

To wish you every happiness at Christmas time and through the year ahead.

FARRA'S SHOE SERVICE

There is no time quite like

Christmas for remembering the friendships we cherish, and there are no wishes like the old tried and true ones

Merry Christmas

STAR THEATER

Merry Christmas

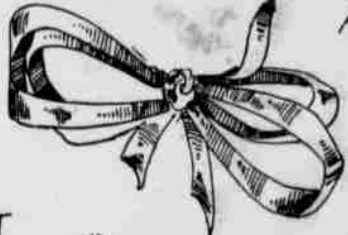
In this simple, and time-worn phrase we include our genuine thanks to you whom we have had the pleasure of serving in the past.



AIKEN'S

Frank and Hazel Hamlin

Greetings



May there come to you at this

Christmas Time all the precious things

of life; Health Happiness and Enduring Friendships

CASE FURNITURE CO.

BEARING GIFTS

By Bruce Shelly

"OH NO!" said Brad Carr. "The Simpsons! We've completely forgotten the Simpsons!"

He plopped himself into the easy chair, still holding the precariously-balanced stack of gifts in his arms.

"Who?" asked his young wife. "The Simpsons. The couple that used to live next door to Dad. You remember, last Christmas they gave us that candy dish and we were so embarrassed because we hadn't bought anything for them. And now this year we did it again!"

Margie Carr scowled, her pert face filling with little wrinkles of child-like concern and attractiveness.

"Oh dear!" she said. "Wouldn't you just know it." She slumped on the arm of her husband's chair. "What will we do?"

"Too late now to buy something for them. Stores are closed. We'll



"Oh, dear!" she said, "wouldn't you just know it!"

just have to give them something we already have here in the house," Brad said.

"We can't do that, Honey. I wouldn't feel right about it."

Margie pensively chewed at her lower lip. "What do we have?"

Rising slowly from his chair, Brad walked around the small living room. "Whatever it is, it should be on a par with that candy dish they gave us last year." He tentatively examined several of the articles that filled the bric-a-brac shelf.

"How about this one?" he asked. "Which one?"

"This green vase -- the small one. It should equal a candy dish any day."

Margie crossed the room to where Brad was standing. "It's very pretty, all right. I guess maybe it would do. It doesn't look damaged -- no chips or anything."

"Why don't you wrap it, Honey," Brad said. "I'll pull the car out in front and load in the rest of the packages."

None Too Soon

A few minutes later, as he was climbing out of the car, Brad noticed a pleasant middle-aged couple heading up the steps of his house. He gulped as he recognized them. That had been a close call!

"Hello, Mr. Simpson!" he called. "Mrs. Simpson! Merry Christmas! We were just heading over your way."

The couple turned to greet him. In Mr. Simpson's hand was a small, neatly-wrapped package.

"We were just bringing your gift by," Mr. Simpson said. "Merry Christmas to you."

"Won't you come in?" asked Brad. "Margie has your present inside." He crossed his fingers. He HOPED Margie had wrapped the green vase by now.

As usual, Margie had taken care of her little task with wifely dispatch. The vase was wrapped and waiting on the living room table. Inwardly feeling a great surge of relief, Brad handed the package to the Simpsons.

Truth Awakens

When the thank-yous had been exchanged and a few moments properly dedicated to small talk, the Simpsons excused themselves, stating that they had a number of calls yet to make.

As Margie closed the door behind them she burst into giggles. "Golly! That's one time my husband was on the job. We would have felt just horrible to slight them again this year. They are sensitive. I'm glad you talked me into giving them the vase. I wonder what they gave us?"

"That's easy to find out," said Brad. He tore eagerly at the wrapping on the Simpson's present.

"No, he said when it was opened. 'Oh no!'"

He held up a candy dish. "They gave us the same thing as last year."

"Margie looked thoughtful. 'That's funny,' she mused. 'I wonder why they did that.'"

"I don't know," said Brad. "Unless . . ." A grimace of pain crossed his brow. "Unless they . . ."

"They did!" cried Margie. "I just remember now, they did. It wasn't the candy dish they gave us last year. It was the green vase."

Christmas REUNION

By Norman A Disher

THERE was little doubt about it; it was Laura. I hadn't seen her for five years but I'd never forget that exquisite face.

Laura and I had been engaged about five years ago but it hadn't worked out because she'd decided one day that she wanted to do things before settling down. Going to Spain was one of them and I had been in Europe during the war so going back didn't appeal to me. I was ready to call one spot home so when I told her about the house I was building in Carmel she wasn't pleased. After that she avoided setting a definite date and finally I saw what was going to happen so I let her go.



This all came as a shock to me and I didn't know what to say.

It was a hard thing to do but it was the best way.

She looked my way and saw me then motioned me to come over to her stool.

"Hello Bob, it's been a long, long time."

"Five years Christmas, remember?"

I looked at her eyes, they were softer now, kinder and older.

"Yes, I remember. Still single?"

"Oh yes, yes," I looked out the window at the grey afternoon.

"I figured I'd run into you one of these days. How come you're still single. A nice person like you shouldn't have trouble getting married."

"I've never found anyone I liked well enough. They all seem sort of anti-climatic after you Laura."

Her Surprise

She looked at me and I thought I detected a momentary flash of fear in her glance.

"We did have something pretty wonderful, didn't we. I've regretted spoiling it more than once. I guess I was just too young."

She smiled in a funny way so I thought I had best change the subject.

"I thought you were in Europe?"

"I was Bob, but there's nothing there any more, just nothing. San Francisco has more of a flavor than Paris and the rest of the places. Maybe it's just me. I wandered around for almost five years and I still didn't find anything."

"You seem to be a more mature person now Laura."

"Five years have done that. What are you doing now?"

"Still writing a column, same one," I replied.

"Bob, do you understand why I left?"

Her Secret

I winced inside. I had hoped she'd let it pass but she seemed to want to open the old wound.

"No, I don't."

"Well, it was because I had to find out where home really was—I had to find what love really meant. I met a person over in England that I thought was what I wanted. I thought I fell in love with him until we went together for awhile and I began to notice small things about him that I didn't like; oh things like the way he contradicted me on small unimportant matters. One day it all blew up because I had remarked that you and I had never been so tense together. Then it dawned on me that you were really what I had wanted after all but I was just too dumb to see it. That's when I came back. I had to grow a little more to catch up with you. Do you see now?"

This all came as a shock to me and I didn't know what to say.

"Why haven't you tried to get in touch with me?" I asked her.

"People change."

"Not me Laura; not where you're concerned."

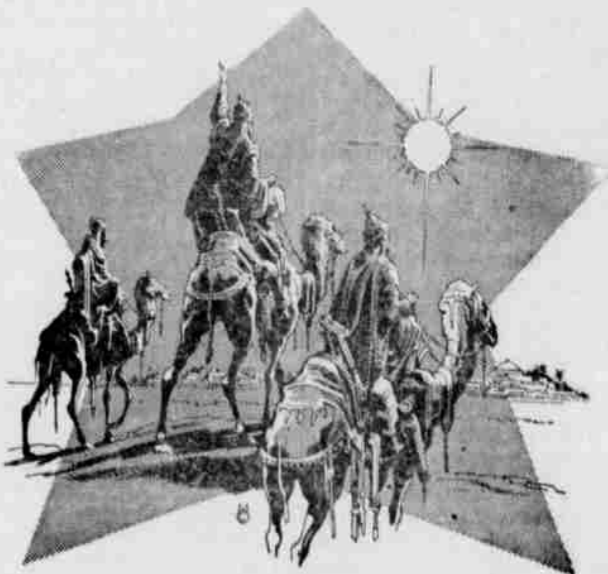
"I wasn't sure Bob—there's so much I want to say to you."

I looked at her soft, pink face and her wheat-colored hair and the way she felt for me with her eyes. Our eyes met and I took her hand.

"Let's get out of here," I whispered.

As I pushed open the doors that led to the sidewalk I could hear a group singing Christmas carols. I turned to Laura and I kissed her while we stood in the grey evening light.

MERRY CHRISTMAS



As we pause in the gaiety of Christmas, let's think first of the Nativity of Him who is the hope of the world today,

as two thousand years ago. He alone can bring about the peace of mind and contentment which we eagerly search for and need. May we follow His teachings so that the true spirit of Christmas can remain with us through the days to come.

HUMPHREYS DRUG CO. THE REXALL STORE



Christmas Greetings

May your Yuletide glow brightly with that good old fashioned Christmas cheer that makes every heart lighter, every friendship warmer, every hour richer in happiness and contentment.

Heppner Lumber Company