

Three Million More Cars On Roads This Christmas May Up Accidents

WASHINGTON, D. C. — With 3,000,000 more cars on the road than a year ago a nationally-known traffic expert says that traffic casualties during the 1953 Christmas-New Year's season can top last year's shocking total of approximately 1400 dead, 42,000 injured, plus property damage amounting to \$130,000,000, unless "we begin to pay a fraction of the attention to highway safety that we do to having a gay time."

L. S. Harris, executive director of the American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators described the nation's accident-ridden "alcohol holidays" as extending from early in the week preceding Christmas when office holiday parties start through New Year's morning "when the final die-hard celebrant is at last tucked in bed."

"We have the finest of highways and the safest of cars," said Mr. Harris. "But these alone cannot save the occupants of a car operated by a man or woman unfit to drive. Nor can police gauge the fitness of drivers of passing cars. Under ordinary circumstances police cannot detect insobriety until an accident writes the inevitable, tragic finish."

"The only persons who know

whether a driver should be permitted to drive are the driver himself, his passengers — and the host whose establishment or home he has just left. Thus, it seems to our Association that the logical place to begin preventing accidents is at the holiday party. It appears also that those who give parties at Yule time must see to it that no guest drives who is unsafe to handle a car."

Mr. Harris said that there is a great deal of preventative merit in the spreading custom of considerate hosts of serving coffee as the final drink of the evening — the "one for the road." He added that while it was not suggested that a cup of coffee would make an unsobber driver completely sober, it was felt by many safety authorities that the acknowledged steady effect of coffee after alcohol would have beneficial effects.

"Obviously a drink of coffee as the final round will leave the departing guest in better shape to handle a car than if the final round is something stronger," he said. Mr. Harris pointed out that by persuading a guest to take a sobering drink for safety's sake as he departs the host calls attention to the psychological moment to the need for caution.

Another service to guests which he feels that hosts ought to perform involves diplomacy.

"It requires a great deal of tact to persuade stubborn guests that they are not fit to drive but it is a duty. Such guests must be made to ride home with sober friends or to take a cab. If they are permitted to drive and there is death or injury, the host must be considered in the category of a negligent accessory," Mr. Harris said.

Commercial hatcheries in North Carolina produced 4.9 million chicks during October, a new record high output for that month.



Season's Greetings
AND ALL GOOD WISHES
FOR THE
New Year

HARDIN'S AUTO SERVICE

Christmas OUT

By Shirley Sargent

"I ABSOLUTELY refuse to cook another Christmas dinner," Sarah Kilby announced firmly, hardly daring to look at her startled husband.

But Paul didn't argue at all. "We'll go out," he agreed. "I'll bet you spent four or five hours in the kitchen when we had the relatives for Thanksgiving. You missed all the fun."

"You mean go to a restaurant?" Ten-year-old Peter made the words sound evil. "Guy, who wants to do that?"

"I do," his seven-year-old sister, Jean, rallied unexpectedly. "Then I won't have to set the table!"

Sarah picked up her three-year-old, "Would you like to go to a restaurant for Christmas dinner, Kit?"

Kit stared soberly at her. "Do they have drumsticks?"

"Sure."

"Okay, I'll go."

"Looks like you're outvoted, Peter," Sarah smiled.

"Yes, I do. It won't be like Christmas to eat out."

"You just like the easy part, son," Paul said, "and mother has



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all the hard work to do. This year we'll make it a real holiday for her."

Christmas was on a Thursday and, that afternoon, long after the last exciting package had been opened, the Kilbys drove to a nearby restaurant.

Peter looked across the table. "Sure seems funny not to have Uncle Tom 'n' the rest of the family with us."

"The 'rest of the family' adds up to fifteen people," Paul remarked dryly. "at \$2.50 per plate."

Peter didn't say any more, but Sarah knew how he felt. It did seem odd, almost lonesome, to see only five of them around the table and she missed watching Paul carve the turkey. When their orders came, the turkey slices were already on their plates, although Kit had his drumstick.

"I wanted white meat," Jean said, "an' they gave me dark meat!"

Quickly, Sarah gave Jean some of her white meat. The turkey was good, but the dressing wasn't nearly as moist as she could make and the gravy seemed a trifle greasy. Neither Paul nor Peter ate as much as they would have at home.

"Just think," Sarah said cheerfully, "no dishes to wash and wipe."

"No leftovers either," Jean complained.

"Yeah, no turkey sandwiches or anything," Peter growled. "Golly, mom, you could make better pie than this."

"At \$2.50 a plate," Paul said loudly, "and you kids have the nerve to complain!"

"Shhh, quiet, dear," Sarah tried to hush him, "people are looking at us."

"It's like eating in a goldfish bowl," he said quietly.

Just then Kit's pie went flying off the table and he let out a howl that echoed around the dining room. Now everybody was looking at them and laughing with Paul and Sarah. But Peter and Jean were blushing, embarrassed to be the center of so much attention—good-natured or not. Only Kit really enjoyed the confusion as two waitresses cleaned up the spilled pie and brought him a new piece. A la mode, this time.

"Hey, look," he yelled delightedly. "I get ice cream too!"

Again the people at surrounding tables laughed, but Sarah was as redfaced as her children. "Honestly," she sputtered, "if I'd known . . ."

"Next time," Paul interrupted grimly, "we'll get a private dining-room."

"Next time, I'm staying home, even if I hafta eat shredded wheat," Peter said defiantly.

Sarah laughed. "There isn't going to be any next time here. Peter was right. It doesn't seem like Christmas to eat out. There's nothing to look forward to, nothing left over and it isn't as good as home cooking. Next time, we'll have all the relatives at our house."

"But the work," Paul protested. "Oh, nuts to the work. I hardly knew what to do with myself this morning. What do you say, kids?"

Jean just grinned, but Peter said, "I say fine, I'll even help with the dishes."



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Christmas Cheer 1953

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the past year. May we take this
opportunity to express our sincere good wishes
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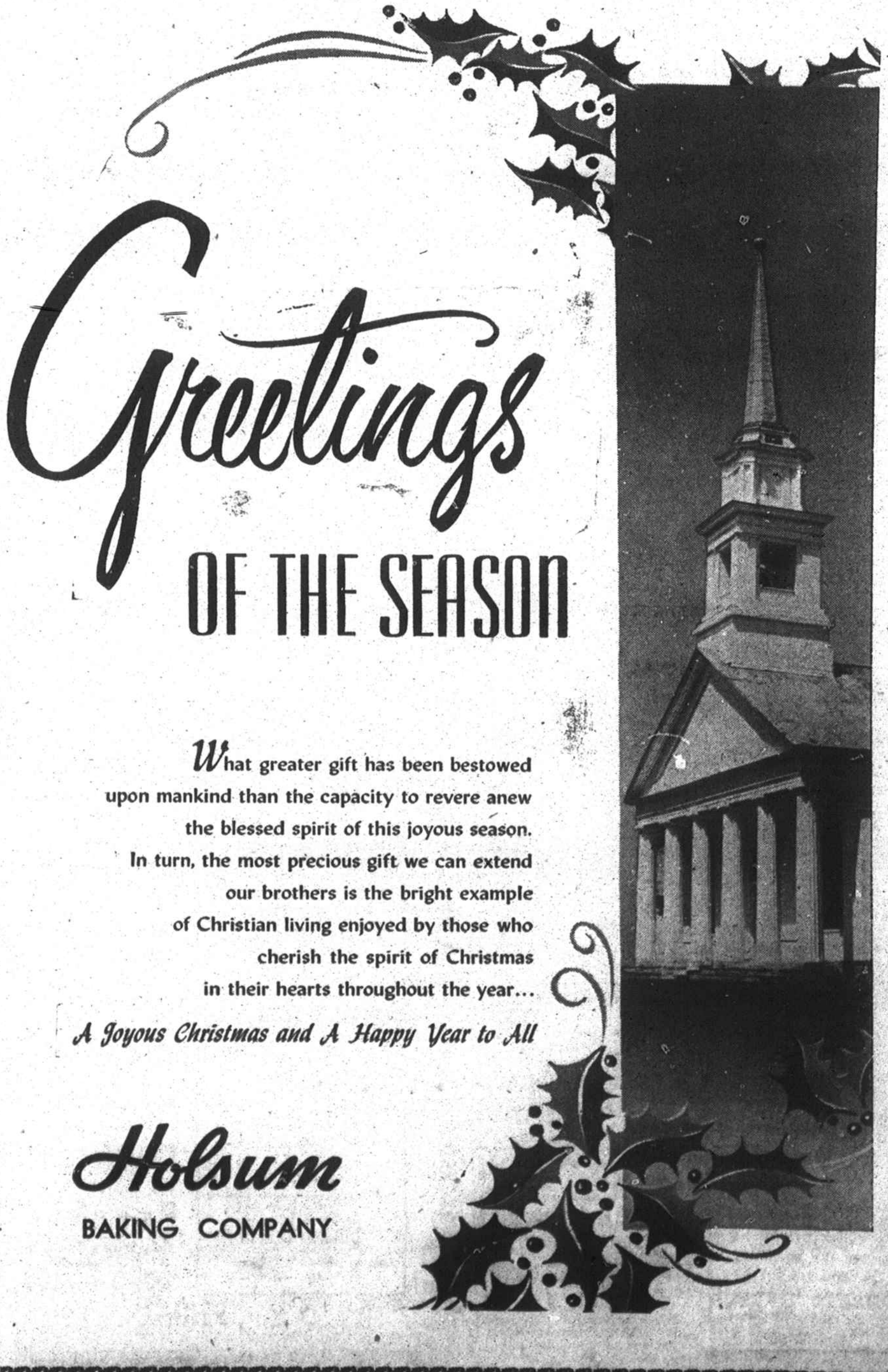
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Christmas Wishes
May Your Home
Be Filled With
Holiday Happiness

YORK ROAD GROCERY
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Greetings OF THE SEASON

What greater gift has been bestowed upon mankind than the capacity to revere anew the blessed spirit of this joyous season. In turn, the most precious gift we can extend our brothers is the bright example of Christian living enjoyed by those who cherish the spirit of Christmas in their hearts throughout the year...

A Joyous Christmas and A Happy Year to All

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