

Roseburg News-Review

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MARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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OREGON STATE ASSOCIATION
EDITORIAL

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A Word For Christmas

PERHAPS the word for Christ-
mas that would best fit into
the need of most of us would be,
not some elaborate argument on
the meaning of incarnation, or an
eager searching to understand the
deep things touching Advent that
lie at the foundation of our Chris-
tian faith, but rather a simpler
word suggesting our duty and privi-
lege of being more simply and sin-
cerely Christian than we have
been. From the philosophical and
theological points of view our
guesses at the meaning of Christ-
mas will probably always be very
much guesses, but we can hardly
have any difficulty in understand-
ing it from some other points of
view.

Reading the story of the first
Christmas again we cannot fail to
realize that it is trying to teach
us lessons of humility and simpli-
city and kindness and human
friendship and understanding. The
cradle and its tiny Occupant; the
Angel song of Peace and Good
Will; The Wise Men's Gifts—
everything in the setting and
heart and story would seem to cry
out against anything like arro-
gance or self-assertion or needless
self-seeking, and to emphasize
every lesson of simple goodness
and kindly thought and sympathe-
tic relationship. We can make no
mistake in taking these lessons to
ourselves today.

No meaning we may get out of
Christmas can have any profound-
ness or significance than these mes-
sages, that tell us that we ought to
be simpler and kinder and more
human, and more nearly in har-
mony with the great divine im-
pulse that sent this Christ of
Bethlehem into the world as a lit-
tle Babe. And no discovery of a
profound truth will ever do any of us
nearly so much good as will an
honest and earnest endeavor to
live up to this truth that we know
so well.

No matter how many times re-
peated this group of words will
never come under the classification
of trite sayings: "Merry Christ-
mas to you, and a happy New
Year." And that is just what we
want to say to YOU now. To all
of our readers wherever they may
be we most sincerely wish them a
Merry Christmas and a happy New
Year.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

THERE are 5,500,000 more quali-
fied drivers in this country
than there are cars on the road,
says a statistical optimist, who is
seeking to prove that there is still
a big market for cars. Dodging
pedestrians will wish that these
experts could be permitted to
handle present equipment a bit.

(Corvallis Gazette-Times)
We note by our favorite paper
that "Yarno was in jail charged
with the theft of several fraternity
houses." But, the mail carriers
say they hadn't missed any fin-
terly houses.

(Grand Pass Courier)
This Christmas story comes
from the Ashland Tidings.
Santa Claus, standing on a street
corner, recently patted a bright-
eyed youngster on the shoulder
and remarked:
"Well, sonny, you've been a
pretty good boy. What shall I
bring you for Christmas?"
There was a look of doubt, then
uncertainty and finally disgust
about sonny as he responded:
"For the luvva Pete, didn't you
get my letter?"

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

birth of Jesus. It is an idea ges-
ture of adoration. The world that
we know, with its sharp contrasts
with the ancient world, really dates
its beginning from the birth of
Jesus.

THERE are many things that you
may think about, here at the
Christmas season. You may con-
sider the custom of making gifts,
debating with yourself whether it
is right or wrong, whether or not
it has been overdone.

You may consider the state of
business, whether or not people
are giving as much at Christmas
as formerly, whether they are giv-
ing useful gifts that are not use-

ful; whether or not the volume of
business in December is declining
and if so what the ultimate effect
will be.

You may even ask yourself
whether people give at Christmas
time because they feel that they
HAVE TO GIVE in order to main-
tain their standing in the commu-
nity.

BUT, if you are wise, you will
brush aside all these subjects as
immaterial and give serious
thought today to what the event
that is celebrated by the festival of
Christmas has meant to the world
and to the people of all kinds who
live in it.

Poets' Corner

"CHRISTMAS CHIMES"
Hark! the Christmas chimes are
pealing sweet and low.
They recall to memory Christmas
days of long ago.
Their story of glad tidings repeat-
ing o'er and o'er—
Peace and goodwill to all mankind,
rich and poor.

May happiness and joy reign
throughout the land today;
Good wishes to our friends, though
they be far away.
Our hearts should thankful be, this
Merry Christmas-tide,
"A Happy Christmas to All!"
throughout the whole world-wide.

Joy to the world! For today is a
Savior born.
Let every soul rejoice and praise
the glorious morn.
He came for the humble, meek and
lowly to cheer;
Our souls are free from sin and
our hearts from fear.

As the wise men of old adored the
new-born King,
Then let all the earth with song
and praises ring:
"Glorious to God in the Highest,"
sang the angel host,
We humbly worship Thee—The
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Hark! the Christmas chimes are
pealing sweet and low.
Their sweet melody resounds far
across the snow.
Like angel's fingers playing upon
their harps of gold,
Proclaiming forever "The Sweetest
Story Ever Told."

Charles K. Dawson,
Soldiers' Home,
Roseburg, Oregon.

ALPHA

By HELEN MAGERS
Dark night,
Stars hanging out of the sky—
Stillness,
Deserted streets in the Town.
Dear hills,
Shepherds crooning their songs—
White sheep,
Sinking into repose;
A hushed world—and then—
A star
Bursts into brilliant flame,
Disclosing loveliness,
Startling all who see!
The shepherds
Fall to the ground, stunned,
A voice
Speaks gently, clearly:
"Fear not,
I bring you glad tidings
Of great joy—
"A Child
Today is born in
Bethlehem,
Most sacred of cities."
"Let us go, men,
And see that which God
Hath prepared!"
A lowly stable,
Holy awe;
Shepherds, Wise Men, Kings,
Paying homage
To the Babe,
The King of Kings!
They linger
And the angels sing:
Glory to God—
The Lord of hosts
For a Savior is born
This day!
Peace reigned o'er all—

A VISION OR A DREAM

By Isabel Paine Whitney
My mind was overwrought with
Christmas work and thought,
I closed my eyes and dreamed, and
this is how it seemed.
I was a looker-on, upon a mighty
throne—
And in the midst, a tree, or so
it seemed to me.

And all was joy and mirth, for
Christ had come to earth—
And stood beneath the tree, so
wondrous fair to see.
A halo settled there, upon His
brow and hair,
Above Him on the limbs, cherubs
and seraphims.

And all around His feet, young
children pure and sweet,
And, oh, the music rare, would I
I might repeat.
It rose so full and high, it seemed
"would reach the sky,
And although it was night, the
moon and stars gave light.

Such light I never seen, a radi-
ant atmosphere,
I saw a gentle star, that reached
up high in air,
And at its top a throne, and God
sat there alone.
He said: "His Son to earth to join
the Christmas mirth.

But, ah, such jubilee, what joy to
hear and see,
I seemed a favored one, that this
should come to me.
Then I was wide awake, I looked
around my room,
All as the night before, my potted
plant in bloom.

A voice said in my ear, sounding
so sweet and clear,
It all could see and hear, they'd
find me always near.
Baron Thorough county commis-
sioner from Canyonville, and R. A.
Ehlersen, county commissioner
from Mettine, were business visi-
tors here yesterday.

TILLIE THE TOILER



Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

A DENTIST usually adds fifty
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surcharge on the uppers and low-
ers.

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is as a precious stone in the eyes
of him that hath it."

No matter how little its money
value may be, we prize a gift made
or selected just for us. An article
that cost a dime is indeed as a
precious stone.

Around... The County

By R. R. WOOD

Two cold, foggy mornings in this
week, with a little ice on small
containers of water that might
have stood out all night, and the
first "real winter" this season,
made some of our folks a little
skeptical as to the appellation of
"best climate on earth" to the
weather conditions of the Un-
qua valley. One person remarked
to the writer on Monday morn-
ing: "Don't come back tonight and
tell us of 'sunshine and ripe straw-
berries.'"

That was a wonderful suggestion
for a story, the setting for which
I found at Myrtle Creek two
hours later. In places the moun-
tain was a trifle "slick" and fog
for the first few miles of the drive
was dense. As the car forged south-
ward and up along the South Un-
qua valley, occasional blints of sun-
shine pierced the gloom, so that when
Dillard was passed the fog lifted,
vanished over the mountain tops,
and a beautiful day, just like
spring, supplanted the foggy morn-
ing.

Just before reaching the mag-
nificent concrete bridge on the Pa-
cific highway spanning the river
at Myrtle Creek is the berry farm
of Mr. and Mrs. Frank West. These
people had their car all ready for
a trip to Roseburg, but they de-
cided long enough to say "Hello!"
in the brief moment at this
ranch, which lies on the north
slope of the mountain and facing
the river and highway—one of the
"cold" spots in that section.
Those berry growers demonstrated
that there is such a thing as ripe
and ripening strawberries at
Christmas time. It is safe to say
that there were a dozen boxes of
the ripe berries on that west patch
of Mastodon Everbearing variety,
with a whole lot more coming on
for New Year's. If the skeptic
wants to drive out and see for
himself, the Wests will be glad
to "show" any "Missourian" who
comes to make the trip—and it's
a nice drive, too.

Tomatoes in December
That sounds pretty good—and
it is what has "happened" at My-
rtle Creek this fall—or winter.
The fellows from "down east" are
just as likely as not to call this
weather spring. But those to-
matoes would appear to indicate fall.
However, Mr. R. R. Peters, living
about two miles out of town on

not receive special attention from
any certain boy?

Another problem is that most of
the boys insist on petting and as
we do not care for this at all, we
would like to know how to avoid
this without causing "hard feel-
ings," and perhaps losing their
friendship entirely.

NANCY AND NANNETTE
NANCY AND NANNETTE: You
both appear to be so sensible
that I do not think you are in need
of any outside advice. I can only
tell you that you are perfectly right
to continue your friendship with all
without bestowing your attention
on any one in particular. As to
your other query, I cannot for the
life of me see why you should
want to be so considerate of a per-
son whose conduct is so distaste-
ful to you.

THE TWO WHOOPER GIRLS
THE TWO WHOOPER GIRLS:
If you are quite sure that your
friends have not been hurt or af-
fected by any attitude or action of
yours, then it would perhaps be as
well to have a frank talk with them
and ascertain, if possible, just what
the trouble is. If they are true of
the friendship, then I would advise
you to pursue the matter no far-
ther, but find other friends and in-
terests. As to your query on relig-
ion, that is purely an individual
question and must be met and
treated as such. That is something
that you and your parents can
alone work out for your happiness.

DEAR NANCY LEE:
We are two girls, not quite
sixteen years of age. Our parents
allow us to have boy friends at
times. Like most other girls, we
enjoy this privilege and try not to
take advantage of it. Our prob-
lem is, the boys of this town seem
to think they should choose one
girl and go with her regularly, and
they become very jealous if we ac-
cept a movie date or a call from
any other friends of the opposite
sex. We think these are very fool-
ish ideas for "kids" of our age.
What shall we do to continue our
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It All Comes Out in the Wash



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Come Into the Kitchen

COME INTO THE KITCHEN
Come now, don't you wish you
were a kid again, back in the days
when Santa Claus was your inen-
emy to wash your neck and ears;
and Christmas meant the front
parlor closed for a week, myster-
ious whisperings among the grown-
ups, sly vain peckings into the
keyhole; discipline relaxed, bed-
time hours extended? And at last
— Christmas morning! You hadn't
meant to go to sleep—but you did.
And sneaking downstairs in warm
flannel "unmentionables"—you
found—well, a new world.

After all, isn't Christmas based
on memories—all tucked away in
a corner of your heart—so near
asbestos-coated? Christmas—the
red freight train, a doll with blond-
ish curls. (She said "Mama" when
punched gingerly in the solar plex-
us) Christmas dinner at grand-
mother's when you tried to taste
everything even to the last bite,
and then finally gave in—defeat-
ed and groaning but happy.

Try Christmas at home this
year—if you have to rent a home
for the day. For a sojourn heart
we give you the old-fashioned
Christmas!
Now, after we've relieved our
minds of that grievance against un-
intelligible menus of Frenchiness
and other forms of modern Chris-
mas celebrations we'll offer you
this, on a lovely white linen table-
cloth, if you please, with slender
red candles in clear crystal sticks,
and gleaming silver, and a low
centerpiece of English holly.

Christmas Kitchen tricks
Color schemes at Christmas are
so easy to carry out—greens and
reds there are galore.

If you are serving a fruit cock-
tail or a grapefruit on a bed of ice,
you can make the ice match your
color scheme. If you have any way
to freeze it yourself, easy enough
with the electric refrigerator.
Color the water the desired tints
with vegetable coloring used for
candles and cakes. These little
colored ice cubes in cold beverages
are quite individual.

Soup is stimulating and gives
"tone" to a dinner. Because the
meal is heavy the soup should be
a clear stock of bouillon. Flavor
count. Bayleaf, thyme, porceni,
intelligently used lend a "dash of
tomorrow" to the dish. Incidentally,
it should be a crime punishable
by law to serve lukewarm soup—

North Myrtle Creek, picked well
flavored ripe tomatoes out of his
garden on December 10. It is stated
that others in the Myrtle Creek
district have done the same thing
this month. Of course there were
no great quantities of the fruit
picked, mainly because no ef-
fort was made to make this record
— those tomatoes just grew
without any thought or attention
being given to them and then the
vines simply died after a long bear-
ing period.

"Gold Dollars"
In this case Gold Dollar straw-
berries are referred to. On South
Myrtle, three miles, or so, from
town, Mr. O. R. Pollard, fruit grow-
er, was plowing Monday on a hill
slope facing south, where he had
a berry patch of Gold Dollars that
needed replanting. This variety is
one of the very earliest producers,
but is not supposed to bring in a
repeat crop during a season. But
Myrtle Creek, soil backed by plenty
of Southern Oregon sunshine is
really freakish, so when this grow-
er turned under a lot of those
plants that 224 day of December,
he also plowed under many with
blossoms, berries just forming, as
well as much fruit that was fully
formed and at the "ripening" point,
beginning to show a deep crimson
color. That "sunshine and ripe
strawberries" suggestion was time-
ly.

Roses in Bloom
Not only are berries growing and
ripening in this county at this
time when press reports tell of
zero and below temperatures east,
but yards, not only in Myrtle
Creek, but all through the Unqua
Valley, are growing beautiful roses
and dahlias and many other hard-
ier varieties of flowers at this per-
iod of the year. Sounds like an ex-
aggerated tale to folks who are
unacquainted here, but these
things are so common in Douglas
county that the people fail to ap-
preciate the wonderful climate and
soil of their home locality.

The Deardorff hotel, Oakland, is
serving turkey dinner Christmas
day, \$1.00 per plate—Adv.

Arundel, piano tuner, Phone 189.

The rule is similar in
making chocolates
to that in
roasting HILLS
BROS COFFEE

THE FINEST chocolate creams are
dipped one at a time by hand. The
finest coffee ever—Hills Bros. Coffee—is
roasted a few pounds at a
time by the patented, continuous
process—Controlled Roasting. No
other coffee has the same delicious
flavor that Hills Bros. Coffee has
because none is roasted the same
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