

# 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

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## Paying the Dollar Cost

If our sons and our brothers and our nephews and our cousins can take it on the fighting fronts, we can take it at home," was the observation of Frank Jenkins, publisher and columnist of the Klamath Falls Herald, upon learning that President Roosevelt proposed a \$6 billion dollar budget for the war effort in the fiscal year starting July 1, 1942. His reaction to the challenge closely paralleled ours.

"Dollars no longer count," he continued; "they're now only devices for measuring productive effort. . . All we have to do to meet this need is to turn our productive energy into producing weapons instead of devices for making living richer and fuller and pleasanter. In order to do that, we shall have to do without (temporarily) the things that have made our American way of life so pleasant—for we haven't the capacity to produce both kinds of things at once. And if we don't produce weapons we need we may lose our pleasant American way of living."

"Cease worrying about taxes. Cease worrying about dollars. Dollars are only counters in this game we are called upon to play."

Our point being thus confirmed, we are ready now, especially since President Roosevelt has suggested the manner in which the counters may be shuffled and how many of them shall be collected while the effort is under way, how many deferred until later, to concede that the shuffling will be a strenuous exercise; more strenuous for some than for others.

Not many of us know yet, exactly how much we'll have to pay this year in income and similar taxes; probably most of us have a rough idea. Next year, the president suggests that we raise the ante about 50 per cent, bringing total revenue up to 27 billion which will still leave, counting both the ordinary federal expenditures and the war budget, a deficit of 35 billion.

That's (gulp) fine. Now let congress sweat over the details. When it actually comes to nicking the taxpayers, especially the several million new ones drawn into the fold this year, congress is likely to be more squeamish than either the president or the payers themselves. But it will have to do bone.

The president is right in proposing that as much as possible of the cost be paid out of current income. These years of all-out production will be the years of greatest bulk income. We don't want to pay for any more dead horses than necessary in later years. And as we pointed out the other day, we can't really defer the cost—the real cost must be paid in labor and resources now. We may as well pay the bulk of it while physical limitations of consumer goods production are limiting our buying anyhow. It will help to control inflation.

But when the president proposes to increase social security taxes by a couple of billion, we don't follow him. We don't get it. With more persons employed, automatically more social security taxes will be paid. But why raise the rates? There isn't going to be much unemployment to reduce the employment insurance fund; some of the oldsters who had retired or were thinking of retiring are going to find themselves back in the labor force. Social security funds are of course borrowed by the government and will be expended in the war effort and when social security benefits come due, the money will have to be borrowed from some other source. It will hurt to pay those taxes now and it will hurt to borrow the replacement funds later. Why not go easy on social security while national security is the main objective?

Well, it's going to be tough. But for those who can manage it, there's a way to make the individual burden lighter. Buy defense bonds—see to it that a part of what you owe, a part of your share of the tremendous national debt, the government in turn will owe to you.

## Semantics and Sanity

"No word ever has exactly the same meaning twice." Such is the major premise of S. I. Hayakawa, author of a brand new book "Language in Action: A Guide to Accurate Thinking." His minor premise, if such it may be called, or at any rate his justification for writing the book, is that ordinary citizens unversed in semantics—that's the science of word significance, if you didn't know—are literally "being driven mad by the welter of words with which they are now faced."

Not having read the book but only some reviews of it, we feel disposed to challenge the major premise as too broad. Take the premise itself. "Word" does not always have the same meaning but it is often used with identical meaning. "Meaning" probably never has the same meaning twice. But "twice" has only two possible meanings. The premise is all wrong when you try to apply it to abstract mathematics. Perhaps it is correct otherwise—how can we be certain when we don't know what the author means by "meaning"?

Certainly human beings have been assaulted in recent times with a "welter of words" employed with intent to convey a bewildering variety of meanings. In a simple police court item in an Oregon newspaper the other day we found "apprehend" used three times, each time in a different sense and each time correctly though awkwardly and confusingly. The writer, we suspect, might profit from a study of semantics.

On the other hand, quite frequently a word is asked to do work for which it holds no union card. "Incredulously" for "incredibly" is a fairly common example. Semantics again may be the cure.

However, Author Hayakawa insists that semantics will do much more. If widely mastered it will, he says, safeguard the public against superstition, vicious propaganda and inaccurate thinking in general. If so, undoubtedly it will prove a prop to successful democracy. We can see his meaning, at any rate. Take the recently prevalent word "isolationist." Many persons didn't realize that it involved opposition to any material aid to the democracies, as well as opposition to this nation's physical involve-

ment. How might one intelligently debate the issue or even arrive at a private opinion, without knowing precisely the generally accepted meaning?

But the same example serves to illustrate the limitation of semantics' aid to thinking. After you understood the exact meaning of "isolationist" and "interventionist" you still had to choose between them—or choose a middle ground which is one thing semantics tries to prove always possible—and only bombs over Hawaii provided an almost irrefutable answer. More words, no matter how well chosen or understood, were of precious little help.

The truth is that any person intelligent enough to appreciate semantics is at least an amateur and perhaps unconscious practitioner of the science—or more accurately, of the art based upon that science. Semantics may help a writer or lecturer to make his meaning clear, it may help the fellow on the receiving end to recognize that meaning or at least suspect it. But as a vaccination against individual or group insanity or as a guide to successful democracy, we fear that its utility is limited. It's too nearly a synonym for intelligence—if you get our meaning.

## Censored Weather

The government and military asks that no mention be made of the weather, other than to say it is "lousy" or "good." Thus in the full spirit of the request for voluntary censorship let it be observed that the weather here last night and today (Wednesday) is lousy. In certain sections of the country . . . it is thrice lousy with compounded lousiness.—Astorian-Budget.

Like Demosthenes who became a great orator because of, rather than in spite of his original speech impediment, or Glenn Cunningham who became a great distance runner because he was a cripple early in life, it strikes us that the Astorian-Budget has scored a triumph in weather-reporting because of, rather than in spite of the voluntary censorship. If it had been free to tell all, its report could hardly have been as effectively descriptive as it was.

## News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—Advance warnings to worker and housewife that war-life behind the lines will be different this time are beginning to be realized. You will see the change within 40 days.

It is true those old meatless days, motorless Sundays, one lump of sugar, weaker coffee are not in prospect now. A shortage of ships may cause some eventual deficiencies in sugar and coffee, but not soon. Meats, vegetables, cigarettes, will be plentiful, although higher in price. Canned goods will be available (defense regime has already allotted sufficient precious tin for that purpose). Tea, pepper, tapioca and possibly soap will be scarce.

In general you can count on getting sufficient food, clothing and services. Shortages in domestic wool goods will be made up by British importations and by cotton textiles. Synthetic silk goods do not yet seem ready to do the same job as silk at the same price, but they will be available.

As this is a mechanical war, the main privations of the people will be centered in mechanical lines. High-test gas will be denied to motorists, and saved for planes. Plenty of straight gas will be available. New autos will not be manufactured. Used cars will soar in price.

We had about a ten months' supply of tin when the war started, and have arranged for more from Bolivia. But the use of tin containers for oil, beer and such consumer goods will be stopped. Wooden, plastic and glass containers will be favored (despite the opposition of big oil companies). Rubber tires will not be available. Synthetic rubber will eventually be furnished as a substitute. It wears better, but costs much more. Out of our lives will go new radios, typewriters, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, housing facilities. Limited will be the supplies of furniture, furnaces. Prices will continue to rise. Rents will be put under control.

In short the consumer will suffer in every line which demands metals or raw materials from the Far East.

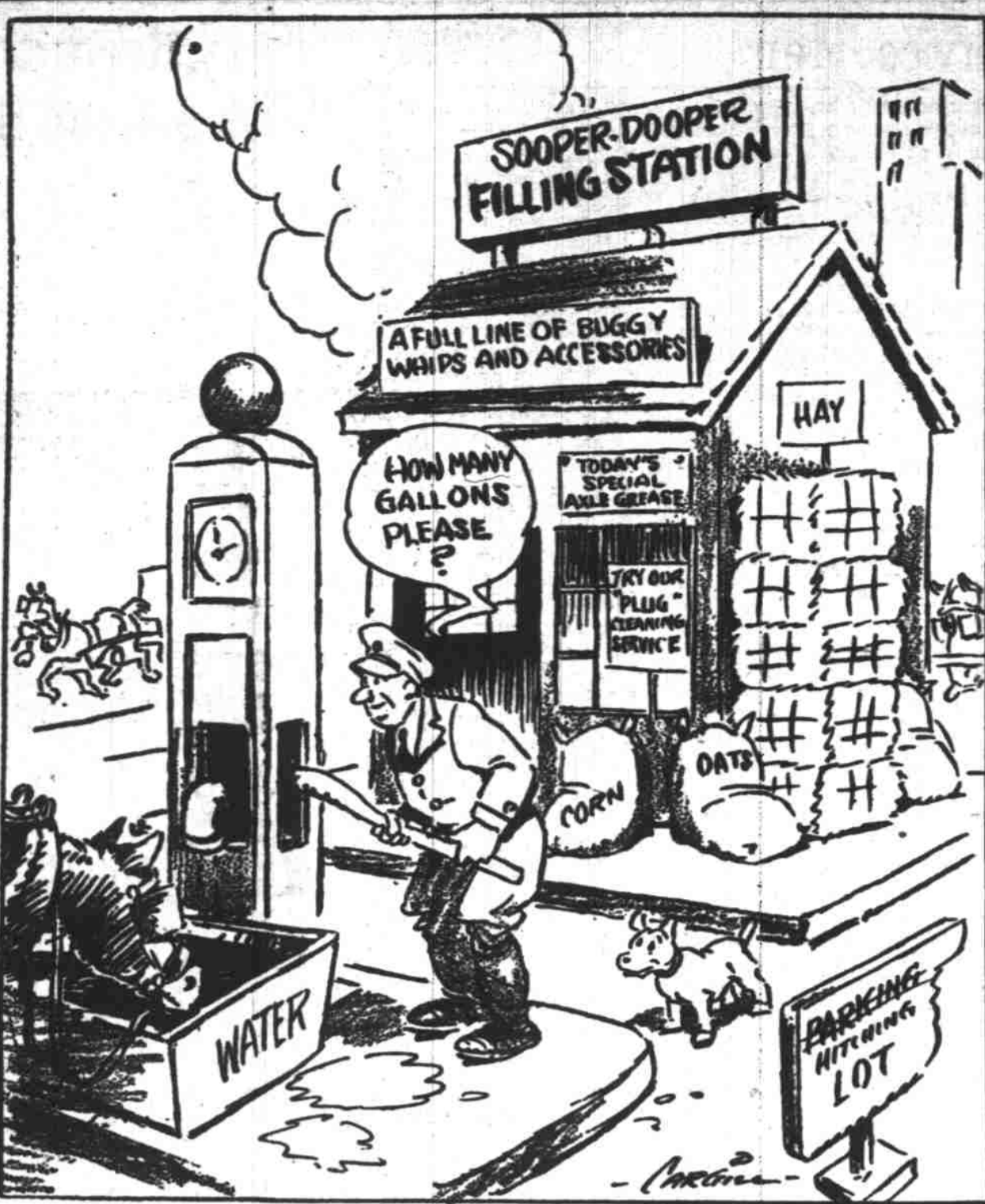
This country just hit its real defense production gait as the Japs struck at us. By New Year's day we had spent about \$20,000,000,000 on defense armaments (half the national debt we were worried about). Three-fourths of this represents defense armaments actually produced (the rest being administrative expenses, etc.)

But our stride will widen increasingly from now on. The defense economists can see where \$130,000,000,000 could be spent by the end of 1943. They are measuring available labor, plant expansions, full possible utilization of resources.

Such an expenditure would lift our national income from \$92,000,000,000 this year to about \$125,000,000,000 for 1943. This is nearly \$1000 average for every man, woman and child in the country.

No one here is being deterred by any thought of difficulty in raising these unprecedented sums of money—or of paying the interest on the increased debt later. We are moving into an ever rising new plane of income, debt, expenditures. The swelling national income represents an expanding reservoir, from which the treasury may siphon greatly increased sums in taxes and bond issues to pay for its bigger expenditures.

As for servicing the post-war debt burden, the economists foresee a much higher peacetime plane of business for the future which will produce more revenue for government. Opening of foreign markets, after victory, coupled with the deferred demand for the autos and vacuum cleaners you cannot buy now, should be enough to preserve balance. The current price inflationary trend is bound to continue. No one knows how far it will be permitted to go. But this, too, may prove to be a factor that may be useful in handling the debt later.



Restrictions?—Sure, but "Service With a Smile"

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Before and after 1-9-42 Pearl Harbor; from November 2 to December 28, a vast change came:

The contents of the historic column in the Los Angeles Sunday Times of John Steven McGroarty for the issues of November 2 and December 28, 1941, show a great change, which no doubt is common with a vast number of Americans. First, let's have the contents of that column for Sunday, November 2, copying:

"The way it was, we were returning home from a trip to the roaring town to which we have to journey every so often to attend to small business matters of no importance to anybody whomsoever except us, and not really even to us. On the way we came to an intersection which was a road leading down into the valley where an old friend lived. Remembering that we had not seen him or his family for quite a long time, we determined to detour and call on them."

"When we arrived at the house there was no one at home except the oldest son, a typical American boy just finishing his course in junior college and preparing to finish up with a four-year course in the university. He is a fine, upstanding lad, as nearly all American boys are, straight and tall, clear eyed, strong in body and alert of mind. When we appeared he laid down some books which apparently he had been studying."

"In answer to our inquiry, he informed us that his mother and father and other members of the family were in good health and

prospering. He said his parents had provided funds to send him through the university but that they were troubled in mind concerning the condition of the world and were considerably worried about him, fearing that he might be conscripted in another year and that as a result of this their plans for his future, and his own plans as well, might be completely frustrated."

"Here was an opportunity for us to explore the mind and thoughts of the average American youth of military age or approaching it. Realizing that it doesn't matter so much what old or elderly men think one way or the other concerning the tragedy which the whole civilized world faces, we fully realized that it is of importance, and of very great importance, how youth contemplates the situation, or if it gives any thought to such contemplation at all. So, toward this end we welcomed the opportunity to delve into the thoughts of a young American representative of the generation in which he lives and whether or not that generation of youth is considering the situation which it must inevitably face."

"I did not assume the role of a quiz professor or an interviewer. All I had to do was to open

the subject, let the boy do his own talking and refrain from offering any opinion of my own. It is a good attitude to take when seeking knowledge. I learned this long years ago out of my experience as a newspaperman. Also I learned the art, for it is an art, from a great lawyer in my native Penn's Woods, Jeremiah Sullivan Black was the man. Wherever he went the whole day long, Judge Black became famous as a perambulating interrogation point. If he went into a blacksmith shop he plied the blacksmith with questions concerning his craft. It was the same way if he talked to a doctor, a butcher, a baker, or a candlestick maker. The result was that when he tried a case in court he was informed regarding the knowledge of any witness put on the stand from his own side or the other side of the cause at issue. His cross-examinations of witnesses became a classic and a tradition in the practice of the law at the Pennsylvania bar, the most eminent bar in America."

"It was not difficult to get this young son of my old friend to inform me as to the thoughts running through his own mind, the more so because he was of the thoughtful type of mind."

(Continued tomorrow.)

## The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

RADIO FOR WARNING  
To the Editor: Naturally everyone in the USA is not only interested in the progress of the war across the oceans, but also in defense measures here at home.

One of the problems in the country seems to be the lack of an effective signal system for a blackout.

So far this problem seems to have defied solution. According to news stories, even resourceful New York has failed in this respect.

Personally I am not an expert on sirens or whistles, but it stands to reason that should an unexpected air raid take place, whistles or sirens, no matter how large, could not be heard very far up-wind. Now, since outside signals are ineffective, why not send the signals directly into the homes by means of the radio?

If the alarm comes unexpectedly, it can be assumed that the radio stations will be in full activity. A thirty second signal could put out all lights in the entire state in that time. Since the radio audience has become used to hearing horns, sirens, whistles, and other contraptions, including the human voice, I would suggest that good bells be installed in every radio studio in the state. In case of danger the current program can be dropped and the operator can let the sound of these bells go crashing into every home at any time of day or night.

Not only would dwellers in cities and towns be warned, but also those living away from these centers of activity. I am convinced a plan along these lines can be worked out, since those who own radios constitute nearly 95 percent of the population. Thousands of motorists could be warned in this manner and would know that a blackout is on. The method of sounding the bells would be a minor detail.

There could be only one objection to the plan. It might be

## "Emerald Embassy"

By FRANCIS GERARD

Chapter 26 Continued  
Again he looked at her in surprise as he nodded and said, "Yes, that is more or less true." "More or less?" "There was . . . there was one woman," he said. "But she . . ."

"Was she young?" "Yes." "Was she very beautiful?" "I . . . I suppose so." "And you let her go, Sir John?"

Meredith moved restlessly. "You see, Anne, she had suffered—terribly. Her judgment had been warped, her outlook on life twisted. What she did was against the law but . . ."

"But you had compassion and above all you understood," suggested the girl softly, noting his use of her christian name. "You're a strange man," she went on, withdrawing her hand from his arm and leaning back. She allowed her charming head to sink into the huge jade-green cushion against which the lovely lines of her figure were thrown into distinct relief.

Meredith turned his head slowly and looked at her. She saw a dawning wonder appear in his face and, far back, in those ordinarily controlled blue eyes, what was like the sudden leaping of a tiny flame.

CHAPTER 27

Anne nodded again as she repeated, "You're a strange man. It seems to me," she went on slowly, "that you might well be that rare thing among men . . . one who had a real sympathetic understanding of women."

"I don't quite understand," he said stupidly.

"I think you do," she said. "What do you think of me?" she asked suddenly.

The question caught Sir John unawares and his mouth seemed to shut tight like a vice as though he were afraid of what he might say. He frowned and hesitated.

"You needn't fear to say what you think," she told him quietly. "I have few illusions about myself."

He appeared to think deeply and then turned to her with a little helpless shrug, asking, "What do you want me to tell you?"

"The truth," she said. "The truth," he almost whispered. "I think you're . . ." He raised a hand as though to reach out and touch her, then dropped it at his side again as he said quickly, "I think it would be wiser if I went . . . now."

The girl's lovely face lit up as though with a light from within. She leaned forward. He felt the soft caress of her breath upon his cheek and clenched his hands. Her eyes were wide and her full mouth was avid as she said, "I think you have less courage than your reputation warrants."

Meredith turned his head slowly. It was almost as though it were being drawn round against his will. His mouth was very near hers and his eyes seemed faintly glassy. "Courage!" he breathed. "Does it require courage to . . ." He caught himself up and came suddenly to his feet.

"Oh, no!" she gasped as though the words were wrung from her. He stood staring ever her head against the room. He swayed very slightly, his hands bunched into fists thrust into the pockets of his coat.

"I must go," he said hoarsely. "I . . . No, don't ask me to stay. I . . ." He broke off and then dropped once more to the sofa at her side, and took her hands in his. They were trembling. "Listen," he said. "I must go now. There's a reason. But I shall return, if I may."

"I may be going to Paris," Anne said in a quiet voice, all plans with regard to the Sulungu necklace banished from her mind by the presence of this man.

"Paris is only two hours' jour-

ney by plane," he said gently. "And wherever you are . . ." "You will return to me," she said, her eyes on his face. He nodded dumbly. For a moment he sat very still; then with an abrupt gesture, he raised her hands to his lips and kissed her long slim fingers. The next moment he had gone.

Anne de Vassignac lay back on the sofa to relax after the almost unbearable tension of the interview. She smiled that slow, lazy smile of hers. . . The mighty Meredith would return and when he did . . .

Late that evening Attorney Louis Remout telephoned Comtesse de Vassignac and as an immediate result, she summoned a hurried conference. There were present: Philip Horton, who had driven up Philip Weyland, Tracy Satsui, and the Apache, Tolo, Comte Raoul de Vassignac, at his wife's suggestion, had taken himself off to a night club.

After some swift preliminary remarks, the conference got down to fundamentals with the Prince speaking.

"It is essential that Anne leave the hotel right away," stressed Satsui. "You had better come to my flat."

Anne shook her head. "I can register under another name at a hotel."

"I shouldn't if I were you," objected the Japanese. "Don't forget, you're an alien and you don't want the passport authorities or Bow Street interfering with your movements now. You had better come to my place."

"Very well," said the Countess.

Within a quarter of an hour, Horton had left for Suffolk and Satsui, too, had gone, considering it better that Anne should not leave in his company.

When Madame de Vassignac came down to the lobby of the hotel, with Tolo le Chat and Jacqueline carrying suitcases claimed in surprise, "Are you leaving, Madame?"

"Yes. But I shall return in a few days probably. Monsieur le Comte is staying on."

"Very good, Madame. You desire the suite to be kept on?"

"Certainly. I have to go to Paris suddenly."

Prince Satsui was waiting in the hall of his apartment and greeted her smilingly. As he followed her into the drawing-room, he took her gently by the elbow and said, "Very soon now, Anne, you will be Princess Satsui and, soon after that, Dwanli of Sulungu, with no overlord save only His Sacred Majesty the Emperor."

(To be continued)

## Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

D.C.B. asks if weeding or feeding is the surest way to a weed-free lawn and wants to know "what about liming the lawn now?" Or should she put fertilizer on? She recalls that her father put fertilizer on the snow covering the lawn when she was little.

A little weeding and considerable feeding seems to be the best combination to keep the lawn free of weeds. In early spring, while the ground is still rather damp from winter rains, weeds come up easily.

Some grass seed in the bare spots where the weeds have been removed and feed the lawn well. About three feedings of a well balanced fertilizer, not too heavy in nitrogen, is best.

I have heard that people in the midwest and east scatter fertilizer on the snow on their lawns in late spring. Perhaps it works all right. I hope we do not have any late snows so that we can test out the theory here. It is yet a little too early to fertilize the lawns. Wait until the grass is ready to start growth in a few weeks.

## Radio Programs

- These schedules are supplied by the respective stations. Any variations noted by readers are due to changes made by the stations without notice to this newspaper.
- All radio stations may be cut from the air at any time in the interests of national defense.
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|---|---|
| <p>7:15—Headliners.<br/>7:30—Bob Garrod Reporting.<br/>7:45—Consumer News.<br/>8:00—Treat Time.<br/>8:15—Piano Duo.<br/>8:30—Betty Crocker.<br/>8:45—Stories America Loves.<br/>9:00—The Smith Speaks.<br/>9:15—Big Sister.<br/>9:30—Romance of Helen Trent.<br/>9:45—Our Gal Sunday.<br/>10:00—Life Can Be Beautiful.<br/>10:15—Women in White.<br/>10:30—The and Seder.<br/>10:45—Songs of A Dreamer.<br/>11:00—Bright Horizon.<br/>11:15—Waltz Music.<br/>11:30—Fletcher Wiley.<br/>11:45—Kate Hopkins.<br/>12:00—Mrs. J. Manning.<br/>12:15—Knox Manning News.<br/>12:30—Single Man.<br/>12:45—Woman of Courage.<br/>1:00—Stonewall.<br/>1:15—Myrt and Marge.<br/>1:30—Amer. School of the Air.<br/>1:45—Selle Adams.<br/>2:15—News.<br/>2:30—The O'Heilla.<br/>2:45—Scattergood Baines.<br/>3:00—Joyce Jordan.<br/>3:15—Eddie's Hopper's Hollywood.<br/>3:30—Golden Treasury of Song.<br/>3:45—News.<br/>4:00—Second Mrs. Burton.<br/>4:15—Young Dr. Malone.<br/>4:30—Newspaper of the Air.<br/>4:45—Eyes of the World.<br/>5:00—Lena J. Dunn.<br/>5:15—Bob Garrod News.<br/>5:30—Eddie Adams.<br/>5:45—What's on Your Mind.<br/>6:00—First Nighter.<br/>6:15—Garry Shindler.<br/>6:30—Mad Hazard.<br/>7:00—How Am I Doing.<br/>7:15—Amos N. Andy.<br/>7:30—Lenny Ross.<br/>7:45—Playhouse.<br/>8:00—The Smith.<br/>8:15—Find The Woman.<br/>8:30—Five Star Final.</p> | <p>10:15—Dance Time.<br/>10:30—Air Flo.<br/>10:45—News of the Day.<br/>10:55—Know Your Navy.<br/>11:04—Harry Owens Orchestra.<br/>11:30—Maxine Strand Orch.<br/>11:35—News.</p> <p>KALE—MBS—FRIDAY—1330 Kc.<br/>7:15—Memory Timekeeper.<br/>7:30—News.<br/>7:45—N. Shine.<br/>8:00—Memory Timekeeper.<br/>8:30—Breakfast Club.<br/>8:45—As the Twig is Bent.<br/>9:00—John B. Hughes.<br/>9:15—Woman's Side of the News.<br/>9:30—This and That.<br/>10:00—News.<br/>10:15—Helen Holden.<br/>10:30—Front Page Farrell.<br/>10:45—The Francisco Orchestra.<br/>11:00—Survivor's Paradise.<br/>11:15—Little Show.<br/>11:30—Concert Garden.<br/>11:45—Lunacons Concert.<br/>12:30—News.<br/>1:15—Three for Tea.<br/>1:30—The Star.<br/>1:45—Boake Carter.<br/>2:00—TVA.<br/>2:15—It's Easy.<br/>2:30—News.<br/>2:45—The T. E. Music.<br/>3:00—Just Quota Me.<br/>3:30—Musical Express.<br/>4:15—Fulton Lewis Jr.<br/>4:30—News.<br/>4:45—Royal Arch Gunnsion, Manila.<br/>4:55—Diane Parker's Circus.<br/>5:10—Jimmy Allen.<br/>5:25—Orphan Annie.<br/>5:35—Captain Midnight.<br/>5:45—Jack Armstrong.<br/>6:00—Gabriel Heatter.<br/>6:15—Movie Parade.<br/>6:30—Lone Ranger.<br/>7:00—Joe Louis vs. Buddy Barr.<br/>7:15—The World's Strongest Man.<br/>8:15—Slumber Boat.<br/>8:30—News.<br/>8:45—Speaking of Sports.<br/>9:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr.<br/>9:15—Here's Morgan.<br/>9:30—Ray Noble Orchestra.<br/>10:00—News.<br/>10:15—Art Kessel Orch.<br/>10:30—The World's Strongest Man.<br/>11:30—Bob Crosby Orchestra.<br/>(Continued on Page 13)</p> |
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