

WRITE As I See It

By Barton W. Morse

are chaotic times. Cha-
the adjective that most
describes the condition
generally throughout
at this time. The na-
launching an experi-
government which has
before attempted on
it is now being under-
among all the nations in-
this great experiment
nationalism, there is
to be found that is sure
the outcome will be. It
the world was trying to
tight rope stretched along
of a precipice. If it can
landing on the proper
will have succeeded in its
objective. If it lands on
her side it will have
chaos. With this condi-
tantly, before it, it is in a
decided uncertainly as
outcome of the adventure.
at all certain of the
which it is going to land.
nery, nervous atmosphere
like a pall of forebod-
er the world, the feverish
in all lines of war
tion, the maudlin, drunk-
e of society in general, the
side refusal to face the
squarely and sincerely, con-

stitute striking evidences that we
are frightfully close to a state
of chaos.

Today more than half the en-
tire world suffers under the
chains of actual slavery or self-
dom. About large portions of Eu-
rope and Asia there has been
erected barriers, blacker than
the cloak of death, behind which
unnumbered millions are having
ground from their lives the last
dying ray of "life, liberty, and
the pursuit of happiness." For
these, their unhappy world has
no meaning other than chaos. In
the morning they say "Would
God it were evening." And in
the evening, they say "Would
God it were morning." In other
portions of the world, war still
rages, and as for these millions,
their hopes burn dimly on the
yawning brink of chaos.

Let us look for a moment at
our own front yard: What have
we here that should cause us to
shout for joy, as we seek to
penetrate the future? For the
past several years labor and liv-
ing costs have been playing a
game of you tag me and I will
tag you, until the state of affairs
has brought us to face the preci-
pice of chaos.

I am not one to weep and lam-
ent for the good old days. I
like to see everybody prosper-
ous and happy, but I would like
to make a few comparisons. I
well remember when top wages
for skilled labor were \$3 a day;
flour was \$2 per hundred, choice
cuts of meat 10c a pound, eggs
15c a dozen, and a good suit of
clothes could be purchased for
\$15 to \$20. People were not ex-
pecting to find a murderer on
every back lot, a rapist or thief
on every corner, and speed drunk-
en maniacs were not running
down and killing tens of thous-
ands on our streets and highways.
People got along, paid their non-
est debts, acquired comfortable
homes, and they did not do it
in the dollar down and a dollar
a month forever way either. Now
we say we are having a whizz-
ing time and I guess that is a
good name for it. We are waving
our hats and shouting as we
speed along and do not seem to
be much disturbed about what
may be just around the corner.

Whether we believe it or not,
the world has its back to the
wall, and is making its last stand.
There is nothing to return to, if
and when this program of world
nationalism and religion should
fail. Did I say nothing? Yes,

there is chaos at the end of the
run. Who wants to plunge into
that? The worst of all is that
it is almost impossible to find a
man in any station of life, that
is willing to come up squarely
and face the issue for what it
really is. The nations dodge it,
the statesmen of the world are
dodging it, the man on the street,
in the store, on the farm, is dodg-
ing it. In his private thinking
and reasoning the average person
refuses to face the issue square-
ly, in his conversation he tries
to find a way around it, when
there is no way, but God's way,
and most people reject that. I
can close this column tonight
with no more fitting statement
than the words of the Psalmist:
"O that I had wings like a dove,
then would I fly away and be at
rest."

A baby shower was given for
Mrs. Ray LaFontaine at the Tom
Carson home last Wednesday af-
ternoon, with Christine Lucas and
Adelia Hassett as co-hostesses.
Refreshments were enjoyed at
the close of the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Hudson
of Sheridan, Mich., and Mr. and
Mrs. Herbert Slack of Grand
Rapids, Mich., were week-end
visitors at the M. W. Rose home.
The ladies are nieces of Mrs.
Rose.

For your every insurance need,
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Coming Events

Set Your Calendar By These—

Meeting of Board of Directors
of Dist. No. 17 is the first Tues-
day of each month.

Every Monday evening, 7:30
Boy Scout meeting at Odd Fel-
lows hall. Scouts urged to be
present at all meetings.

Every first and third Wednes-
day of month, Post 966, Veterans
of Foreign Wars and Auxiliary
Sidney Croft Lodge, A. F. &
A. M. meets each second and
fourth Friday of the month at
the Odd Fellows hall. Visiting
Masons are welcome.

Every Wednesday night at 7:30
Mutual Improvement Associa-
tion, Harbor School. Old and
young are invited to come.

Every Thursday evening, I. O.
O. F. meets at the Odd Fellows
Hall. Visiting Odd Fellows are
welcomed.

Cub Scouts meet every Monday
at 4:00 p. m. at Mrs. Widney's
home on Easy Street, and at Mrs.
Bob Smith's home in Harbor.

Second and fourth Tuesdays
of each month, at I. O. O. F. hall,
Topaz Rebekah lodge. Members
urged to attend, and visitors al-
ways welcome.

Sealed bids will be received by
the Forest Supervisor, Grants
pass, Oregon, up to and not later
than 2:00 P. M., July 28, 1947, for
all the live timber marked or des-
ignated for cutting, and all mer-
chantable dead timber located
on an area embracing approx-
imately 20 acres within Sec. 8,
T. 32S., R. 14W., W.M., Siskiyou
National Forest, Oregon, estimat-
ed to be 380,000 feet B.M., more
or less of Douglas-fir, and 180,000
feet B.M., more or less of Port
Orford white-cedar. No bid of less
than \$7.85 per M feet for Doug-
las-fir, and \$16.65 per M feet for
Port Orford white-cedar will be
considered. \$2500.00 must accom-
pany each bid, to be applied on the
purchase price, refunded, or re-
tained in part as liquidated dam-
ages, according to the conditions
of sale. The right to reject any
and all bids is reserved. Before
bids are submitted, full inform-
ation concerning the timber, the
conditions of the sale, and the
submission of bids should be ob-
tained from the Forest Supervi-
sor, Grants Pass, Oregon, or the
District Ranger, Gold Beach,
Oregon.

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