

Capital Journal

SALEM, OREGON
ESTABLISHED MARCH 1, 1888
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday
at 444 Chemeketa St. Telephone—Business Office 3571
News Room 3572; Society Editor 3573

GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

FULL LEASED WIRE SERVICE OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS AND THE UNITED PRESS

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
BY CARRIER: Weekly, \$1.50; Monthly, \$4.50; One Year, \$47.20.
BY MAIL IN OREGON: Monthly, \$4.50; Six Months, \$25.00; One Year, \$45.00.
UNITED STATES OUTSIDE OREGON: Monthly, \$5.00; Six Months, \$28.00; One Year, \$50.00.

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That Guilty Feeling

By Beck

12-21

The Fireside Pulpit

By REV. E. S. HAMMOND

"I am the light of the world." Jno. 8:12.

Nineteen and a half centuries ago there was born of an unknown mother in the obscure Roman province and in very humble circumstances, a little baby boy. He never sought for wealth nor earthly position or fame. After three years of public work he was put to death ignominiously as a malefactor. And yet today that obscure boy and man of that obscure province of a despised race is counted the world's chief leader, and wields a greater influence than any other man who ever lived. Even those who deny the claims made for him by his followers admit his preeminence as a leader.

Dr. George A. Gordon in "The Christ of Today" quotes John Stuart Mill in his "Essays on Religion": "But about the life and sayings of Jesus there is a stamp of personal originality combined with profundity of insight which... must place the Prophet of Nazareth, even in the estimation of those who have no belief in his inspiration, in the very first rank of the men of sublime genius of whom our species can boast. When this preeminent genius is combined with the qualities of probably the greatest moral reformer, and martyr to that mission, who ever existed upon earth, religion cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity."

"It would not be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract to the concrete than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life."

Now John Stuart Mill was not a Christian believer. He rejected the inspiration of the Bible, and the supernatural character of Jesus.

I have recently read a life of Thomas Jefferson. Next to Washington and Lincoln, he is probably today the best loved American. He was not enrolled amongst the professed followers of Jesus, but he compiled a volume of the moral teachings of our Lord and revered Him as the world's greatest teacher. This list of non-Christian tributes to Jesus might be indefinitely extended. One saying of John Stuart Mill's just quoted is significant. He speaks of "religion pitching on Jesus as the ideal representative and guide of humanity." That sounds to me as if someone should say that we have made no mistake in selecting the sun as the chief luminary of our world. The sun is there is no other possible choice. And so is Jesus, as He Himself said, "The light of the world."

It is heartening in these Christmas days, when war and bloodshed are sweeping the earth, to recall that other dictators "have had their day and ceased to be," that Jesus has not ceased to be, and will rule and reign when Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini and their cohorts and allies have ceased to be, and are buried in deep oblivion sea."

And it is still more joyous to remember in this Christmas season that there are millions who accept from the heart this Jesus, not only as a great moral teacher, but as Savior and Lord, and who can sing exultingly:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I walk,
Till traveling days are done."

Sips for Supper

By Don Upjohn

As we write the shortest day in the year, being today, is galloping along at breakneck speed trying to get its short life over with. As a rule the shortest day in the year is supposed to last only between daylight and dark but up to this writing has been getting along with a very muggy sort of daylight hardly worthy of being called by that name. A lot of office workers who have Saturday afternoons off are complaining about the shortest day in the year falling on Saturday and that it cuts down their free afternoon to a minimum. There seems to be just no end of hardships for folks to compete against these times.

Anybody can write a letter to Santa Claus and most everyone does at one time or another. But there's darned few people get a letter from Santa Claus and when you do you can figure it is a mark of distinction. So we think we have a right to brag a bit as having just received a letter from old Santa, even if Santa wrote it in one of his off moods and in a slight peevish. The letter the old boy left on our desk yesterday in person, a real mark of distinction. In a way we were sorry we weren't on hand to receive it in person and in a way glad we didn't have to look him in the eye.

Yeah, Santa was kicking about an item we had the other evening in this column about his going around town shaking hands with all the women and passing up the men. He says this is a gross slur on him and his Christmas spirit and that he plays no favorites, that he shakes hands with the men as well as the women. We apologize if we've done old Santa wrong and will do our best to make an honest Santa out of him. But when he says he shakes hands with the men as well as he does with the women, it depends on what he means by that word "well." The few times we've noted him shaking hands with the women he's been doing "pretty well."

However, Santa in the wind up of his note made us feel a little more at ease by saying he "appreciated the little write-up and is here to shake hands with everyone, men, women and children, and I'm sorry I missed you."

So we feel better now. When we first started to read his note doggone if we didn't feel as though we should as well take our sock and shove it away in a drawer on Christmas eve and not hang same up at all. But with those last few words he left in parting maybe we'll take a chance and hang it up anyway. God bless you, Santa, here's to a happy Christmas all around—even for us.

Born Either Too Soon or Too Late
Selo, Ore. (AP)—If you're born on Christmas, you can't win. Six Selo residents so testify. Short-changed every year on presents, they banded together for a mass birthday party, thinking to get their friends to equalize the situation. The friends just ignored the party. "It's too near Christmas," one of them said.

The boss has some callias blooming in his garden and brought an especially beautiful one to the sanctuary today to prove it—the earliest blooming on record, as far as known. What a climate.

Church Circle Guest
Dallas—Circle three of the Methodist church met at the J. N. Mills home Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. W. H. Hill acting as co-hostess. Mrs. Levi Bengt read the Christmas story and Mrs. Frank Hull gave a reading. Present were Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Bengt, Mrs. Rose Chapin, Mrs. W. H. Marsh, Mrs. H. J. Elliott, Mrs. Roy Plummer, Mrs. J. N. Holman, Mrs. A. J. Brown, Mrs. C. S. Graves, Mrs. Lillian Hubbs and Mrs. A. M. Larsen.

Kelly Says:

Shake-Up Proposed In CCC Organization
Corps May Be Placed Under Another Bureau
Committee Posts Waiting for McNary
By John W. Kelly

Washington, Dec. 21—Complete shake-up of the CCC camps is proposed by the American Youth commission. Now that preparedness is the watchword, the AYU insists that the officers reserve be discontinued; that the officers go into camp of training; that war department be relieved of the task of operating the CCC camps and devote its complete time to responsibility for Fort Lewis and similar mobilization centers.

Another objection raised against CCC is that approximately 60 percent of the 25,000 supervisors are political appointees. Congressmen and former members of congress have chiseled in. All of the supervisors, or employees, draw pay from one source—head of CCC—although appointed by agriculture, interior and the office of education. Agriculture, as an example, uses CCC on forest projects; reclamation bureau uses CCC on the Deschutes project; fish and wildlife (old biological survey) on projects with which it is concerned. These projects are scattered throughout Oregon, Washington, Idaho and the rest of the states, and criticism which applies to one takes in all the rest.

Pull Brings Favors
As AYU (headman is Owen D. Young of General Electric company) figures out, approximately 21,000 in CCC camps are on the payroll because of a political pull of sorts. With war department, interior department, agriculture department and office of education splitting charge of the camps, the wonder is that CCC has managed to get along as well as it has. Now, however, AYU believes a change is essential and would first lop off the war department and the reserve officers.

Proposal is made that CCC be placed under federal security agency, which is now under command of Paul V. McNary, but with Director McNary in charge of all units. Aside from the officers reserve, the suggestions will be vigorously opposed.

In an illustrated booklet, issued by the secretary of the interior, the question is asked: "Do you know that the energy of the mighty Columbia river is being harnessed at Grand Coulee dam in Washington, and the Bonneville dam in Washington, and is being put to work at converting the Pacific northwest into productive empire?"

As this is an official statement, it should have its fact straight.

Foreign Loans Lift Taxes
One reason taxes of the American citizen will be upped next year is to take care of the foreign loans being placed. These loans, to date, include China, \$145,000,000; Argentina, \$140,000,000; Uruguay, \$75,000,000; with applications coming from Cuba for \$50,000,000 and Spain for \$100,000,000. Spain agrees not to join Hitler and Mussolini if the loan is advanced for food. Mexico is now negotiating for a loan, said to be about \$100,000,000—that appears to be the minimum.

"For these amount Mexico agrees to grant naval bases; Cuba wishes to arrange its sugar; China promises to purchase wheat; France will buy war munitions. There are a dozen other Latin American countries standing in line waiting their turn—not to mention the British.

When the price of bread goes up later these loans will have something to do with it—also the defense program.

New Senators Nervous
Reclamation Commissioner Page, in his annual report to secretary of the interior, calls attention that ev-

everyone should be familiar with the anti-speculation act as applied to Grand Coulee, which limits land ownership to specified acres. Page reports that there are sections of Grand Coulee which may, and probably will, remain without water for more than 20 years. Commissioner Page is issuing the warning because of reports that intending settlers are now being offered land which has no prospect of water for some time. Land owners, he says, have a right to dispose of their holdings, but unless they make an agreement with the government water will not be furnished.

Senator Charles L. McNary, in hospital at Salem, is making several new republican senators flustered, as they are anxious to receive their committee assignments. There is nothing to be done about it, however, until the minority leader recovers sufficiently to return to his office. Incidentally, one of the first things the President did when he returned from his cruise in the Caribbean was to inquire about McNary.

Salem Sketches By Will Danch

The Farm Headache

The farm problem, the government's ever present billion dollar a year headache, will be up for aspirin at the next session of congress. Our domestic farm situation has become more complex by reason of the closing last year of many export outlets, and the accumulation of large surpluses in nearly every agricultural exporting country.

The department of agriculture, under the guiding hand of its new secretary, Claude R. Wickard, has been preparing the way before congress for the new so-called "income certificate plan." But little is known as to the details of the plan—they are yet to be worked out. However, it appears that under the "income certificate plan" an estimate would be made each year as to the quantity of wheat and cotton that would be consumed domestically. Since the estimated domestic commercial consumption of wheat be, say, 500,000,000 bushels, and production 750,000,000, each farmer would receive a certificate for 100 bushels for every 150 bushels grown.

Millers desiring wheat for domestic purposes, would buy from farmers, at going prices, sufficient certificates to cover their needs. While such prices would vary from month to month, it is believed that the price of the certificates would rest around "the difference between a fixed percentage of the parity price and the actual price paid for the wheat at the basic milling centers."

The surplus, of course, would have to be disposed of in the export markets at any price it might bring, but the prospects for foreign markets and fair export prices are rather slim.

The plan is far too complicated for farmers and newspaper men to understand. Only Harvard graduates and New Dealers, who have never walked a plow, can figure it out.

A Treaty Kept for 146 Years

A few days ago the United States government made its 146th annual payment of six yards of calico to each Indian of the Iroquois confederacy in accordance with the peace treaty of Canandaigua, signed Nov. 11, 1794. Bolts of bright printed cloth and unprinted muslin were handed the chiefs of the Six Nations in the Tonawanda community house near Batavia.

Ceremonies resembling those of some of our secret societies, which probably borrowed them from the Indians, featured the presentation, low chants and drum beating, and characteristic speeches characterized to welcome the chiefs of the wappum; "the 600 Onondaga, "keepers of the fire;" the 230 Cayuga, "watchmen of the inner house," the 500 Tonawandas, the 1600 Cattaraugus and 900 Alleghenies, three clans of the Senecas "keepers of the western door;" the 450 Tuscarora, "younger brothers who sit before the fires."

When the calico ceremony was ended, Dr. Arthur C. Parker, a Seneca, director of Rochester municipal museum, reminded the Iroquois that the United States had kept the faith and that it had lived up to the letter of the treaty as well as its spirit through the 146 years, "re-marking "Such faith is unique in a world of broken promises and of enslaved peoples." It is, indeed, one of the few Indian treaties this country ever lived up to.

Peter Doctor, another Iroquois, concluded the ceremonies with speech ending: "Our people were civilized people, with a veneer of savagery. Over there," waving vaguely to indicate great distance, "white men have turned to savagery, with a veneer of civilization."

Perhaps it would have been more civilized to have left the country to the Indians. We still have much to learn from them.

Christmas Tree Waste

The annual slaughter of Christmas trees is on, resulting in offsetting to a degree conservation efforts for reforestation, and the necessity for measures curbing wasteful methods in use. Concerning the latter, Lyle F. Watts, regional forester at Portland, says:

"Of course, every home should have a tree. There is no argument about that. Further, the Christmas tree industry in Washington and Oregon is a substantial one and gives employment to many people at a season when work is scarce. Still, Christmas trees are a forest crop, as legitimate as sawlogs or pulpwood. But as many letters received point out, three or four million trees represent 10 or 15 years growth on several thousand acres of land. As only symmetrical trees are taken, they ordinarily come from open stands, already poorly stocked, or are the tops cut from the best trees in the stand. Much waste is reported. Like the rest of our forest crops, there is room for improvements in methods of harvesting. This comes back to the owners of the land. They have a valuable crop, and should protect it."

Oregon and Washington have laws imposing penalties upon anyone cutting trees on the lands of another. Oregon prohibits cutting shrubs and brush from any right-of-way within 500 feet of any public road. Washington imposes a severance tax of one cent for each Christmas tree, including Douglas fir, hemlock, spruce and pine, which is shipped out of the state, and trees must be tagged to show the tax paid. A similar law would help check the annual waste of conifers in Oregon.

Too Late for Excuses

Poor visibility due to fog and rain, and a slippery road surface undoubtedly contributed to last evening's fatal automobile crash between Salem and Silverton, in which four persons lost their lives. But that does not bring the dead back to life, enhance the chances of the injured for recovery, nor does it excuse the carelessness of one or both of the two drivers.

And carelessness on the part of one or both of the operators certainly did contribute to the accident—a type of carelessness that is common to practically all drivers, although most escape with less serious consequences.

It is that form of recklessness which fails to take due cognizance of the extent to which rain, fog, frost, darkness and similar factors reduce the ordinary limits of speed for safe driving; failure to recognize and anticipate the emergencies that may arise and keep the vehicle under sufficient control to avoid them. It is not enough for a driver to explain that he could not or did not see the other fellow in time. It is every driver's business to operate his car in a manner which, under existing conditions, will allow him time to see and act.

SANTA THE GIANT-KILLER

BY SIGRID ARNE



SUDDENLY A GREAT CIRCLE OF FIRE CREPT AROUND THE CITY.

The Story So Far: Eric, a fisherman's son, to prove that he is brave enough to be king, has defeated three giants. Now he sets out to help three brothers who had been under the spell of the giants.

Chapter Eighteen
Two More Princes Given Freedom
The young men flew to the Iron Mountain quicker than it takes to tell. And there in the entrance, half way up the side, they could see another handsome young man waving his red cap from side to side to attract their attention.

Eric reined in his flying horse so that they settled down easily to the narrow ledge where the young man stood.

Eric's friend leaped out of the saddle with one move and threw his arms about the second young man. They both shouted, "Brother!"

Eric grinned happily at their pleasure. Then the two turned around and said, "A thousand thanks to you."

"But now how shall I tell you apart?" said Eric.

The two youths laughed. The one Eric had found inside the circle of fire bowed and said, "I am Harald of Thuringia, heir to the throne."

The second lad bowed and said, "And I am Peter, his brother, second in line."

"Now the troll in the castle behind the East Wind must be your other brother," said Eric. "Let us hurry there."

Waves Blue Cap
They all three jumped onto the back of the winged horse and hurried to the castle behind the East Wind. As they circled down over it they saw a young man excitedly waving at them with a blue cap.

Eric brought his horse down beside the young man and, sure en-

ough, it was Conrad, the third brother. There was just enough room to seat him on the horse.

So now the four young men decided to find out what had happened to the kingdom of the three brothers during the hundred years they had been bewitched by the giant who had no heart.

They flew straight to the capital of their kingdom. They could recognize that easily, because their father had built three castles on three hills so that each of his sons would have a fine home when he took a bride.

They soon saw the city where three castles stood on three hills. But when they looked down onto the streets they saw grass choking up the thoroughfares. Windows were broken in homes. There was no smoke from any of the chimneys and they saw not one single person.

Great Green Snakes
Instead, they saw great, green snakes slipping in and out of doorways, lying coiled up in the sun, or slithering up tree trunks to steal eggs from birds' nests.

The three brothers lamented loudly, but Eric was silent and thoughtful. He didn't dare ask his horse to settle down into one of the streets for they might all have been bitten by snakes. But he pulled the black coil from his pocket—the one he had picked up on the mountain top—and threw it down on the outskirts of the city.

Suddenly a great circle of fire crept around the city and grew as high as the houses. Snakes tumbled out of all manner of holes.

There were so many that the sidewalks were black with them. They all tried to get out of the city and back into the hills. But

as each came to the end of a street there was a wall of flame. One by one the snakes were burned. And then Eric whispered to his winged horse to set them down in the square.

The three brothers dashed in and out of houses. But everywhere they went there was the same desolation. They didn't find a soul in the city.

Tomorrow: The people return.

Novelties In the News

(By The Associated Press)

Cold Tip
New York—The bomb squad, always alert these days, rushed to the natural history museum, where a "suspicious" suitcase was found in some bushes.

It contained a prescription for nose drops.

Two Birds, Etc.
Snow Hill, Md.—B. Clay Chapman says this happened to him: Driving along a highway, he saw two pheasants flying over a field. He got out of his car, unlimbered his .22 and fired one shot. Both birds fell dead, the slug passing through the head of one and into the head of the other.

Ask and Receive
Amarillo, Tex.—An Amarillo boy handed his teacher a note from his mother, "Please send the fire department to our house" it read.

Shortly, a roaring fire truck stopped at the woman's front door. Startled, she held out a sack to the firemen and told them "This is what I wanted. Here are some toys you can fix for poor youngsters."

Smiths Entertain
Grand Island—Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Mason of The Dalles and their son, Harold Mason of San Diego, Cal., were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Adelbert Smith. Mrs. Smith was a neighbor of the Masons in her girlhood days, Harold is in the navy and has been stationed at San Diego but was on a furlough spent with his parents and with them was enroute to Portland to entrain to his base where he will go on destroyer service for a six year enlistment. Mr. and Mrs. Smith accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Mason to Portland Thursday evening to see their son leave.

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