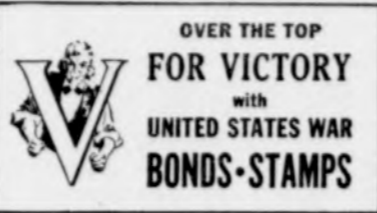


DATES SET FOR 1943 STATE FAIR HELD AT SALEM

Subject to such military restrictions as may prevail next fall, an Oregon state fair will be held on the usual dates—the week starting Labor day. The Labor day opening for the 1943 fair was set by the state board of agriculture at its mid-December meeting in Salem, reports the chairman, E. A. Geary of Klamath Falls. The board gave considerable attention to the financial report of the

state department of agriculture as presented by the director, who reported that increasing demands upon the department have strained severely department finances. Greater demands for sanitary inspection and milk inspection, coupled with aid being given to the army in the procurement of milk and foods, are chiefly responsible for the drain upon department funds. The board agreed that the legislature should be asked for additional funds to carry the administrative and sanitary costs of the department, and that funds from the self-sustaining activities should not be drawn

upon for a portion of the administrative costs as long as they are subject to the state tithe. The state appropriation to the department has remained unchanged for six or seven years, during which work has become much heavier.



LAST Christmas our local jewelry store added two new departments we never had carried before. One was a toy counter, where a selection of movie dolls was featured. The other—an optical department—catered to the trade who could not afford glasses unless they could arrange to pay for them on credit.

Visiting the shop the night before Christmas, I watched a tiny little girl . . . I'm sure she couldn't have been more than six . . . standing before the already sadly depleted doll counter. Her eyes were big as she looked up at the one doll still unsold, and there was a child's longing in them as she tugged at the tattered overall jacket of her father, busy talking to the optometrist.

"Daddy," she called, her voice shrill with excitement, "look! Isn't it the darlinest thing? Do you think Santa will bring it to me?"

The man's tired face turned toward her, and a hurt expression flushed across it settling hopelessly in the gray eyes. "Fraid not, Mary," he answered. "I saw Santa in a store down the street a while ago, and he said that he'd be about



She turned to make one last appeal!

out of everything by the time he reached our house. Reckon he might have some sweets, or maybe a rag doll, though. And he's promised for sure to bring those glasses.

"Oh!" Tears were in her eyes, but she fought them back bravely, and her worn coat sleeve wiped the last trace of them away.

"I did so want one of them," she whispered. "But I'm glad Santa isn't going to bring it to me. It means that he's found someone else who wants it even worse than I do, don't it, Daddy?"

"Come on, Mary," the optometrist called, taking the little girl by the hand. "Santa told me to see what kind of glasses you should have, so's to be sure he'd get it right. Now just sit in this chair and do as I say."

The examination didn't last long, and I was still there when it was completed. The optometrist turned to the father. "I'll make a special effort to finish them tonight," he said.

He was back soon, a slip in his hand. "I've fixed it with the management. A dollar now, and a dollar a month until the balance of five dollars is paid."

Mary had returned for a final look at the toy. "Don't you think, Daddy, that the glasses could come as a birthday present, and . . . oh, I did want a doll so badly! But . . . but I won't cry."

Her father hadn't heard. He was busy feeling in his pockets for the dollar needed for the down payment. He found a lean wallet, and from it pulled a quarter and seven dimes. He counted them over twice, a scared look on his face, then began a renewed search. Triumphant, he finally produced an eighth dime, and handed the silver to the optometrist.

As the man in overalls and his elfin daughter started toward the door, the girl behind the doll counter looked at the optometrist, then at me, a tear in her eye. Then she ran after the pair. "Wait a moment—isn't your name Mary?" she asked.

"Uh-huh?" the little girl answered, bewildered.

"Then I guess Santa meant you. He was here just a few minutes ago, and said he had a doll for a little girl named Mary, but he was afraid he wouldn't have the time to deliver it. Then he remembered that the little girl's father said he was coming here, so he asked me if I'd keep the doll and give it to you. That's it, up on the counter. Take it and run away, because I'm so busy I haven't time to talk."

Shyly, Mary reached up for the proffered treasure, and hugged it close.

Mary was speechless while her benefactor busied herself behind the counter. Suddenly the girl felt a tug at her skirt, and Mary was at her side, looking up at her. "I believe you're Mrs. Santa Claus," the child whispered, awe in her voice. As the door closed behind the pair, the girl took her purse from her bag and looked inside.

"Mrs. Santa Claus, indeed!" I heard her mutter. "Lucky for me this is pay day, or Mrs. Santa Claus won't eat tomorrow."

PENTECOSTAL TABERNACLE
Pastor S. E. Graves

As New Year's day approaches, many people are perhaps thinking of making new resolutions or turning over a new leaf and starting out new. Why not resolve to attend Sunday School and church services this next year, and the only way to start is by beginning the first Sunday. Our Sunday School and church extends a hearty welcome to all. Come and enjoy the sweet spirit and fellowship of God's people.

Sunday, 10 a. m., Bible school. We do not make it embarrassing for any. 11 a. m., Worship hour. This has been a blessed time for all. 7:00 p. m., Young People's service. We have a good young people's group. Do you love music and singing? Don't miss this service then. 8 p. m., Evangelistic service. Tuesday, 8 p. m., prayer meeting. Thursday, 8 p. m., Bible study and prayer meeting. "Come thou with us and we will do thee good."



REGARDLESS of what has happened to this queer old world in 1942, there is still love and cheer and friendship out of which we may fashion another happy Christmas season.

We want to say now that we wish all of our friends every success in finding during this Yuletide all the happiness it can possibly bring.

Brierley's Variety Store

Miss Jessie Brierley & Associates



Christmas 1942 A Season Joyous

MAY the benign influence of this blessed season extend far into the future, bringing to you the hope of all civilized humanity . . . the peace and good will proclaimed nineteen hundred forty-two years ago.

Hermiston Transfer

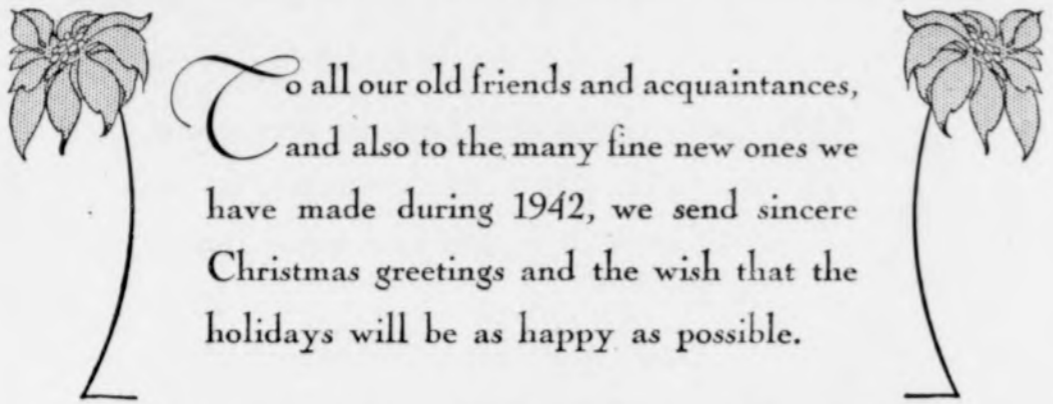
Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Gailey



Being the fine friends and acquaintances you are we would not want to miss this 1942 holiday season opportunity to send you these greetings.

A Happy Christmas to You and Yours

Umatilla Electric Co-operative



To all our old friends and acquaintances, and also to the many fine new ones we have made during 1942, we send sincere Christmas greetings and the wish that the holidays will be as happy as possible.

Saylor's Clothing Store

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Saylor and Associates



Merry Christmas



GREETINGS TO ALL

Now, at Christmas time, when the fountains of true joy flow most freely, we welcome the opportunity to extend to you and yours our heartiest wishes for a happy Yuletide. For your kindness to us in 1942 we cordially thank you.

HERMISTON BARBER SHOP

Billy • Ben • Andy

THIS YEAR OF 1942 has been one of world tribulation, but nevertheless, many good things have come our way. Chief among them is your continued patronage, for which we thank you very earnestly now, and wish you a very

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Hermiston Grain & Feed Co.

Hermiston, Oregon

