

The Hermiston Herald

Published Every Thursday at
Hermiston, Umatilla County, Oregon.
Alfred Quiring and Leander Quiring, Publishers.

Entered at the post office at Hermiston as Second
Class Matter, Dec. 1906, Umatilla County, Oregon.

Subscription Rates	
One Year	\$2.00
Six Months	1.00
Three Months	.50
Payable in Advance	

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Residence Telephone 2333

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**OREGON NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION**

NEW OFFICERS TAKE CHARGE OF WESTLAND GRANGE

New officers of the Westland Grange, headed by A. E. Rugg, Master, presided for the first time at the last regular meeting, and held a short and snappy business session which was featured by a talk by H. J. Ott, of the Columbia Grange, on the proposed P.U.D. It was voted to cancel the next regular meeting, as it would fall on the 26th of December, so the next meeting will be Thursday, January 9.

Committee chairmen for the coming year as announced by Worthy Master Rugg, include: Home Economics, Mabel Corliss; Legislative, Floyd Laird; Cooperative, Guy Shaw; and Agriculture, Don Sherwood. Following the meeting refreshments were served.

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SENIOR CLASS PLAY SET FOR MARCH 7

(From the Bulldog)
Members of the senior class have been torn between two excellent plays for their spring production, namely "Second-Fiddle" and Auronia Rouverol's "Young April", which is a sequel to "Growing Pains." This play, it will be remembered, was presented by the class of '37.

At the present time the majority seem to be leaning toward "Second-Fiddle", a three-act comedy that promises to be a riot.

The date set for the play is March 7, and will be under the direction of Miss Lavina May Lynch.



FRESH snow crunched under Dick Wright's shoes as he stomped into the waiting room.

Old Peter was still there, still minding his telegraph key as he had when Dick was a boy. But now it was Christmas; now Dick was home from the city, a successful young architect.

As he walked up to old Peter's grilled ticket window, Dick recalled the last time he stood in this station. Two and a half years ago, it was, the day after Jean had left for New York in search of a career.

"Just can't stand Marysville," she had told him. "You'll understand, Dick, won't you?"

He had forgotten as best he could. Nothing in Marysville for him then, either. There had been a quick decision, a closing of half-open doors, a tearful good-bye to his parents and then—off to the city. It was odd how a blow like that could give a fellow determination. Today, just 30 months later, he was coming back home with a career already carved out.

Old Pete looked up from his sheaf of train orders.

"Well, Richard!" he cried. "Glad to see you, boy, and a Merry Christmas! Your folks know you're coming?"

"Merry Christmas to you, Pete!" Dick answered. It was nice, at that, to see a familiar face. "Mind if I use your 'phone? I caught an early train and Dad wasn't expecting me until tonight."

A few minutes later the old family car was carrying him home. His Dad looked older, and a mite wor-

SNOWBOUND CHRISTMAS

BY CLYDE WILSON

BILL YARDLEY poked a tentative eye outside his blanket. It was daylight, at last. Across the tiny cabin Jim was snoozing quietly, his measured breath almost drowned by the roaring wind outside.

Bill's eyes surveyed the cabin with its old stove and rickety furniture. Cozy enough, perhaps, but this was no way to spend an entire winter, even for the sake of geographical accuracy. Several hundred miles to the south, in Winnipeg, the government office was waiting for early spring when Bill and Jim could finish their surveying assignment and bring back a report.



The pilot dumped overboard a huge bundle.

Ahead, meanwhile, were two months of this maddening snowbound silence.

Bill's glance drifted to the calendar. Suddenly he caught his breath—"Jim!" he shrieked. "Wake up! Wake up! Do you know what day this is?"

Jim groaned, stirred a bit, and answered sleepily.

"Tuesday, ain't it? And so what?"

"Jim! It's Christmas Eve!"

A few minutes later they found themselves staring blankly out the window, almost wishing they'd never discovered it was Christmas.

It was kind of childish to let on that you cared, Bill thought. So he put on his parka and headed for the door.

"Let's forget it, Jim," he advised. "I'm going to look at our traps and get some fresh air. Be back soon!"

It was no picnic, trudging through knee-deep drifts for two hours. To make it worse, the traps were all empty. Even the animals were staying inside in this weather.

"Wonder if they'll miss Christmas, too?" he mused as he neared the cabin.

Suddenly he heard a faint hum in the sky. It grew nearer. Unmistakably a motor—an airplane!

Bill raced for the cabin door.

"A plane, Jim!" he cried. "Get some black smoke going up the chimney!" Then he raced out to the clearing.

The pilot saw him gesticulating wildly, or else he saw the fresh black smoke over the cabin. The big ship circled, flew off to the north, turned and came back, flying low. Over the clearing it almost stalled as the pilot dumped overboard a huge bundle that plummeted into the snow almost at Bill's feet. Then he waved and sped away.

They got it inside, somehow, though they wanted to open the bundle right where it landed. Once the rope was torn loose an oilskin pouch flew out. A note was inside. From the boss:

"In case you boys have forgotten," it read, "tomorrow's Christmas. Herewith the makings, including some presents your families asked us to send along."

Bill and Jim looked at each other, then they cheered.

"Merry Christmas?" asked Bill. "Why, it's the best ever! Wait'll you taste this turkey!"

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

53 Sundays in Year

According to the Gregorian calendar, every year has 53 days of the one it begins on. Generally speaking, the year contains 53 Sundays every five or six years. This occurred in 1928, 1933, 1939, and again in 1944, 1950, 1956, 1961, 1967, etc. The United States naval observatory points out that in any continuous series of 28 years, five have 53 Sundays, unless the series includes a year whose number ends in two ciphers without its being a leap year, as in 1700, 1800, 1900. When leap year begins on Saturday, two of the six-year periods fall consecutively.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Old-Time New Year Serious

Oldtime New England was serious on New Year's, as witness the title of a book published there in the year of 1702 by one Richard Standfast: "A New Year's Gift for Fainting Souls, or, a little handful of cordial comforts scattered through several answers to 16 questions and objections: As also doubting Christians invited to Christ."

Chinese New Year's Greeting
The Chinese New Year's greeting is "Sui-hi," or "May joy be yours."



"Heard from Jean, son?" he asked.

ried. Something was on his mind.

"Heard from Jean, son?" he finally asked.

"No, Pop," he answered truthfully. The house loomed up ahead now. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, just wonderin', son, that's all. Forget it. There's Mother wavin' at us up yonder!"

But Dick couldn't forget it. Marysville and Jean were like ham and eggs. He thought about her when he stopped at the drugstore that night—they used to drink sodas there.

Maybe Dick was looking for more of those memories next morning when he started out alone on skis for Murray's hill. They used to play there in the winter, he and Jean.

"Forget it, you imbecile!" he snapped at himself. "That's a closed chapter in your life!"

It was a couple of hours later that he saw her. Skiing down Murray's hill for the last time he rounded Horseshoe bend to find Jean directly in his path! There was a shriek, a thud, and their four feet sticking out of a snowdrift.

"Jean!" he cried, unstrapping his skis and running to help her. "Are you hurt?"

It was rather unromantic, perhaps, pulling her out feet first. But she laughed at him and fell down again, pulling him after her.

"You're going to get your face washed for that, Mr. Wright," she cried.

He came up sputtering to find her suddenly serious.

"Dick dear," she said. "I was wrong. Mother wrote that you'd be home for Christmas and—well, I had to come too. It's you and Marysville that I want, not New York. This morning when I saw you going past our house, I somehow knew that I should go with you. Not just today, Dick, but always!"

It was like ham and eggs, Dick thought, only the next day was Christmas—and Christmas meant turkey!

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Beginning of the New Year

Various dates were used in different countries, for the beginning of a year, but America followed the English custom of using the date of most early Christian countries—the beginning of the ecclesiastical year. The Gregorian calendar, establishing January 1 as the beginning of the year, was adopted by England and her colonies in 1752.



TO OUR FRIENDS
At this Yuletide season we are happy to again send our greetings. Happiness and Good Cheer is our wish to you.

Ruby's Beauty Shop
Patrons—Please call for your Christmas Gift!



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We count it a privilege to be able to again extend our Christmas wishes to the many friends we have made in this community, for in friendships we find the worth-while things in life.

SAYLOR'S

19 BEST WISHES 40

for Christmas-time

Charles Dickens wrote: "I have always thought of Christmastime as a good time, a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time." That expresses our idea of Christmas better than any words we might write.

Dr. A. E. Marble

UNCLE SAM

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