a vacation is required, it is a rather dreadful burden on him to have to weigh the feelings of a secret service agent's family against his own.

And a final note of advised mercy and understanding on the part of the wives whose traveling husbands will be home late tonight: When he unwraps that yards-long, glittering Indian sari and says "Just for you,

## BB Expecting Twin Babies?

PARIS (UPI)—Pacis buzzed today with speculation that Brigitte Bardot may be expecting twins.

The speculation was touched off by the delivery Tuesday of two cradles to Miss Bardot's home.

Miss Bardot's physicians refused to comment on the subject. One, Dr. T. Laennec, however, disclosed that Miss Bardot would become a mother sooner than had been expected.

Earlier reports had predicted the birth in February, or even later. The indications now were that it would come in mid-January.

Miss Bardot and her husband, movie idol Jacques Charrier, refused for weeks earlier this year to confirm rumors of her pregnancy.



RINGING OUT Merry Christmas and Joy to All!

### BARBERS UNION

La Grande-Island City Local No. 717

## Phonetaps, Steel Strike Threat Add Up To Bad Christmas News

WASHINGTON (UPI)—All is not aglow at this Christmas time. There's bad news with the good. According to a Senate committee, our phones may be tapped. The steel strike isn't really over, at all. And Edna Wallace Hopper, the symbol of perpetual youth, has died. Although they didn't know for sure, she probably wasn't a year over 85 or 90.

John L. Lewis has announced he's quitting as head of the United Mine Workers, after 40 years. All the editorial writers consider him respectable now, he complained recently, and the job's no fun anymore.

Nelson Rockefeller ran out of money in Dallas, shattering another illusion. It's true though the store finally saw its way clear to let him have a few items on credit.

**A Few Bright Spots**  
Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield says now we may have to start soon paying five cents for a stamp. To be safe, I'm going to buy up some fours.

But if you look hard enough, there's always a bright spot or two.

The government says dividends are up and we're all richer than ever before. Of course this does raise a question exactly what group they've been sampling. I guess Perle Mesta, the Washington hostess, was one of those counted. She's just solved one of her Christmas gift problems with a nice mink coat for her poodle.

All the evidence is that Russia is still way ahead in the space race but even here there's a felicitous note. It seems we've made our last space attempt for the year. Government sources say we definitely won't fire another dud

before 1960.

**Quit Canning Laughs**  
Also on the sunny side, it's too late now to mail Christmas cards, so you can go ahead and forget it. And the Internal Revenue Service assures me the postman shouldn't deliver your tax form

1040 until at least two or three days after Christmas.

There's no use at all brooding over the aminotriazole that no longer contaminates our cranberry jelly, or the stilbestrol which farmers no longer inject into the heads of their chickens.

**NOEL! NOEL!**  
Angel music filled the sky, and flashing white wings cut the air — I thought I saw a snowflake fly... and touched a feather in my hair.

From the Staff of  
**PETROLANE GAS SERVICE**

**BEST WISHES**  
A joyous Christmas to everyone!

**OREGON TRACTOR CO.**

**MANY JOYOUS GREETINGS**

YOUR J. C. PENNEY COMPANY LA GRANDE STORE

**CLINT SMITHE, GEORGE STEELE AND ASSOCIATES**

**Saturday is Exchange Day At Penney's**  
Penney's knows Santa sometimes makes mistakes... SO WE'LL BE GLAD TO MAKE EXCHANGES  
If someone gave you the wrong size, color or style — bring it back and let us exchange it. If it's a gift from Penney's we want you to be completely happy with it!

**GREETINGS TO ONE AND ALL!**

**MCGLOSSON'S STATIONERY**

... This Wish is Addressed Especially To You!

**BEEMAN'S UNION SERVICE**

**GREETINGS**

We stand at attention to review the past, counting our many friends and wishing them well. During Yuletide, and in the year to come — be happy, all of you!

**La Grande Furniture Warehouse**

**Tidings of Joy**

Let not the bells toll our forgetfulness of the meaning of Christmas... but ring joyously of faith re-affirmed.

**VAN'S BEAUTY SALON**

**A CHRISTMAS CAROL**  
we send your way to greet you on this Day.

**ARCTIC REFRIGERATION**

**Season's Greetings**

To all our many friends and customers— may you enjoy the happiest holiday ever!

**Your La Grande SAFEWAY**

**The Season's Best Wishes**

May the highways and byways of life lead to a Happy Holiday for you and yours! May we at this time express our gratitude to all of our many friends for their loyal patronage... To All — A Very **MERRY CHRISTMAS**

The Staff At  
**Basche-Sage Hardware**

HAROLD TONEY LARRY TONEY  
LOWELL CADE KEN AWMILLER