

Capital Journal

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A Good Christmas Sermon

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker's dramatic account of his harrowing experiences in the South Pacific and in the "hell-hole" of Guadalcanal, of the three weeks he floated with his companions on a raft near starvation, their final rescue and the things he saw on the American-Japanese theatre of war was an inspirational appeal to the people of the home front to end their selfish quibbling over petty trivialities and get behind the war effort 100 per cent. He said:

"If only our people back home could know what those boys are doing for us and for future generations, I think we would take this war much more seriously. If only we could get the American people to realize, that by even a small amount of additional effort, to bring to increase production of planes and equipment, ships, to get them their supplies, ammunition, guns gasoline, we will have served a great purpose."

"Rick" took a crack at the cries and objections to being rationed on rubber, gasoline, food, etc., as being "insignificant and ridiculous," in comparison with what our boys at the front experience, and haven't got. He concluded:

"I hope that the trip, what hardships we had to accept or endure, might prove to be a lesson to the people back home in the stimulus to drive them on to greater peaks, because without their effort and the material they are producing, our boys can't do the job they are so willing and anxious to do in the four corners of the world."

We all hope so too and that the coming year will see everyone unselfishly doing his or her part to win the war on the home front to insure victory on the far-flung battlefields.

Outburst of Spite

About as trivial and malicious thing as the president has done, since he instigated his attempted purge of the democratic party of those who differed with his effort to pack the supreme court was his presentation of a Nazi iron cross, symbol of distinguished service to Hitler to a Washington newspaper correspondent, John O'Donnell, of the New York Times.

The correspondent quoted two letters from friends, former White House newsmen, George E. Durno and Jack Turcott, both now in the army in Australia, telling of their inability to forward news because of censorship and, remarked:

"There have been times when this column has pondered over the lack of news from some of our energetic colleagues recently turned war correspondents. . . . The boys have turned to flutes and piccolos just to keep their fingers nimble for the time when censorship lets them beat the keys of their portable typewriters to turn out a tell-all story."

Just how this could be considered a service to Hitler by the commander-in-chief of American armed service is difficult to see. If it was intended as humor, it was in a very strained sense. It apparently was merely another outburst of bad temper often vented in the past by Mr. Roosevelt against the press and its representatives—undignified and uncalled for. Small wonder Mr. O'Donnell is astounded and amazed.

Wine on the Menu

To further complicate and extend the prospective agenda of the coming legislative session, the state liquor commission has at the insistence of Commissioner Ernest Fatland instructed its staff to make an investigation into the possibilities of improving the system under which wines are distributed in Oregon. The move is taken as a preliminary to recommendations for amendatory legislation.

It is Fatland's idea that the present schedule of fees sets too high a price on licenses for the sale of light or table wines, thereby discouraging their sale and making them available in some sections of the state only in pool halls and like places. He argues that the license fee should be low enough to enable grocery stores to handle wines as an accommodation for their women customers, pointing out that the bulk of this type of wine sold is for home consumption.

There are others who have advanced this same argument before legislatures in the past, contending that to thus encourage the use of light wines would be to automatically curtail the consumption of fortified wines and liquors. Perhaps with the weight of the commission behind it this time the proposal will succeed.

There is also strong agitation for legislative action to impose more drastic restraints upon the sale of fortified wines, leading off with the proposal to revive the bill to confine the sale of this type of wine to state liquor stores under the personal permit system. A measure to this end, similar to one jockeyed to death in the senate alcoholic committee last session, is being prepared for early introduction. Another bill, said to have its inception in prohibition circles, would ban the sale of fortified wines entirely.

Unless these weaknesses in the Knox law are strengthened they are bound to add momentum to the movement for a return to total prohibition, which is steadily gaining impetus in consideration of military expediency and conditions permitted to exist around army and navy posts.

Santa Needs Volunteers

Santa's heart is just as big and just as generous this year as ever before, but with the benefits of wartime employment spreading themselves into almost every home there is a sharply reduced need for organized public manifestations of the spirit he represents.

With that and the fact that the war has piled a multitude of other financial demands upon the community, the Capital Journal has this year for the first time in 20 years abandoned its annual custom of sponsoring a Christmas Cheer movement, in conjunction with the Elks, Salem Firemen, Red Cross and other charitable organizations, to insure a Merry Christmas to every child in the city.

Public response to the appeals of these drives has always been spontaneous and open-handed, many generous individuals volunteering year after year to provide the Christmas wants of individual children and even whole families. With some it has become such a habit that this year they are again inquiring for the names of needy and deserving kiddies.

There are still some boys and girls whose homes have not been touched by war prosperity, who will not be visited this Christmas by old St. Nick unless he is given some outside assistance. These can be located and their needs determined through the Red Cross, the Salvation Army or the Catholic Charities, all of which will be gratefully appreciative of voluntary offers of assistance in providing food, clothing, toys and goodies.



Jap Prisoner Exhausted—American soldiers on the Buna front in New Guinea watch an exhausted Jap prisoner. This picture was among those made by Edward Widdis of Los Angeles, Associated Press photographer, who was encamped with the fighting forces just 100 yards behind the Buna front. — Associated Press Photo.

Sips for Supper

By Don Upjohn

Now we're off on the home stretch in the race for Christmas shopping with the good old Christmas shopping about three lengths in the lead and still drawing ahead toward the finish line.

If you could take a squint behind the scenes at the Salem postoffice now where packages are piled miles high you'd see

Novelties In the News

(By the Associated Press)

Imagine That

Chicago—Brig. Gen. Leo M. Boyle, adjutant general of Illinois and chief of staff of the Illinois reserve militia, was asked if it would be a woman's auxiliary of the militia.

"No, there won't," the general responded firmly. "In the first place, the state constitution says only male citizens can belong to the reserve militia, in the second place, a woman's auxiliary would have to be called the WIRMS, and no woman could tolerate that."

Manpower Shortage

New York—A newstand in the Associated Press building at Rockefeller center has this sign over the counter:

"Please be kind to our employees—they're harder to get than customers."

Broadcaster

Los Angeles—The Rev. William R. Hessel told his Methodist congregation the story of the Biblical servant who took five talents of his master's money—and brought back ten.

Then Rev. Hessel put a hundred silver dollars into the collection plate and the churchgoers took them home.

That was several weeks ago. Today 85 of the dollars came back, multiplied to 274.

The minister hopes the other 15 will return next Sunday.

It Says Here—

Farragut, Idaho—Bluejackets were puzzled by brand new no-smoking signs in the recreation hall library—where they'd never been before.

The Farragut News, station publication, explained:

A new recruit had read the executive order about no smoking near the magazines.

Fire Damages Home

Silverton—The country home of the H. E. Hubbards was damaged by a fire Thursday night, which was kept from destroying the house by the quick work of neighbors. The flames broke through the walls of an upstairs bedroom and were kept confined to the one room.

Labish Center—Mrs. A. Barnick, primary instructor at the local grade school is locating in the small cottage on the Harvey Aker place, where she will make her home throughout the week. The week-ends will be spent at her home.

that folk also are a bit behind in the race in Christmas malling. Just the incoming packages look like enough to fill all the socks that have been worn in Salem since Jason Lee first pressed his wool one on the sacred soil of Salem.

Out Riverdale way Doc William Thompson, the optometrist, reports he has peaches and cherries in bud on his ranch, and that a big flock of robins showed up there over the week-end.

What, No Jingle?

Washington (AP)—Don't be surprised if someone hands you a wooden 3-cent piece one of these days. President Roosevelt approved today an act of congress authorizing the substitution of other materials for strategic metals in minor coinage. The measure authorizes the secretary of treasury to prescribe regulations governing the weight, dimensions and shape of new pennies and 3-cent pieces. He could, but probably won't have them made of wood. The only specification is that they must fit coin-operated machines.

Coincident with our thesis of Saturday evening on the matter of various superstitions, what should we do after writing same but walk out of the office and from the sidewalk pick up the corner of a \$2 bill. Same is outgrowth of another silly superstition. Some guys not daring to carry a two-buck bill around in their pocket unless one of the "\$2's" is ripped from its corner. Ordinarily we can't hang onto a \$2 bill long enough to rip the \$2 out of same. But we like the looks of the piece of bill well enough to carry it around as a pocket piece, superstition or no superstition.

Mrs. George J. Pearce, who has been claimed by death, was a woman of remarkable mind, memory and accomplishment. Though she was retiring and of a completely unassuming type, nevertheless she played a very distinct and happy part in the development of Salem and in a many sided way. Her remembrances of Salem went back to the middle of the last century and she could conjure up pictures of such patriarchs as J. Quinn Thornton, David Leslie, J. L. Parrish and others who laid the foundations of the city. And she had a faculty of making them come to life when talking of them. It is too bad she did not commit her memoirs to writing, although she has left a very vivid impress here by things she has done along educational, religious and cultural pathways.

Art. Wilson, manager of the Postal Telegraph, has a letter from Sgt. Al Friesen who was his night operator, but now is with a bomber squadron undergoing intensive training near London. Al says that among folk he has had visit him there were Martha Ray, Kay Francis, Carol Landis, and among the lesser lights, the King of England. Quite a jump from a night trick at the telegraph key in Salem. But there are just as good looking girls in Salem, Al, as any of the three you mentioned, and a darned sight better looking than the first one.

Kelly Says

Senators Break Into RFC Loan Secrecy

Row Precipitated Behind Closed Doors

Mercury Mines in West States Neglected

By John W. Kelly

Washington, Dec. 21.—To the president went, dated November 30, a report from Reconstruction Finance corporation, via Jesse Jones, stating that RFC has authorized loans and other commitments in connection with the war amounting to \$18,289,576-761. The president notified his congressional leaders that he wanted RFC authorized to sell another five billion dollars of securities to take care of war activities. Congress balked.

Of these billions of dollars there was no consulting of congress. Unless a congressman learned accidentally of some operation the legislative branch was in total ignorance. Senators Danaher and McNary decided something should be done about it to let the white light of public policy stream in on RFC operations. They discovered that one way of circumventing congress had been to have the president issue a directive order to Jesse Jones for him to furnish bureau of economic warfare, for example, so many hundreds of millions of dollars. And Jones had to produce, without consulting other members of RFC board. Danaher and McNary proposed that executive orders be ignored and when a request came for a loan it should be acted upon by the RFC board and based on "Satisfactory security".

Wallace Flays Jones

Immediately certain columnists friendly to the administration charged Jones with having inspired the resistance of the senators Jones wished to have final decision on all loans. Then in an executive committee hearing, with doors closed and no reporters allowed, Vice-President Wallace of bureau of economic warfare panned, roasted and flayed Jones; asserted the war effort is so very confidential that it can not be told to Jones or congress—all Jones has to do is turn over the money and the Wallace organization will do the rest. So the committee reported out the bill favorably, but it struck a snag on the floor when the committee declined to reveal the testimony at the hearings and was held up on the contention that this was legislation by committee and not by the senate.

Congress has a notion that these war agencies should come to it and request such appropriations as they need, the same as the army, navy, interior department, etc. There is another congressional group which suspects that Herbert H. Lehman, in his capacity of director of relief and rehabilitation for all the world, would be financed through executive order on RFC and congress would be kept in the dark as to what Lehman was doing or how mu-h money he was spending. No one has yet announced where Lehman will obtain money for his global relief and reconstruction; that the project will require several billion dollars is acknowledged. (Vice-President Wallace now explains that when he said the United States would provide a quart of milk to everyone in the world, in a speech last May, he was using a figure of speech and that this off-hand observation has been misinterpreted. At the time it was supposed that Wallace was an administration spokesman).

To Eliminate Axis Lines

Despite the secrecy of RFC funds, it is possible to show where some of the money is going. For instance, the United States has paid \$1,488,600 to train several hundred young men from Latin-America as fliers and technicians. Of these 40 percent have completed training and returned home or are awaiting transportation. None of this expense will be recovered. To eliminate axis-controlled air lines in South America \$8,000,000 was earmarked. These lines were in Bolivia, Ecuador, Peru and Brazil and the Italian line from Brazil to Italy. To Russia \$100,000,000 has been given for which metals are to be received. This is in addition to all the planes, tanks, guns, ammunition and shiploads of food which are being sent, gratis, to the Soviets. Canada has been given \$10,000,000 to develop copper, lead, zinc and other ones, and as the

SANTA SKEPIC



By Lucrece Hudgins

The story so far: Back in Poopo-Poona, Michael Wellington Bartholomew tries to tell his friends that there is a Santa Claus but none will believe him. "Why," they say, "haven't the streets been decorated, then?"

Chapter Thirteen

Michael Decorates the Streets
When Michael saw that no one believed him he was terribly sad. "Santa was right," he thought. "I never shall be able to convince anyone by Christmas Day and by that time it will be too late for Santa will have died."

As he walked slowly away from the school house he noticed how bare and ugly the streets were and he thought, "It is all my fault that there are no ribbons and colored paper decorating the streets this year." And then he stopped for a wonderful plan had come to him. "I will decorate the streets!" he cried to himself. "I will string colored paper from every lamp post and when the children see it they will think that Santa did it and then they will believe!"

Sure now that all would be well, Michael hunted in the dirty gutters until he found a scrap of old paper and a stub of a pencil. He wrote on the paper, "I am the rag man." Then he went from door to door along the streets and showed what he had written to the people who answered his knock.

It wasn't any time at all before he had stuffed his pockets and shirt and loaded down both ore is mined the United States will buy it at cost of production plus transportation. (A better arrangement than any western state has been able to make with the government).

Wool Brought In

Wool has been bought from Australia, New Zealand, South Africa to the tune of \$187,500,000. A small jag of 5,000,000 pounds has been bought from South America, China, Mexico, Central and South America are furnishing antimony. Ten countries are providing manganese, Mexico, Canada and South America are sending mercury, while little attention is given to expanding mercury mines of Washington, Oregon and Nevada. Through assistance of RFC there are 100,000 tons of fine tin in stockpile; yet tin is so scarce that canneries, milk condenseries and packers are being rationed. The entire sugar crop of Cuba has already been purchased and only awaits cargo space to be brought into the United States.

arms with scraps of paper and bits of rags for housewives were glad to be able to throw away the trash that had gathered in their closets and attics. And besides, they were amused at the little Rag Man who couldn't talk but who looked at them so hopefully when she showed them his note.

Before long Michael had such a load he had to run down and hide it behind an old paint and dye factory. There were large tubs of paint and dye which stood outside the factory day and night and it was by these tubs that he hid his paper and rags.

All the afternoon and late into the evening he collected trash. As each load became too heavy to carry he took it to the paint factory. Finally it was past midnight and Michael decided that he must have collected every rag and paper in Poopo-Poona—so huge was the pile he had gathered.

By the light of the moon he set about tearing into strips all the rags and papers. He dumped these strips into the different tubs of paint and dye and when he had finished he had a beautiful assortment of gaily colored ribbons and paper streamers. Some were red, some green, some yellow, and some were just like spun silver.

He took the streamers into the streets and fastened them to lamp posts and stretched them from tree to tree. He strung them from shop windows and flung them across porches. When everything that could be decorated had been there he tore the rest of the streamers into bits and scattered them in the streets like confetti.

The sun had begun to come up before he finished. By that time he was so weary he could hardly

keep his eyes open, so he went down to the paint factory and climbed into an empty barrel and fell asleep.

When he awoke it was p.m. Quickly he ran through the streets to see what had happened. How gay everything looked! The colored streamers fluttered in the breeze and looked very Christmasy indeed. And the people in the streets really seemed happier and more cheerful than they had in weeks.

Michael, his heart beating with joy, ran to the school house where he found all his school mates discussing what had happened. Some were saying it must prove after all that there was a Santa for who else could have done such a wonderful thing. But most of them shook their heads and wouldn't believe.

"For," said Roderick Benmow, "it is three days until Christmas and always before the Kingdom has been filled with candies and fruits by this time. This year there are no goodies of any kind. Surely if there were a Santa he would have brought us sweets by now."

The children listened and agreed and Michael turned away in disappointment.

Michael walked through the gaily decorated streets without seeing any of the wonderful work he had done the night before. He was thinking, "I worked until my fingers were stiff with tiredness but it wasn't enough. Now it is just three days to Christmas and still no one believes that there is truly a Santa Claus."

Then he remembered how sad and tired looking Santa had been when he had seen him in Santa Land. And the thought, "He mustn't die! I myself will fill the Kingdom with goodies and then surely everyone will think that Santa did it and they will believe in him again."

Quickly he ran towards his own home. When he arrived he found both his mother and father sitting in the living room. Neither parent had been able to work since Michael had gone away, for their grief had been very hard to bear.

Tomorrow: Michael Finds Goodies.

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