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4— Salem, Oregon, Saturday, December 24, 1949

The First Christmas

(From the Gospel according to Luke)
And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem (because he was in the house and lineage of David) to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife being great with child. And so it was while they were there the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her first born son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds, abiding in the field keeping watch over their flock by night. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shown about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, FEAR NOT: FOR BEHOLD, I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY, WHICH SHALL BE UNTO ALL PEOPLE. FOR UNTO YOU IS BORN THIS DAY IN THE CITY OF DAVID A SAVIOUR, WHICH IS CHRIST THE LORD.

And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying: GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN!

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us go even unto Bethlehem, and see the thing which is come to pass, which the Lord has made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told concerning this child. And all that heard it, wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all those things and pondered them in her heart.

And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

(From the Gospel according to Matthew)

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, of Judea, in the days of Herod the King, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.

SAYING, WHERE IS HE THAT IS BORN KING OF THE JEWS? FOR WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR IN THE EAST, AND ARE COME TO WORSHIP HIM.

When Herod the King heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judea, for thus it is written by the prophet.

And thou Bethlehem in the land of Judea, art not least among the princes of Judea; for out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule my people of Israel.

Then Herod, when he had privately called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

When they heard the King, they departed, and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, until it came and stood over where the young child was.

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

AND WHEN THEY WERE COME UNTO THE HOUSE THEY SAW THE YOUNG CHILD WITH MARY HIS MOTHER, AND FELL DOWN AND WORSHIPPED HIM; AND WHEN THEY HAD OPENED THEIR TREASURES, THEY PRESENTED UNTO HIM GIFTS: GOLD, FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH.

And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed unto their own country another way.

A Christmas Sermon

(From the Sermon on the Mount from the Gospel of Matthew)
Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

Life's Little Tragedies



THE FIRESIDE PULPIT

Question for Christmas Morn: 'Whose Birthday Is This?'

BY REV. GEORGE H. SWIFT
Rector, St. Paul's Episcopal Church

When we arise on Christmas morning, we might well ask ourselves, "Whose birthday is this?"

It is possible that great numbers of people will not give it a thought. There will be people to whom the religious significance of Christmas will have no meaning whatsoever.

When we celebrate a child's birthday, the normal procedure is for the relatives and friends to gather around to worship the child. They even bring gifts to the child, like the Wise Men did of old. There is great rejoicing over the babe.

When non-religious people celebrate the birthday of the Christ Child, instead of coming together to worship him and to bring him gifts, the people present gifts to each other and never mention the Child nor worship him.

Ask yourselves on Christmas morning, "Whose birthday is this?" Then give the Christ Child at least the attention and worship—and gifts—which you would accord your child on his birthday.

Those who understand the true significance of Christmas, notwithstanding the other festivities, gather about a crèche or an altar and pour out their hearts and souls to Almighty God for the blessings Christ brought to the world.

Each Christmas finds Christian people facing different conditions and different problems, but the same spiritual feelings within prompt them to sing the old familiar hymns and to worship the Christ about an altar.

When the angels sang, "Peace on earth to men of good will," it did not mean necessarily international peace. Such peace can become possible only when the world is full of men of good will. That day has not yet arrived. The angels meant not political peace so much as peace in our hearts and minds and souls.

We can enjoy that peace in our hearts and minds and souls if we always keep fresh in our memories the God-in-human-flesh, Jesus Christ, and his message to the world.

So, on Christmas morning, or even on Christmas Eve, may we pause and ask ourselves, "Whose birthday is this?" and do the appropriate thing.

SIPS FOR SUPPER

Referee in Reverse

By DON UPJOHN

Johnny Kolb, our old friend the personnel manager of Calpak does a lot of basketball refereeing around in his odd hours and does a lot of whistling for fouls. Yesterday the situation went in reverse when John got whistled down by a traffic cop at a stop street and showed up in court to pay the penalty. Maybe John in this traffic matter, should have taken a tip from the YMCA of calling his own fouls in the traffic lane and save the cops the trouble.

Santa at Her Best
Silver-ton—Perhaps Silver-ton can rightly boast of having the only "woman Santa Claus. At least this town does have an unselfish spirited Santa, all dressed up simulating a real Santa, fairly plump and not tall by any means. For two years this Santa has gladdened kiddies and all patients able to be seen at the local hospital. She has served on programs and makes the men Santas take notice. This is Mrs. Frank M. Porter (Bessie Benton). Weather hasn't stopped her from her rounds of places not likely to be visited by Santas in costume, every evening and many afternoons during the holiday season.

From looks of things around the streets, the sidewalks and

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.

Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

A Christmas Precept

"To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim conditions to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."—Robert Louis Stevenson.

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

American G.I.'s Help Democratize German Children

By DREW PEARSON

Washington—American G.I.'s have been making life a lot happier for German children, and doing a bangup job of selling democracy in the bargain, by their German youth activity program. This has now snowballed into 300 centers and clubs in the American zone and Berlin.

What's more, congress isn't providing the money. It's coming almost entirely out of G.I. pockets, from privates to generals, with some important help from CARE.

Contrary to the German youth program of the Russians in their zone, which is compulsory, our German youth activity program is completely voluntary. The centers, somewhat similar to settlement houses here but on a grander scale, are recreational as well as educational. And there's good, substantial food on tap for the undernourished.

The idea is to reach children who have been misled by the Nazis; also to counteract the anti-U.S. hate propaganda taught in the Russian zone.

Democracy is not rammed down the children's throats but it is explained to them. As Lieut. Col. Robert C. Hall puts it: "We are not conducting classes in democracy. We are not scientifically injecting democracy, American style, into kids' minds."

"We are not qualified for such a project and neither is it the American policy in Germany to propagandize in this manner. What we are doing is working with, youth, playing with youth, and demonstrating democracy by practicing it."

The program cost around \$245,000 last year, of which \$55,000 came from U. S. contributors through CARE. Altogether 900,000 German youngsters have been contacted, but the G.I.'s eventually hope to increase the figure to 1,500,000—if they get more help from the American public.

Costello's Lobbyist
It is whispered that Frankie Costello, king of the gamblers, now has his private lobbyist on

OPEN FORUM
If Boy, 13, Could Be Santa—

To the Editor: If I could play Santa Claus I would try by best to make the homeless and needy happy. I would provide homes and jobs for those who need them. For the starving I would give food.

Today it seems as if man has forgotten the true meaning of Christmas. It is so he can help others, not only give presents to relatives and friends, then have a big meal without knowing why he is eating it.

When Christ was born it was to see to it that man opened his eyes to how wicked and greedy he had become. They still think that Santa Claus is just a little man who brings you presents and makes you happy. That's part of his job, but not all of it. He stands for the Symbol of giving to others, to make them happy also.

If I could be Santa I would try to open their eyes to this fact.

Another thing I would do would be to try to open man's eyes to the world around him. He is forgetting the true meaning of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

Today men are prejudiced toward each other. They think just because a person's poorer than he, he shouldn't associate with him.

If I were Santa Claus, I would give out gifts of knowledge and wisdom instead of toys and clothes and candy. I would give him the knowledge that the poor man needs support and a guiding hand.

I would tell them that prejudice isn't a pretty thing. It has started wars and wrecked men's lives. Man is headed for another war soon unless he mends his ways.

If I could be Santa, I would tell the people of my thoughts. Although this doesn't sound much like a Christmas present from Santa, I think the world would be much happier and a better place in which to live.

DONALD ELLIOT
Age 13
Gervais Union High School

Girls' Request: Find Mother

Oskaloosa, Ia., Dec. 24 (AP)—St. Nick still is searching for Linda Joyce Shafer's Christmas gift. The 10-year-old girl wants her mother, who disappeared in 1944 after leaving Linda with her grandparents.

White Collar Zoo

Office Politics

Capitol Hill. Congressmen shake their heads fearfully when asked his name, but the man in question is known as Murray Olf.

In an attempt to get the facts on Costello's alleged lobbyist, this column interviewed Olf in the Congressional hotel in the shadow of Capitol Hill. This is also headquarters for many congressmen.

Olf's first reaction at being discovered was: "How did you get my name?"

But he scoffed at the idea that he lobbies for Costello. He admitted however, that Costello is a friend, that they may have been seen together at New York's Waldorf-Astoria hotel, where Costello usually receives visitors. Olf also admitted that he and Costello employ the same lawyer, George Wolf of New York City.

Asked what he did on Capitol Hill if he wasn't a lobbyist, Olf explained he dropped in occasionally for haircuts at the House barbershop. "It's cheaper," he explained. "They don't know the difference. They think I'm a congressman."

Olf was also told he had been seen chumming around with various congressmen.

"Just being neighborly," he insisted. "Why, I'm surrounded by congressmen. Sure, I have them in for a drink now and then or they drop in to watch the fights on my television set. Just being neighborly."

Olf explained he worked for the Automatic Music Co., which places jukeboxes in restaurants and dives.

"Business is bad," he said sadly. "All the bars have television sets now."

When it was pointed out that Costello also has been in the jukebox business, Olf denied any business connection. He explained he bought a house from Costello about 20 years ago, has known him ever since.

And Santa Claus needed that wide, clear road in the sky. For his big red sled was placed so full of gifts it overflowed. It looked like a hay rick zooming through the crisp air.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," worried Santa, just before the takeoff. "I do hope none of these presents fall out and bean some poor innocent rabbit down below. I believe this must be the heaviest load I've had in twenty years."

"What is he fretting about?" whispered D onder to Vixen. "He's only riding in that sled. We have to pull it."

Just then Mrs. Santa Claus came running out waving a long piece of paper.

"You almost forgot your list of good children," she said.

"Never mind," said Santa. "I don't need it. This year I am going to give a present to every little boy and girl, good or bad. The bad ones will feel sorry then, because they know they don't deserve a nice present. I'll make 'em try harder to be good next year."

"That isn't according to Hoyle," said Mrs. Santa, who likes to play bridge. "But it does make sense, you old softie."

Santa stood up to crack his whip in the air—the signal to be off. But then he heard a small voice crying:

"Wait, please wait." It was Cluny, Santa's favorite little elf. The other elves gossiped about Cluny and said she was clumsy at making toys. But Santa knew it was only because she was so young. He liked her because she had a good heart.

"Here," said the tiny elf, holding up a small shiny figure.

"What's this? What's this?" grumbled Santa. "You're too late. My pack is already loaded."

"It is only my present to the world," said Cluny. "I made it at night in my room—all by myself."

Santa took the little figure from her hands. It was a beautiful angel with butterfly wings and a robe of purest white. In her hand the angel held a small magic wand.

"It is the Angel of Peace," explained Cluny.

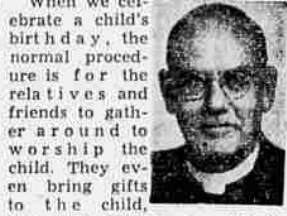
"Why, Cluny!" said Santa. "This is better than all the other gifts put together. I'll see that your angel waves her wand for one day at least over every home in the land."

And he picked up Cluny and gave her a big whisker-ticky kiss on her cheek. Then he picked up his long whip again and cracked it sharply in the frosty air.

"Ho, ho, ho, here we go!" he roared. "Ho, ho, ho! Here we go!"

The eight reindeer leaped forward and the big sled began sliding through the snow. Faster, faster, faster, faster—and then they were off the ground and into the air.

"Best 32-hoof takeoff I ever saw," said a nearby Eskimo. Santa was on his way.



Rev. George H. Swift



Drew Pearson



Hal Boyle



Don Upjohn



Walter M. Pierce