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NO ROOM IN THE INN

By Charles V. Stanton

It has been many years since we heard Floyd Crittenden tell his Christmas story before the Roseburg Kiwanis Club. It must have been at least 15 years ago—maybe more. But no talk we ever heard, before or since, left such a lasting impression.

Crittenden, a telephone company official, now living in Portland, was then manager of the Roseburg exchange. He was an able speaker but he produced his masterpiece, in our opinion, with his Christmas story.

We recalled that story as we read in the current issue of *Saturday Evening Post* an editorial which asked, "whose birthday do we celebrate?" It was the complaint of the editorial writer that we seem to be celebrating the birthday of Santa Claus rather than that of Christ.

We remember how Crittenden painted a picture of Bethlehem and the return of its people to be counted in the Roman census. He told of the festive atmosphere. As he spoke one could hear the joyful greetings of friends and relatives, meeting after the lapse of years.

Village Crowded To Capacity

The glad cries were interspersed with the shouts of hawks, peddling their wares. Roman officials in their chariots dashed about, imperiously disdainful of the pressing throng. Wealthy merchants made their way along the narrow streets with their retinues of servants.

The village inn was crowded. Into it were packed Roman officials and the wealthy visitors. Every home was filled to overflowing with relatives and friends. It seemed the tiny village could not hold another person.

But along the dusty road came a young couple. The beautiful woman rode upon a donkey, while her husband trudged beside her. She evidently was in pain and hearing exhaustion. The frightened young man kept prodding and urging the slow beast to greater speed, exasperated by the creeping pace, while panic mounted in his breast.

From the gates of the city he pushed hurriedly toward the public inn. There had to be a place—and quickly!

The innkeeper was in a quandary. He couldn't eject the Roman officials nor his wealthy clients. There was no room in the inn. But there were caves in which were quartered the beasts of burden. And in those stables were people—common people—making merry. So it was with the beasts of burden and the lowly people that the frightened young man made a comfortable and warm bed for his suffering wife.

Crittenden's story closed with a picture of the young man standing beside the Roman magistrate and proudly listing for the census the names of Joseph, Mary and their newborn son, Jesus.

Make Room In Our Hearts

That simple Christmas story poignantly rebukes our commercialism of one of the most sacred of all holidays. The editorial writer of the popular magazine has a point when he asks, whose birthday are we celebrating? Our celebration of Christmas draws chiefly upon pagan rites. The decorated tree, green wreaths, tinsel baubles, exchange of gifts, feasting, dancing, revelry, Santa Claus, all have their origin in pagan rather than Christian traditions.

Yet we saw men loading baskets of food and gifts into trucks to be distributed to the needy. Men and women have been laboring for weeks to prepare toys for children. Civic and fraternal orders have entertained and treated youngsters. Our radios bring us the grand anthems and carols we associate with the season of the year. The Christmas story is repeated over and over. Christmas isn't exclusively commercialized.

In our preoccupation with the demands of the Christmas season we, like the innkeeper push the Christ Child off into the corner of our hearts. The Christian dispensation had its beginning in a manger. Would Christ's appeal to the masses have been as strong had he been born in surrounding available only to rulers and merchant princes? From the humble manger the warmth of hope has come to pervade the world. From the remote corner of our hearts, where the Christ Child has his abode today, come generosity, love, service and sacrifice. But how much more abundant would be the spirit of good will if only we found more room in our hearts for Him whose birthday it is.

Scraps From the



MENDING BASKET

Vahnett Martin - P.O. Box 874, Drain, Or.

Christmas fun ensues if a "teacher" reads (administers) "The Night Before Christmas" to a group of "children" in a completely unrehearsed and unprepared class scene. Said children sit on the floor in a semi-circle around the teacher who must be the type who can keep a straight face regardless of what questions and answers and spontaneous actions go on. The rest of the Christmas party just sits on the fringe as the home folks come to visit while Madam Teacher shows off her proteges.

Since the "children" are, like as not, mothers or even grandmothers who have only to dip into their memories for inspiration, the skit can be fun for all concerned. Any teachers present can thank the Lord that they never had it so rugged, as they enjoy their side-line seats!

A quieter bit of fun can be to "see how many words you can make out of the word CHRISTMAS," and use them only once. Discovery of the double 's,' makes the pencils scribble fast. Each player is given a sheet of paper on which is written the word Christmas.

If the guests are inclined to be dignified they might enjoy a game of "Uncle Josh" in which case they stand in a row. No. 1 asks No. 2 if she has heard what happened to her Uncle Josh? and proceeds to enlighten with illustrations: "Why, he up and die, with one eye shut, and his mouth awry." No. 2, then does likewise for the benefit of No. 3. The sight of about eight usually normal ladies surveying their delighted audience with "one eye shut and mouth awry" is not likely to sadden the rest of the group over the demise of Uncle Josh.

Then No. 1 starts the thing going again with "one foot up and waving good-bye," and that act goes down the line. A row of normally dignified ladies, all of whom are now more or less convulsed with laughter, but who are valiantly trying to stand on one foot, wave with one hand, keep an eye shut, and mouth awry, is just the kind of sight you would expect!

After that, a quiet game like holding a sheet of paper behind your back and tearing it into a shouette of Santa Claus is practically a sedative, — until the re-

Silent Night



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Fulton Lewis Jr.
WASHINGTON REPORT
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WASHINGTON — The State Department has officially denied that American military secrets are ever transmitted to the United Nations where home grown and foreign Communists have access to them.

The denial is phony. Not only do Communists have access to our security files submitted to the United Nations, but they are stealing them as well.

As I noted earlier here, the UN has something called the Department of Security Council Affairs. It is run by a Russian, Constantin E. Zinchenko, and he deals solely in matters pertaining to the Korean War.

The Korean war, as UN apologists point out repeatedly and with considerable heat, is a United Nations war, run by the United Nations, debated by the United Nations and being lost by the United Nations.

I will take the word of UN officials that they are directing top strategy in Korea. I will also point out to those officials of the State Department who deny it, that nobody in the UN or elsewhere can run a war unless they know what it is all about, who is fighting it as well as details of military strategy. In fact, not a single UN member can send a soldier to Korea without first clearing it with proper UN officials, a delightful situation from the standpoint of Russia and her Communist allies fighting UN troops on the battle front.

Zinchenko is the Soviet expert on Korea. He is now "residing" in Moscow as his first assistant, Nikolai Skvortsov.

Skvortsov is a Soviet espionage agent. Even the Department of State recognized this, which will give you some idea how obvious the Russian must have been. Having gone home for a vacation, he was refused a visa to return to New York because he had been engaging in espionage against the U. S.

Skvortsov did nothing but spy against this nation while with the UN. Security officials inside the U. S., including bosses of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, were powerless. UN employees are treated as diplomats and it is risky even to follow them in trying to find out what they are peddling to the Kremlin.

For his labors Skvortsov, Good Neighbors, drew \$8,000 tax free annually, paid largely out of your tax money. He was a lounge lizard at UN bars, associating mostly with newsmen covering the international organization. He speaks and understands the American language well. He frequently journeyed to Washington, reporting his latest findings to the Soviet embassy here. But just like other Russian agents, he got too well-known, too obvious, and our State Department had to ask him to stay in Moscow. He did, gladly, returning for an appropriate Soviet award for duty well done. He drew his UN salary, however, for months after his departure, and is entitled to retirement privileges, as are all UN employees, Russian or otherwise.

Skvortsov's very presence at the UN gives the lie to State Department denials that the UN has access to American secrets. Surely he wasn't there to steal Russian secrets for the Kremlin. He walked with American Reds at the UN, talked with them, drank with them, and if the truth were known, probably paid some of them. He was an espionage agent, pure and simple, spying for Russia. He will be replaced by another agent and the simpletons who approved the UN, after Alger Hiss got through setting it up, have fixed it so we are powerless to stop it.

Besides being on the mailing list for the latest data on Korea, the suits are laid in a row on the floor for prize-awarding. Then there's Hoke-pokey...

fiber of the nation that does such things deteriorates.

Example: Back in the days when the franc was worth 20 cents, France was a great nation. France now is tottering on the brink of bankruptcy. That's what persistent inflation does.

One more thought: They'll put little Justin Paullet in jail for making his money on a printing press instead of WORKING and earning it. What he has been doing is exactly what the French government has been doing over all these years when the value of the franc has been falling from 20 cents to a third of a cent.

Paullet, of course, has been committing a crime. There's no doubt of that.

What we should recognize is that when governments depreciate the people's money by inflation THEY TOO are committing a crime.

Attorney General Sees No Reason To Bar Wed Girls

TALLAHASSEE, Fla. (AP) — Florida's Atty. Gen. Richard Ervin says there is no legal reason to bar married children of girls in early stages of pregnancy from attending public schools.

"It's questionable that a rule to bar married children from attending public schools would be reasonable or be to the best interest of the school or pupils and could be enforced," Ervin told State School Supt. Thomas D. Bailey yesterday.

"It is commendable in married persons of school age to further their education and thereby be better fitted for life's work and its duties."

He said a pregnant girl under 16, young enough to be required to attend school, might need to be exempted from attendance for health reasons.

Bailey said he did not know how many married pupils are attending Florida schools but county school boards had often asked what should be done about them and he sought the attorney general's opinion.

Veterans of World War I can remember that in their day in France a franc was worth about 20 cents. It's now worth in the general neighborhood of a THIRD OF A CENT.

That's depreciation.

How did it get that way? It's a long long story. But in general, over the years, the French government (We should say FRENCH GOVERNMENTS, the French change their governments about as frequently as we Americans change our shirts) has spent more money than it has been able or willing to tax the French people for.

It has made up the difference by PUTTING MORE MONEY INTO CIRCULATION.

The long-pull result has been that the franc, which used to be worth 20 cents, has now shrunk in value to about a third of a cent.

I know it could be said that about all that means is that you have to carry around MORE FRANCS to pay your bills with. But that isn't all of it. As the franc has gone down steadily in value it has meant that people who save money have lost most of their savings because of the progressive deterioration in the value of the money. That means that the government has been robbing the THIRTY people.

Here's how that works out: When governments persistently rob thrifty people for the benefit of improvident people the moral

Kids Too Rough; Santa Quits Job

NEW ORLEANS (AP) — Santa Claus quit because "the kids played too rough."

Harold Barker, an 18-year-old freshman student at Loyola University of the South, decided yesterday that his role as Santa Claus at a New Orleans gasoline station was just too rugged.

All he had to do was give away lollipops and balloons and act cheerful.

Barker became frustrated and frazzled an hour after he reported for work Thursday when about 200 children decided to take matters in their own hands.

They grabbed all the balloons and lollipops and in the confusion, Santa's buttons and wig were ripped off.

Children overflowed into the street, cars couldn't get near the gas pumps, and traffic was snarled.

With the speed of Dasher and Dancer, Santa fled to the safety of the station house and attendants secured the doors.

"They were just being friendly," puffed Santa wearily, "but they played too rough."

Douglas Fir Sawmills Below 1951 Output

PORTLAND — Last year's all-time high lumber production records by Douglas fir sawmills will not be topped this year, according to Harris E. Smith, secretary West Coast Lumbermen's Association.

At the end of eleven months of cutting, fir mills were sixty-five million feet short of equalling 1951 11-month output, said Smith. He pointed out, however, that the industry was maintaining a satisfactory volume of production and that lumber from this region is making a major contribution to the growth and expansion of the national economy.

Mills of the Douglas fir region have had a slightly larger order file than last year, but have shipped a fraction less lumber, Smith said. More than one third of the nation's softwood lumber comes from western Oregon and Washington.

PAPERS FILED

Articles of incorporation were filed in Salem Monday by the Forest Machine and Manufacturing Co. of Dillard.

The articles call for 500 shares with no par value. Filing were Donald A. Schaefer, James A. Nelson and James W. Morrell.

YOU PRONOUNCE IT

SACRAMENTO, Calif. (AP) — It's not Koo-Shell. Neither is it Koo-Chull, Ku-Chull or Ku-Shell. California's newly appointed U. S. Senator, Thomas H. Kuchel, pronounced his name: Kee-Kul, with the accent on the first syllable.

Talking When Driving Car Banned In Russia

The Oregon State Motor Association is calling the American public's attention to how it is in Russia if you drive an auto.

In the Dairy of a U. S. Embassy Man 18 months in Russia in the November 28 issue of U. S. News and World Report it comes to light

Premier Mossadegh Moves To Cut Payroll

TEHRAN, Iran (AP) — Premier Mohammed Mossadegh issued a decree Monday empowering his cabinet ministers to retire government employees regardless of whether they have reached a retirement age or served the required number of years.

The measure obviously was a step toward cutting the government payroll as a part of Mossadegh's economy program for the hard-pressed country. Finance Minister Bagher Kazemi told a parliamentary budget committee two months ago 100,000 of Iran's 125,000 government workers actually were unnecessary. The government is nearly bankrupt because of loss of oil revenues since nationalization of the Anglo-Iranian oil company properties in Iran.

EXAMINER DATED

A driver's license examiner is scheduled in Roseburg Friday, Dec. 26, at 343 N. Main St. between the hours of 9 a.m. and 5 p.m.

Applications for original licenses or permits to drive should be filed well ahead of the scheduled closing hour in order to assure time for completion of the required license tests.

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DISC JOCKEY SNORES

SAN MATEO, Calif. (AP) — Disc jockey Jerry Leeds, whose loud snoring on his KVSM Sunday Rise and Shine show prompted listeners to call the sheriff to awaken him, explained it all Monday:

"I'd been reading this mattress commercial. I'd read it three or four times and..."

MY PAPER HASN'T ARRIVED YET

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Mariette Powers



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Mary Judith Powers



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