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PEACE ON EARTH—GOOD WILL TO ALL MEN

By Chsley E. Corbett

Tuesday, August 14, the Imperialistic Government of Japan announced to the world that it was ready to surrender and sought the assistance of the Swiss nation to act as a mediator for them.

This news was received with tumultuous jubilation by people and nations all over the world.

Mothers were hysterical with joy—they realize that their children would no longer be fatherless, but would be returning home soon from this most bloody and devastating conflict, the worst in the history of mankind.

We are all glad that this costly, terrific, bitterly fought and uncalled for struggle is ended and that Peace is really a fact and not a dream, and we are awed at the price and grieved at the sacrifices and price we paid for same.

We speak of our sufferings, but think of the Chinese. For eight long years they have been battling with the Japanese. During these long and bitter years they were almost alone for a time and fighting without equipment, lack of guns, tanks, ammunition, and planes.

Even after our entry into the war—China continued to beg for supplies and sent emissary after emissary to this country requesting immediate aid and claiming that we were sending all, or most of our supplies to Europe, while they, the Chinese, were being neglected. Yet, notwithstanding, the Chinese fought on valiantly and until the end.

Now that it is over let us count the cost and ask if it was worth while?

Just think that it has cost us over three hundred billion dollars since we started and the loss of life of more men than ever before in the history of the world. We shudder to think of the droves of maimed, deformed and helpless soldiers who have returned and soon will return, whose usefulness is gone, and who will be helpless during the balance of their lives. We have contrite hearts when we estimate the thousands of widows, and minors, whose husbands and fathers sleep on foreign shores, never to return again.

And why? Just because a proud, haughty, sneaky country—stabbed us in the back, and without warning on that fateful December night, attacked us at Pearl Harbor and blasted our ships, killing hundreds of our citizens and then raiding other places far and near. They became conquerors over night.

Now we observe this very nation bowing in humble submission, not of pity for their nefarious acts, not begging pardon for their treachery, not seeking forgiveness for their atrocities, but quaking for fear, lest we drop another atomic bomb on another of their cities, and destroying thousands of their precious citizens.

This haughty nation who for over 2000 centuries have never lost a battle; this isolated territory, who, just about 76 years ago, permitted outside nations to cross its frontier—now lies prostrate—bowing, fringing, and crawling, as it were, at the feet of the democracies asking for Peace, while their hands are still bloody and their conscience stained because of their many atrocities.

They seek peace—and the terms have been accepted by the representatives of the "Big Four". In a few days we will have peace. Yes, Peace on Earth—Good will to all men.

This same message was sung by the angels when the Master was born. It is sung now. And yet we ask the question. Will there be peace? Will there be good will towards all men in America? Will America now, since the soldiers are returning, be fair in its economic program and permit men and women of all races to share equitable and equally in the distribution of jobs; enjoy the rights of citizenship and have the equal protection of the laws?

Will discrimination and disfranchisement be stopped and the spirit of Christianity prevail? I fear the worse. There will be no eternal or perpetual peace until all men and women are given equal rights.

We want peace—but it must be such that all nations, races and creeds will share and share alike and not a peace that is constructed upon an imaginary Superiority complex.

BEING PUSHED OFF THE CLIFFS

In the early dawn of civilization no preparations were made to take care of the aged and infirm.

The Grecians had a custom that when a man was old, feeble and incapacitated the oldest son would lead him up the mountains to the highest cliffs and push him over to die.

On one occasion the son was leading his father up the mountain and he observed that tears were streaking down his father's cheeks. The son spoke to his dad and said, "Why are you weeping father? You know that it is the custom that I am following—don't cry."

The old man, with a look of compassion, spoke to his son, "My boy," he said, "I am not weeping because you are following a traditional custom. I am crying to think that one day, you, my darling son, will be led up this very mountain to the summits and that your son will push you off the cliffs."

Now that the war is over and soon world war veterans of the

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MAKE SURE OF A BIG HARVEST!

present war will soon be returning back home. Many will be maimed, some shell shocked, others blind and suffering other ailments too numerous to mention.

They have given all that they had for democracy. They were useful then. Now that they are returning do not let us, figuratively, "Push Them Off the Cliffs." Let us not think of them as useless, and call them "those crazy vets", as so many of the citizens did the soldiers of World War No. I, when they returned. Do not push them off the cliffs, economically, by "hogging" all the jobs and not sharing with them.

If there was ever a time in the history of man-kind all of us must work together in order to not have bread lines and one of the worst depressions in the history of nations it is now.

We learned much from the last war and should profit thereby. Let us make life worth while for the returning heroes—see to it that he and she receive a big welcome; that they get suitable employment and let's not be envious because they receive the plaudit of the multitude. They deserve it, and more. We will not push them off the cliffs into oblivion.

Your War Price and Rationing Board is a busy place, as you well know if you've had occasion to visit it. You may even have been a little irked because you've had to wait to transact your business. Next time, why not mail in your application for gasoline, shoes, sugar, or what have you? It's been demonstrated that applications that are mailed in can be processed, on the average, in three minutes, while those brought in personally usually take half an hour. You will be saving your time and speeding up the work of the board if you take advantage of this opportunity to contact the local board by mail.

Did you know that 79 per cent of the personnel of the Office of Price Administration in the Pacific coast region are volunteer workers? They're your friends

and neighbors, giving their services—at least four hours a week—to our rationing and price control programs. They are among the major contributors to Victory. But they need help. If you have a few free hours a week, why not do your part on the home front? Call the chief clerk at your board, or the volunteer supervisor, and find out what jobs need to be done.

BIRTH AND DEATH STATISTICS

BIRTHS—Elsie Lee Brown, born July 30, 1945, 24.0 Cottonwood, Apt. 505, Vanport City.

Kenneth Lee Beckham, born July 24, 1945, 4.0 Cottonwood, Apt. 920, Vanport City.

DEATH: Esther Coleman, died July 29, 1945, 2407 N. Williams Ave., Portland, Oregon.

Mrs. America can afford to be a little less strict with her red point budget during August. Point values of beef, lamb and veal have been reduced one or two red points a pound for nearly all cuts. About 11 percent more meat will be available for sale over the butchers' counters than we had during June. This increase in civilian supply which made possible the point value reductions was the result of three things: (1) A smaller set-aside for the armed forces; (2) More meat now being shipped across state lines as a result of OPA's slaughter control program; (3) More even distribution of supplies as a result of OPA's fair distribution order.

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