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ARTHUR EDWARD POWELL
Editor and Proprietor

EDITORIALS

TWO WAYS OF LIFE

This second World War is a war between two philosophies, two ways of life, two diametrically opposed systems of government.

In every land which the Axis has conquered, all liberty has been ruthlessly abolished. The free enterprise system, where it existed, has been consigned to the rubbish heap. Disasters have faced the firing squad or have been sentenced to living deaths in a concentration camp. A whole continent has been chained to the Nazi chariot, and the peoples of a dozen nations, many of them once democratic and free, have been reduced to the status of slaves. The individual is nothing—the state is all.

Our part in this war then, whether or not we eventually become active belligerents, is to prove to all the world that free enterprise is superior to slave enterprise—that democracy is superior to totalitarianism. And we can prove that in only one way. That is by encouraging the private enterprise system, under fair and suitable government regulation, to produce as it never produced before. That means that we must encourage privately-owned industry—whether it deals in electric power or coal or oil or manufacturing or anything else—to do the greatest job in history. It means that all evidences of totalitarianism in this country must be suppressed. It means that we must consistently oppose state socialism wherever it appears, whatever its manifestation. We are fighting for the right of free men to engage freely in legitimate business under a free system. If that right is lost, we will suffer an irrevocable defeat, no matter how great our military prowess.

GOOD ADVICE FROM THE SIDELINES



Private enterprise is ready to meet the test. The record of the past is the promise of the future. It is up to all men to prove now that the American way is the winning way—and the way to eventual peace and security for all the people.

LOCALS

Mr. and Mrs. John Tharp and little daughter Betty spend the week end at the Lake of the Woods. Mrs. E. C. Faber, who had spent several days at the lake returned home Saturday.

Miss Vivian Tharp returned home Monday with her aunt Miss Mary Muse of Talent. Vivian had been visiting her grandfather Mr. Muse and aunt Miss Muse for over a week.

Pat Legg, who left last week with the selective service boys, has returned home on account of heart trouble.

Cecil Hansen accompanied Mr. Clarence Long and daughter Helen to Crescent City Sunday. They also went to Lake Earl. This was the first time Cecil ever saw the ocean.

Victor Noel has bought the lot next to the E. E. Scott home and will build a house on it. He plans to build a two room garage and live in that while building the house.

Mrs. Florence Eddy, who has been visiting in the valley on her way back to California after a rather extended stay at Dallas, said that she called on Roy Jones at Falls City, that Mr. Jones had a grocery store and was very nicely established and doing well.

Mr. and Mrs. Tharp received words from Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Renfro that they were leaving Emma, Illinois, the first of this month and would visit Mr. and Mrs. Tharp and other relatives in the valley. Mr. Renfro works for the oil company and has thirty days' vacation. Mrs. Renfro is Mrs. Tharp's sister.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Stone received a card from Neal saying he would go thru Central Point Thursday afternoon and would be in Grants Pass all day the Fourth. Mr. and Mrs. Stone plan to go to Grants Pass Thursday afternoon and hope to bring Neal home with them for the 4th. Friday evening Mr. Stone will leave with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Marsh of Medford for Orville, California where they will visit at the Jack Kenner home. They plan to return home Sunday.

Alvin McQuigg and Mr. and Mrs. Miller, who have been visiting their parents, are returning to the coast.

The end of the attendance contest between the Central Point Church of Christ and the Medford Tabernacle, which started a number of months ago, was ended by the Central Point church winning. Medford came down to Central Point Friday evening and present a very fine program and served ice cream and cake. Every one reports a jolly time.

"If I Were Twenty-One"

June, the month of college and university commencements, when many young men and women set forth to make their own way in the world, has been the occasion for frequent reprinting of "If I Were Twenty-One." It was written by the late Lafayette Young, publisher of the Des Moines (Iowa) Capital and a former United States senator from Iowa, who left his message to be read to his grandchildren on their twenty-first birthdays. It follows:

"IF I WERE TWENTY-ONE"
Every grown man thinks that if he had another chance and his age were twenty-one he would set the world afire in the way of achievement. He thinks he would omit every mistake which he feels he has made and make everything count. It is perfectly right for every man to feel this way but it is perfectly right for him to know that if he were starting over again he would duplicate his former mistakes and make more colossal errors. A man who has succeeded reasonably well might succeed better. Those who have failed would undoubtedly fail again.

If I were twenty-one I would devote more time to sport and when I worked I would work harder than I have ever been able to work. I would not search the world over for a location.

I would not aspire to sudden wealth nor would I make my standards all on a financial basis. At the age of twenty-one a man never expects to die. He attends funerals as a looker on without deep concern. He feels sorry for the person in the coffin but the thought never enters his head that sometime or other people will be standing around his grave. If I were twenty-one I would start with the firm belief that it is to be an eternal life after death. I would carry this belief with me in all my ambitions and undertakings.

I would understand that though a great American has said that opportunity knocks but once that opportunity is knocking all the time in all lives where there is any brain power co-operating with physical strength.

If I were twenty-one I would form friendships of the right kind intending that I would be useful to my friends and that I would expect them to be useful to me. Thus I would have a co-operative organization for our mutual welfare.

I should not ask my friends to indorse my note and seldom would I ask any one of them to loan me money. Fortunes that endure are the fortunes which start with one's own strength and will to achieve.

I would try to make my fortune grow and I would enjoy a considerable part of it as I went along.

I would realize that speculations seldom make permanent fortunes. I have often read of young men and young women inheriting fortunes from their kindred. I never have heard of such fortunes doing permanent service to those who came into possession of them. I would not sit down to live off a fortune.

I would not be ambitious to build a home half as big as a township. I would not do this if I had the money. I would not put this in my plan. A well-known society has frequently been singing during the last few years about aspiring to a cottage by the road to be a friend of man. Poets would not say this was good poetry.

but I believe the doctrines are good. I would learn as early as I could that whatever came to me must come in joy and sorrow as a part of my life.

I would learn that joys cannot be compelled to appear and sorrows can not be forever avoided.

I would try to have the common sense to enjoy my joys and the fortitude to endure my sorrows.

I would not be moving every month of the year.

I would not be in a hurry to leave the place where I was born. It is the thought of the young American that he must break away and go into new fields. Many have adopted this plan. I would not object to staying at home.

I would not object to my habitation having a name.

I would think it were a delight to remember the old trees and the grass.

I would fight the good fight.

I would aspire to having a wife and children, thus I would have a home.

If I were able to do so I would want to travel to see the interesting

parts of the world. I would never repudiate a debt. I would never lie to anybody. I'd know something about the sky. I would know all that science could tell about the beginning of everything.

I would do everything to maintain health.

I would read good books.

I would rejoice if my children could make music on instruments or with their voices.

I would realize from the opportunities afforded by America and the lives of our great Americans that there was no place on earth like our own land.

I would attend all patriotic celebrations.

I would not object to belonging to social clubs but I would remember that my home was the place for my hopes and fears.

I would pray night and morning and cultivate every living thing which could bear leaves and flowers and when the end came, thus surrounded and following these hopes and aspirations with the sunlight painting its picture through the trees and over the gables. I would bless God and die.—Publisher's Auxiliary.

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The SNAPSHOT GUILD
MAKING PICTURE-STORIES



This shot is from our "baking biscuits" sequence—the best way in the world to tell a story in pictures.

PICTURE-TAKING is a lot more fun, for the subjects, if the pictures have a story to tell. At our house, we do it this way. First, I pick two "story" ideas—one for Ann to be the model, another for Jack. Then I jot down notes for six or eight pictures that will tell each story—picking the high spots, of course.

To decide which story shall be pictured first, we toss a coin. If Ann wins, it's her story and she is the model, while Jack and I take the pictures. Actually, I suppose, I do most of it—placing the lights, setting the camera, and so on—but I try to let Jack feel that he's really the "director." We tell Ann what to do, for each shot—and usually the whole picture series is made in a short time. The following evening, it's Jack's turn as model, and Ann helps me shoot.

Sometimes we invite the next-door neighbor's little girl over, as model, so that both Jack and Ann can help supervise. She enjoys it—If my "story" idea gives her some-

thing interesting to do. We made a sequence last week, showing how she learned to bake biscuits. We pictured her measuring out the flour, kneading the dough, rolling it out, cutting the biscuits, sliding them into the oven—and, finally, taking a big bite out of the first one. It's a good story.

That outline, incidentally, is typical of our snapshot sequences. Just a step-by-step account of things the children do. Jack, building an airplane model or packing his knapsack for a hike; Ann, learning how to roller-skate, or how to make a rag doll. And they have already made one story sequence of me—loading my pipe, lighting it, sitting down with the evening paper, puffing away as I read, and finally dozing off. Pretty good pictures, too, for youngsters.

You should try this idea of snapshot sequences, if you haven't already. There's fun in it—and the pictures are more interesting because they fit together to tell a real story.

John van Gulder

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