

Christmas

(From the Gospel according to Luke) AND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

And this taxing was first made when Cyrenus was governor of Syria. And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

Mallon's Column

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24—You may have noticed President Truman announced the White House economic outlook for the new year—predicting a short slump and long prosperity thereafter—in a rather indirect way by saying he had not studied it.

Objective economists and statisticians here generally concede in private they would do well to evaluate properly the statistics of the closing year—the true economic meaning, for instance, of the dollar decline in value through increased prices and such matters as that.

SIDE GLANCES



"Remember, dear, when you needed a pillow to fill out that suit?"

The World Today

By DeWITT MacKENZIE AP Foreign Affairs Analyst

Come Christmas time, your columnist's mind refuses to stick to its job of analyzing foreign affairs and starts wandering back through many yuletides spent in divers lands—so if you don't mind we'll just gather by the fireside for a while and chat.

I've seen Christmas in some queer spots: in the front line trenches with the troops—in the Far East—in Bethlehem of Judea by the manger of the Christ Child. But perhaps it's natural that the strongest memories should be those of Christmas in the old manse of the Vermont village where dad used to preach.

We always had a white Christmas in those days, with snow so deep that sometimes one had to tunnel a way through it to get out of the house. Sleighbells jingled merrily on all the roads, for sleighs in those parts ever had seen one of those new-fangled inventions called the horseless carriage.

A Letter To Santa Claus

Dear Old Santa Claus: I am only a little boy—a plague on old Time if he tells—and I will hang up my stocking on Christmas eve for you to fill as I used to in the old days when you came to see me down a big brick chimney and over the great black andirons with dogs' heads on them.

I want you to grant all the requests sent you. There are so many of them, but you always manage to do what is expected. And please, Santa, dip all your presents into the sweet perfume we call content, that none may be disappointed on Christmas Day.

I want you to bring gifts to all—to the churches charity, to the preachers course, and to the Democrats consolation. I want you to bring about a dozen marriages of chronic cases and a divorce or two, and a few first-class ascensions of people who are of no further use down here.

And Santa Claus, with the little children remember the tired mothers who plan and scrimp and save that others may have; who sacrifice that others may enjoy and who deserve so much; and who often, because of the brutal thoughtlessness of your sex, Santa, and mine, are given so little.

And Santa Claus, bring sunshine into sad hearts and cheer into homes where a crust is a feast; bring patience where strife is; into homes where there is nothing and into homes where there is everything—God knows which has the greater need—bring love which makes Christmas and means life.

To her whose little rocker abides in the gloom this night, who sees an empty crib and listens for a baby footfall that will never come again, give vision of your own home with girls and boys—just a little while from this earth—playing in the golden streets.

Like all other little people, I go to school, and my teacher's name is Experience. Fill my stocking with appreciation of her blessings, and teach me, and all who read these lines, the lesson of faith in Him who changes a bleak December day into Christmas; who was once a little child and always; and who said, what this stupid world has not yet wholly learned, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

And when this Christmas day is over, when the darkness deepens and the night comes, when Sleep's twin sister, Death, kisses my eyelids shut and these toys we call gold and silver and houses and bonds slip from my tired fingers away forever, may not the Father tuck me gently, safely, in under the coverlet of green or snow and greet me with a smile in the eternal morning? And I will be a good boy all the year.

By Walter Williams, in the Columbia, Mo. Herald. From a clipping in an old Scrap book.

Flashes Of Life

AWFULLY SORRY NEW YORK, Dec. 24 (AP)—The pretty debutante at the debutante cotillion and Christmas dance at the Waldorf-Astoria last night crowded eagerly about the smiling man and asked him to dance.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but I just can't remember all the intricacies of the fox-trot." With that, the Duke of Windsor, who was accompanied by his duchess, turned back to his conversation with friends.

JUDGE ANGRY NEW YORK, Dec. 24 (AP)—Supreme Court Justice Henry G. Wenzel would like to have one certain individual before him in court—and oh, brother, wouldn't he clamp down!

He would be the one who got into the official parking lot behind the Queens General court-house yesterday and drove off with the jurist's 1946 automobile, laden with Christmas packages.

CAUTIOUS AGE BOISE, Dec. 24 (AP)—About 50 lights atop Idaho's capitol dome are burned out, and Custodian Mart Garvin says they can stay out as far as his staff is concerned until a young man volunteers to scale a 30-foot ladder to the pinnacle.

TOUGH FOR TEACHER ADA, Okla., Dec. 24 (AP)—It was embarrassing enough to Hugh Trammell, instructor at East Central State college, to redeliver the newspapers his 2-year-old son, Rocky, gathered up in the wake of a newsboy.

PREMATURE SANTA PERU, Dec. 24 (AP)—Members of the L. G. Tear family at first thought Santa Claus got his dates mixed.

Puppies Taken From Pound PORTLAND, Dec. 24 (AP)—Dogs and cats are scarce this week at the Oregon Humane Society kennels where parents have been gift hunting for pets for Junior and Sis.

GOVERNMENT TROOPS CLAIM VICTORY PEIPING, Dec. 24 (AP)—Government sources declared today the Chinese national army has eliminated a communist threat against the northwest section of the Peiping-Tientsin railroad after several weeks' harassment.

SALES UP SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 24 (AP)—Department store sales increased 21 per cent in Oregon during November and 28 per cent for the first 11 months, the federal reserve bank announced today.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE with MAJOR HOOPLE



STATIC By KELLY ROBERTS



Bingle," will be cut in from Hollywood to sing "St. Luke's Nativity" and "Little Town of Bethlehem."

Don McNeill and Tom Breneman, each famous for his breakfast broadcasts in Chicago and Hollywood, respectively, will engage in a friendly, cross-country chat.

Jack Smart, who plays the stout detective in "The Fat Man," has undertaken his most exhaustive investigation of the year. He will prove that there is a Santa Claus, Leo Durocher, imbued with the holiday spirit of good-will, will discard his antagonism toward umpires and probably express the hope that the Christmas tree this year has been grown in Brooklyn.

Even Henry Morgan, radio's bitterest satirist, will be in a mellow mood and may even present a candy cane to a sponsor or two. Kenny Baker, Glamour Manor, star will embellish the party with a song in his best smooth tenor style; as mentioned above, the Metropolitan Opera and the Theatre Guild on the Air" each will send one of its great stars to brighten further an already brilliant broadcast. The Met' star being Patrice Munsell.

At 4 o'clock this afternoon, Chuck Cecil will present his and KFLW's Christmas card to the Klamath basin, with appropriate selections, both old and new, with the never ending and always beautiful Nativity tale.

And now we'd like to take a chance at wishing you all, from us all, (and Junior), a very, very Merry Christmas.

State Buys 17,000 Pairs Of Shoes

PORTLAND, Dec. 24 (AP)—Keeping state institution inmates shod will be an easy task for the next five years, William C. Ryan, supervisor of state institutions, reported today.

The state has acquired 17,000 pairs of war surplus shoes, mostly heavy GI brogans, from the WAA for \$3000 in cash that Ryan estimates will save the state \$30,000.

The shoes, paired from 42,970 mismatched items bought at Camp Adair, will be stored at the penitentiary, the state hospital, the Eastern Oregon State hospital, Fairview Home and the State Training school.

Today's Roundup

By MALCOLM EPLEY WALKING down to work through the frosty morning, we encountered—as is inevitable when one has lived in one town so long—many people we know. A bit low and sour at the start of our trek, their cheery greetings so bucked us up that we arrived at the office in high good humor, and our loyal staff was spared one of those bad days when the ME is on a grouch.

AND that goes, too, for a newspaper. To the great family of friendly Herald and News readers, scattered over vast stretches of south central Oregon and northern California, in the towns, on the high deserts, in the forested mountains, this department brings the greetings of the season.

These folks have given us support and patronage, have praised us when we did something worth while, were tolerant when we have erred.

WE especially need that friendly tolerance right now, for The Herald and News isn't its usual self. The near exhaustion of its paper supply has necessitated the production of this abbreviated edition we call Junior, from now until January 6.

INTERIM SITUATION

THE simple truth in this country is in an interim situation, a transition period from war to peace—a period which has been greatly aggravated and extended beyond necessity by failures of production, caused considerably by the labor situation. In this transition period there is coming into political being here a new force, a fresh republican congress, bent on sensibly taking hold of the situation in answer to popular demand in the election—which leaves matters somewhat up in the air.

Christmas Wish Of Your Soldier Boy

By DOROTHY E. McANULTY Box 231, Beatty, Ore. I. Once again Christmas lights will shine, And voices sweet carols sing, Friends will come to your home and mine, Glad tidings and blessings bring.

Christmas Wish Of Your Soldier Boy

They bring back a silent message, The aftermath of a war, Yes, living symbols of courage, While our fighting days are o'er.