

## Independent-Enterprise

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### A New Year's Resolution

In these days of global war, when thousands of our men are being killed and wounded on the battle fronts of the world, let us be deeply impressed with the fact that our discomforts are small compared to those of the men in the armed forces or of the people in conquered and occupied countries, and here and now firmly resolve whatever our respective jobs may be, in the New Year to come, to do them willingly and conscientiously and without complaint to the best of our several abilities so that day may be brought closer, when our soldiers, sailors and marines can return home to resume normal lives.

If need be, let us double and treble our efforts to that end in order that we might be counted worthy of the great sacrifices being made for us.

### How Big Should a Town Be?

(From Pathfinder Magazine)

What is the ideal size for a town?

A town ought to be big enough so that a farmer can find a place to park his car. Unless farmers and their wives can bring in the new wealth out of the soil, and take home the goods the new wealth earns, there can't be many towns.

A town ought to be big enough that a friendly dog can run without a leash. When every dog must be tied to the end of a string, and none but his owner knows his name, then the place is too small.

A town ought to be big enough so that a green yard can be around every house. When there are no yards where children can play, where a man and woman can plant a rosebush and set their feet upon the natural earth, too little room is left for people to live as normal human beings should.

A town ought to be big enough that rows of trees can line the streets. When a place gets so small that the trees have to be cut down, and only stone and brick and concrete and steel are allowed, little beauty remains except that which is artificial and imprisoned.

A town ought to be big enough so that a man can say good morning to those he meets when he walks to the postoffice, and big enough so he can stop to talk with a friend, if he chooses, without being hustled on the sidewalk.

A town ought to be big enough so that everyone will rejoice when a new baby is born, or when good fortune or a victory comes to anyone who lives there, and big enough that when a funeral procession goes by there will be people to ask who has passed on.

A town ought to be big enough that a person can have as many friends as he deserves to have. It ought to be big enough for laughter to be heard and for a smile to be seen.

There are, we believe, a great many big-enough towns in America.

### Will Freedom Survive Victory?

Another year of war has drawn to a close. Volumes of rhetoric will be written about the awful destruction of the past twelve months. Puny efforts will be made to describe the suffering of the men of the armed forces, who face death day after day, year after year, far from home and loved ones. Actually, there are no words that can adequately sum up 1944, the most critical year in American history.

The astounding thing about the home front is the fact that except for the families of service men, it lives normally and has no conception of the horrors of war. Communiques from Washington on the price of toilet paper or some other trivial item fill countless columns in the press. Social security planning, "full" employment and dizzy talk of a contented post-war world, with all the worries assumed by a benevolent government, arise from the American scene like a haze from a swamp. Clear, unqualified thought on the subject of personal freedom, is almost totally lacking.

As the war moves on, country after country sees the spectre of oppression and government by small cliques loom larger and darker over the world. The United States is no exception to this trend. Much of our postwar planning is a crazy mixture of individual initiative and bureaucratic paternalism. The conflict between those who believe in state socialism and would have the government take over basic industries, and those who believe in the superiority of privately owned enterprise, has led to rash promises. Many on both sides apparently believe that the crux of the issue is a full stomach, with the result that a material value has been put on freedom. Each side has striven to outpromise the other until it has become rank heresy to suggest that there may at time be lean going in the future.

Millions expect government to furnish them jobs, to guarantee peacetime prices, to protect them from the insecurity of competition. They should remember that the more they ask of government, the less freedom they will have. If government ends by owning most of industry and employing most of the people as well as regulating the lives of the remainder, freedom will become a mockery. As Robert S. Henry, eminent writer and historian, observes:

"The right of nonconformity is ultimately the most important of human rights, but I doubt if it can long exist independently of the right of private property. After all, the man who owns nothing, and has no hope of owning anything for himself, is under a terrible handicap in expressing untrammelled individuality. He is without a place for his foot to stand upon, in opposition to the conforming forces of the collective state."

Our people could lose everything of material value as the price of victory in this war and still have a bright future. However, let too much government destroy the freedom and hope of the individual to build again and there is no future. The right of ownership is more important than ownership itself.

### Letter From South Pacific

Mrs. E. R. Stanton, who now resides in Boise, is in receipt of the following letter from her husband, Elden:

"I received a letter today from the Davy Co. congratulating us on the birth of our son. I'm sending the clipping for Roger's scrap book. I'm finally a real soldier. I am attached to a regular outfit. The guys are swell, the food is the best. I have had for a long time, and outside of being lonesome I feel fine. There are so many things I want to tell you, but so few I can. I have been in New Caledonia, the Hebrides, Guadalcanal and one of the Marshals, but I can't tell you what island I am on now. The last ship I was on, they only fed two meals a day, but we got a good shower occasionally. Did I tell you I got to do a little fishing? Of course, I don't know what kind they were, but anyhow I caught two! You should see our new home. It is made of poles, palm fans, and shelter halves (and running water too). Our showers are always in the open. Today the native women disturbed our privacy. Last nite a bunch of us played guitars and sang for hours. It was really nice. We sang all our favorite songs of home and talked about our civilian lives. I must close now dear one, but kiss that son of ours for me."

### Withers Doesn't Like South Sea Girls

Master Sgt. Forrest Withers of the Army Engineers, and a former resident of Payette and the Oregon Slope writes to his sister, Mrs. Earl Jimerson that he has been moved from New Caledonia to one of the New Hebrides Islands. He states that there isn't much entertainment for the boys where they are now except fishing, and that they have sultry tropical rains every day. The islands are also infested with lizards, snakes, and crocodiles to add to their discomfort. Furthermore, he thinks those people that write about the South Sea Island's wonderful climate and beautiful native girls, etc., were only having a "pipe dream."

M/Sgt. Withers entered the service in February of 1943 and had his basic training in Camp Polk, La. He was sent overseas in May, 1943.

Prior to entering the service he was operator of a bulldozer with a construction company, building airports in California and Nevada.

He is the son of Mrs. D. B. Withers of Walla Walla, Wn., and his wife and small daughter reside in Fort Jones, Cal.

### Davis In South Pacific Hospital

Cpl. Daniel Davis who recently has been in a hospital in New Guinea writes his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Davis.

You can't must of helped me cause I'm in pretty good shape now. I imagine this cool day is helping. Been hot for a quite a spell but it started raining last night and hasn't let up yet.

Yes, I received Dot's telegram

Modern Watchmaker  
George V. Jackson



3½ blocks N. City  
Hall  
Ontario, Oregon



### LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

We are going to have with us soon a very promising young man who comes from the Land of Nowhere, but who is going to take you Somewhere. Yes, this young feller is GOING PLACES with you, in 1945.

At any rate, that is our wish for you, good friends, to whom we owe so much, and to whom we now pledge a continuation of the best possible service we know how to give.

Chambers Bros.

Auto Service

Across From Court House

### Marjorie Lant In Northern France

In a letter received by C. E. Dible from Russell and Mabel Lant, comes news of Marjorie Lant as follows:

"I'm in a nice ward now. The fellows I met and ran around with here are all on their way home. I'll get there one of these days and see if I can't get in a hospital up in Washington. That's the closest I believe."

Miss Swanson took me to Thanksgiving services yesterday and it was nice. I've enclosed the program and our menu. We really had one swell meal.

Bye now.

Love and Kisses,

David.

P. S. Get that chicken ready.

Read the classified ads.



### We All Send New Year Greetings

All of our best wishes and all of our best efforts will be with you in the New Year as they were in the old. You can count upon us to do our utmost to deserve your continued confidence during 1945.

SCOTT'S  
BARBER AND  
BEAUTY  
SHOP



1945 is just around the corner. All hail to the New Year! This is the season for new resolutions.



We have served you well in the past. Our aim is to serve you still better in the future. To this end we pledge our full devotion.

We want you to be happy this New Year's . . . and during the weeks and months that follow.

McCLUER MANSER MOTOR COMPANY

We're FIRST In Service



Blow, Whistles, Blow!  
Ring, Bells, Ring!



Full steam ahead! The past is behind us—opportunity lies ahead. Let's go, America!

In the midst of the gay clamor we pause to consider your part in the success we have enjoyed during 1944. Your support has meant everything to us.

In this spirit of appreciation it is a genuine joy for us to wish for you a very

Happy New Year

PETERSON FURNITURE CO.