

The News-Review

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WHOOPING CRANES SAFE

Charles V. Stanton

Several weeks ago I reported in this column the concern of wildlife officials about the small group of whooping cranes in their migratory flight from northern Canada to the Aransas refuge on the Gulf of Mexico in Texas.

It can now be reported that the rare birds have won another round in their battle for survival. The National Wildlife Federation reports in its conservation bulletin that 20 adults and eight young have reached the refuge, following their perilous journey across the two nations.

Along the entire flyway, bird hunters were alerted to give the birds protection. Scores of organizations joined in the effort to get the birds safely to their refuge.

One adult bird remained unaccounted for at the time the bulletin was issued. There were 21 birds at Aransas refuge last winter. Twenty adults have returned. But, since the birds make their flights in small groups, it is possible the missing bird may still survive. Also, it is stated, there is a possibility that, included in those so far tallied at the refuge, there may be a couple of stray and lonesome whoopers which have at last made contact with the main colony.

The whooping crane neared the point of extinction. In 1941-42 only 15 birds were known to be in existence. Every effort is being made to give them protection, with the hope they can be returned to comparatively large numbers. This year's crop of eight young is a record, the previous largest number of offspring having been six, with an average of four per year over the past 16 years the birds have been under observation.

Fish and wildlife officials are well pleased with the successful flight of the eight young birds. The older birds, each a huge white spectacle with a seven-foot spread across the black tips of their wings, are easily recognizable. But the youngsters, nondescript in color and relatively unimpressive in appearance, could easily have become victims of curious hunters.

NO LACK OF CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Perhaps it's just because I'm getting old, or maybe I haven't been properly observant in the past, but it seems to me there is more evidence of real Christmas spirit this year than has been seen for a long time.

A young man was in my office recently expressing the opinion that Christmas has lost its real meaning. The holiday, he contends, is overly commercialized; too few people give thought to the religious significance of the day, he said.

But I wonder. It is true indeed that Christmas is commercialized. By custom, based on the biblical story, we exchange gifts. And this year people are spending more money on gifts than ever before in the nation's history. Here in Roseburg stocks of Christmas merchandise already are running low, despite the fact that merchants stocked larger quantities of gift merchandise than ever before.

But, as I look at the outdoor displays installed at homes throughout the city, the wreath on the door, the tree at the window, I feel that people are doing their utmost to spread good cheer. They can't spend money and loving effort on such displays without thought of the true spirit of Christmas. I saw truckloads of toys and baskets awaiting delivery at the Eagles Lodge hall, and I know of other lodges, societies, clubs, religious organizations and individuals, working to help the unfortunate, needy and underprivileged.

In our churches, our schools, our clubs, and elsewhere, Christmas programs tell the story of Christ's birth. Radio and television give us Christmas music and Christmas stories.

As the lights go on at Christmas Tree Lane, one of the most beautiful sights to be found in Oregon, and the cross appears on the summit of Mt. Nebo, I feel that in Roseburg, at least, we have put the Christ back in Christmas.

WHAT ABOUT A ONE PARTY PRESS

Congressman Harris Ellsworth was quite excited when he telephoned Monday to friends in Roseburg about the birth of his eighth grandchild, a son, born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McKenna, in Santa Fe.

But the congressman also had comments about the Oregon press.

It seems the press gave considerable mention recently to the birth of a child to the daughter of Senator and Mrs. Morse, but Congressman and Mrs. Ellsworth now have eight grandchildren and, says the congressman, the press hasn't made nearly as much fuss as over the Morse's one grandchild.

Maybe there should be a congressional inquiry!

Hal Boyle

BY EDDY GILMORE

For HAL BOYLE

ARMENTIERES, France (AP) — Most of the people in the home town of one of the most famed and labeled ladies of song — Mademoiselle from Armentieres — never heard of her and those who did wish they could forget it.

The first seven citizens of this city between Lille and St. Omer, in the northeast corner of France, almost on the Belgian border, who were asked about the fabulous tale of World War I, could furnish no information.

"Mademoiselle from Armentieres" asked an incredulous French policeman "Monsieur, we have many, but a policeman is not precisely the person of whom to inquire."

A businessman hurrying along a cobblestoned street to a wool brokerage office was next in the line of inquiry. He raised his hat at the question, but he raised his bushy eyebrows higher.

"Monsieur," he said, "I don't know of that song about the Mademoiselle from Armentieres." "Tell him," I told the interpreter, "that I don't want to sing the song, I just want to know what he knows, or what any citizen of

At last, a man driving a team of brown horses hitched to a beer wagon said that if we would ask at the corner bistro for Monsieur Grandjean, he might know what we were talking about.

Monsieur Grandjean, fortunately, was in his inn. He was short and grey. He had watery blue eyes, a drooping grey mustache and a nose the color of wall paper pink. He saddened visibly when he heard the question.

"Please, monsieur," he said, "don't sing the song about her. You are an American, but I've heard enough of that song about the Mademoiselle from Armentieres."

"Tell him," I told the interpreter, "that I don't want to sing the song, I just want to know what he knows, or what any citizen of

War of Nerves



NEA Service, Inc.

Daily Bible Reading

Message By
Roseburg Ministerial
Association

TODAY'S TEXT

John 4: 1-21

In walking through the corridors of our Scripture portion today, our attention is arrested by a glimpse of the seeking Savior climbing over the barbed wire barricades of racial and social prejudice to get to a needy creature whom the church had given up as hopeless.

There are many reasons why less zealous souls, like the disciples in pursuit of meat, would have passed her by as a poor prospect. She belonged to a despised race. She was a member of the "unimportant" female sex. Headlines highlighting her "roller-coaster" type marriage ties, would not have had to take second place to those of any Hollywood's so-called celebrities of such questionable morality.

This true to life situation presents hope for every modern sinner, pawn of Satan regardless of race, color or economics and irrespective of the depth of the sloughs of sin from whence one has been drinking. Jesus was not deceived by the seeming unconcern of this outcast, self-willed "play-girl" of Samaria. He properly diagnosed the unrest of her soul that had not been satisfied by many husbands and reminded her that the satisfaction she was seeking through the broken cisterns of worldly pleasure was to be found alone in a drought from the "water of life" he was capable of giving to her.

Completing the chapter reveals that she drank freely of the waters of salvation and was so enthralled by the results that she forgot the purpose of her journey (see verse 28) and went on her way rejoicing telling her many friends of the treasure she had found. Verses 39 through 42 tell of the revival precipitated by her conversion.

The secret to the revival we need and seek in Roseburg might well be found in this story.

Rev. Robert D. Hempel,
First Church of the Nazarene

this town knows about someone who, in certain circles, must be about the best known woman in France."

Monsieur Grandjean tightened his lips. "Several persons," he said, "have claimed to be the original mademoiselle of this song that went 'Pinkey, Pinkey Parlez vous'."

"Pinkey, Pinkey Parlez Vous," I corrected him.

"No matter," he said, "she is not here now and I doubt if she ever was here."

"No monument to her?" I asked.

"No little plate on any house?"

"Monsieur," he gasped, a little shocked at the suggestion, "Do you know the words of this song?"

Monsieur Grandjean answered a lot of questions about the lady whose name came so lightly to the lips of so many American soldiers of the First World War.

He added that Armentieres was not so far as he knew, occupied by American troops in World War I, but by the British. He said that over the years he has been telling people that no one of her description ever lived in Armentieres.

At this point I asked the interpreter to interrupt him.

"He speaks of her 'description'."

I said, "obviously he never heard all the words."

"No matter," said Monsieur Grandjean, "I am tired of the subject. And if there ever was such a person, she probably came from some place such as Clermont-Ferrand."

"If you are going to guess," I said, "Toulouse would be better."

Bruce Biossat

With the nation's two great labor organizations, the AFL and CIO, merging into one huge federation, Big Labor is entering a new era in which it faces both a beckoning opportunity and a rising responsibility.

Now to be 15,400,000 strong, the united organization obviously will have enhanced power and prestige. It will be able to speak in more forceful tones in its dealings with the business community, in its forays into politics, and in the councils of international labor.

Having this greater power, it may act as a stronger magnet than the two separate organizations did to the hundreds of independent unions which have chosen to remain outside the AFL or CIO. Likewise, it may exert greater pulling power on millions of unorganized workers.

In the past inter-federation raiding has been a great source of trouble in the labor movement. Presumably, this sort of thing will now largely disappear and the combined groups can concentrate on more fruitful objectives.

They themselves believe their greater strength gives them an unparalleled chance to work for higher living standards among the nation's workers. This is indeed a worthy goal and the extent to which the new federation realizes it may be the single best measure of its ultimate effectiveness.

But clearly this great power and the opportunity it brings are inseparable from a higher sense of responsibility.

The men who will lead the new organization are taking on burdens the like of which they have never known before. Big as they are, they still represent less than 25 per cent of the country's 65-million-man labor force. They cannot in fairness press the interests of their workers at the expense of other workers or of the community at large.

IF THEY DO, they will bring down the wrath of other groups on their heads, and cost their workers more than they can get for them.

Moreover, they must at all times be careful not to push their demands beyond the reasonable capacity of the economy to absorb them. The result of excessive pressure can only be to squeeze the economy dry and cripple its ability to serve them and every other segment of the nation.

For another thing, labor must cast its political weight with caution. Any attempt to take over a political party or place its stamp unmistakably on a party seems likely to backfire, and again to draw the wrath of others. Labor by now ought to have seen enough of how the public reacts to extremes of political action on its part.

If the men at the helm of the new federation can wield their combined strength thus responsibly, they should indeed preside over the winning of fresh rewards for America's workmen. Gained in that way, those rewards would benefit us all.

In The Day's News

(Continued from Page One)

staggering annual total of America's highway fatalities.

The moral? It is in the danger-laden highways, as in this danger-laden cold war world, eternal vigilance is the price of safety.

I think perhaps there's another moral—on a wider scale. If this short-tempered motorist whose car was bumped from the rear in heavy and complicated traffic had KEPT HIS SHIRT ON the fatal sequence on the slippery Chicago street would not have started.

In this trigger-happy cold war world things are constantly happening that MAKE US AMERICANS MAD. We'd better keep our shirts on. Otherwise, we may start a sequence that will end in a third world war.

We need to remember that "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

More on this modern world—this one on the brighter side.

A British research engineer says he has invented a new type motor that will revolutionize the automobile industry. His new power plant is only one-third the size of a normal auto engine. He says it develops 30 per cent more power, weighs 70 per cent less and runs on ANY liquid fuel. It has only NINE moving parts. His inventor says it will last more than 200,000 miles without an overhaul.

He tells a reporter: "Leading engineers to whom I have shown my new engine agree it will revolutionize the automobile industry in the same way that the jet engine has changed the scene in aviation."

Another screwball? Let's take a look at him. His name is Granville Bradshaw. During World War 2, he was chief research engineer for Britain's royal navy. He designed the world's first RADIAL airplane engine, in a radial engine, the cylinders whirl round and round. The radial engine gave a terrific lift to airplane progress.

So we can't write off as moonshine what he says about his new automobile power plant.

On behalf of the oldsters, I'd like to add that Bradshaw is 67. But, instead of climbing up on the shelf at the normal retirement age and settling down there, HE KEPT HIS FINELY TRAINED BRAIN AT WORK.

He began designing his new auto engine AFTER he had reached the normal retirement age. If his new engine works, we'll all be glad he went on working.

Turning to another angle of the modern world, the Oregon Voter—founded 40 years ago in Portland by C. C. Chapman and now edited by Walter May—says this week that Oregonians pay just slightly less than a BILLION dollars a year in federal, state and local taxes.

It adds that this is about ONE-THIRD of the income of Oregon residents.

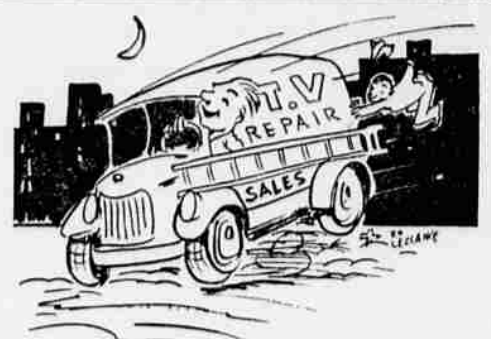
Here's a thought you might toy with in your idle moments—you might even take it with you to the voting booth at the next election: The more the state (meaning government) DOES for us, the more it will have to TAX us. There is only one place for tax money to come from, and that is out of the pockets of the people.

TO BACK STEVENSON

CHICAGO (AP) — The National Stevenson for President Committee has announced here that an Oregon state committee is being organized under co-chairmanship of Mrs. Elmer O. Berg, Salem teacher, and Alfred Corbett, Portland legislator and lawyer. Similar groups were organized in Minnesota and Washington last week.

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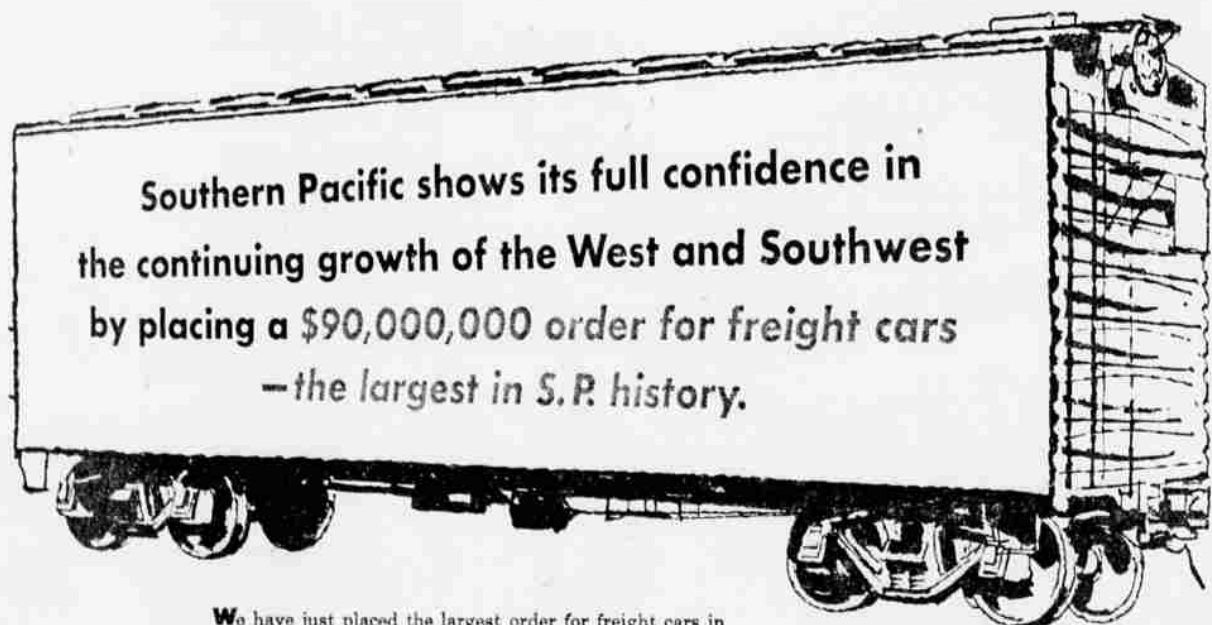
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