

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Were You Ever Born?

To paraphrase the slogan of a certain religious sect, "Thousands now living were never born." Anyway, not legally.

In order to enlist in the armed services or to work in war industries, perhaps even for the less urgent purpose of obtaining an amateur radio license or qualifying for old age assistance, they need birth certificates.

State board of health is on the griddle. In most cases it hasn't the necessary proof; in others it has the proof but it is too busy to supply it; in still others it is too busy to certify the proof dug up by the applicant.

Primary difficulty is that through lack of foresight, the state of Oregon neglected until about 1917 to provide for the registration of births. Naturally even since then a few clerical errors have occurred, so that births were not recorded or erroneous data was included. One applicant learned to his sorrow that he had died at birth.

But the big headache is that men and women desiring to do certain things are required to have birth certificates despite the fact that the state made no provision for recording their births. Added irritants are the state board of health's current inability to keep up with its paper work, and the excess of evidence it requires. Marion county's clerk, Harlan Judd, has pointed out a solution, citing an attorney general's opinion that county courts may issue such certificates—an opinion which appears well based upon a law which is not too particularly vague or complicated.

Now the Marion county court is agreeable to the issuance of such certificates on the basis of affirmation by two competent witnesses and two pieces of documentary evidence such as a family Bible entry and a newspaper item. One would judge that to be sufficient evidence. For that matter, the unsupported declaration of two members of the family who are citizens, would be conclusive if we were making the rules.

After all, the fact that one is alive should constitute sufficient evidence that sometime, somewhere, one was born. The other questions that arise are (1) birthplace and (2) present age. Now the question of birthplace has a bearing upon citizenship. But it doesn't have any necessary bearing upon loyalty. Some native-born citizens are disloyal. Many foreign-born residents are supremely loyal. If naturalized citizens are permitted to work in defense industry or to enlist in the armed forces. An equally good risk, it seems to us, is any person who claims to have been born in the United States, who can prove that he has lived here since childhood and is or has been recognized by citizen parents as their child. A sensible law would presume such persons to be citizens and place the burden of contrary proof upon government—especially since government is to blame in most cases in which the proof is lacking.

Ill Wind

A taxicab driven by one Sam Lichtman struck and fatally injured a pedestrian. That was bad, wasn't it?

The victim, known as Julio Lopez, seemed to have no relatives. Police acting in line of routine duty looked through his effects, and presently turned them over to the FBI. The federal agents attended the funeral, traced and identified the other persons who were there. Not many days later there were raids and arrests, and our government had in its possession one complete nazi spy ring, headed by Kirt and Frederick Ludwig, together with evidence to convict. "Lopez" it turned out was Ulrich von der Osten, an important cog in the espionage machine.

It's an ill wind . . . and the arm of coincidence is proverbially a long one.

Forty Four or Fight

A simple exercise in mental arithmetic will disclose that a male infant born in 1897 reached age 21 in the year 1918. If that birthday occurred before November it became the young man's duty, if not already in one of the armed services, to register for "the draft."

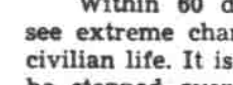
On the other hand if that birthday occurred subsequent to February 17, the middle-aged man who was a young man in 1918 and an infant in 1897 is now aware that it is his duty this weekend to register for "selective service" which means the same thing but has a more pleasant sound. Thus for a small fraction of those who do register, it will be the second such experience. For a group, probably larger, who were volunteers in '17 and '18 and are yet within the registration age limit, it will be the first registration but the second approach to active participation in war.

As J. Whitcomb Riley's Grandfather Squeers said as he rounded his three score and ten, they've "the hang of it now and can do it again."

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14 — There is nothing phony about the rubber shortage (except the black dealing in second hand tires). Frankly we have about 600,000 tons of rubber available. Used normally it would last a year. Counting tire stocks it might last two years. But the army and navy alone would use it in that time. A plane cannot get off the ground without a rubber-tire.



By the first of the year we will be producing at the rate of 150,000 tons of synthetic rubber a year. In six months more we will be getting 300,000 to 400,000 tons a year. Thus our crisis is likely to last until mid-1943. (Commerce Secretary Jones has put out conflicting figures, but the above represent a more accurate consensus.)

Within 60 days, therefore, you are likely to see extreme changes in the most vital element of civilian life. It is possible long distance busses may be stopped eventually and delivery trucks withdrawn, to haul defense workers to and from work. No civilian will be immune from the early effects. In this phase, first and forcefully, is war likely to impose itself upon the average man. Here the first belt-tightening will be required.

Hitler's situation on rubber must be desperate. It has been learned here he recently took risks out of all proportion to get a meager 150,000 tons of crude rubber. Without some crude, his synthetic material wears rapidly. He has not received a single known ounce of rubber since the war began, except such as he was able to seize in conquered countries, and he found not even second hand tires in Russia.

Incidentally also, do not expect too much from Brazil. That nation's leaders want to develop some plantations and may get some money to try it, but accepted estimates suggest no imposing amount could be furnished. Greater store is placed in the domestic tree planting now being authorized by congress for the agriculture department. Some think we will be producing more than we need from this source after 1945.

Certain cities have been seeking quietly to get out of their own civilian defense mess by employing retired army officers (former corps area commanders) with a sense of military organization and discipline.

They have seen political hangers-on and third assistant street lighters appointed to positions where experienced leadership is required. This seems to be a local counterpart of the choice of friends of Washington officials to the national headquarters.

But to all such suggestions, the war department has shaken its head negatively. No reason has been offered, but it is a fairly well recognized inside fact that the White House killed the house effort to transfer all OCD to the army. No doubt the boss at the top also caused the war department to steer clear of even indirect involvement.

There is an ancient liberal principle that the military should be divorced from the civilian to keep the army out of politics, and thus to avoid the danger of revolutions which have corrupted some other democracies.



The Welders and Others Are at It Again

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Calling all our 2-15-42 congressmen for work on a proper, fair flax tariff to protect Oregon:

This article, under the headline "Flax: Big Chance," was prominent on the editorial page of the Portland Oregonian of last Wednesday:

"All the factors, save one, that are needed to promote large expansion of flax culture in Oregon are present. That single factor rests in the priorities required for construction of processing plants. War has cut off imports of line-flax from Europe and flax products have themselves become critical materials. They are needed for military purposes in their own right, and they are useful in part as substitutes for silk, which is no longer imported.

The farmer is presented with an opportunity to grow a highly profitable crop, provided scutching and retting facilities are available to convert his flax straw into marketable fiber. There is a great acreage in Oregon and Washington suitable for flax growing, and the climatic conditions for processing are present—a necessary combination of an extent found nowhere else in the country.

"The financial firmness of flax culture and processing has been significantly revealed by the cooperative at St. Paul, Ore., where a processing plant was installed last spring. The cooperative will pay off the cost of the processing plant in one year's operation and have reasonable profits left over for its members. A half dozen or more processing plants are now in existence in western Oregon, and farmers are eager to cooperate and establish new ones. New cooperatives have been organized at Dayton, Molalla, and in the Albany-Jefferson district. The Dayton cooperative has in the bank half of the cost of the processing plant and has made arrangements for the balance.

One scutching machine and eight retting tanks are sufficient to care for the yield of 1000 acres of flax.

"Dayton has already filed application for priority ratings for building and equipment. The circumstance that the plant will produce a military need makes the outlook for the necessary priority rating promising. The principal concern of Dayton and other new cooperatives is that they get the go-ahead signal before it is time for spring planting.

"The critical need for flax products, the ample proof at hand that this area can both grow and process high quality flax, the permanence of a domestic industry that would be encouraged, should remove any hesitancy over grant of priority ratings."

The words of the Oregonian are well said. But there is another necessary factor, to make the greatest flax industry in the world, from the field to the factory, possible in the northwestern section of Oregon and the

southwestern section of Washington, and to make it permanent.

That necessary factor is a fair protective tariff on flax fiber and the manufactures thereof. That factor only, but that one.

Every member in both houses of congress from these two states, not already aware of world conditions with respect to the flax and linen industries, under war conditions, and what they will be after the close of the war, must be put on his guard—and every person in the two states of any political party or no political party, MUST BE UP ON HIS OR HER TOES to see that this is done.

Why? Because otherwise the flax and twine and linen, industries of these two states, now so prosperous and apparently certain of great growth and of permanency, will be ruined. Utterly.

And it will not take long, either, for the ruin to take place. (Continued on Tuesday.)

'Hutch' of the R.A.F.

By PETER MUIR

CHAPTER II

The acrid smell of smoke and exploded powder was strong, and mingled with other odors, brick dust, fresh turned earth, and mortar dust. Behind her a bomb had thrown a house across the road and set it on fire. There was no return possible in that direction. She hoped that the road ahead was not blocked, for in this case she would be in a bad way. Wendy could escape herself, over the walls, but abandoning a car is the last thing an ambulance driver wants to do, especially when everything on wheels was so necessary to the country.

The ambulance was covered with dust and glass splinters, and a bomb fragment had cut a clean hole through the side. The motor, however, was untouched and Wendy soon had it going. It seemed to her that the only thing to do was run slowly forward and see if she could find some wounded. There must be many somewhere after all that fuss. The drone of approaching planes made her cut the motor and return to her crouching position beside it. They came over low, following in the direction of the bombers, and so fast that she barely had time to make out their British markings before they were gone again. R. A. F. fighters! She jumped to her feet and waved to them frantically as they disappeared. "Bravo! Bravo!" she shouted in unbounded, spontaneous enthusiasm.

Wendy saw a man running down the road towards her as she turned to climb into the car again. Blood covered his left cheek and he was gesticulating wildly. He was out of breath and slightly deranged when he reached the ambulance. "Please, lady," he gasped. "Come quick—please—hurry—wife and two children—wounded—just up the road!"

"Get in," He started beside to the back. "No, here around me." The man obeyed. "Is the road open?"

"Yes, Miss." As they moved forward he talked. It seemed to quiet his nerves, and Wendy let him speak without interruption. "Wife and two children badly hurt, but we're lucky. Next house to ours four killed out of six—other two badly wounded. There, Miss." He indicated the small, dingy house of a laborer. Indeed it had been badly smashed, but the one next door was even worse, and further along the row two were in flames.

"Nobody in the other houses," the man said, jumping to the ground. "Just these two. I looked in 'em all. Must ha' gone to the shelter. We didn't hear no sirens. Gettin' used to 'em, I guess." He ran into his house. Wendy grabbed a first aid kit and followed.

The man had a slight head wound but was regaining some of his calm and was able to help with those who were most severely hurt. He fetched three stretchers from the car and lent a rather clumsy hand to the bandaging. Wendy was forced to put a tourniquet on the arm of one of the children to stop the loss of blood. This was a girl of about six. The boy was perhaps two years older. One of his legs was surely broken, might have to come off, Wendy thought. She bandaged the man's arm as best she could and turned to the mother. This was more difficult. The woman had a deep gash across her back and lacerations about her face.

Next door Wendy found the dead and wounded that the man had mentioned. An old man and a young woman were all that remained of what had been a family of six not many moments before. With the aid of the man she got them all on stretchers and into the car. That filled it. The man could sit in front with her. Where must she take them? In the excitement of the moment she had forgotten Miss Gill's instructions. Oh yes, St Albans. Did the man know the way?

"Yes, Miss. Straight ahead and the first to your left." They rolled fast over the road which was far from good. Wendy knew that it was better to get her patients to the hospital, even if she did jolt them, as quickly as possible. Her simple bandaging would not stop loss of blood altogether, and there were at least two emergency operations which must be performed. The man beside her was silent, holding a large square of gauze over his wound. From the inside of the ambulance came an occasional muted moan from one or the other of the wounded.

"Hurry cases," Wendy announced to the orderly that came out in front of the hospital to meet the car. "Five stretcher cases. Picked them up just after the bombs fell. Get some one to help you, quick!" The man called and another orderly came on the run, closely followed by two more and the doctor.

"Wendy!" the doctor exclaimed, recognizing this dusty, crimson smeared girl as the daughter of his friend, Lady Harrowsdale. She stood at attention and saluted smartly. He smiled. "You need not be so formal." (To be continued.)

Radio Programs

- KSJM—SUNDAY—1299 Kc.
 - 8:00—Just Quote Me.
 - 8:30—Music From Many Lands.
 - 9:00—Songs of the Week.
 - 9:30—Songs of the Week.
 - 9:45—Isle of Paradise.
 - 10:00—World in Review.
 - 10:15—Across the Footlights.
 - 10:30—Moody Bible Institute.
 - 10:45—Rhythmic Romance.
 - 11:00—American Lutheran Church.
 - 12:00—Variety Show.
 - 12:30—Jean Seville, Commentator.
 - 12:45—Four Notes.
 - 1:00—Deaconess Hospital.
 - 1:30—Hamilton Trio.
 - 1:45—Shining Hour.
 - 2:00—Gleb Vella.
 - 2:15—Church of the Holy Spirit.
 - 2:30—Tune of Tomorrow.
 - 3:00—So. American Concert.
 - 3:15—Nat'l. Christian Mission.
 - 3:30—Boy Town.
 - 4:00—Western Serenade.
 - 4:30—Walt's Sophisticates.
 - 5:00—Old Fashioned Revival Hour.
 - 6:00—Tonight's Headlines.
 - 6:15—Mildred's Melody.
 - 6:30—Hert Jeffrey's Songs.
 - 7:00—Dinner Dance.
 - 7:30—Church in Your Home.
 - 8:00—Singing Saxophones.
 - 8:30—Lew White, Organist.
 - 9:00—Great Opera Singer.
 - 9:15—Novelities.
 - 9:30—Back Home Hour.
 - 9:45—Invitation to Learning.
 - 10:15—Dream Time.
- KGW—NBC—SUNDAY—820 Kc.
 - 8:00—Church in Your Home.
 - 8:30—Music and American Youth.
 - 9:00—Sunday Down South.
 - 9:30—The Hitchhiker.
 - 10:00—Upton Close, commentator.
 - 10:15—Silver Strings.
 - 10:30—World in Review.
 - 10:45—Sammy Kay's Orchestra.
 - 11:15—Concert Petite.
 - 11:30—Chicago Roundabout.
 - 12:00—Bob Becker's Dog Chats.
 - 12:15—H. V. Kaitenberg.
 - 12:30—Radio Commentator.
 - 12:45—Melodic Contrasts.
 - 1:00—Garden Talks.
 - 1:15—Tony Worn Soapbook.
 - 1:30—Stars of Tomorrow.
 - 2:00—Opera Auditions.
 - 2:30—The Hitchhiker Family.
 - 3:00—Home Fires.
 - 3:15—News Headlines & Highlights.
 - 3:30—Quilt Two Cities.
 - 4:00—Jack Benny.
 - 4:30—Band Wagon.
 - 5:00—Charles McCarthy.
 - 5:30—One Man's Family.
 - 6:00—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.
 - 6:30—Album to Mountain.
 - 7:00—Hour of Charm.
 - 7:30—Sherlock Holmes.
 - 8:00—Great Oldies.
 - 8:30—Beau Solo Musicals.
 - 9:00—Walter Winchell.
 - 9:15—The Father Family.
 - 9:30—Carnival.
 - 9:45—News Flash.
 - 10:15—Songs to Remember.
 - 11:00—Song of the Strings.
 - 11:30—War News Roundup.
- KEK—NBC—SUNDAY—1190 Kc.
 - 8:00—News.
 - 8:15—Graciella Paraga.
 - 8:30—Al and Lee Riser.
 - 8:45—Cecily's Church of the Air.
 - 9:00—Foreign Policy Association.
 - 9:15—An Am. American.
 - 9:30—Radio City Jubilee Hall.
 - 9:45—Speaking of Glamour.
 - 10:00—New Show a Day.
 - 10:15—Walt Up America.
 - 10:30—National Veterans.
 - 10:45—Songs to Remember.
 - 11:00—Christian Science Program.
 - 11:15—Hollywood Theatre.
 - 11:30—Musical Sketches.
 - 11:45—Catholic Hour.
 - 12:00—Stars of Today.
 - 12:15—European News.
 - 12:30—Grow a Garden.

Your Federal Income Tax

DEDUCTION FOR INTEREST

Amounts paid or accrued within the taxable year 1941 as interest on indebtedness deductible, with certain exceptions, from gross income in determining net income. Deductible items include interest on borrowed money to defray personal expenses, and on money borrowed for the purchase of real or personal property. If a person owes money on a lien or mortgage note on his home, the amount of the interest may be deducted. Indebtedness, however, need not be evidenced by lien, judgment, or mortgage to make the interest on it deductible. Frequently indebtedness is evidenced only by a note.

Interest paid on indebtedness incurred in the purchase of obligations (other than obligations of the United States issued after September 24, 1917, and originally subscribed for by the taxpayer), the interest upon which is wholly exempt from federal income tax, is not deductible.

Interest paid on behalf of another where there is no legal obligation on the part of the payor is not deductible by the payor. In such cases the amount is the same as a gift.

the District of Columbia, or possessions of the United States; obligations of the United States issued prior to March 1, 1941, to the extent provided in the acts authorizing the issuance thereof; or obligations issued prior to March 1, 1941, of a corporation organized under act of congress if such corporation is an instrumentality of the United States. All such amounts, including interest received on bank and savings deposits, must be included in the taxpayer's return of gross income.

Discount on bonds is ordinarily income the same as interest. Under a new provision of the revenue act of 1941, a taxpayer reporting his income on the cash receipts and disbursements basis owning any non-interest-bearing obligation issued at a discount, and redeemable for fixed amounts increasing at stated intervals, may at his election made in his return for any taxable year beginning after December 31, 1940, treat the increase in the redemption price of such obligation occurring in the taxable year as income received in such year, except that in the return in which the election is made the taxpayer must include all such increase, if any, occurring between the date of the acquisition of such obligation and the first day of the taxable year for which the election is made.

As interest paid is deductible, so interest received is taxable (except interest on obligations of a state, territory, or any political subdivision thereof, or

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

AGAINST HATE
To the Editor: I liked the poem the lady wrote that you published concerning hate and the war, but was distressed by your editorial on hate and war the next day. Possibly I did not construe the editorial properly, but if I did I do not agree with it. Of course there are some things that we hate, but we should be careful how and what we hate. I am sure it is a mistake to hate the Germans, Japs, and Italians.

I hope that the things we saw happen in the last war will not happen again. I was only a small boy then, in the lower grades of grade school, but I remember well the attitude of many people at the time. The country then went on a binge that produced a hangover. I believe that that hangover was largely responsible for what happened afterwards. We immediately shrank into a shell of isolationism which has now been proved to have been very unwise and unpracticable.

Because of this, it has upset me to see people expressing the opinion that we should start in hating these people as soon as we entered the war. The majority of these are merely unfortunate people who could not help themselves or were asleep when the critical time came. Many Germans would come under the latter heading.

I do not mean that it is possible to live without some hating, because there are things we hate naturally. It is natural to hate such things as war, Nazism, Fascism, Communism, the feudal system of Japan, and certain deficiencies in our own country which I won't mention under the circumstances.

The point I wish to make is that we can fight this war without a hating orgy, and win it. If we do, we will feel better afterwards. If a person hates too much or becomes too angry it so upsets him that he cannot do his work properly. We know that we have a job to do, and we know what that job is, or at least some of us do. That job is to smash these movements that are threatening the world today, and it will not end with this war. Because we understand, more or less, the task ahead we can fight and work effectively without a spree of war hate and emotion.

I am a draft eligible, but am not yet in the armed forces. I believe that if I must, I can serve there without hating, and do it more effectively than those that do, and I believe that that applies to other young men. I believe that the young men who hate the enemy troops bitterly are not effective as those that don't. They are in the grips of an emotion that gives away readily to fear. This type of soldier may become disillusioned in the pinch and become panicked. I believe that one reason the American soldier is generally effective is that he generally is not blind with hate, and always knows just what he is fighting for.

I wish again to commend the lady for her poem.
Willard Otten,
Brooks, Oregon.