



"I understand back home they're saying the war is over."

"Speak louder—I can't hear yuh."

Sure, Bill—speak louder. Celebrate louder, America!

You'll have to, to be heard above the bloody gurgles of the men who are dying at this very moment of our day of "Victory". . . the ghostly whispers, mighty in volume, of the men who died not to kill one nation but to kill all tyranny.

Today our great fight is but half won.

Japan, our final and most dangerous enemy, still lives.

Japan still boasts an army of 4,000,000 fanatical, last-ditch fighters, with half again that many in reserve.

Japan's huge, ill-gotten wealth of Empire is still essentially intact.

Japan still hates our guts.

Today we can, if we choose, start breaking faith with those who died. We can go on a fool's orgy, get drunk on our success so far.

Or we can, if we choose, pray for our dead, and for the lives of those who have so far been spared. We can stay on the job, buy another War Bond, give a pint of blood. We can choke back our cheers . . . and save our wind for the mighty task that lies ahead.

Today is but the symbol of the many days to come.

What are you going to do with these days?

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