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ARTHUR EDWARD POWELL,
Editor and Proprietor

EDITORIALS

THE INEVITABLE HAS HAPPENED

The unprovoked attack of Japan on American possessions simply marked the occurrence of the inevitable. For many months, most authorities have been convinced that we could not avoid formal participation in the war that now engulfs all the continents. The big question was when and where the spark would be ignited. The Japanese militarists, spurred by their Axis comrades, have answered that question for us and for the world.

The American people enter this war with a sense of grim and bitter necessity. No thinking man wants war. It is to the great credit of our government that it did everything possible, within the bounds of our national honor and interests, to maintain peace. That effort failed through no fault of those who administered our governmental affairs. It failed because the ruthless conquerors of our time are bent on world domination. Nothing less can satisfy them. It is all or nothing. And so, at last, the democratic world is allied in arms against the totalitarian world in the greatest war history has ever known.

Here in America the task is clear. The American people will support their government to the limit, and that will make whatever sacrifices prove necessary. The issue of intervention versus non-intervention is as dead as last year's news. The isolationist leaders, displaying that patriotism which characterizes all true Americans, have pledged their full support to the President and the nation. From this time on it is the job of all to show the world that a free America is more than a match for any adversary.

The soldiers and the sailors who fight in this war carry into battle a traditional freedom. They are not the unthinking, "holed" soldiers of a despotism. They are not slaves, living and dying like puppets at the whim of a tyrant. They have been trained in the school of all great nations, under the shadow which Lincoln called "the great hope of earth." They know what they are fighting for.

How the American Country Boy Benefits from Army Training

The American country boy—those who have grown up on the farm and the ranch and who have learned the hard way that a good soldier is a good citizen—has been the backbone of our nation's defense since the beginning of time.

Such is the case of the country boy who has been trained in the school of the army. He has learned the hard way that a good soldier is a good citizen. He has learned the hard way that a good soldier is a good citizen.

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THIS YEAR give a share in America's



SANTA CLAUS CAN HELP AMERICAN DEFENSE! This poster, drawn by J. W. and W. J. Wilkinson, a father and son artist team of Baltimore, reminds Americans that they can help the Defense Program this Christmas by giving Defense Bonds and Stamps in addition to the usual present. Nation-wide distribution of this poster has been made, especially in the windows of 300,000 retail stores where Defense Stamps—for as low as 10 cents—are now on sale.

They know how precious freedom is. And they know the sorrowful truth that blood must be shed if freedom is to be preserved.

Back of the fighting men of America will be a production machine unparalleled on earth. Labor and industry will not shirk the gigantic task that time and circumstance have given it. The price of failure would be the death of freedom. The days ahead will be hard and bitter, but no one can doubt what the eventual will be—victory for freedom, for a way of life that respects the dignity of man.

It is all there in one word—freedom. Freedom of speech, freedom of press, freedom of worship, freedom of conscience. These are what we possess, and these are what we are fighting to save and to perpetuate forever.

American industry is ready for this war. The drive, the tempo of our great private enterprise—the railroads, the power systems, the steel mills, the motor trucks, the coal and oil mines, the oil wells and refining plants, the telephone systems and the post, American enterprise represents a veritable network of production. And now the tempo of production will be stepped up again and again. There can be no "business as usual," "business as usual," or "business as usual" from now on.

Let there be no doubts. Let there be no hesitations. Let there be no hesitations. Let there be no hesitations.

It has been forced on us by a nation to which we offered firm friendship, economic cooperation, aid in solving its problems—everything, in short, except the right to pillage and destroy and conquer. Now our enemies will learn how free men, backed by the limitless resources of our free enterprise system, can acquit themselves in battle.

Story of African Rubber Plantation

(Continued from last week)

As you can see from the scene the scenery was simply beautiful and I can't remember when I have enjoyed anything so much. The pictures of a bunch of blacks sitting down was taken when the two boats were pulled close together and I stood in the bow of one boat and took the pictures. When we were half way up the river the boat pulled the boat close together and held them there. Then

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The American

they laid down their oars and settled back. We asked "How come?" The headman explained it was chop time. Each black pulled out a small, small can and brought out some powdered rice and Casava and started eating and—well, then they took a small bowl of water and were all set. With the water mixed with the powder the food will swell and they feel full we are told—Quite a system, yet Jim Wilson who engineered the trip and who has been on many of them, told white fellows to hand back their half smoked cigarettes and say the blacks could have them if they start back to work at the oars. It worked like a charm and we were off again. We had a picnic under a huge spreading cottonwood tree at Two's place and he came out and joined us. He is a civilized black and I'll tell you about him later. One reason we wanted to go to this place is because it is the place where the pirate ships used to land in the old days and it was the base of the slave trade in Africa. The slave ships anchored in the little bay where we went swimming and we had our picnic on the edge of the bay where thousands of slaves have trodden down the earth. We picked up remnants of broken Rum bottles, wines and others, bearing the old signs of Rum from foreign shores. The glass was almost purple from lying in the sun so long but you could read the date on some of them. These have been washed ashore from the ships of another age. The St. Paul river meets the ocean at this little bay at Mammy Point, then turns off again and goes inland. Consequently there is a tide on the river at Mammy Point as well as at Monrovia where we embarked. This actually makes the land on which Two has his farm an island about 11 miles long but you don't think of it as an island because it seems like just a river cutting through the mainland.

This is running into a lengthy letter I am tired and want to retire so will bring it to a close. We did have such a wonderful time on this trip and returned to Monrovia via Kono just as the moon was coming up. The blacks sang in their native chants and the palm trees were silhouetted against the sky and it was breathtaking in its beauty. You wonder what strange land you have suddenly awakened in to find this peaceful, drifting scene as you float down the river and watch nobles like Kono slip past with figures shining motionless in them, and the night air is filled with the low chant of the half-tamed savages who dip, dip their oars in perfect rhythm as they bring you down to the mouth of the river where you can hear the howlers play if the distance, and finally on across the black motionless expanse of water to the landing on the other side. I shall never forget it and I never wanted to go home. When night comes the world is so peaceful and simply for these black people out here and I envy them sometimes. The clock of the day is just half and the night belongs to them to do with as they wish. Sometimes powerful singing, hunting, and sometimes the mid night beat of the jungle drums but always they are happy at night.

I must close this and get off to shut-eye town as Joe is nodding. There are many more things I could tell of and also I haven't answered the questions in your last letter, but I'll do it next time. I just can't catch up with myself I guess.

P.S. Sending some pictures taken last Sunday when Joe and I were presented with a spanking new car with just six miles on it. We took a drive first down by the river near our place and took some snaps there of the river, the overhanging trees, the car, ourselves, etc. We were also fortunate enough to get a picture of a huge Bug-a-bug hill while on this drive. We drove 50 miles from home into the back country, past Kakata, Goba town, through dozens of half towns and to Solala which is far as we can drive in that direction by car. We have runners go from Solala into the back country farther on and bring out fresh vegetables such as cabbage, tomatoes, lettuce, etc. Have just discovered that we can get some back in there so it is the first green things we have had since arriving and is it ever good. You will notice Joe is standing by the Bug-a-bug hill so that will give you an idea of its height and to think these hills are made by tiny insects.

Took some snaps in a native camp before we got off the Plantation Camp built by firestone and the laborers live there. When we try to take pictures of the naked people in ca's pr e ; sewere tjeu wo; run for dear life unless they are paid. If they can't speak English then you have a sweet time catching them to pay them a few coppers but there are certainly plenty of naked ones on all sides of you. They come out and stare.

(To Be Continued)

PACKAGES FROM AFRICA—

Mrs. E. E. Scott received two big boxes from her daughter Mrs. Mildred Swain in Liberia, Africa, containing 17 ebony hand-carved pieces and one set of two dozen knife holders, made of ebony. The ebony pieces were made up of vases, book ends, heads, Chinese on Elephants, etc. Some of the vases had ivory set in. There were also a number of beautiful furs to be tanned.

YB Tactics

Knowing the "tactics" of tuberculosis—the disease always deals its heaviest blows during times of stress—the Christmas Seal Sale is being held in England as usual. Due to conditions, Canada printed the Seals and sent them over months ago. The American associations are doing everything in their power to prevent tuberculosis from getting out of control in this country. There is a deeper meaning than ever before in the plea Buy and Use Christmas Seals!

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American!

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S-P

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