

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor sways Us, No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, President

Member of The Associated Press

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this newspaper.

Licensing "Amusement Devices"

Within the scope and meaning of this ordinance, an "amusement device" is any machine or device designed to be operated for amusement only, or for playing a game upon the insertion of a coin, slug or any other thing representing a coin, and which does not vend or deliver any money, merchandise or articles of value. Provided, that the following devices are prohibited by and do not come within the definition of an amusement device within the terms and meaning of this ordinance.

(a) Any device used for the playing of a game of chance, or any game in which the element of chance predominates over the element of skill.

(b) Any device which vends money or merchandise or any other thing of value.

Such is the definition of "amusement devices" contained in the bill for an ordinance, now awaiting action by the city council, which if approved will authorize the operation and licensing of such devices. The definition is presumed to apply principally if not exclusively, to those devices popularly and generally known as pinball machines.

In their effort to draft an ordinance which will appease those persons constitutionally opposed to gambling, it would appear that the sponsors of this bill have leaned over backward and incorporated something which may cause them some future headaches. It is specified that any game in which the element of chance predominates over the element of skill shall not constitute an "amusement device" under this ordinance.

If there is to be no gambling—positively—what difference does it make whether the game involves predominantly skill or chance? Any one casually familiar with the general nature of such pinball games as have been operated here in the past and are now in operation elsewhere in the county, is to be pardoned for suspecting that none of them would qualify as an "amusement device" under this definition.

"Skill" is limited, in all such machines we have ever inspected, to the application of a judicious amount of pressure on the plunger; in other words, to the act of drawing it back a certain distance, compressing a spring to the desired tension, and releasing it sharply so that all of the stored-up pressure is applied to the little pellet. The player having done so much, the pellet is "on its own" and is subject to the whims of various pre-arranged forces operating under the glass cover. Of course if one were to jar or tilt the machine, but surely in a game played for "amusement" only no one would be tempted to do that!

Below the definition, the ordinance deals almost exclusively with the matter of licensing. There is a license of \$100 a year for each "distributor" of such devices operating within Salem's corporate limits and a license of \$5 a month or \$15 a quarter for each single machine. In passing, it is interesting to ponder the significance of this provision. Why are there two separate licenses, one for distributors and the other for individual devices. Why not just one license? And—probably it should be mentioned right here—why is the police committee of the council given sole authority to reject any application for a license? Three guesses, but one ought to be enough.

Further inspection of the ordinance will disclose that it provides no penalties—except for failure to obtain a license. It has been explained that state law provides penalties for the use of these machines for gambling. City police however would have to provide such enforcement of the state law as might be provided. What inducement, we wonder, would there be for the police to discover violations, when such discovery would deprive the city of this license revenue the council seems too anxious to obtain?

And finally—if these "amusement devices" are to be totally innocent of all gambling temptation, if they are just nice wholesome games with which to while away an odd moment, what is the justification for the license fees proposed? By contrast, the license fee for a card room is \$5 a year for one table and \$1 for each additional table; the license fee for a billiard or pool table is \$15 a year. As for "juke boxes," gadgets into which nickels and dimes are poured as profusely as into pinball machines, and which comprise nationally a billion dollar business, no license of any sort is required.

How come? Isn't it a fact that a pinball machine is a social nuisance, that its being such is the justification for the high license proposal and that the inordinate profits explain the operators' willingness to pay such fees? In our opinion, the existing prohibition on pinball machines would be cheap at ten times the price.

Re-Parceling America

In 1917 it was the disclosure of asserted evidence that Kaiser Bill plotted domination of Mexico, that started the final avalanche of war sentiment culminating in the United States' declaration of war against Germany and her allies. That a European aggressor might have designs upon territory so close to our own borders was a shockingly, frighteningly novel idea to Americans in those days.

Months before they listened to President Roosevelt's Navy day address Monday night, the American people were in possession of much more concrete evidence of Nazi plotting in the western hemisphere. They are more calloused to such ideas now.

The news in the president's address was the existence of a map, allegedly conceived by Nazis, dividing South America and Central America along new boundary lines with domination from Berlin the obvious intent. Regardless of the indisputable evidence of German meddling in the existing nations to our south, this disclosure if properly authenticated is likely to have greater influence in shaping American sentiment both north and south of the Rio Grande. It isn't particularly substantial but it is graphic, and a direct answer to the "none of our business" argument.

Christmas Buying Prospects

Initial mention of Christmas in this column in anticipation of the coming holiday season, an exposition of the reason why "Christmas" should always be spelled out and not abbreviated, necessarily carried the implication that Christmas is primarily a religious observance. That point being settled, we may be pardoned for devoting brief early attention to the prospects for the coming Christmas shopping season.

Briefly then, it promises to be the biggest ever. Regardless of the nature and legitimacy of the increased prosperity and the more general employment, they are providing a greater proportion of the public with ready cash. The buying power for a record Christmas trade exists.

What about gift merchandise? The people who check up on such matters assure us that regardless of priorities and threatened shortages of metal gadgets ranging from razor blades to automobiles, there will be plenty of gift merchandise because suppliers planned it that way long ago, before these stresses developed.

And so—here's for a merry Christmas buying season and more people made happy—especially little people, who can be made happy with physical gifts and sincere, loving "best wishes"—than in many a Christmas past. Americans, privileged to enjoy at least one more Christmas in comparative comfort and security, are nevertheless so deeply immersed in the world's woes that they can use all the good cheer the season produces.

Things and persons function best in their own respective natural elements. The visiting airman last Saturday put on a good show in the air—and it wouldn't be reasonable to criticize them for a poor job of traffic control on the ground. Besides, it might have been the fault of one lone state patrolman.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

(Distribution by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Reproduction in whole or in part strictly prohibited.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—This vague new official talk about doubling our armament production makes good victory propaganda, but it will be easier to converse about than to do.

Proceed together from various recent suggestions of Mr. Roosevelt and the war department (and interpolated by necessarily anonymous officials) the plan is this:

Our arms building calls now for expenditure of \$45,000,000,000 in the next two years. We are to double the amount and spend \$90,000,000,000 (an amount greater than was earned by every man, woman and child in the United States last year.)

We are to start toward this doubling within the next two months and hope to accomplish it in 1943, two years hence. It is not to be a bulk program laid down in one proposal, but submitted piecemeal from time to time. First items will be tanks and planes.

Mind you, we are not increasing our present production—which is relatively nothing—merely our anticipations for the future.

And, of course, figures are not to be given out on the numbers of planes or tanks we will produce each month. Such figures have now been banned by executive direction. So no one will know the disparity between our production and our anticipations until it is all over.

The defects in this vision are obvious. Take the tank picture for a typical example. To double the expected output, you will not only have to double the size of factories now manufacturing tanks but also vastly increase capacity of steel plants. Both are now operating at utmost. The construction job would require years.

But the administration is working up a scheme to shortcut that delay. It was hinted in SPAB Director Donald Nelson's speech in Chicago. Mr. Nelson merely said civilian users of steel (and other needed materials) must skimp. What he meant was that there will be no new automobiles, refrigerators, washing machines, electric vacuum cleaners and houses (other than defense houses) available a few months hence if the doubling promise is carried out. Those officials who are serious about carrying out the idea say that by next summer, none of these and similar durable-consumer goods will be available.

So far the government has been taking only what it could reasonably expect to use from normal business for its armament program. Under the tank program it would have to take all—and then some.

The prospects of what this would do to the country are so fantastic as to be inconceivable ahead of realization. Certainly everyone in the automobile business would be making tanks or be out of work. What of the retail auto dealers and salesmen with only used cars left? What of prices? What of transportation with the railroads denied steel and new trucks unavailable?

Obviously even the beginning of the new program cannot be realized without a breakdown of business as we know it now.

Where is the money to come from? Even if the program pushes the earnings of the people (national income) up to \$120,000,000,000 by 1943, the rate of spending would take half of it. Further taxation can not furnish this kind of money. Neither can borrowing. The threat of monetary inflation thus becomes involved.

Behind this explosive new conception of what is needed, is a change of official outlook on the war. (See Ickes' last speech.) They have apparently abandoned the theory that he can be squeezed out by economic blockade. Fascism about Russia exists. The official rumor is around that the Nazis will strike through the Caucasus into the Iran and Iraq oil fields this winter.

By this reasoning the conclusion has been reached that a Nazi defeat can only be accomplished if we outproduce him in war materials by a substantial margin.

But you can also see this reasoning leads you to the goal of a new AEF to fight in Europe, Asia, Africa. Certainly the British have sufficient men to handle all the armaments this program supposes we will be producing a year or two hence.



Out of the Storm (And Strife)—Flag of Truce?

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Oregon walnut as 10-28-41 compared to California's product; The Oregonian is taken unaware; the real truth:

The Portland Oregonian had in its issue of Tuesday, the 14th, an editorial article attention to which has been delayed all these two weeks by matter previously in hand. The editorial, under the heading, "Supremacy of the Oregon Walnut," read:

"This newspaper feels a spell of righteous indignation coming on—but we hope to avoid using asterisks to express it. With every passing second we are becoming more and more indignant. Now we almost are as indignant as E. N. Wheeler was when he wrote us a well deserved letter of protest about a sugar cookie formula lately appearing in The Oregonian or a home magazine page. The recipe counsels Oregon housewives to employ 'chopped California walnuts.' California walnuts! Walnuts imported from our dear sister state, when it is a renowned and redoubtable fact that Oregon walnuts are peerless! Mr. Wheeler, we are loosening our collar, too.

"How on earth did it happen, you ask? One should like to say that it merely just happened—of course, on our part, it was an inadvertence, although harrowing—but we suspect it seriously being an example of adroit propaganda originating in the sly publicity factory of the California walnut growers. It was fifth column work of its kind, that's what it was, and these mantling blushes attend the sincerity of our regret, our penitence, and our most abject apology. Where is there a walnut to rival our Franquette of favored Oregon? Assuredly it is not to be found even in the most exacting selection of the sun-kissed California crop. The best walnuts are graded by the lightness, that is to say, the complexion, the color,

"It is abominable to think that Oregon's accepted quality of size, sweetness, color and oil richness is being substituted by California's so called 'Sun Tanned' which could be better described as 'Sun Cinders.'"

"Gradually we are growing calmer, and, too, there is the glow that follows the adequate and unreserved amende honorable. As for the original publication of the sugar cookie formula, we shall only say that if any housewife has been so foolish as to follow it literally, and use California walnuts, no great harm has been done.

"To be sure, her sugar cookies could not have been as nice as Oregon walnuts would have made them—but that's natural, and it ought to teach her a lesson, as the whole lamentable incident has taught us."

So ends the Oregonian editorial, which the patient reader has

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

HONEST GARAGEMEN

To the editor: On Saturday, August 30 I drove from Hood River to the state fairgrounds with a load of 4H club exhibits. On the way down my car developed a serious case of the jitters. It shimmied from side to side like a billygoat with the fits. After I arrived and unloaded at the 4H club building I inquired for a repair shop. I was directed to a small shop—a modest place near the entrance to the fairgrounds.

I drove into this shop and told two young men mechanics about my troubles. The two young men measured the distance between the wheels on a straight ahead line; then they measured with the wheels turned north-by-south; then they twisted the wheels south-by-north and measured again. Then they shook the wheels to test for tightness of bearings. Then several things I did not ken. Then they pronounced the result of the diagnosis:

"Mister, we cannot find anything wrong with your car that should cause your car to shimmy. The wheels are in perfect alignment. The bearings are tight, and evidently the driver isn't. But there is one thing: the tire on the left front wheel is worn more than the one on the right. This might or might not be the cause of the shimmying."

The tires were shifted to put two good tires in front. A modest charge was made. There was no more jitters.

Mechanics in Salem are square. L. B. GIBSON, County Supt. of Schools, Hood River, Ore.

you and will make no charge. Go down town to a larger shop with more technical equipment. Maybe they can help you." Those boys showed a lot of character.

I drove down town to Davidson's Auto Service. Did not tell the foreman I had been to another shop. Did tell him the symptoms. The foreman put a young man to work on my car. I left for a half hour. When I came back the young fellow was still at work on my car. He used a variety of instruments. Tested the car for palpitation, apoplexy, collywobbles, and scrutinized the driver. And then he gave his pronouncement:

"Mister, I can find nothing wrong that ought to cause your car to shimmy. The wheels are in perfect alignment. The bearings are tight, and evidently the driver isn't. But there is one thing: the tire on the left front wheel is worn more than the one on the right. This might or might not be the cause of the shimmying."

The tires were shifted to put two good tires in front. A modest charge was made. There was no more jitters.

Mechanics in Salem are square. L. B. GIBSON, County Supt. of Schools, Hood River, Ore.

of course concluded is principally that of a joke-smith.

There is some truth in the part of it claiming Oregon grown English walnuts are better and bring higher prices than the same varieties produced in California. Rather, it must be admitted, than the same varieties grown in some sections of California.

(Continued tomorrow.)

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

E. E. asks how holly is classed? Answer—I am not sure just what is meant by this question, quality? type?

However, the English holly is usually classed as a brood-leaved evergreen tree along with our Oregon madrone trees.

The brood-leaved evergreen shrubs include the kalmia, rhododendrons and so on.

In plantings don't place none-

BARRED SEENS

By MARYSE RUTLEDGE

CHAPTER 24

Mrs. Rider couldn't keep Jane at home. She was downstairs again by eleven, her eyes steady, her hair smoothly folded, winging from her small hat.

"I'm off to the Givens, Mother," she said. "They won't mind if I turn up an hour earlier on Monday." She was thinking of that Saturday they had minded her turning up.

She got into her coupe, glancing toward Kurt Helm's shack. No smoke curled from his chimney. Trees and bushes were perceptibly thinner, their fallen leaves a carpet turning brown.

The Givens house, exposed on its meager ground, was more desolate. The garage was open, empty. Then were out Groucho, the huge mongrel, prowled the unkempt premises. He slunk near to Jane, and something about him, this morning, aroused her pity.

"Groucho!" Jane called to him. Her up-turned pug nose went out. She stood very still until he sidled closer. "You're hungry!" she said loudly. "You're hungry, Groucho!"

He bared his teeth and backed away.

She took out her key, unlocked the side door of the porch leading to her workroom. She held the door open. Groucho slid in after her, sniffing along the faded carpet.

"I shouldn't have let you in." Jane went to her desk, stared down at it. Her papers were gone. She opened drawers; nothing in them. Yet on Friday afternoon, when she left, everything had been in place. Kurt's lecture had been postponed until next week because, he had said, his pamphlets weren't ready. But the checks had been coming in for tickets, and contributions. They were in a folder—

Perhaps the Givens had wanted to look over her stuff. But they should have put it back. "Come on, Groucho." She opened the door into the living room. "I'll find you a bone first, if there is one."

There wasn't any bone. There was practically no food in the kitchen. Jane tossed what there was to the lean dog who whined at it, and padded behind as if he were afraid of losing her.

Jane was indignant. When she saw the small desk in the living room, she didn't hesitate to explore.

A few minutes later, Jane, a folder under her arm, walked out of the house, Groucho trailing her. He stood looking up at her, as she hurried into her car.

facers such as spires prunifoli and buddia in the front. Use them as a background, using a facer in front of them. Even with the rhododendrons, planting some of the low evergreen azaleas in the foreground gives a special touch. This is especially true if you match your rhododendrons and azaleas in color.

"They don't deserve you, Groucho!" she exclaimed. "Get in. But if you dare hurt my Timmy—"

Groucho got in humbly, curling up beside her, and her eyes were clouded with tears. For the papers she had found in that little desk exposed the Givens—and Kurt Helm.

Why, they weren't real Americans at all! They were—could they be—fifth columnists of which the newspapers published so much! She had the evidence in the notations, the lists, the first draft of Helm's so-called lecture. She had the proofs in other pamphlets she had found in that desk: such as a copy of the one Helm had taken from her the night of Carlie's murder—and burned.

Now she was somewhat afraid. The Givens would know she knew. Kurt Helm would know. Beside her Groucho whined.

Jane said, "I didn't feel like working, mother." She hid the papers under a vine. They wouldn't be safe in the house. She stood later on the lawn, watching Timmy and Groucho playing in the twilight.

Then Jane saw Kurt Helm. He walked slowly across the road, his green eyes narrowed on the Givens dog.

"The Givens just telephoned me, wondering where Groucho was," she said smiling at Jane. "They were so sorry to be out when you came, this morning. You went there, didn't you?"

"Yes," Jane admitted. "Come in, Kurt." She moved nervously toward the house.

Kurt said, "I thought, for a change, you and your mother would have tea with me." Before Jane could protest, he was in the house and out with Mrs. Rider beside him. "I've taken so much from you," he said, his narrowed eyes and smile on Jane.

"Mother—" Jane began. "I'll do us both good, darling," Mrs. Rider walked on, her arm caught in Kurt's.

Jane followed slowly, staring up and down the road. There was no one in sight. The two dogs scampered after them, stopping at the rim of the road in a growling quarrel over a twig.

David stood at Lawyer Garrison's desk in the library. He was worried sick about Jane. She'd hung up on him earlier in the day, when he telephoned her.

"I've got to go out and see the Riders. You don't need me here now." His face looked haggard against the fiery disorder of his hair.

Richard Garrison, too, usually so immaculate, showed signs of deep strain. "I understand how you feel," he said.

"I've got to go," David repeated.

(To be continued)
Copyright by Maryse Rutledge. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Radio Programs

- KSLM—TUESDAY—1390 Kc. 6:30—Sunrise Salute. 7:00—News in Brief. 7:30—Oldtime Music. 7:45—News. 8:00—Sunrise Freshmen. 8:30—News. 8:45—Morning Matinee. 9:00—Pastor's Call. 9:15—Popular Music. 9:30—Early Mart. 10:00—The World This Morning. 10:15—Prescription for Happiness. 10:30—Women in the News. 10:35—Latin-American Music. 11:00—Melodic Moods. 11:30—Womette U Chapel. 11:45—Lum and Abner. 12:00—Ivan Dittmars. 12:15—Noontime News. 12:30—Hilbilly Serenade. 12:35—Hilbilly Serenade. 12:45—Hilbilly Serenade. 12:55—The Song Shop. 1:15—Isle of Paradise. 1:30—Western Serenade. 1:45—Red Cross Program. 2:00—News Briefings. 2:15—Musical Miniatures. 2:15—Salem Art Center. 2:30—John Kirby's Orchestra. 2:45—The Boys. 3:00—Concert Gems. 4:00—Gene Krupa's Orchestra. 4:15—News. 4:30—Teatime Tunes. 5:00—Popularity Row. 5:30—Defense of America. 6:00—Tonight's Headlines. 6:15—War Commentary. 6:30—String Serenade. 7:00—News in Brief. 7:30—Interesting Facts. 7:45—Vincent Story. 7:50—Jimmy Allen. 7:55—Brass Halls. 8:00—Headlines. 8:30—Popular Music. 8:45—Broadway Bandwagon. 9:00—Breakfast Bulletin. 9:15—Popular Music. 9:30—Marion County Defense. 9:45—Stigma Music. 10:00—Let's Dance. 10:15—Jazz Sensation. 10:45—Music to Remember.

These schedules are supplied by the respective stations. Any variations noted by listeners are due to changes made by the stations without notice to this newspaper.

- 7:45—Bill Henry, News. 8:00—Amos 'n' Andy. 8:15—Lanny Ross. 8:30—Are You a Missing Heir? 9:00—We, the People. 9:30—Bob Burns. 10:00—The Starry Final. 10:30—The World Today. 10:45—Defense Today. 11:00—Ken Stetson. 11:30—Manny Stand Orch. 11:55—News.

- KOAC—TUESDAY—450 Kc. 10:00—Weather Forecast. 10:30—News. 10:45—The HomeMaker's Hour. 11:00—School of the Air. 12:30—News. 12:45—Farm Hour. 1:15—Variety Hour. 1:30—HomeMaker's Half Hour. 2:45—Afternoon Review. 3:15—Red Cross. 3:45—News. 4:30—Stories for Boys and Girls. 5:00—On the Campuses. 5:30—Defense of America. 5:45—Evening Vesper Service. 6:15—News. 6:30—Farm Hour. 7:30—School of Music. 8:30—Higher Education Speaks. 8:45—Music of Czechoslovakia. 9:15—10:00—Music.

- 8:30—Women's World. 9:15—The Bride World. 9:30—When a Girl Marries. 9:30—Sketch Henderson. 10:00—Dyer and Bennette. 10:30—The Children. 10:30—Bachelor's Children. 10:45—Dr. Kate. 11:00—Light of the World. 11:15—The Mystery Man. 11:30—Valiant Lady. 11:45—Arnold. 12:00—Against the Storm. 12:15—Miss Perkins. 12:30—The Outing. 12:45—Vic and Sade. 1:00—Sackstage Wife. 1:15—Hilda. 1:30—Lorenzo Jones. 1:45—Young Widder Brown. 2:00—When a Girl Marries. 2:15—Portia Faces Life. 2:30—We, the Abbots. 2:45—Story of Mary Martin. 3:00—Pepper Young's Family. 3:15—Love Journey. 3:30—Full Irving. 3:45—Three Sons Trio. 4:00—Lee Sweetland Singer. 4:15—Richard Brooks's Daughter. 4:30—Charles Dan's Music. 4:45—Stories of Today. 5:15—Reading in Fun. 5:30—Horace Heidt. 6:00—Buras and Allen. 6:30—Fiber Models and Molly. 7:00—Bob Hope. 7:30—Dr. Sikelton & Co. 7:45—Fred Waring in Pleasure Time. 8:15—Lum and Abner. 8:30—Johnny Presents. 8:45—Voice of Adventure. 9:00—Battle of the Sexes. 9:15—News Flashes. 9:30—Four Hostess. 10:00—Out of This World. 11:00—Happy Gordon's Rangers. 11:30—Organ Rhythms.

- KALE—MBS—TUESDAY—1330 Kc. 7:00—News. 7:15—Memory Timekeeper. 7:30—Breakfast Club. 8:30—News. 8:45—As the Twig is Bent. 9:00—Voice of Town News. 9:15—Woman's Side of the News. 9:30—This and That. 10:30—News. 10:45—Helen Holden. 10:50—Front Page Farrell. 11:00—Buyer's Parade. 11:15—Little Show. 11:30—Conce of Gales. 11:45—Lunchroom Concert. 12:30—News. 12:45—Bob Chester Orchestra. 1:30—News. 1:45—The Bookworm. 1:55—Siesta Time. 2:30—Johnnie Family. 2:45—Music Depreciation. 3:00—Voice of American Women. 3:30—Hugh Brantley. 3:45—20th Century Serenade. 4:00—News. 4:15—Musical Express. 4:30—Pulton Lewis, Jr. 4:45—Jimmy Allen. 4:55—Casey Jones, Jr. 5:00—Orphan Annie. 5:15—News. 5:30—Shaffer Parker's Circus. 5:45—Caption Midnight. 6:00—Dimitriov's Classics. 6:30—Home Edition. 6:45—Movie Parade. 7:00—John B. Hughes. 7:15—Romance in Rhythm. 7:30—Washburn Report. 7:45—Morticia Grogan. 7:55—Dinners on YouTube. 8:00—News. 8:30—The Shadow. 9:00—News. 9:15—Sketches in Black and White. 9:30—Pulton Lewis, Jr. 9:45—Symphony Hall. 10:00—News. 11:00—Ted Weems Orchestra. 11:30—Clyde McCoy Orch.