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FATHER FORGIVE

Charles V. Stanton

The Christian world is celebrating today the greatest tragedy of all history.

Our Good Friday observance is filled with lessons for this modern age as we explore the Seven Words From the Cross.

What message means more to the world today than the plea "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do?"

In these troubled days, when a cold war threatens to turn to a hot war; when men are locked in battle; when we read of spies, traitors, and embezzlers here at home, and evil seems to be in its ascendancy, those words bear a great significance.

We are told that God created the world. He placed Man in the midst of a perfect creation. He gave Man domination over every living thing upon and above the land and beneath the sea. Man became the custodian of God's creation.

But Man surrendered exclusive possession in exchange for knowledge. The creation thus became evil.

Knowledge Combats Evil

In Man's struggle for knowledge he has constantly sought to employ that knowledge in his fight against the evil his act brought to the world. Yet all too often his knowledge has resulted in even more evil.

We have set up great schools in which to study the science of the universe. Then from the learning acquired we have demonstrated our assigned domination over the creation by producing weapons so hideous, so fearful, that we shudder as we think of their possible use. Man's authority over the creation, abetted by his acquisition of knowledge, gives him the power to destroy the life of which he was made custodian. He may even obtain the power to destroy the material world.

It is our intent that this thing we have created shall be used for good rather than evil. Yet the forces of evil also have succeeded in learning our secret and are likewise prepared to utilize the terrible force that Man has developed.

So, as we move toward a possible suicidal clash, those words of "Father forgive them" become as much of a plea for the peoples of the world today as for those who participated in that bloody tragedy so many years ago.

Shelter in Prayer

Throughout the world many fearful people are building shelters wherein they hope to survive the terrible catastrophe of bombings. Many cities have prepared mammoth caves by which they hope to minimize the destruction of human lives. We have installed factories far underground. We have created buried offices from which our government might continue to function. But so great is our knowledge today that we could unleash radioactive dust to circle the world for long periods of time and thus destroy all life, regardless of our precautions.

Congress has urged by resolution that Easter Sunday be made a day of prayer for suppressed people now denied freedom of worship.

It seems to us that the world's only real shelter against the terrible consequences of Man's knowledge lies in the "Shelter of Prayer." By seeking that shelter, our great knowledge can be turned to pursuits of peace, freedom and brotherly love, rather than the process of destruction. By prayer we can break down the curtains raised between nations.

The problems confronting the world today could all be solved if only all mankind would heed those words, "Father, forgive them."

Hal Boyle

NEW YORK (AP)—It is sad to think of spring when lovely girls are sad.

Particularly in April, when a man still has last winter's arthritis on his mind.

Somewhat there seem to be more sad girls than usual this spring, though their dresses are bright as always, and as they paw at their purses while holding up the home-away bus, they make a fair statue against the twilight sun.

What makes so many lovely girls sad they are yearning for a man. Yes, a gentle male husband who will meet them at the door, his arms aching with tenderness, and a 28-lb sack of potatoes he has lugged home from the supermarket.

That is what every lovely girl in her bright spring dress really wants—just coming home to the worn figure of a husband who has looted the world for her in a grocery store. At least that is all she needs to make her happy, even if she doesn't know it.

But, as a cranky middle-aged old veteran of the supermarkets myself, I will tell you why so many girls in bright dresses are sad this spring. And every spring.

They are not willing to settle for a proud, poor, honest and occasionally horse—playing husband who is tamely willing to make himself a grocery boy for her.

That isn't enough for them. They want to start married life at the top—and go on right up there in a world of ever-towering bliss.

The lovely sad girls in their bright spring dresses... what they really need to make them happy is perhaps a omelette around them (just a lonesome man, broken by April), but what they hold out for is beyond them.

They speak of milk coats... and a guy with steady money instead of a guy with a steady job... and often make a brief and woful surrender to a fellow with a mouth full of promises instead of a man with a mouth full of heart.

The lovely sad girls in their bright spring dresses... they are all across America today.

In The Day's News

(Continued from Page One)

its occupants, and we've all learned that if we just sit tight and follow instructions we'll come out all right. So we sit tight.

The bath comes off as advertised. The water splashes on the windows—a regular Niagara of it. The Zephyr emerges, presumably pristine and unsoiled. But that's all it stops. It stays stopped. Nobody knows why. It just stands there on the tracks and waits its self.

We spend a pleasant hour exchanging theories as to what it's all about. The theories vary widely. Denver is a famous summer vacation spot. Maybe the Zephyr has decided to settle down and spend the summer here. Maybe the engineer's girl friend lives in Denver and he's paying her a Sunday evening call. And so on.

Eventually everybody gives it up and tumbles off to bed. The next morning the mystery clears. There was a freight wreck up ahead. It took eight hours to get everything ship-shape and ready for use again, and as a result the train is eight hours late.

Eight hours. What's a little matter of eight hours in an era of time? Why it took MILLIONS of years for the Colorado river to cut this canyon we've been traveling through down through the native country rock.

We'd all just had breakfast, you see, and after a good breakfast human beings are in a tolerant frame of mind.

But as the pleasant influences of a good breakfast wore off, the stark facts of life began to take shape. We all had to pass through the God-awful transportation institution known as Chicago.

In Chicago—for what reason no mere man has ever known or probably ever will know—every traveler has to pile off whatever transport device he is traveling in, along with all his luggage, and pile onto some other transport device GOING IN THE SAME DIRECTION.

Not only that but the transport device you are going to have to pile onto will in all likelihood be half way across Chicago from the one you have piled off of and, if you're lucky, you'll have to make the jump puzzle known as the Parmelee transfer or you'll have to collar a cab and go it on your own.

And—
Meanwhile—
You'll have lost all your reservations, both Pullman and hotel, and will have to start in all over again!

Oh well, c'est la guerre, as the French say with a shrug of the shoulders, and when you're traveling from coast to coast in supposedly super-efficient America there's plenty of la guerre when it comes to getting through Chicago.

The real victims of the derailment and its consequent loss of eight hours are half a dozen or so Pacific Coastlers who are Europe-bound by ship and because they cut their connections too fine will miss their vessels in New York. That, human nature being what it is—meaning that all of us are interested primarily in ourselves—leaves the rest of us aboard the Zephyr feeling fairly comfortable.

Story Behind Successful Company Told

Roseburg Rotarians Thursday noon heard Dr. Walter A. Dew tell the "story behind a successful American enterprise."

Dr. Dew, manager of the Pacific District of the public relations department of E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co., told the assemblage the life story of the DuPont company, which he said once before at a Rotary meeting here.

With the smooth delivery of the practiced goodwill builder, the doctor of philosophy told club members of the business principles developed and practiced by the company.

When the company was founded in 1802, three main principles were adopted: Render a service or make a product to fill a need, know how to do the job, and "meet and beat competition."

As time went on and there were many changes within the company and within the country, more principles were added. Among them were to establish technical service and research, establish thrift and economy, plow earnings back into the business, develop industrial relations and be sure that the personal interest of owner-management is retained in the business.

Dr. Dew pointed out that the principles have served the company for nearly 152 years. From an inauspicious beginning, the company has grown to one doing one and three-quarter billion dollars in business last year.

He warned the assembled Rotarians, most of them businessmen, that a company must be adaptable to changing conditions in order to stay in business a long time. "You must also satisfy the customer," he explained.

To emphasize the need for research, the grey-haired speaker said DuPont spent \$75 million dollars for research in 1953. Besides money spent on newly discovered products, much goes into finding new uses for previous discoveries such as nylon.

Howard Ott introduced Dr. Dew, who also made a scheduled address before the Roseburg Lions Club Thursday evening.

Bodinet Is Reindicted On Charge Of Assault

KLAMATH FALLS, Ore.—Raymond J. Bodinet, 31, Portland, was reindicted by a grand jury this week on charges of assault and armed robbery and being armed with a dangerous weapon. He is accused of participating in the holdup of a bawdy house during which a companion, Edwin Coyle, 27, Portland, was shot to

Attorneys Sum Up Views In Bouse Murder Trial As Case Comes To Quick End

Dist. Atty. Robert M. Stults and defense attorney Ray B. Compton summed up their views of the Thomas S. Bouse murder case in circuit court at Roseburg Thursday afternoon, before Judge James B. Bain excused the jurors for the night.

Stults said he felt the facts of the case would warrant a conviction on first degree murder for the 32-year-old defendant, accused of drowning his wife, Ethel, in a bathtub in October 1952.

Conversely, Compton asked for a verdict of manslaughter, saying

for a verdict of first degree murder. Stults said he couldn't think of a thing to justify a manslaughter verdict. He reviewed evidence and testimony presented by the prosecution in an attempt to prove all the elements of first degree murder.

To uphold the contention that Bouse had plenty of time to meditate his act or stop it, Stults made his final argument before the jury just 10 minutes later—the time Bouse had said it took to drown his wife. Earlier, Stults paused for one minute and asked the jurors to multiply the time by 10.

Stults claimed that the defendant had no intention of killing himself after his wife was dead. Stults said Bouse knew he would have to get sympathy because he had killed his wife. The district attorney pointed out that Bouse was still on his feet at least seven hours after slashing his neck and wrists.

Stults accused Bouse of being the judge and jury in putting his wife to death. "He decided Ethel Bouse was guilty and invoked the death penalty."

To emphasize his contention that the jury should consider only a verdict of manslaughter or second degree murder, Compton dramatically ripped the other possible verdict papers in two. He had in his hand six papers representing the possible verdicts. But he tore up the ones reading guilty of first degree murder but with life sentence recommended, not guilty by reason of insanity and not guilty.

A verdict of manslaughter would be commensurate with the crime, he claimed. He said Bouse only killed his wife to keep her away from another man.

Later, Stults told the jury to be aware of an example being set. A divorce action is no justification for murder, he said. He contended Compton argued for a manslaughter verdict and offered a second degree murder verdict as a compromise. The district attorney maintained Bouse had no excuse for what was done, and said the state wanted no compromise verdict.

Before the jurors were excused, Judge Bain cautioned them to not discuss the case or read anything about it.

Peter Edson

WASHINGTON (AP)—Democratic National Committee Chairman Stephen A. Mitchell's plan to delay his return to California congressional campaign until after the election of a new Democratic National Committee was announced Thursday.

Chairman Mitchell discussed the subject informally with several Democratic Executive Committee members before his departure for a meeting of this group to approve the Mitchell policy and it was not cleared with Party Chief Adlai Stevenson.

Chairman Mitchell did considerable soul-searching and wrote several drafts of the letter to the party before he decided what he wanted it to say before he let it go.

The idea of having a national party organization clean its own house has received general commendation. But the hands of the party leaders are not completely out of state primary contests.

There is only one known precedent for Mitchell's action in American political history, and it was considerably different. This was President Franklin D. Roosevelt's attempted purge of anti-New Deal Democratic candidates in the 1936 congressional primaries.

Roosevelt's action was based on ideological differences. It was not on any question of personal or political turpitude, such as Messrs. Roosevelt and Condon have been accused of.

Chairman Mitchell's new policy of taking "very proper action to protect the reputation as well as the character of our party to that it may accomplish its destiny for the common good," may be relevant.

Egypt Military Clamps Down On Old Politicians

CAIRO, Egypt (AP)—Egypt's military government has banished from public life a decade of all leaders of the nation's three major parties who held office during ex-King Farouk's last 10 years on the throne.

The Revolutionary Council's order stripping the old politicians of their rights to hold office or lead their parties struck at most of the party premiers and Cabinet members who governed the country before the present military junta seized power in July 1952.

It also would keep such former political leadership out of the national advisory council which the military regime has said it would set up to assist in the transition to eventual civilian rule.

The order applied to Egypt's three main political parties—the Wafdists, Saadists and Liberal Constitutionalists. It said nonpartisan ministers would not be affected by the order. The Revolution Council rules otherwise.

death by a policeman. The shooting touched off an anti-vice crack-down that led to closure of bawdy houses here.

Bodinet was indicted once before but Circuit Judge David R. Vandenberg ruled that the grand jury had to do it all over again because the indictment was fatally worded.

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Medicals

Editor's note: "The Conies Help the Elk" is the eighth in the series of stories from the Umpqua Indians.

A long, long time ago, an animal family lived on the mountain. They were Conies. They were related to the rabbit people. But they were little. They worked hard all summer cutting grass with their teeth. They would put that grass away wherever they found a hole that was dry.

One day the sun was high and the Conies were all busy working. The baby Conies were forgotten. They were that busy, those Conies. The harvest was near its end. All were happy. They had all the food they wanted and more. They would sleep on it and eat it all winter, when the snow was on the ground. They all told each other how happy they were.

That day they saw a big animal. He was sneaking. He was almost like a wolf, but he was not a wolf. He grabbed a baby Conie in his mouth. He started away. All the Conies cried and shouted. Baby's mother cried, "Oh Great Tamamoon, help us."

Then a big animal came up. He had big horns. He looked that one who had grabbed the baby. That thief was a fox. The big animal stomped him. He hurt his neck. To this time, Fox cannot raise his head very high.

That big animal picked up the baby Conie. He picked it up with his teeth. He was careful. He did not hurt that baby. He gave that little Conie back to his mother.

The big animal, he was Elk, said, "Fox will not come back any more."

The Conies were thankful. They gave a great feast for Elk. Elk said, "No, I will eat a tree. I stayed with Conies all night. He told them he had a home in the high mountains. He said when the snow was deep and cold in those mountains he had a home in the valley.

He was talking, with the Conies when Weasel came. He caught a mother Conie by the neck. Elk jumped toward the thief. With a stomp of his front foot he killed Weasel. This made the Conies more happy. They wanted Elk to come and live with them. Elk was a good friend.

Elk said, "No. My teepee is high on the mountain. My family is there." He said he had a teepee in the valley, that Elk. He said he lived there when the snow drove him from the mountain. He said he would come and go. He would stop to see the Conies every time he passed. He would see if they were all right. He told them to come and tell him if Weasel bothered them again.

Next morning Elk left. He left before the sun was up. The Conies worked long and fast. They knew Elk would be hungry when he came back. They wanted to have a big feast because he was big. Elk would eat lots. They put away much grass. He was their friend, that Elk.

It came cold. The frost was on the ground. The Conies had food every place. It was in hollow logs. It was in hollow trees. But Elk did not come.

One day Conie chief said, "We will never see our friend again." His wife, she was sad too. Little Conies all said, "Our friend Elk. He come back. You see."

The snow came deep. All the Conies went to sleep. The little ones had beds of their own. The mother and father Conies, the little Conies—all of them were warm. They slept and were not afraid. Whenever they woke there would be much food.

One day the wind howled hard and loud. Conie chief rubbed his eyes. He said, "That wind. But I hear something that is not the wind."

His wife said, "You do not hear anything that is not the wind. You go to sleep."

He said, "Woman, I hear something that is not the wind. I will open the teepee door and look."

He did that thing. There stood Elk. His wife, his children. They were all there. They were cold. They were hungry.

Their ribs were bare like the limbs on the trees where the leaves were gone.

Elk said, "We will die." The little Conies woke up. "They said, 'Oh you will not die. You will not. We have lots of food for you.'"

Elk's children said, "Show us. We do not believe it." The little Conies said, "We have

Western Cedar Use Study Made

WASHINGTON (AP)—Rep. Westland (R-Wash.) said Thursday a survey is under way into the present and potential uses of Western red cedar.

Its purpose is to find ways to increase the declining use of the species, of which more than 12 billion board feet—roughly three-fourths of the nation's supply—is standing in Washington forests.

Westland said he has suggested a study of remaining forest stands, marketing processes and the potential uses of the timber.

Groundwork for the study was launched this week, he said, at a meeting of himself and Rep. Mack (R-Wash.) with Undersecretary of Commerce Walter Williams, assistant Secretary Lohair Tetter, and Charles E. Putnam of Seattle, representative of the Western Red Cedar industry.

He said similar studies are planned for other Western timber species.

The use of Western red cedar for shingles, shakes and siding has fallen off, materially in recent years, Westland said. From a high of several hundred million in Washington prior to World War II, Western red cedar production now is limited to roughly a dozen mills, he said.

LAMBS BRING \$28

PORTLAND (AP)—The first spring lambs of the season sold on the North Portland livestock market this week at \$28 a hundredweight, \$4 more than the average for old crop lambs.

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