

Christmas Time Advice

By Martha Banning Thomas

"There is a custom," said the oak,
That ancient tree who seldom spoke
"At Christmas time for men to hew
The spruce and pine and hemlock, too,
"Down to their roots with saw and shout
And drag them through the woods and out.
He paused, and rustled through his leaves
(Now old and thin) like one who grieves,
While spruce and hemlock whispered low
Among themselves—"And you must go
"Away from this familiar place
To entertain the human race.
"They'll set you up in street and store
In huts, hotels and mansions for
"The children's pleasure. They will trim
Each tiny branch, each sturdy limb:
"Instead of snow, your green will wear
Tinsel and baubles everywhere:
"Instead of stars, your eyes will see
Electric bulbs . . . but you must be
"Patient and strong: your boughs will sag
Under their gifts: your arms will drag
"Down to the floor, and night and day
You'll have no rest in any way.
"You must endure the thirst for rain,
The need of night, the aching pain
"Of loneliness," thus said the oak,
That ancient tree who seldom spoke,
"But here's one dream by which to live—
Think of the Christmas joy you'll give!"

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The Turner Tribune

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.25 PER YEAR

Entered at the Postoffice at Turner, Oregon, as second-class matter, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Issued every Thursday at Turner, Marion County, Oregon.

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Christmas is, of all times of the year, the children's season. The giving of presents to children at Christmas time is as old as Christianity itself, for it was begun by the three Wise Men of the East who came to Bethlehem, where the Child lay in the manger, bringing gifts.

It is easy to forget what it is that Christmas commemorates. It is easy to think of it merely as a holiday time, a time when there is a great deal of shopping to be done, when the stores are crowded and everybody is busy wrapping up Christmas packages and the postmen are overloaded and grown-ups as well as children are looking forward expectantly to see what they are going to get for Christmas presents.

The spirit of Christmas is, or should be, the spirit of universal love, of peaceful goodwill between all mankind. Christmas marks the anniversary of a new era, the setting aside of the old laws of vengeance and hatred, of exact and even justice regardless of mercy. We too often forget that. We too easily forget that the message which the Heavenly host brought to earth on that night nearly two thousand years ago was a message of love and joy.

It is meet and proper that we should exchange presents among our friends and loved ones, but the greatest joy of Christmas time comes from the gifts we give the children. Joy for the children, even greater joy for the giver. Whatever our own state of happiness or sorrow, we grown-ups owe it to ourselves, to the spirit and tradition which Christmas commemorates, and to the children themselves, to see that every one of them, at least, has a Merry Christmas.

CHRISTMAS BY SUSAN MAITLAND in New York Evening Post

THE snow drifts deeply down the winding field
And winds ski shrewdly on the crusted slope;
The river's breadth is pallidly congealed,
And, through the spectral trees, black shadows grope

For a familiar landmark—quite the same
As on a score of other winter nights;
Yet, in the house beyond, the holly's flame
Crackles in fragrant wreaths, and mellow lights

Halo the vividly transparent glass;
A tree, serenely tapered with a star,
Basks on the hearth; excited shadows pass
Before the ruddy fire and sweetly scar
The silence with seductive whispering,
The smothered slur of paper and the taut
Knot of a ribbon or a tinsel string,
A footstep hesitant at a new thought.

Through fainting distance, voices, bright and clear,
Carol a beauty that is ever young—
A peace that is invulnerably dear—
A joy that is old-fashioned warmth among
The ages that have waned since Bethlehem—
And then they dim to echoes of their mirth—
To worship tenderly becoming them—
As a King's glory shines once more on earth.

My First Christmas Tree

NOW, Kings and Queens,
"Take notice please!"
If you'd have a peaceful reign,
Be sure you pick a land like mine,
That all the world proclaims.

Now, my domain is under a tree
Whose boughs are a glittering shen,
Where hopscods peep out unafraid of a noise,
And kittle cats frolic about in the toys.

This is my first big Christmas tree
And its tinsel boughs hang full,
Of goodies from most every land,
And little lambs of wool.

My Grandma says, "I'm King today."
Under my Christmas tree;
God send his sweetest comforts,
To Grandma and to me.

—Illinois Farmer

Christmas Greetings

If all our Christmas wishes
For your holidays come true,
You will have success, good fortune
And the joys of friendship, too!

Albus Drug Store Stayton, Ore.

GREETINGS

We Cannot say the words we would
Of deep appreciation;
We take this way of wishing you
A Happy celebration

TURNER STATE BANK

A Merry Christmas

Brush from the heart's own hearthstone
The dull, dead ashes of care;
Breath with the breath of the soul, new life
In the embers of love glowing there;
Kindle anew with friendship
The full, warm glow — till the eye
Shines with the spirit of Christmastime
On the humblest of passerby.

—Ditter's General Store Sublimity

MERRY CHRISTMAS

You've dealt with us the whole
Year through,
Accept congratulation!
Merry Christmas!

Happy New Year!

Delightful combination

KENNEDY'S City Cleaning Works

1245 State Street Phone 703 Salem, Oregon

Merry Christmas

You've been our friend the whole
year through
And we send happy thoughts to you
May every heart be filled with joy,
Glad welcome for the
New Year Boy

H. P. JENSEN, Turner Hardware & Blacksmithing

Christmas Greetings

Sing a Song of Christmas
Pocket full of rye
Twenty-four good wishes
Baked in a pie!
Wishes for the New Year,
Others for success,
Hopes for all your heart desires
To bring you happiness!

CENTRAL PHARMACY

Guardian Building P. D. Quisenberry Salem, Oregon

Christmas Greetings

We can't locate each one of you
To wish you Christmas glory,
So here's the way we advertise
The same old happy story
A Christmas bright with loyalty,
A New Year gay and snappy,
New friends, old loves and all
good things
To keep the New Year Happy

Turner Lumber & Manufacturing Co.

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