



Associated Service Station

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Miller, Owners

INCREASE NOTED IN FATALITIES

An increase in pedestrian fatalities in rural areas was reported today by Secretary of State Bob Farrell, as evidence that pedestrian protection is a rural as well as an urban problem in Oregon.

"During the month of November, there were seven pedestrian fatalities and five of them occurred in rural areas," Farrell said. "Two dangerous walking practices were factors in most of these accidents: crossing highways at night in the path of approaching cars, and walking on the right side of the road, instead of on the left, facing approaching traffic."

The average age of the seven pedestrian fatalities in November was 50 years. All but three were over 65.

"Drivers and pedestrians must recognize the danger of pedestrian accidents on rural highways and take steps to avoid them," Farrell said.

Christmas in the FIVE and TEN
by HELEN EDWARDS

MARY'S feet throbbed. Her knees wanted to buckle beneath the weight of her slim young body.

"Fifteen minutes more!" She saw Mr. Adams, the cross-looking floorwalker, frowning in her direction and she hastened to tidy her counter. Clerking in the five and ten, she decided, wasn't such a bad job—except during the Christmas rush.

A shabbily dressed old woman stood across the aisle looking wistfully at a display of curly-haired dolls on Mary's counter. The faded blue eyes were making an effort to read the price tag.

"May I help you, madam?" Mary asked. The woman looked up guiltily, then her fingers fumbled nervously at her shabby black purse.

"I—ah—I—no, I don't guess so." The woman turned and almost ran from the store. At the door, however, she turned and slowly retraced her steps to the counter. "How much for that yellow-haired doll, miss?"

"Twenty-nine cents. Shall I wrap it in our gift pack? That will be ten cents extra."

"N—no, I'll come back later. Not tonight, please."

As Mary nodded her head the woman's shoulders seemed to sag lower, and she trudged slowly toward the door.

Mary's thoughts kept returning to the wizened old lady as her tired feet dragged through a long Wednesday and a longer Thursday. As she left the store Thursday night she was almost happy, reflecting that there would be but one more day of the Christmas rush.

A timid hand clutched at her arm. Mary recognized her near-customer of the preceding week, and smiled encouragingly.



"N—no, I'll come back later."

"That doll, miss—" she seemed momentarily at a loss for words—"it—is it sold yet?"

"No, we have a few left. Do you want me to save one for you?"

"If you could?"

Mary nodded and the woman hurried away.

Mary selected an especially nice doll the next morning and laid it carefully beneath the counter. Then she watched, between spurts of last minute shoppers, for the timid old lady. At noon the doll still rested beneath the counter. At six it was still unclaimed. When Mary sold her last remaining doll a few moments before nine, she reached for the hidden one.

"I'll give her a few minutes more," she decided. "If I put it out it will go almost as soon as anyone sees it."

At last she appeared, breathless as if from running. She gazed along the counter and stark despair was written in every line of her face. "Am I too late? Are they sold?"

"No, I saved one for you, madam."

"How much did you say it would cost?" The old woman was fumbling in her purse while Mary wrapped the doll. "Twenty-five cents, wasn't it? I think I have that much."

Shaking fingers reached into the shabby purse and fumbled into every crease and corner of its flat interior. Two dimes and a penny appeared, and then two more coppers. The woman's face turned white, and the fingers continued to search frantically. Finally they reappeared clutching two additional copper coins.

"But," Mary began, "it costs—" a picture of some tiny waif waiting for just such a doll flashed through Mary's mind. Mary turned to the woman and held it out to her.

As she did so she saw Mr. Adams bearing down upon her, his most ferocious frown upon his face. Now she was in for it! Maybe she would be fired. And for four cents! Well, it had been worth it.

"Will you say 'Merry Christmas' to the little one for me?" she whispered.

A muffled cough at her side told her that Mr. Adams had arrived.

"I saw what you did, Mary, and—"

"But, Mr. Adams, I intended to repay the company from my own purse."

"I know—I know. I'd have done it myself if you hadn't. Merry Christmas, Mary."

CENTRAL CHURCH OF CHRIST
C. Warner, Pastor

Christian Endeavor will meet at 7 p. m. and the regular evening worship will begin at 8:00.

Bible School meets at 10:00 a. m., morning worship at 11:00. Glenn Warner, student of Northwest Christian College and pastor of the Rockaway Christian Church, will preach at the eleven o'clock hour.

The White Gift for the Old Peoples Home will be continued Sunday evening that all who desire may have a part in it. All gifts must be brought on Sunday.



THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS,

dominating the world stage, once more has incredibly rolled aside the clouds of war. There is still beauty in common things, still good in the world, and we are all grateful for the glowing interval of Yuletide.

As for ourselves, we are also grateful for your loyalty to us during 1943, and extend the season's best wishes to all.

Dr. F. B. Belt



One hundred and twenty years ago Clement Clarke Moore's jolly poem, "A Visit from St. Nicholas," first appeared. Each year since then it has contributed to the joy of Christmas. We want to say that if we were able to gather up all this joy and wrap it up in one big package it would hardly represent our wishes for your Christmas happiness this season of 1943.

Hermiston Blacksmith & Welding

L. F. Beaver, Prop.



War or peace, a brave new world is in the making—a world in which better opportunities will be had for all. The Spirit of Progress is on the march, and we may all look hopefully to the future. At this time it is fitting that we count our many friends and recall the happy relationships of 1943. We wish all of you the choicest blessings that Christmastime can bestow.



United Brotherhood of
Carpenters and Joiners
of America

Christmas Greetings FROM Stone's

QUALITY Turkeys
for CHRISTMAS GRADE A

Under 16 lbs. Lb. 50c

ROASTING HENS . . . Lb. 37c

FRYERS Lb. 39c

Armour's Star Hams lb. 36c

Ready to Eat Hams lb. 37c

PICNICS lb. 29c

FRESH PRODUCE

Bulk Carrots
Lb. 5c

Grapefruit
Arizona
Doz. 89c

Sweet Potatoes
2 lbs. 23c

Avocados
Fine Quality
Each 15c

STONE'S leads the way for Lower Prices, Greater Selections of

CHRISTMAS FOOD

CIDER gallon 58c

Keller Lorenz quality sweet and freshly pressed.

PUMPKIN . . . 27-oz. tin 10c

Coeur d'Alene—for delicious pumpkin pie.

MIXED NUTS . 2½ lbs. \$1.00

All fancy quality.



- Peerless Almonds pound 45c
- Fresh Hydrated Dates pound 75c
- Yellow Popcorn 2-lb. pkg. 40c
- Sperry Pancake Flour 9.8 lbs. 61c
- Water Maid Rice 3-lb. pkg. 32c

DELECTABLE DESSERT

—isn't so easy to find as it was once. Here's a few "aces" for up your sleeve, and a few ingredients you'll need for others.

- Grandee Olive Butter 5-oz. glass 17c
- Aquilla Chocolate 6.7-oz. 23c
- Tasty Cheese Puffs 9-oz. pkg. 20c
- Snaparoon Cookies pound 25c
- Derby Steak Sauce 8-oz. bottle 15c
- New West Apple Juice quart 24c
- Libby Spiced Tomatoes 29-oz. 27c
- Milani Mushroom Sauce 8-oz. 11c
- Sphinx Black Figs 12-oz. pkg. 20c



Prices Effective December 24th to 29th — Subject to Change

P. & G. Soap
3 bars 14¢

Camay Toilet Soap
3 cakes 20¢

Crisco
3-lb. jar 99¢

Oxydol
Reg. Pkg. 23¢

Dash Granulated
2½ pkg. 26¢