



It is a pleasure, at this time of the year, to greet our friends, who, through their faith in us, have made this year one of continued progress. We cherish your friendship and patronage and say "Thanks to Everybody."

HEPPNER CLEANERS



THE PERSONNEL OF

EMPIRE MACHINERY CO. CATERPILLAR - AIDY - TRACON - HOSER - JOHN DEER
FENDLER - IN OREGON - ARLINGTON OREGON - HEPPNER OREGON - ATHENA OREGON

a STRING of LIGHTS

By Don Wheeler
WE WERE in a dust covered box that sat in the corner of Mr. Barker's attic. All through the year no one ever bothered about us, but now, at Christmas time, we knew that once again we would be the center of attraction. Grumbling and grunting, Mr. Barker lifted our box into his arms and started down the attic stairs. Being a rather plump fellow with a stomach that protruded so far he couldn't see his feet, he was, I regret to say, somewhat clumsy. About half way down the stairs he stumbled and our box went tumbling down the stairs. I was uninjured, but I'm afraid some of my friends suffered from the fall. A few minutes later we were all unpacked and laid on the huge dining room table. "Well now, let's see, John," said Mrs. Barker. "We can use this string of lights, and this string and, oh! We don't want to use this old string again, John! They've been around here for years. Throw them out in the trash with these other things that were broken when you fell." I was shocked! For years I had been used to decorate the Barker's Christmas tree, and now, simply because I was getting a little old, they were throwing me out! It is true that my popularity with the Barkers had declined through the years. When I was new I was used at the top, but each year



About halfway down the stairs he stumbled and our box went tumbling down the stairs.

I seemed to find myself placed lower and lower on the tree.

Unwanted Home

My friends, most of them broken in tiny pieces, and myself were cast upon the trash pile in the alley. I felt sorry for them. They had many years of use ahead of them had Mr. Barker been more careful, but now they could never be used again. But what of me? I wasn't broken; only a little old.

For two days I lay on the trash pile with my broken friends, and then, on the third day, a small child, who seemed to be searching the trash cans in the alley to see if he could find something of value, came upon me. With a cry of delight he gathered me into his tiny hands and scampered out of the alley and to the edge of the small town, where he lived in a broken down little old house.

How glad were his brothers and sisters when they saw me! That evening they trimmed their tiny tree, it was scarcely three feet tall, and I was the principle item of decoration. One of my lights was placed at the top of the tree and the rest were wound in and about from top to bottom. Then the tree was placed in the front window and for the first time in my life I was given the task of lighting an entire tree.

That evening it snowed and snowed and the wind whistled harshly about the corners of the house. I was glad that I was in a warm house instead of being on the trash pile in the alley.

A Visitor Comes

Suddenly there was a loud rap on the door. When Mr. Cullen opened it I heard a man's voice ask, "Have you seen the Granger boy? He was out playing this afternoon and hasn't come home yet. We think he's become lost in the storm. The whole town is out looking for him. Would you like to help, Mr. Cullen?"

Mr. Cullen quickly put on his coat and scarf and followed the man into the dark cold night. They had been gone only about twenty minutes when again there was a knocking at the door. When Mrs. Cullen opened it, in stepped a tall man, carrying a boy in his arms. The boy's ears and nose were blue from the cold, and his teeth chattered.

"Mrs. Cullen," said the man, "this is Tommy Granger. I'd like to leave him here while I go tell his parents we've found him and send word to the others to stop searching. It's no wonder he was lost in a storm like this. I was almost lost myself until I saw the light from your tree in the window."

How proud I was when I heard those words. My lights seemed to brighten and shine as they had never done before; especially the one at the very top of the tree.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

By Shirley Sargent
RALPH RANSOME, a forceful-looking, dark-haired man of about fifty, left the office early Christmas Eve. There was no use staying, he reflected almost bitterly, the office staff had been having a Christmas party since noon on company time. His family accused him of not having any Christmas spirit. Well, the office staff had too much of it.

The gaily decorated streets were lighted as he walked along the downtown area. Hurrying crowds seemed to be in a gay mood. Ralph remembered the Christmas of his own youth. He lived on a ranch with four other brothers and sisters, an aunt, two fatherless cousins and his parents. With that many mouths to feed, they were lucky to find a dime, an orange,



He felt excited. This was fun. And challenging, too.

nuts and a hand-knit pair of socks in their stockings.

Now it was vastly different, Ralph thought. Christmas was commercial and presents elaborate, often useless. Molly, his wife, bought the gifts for their three children. A less brilliantly lighted store window attracted him. Sports equipment was exhibited. Ralph remembered his boy's shout of pleasure last Christmas when he had opened something he wanted particularly. "Gee, dad, how did you know? Just exactly what I wanted."

And Ralph had to say, in honesty, "Thank your mother, son, I just work here."

Julie, his nineteen-year-old, had burst out, "Oh, daddy, it just isn't any fun when you don't take part. You don't even know what you're giving us."

After All, He Paid

Well, who paid for it? Ralph thought now. So long as they got what they wanted . . . but did they? Maybe Julie and Jim had been trying to show him that they wanted something from him. Something he picked out. Ralph thought again of his boyhood presents that had been made especially for him. Why, he realized, that was what made them special.

The children were right then. All he did was pay for their gifts. This year he could pay double and take a chance that he would choose things they liked. It was supposed to be the thought, not the gift that counted anyway. Why, last Christmas it was that Jim had given him that awful pipe rack. But Ralph had accepted it with pleasure and still displayed it in a prominent place because Jim had worked hard to make something he could use. And the ill-fitting, hand-knitted socks from Martha. Those gifts had meant more to him than any store-wrapped package could. He turned and hurried into the store.

Getting The Spirit

Ralph shopped carefully among the jostling crowds. He thought carefully as to whether the gift would be practical or not, appreciated or not. Molly was first and that was easy for Ralph knew she had wanted a watch for years. The children were harder. Julie was in college. She had everything. No, wait . . . She loved music, the type Ralph had no patience for. A Brahms symphony wasn't entirely practical, but he knew it would be appreciated.

He felt excited. This was fun. Challenging too. Other shoppers' faces reflected his own growing excitement. Next, year, he vowed, he and Molly would shop together. He backtracked to the camera department. Martha, their seven-year-old, was a photography fan. He bought several rolls of film and a "How To" book. Then, Jim. The boy lacked coordination, yet liked sports. A basketball and a punching bag. That ought to do it.

Later, as he let himself in the house, Ralph could hardly wait to see their faces tomorrow. But he didn't need to wait. As he placed the packages around the tree, Julie's delighted squeal brought the rest of the family in. When he turned around, he met four pairs of shining eyes that expressed their affection more clearly in words.

"Gee, dad," Jim sputtered, "you finally got the Christmas spirit."

Ralph smiled back at them warmly, "Guess it's catching, and incurable."

A Christmas Message

The simple familiar good wishes of our friends and neighbors truly make our Christmas merry. May health . . . happiness . . . good cheer and the best of everything be yours.



WITH BEST WISHES

From The Staff of

FARLEY MOTOR COMPANY

"We have seen His star in the east and are come to worship Him." — MATTHEW 2:20

Christmas Blessings

A Blessed Christmas and Joy and Happiness to you and yours.



TUM-A-LUM LUMBER COMPANY

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HEPPNER

WE LIKE TO HELP FOLKS BUILD