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FIVE MILES FROM HOME

By CHARLES V. STANTON

"There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings."

How true are the words of the poet! Fate makes mockery of men's hopes and plans! Fate may be the comic jester. Fate may bring sudden and unexpected fame and riches. And by the same token it may turn exaltation into tragedy. How terrible may be its decisions!

Today we sorrow with our sister city, Grants Pass, in the tragedy which fate has laid upon it. Grief is intensified by the suddenness of disaster, turning hysterical joy into deepest sorrow in the "twinkling of an eye."

A huge crowd was gathered in Grants Pass awaiting the return of victorious football warriors. Tuned to a high pitch of enthusiasm, the crowd needed only the sight of the bus carrying their team to unloose a tremendous welcome, demonstrating community pride, affection and exaltation.

But fate intervened! And only five miles from home! A sudden sickening skid; the never-to-be-forgotten rumble of an overturning vehicle, and then explosion and fire! The panic of escape, the heroics of rescue, the care of the injured, all could be cited. The teamwork of the gridiron demonstrated its value in the time of emergency. The pride of achievement was exemplified as one passenger, fighting against time to escape from the crashed and burning vehicle, carried to safety the trophy so brilliantly earned.

What a difference involved in a few minutes of time, a few miles of distance! Only five miles from home!

How often fate, in like mood, dashes away the cup of pleasure as it is raised to the lips! How often hopes are wrecked just as success seems assured!

Five miles and ten minutes more and the Grants Pass football team—Oregon champions of 1948—would have been riding on the shoulders of frenzied, welcoming fans. Only five miles more!

But fate, in mood for tragedy, thrust forth the icy hand of death, against which neither king nor peasant may find armor.

We speak of "fickle fate" and ponder the why of its inconstancy, well knowing there is no answer. In one short moment fate plunges our emotions from the peak of joy to the abyss of sorrow, and there is no explaining its vagary.

Here in Roseburg we have great pride in the achievement of the Grants Pass gridiron squad, for it was our own Indians who tied the Cavemen in a regular season game. Furthermore, the coach of the Grants Pass squad was until recently the head of our own athletic department. And the assistant coach is one of our own, who, as a youth, was the joy of our sports fans. He, too, knows how cruel fate can be, for its touch upon delicate nerves ended promise of a career as a professional baseball player.

So, as more than neighbors, we extend our deep sympathy to the sorrowing populace of our sister city, and particularly to those into whose home death struck with such tragic suddenness. We share the pride of achievement and the grief of disaster. With hearts filled with emotion, we stretch forth hands of sympathy and condolence as we ponder anew the fickleness of fate.

In the Day's News

(Continued from Page One)

edge with some 4000 Chinese refugees who were fleeing the wrath and the wreckage of war in a world already torn and ripped by war's fangs and claws.

They were headed for suffering and hunger wherever they might land, impelled by the fear of worse suffering and hunger if they stayed where they were.

REPORTS are meager as this is written. But we get this bit of detail:

The little craft (capacity 1186) was officially carrying 2250 persons when it left Nanking. At Shanghai, another estimated 2000 clambered aboard. The dispatch adds:

"Shanghai dock workers blamed the overcrowding on a SCHEME frequently used by the Chinese — with those already aboard THROWING THEIR TICKETS to friends on the wharf, who used the tickets to get on."

A "scheme?"

The word connotes skuldugery.

What would you do if you were on the Shanghai wharf with your family, fearing the worst if you stayed and hoping for something better if you got away? If somebody threw you a ticket, you'd take it and use it. Self-preservation is the first law of life.

Life is just that raw and primitive in China now.

A few minutes after the tele-

passionate, telling of tragedy and of comedy without perceptible change in the tone of their tapping) had chattered out this tale of horror, they carried this story from New York:

"A broken 20-inch water main early today flooded Times Square, crossroads of the world... Some subway passengers GOT WET FEET in stations between 41st and 42nd streets, but (subway) service under Broadway was not affected... surface traffic was detoured for a time when the flood rose to curb height on the pavements."

TRIFLING?

Yes. But it serves to contrast our welfare with the desperate situation of millions of human beings throughout the world. At an hour in history when people are fleeing for their lives in China (not to mention the millions of lives that are hanging in the balance elsewhere on earth) a flood from a broken water main in New York that wets the feet of people on their way from comfortable homes to work in comfortable office buildings is regarded as news in America.

WHAT we'd better do is to avoid the mental condition of the Pharisee when he prayed smugly (in effect):

"I thank thee, Lord, that I am not as these others."

IT BEHOOVES US TO REMEMBER THAT WE CAN'T REMAIN INDEFINITELY AN ISLAND OF PROSPERITY AND HAPPINESS AND COMFORT IN A DECAYING WORLD.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



Hearing Kate Smith sing "Bless This House" the other day reminded me of how many times I have wished I knew the words. Gladys Swarthout sings it, too, of course. So I asked the State Library to send the words to me, and as my thanks to them I am sharing with you:

Bless This House
Bless this house, O Lord we pray,
Make it safe by night and day;
Bless these walls, so firm and stout,
Keeping want and trouble out;
Bless the roof and chimneys tall,
Let Thy peace lie over all;
Bless this door, that it may prove
Ever open to joy and love.

Bless these windows shining bright,
Letting in God's heavenly light;
Bless the hearth ablazing there,
With smoke ascending like a prayer;
Bless the folk who dwell within,
Keep them pure and free from sin;

Bless us all that we may be
Fit, O Lord, to dwell with Thee,
Bless us all that one day we
May dwell, O Lord, with Thee.
(There was no notation as to author, or other information. Maybe a reader knows who wrote the words?)

Another "House Blessing" has these words:
"The beauty of the house is order,
The blessing of the house is contentment,
The glory of the house is hospitality."
(A colored motto—author not given.)

And one more Blessing—this one is translated from the Slovak:
Blessing On the Home
"Where faith is, there is love;
Where love is, there is harmony;
Where harmony is, there is blessing;
Where blessing is, there is God;
and where God dwells, no sense of lack can stay."

Editorial Comment

From The Oregon Press

Oregon City Enterprise
Prediction of Things to Come—
at the Legislature
Conscientious Republicans may view with alarm what is shaping up at the forthcoming Oregon Legislature. The Stetson-Lee Impasse that afflicted the Senate five years ago is about to have a repetition in that chamber where Carl Engdahl of Umatilla county and William Walsh of Coos Bay are reportedly in a tie for President of the Senate, with the ten Democrats, master-minded by Richard (Dick) Neuberger, aided by Monroe Sweetland, Democratic National Committee man of Oregon, holding the balance of power.

Reportedly, Carl Engdahl has the assurance of 14 votes with Senator William Walsh a similar number. In the Engdahl camp are, also reportedly, most of the new Democratic senators but not including Mr. Neuberger, and some of the newly elected members of the Republican party. In the Walsh camp, again reportedly, are more of the experienced holdover Senators. Where the vote of the Marion county appointee to succeed Governor-elect McKay will go is not definite. Neither Engdahl nor Walsh apparently are "left" enough for Mr. Neuberger who is feeling his strength due to his leading the Legislative ticket in votes, and the national Democratic victory, and in addition, having the smart guidance of the Editor of the Oregon Democrat, Vern Williams. Even within the party politics makes strange bed-fellows at times.

The Neuberger play apparently is to hold out against both Engdahl and Walsh and at the last minute trade his vote for strategic Committee chairmen and Committee appointments. That accomplished, the Democrats will be in a powerful position to fight a delaying action on important business and thus put the Republican Legislature in a hole, with high taxes, state deficit, surplus income taxes and old age pensions making a potpourri of trouble facing the legislature and calling for a session as nearly devoid of politics as possible.

What President Truman wrongly, loosely and maliciously, but with startling effect with the voters, accomplished in calling the 80th Congress names will be as nothing to what the Democrats of Oregon will be able to do if the Democratic third of the Senate is able to do what is being cooked up apparently in Senator-elect Neuberger's fertile mind. The Multnomah Senator-elect presumably is playing to turn Oregon over to the Democrats in 1952. In the meantime in 1950, heading for the Congress, with

the aid of women's votes which he lured from Republicans and Democrats alike. He is openly out to make bad medicine for the Republicans, and he's quite adept at it. He would, of course, be aided by the experienced and able old time Senator, Thomas R. Mahoney, who headed the Democratic delegation at the convention and has organizing ability along with his persuasive powers.

But the Legislative outlook is dark at the moment if the well laid plans of the left-wing Democrats materialize. Conscientious Republicans will be smart if they caucus, recognize the situation and swing bodily to a Senate President who can be elected without tying himself into a political knot; be free to make worthy and deserving committee appointments and put through a Republican program at the Legislature that will solve some of the state's problems, and force the Democrats intent on playing politics and blocking the program, to waste their votes in the minority action of the committees or on the floor.

It's about time for the Republicans in the Legislature to let such partisan opponents feel their steel and the only way to do it is to use the control the Republicans have now by laying aside political play in arriving at a Senate President.

The House seems to be in better shape. Frank Van Dyke apparently is sure of the speakership and is not confronted with the same political need of trading with the Democrats. He will have some inexperienced men to work with, however. Without some unselfish action by the Republicans in the upper house, however, it is quite possible Governor-elect McKay will be in trouble, for, it may be expected the Democratic Treasurer-elect Walter Pearson will use his position to play smart with the Democratic minority, block the Republican program of legislation if possible, and lay the party open to a trumped-up Truman type of charge that will sound good in 1950 and 1952.

We hope our prediction is wrong, but Democrats in the flush of victory are talkative, and in this instance we are gullible and fearful.

Georgia White Man Held In Murder of Negro

LYONS, Ga., Dec. 7.—(AP)—A white man yesterday was charged with the ambush murder of Negro Robert Mallard, slain allegedly by robbed white men. Amy James Mallard, widow of the victim, signed a warrant

Cargo of Airliner Is Reminder of Noah's Ark

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—(AP)—Attendants at New York International Airport blinked yesterday when a Royal Dutch Airlines plane landed with a passenger list reminiscent of Noah's Ark.

Out came three orangutans from Sumatra—one bound for the Cheyenne Mountain zoo, Colorado Springs, Colo., and the other two for the Zoological Park in Washington, D. C.

There was a great twittering as rare Indian, Chinese and Persian birds appeared. Included were 30 talking minah birds—none of them talking at the moment. All were taken to a New York dealer.

Next came assorted carrier pigeons, canaries and dogs from Germany destined for various individuals here.

REDS MAKE HUGE LATHE MOSCOW.—(AP)—A turning lathe weighing 500 tons is being manufactured at the Kramatorsky plant of heavy machine building.

"Evening Moscow" said it is the first Soviet lathe of such large proportions. It will machine parts up to 30 meters long.

All parts of the rice plant are useful. Even the husks are used as fuel.

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Offenders Fined In Municipal Court

Six persons paid fines or forfeited bail for non-appearance on charges of drunkenness or vagrancy in the Municipal Court Monday. According to Municipal Judge Ira B. Riddle, they included:

John Thomas Deisman, 22, Ashland, Ore., drunkenness on a public street, \$20 fine; George Leo Motley, 30, Albuquerque, N. M., vagrancy, \$20 fine suspended; Garland S. Spencer, 26, Veterans Hospital, drunkenness on a public street, \$20 bail forfeited; James Thomas McCullen, 55, Roseburg, drunkenness, \$20 bail

forfeited; Millard Harmon Fowler, 41, Portland, drunkenness on a public street, \$20 bail forfeited; Fred Preston Carls, 36, Roseburg, drunkenness and disorderly conduct, \$30 forfeited.

Carl Arthur Baker, 21, of Roosevelt, Calif., posted \$5 bail and an \$80 ring to guarantee his appearance Dec. 11 on a charge of drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

Three persons paid fines in Municipal Court Monday for traffic violations. Judge Riddle said they included:

Walter D. Carlson, 120 S. Pine St., violation of basic rule, \$15; Guy F. Meigs, 913 E. 2nd St., driving in wrong lane of traffic, \$2; Kenneth G. Hong, Sutherland, left turn against a no-left-turn sign, \$2.



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