

The Hermiston Herald

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CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR

Christmas will be here in just a week. To say that we approach the day in the usual joyful state of mind would not be true. The bells of Christmas tide cannot peal forth in America with the customary happy tones. Yet, despite the clouds on Christendom, we will celebrate the greatest event in human history with an exalted courage, happy in the thought and spirit that we are defending all those things that determine the welfare of mankind.

With the sermon on the mount and the teachings of the Master, with all the principles of democracy and the achievements of civilization which we cherish as life itself, we can celebrate the day in the full consciousness of being right to swell the anthems of our usual joys, and make glad the hearts of children, men and women on the land and seas of our beloved country.

There should be no let down. All the customary festivities should be carried out. We need the spiritual uplift of doing things in our regular ways. Cheer is a part of fortitude and happiness, and courage strengthens grim determination in a cause that is just.

After nearly 2000 years we are confronted with the paganistic sun god administering occult rites from secret peaks of Japan, and ancient tyranny from secluded Berchpessaden, both, by the power of the sword, seeking to destroy our ancient shrines and citadels of Christianity. Should they prevail our Christmas would pass from the earth. We could not imagine tingling joys of children from a Christ they might set up. Nor would a gestapo fail to suppress our efforts to be faithful and retain our customs. And while our battle cry is for freedom and a democratic form of government the fundamentals lie in man's humanity to man, for which we celebrate the birth of Christ, and not in the doctrines that cause man's inhumanity to man to make countless millions mourn.

And so it must be a fighting Christmas also. While we go on with our joys and pleasures and seeking to make others happy, we must also have our sword drawn and be on the alert. While the light shines we can be cheerful and joyous, but when the blackout is called we must obey orders. Take home your Christmas tree and brighten it with tinsel and toys and candles, but when the country calls, our boys must go to protect these very things.

It is Christmas and we are going to have Christmas as ever and as always. We are going to enjoy all its festivities and the spiritual significance for which the day stands. And with fortitude and courage we are going to stand firm on land and sea to protect these God given privileges.



To every Member and Friend we say
Happy New Year, and we say it with
all the heartiness at our command.

Whatever success we have enjoyed
during 1941 has been of your making.
With that thought in mind we pledge
renewed endeavors and determination
to serve you still better during the year
ahead.

Umatilla Electric Cooperative



MARTHA was dependable. Like a patient, willing and uncomplaining horse. Her life on her small farm was not different from a tread mill, always the same, day in and day out, month after month, year after year.

There had been a time when Martha was not alone. That was when her older sister Helen and her younger sister Nancy and her still younger brother Curt lived there at the farm. But that was a long time ago, longer still since their parents had died. The sisters were beautiful and had married well, and Curt possessed of burning ambitions, had left to make his way in the world.

Frequently they came out to call, to "eat one of Martha's wonderful dinners" and "get a breath of country air."

It was on a Christmas day that Nancy brought Barre Howard out. "I knew you wouldn't mind, darling," she gushed. "Mr. Howard is a traveler and he's lecturing in town tomorrow night."

Martha smiled and nodded and looked up into Barre Howard's tanned face, a face that was strong and kind, with eyes that held a dreamy mystery in their depths.

But no one would have dreamed that there were any thoughts in Martha's head save those that centered around preparations for the Christmas dinner.

It was a sumptuous meal, one of the best Martha had ever prepared. She knew a vague sort of pride at the way her guests attacked it.

Martha sat with the others at the table after the dinner was over, listening to Barre Howard tell of his travels, of far away places he'd visited. He looked at her twice while he talked, directly, penetratingly, and she flushed.

After a while Martha got up and began clearing off the table. No one



Martha laughed, shrilly and piercingly, and struck again.

offered to help. She washed and dried the dishes and stacked them away. And when she came back into the living room, they were ready to go, all of them. After they left she closed the door and turned and went back into the kitchen.

For a moment she stood in the center of the floor. An expression came into her face that was the unleashing of years and years of suppressed desires. She took a quick step forward, seized a broom by its handle, swung it toward the shelf of canned preserves with all her strength.

Martha laughed, shrilly, piercingly, and struck again. The shelf gave way this time, swinging on one hinge. Half a hundred jars of varying size crashed to the floor.

Directly following there was an instant of silence, and in that instant a voice spoke near the kitchen door. "In heaven's name, what are you doing that for?"

Martha whirled, and there, just inside the door, an amazed look on his tanned face, stood Barre Howard.

"Why?" she cried passionately. "Why? Because it's what I've wanted to do for years and years and years and it's just today I've had the courage. Because I hate this place, hate being cooped up here. Because I'm plain and unattractive and can't have the things my sisters have. Because Nancy's so selfish. Because she isn't satisfied with one man, but wants another, the only one—I—I—"

She stopped at last, breathing hard, leaning heavily against the sink, guilty, ashamed of what she'd almost said.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. Really. If—if there's something you forgot, I'll help you find it."

"There's nothing I've forgotten." "Then—why did you come back? Why don't you go and leave me alone, like all the others do?"

His eyes were steady, penetrating, a dreamy mystery in their depths.

"Why do you think I came back?" he asked.

"Why?" She brushed a hand across her eyes. Something was stirring inside of her, something she thought dead. "Why?" she repeated. "How should I know?"

"Why do you think?" he asked again.

Barre Howard laughed and stood before her, and suddenly the look in his eyes was no longer mysterious. It was like a picture, readily interpreted, telling her why he had come back.

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

BOARDMAN NEWS

By Elaine Fisher

Mrs. Claud Coats returned this week from Tacoma and Seattle where she visited her daughter, Mrs. Glen Mallory and her sister Mrs. Jay Cox. Mrs. Albert Baker underwent a major operation at St. Anthony's hospital in Pendleton Monday. She is reported to be doing as well as could be expected.

The community Sunday School Christmas program will be Sunday morning at the usual Sunday School hour.

The community Christmas tree will be at the high school Tuesday evening. A good program is being prepared.

Mr. and Mrs. Nels Kristensen entertained at a surprise dinner Monday evening in honor of their daughter Elizabeth's birthday. The guests were Mardel Gorham, Geraldine Healy and Elaine Fisher.

Boardman played the Stanfield basketball team Tuesday evening. Boardman won the game with a score of 14 to 32.

Nels Kristensen drove to Heppner on business Monday.

Mrs. Mefford, the mother of Mrs. Leo Root, and Mrs. Ed Barlow came from Lebanon to make her home here.

Typhoid shots were given at the school house Wednesday. For those who have taken the shot several times, one shot was given to be repeated in two years. The beginners will make trips to Hermiston for the remaining shots.

R. Wilson is at work clearing trees out of the roads. This was a much needed improvement.

Z. Gillispie has returned to work at the Ordnance depot.

Borrowing a gridiron idea, the U. S. Army is making parachute troops' uniforms of the tough, slick goods in football pants—smoothness helps prevent tangling with parachute lines.

The Army Medical Library in Washington has about 1,000,000 books, magazines and other reference items.



A SEASON JOYOUS... REIGN OF CHRISTMAS

"Reign of Christmas" is truly a reign of joy and happiness. We extend our cordial wish that happiness may "reign" in your home this Christmas and throughout the holiday season.

And—please remember that we are always anxious to serve and are proud of a long "reign" of service in this community.

First National Bank



Our Wish for You...

Our genuine "Merry Christmas to All" ... our friends and customers. Pleasant times like Christmas always remind us of the pleasure we have had in the privilege of doing business with you. May good luck attend your every wish this Christmas! And may holiday good cheer brighten the hours of this glorious season!

The Igloo Inn



It may be truly said that the simple record of three short years of life has done more to regenerate mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers and exhortations of moralists. —LECKY

★ ★ ★

How true the words of historian-philosopher Lecky! And now, on the eve of another Christmas, we wish again for you and yours the radiant joy, the deep inner peace which are so inseparably interwoven into the Christmas pattern, and which persist, for the individual, even in a world at war.

Accept our sincere thanks for your generous patronage, while we renew our pledge to strive to be still more worthy of your friendship.

Rohrman Motor Co.

Hermiston, Oregon